THE FIRST EASTER.

From behind those ancient hilltops,
Leaps the sun in glory grand,
Lighting up the Jewish city
And the Holy Land.
To the east lies river Jordan,
And its muddy waters flow
To the Sea of Death beyond it,
Lying low.

But a land beside it stretches,
Where poor Moses wandered years,
And the children oft' repining,
Oft' have bathed the land in tears.
To the west lies better country
And a range of purple hills,
Where in springtime bloomed flowers,
There beside the rushing rills.

Then, perhaps in walking distance,
From the busy careless throng,
Stands the Mount of Olives,
That is famed in book and song.
On the west slope of the mountain
Is a garden, square and neat,
And amongst its vines and olives,
Turned our Savior's weary feet.

Kneeling there in awful suffering,
For the coming trial to bear,
Lifted up his voice to Heaven,
In a short, impassioned prayer.
And he went a little farther,
And fell on his face and prayed:
"Oh my Father, if it may be,
Let this bitter cup be stayed."

Then he cometh to his brethren,
And he findeth them asleep,
And he sayeth unto Peter,
"Could ye not one hour keep?"
And again he went to praying,
"Oh! my Father, if this cup be for thy son,
And if mete that I should drink it,
Oh! my God, thy will, not mine be done."

And a third time spent in praying,
With the blood upon his brow,
Then the Jews lay hands upon him,
They will crucify Him now.
He has borne his cross to Calvary,
Jeered and taunted by the throng,
And His tender flesh been beaten
By the cruel scourger's thong.

To the tree they firmly nailed Him,
And their hellish work applaud,
When the sun sinks low at midday,
As a warning sign from God.
And the graves of death were opened,
And the saints that slept, arose,
And they worshipped in the temple,
In their spiced and burial clothes.

Then they placed our Savior's body
In a tomb hewn out of stone,
And a little bird above him,
Then was seen to deeply mourn.
On a Sabbath, bright and early,
Came an angel to the grave,
And an awful earthquake,
For God's angel came to save.

And the angel told the watchers,
That their Savior arose,
That the grave should never hold him,
He had triumphed o'er his foes.
Then the bird sang songs of mirth,
And the Savior doubly blest it,
More than other fowls of earth.
And he caused its eggs to take on colors,
As the rainbow and the flowers,
So we keep that day as Easter,
In this Christian land of ours.

—ELLA McMUNN.

Priscilla's Triumph.

IN the long road winding from the little village there stood a house as neat as wax and as bright as a new pin, but vigorously pure, unadulterated country, from the green blinds that folded so peacefully back upon its fresh white painted front, to the blue barn and sheds done in that intense mazarim that steals the tint from the summer sky in the violence of its contrast.

Priscilla Partridge lived here. She was an only daughter with proclivities toward art. Thus, when her father came home from a horse-trading expedition in the adjoining town and told her that a young aritst had engaged board of him for the summer, she built an air castle on the spot. The artist would discover and admire her talent for painting, give her lessons, together they would put wonders and miracles onto canvas and in the end marry. It was no wonder then that she increased, if that were possible, the intense greenness and blueness of her next landscape and in a gilt frame of extra width, had it awaiting him in all its fresh elegance upon the wall of the room assigned to him.

The artist came, and if it can be designated as conquered where everything is laid out for victory, he conquered. His good looks, city finish and a certain savior faire completed his charms in Priscilla's estimation. As her fancy had pictured to her, he helped her in her landscapes, gave her a hint or two in perspective, and aided the summer in fleetly passing—till one morning. Upon this one morning Priscilla overheard the conversation between her artist and a friend who had come down from the city to see him. They were back of the vines on the front "stoop," she was watering the geraniums in the angle which the stoop made with the house.

"Rather a pretty girl here, Preston?" the visitor remarked.

"Yes."

"Seems very much taken with you."

"Dare say. I've helped her a bit with painting. She fancies the work, you know, but such green and blue absurdities as she does and frames and hangs up all over the house is enough to give one the jaundice! She has no more notion of art than an elephant, but of course I don't tell her. What would be the use? That reminds me, there's a choice study in brook scenery about a mile from here. We have just time for it before dinner; come on," and the two men strolled off, while Priscilla, her ears tingling as if they had been cuffed, fled to her room and shed such scalding tears that her seared, red eyes and cheeks were not cool enough to be seen until the next morning, when the artist asked for her to say good-bye to her, as he had decided to return to the city with his friend.

"Pon my word, Miss Partridge," he said, advancing upon her with outstretched hands, "thought I wasn't to see you again before I go. I'm off with George; seems the family want me with them at the seashore. Much obliged for your kindness since I've been here. Keep straight with your art work and you'll get there sometime. Goodby; goodby, Mr. Partridge. Let me know when you're in the city." And he was gone. Priscilla's air castle, as glittering and prismatic as a soap bubble a few hours before, was nothing now.

But Priscilla possessed a backbone to her character that stood her in good stead. She put both of her feet upon her disappointment, determined to pursue her art in a legitimate if less high-flown manner, and then, when success came to her, if it did, this despicable artist should know and feel it. That would be her triumph.

Two months ater she was established in an art school, whose classes she attended day and night, early and late, till prizes for correct modeling, for drawing, for coloring, began to adorn her room and she wrote them at home to destroy the blue and green landscapes, as she was collecting something better to take their place.

Three years had gone by. There was an announcement that the largest art school in the United States was to award a large prize for the best study made from the model, "An Old Fisher Woman." The competitors must all work from the same model and in the studio of the school which offered the prize. Twenty artists and many students had already entered the lists, and the first name given among the competitors was that of Preston Howard, Priscilla's summer artist.

Priscilla crumpled in her hand the paper that made this announcement, and then she straightened out the wrinkles and carried it to her painting master.

"May I go and try it?" she said.

"Certainly," he answered, "if you don't mind the extra expense and the time it takes from your course here."

"I don't mind anything if I can win it," she said.

"Very well, then go and do us all the credit you can," and he smiled encouragingly, for he saw a determined expression in her face that promised well.

Half an hour later Priscilla was steaming toward her new work. Three hours later she had reached the huge, hustling city, and before night she had been entered among the competitors. Her place opposite the model was chosen, and her easel and chair fixed. Near the chair there was one initialed like a steamer chair, and the other art implements going with it. The palettes and paint boxes were also decorated with "P. H." She was, therefore, so well prepared the next morning for her summer artist's appearance that not the slightest change in expression, nor the tiniest movement of her eye betrayed her knowledge of his presence. He started, looked at her in a puzzled way, and finally took his chair with a creak and jar that caused many of the competitors to look up and frown at him. Priscilla went placidly on with her drawing, apparently lost to everything but her task. So they worked, side by side, neck to neck, as it were, no model more silent than they.

A month went by; then came the final day—the day of fate, of failure, or success! On a line were hung the twenty-five competing canvases. The committee started hard and wisely at them, stepped forward, reduced the number to 15, 10, 5, 2, and these two were Priscilla's and Preston's.

There was considerable readjusting of eyeglasses now and a shifting of the light; then the verdict was announced:

"Miss Patridge's 'Fisher Woman' for accuracy of drawing, correctness of perspective and exactness of coloring is awarded the prize." Already a purchaser had signified a desire to buy it. Preston Howard sent a servant for his "Fisher Woman" and took her humbly home.

The artists and students held an after-meeting in which they congratulated Priscilla sincerely. All the competitors were present but Preston Howard; he was conspicuously absent. This was the one little thorn in Priscilla's triumph. She would have liked to have had him there, not to thrust her success in his face, but because she had still a lurking fondness for the first air castle she had ever built.

The following morning she went to the studio for the last time before her return to her own art school. She gathered up her paints, set the easel against the wall, and was half-way downstairs on her way to the station when face to face she met her artist.

He raised his hat, and stopped her determinedly, his keen eyes upon her handbag.

"Are you leaving us, Miss Patridge?" he said.

"Yes, it is quite time," she answered, turning pink and white, "if I wish to catch my train."

"Never mind the train. There will be another, and I would like to show you, if you will yet me, why you defeated me in the competition for the prize."

This remark did not quite please her. To her sensitive ear it seemed to say that even yet he doubted her ability; looked upon her as a harmless art interloper; yet she followed him. He led her to a private studio, where on the easel was the portrait of a fresh country girl, her eyes blue and shining with determination and her yellow hair in a Psyche knot hard twisted; her features regular, but fixed.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed. "Is that I?"

"Yes; and it is the way you have looked ever since you began your 'Fisher Woman.' Your face haunted me; I could not get it out of my mind till I painted it with might and main." Then he stopped and flushed.

"Mr. Howard," and now she put out her hand to him. "I'm sorry I looked that way. You must be glad I'm going."

But was he? It couldn't have been so, for a few months later Priscilla's pictures were signed Mrs. Preston Howard.—Chicago News.

Enormous business has been done lately at French fairs by a man who professed to sell a rat powder that was perfectly harmless, and that struck rats dead on the spot. In order to convince the skeptical, the man first of all powdered a slice of bread with the stuff, and ate a piece of it himself. Then he put the remainder under a glass case, in which a rat was kept in captivity. The rat went to eat the bread and instantly fell dead. At ten cents a box the powder went off like hot rolls, and the lucky proprietor of the specific was in a fair way to make a fortune. But the police, who in France are very active in protecting the people from fraud, looked into the matter, and found that the powder was ordinary sugar. They also discovered that the case was connected with a powerful electric battery, and that the moment the rat touched the bread the current was turned on, and it was thus his death was brought about. The man was arrested at the fair of Albi, and he has been sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment.

The only young gorilla captive is in a dime musee at Boston. It is 2 years old and has all the actions of a young child of two; is mild and pleasant, takes great delight in dolls and other little children.

The prairies of South America consist of two million square miles, divided into three regions, the Selvas, the Pampas and the Llanos, pronounced like our Illinois.

A woman voter in Colorado burst a blood vessel while preparing her ballot at the polls. Colorado politics is bloody since the reign of Waite.

MILLIONS IN SIGHT.

$7,000,000 in Alaskan Gold Nuggets.

Found by a Propector in the North.

Bushels of the Yellow Treasure Lying Around and Waiting for Somebody to Come to Pick it Up.

Probably the most extraordinary gold mine in this country is the bar of shining gold nuggets discovered by the writer in Alaska, and known since then the world over as the "Lost Rocker."

Those nuggets are still there, I am confident, and many more besides in the immediate neighborhood, awaiting discovery at the hands of some venturesome prospectors who shall brave the perils of the wilderness and make the richest strike in the history of the yellow metal.

Several days ago there appeared in the New York papers an account of the attempts of a Dr. Mulcahy, of Juneau City, Alaska, to rediscover the "Lost Rocker." The story had been published in a San Francisco paper and was telegraphed from that city. My attention was called to the article by the only person in New York who was cognizant of the interest I had in it.

The tale as related was substantially correct, with the exception that three men instead of two were together when the discovery was made of the wonderful "Lake of the Golden Bar."

These three men were Charles Ulrich, Walter Olsen Stanford (generally called "Ole" by us), and the writer, who now gives the first authentic account of this vast deposit of precious metal.

Almost fabulous will seem this narrative and past belief. Yet on this bar, in this small lake, which was about three miles long and about three-quarters to a mile wide, we saw millions in nuggets and coarse and fine yellow grains of gold.

Two hundred miles from any civilization, we worked like madmen for over forty days, gathering from this glittering, seemingly inexhaustible store fully $50,000, which we put in a cache as fast as we could "pan" it. That the stored stake we secured, as well as the far greater store on the bar, is there today, I do not doubt. I should be willing, with a proper equipment, to go and recover it. I am quite certain that I could lead a party, properly fitted out, and make the lake and the bar without much difficulty, as far as locating it is concerned.

$7,000,000 IN PLAIN SIGHT.

Once there, I am sure we could find the gold intact—$7,000,000 of it in sight. That was the estimate made by "Ole" Stanford, an old prospector, and one of the best judges of a "pay spot" that I ever knew.

The mining camp Wrangel lies some 400 miles south of Juneau, over an indescribably rough country, and communication between these two points is difficult. The "Lake of the Golden Bar" lies about equi-distant from the three points—Sitka, Juneau and Wrangel—and at about the centre of a triangle formed by these places.

RICH IN PRECIOUS METALS.

The great Yukon river country, which is the central zone of this great unknown area, is a region where the richest minerals abound in lavish profusion. Gold, silver, copper and veins of lignite coal are found everywhere throughout the northern and central districts. Further south are found vast deposits of the purest, yellowest gold. On the slope of the mountains, in the valleys, along the innumerable water courses, among the bunched hills and mountains, in whose valleys many small lakes—clear crystal, shallow basins of water—are hidden, lies untold, undreamed-of wealth, in nugget and grain gold, waiting to be gathered. There is more gold in this region of Alaska than ever has been taken from all the mines of the world for two centuries past.

The Yukon is not only the largest river in Alaska, but it is the largest American river flowing into the Pacific ocean. Its source is in the Northern Rocky mountains, on the northwestern slope of what is known as the MacMillan range, and in the "Upper Ramparts."

Here is that vast and wonderful "granary of gold" whence came the nuggets and "yellow dust" gathered from the placers of Washington, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Colorado and California for fifty years past. And when we struck this "treasury of the gods" we knew from the infallible signs that nature in which the precious metal was transmuted from the baser elements.

PURSUING THE YELLOW PHANTOM.

In August of 1884 I was knocking about the West, first in one spot and then another. Newspaper work, of any kind, from "comp." to editor, was my trade. I turned my hand to anything to make a "bread and butter living."

I had two chums or companions with me at the time I dropped into Butte City, Mont., on Aug. 5, 1884. As there was not much going in Butte, Ulrich suggested that we, that is, the three of us, move north to Spokane.

At Spokane we loafed for several days. We had some few hundred dollars and found places to spend it. When our pile was reduced to less than "half a century" we began seriously to consider the ways of raising more. Spokane was lively, on the boom, but there was nothing, apparently, for us. At last we decided to go on a prospecting ramble once more.

We left Spokane on the morning of Aug. 12, 1884, moving north eighty miles to Lake Kootenai. "Bonner's Ferry" was our object point, and after nine days of leisurely tramping and prospecting we reached this camp.

Mining camps are all about this region, and if we had cared to work hard, we might have secured renumerative employment, or we could have gone to work on our own joint account. But $30 or $40 a day did not appeal very strongly to our avarice. We had got into the outskirts of a region where gold was said to be "thicker than quartz pebbles in granite sand." We dreamed of finding a "bonanza," and we knew, or at least we thought we knew, the direction in which to look for it.

We crossed the lake from "Bonner's" and moved northwest towards the "Miner's Range," skirting the western shores of Teslin or Aklene lake. As we progressed, prospecting, we found gold in small quantities. At almost every lift of the shovel we found the "pay-dirt color." For seven weeks we prospected, pressing steadfastly northwest in the direction of Juneau. Our belts were becoming heavy. The several "strikes" we had made buoyed up our spirits and gave us hopes of striking something "great" before long. We suffered from hunger at times, but found plenty of water. Our gold altogether must have amounted to quite $10,000.

THE BAR OF PURE GOLD.

The eighth week of our tramp found us in the St. Elias range, on the eastern slope, in well-watered valleys, where game was in abundance, and gold was everywhere, on the bars and shores of the streams in small quantities. Bad Indians were about also, north of Teslin or Aklene lake, they range all through British Columbia. They have strongholds in the Simpson and Cassian mountains, and they are treacherous devils. We kept out of their sight, as we thought, and on Saturday of the eighth week that we had been out, we discovered the "Lake of the Golden Bar." "Ole" Stanford—good old prospector that he was—saw it first. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning.

The sun was shining away to the southeast. But a few days later in that region it would not have been there to point out the resplendent treasure for us. But now its rays struck with a slanting flood upon the bar and scintillated in a thousand golden slivers directly across the water into our dazzled eyes.

"Ole" shouted like a drunken Viking carousing on shore after a long voyage. Ulrich simply blinked his eyes and gazed stupefied at the sight. He was drunk, as usual, or rather just "getting over the night before." I uttered not a word, but, for once, my heart beat quickly. I am rather phlegmatic and not easily moved. But my natural aplomb failed me here. I don't know what made me do it, but I reverently said, "Thank God!" It has been many years since I had experienced any religious feeling, but that "Thank God!" was indeed a prayerful expression of gratitude, straight from a full heart.

As I have said, bad Indians were all about us. Any minute we might have been discovered, captured and tortured, to be finally slaughtered, or we might have been shot from ambush.

But the fact of the Indians' presence did not recur to us now. What cared we for Indians before the sight of this priceless deposit of wealth? There was the gold, the "yellow stuff," glittering, flashing stars, splintering the sun-lit atmosphere with innumerable golden lances of light. It was all ours! "Hurrah!"

THE FIRST BIG NUGGET.

Simultaneously we all yelled. Even iquor-befogged Ulrich came in, with a deep baritone, in good time. Then we dropped our rifles and, all together, plunged into the water, making for the "golden bar." About thirty feet separated it from the bank. The water was over our heads and quite cold. But little we cared for the cold drenching. We were all swimmers, and it was a race to see who would first plant foot on the golden strand.

I was the lightest man in the party and the least clothed. Then, too, my shoes were moccasins, a kind of footwear I always adopt when rambling in the wilderness. I struck the shallow water at least ten feet before "Ole," who was ahead of Ulrich several feet, or almost his body's length. With a shout, I scrambled through the shallows and raced for a nugget some three feet away from the water's edge. I picked it up. It was heavy, weighing perhaps six pounds.

As I felt of the heft and noted the color I could see that it was almost pure gold. I estimated it to be worth at least $15 an ounce.

While I was examining this find under my glass "Ole" had got ashore. He began to gather up nuggets and scoop up "dust" as fast as he could transfer the stuff from the ground to his pockets. But it remained for Ulrich to make the big strike of all our discoveries. He had landed about a rod below where "Ole" and I had left the water. In walking through the shallows towards shore he struck his foot against a sharp rock, as he thought. But as he lifted it out of the water there was disclosed a nugget of almost pure gold! I estimated its weight at fifty pounds, or not much less than that figure. "Ole" concurred with me in this estimate.

Well, there is not much more to tell. The rest is now public property. The sequel of our discovery has been told, and is known from Maine to California doubtless by this time.

A GOLDEN HARVEST.

For forty days we worked like mad men, and cached about $50,000 in gold, besides the two large nuggets Ulrich and I had found. Great difficulty was experienced in ferrying it across the water between the bar and the shore, and this occupied much of the time, otherwise we should have gathered more gold. Besides we needed food, and hunting claimed a goodly part of our time. We took turns at providing grub for the tramp. We might have bridged the channel between the bar and the shore, but gave this up after a consultation, during which we took in consideration the fact that we were without axes or hatchets, and that no small timber was nearer than ten or twelve miles. We trusted to gathering enough gold in the cache to make us all rich, before the actual cold weather set in, and then to start south, carrying about $10,000 apiece with us.

On the 23d of October we had decided to stop further work for the season. It was agreed to start south for Wrangel. It was quite early in the morning. "Ole" and Ulrich had gone off early to look for a bear, whose tracks we had noted near the camp. The fellow had been fooling about the camp for a week. We had tried for him, but had not succeeded in getting a sight of him. Bear's hams would have been a welcome change from our regular diet of fish and burnt-nut flour bread or patties. The supplies we had brought from "Bonner's" had long been exhausted.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

Along about 9 o'clock I took the "rocker," an amateur affair made by "Ole," and swam across to the bar. I stumbled over the "rocker" and went head over the bank into deep water. As I plunged in I heard plainly a rattling fusillade of shots. I came up under a bluff at the north end of the bar, but immediately went down again, for I knew the shooting had come from enemies and not from friends.

I dove for a niche in the cliff, at a high part of the shore, about forty rods north of the low bank on which we had pitched our camp. Fortunately I was a regular water duck. I was in my natural element, so to speak. I went deep down towards the bottom of the lake. It was partly cold water I was in. Very cold springs were the sources of the water supply, and in reaching my place of refuge I was chilled through and through. But I set my heart to it, and determined to get out of the fix with a whole skin if Providence permitted. The thought of leaving all that gold was sickening, but I knew if I got off free and could reach Wrangel or some other settled point, the return might be possible.

It took me little time to reach the niche in the cliff, and once there, crouching against the sides, standing partly in and partly out of the water, I waited for over six minutes before I made another move. Finally I became stiff, cold and hungry. That last state of distress decided me to make an attempt to better my condition. Indians or no Indians, to be killed or to escape—in any event, I was going to get out of that. Better, I thought, to die with my boots on than to perish miserably with cold and hunger.

HIS COMRADES GONE.

So I slid into the water, and carefully keeping beneath the surface, exposing as little of my body as I dared, or must perforce to keep afloat, I reached the bank in front of our camp.

Not a vestige of it remained. I saw only the smoking embers of the hut we had built and in which we had lived for forty days—"Ole," Ulrich and I. Where were the other two now? Dead or carried off captives? Nothing about the place could tell me. I felt miserable, forsaken, sick of life. I was alone in a wild country. To turn and plunge to the bottom of the water and return no more to the surface was something like a half-conceived idea.

The appearance of things indicated that the Indians had been gone some time. I shouted the names of "Ole" and "Ulrich." Only echoes came back from the hills and canyons. I wandered about for days, searching everywhere for them. No trace of their presence was visible anywhere—God knows how many miles—I struck our camp once more. There was the bank, the heap of charred wood that had been our dwelling-place and that cursed "Golden Bar."

It was evening. The sky was aglow with a rosy aurora. To my imagination it spangled clots of blood upon that mocking stretch of sand and pebbles, where the gold lay in nuggets and flakes and dust. I lifted up my hands and cursed the place, for I was sure now that "Ole" and Ulrich were dead—slain by those damnable redskins.

A TERRIBLE WINTER'S TRAMP.

I was hungry, ragged, wretched. I had eaten little, subsisting in my wanderings on nuts and roots. My search of the ground was thorough, but no sign could I find of the lost ones. I spent another dreary day there, and then I turned from it, setting my face towards the southeast, in the direction, I thought, that must be towards Wrangel. But I overrated my knowledge of woodcraft. There was no sun to point me right. The long winter nights had commenced. It became colder and colder. The thermometer ranged far below zero. Snow came in masses and blinding blizzards.

I wandered on and on, always with the instinct of self-preservation strong within me. I never thought of giving up. Hunger, cold, snow, ice, fever, delirium, nothing mattered; but life—sweet life.

Paralyzed, bleeding from wounds on the body, head and face, frozen, the sight of one eye nearly gone, attenuated to the mere shadow of a man, still, "Life! Life! Life!" I cried in my heart, forever and ever. "I want to live forever!"

I went on this way for weeks. Through that terrible winter of 1884 I wandered in that awful wilderness.

It was on March 27, 1885, that finally I found one of my own kind, within twenty-five miles of Bonner's ferry. "Jim" Edwards was the man, God bless him!

When I plunged from the "bar" I had my belt full of gold. All the time this had remained strapped around my waist. I never thought of removing it. And so it came with me to "Jim" Edward's lonely cabin, between lake Teslin and lake Kootnai. It was May before I stirred from the threshold of his door. When I left I gave him all the gold but $2,000' worth. There must have been at least $2,000 worth left with him. That was about what we estimated it.

"I said nothing to him about the "Lake of the Golden Bar." I loathed the place. Not thrice its wealth would have tempted me back to it. And I determined that no other lives should be sacrificed for its glittering treasure bar. I made my way to Spokane, from there to Chicago, and after a stay of three days there, to New York. I remained here a short time only. Then I shipped on a cattle steamer for London.

ULRICH TOLD THE SECRET.

I have kept myself posted about the discoveries in Alaska, and since I returned to this country, some months ago, the desire to once more try my luck has been strong. But I have crushed this longing down. And now it appears that this Dr. Mulcahy attended Ulrich, who escaped to Wrangel, and he got the secret of the lake from my ill-fated friend.

Well, if it is so, and there is strong evidence of its truth, I should like to go for it myself. It is mine by right of first discovery, and I know that I could lead a party on the shortest route to it.

Poor "Ole!" God rest his soul! He must have been the victim of those red devils.—Hamilton Galt ("The Rambler").

THE EARTH IS DRYING UP.

This heading will not startle residents of the Willamette valley, for the process may go on some time—several thousand years—without seriously interfering with the beauty of our climate and the certainty of our crops.

That this theory is tenable there can be no doubt, because it has been advocated, believed in and discussed by some of the most brilliant thinkers of the past three centuries, including such men as Newton, Hamilton, Humboldt and De Verne. We are well aware that man is prone to expressions of dissatisfaction.

In European countries, in Asia and Australia, as well as in the greater portion of the United States, all of the smaller streams have disappeared and the larger ones are rapidly dwindling to mere rivulets. The waters of the Great Lakes of America as well as of the so-called "seas" of Europe and Asia, are fast receding from the banks which formerly circumscribed their boundaries. Between the years 1889 and 1891, according to the report of government inspectors, the water level of lakes Michigan, Huron and Erie was reduced two feet, causing the marginal line to recede hundreds of feet along some of the shelving banks. During the three years which have elapsed since the date last above given the retrocession has been comparatively much greater. This being the case we have no reason to doubt the report which was lately made to the effect that there are dozens of piers and warehouses which were used fifty years ago in loading shallow-draught lake vessels which have long since been abandoned because they now stand high and dry far from the water's edge.

There is abundant proof that the oceans as well as the rivers and lakes are suffering. Their areas have been steadily diminishing for thousands of years, as is proven by a careful survey of the beds they formerly occupied. The report of the British hydrographers for 1893 says: "Harbors everywhere are rapidly growing shallower, despite the fact that many of them were long since dredged to the solid rock." The same report for 1894 mentions the discovery or removal of 200 rocks and other obstacles which were formerly not considered dangerous because lying below and out of reach of the same vessels they now menace. But why multiply proofs? The very fact that we see dry land at all, or even exist, is proof that the waters of the globe are vanishing. Why? Because, if we are to believe the astronomers and geologists, our world, in the days when it was young ("without form and void") was entirely covered with water.

The marked diminution in the world's water supply was never particularly noted until within the last twenty-five years, although the noted philosophers of two and three centuries ago gave it as their opinion that he earth would, in the ages to come, be as arid as the moon is now believed to be. What is becoming of the water? is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered. Some authorities believe that it has gone to help form hydrated mineral. The late R. A. Proctor believed that as the earth cools, its interior opens into enormous fissures which suck in immense quantities of water. One authority is of the opinion that it is accumulating at the poles in the form of ice and perpetual snow, while another, somewhat visionary, thinks that "in all probability it is being dissipated into space through the medium of our atmosphere."

There is only one thing that is certain in regard to the matter: It is obvious that it is disappearing and that as a result arid regions are rapidly enlarging wherever they are not held in check by artificial means.

WILDEST PART OF THE UNITED STATES.

Assistant Chief Goode, of the United States Geological survey, who visited Oregon last summer, says that the wildest region of the entire United States is in an area of 1,000 square miles lying in the mountains between Roseburg and Coquille, in Douglass and Coos counties. He describes it as a mysterious, undiscovered country, in which wild game roams undisturbed, and whose brooks and rivers are filled with wild fowl. It is nearly all covered with a dense growth of pine, fir, hemlock, and other trees. Many of the trees are of enormous size, and stand so closely that it is difficult for men to make their way between them. Where the trees are not so thick the heavy growth of bushes of various kinds takes their place. It is a country that is filled with all kinds of wild game, including, as reported to him, elk, different kinds of bear, mountain lions, deer, and other animals, including lynxes. The streams also have an abundance of trout and other kinds of fish. He penetrated into the wilds a dozen miles and saw things that filled him with wonder at the vastness of the forest, and that anyone should attempt to live in it.—Northwest Magazine.

STUDY THE STAMP.

The great money monopoly doesn't admire the stamp system. The revenue law called stamp act was soon abolished with the income tax. Both are disliked by those who live off the needs of the nation. The postoffice of Uncle Sam is a big concern. It is larger than all the business of some nations. It requires a large army of men to conduct its affairs. Formerly government hired these men for cash direct, but depended on them to collect a large part of their salaries direct off the people. Later, about 1852, it fell on the splendid labor saving device known to us as the stamp. What is the stamp in reality? It is an order on any postmaster to collect so much off any person who employs him to transmit a letter or paper, or any other mailable article. You pay your two cents, for example, receive the stamp and attach it to your letter, delivering it to the postmaster, who does his part. This postoffice business is one of many things Uncle Sam is supposed to be doing daily for you and you are daily paying him more or less for doing said services. Uncle Sam is paying out to a great old army of pensioners nearly a half-million dollars per day orders on you to do your part towards subsisting them. Why then should he not give his orders direct to them on you as he does to his army of postmasters? He doesn't do it, but instead he goes to the jewelers, Jews, money brokers and hires of them at great expense all this money—making you really pay several millions more every year than necessary. He also hires a large army of soldiers and sailors and others and gives them orders on you for all, but in the same roundabout way. So he pays the Indians and all his officers. In fact his expense for interest must be twenty-five or thirty millions and it could all be saved in the same way. Now why do you allow him to do so? Can you think? Have you any sense? Or are you so green as to let those Jews and jewelers mock you out of your wits?

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

An abstract of the 11th census just received shows the following Oregon statistics for 1890. There were 256,450 native born and 57,317 foreign born residents; colored people, 1,186; 9,540 Chinese; 25 Japanese; civilized Indians, 1,258. Of the foreign residents, 6,460 came from Canada and Newfoundland, 49 from Mexico; 69 from Central and South America; 31 from West Indies; 5,679 from England; 2,242 from Scotland; 374 from Wales; 4,891 from Ireland; 12,475 from Germany; 664 from Austria; 244 from Holland; 265 from Belgium and 2,083 from Switzerland, 3,774 from Sweden, 2,583 from Russia and from others in small numbers. The number with foreign parentage was 106,275. There were 118,827 single males and 56,262 married males; 4,853 widowed, 752 divorced; 73,129 single females, 52,312 married females, 5,874 widowed, 537 divorced. The number of illiterate was 10,103, being 4.1 per cent, being surpassed by only 3 states, Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa. Number of dwellings, 61,925; persons to dwelling, 5.07. Number of families, 63,791, being 4.92 to family.

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