# DREGON ANNUAL ADDRESS: GEO.H. HIMES

AN ACCOUNT OF CROSS-ING THE PLAINS IN '53, AND THE FIRST TRIP VIA. NATCHESS PASS

ELLOW-PIONEERS, Ladies and Gentlemen: For the thirty-fifth time we have assembled for the purpose

Portland, and I wish you would take my horse and ride down there tomorrow morning, look over the place, get ac-quainted with the people, and, if you to preach there two weeks from

Accordingly, "Chauncey," who is Rev. C. O. Hosford, of this city, a pioneer of 1848, now in his 88th year, rode to a point on the east side of the river opposite this settlement, was conveyed across the stream by "Uncle" Jimmy Stephens in an Indian cance, and landed at what is now the foot of Stark street. Ascending the bank, he entered what he thought was the finest body of timber be ever saw. crawling under and climbing over logs. There he found scattered about fourteen log cabins and a number of families, among them the families of Pettygrove, Terwilliger and McNamee, names familiar to us all. Representatives of the two last-named families are at this re-union today, and one of them is Mrs. Charlotte Terwilliger Cartwright, who has been chairman of the Woman's Auxunion today, and one of them is Mrs. Charlotte Terwilliger Cartwright, who has been chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary for a number of years, and who is recognized as one of the most devoted among ploneer women. Mr. Hosford called upon every person, asked permission to read the Scriptures and offer prayer, and, finding that a religious service would be appreciated, made an appointment for Rev. William Roberts, superintendent of the Methodist Mission on the Pacific Coast, to preach on the second Sunday following, and that was the first and prepare to start westward early in

beasts and wilder Indians; to be without protection other than that afforded by the immigrants traveling together in or-der to render mutual assistance its any emergency which might arise; to cross unfordable rivers in wagon boxes caulked sushine, without the necessary protection, to be subject to all the diseases human flesh is heir to, without the prospect of relief, as a rule, from the skilled if there were 500 wagons ready to cross physician or the trained nurse; to loss of teams by stampeding, poisonous waters, poisonous food, and theft by Indians; to the endangering of lives of women and starvation; to endure to endure all these trials, and many the whole combining to tax the most, then a faint idea may be formed of the experiences that the greater proportion of those who came to make bill for ferriage was \$12. laid the foundation for its future great-ness in preparing it to become the abid-ing place for numberless millions of our

# Motives That Prompted Settlement-

It has been my privilege, as well as duty, to interview thousands of pioneers since I was first elected secretary of this association, 22 years ago, and one question invariably asked "What induced you to come to in?" In general the reply can be summed up in a sentence or two, "We came to better our condition; we came on account of health." And in so deing the ploneers saved the "Oregon

ountry" to the nation. In the earlier days of the life of this association it was the rule that the speaker should confine himself to giv-ing an account of the immigration of some one year; hence, since I crossed the plains in 1853, what I have to say I crossed will relate mainly to events of that year in connection with the company of which my fathers family was a during our first night in camp after part, particular reference being made to the latter part of the journey.

In order to show how my father first became interested in Oregon, I may state that in 1838-9 he heard Rev. Samuel Parker, of Ithacs, N. Y. lecture on Oregon in Troy, Bradford County, Pa. In this he became deeply interested A little later these lectures were printed in book form and quite widely circulated. One of these books was secured

gon as soon as he could. Not until 1845, however, was he ready to begin the Westward march. He then had a wife and one child-myself. He went to illinois that year, expecting to resume the onward journey in 1847, but sickness intervened and prevented him from doing so. After recovery he temporarily gave up the idea of going to Oregon, and made a home in Stark County, Illinois, and established himself in the shoemaking business. As early as 1850, however, he decided that he never would be satisfied to remain permanently in Illinois, and according-Gentlemen: For the thirty-fifth time
we have assembled for the purpose
of holding our annual reunion, and at no
period in our past history as pioneers
have the conditions of our Nation, our
state and this beautiful cry been more
auspictous than at the present moment.
But time must not be taken to review
these conditions now. For the twentieth
time we find ourselves in this city in response to the most cordial standing invitation of its citizens, large numbers of
whom think that there is 'nothing too
good for pioneer's. And I am sure that I
voice the sentiments of all present when
I say that "there is nothing to good for
the people of Portland." particularly the
pioneer ladies and their numerous
friends.

Before proceeding with my address I
hope you will pardon me for indulging in
a little reminiscence. There is a gentleman in this city, and I expect he is in
this audience, who was in Oregon City
just sixty years ago. He was at church
there one Sunday, and after the service
the minister said to him: "Chauncey,
there is a little village or hamlet down
the river fourteen or fitteen miles, called
Portland, and I wish you would take my
horse and ride down there tomorrow
morning, look over the place, get acqualited with the neaver would be satisfied to remain
permanently in Illinois, and according.
Jy began planning to start across the
permanently in Illinois, and according.
Jy began planning to start across the
plains not later than 1852. In connection with there is number of persons from the
vicinity of Momounth, Warren County,
with the neave fund and in with then the plans he counseled
with a number of persons from the
vicinity of Momounth, Warren County,
with the neave fund with then people of Momounth, Warren County,
with the never would be satisfied to remain
permanently in Illinois, and according.
Jy began planning to start across the
plains not later than 1852. In connection with there is numbers of
the number of persons from the
vicinity of Momounth, Warren County,
with the never would be satisfied t er as possible, and then set aside a certain number of acres to be reserved quainted with the people, and, if you as the nucleus of an andowment fund. The entire party taking part in these The entire party taking part in these discussions, with the exception of our family—my father being unable to close up his business matters to time to join the company—came to Oregon in 1852 and settled at or near what is now Monmouth, Polk County, the name "Monmouth" being given to the settlement in honor of Monmouth, Ill. The arrangement to set aside a certain por-tion of land for college purposes, as bank, he entered what he thought was the finest body of timber he ever saw, and he says he has never seen anything finer since. Looking southward he saw an opening in the woods, and he went to it, crawling under and climbing over logs. that place.

## Rev. Samuel Parker.

Since Rev. Samuel Parker has been referred to, it is proper that a brief state ment should be made concerning him. In company with Dr. Marcus Whitman, Sunday following, and that was the first religious service in Fortland.

What the Journey Meant.

In these latter days the experiences that were encountered by those who "crossed the plains" can hardly be understood. Even to many of those who made the ardious journey the events of the trip, when reviewed from the distance of 50 years, seem like a series of dreams. the trip, when reviewed from the distance of 50 years, seem like a series of dreams.

Especially is this true when the wonderful development in transportation facilities during the intervening years is taken into account. Then, indeed, the pioneer says to himself, "Did I really cross the plains? Can it be true that took six months for me to come from the Mississippi River to Oregon?" But when it is remembered that to "cross the plains," even as late as 1839, and for some it is a remembered that to "cross the plains," even as late as 1839, and for some time afterwards, meant this in the larger number of cases:

To leave home, friends, society and all the surroundings and influences the human heart holds most dear, with the strong probability that the separation would be final; to provide teams and provisions for a continuous journey of five to eight months' duration, with one's objective point more than 2000 miles distant from the base of supplies, through an unlinhabited region, occupied by wild beasts and wilder Indians; to be without protection other than that afforded by the conditions he found, until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, when he left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, which his pands the conditions he found, until June 18, 1836, which his pands the conditions he found, until June 18, 1836, which left for Sandwith until June 18, 1836, and the mother of the sandwith unti

the following year and left Lafayette, Stark County, Ill. on March 21, with wife and four children, three hired men, and one boy, the son of one of the men, also John Dodge, wife and five children, three of them adults.

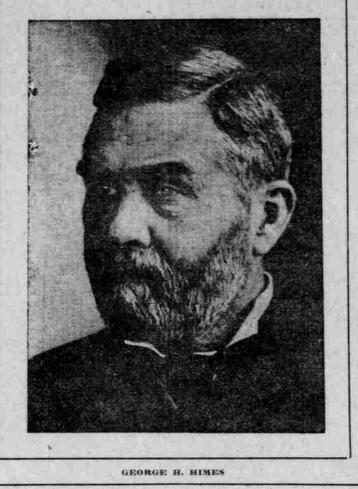
# Waiting for the Ferry.

Nothing occurred outside of the ordinary routine of the emigrant's daily exand tarred for the purpose; to scale mountains, frequently almost impassable: There we had to wait several days beto depend upon the country traversed for subsistance for teams, it being imposboat having been washed away. At sible to carry feed so long a distance, to be subject to the extremes of storm and the subject to the subject to the extremes of storm and the subject to t perience until we reached Council Bluffs.

un- indicating that a steamboat was comspeakable sufferings from thirst entailed ing down. Everybody was on the tip-by many weary miles of travel through a toe of expectancy. A courier was dis-brazen atmosphere over burning sands; patched to the landing and all arrangements for crossing perfected. The price was \$2.50 for each wagon and \$1 oxen and two span of horses, hence our ortion of those who came to make bill for ferriage was \$12. The day make in Oregon had to undergo in the parsed and the night was far spent bearily days. It was by the overcoming of the conditions on the part of the ploters, thus faintly outlined, which saved the Facific Northwest to the Union, and was the good fortune of our own little ompany to have had our turn on the erry about the middle of the after-coon hence we drove out two miles or more from the river to a small stream the first night's camp. A what is now the present site of Omaha, Mr. Dodge and father were riding on horseback, I was walking alongside the road in the tangled grass, and the cams were a little way ahead. Among other things, Mr. Dodge said, "Himes, to you think this country will ever be settled up?" Father replied at once by settled up?" saying, "Yes, I think it will be. I should not be surprised to see a fine eity here inside of 25 years." Dodge, in reply, said, "Well, if I thought that ot travel West another Father then said. "Well, if I knew it beyond a doubt, I would not stay here. started to Oregon in 1846, but was aken sick in Illinois and had to stay there nearly six years; but now I have got started again and I am going

> going our first night in camp after crossing the Missouri. A number of Pawnee Indians came about, to see what was going on, and one of their number, bent on pilfering, was badly butten by our dog "Frank"—a thoroughly trained watchdog—one that would not molest any one, nor even an Indian, unless he tried to steal. The other Indians threatened to shoot the dog, being armed with bows and ar-rows, but father stood guard and saved

father were often counseled with when-



were about 200 miles out on the Platte one; day at the noon camp. At this time 30 or more Sioux Indians, with a lot of squaws and papposes, rode up and of-fred to trade buffulo robes for tobacco and beads. While the barter was going on a stalwart young Indian stealthly slipped around to the rear end of our freight wagon and removed a cup from the top of a can of milk which was standing there. Instantly the dog jumped upon the Indian and bore him to the ground As he went down he yelled fearfully, and his companions drew their bows and were about to let their arrows, fly at the dog. whereupon father grabbed his rifle from the wagon bows, and with finger on the trigger almed at the foremost Indian, not more than 30 feet distant, who had his now drawn taut, and with his eye gleaming along the barrel gave the savage understand that if he let his arrow fly the dog he would be shot instantly. T result was that the Indians, upon a signal from their leader, unstrung their bows. Then father called the dog off, and the tin cup rolled out from under the Indian's blanket, indicating that the dog knew what he was about. The Indians then sullenly mounted their horses and rode

as the night advanced, and by midnight was accompanied by lighting until it seemed as if the beavens were on ire, and the rapid peals of ear-splitting thunder made the earth fairly tremble. 3 o'clock in the morning Joel Risdon, one of our men, who was near the door of the family tent, said: "Something has broken loose in the direction of the hills-I hear an awful roaring." A few minutes later he again said: "This is an awful night. That roaring is surely more dis-Surely something must tinct: surely something must have broken loose!" And then looking toward the hills from the tent, he said, "I see something white coming this way! Get up!" And we all sprang to our feet, and a wave of water more than two feet deep, filled with hallstones as large as good sicherries, swept through our car Guided by the lightning we soug refuge in the wagons. My sister, years old, was missed, and fath sought and father sprang out into the flood to find her. It possible, and she was recove through the aid of the faithful d Thus we awalted the approach

daylight, and then a scene beggaring description appeared. Not a blade of grass, not an animal in sight. Every person was chilled to the marrow, and not a splinter of wood of any kind to be had to build a fire; and father had a severe attack of pleurisy, caused by exposure during the night. The men decided that probably the animals had taken to the foothills, apparently three or four miles distant, and accordingly went in that direction, and luckly found them in a few hours. By 4 o'clock the teams were ready to move and we traveled about four miles and camped near a large company of peo-ple, who, seeing our distressed condi-tion, vied with each other in affording relief, and it was not long before we were enjoying the luxury of a warm meal as a result of the neighborliness of a number of Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri families, some of the children whom are represented in this of whom are represented in this thirty-fifth annual revulon, among them Mrs. Laura B. Bartlett, Mrs. F. A. Knapp. Professor L. H. Baker, principal of the Woodsteck school of this city, and Mr. John W. Baker. Cottage Grove, present State Game Warden. It is needly to say that the acquaintance formed under such circumstances ripened into lasting friendship on the pari of those who were heads of fami-lies at that time. Upon examination it was found that several sacks of four, and a considerable quantity of sugar and salt had been damaged by the flood of the night before.

From the place where these families were joined under the circumstances above described, and on westward to the Umatilla River, they traveled to gether for the most part in the main under the leadership of James Biles, al-though C. B. Baker. William R. Downey, William M. Kincaid and my

was reached. This was early in August. Here we were met by E. N. Sar-jent, who came from the Puget Sound region to meet his father's family, who were in our train. He urged all to go to Northern Oregon (Puget Sound), the conditions there being better for settlement than in the Willamette Valley. according to his judgment; and he said as an additional induce-ment to go thither, that a wagon road was being made by the settlers from Puget Sound to the Columbia River by way of the Natchess Pass. While it had been the intention of the greater number of this company to settle in the Williamette Valley, the conditions portrayed by Mr. Sarjent were so alluring that most of the company decided to go thither. In the case of our family there was urgent need that we should go with some one or more persons upon whom we could depend for supplies in case of an emergency, as loss of stock and other untoward circumstances had caused delays which had not been contemplated; hence there was a prospect that our supplies might give out. Mr. James Blies, learning of the condition of our family, said to my way of the Natchess Pass. While it had what he was about. The Indians then was about. The Indians the was about. The Indians then was about. The Indians the was about. The plank out of the driftwood to build a boat. I do not remember how long a time this required, but think it was four days. After crossing the Co-lumbia River, we made for the Yakima River, followed up that stream for some distance and crossed it eight times. Then we struck out for the point where the Natchess River emerges from the mountains, and after a number of toil-some days' marching through sage-brush as high as the top of a covered wagon—it frequently had to be cut out of the way-we arrived at the edge of the timber bordering the mountains about September 17 or 18. Mct Noted Indian Chief.

At the last camp on the Blue Mountains before reaching the Umatilla River, an incident happened which I will mention. were under way a number of Indians rode up, all well mounted on a number of the mounted on a number of the most beautiful ponles that I ever saw up to that time, all dressed in gay cosne with feathers and fringes abound-One of the Indians, the leader of rest, whom we afterwards found out is the noted Walla Walla chief, Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox, came near our camp, and seemed especially interested in my baby sister, then 19 months old, who had beau-tiful golden hair. I was taking care of the little girl at the time, and noticed that the Indian eagerly watched every novement I made in trying to amuse child. Nothing was thought of the In-dian's visit that night, but the next morning in some unaccountable way hundreds of Indian ponies were found grazing near the camp. What this meant no one knew at first, but the mystery was soon solved. E. N. Sarjent, who was out early that morning looking after his father's teams, discovered that Indians were driving the ponies towards the camp under orders from Chief Peu-Peu-Mer Mer, who represent the trade them. Mox-Mox, who proposed to trade them for the little red-haired girl. This in-formation was conveyed to my mother by Mr. Sarjent, and the offer of the great chief was respectfully declined, much to his apparent sorrow, as he rode away followed by his body guard, meanwhile striking his breast and saying, "Nika tum-tum wake skookum!" Meaning that his heart was very very sick.

It is possible that if some of the old pioneers present upon this occasion were to recall some of the heartaches experienced during the first 20 years of their lives, they would have a grain of sym-

## pathy for this untutored son of early Ore Crossing the Cascades.

After the first night's camp in the pine timber at the edge of the Cascade Range. periences in crossing mountain ranges were insignificant as compared with those

miles south of us. Here we spent the night, and it was bitter cold, the time be-ing about October 1st, and snow abounding in all directions, although there was none in our immediate vicinity. The next morning, an early start was made, and in less than an hour the company halted. My mother, the younger children and I were somewhat in the rear at this time. and as we came close enough to discover the cause of the delay, she excialmed. "Well. I guess we have come to the jump-ing-off place at last." And no wonder, for there we were confronted by a bluff fully thirty feet high, almost perpendicular, and for a thousand feet farther it was so steep that an animal could scarcely stand up, and there was no other way to go. as careful examination demonstrated. It was soon decided that the wagons should be lowered with ropes, and the teams driven single file by a circuit-ous trail to the foot of the mountain. Accordingly a long rope was stretched down the hill, but it was not long enough to lower a wagon to a place where it would stand up. Then James Biles: "Kill one of the poorest of my steers, make a rope of his nide and

see if that will be long enough, if not, kill another." Three animals were killed before the length of rope required was secured. Greenwater River, where we camped that night. It required almost two days to make this descent. Two of the 38 wagons were hopelessly wrecked on

There was one exception to this rule which I cannot pass. The C. B. Baker family had a blooded Kentucky mare, which became so exhausted as to be unable to get up one morning, and it was decided that she would have to be teft behind. To this Mrs. Baker objected, the animal heing one that objected, the animal being one that she thought a great deal of; and she told her husband to go on, that she would work with the mare awhile, and would catch up with the teams in due time. So she gathered leaves, fed the beast, gave her water, talked to her encouragingly, finally got her on her feet, started after the wagons and caught up with them at the noon camp. A little later this animal got down the second time, and was about to be abandoned to her fate; but the love, patience and determination of Mrs. Baker—"Aunt Fanny," as she was known by all—triumphed, and the mare was saved to become the dam of some of the best running horses known in the arriv days of Orseon and Washing. the early days of Oregon and Wathing-

# Last Day's Journey.

The last day's journey before reach ing Connell's prairie cannot be forgot It came near having a tragic ending. Several days before, the teams being so jaded, it was decided that it would be good policy to drive to the prairie and let them recruit on the luxuriant bunchgrass. This was done and the women and children and wagons were left in camp. In a week most of the teams returned, greatly strengthened. The next day all started on foot to the prairie, and, notwith-standing the fact that but few if any of the party had any breakfast, all were jubilant over the prospect of "getting out of the wilderness" to a place where food could be obtained for man as well as beast. All the food our family had that day consisted of family had that day consisted of a scanty supply of salal-berries, picked as we trudged along. All the party were generally in the same condition. At this time our teams had dwindled down to two horses and two yoke of common-sense system of censorship oxen. We had one wagon, the other having been abandoned. Joel Risdon was our teamster, and his entire load was the bedding, cooking utensils, and wretched condition. My duty that day was to assist my mother as best I could in taking care of three younger children—a sister nearly 7 years old, a brother 25, and the baby, already alluded to, 11 months old. I carried the little brother on my back part of the time, and when not so engaged did what I could to lighten my mother's

Along in the middle of the afternoon

AT THE 35TH. REUNION to move on the next day. After that we had a limited supply of provisions, and got on fairly well for a time.

ration of 53

OREGON PIONEER SOCIETY

## Settling on Puget Sound.

And now a word about the wagon road. That had been cut through to And now a word about the wagon road. That had been cut through to Greenwater River. There, it seems, an Indian from east of the mountains, going to the Sound, met the road workers, who inquired whether any "Boston" men were coming. The Indian said no. Believing the Indian to be truthful, the road workers returned home, only to be greatly astonished by the appearance two weeks later of a weary, bedraggied, forlorn and footsore company of people, all rejoicing to the first direct American immigration into "Northern Oregon," now Western Washington, by way of the Natchess Pass.

the mountains and was at a loss to understand why it was not finished; and since his relatives were in our company it was clear that he did not intend to section. Hence we pushed on as best we could, following the bed of the stream part of the time. Frequently we came to impassable places, and then recourse was had to high ground, where we cut our was trough the dense timber, frequently in the midst of the bed of grass, the sole aubistence of the horses and cattle being browse from alder and maple trees, not very fulling, to say the least. Every person, from 15 years old and upwards, women included assisted in making the excuse for a road in speaker had bit fars lessons in trailmaking, bareforded, at that, but in no worse condition than others. It certainly, was a trying time for the women of the company, and much speculation was indied in as to the probability of reaching the services of the work and the recompany, and much speculation was indied in as to the probability of reaching the services of the work and the recompany, and much speculation was indied in the two chidren—Mrs. Abraham Woolery, on the People of the work of t man and the freah moat. The man, seeing ahe meant business, then subsided. Soon the two oldest men came to camp, the meat was divided according to Dr. Tolmie's instructions, and, with the vegetables that had been given by the settlers, the entire party had a good, old-fashioned "boiled dinner"—the first for many a day—and it was most agreeable and welcome.

# THE BIBLE BY NO MEANS UNIQUE

Humanity Too Broad, Too Great, to be Shut Within the Lids of Any Book

BY WALLACE YATES.

HE BIBLE is unique," says Rev.

Hiram Vrooman, and he pra-

ceeds to support the assertion by intimating that this uniquity, to coin a word, resides in the fact that the whole book agrees with the Swedenborgian sys-After each wagon was lowered to the end of the rope a voke of oxen was intended to it, and by rough-locking, though he uses the exclusive Pauline and attaching small logs with projecting limbs to the roar it was taken down about a quarter of a mile and across into the two realms of spiritual and natural annears to reject the writings of natural, appears to reject the writings of Paul as being not "the Word"-possibly because the mystleism of Swedenborg as wagons were hopelessly wrecked on the hill, and a small quantity of provisions lost. The loss of the wagons did not matter, but not so the provisions, as the company suffered for want of food before supplies could be secured at Connell's Prairie, probably 40 or 50 miles southwest of the present city of Tacoms.

After leaving camp at Greenwater River, evidences of road work were a little more apparent, and hence better progress was made. Complaints were rarely heard, for the main reason that "growling" over our forlorn condition was unprofitable and made bad matters worse. The teams suffered dreadcould not fathom the deeper mysticism of

perlences, in being compelled to leave faithful beasts in the wildernes, to starve. But there was no help for it, grievous at it might seem, and the animals were shot to end their misery. and clearly marked. The boot in Scotland; the stake in Spain; Bruno and Ser vetus; the myriads fortured on the rack and broken on the wheel wherever the cross was paramount; the sack of Magdeburg; the massacre of Drogheda; and the eastward course of bloody persecution in the name of Christ only stopped by the equally determined fanaticism of the followers of Mohammed. The Koran or the sword, said Mohammed; and modern Christianity, prevented, in enlightened countries, from resorting to paysacal per-secution, still offers the disbeliever the choice of Jesus or eternal damnation! Men have found authority for all these things within the lids of the Bible, and, as Byron puts it:

"Christians have burned each other, quite

t all the apostles would have done as they did." Upon my word, one can almost give Nero the credit of a marvelous prescience! Could he have extirpated the Christian sect, for one pang inflicted by him thou-sands would have been thereafter saved! sands would have been thereafter saved!
The Bible may be said to be unique in this, that whereas common obscenity is denied admission to Uncle Sam's mails, under the bar of heavy penalities, yet the Bible has ready access to the mail bage. Yet even as prefatory to a Swedenborgian interpretation, there are passages in the

so-called earlier books of the Bible that Mr. Vrooman would hesitate to read bedemand for the Bible exemption from a criticism which is applied to all other books. Many a passage of Chaucer, for instance, is expunged from school edi-tions, yet the Bible circulates everywhere uncensored. It is perhaps fortunate for Sunday school teachers that modern young America is not given to delving very deeply into holy writ, though I have known schoolboys to hunt out decommon-sense system of cens would give the world several volum lofty inspiration that for beauty and sub limity are perhaps unsurpassed in liter ature? Men of discrimination pass over a scanty supply of clothing much the state of Ton Juan, which worse for wear. Father, having the horses in charge, did not return to there are in Byron subline passages camp because the animals were in such which, as Macaulay justly remarks, will be read while the English language en-dures. Yet men steeped in sectarianism, be read while the English language endures. Yet men steeped in sectarianism, Swedenborgian or otherwise, insist on our swallowing the chaff with the wheat, forgetful that even the Jesaic prodigation preferred the fatted calf to the husks that the swine #dd eat. The doctrine of plenary inspiration, backed by no matter whose cipher code is a medieval humbing and must give way before the broad enginteement of progress. For my particular control of the progress. other Indians threatened to shoot the dogs. being armed with bows and armove being armed with bows and armove but father stood guard and saved the dogs life.

A similar experience occurred when we induced the father were often counseled with when our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of for a middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thought of the middle of the afternoon our steps could not be thou

ly as any other historical fact of the long past centuries); but this does not lead me to worship him as a God, or as my only intercessor with a wrathful father, or indeed as endowed with any other divinity than is shared in degree by all other sons of men. Swedenborg's correspondences can no more save the full letter of the Bible than Ignatius Donnelly's famous cipher could save his Bacon. For a man "whose angels talk Bacon. For a man "whose angels talk like country parsons" has elements of weakness fatal to permanent respect; and Emerson, while giving full credit to Swedenborg's learning and research, ex-presses also the opinion that "I some-times think he will not be read much

Humanity, Mr. Vrooman, is too broad, too great, too widely diversified, to be shut within the lids of any book, no matter how "unique" or tied in the leading strings of even a genius like Swedenborg. If one must have some one to

New York Press. When she left her home in the small own to come to New York to take up a special course of study, her pet sister was fast reaching the crisis of a love affair, The pet sister was a most winsome young lady, and had long kept a goodly train of sultors a-sighing. Was this affair to be the grand affair? The older sister hoped so, for she liked the young man cordiallythought he was just the sort to make a proper brother-in-law.

But the weeks passed and not a bit of definite news about the progress of the affair did the older sister receive in her city boarding-house. She became anxious. Louise, she thought, must no go on recklessly trifling in such important matters. Then one night about 10 o'clock, just as she was going to bed, came a telegram. The servant brought it up. The older sister was country girl enough to be thoroughly frightened by the pale manlia, black inked envelope. How ominous it looked! At length she gathered courage

to open it. This is what she read "Solomon six three. LOUISE."
Solomon six three! Whatever in the
world! O, why, yes, stupid, it of course
meant the Song of Solomon, sixth chapter, third verse. But—and her cheeks flushed with shame-she had no Bible.

There was a great scurrying about the boarding-house to find a copy of the sacred book. The girls were routed out Mr. Vrooman would hesitate to the fore a mixed congregation.

One may indeed marvel at the hereditary religious bias or whatever the motive is that induces men of fair brain to the Bible exemption from a what that verse was! It would have been what that verse was! It would have been the like a woman to lie down to pleasant dreams, content to know that she could satisfy her curiosity in the morning-not! The landlady, good soul, came to the rescue. She was no heathen. She had a Bible. Up to her room with it fiew the sister, and shut the door. Such a turning sister, and shut the door. Such a tu over of pages by eager, nervous fir Solomon six three. She found it, and she cried "Hurrah!" and laughed, for the

'I am my beloved's, and my beloved is

Thomas Buchanan Reed.

But, look! o'er the fail see the augter stand,
Ewinging his rod with skillful hand.
The fly at the end of his genearier line
Swims through the sun like a Summer
moth,
Till, dropped with

Swims through the sun like a Summer moth,

Till, dropped with a careful precision fine.

It touches the pool beyond the froth,
A-sudden, the speckled hawk of the broak
Darts from his covert and seless the pook.
Swift spins the reel; with sany allo.

The line pays out, and the rod, like a whip,
Lithe and arrowy, tapering slim,
Is bent to a bow o'er the brokled's brim.

Till the trout least up in the sun, and flings.
The spray from the flash of his finny wings.
Then falls on his side, and, drunken with
fright,
Is towed to the shore like a staggering
barge.

Till beached at last on the mandy marke.
Where he dies with the hues of the morning
light,
While his sides with a cluster of stars are
bright.
The angier in the basket lays
His speckled prize, and gots his ways.