

CHAMBER SCENE.

She rose from her untroubled sleep
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As lover's whisper, breathed a prayer—
Her snow-white hands together pressed,

PHILIP PARSONS.

A CHICAGO EDITOR'S WILD YARN.

On Christmas morning, in the year 1875, when
I entered my room in the office—editors have no
Christmas or other holidays—I was surprised to
find my chair occupied by a person of pleasant
but somewhat singular appearance, who was so
attentively reading some of my manuscript that
he failed to notice my presence until I stood at
his side and inquired if he were waiting to see
me.

Yes, time—a quarter of a century—has left
traces of its march, nevertheless has dealt kindly."
Then, extending his hand, he added:

"I am the bearer of a package, one of some
value to you, and the bearer of some messages of
grateful remembrance. By the way, that article
which I found on your table and was looking
over when you came in, though unfinished,
promises, with a few grammatical corrections
and some judicious pruning, to be pretty fair
reading."

Overlooking the circumstances under which the
criticism had been made, I bowed an acknowl-
edgment, and told him that, if he had any busi-
ness with me, I was then at leisure to hear him.
Opening a leather traveling bag, he took out of it
a package bound in stiff, dark-colored paper, tied
with strong tape, which, at all its crossings, was
connected with red sealing wax bearing some im-
pression as of a private or maybe a public seal.
Placing this on the table before me, he waited for
no question, but asked, quickly:

"Do you remember Philip Parsons?"
"I can't say that I remember any person of
that name. Who was he, and where does he
live?"

"Do you remember a young man, fresh from
college—Yale—who one day, twenty-five or
twenty-six years ago, applied to you for work on
your paper, which work you were unable to give
him?"

"Such an occurrence as that has taken place so
often that any particular case does not suggest it-
self. What of it?"

"Well, that case was a peculiar one. That
young man was Philip Parsons. He remained
here in Chicago three weeks, seeking any kind of
a situation, and though you aided him with your
advice, and even your recommendations, he failed
in getting anything in the way of employ-
ment. His last dollar was expended, and then, in
his extremity, he explained his condition to you.
He proposed to go further West, and you loaned
him twenty-five dollars, to be repaid should he
ever be able to do so. That package on the table
before you is that sum, returned with interest.
The bread cast on the waters is now returned to
you more than a hundredfold. Perhaps it will be
considered as an additional pleasure that the re-
turn is on this blessed morning when all Chris-
tendom is rejoicing. Feel the weight of that
package, if you please."

Picking up the parcel, whose weight far ex-
ceeded any expectations founded upon its ap-
pearance, I expressed the judgment that it was
heavy for its size, and asked what it contained.

"Gold, sir—pure gold, nine-tenths fine, coin
standard, and bears upon it the stamps and seals
of the Assay Office. I will show it you in a mo-
ment; but let me first explain its history, and
why it is I am its bearer to you."

Quietly replacing the package on the table,
and trying, with poor success, to hide my impatience
to see the treasure and realize the extraordi-
nary result of an ancient act of kindness, which
I was still unable to remember having ever per-
formed, I bade my visitor proceed with his story,
which he did, substantially after the following:

"When Philip Parsons left you that morning,
it was with a feeling of gratitude so profound that
he swore to himself that, so long as life lasted, he
would never forget you, and that, should he ever
obtain wealth, he would share it with you, even
if it were millions. He kept his word; he did
even more; the gold now before you was his all.
He lives no more. I was his companion for many
years, and he bade me time and again to tell you
of his adventures, and to assure you that fre-
quently he would have given up, perished in de-
spair, were it not that he was sustained by the
purpose to enrich you, no matter how many
years might pass away in the effort. From Chi-
cago he reached the Mississippi River, going by
canal to Peoria, and thence by steamer to St.
Louis. He failed to find employment there, and
hired as a deck-hand on a New Orleans packet for
his food and transportation. Ill-fortune followed
him, and at last he went to Texas, and thence out
on the plains, where he found employment as a
herdsman. A band of Mexicans, entering Texas
on a foray for cattle, carried him with them into
Chihuahua, while there he was seen by a Mexi-
can General, who was then running a revolution
for the Presidency. This General engaged him to
go to San Luis Potosi to teach English to a family
of Mexican boys and girls. His scholars proved

to be apt, and in return for his English one of the
girls taught him to love. Their love was discov-
ered, and to escape the fury of the father he
fled in the night, being supplied liberally with
money and a horse through the procurement of
the lady. He was followed, and so nearly was he
overtaken that, while crossing the Rio Grande,
he was fired upon by a battalion of armed pursu-
ers; and no less than thirty-three bullets cut
through his clothing. But he safely reached the
American bank. In Mexico he had acquired a
knowledge of Spanish, and this turned his
thoughts to California, which he started to reach
by way of Northern Texas and Arizona."

"When was this?" I inquired.
"That was in 1858," was the answer; and,
clearly understanding the purpose of my question,
he quickly added: "Oh, don't be alarmed! I am
going to cut it as short as I can, though there is
much to tell. The fact is, I could not leave that
Mexican part out, as the main point of Philip's
after history turned upon his proceedings there."

It was Christmas, and there, tangibly before
me, was a fortune, brought to me by this man.
I felt kindly and forbearingly to all the world, and
especially toward him, and nodded submissively
to him. He proceeded:

"Though Philip was well mounted, it took him
four months to reach San Diego, where he took
steamer for San Francisco. He at once went to
the mining districts, where I met him. We be-
came friends and companions from that time out.
He told me of his solemn, self-imposed obligation
to enrich you, and also of his love for the lady.
But, warmly as he looked forward to the time
when he could claim her hand, he considered that
affair of secondary importance to his debt to you.
We were at work—he as a clerk, and I as a fore-
man at the Barnevass Mines—when news of the
fring at Sumter was received. We declared for
war, joined a company that received recruits at
every cross-road, and went to San Francisco. We
enlisted under assumed names. I don't intend to
repeat the history of the war. For distinguished
bravery, Philip Parsons was commissioned and
assigned to the staff of a now distinguished Gen-
eral. Let me say, confidentially, that it was his
plan for the siege of Vicksburg that proved suc-
cessful, after all others failed; and he always
claimed that he selected the battle-field at Gettys-
burg."

"He was not at both these places, was he?"
"Certainly not. He was not at either. He
was, on that memorable Fourth of July, in a hos-
pital, waiting recovery from a fractured limb.
He it was, also, who proposed that Sherman
march to the sea."

"But his name has never been mentioned as
the author of these things."

"I know that; he was too much of a patriot to
claim special credit for service to his country, and
others have won imperishable fame which might
have been his. He was, however, so far appre-
ciated that when the war closed he held the rank
of Brigadier. After leaving the army, he resumed
his own name, and a year later went South. He
tried cotton planting in Mississippi, sugar plant-
ing in Louisiana, sheep raising in New Mexico,
and cattle feeding in Colorado, but they did not
pan out fast enough. We then spent one season
with the seal-catchers in Alaska; two seasons in
the forests of Washington and Oregon; tried one
year at the Sandwich Islands; another in Austr-
alia, and while there we accumulated some gold,
which we sent to the relief of the sufferers from
the great fire in Chicago. From there we went to
New Zealand; thence to China and Japan, and
eventually, last year, returned to our native
land."

"Soon after we reached Frisco, Philip Parsons
learned that during all these years the lady who
had befriended him in Mexico had been in anx-
ious quest of him, and had but a few weeks before
left California for Japan, expecting to find him
there. Subsequently we learned that this lady,
soon after Parsons' hasty flight from San Luis
Potosi, was forced to marry an old and wealthy
Mexican of rank. Her husband had business re-
lations with bankers in New York. During our
civil war these relations had been suspended, but
were renewed at once at the close of the rebellion.
The French were then in Mexico, and the vener-
able old gentleman converted all his convertible
property into silver, which silver he industriously,
but with much secrecy, had removed to
New York, whither he had also sent his wife. On
his way to the steamer with the last of his cash
he was captured by a guerrilla band, and, making
a fierce resistance, was killed. The widow in
New York was the sole inheritor. During the
years that had intervened she had never forgotten
the young American who had stolen her heart
while teaching her English. She made official
inquiries, which were long baffled by the fact
that he had served in the army under an assumed
name, but in time she was made acquainted with
his military record. Four years had passed be-
tween the time he had left the army, and when
she had learned even that much, she traveled to
all the cities in the country; had inserted in the
papers the most ingeniously worded advertise-
ments, hoping that one would meet his eye. One
day at a hotel in New Orleans she heard a ser-
vant, talking to another, fix the date of some
event by the time when he lived on General Par-
sons' plantation. The negro was called, but years
had elapsed; the cotton plantation was found, but
the person wanted had long since gone, and no
one knew whither. The lady at this time was
about six years behind the man sought, and,
though her agents labored diligently, finding
place after place where he had been, the trail was
always cold and of years gone by. When we
were in Australia, her agents were searching for
us in Alaska. Not to worry you with details, let
me say that when last in San Francisco she heard
of Philip Parsons as then in Japan. An adver-
tisement in the Chronicle had elicited that in-
formation from some one just returned. She acted
promptly. She took the first steamer for Yoko-
hama, and arrived at that port on the exact day
we arrived at San Francisco. From one of her
agents we learned all these particulars. Philip
Parsons, unable to wait the slow course of the
mails, started as soon as practicable for Japan, in
the same steamer which had brought us to San
Francisco."

"Some two weeks out of port, one morning
about 9 o'clock, all the passengers were crowded
on deck watching the approach of a steamer, then
hardly perceptible above the horizon. There was
a perfect calm on the sea, and the water was of
icy smoothness. All the glasses on board were in
use to watch the meeting of two steamers on the
ocean under circumstances so favorable. The
captains of both vessels yielded to the appeals
of their passengers, and permitted the steamers to
pass within a distance which allowed an easy ex-
change of compliments between those on the
crowded decks. Just as the two vessels had

passed each other, there was a shriek from the
San Francisco bound steamer, followed by a lady
plunging from the deck into the sea; and, while
the crowds on both vessels were horror-stricken at
the act, the excitement was intensified by a male
passenger from the other steamer repeating the
same strange proceeding. I need not detain you
to say that these persons were Philip Parsons and
Donna Giovenza. Standing one on the deck of
the outgoing and one on the deck of the home-
ward bound steamer, they had recognized each
other. The lady, overwrought by the excite-
ment of the sudden recognition, and the enforced
separation, after such long years of search, leaped
into the sea, under the impulse to reach him. The
lover, with true gallantry, promptly jumped to
her rescue. He was a good swimmer and soon
reached her, and was able to hold her until the
boats from the steamers came up with them. Un-
fortunately, the boats' crews had not witnessed
the whole occurrence. They had simply been sent
to rescue a passenger overboard. By the time
the lady had been lifted into the boat, Philip
Parsons was unconscious and neither was able to
explain. The result was that the lady was taken
to the Yokohama steamer and Philip was put on
board the San Francisco steamer. The steamers
having by this time become widely separated, and
having lost many miles by the delay, pushed on
their respective ways without stopping to correct
the blunder of the exchange of passengers."

"Where do you say this took place—midway on
the Pacific Ocean?"

"Yes, sir; in 36 deg. 15 min. 17 sec. north lati-
tude, and 17 deg. 27 min. 42 sec. west from Green-
wich. Involuntarily the lady was taken on to
Japan and Philip back to San Francisco. Of
course she promptly returned, and there was a
happy meeting when she landed. The mental
strain of the mid-ocean meeting and parting, the
ocean plunge and consequent physical exhaustion,
had their natural effects. Both were prostrated
with a lingering, incurable fever for months, and
then, finding that they grew weaker instead of
improving, and that medical science gave them
but faint hope of recovery, they concluded to
finish their days together. They were married.
They took up a residence in a nook on a mountain
side, and there they lived as happily as their fail-
ing health would permit, for six months, when
she quietly passed away. All their money was
united and held in common while she lived.
During the years of her widowhood she had spent
the great bulk of her riches in the search for him.
So soon as she was laid away, Philip Parsons
counted up his worldly store, and one-half of this
he set apart for you. He had the metal cast into
that mold, and hoped to bring it in person here to
you; but there was no recovery of strength. In
his last days, when his own funds had diminished
to a mere sufficiency for his wants and for his
burial, he charged me with the delivery of this
package, and to tell you his story. I am alone in
the world. I have performed my duty. Let me
remove the wrappers so that you can see the gold
itself. There it is, not half as great as he expected
and intended it to be, but nevertheless a hand-
some sum, and a fair-sized Christmas gift."

Together we examined the golden legacy of
friendship and gratitude. He then rose to take
leave. With thanks which I could hardly find
words sufficiently explicit enough to express to
my visitor for his services in the business, I in-
quired of him how long he intended to stay in
Chicago, where he was stopping, and if he would
not go home to dinner with me and witness the
happiness that the gift would produce there. He
answered that he was at the Grand Pacific and
would leave in a few hours; that he was in a hurry
to reach his old home in New England, from
which he had been absent twenty years, and that
his only reason for not going through direct was
that he could perform the last request of his de-
ceased friend by delivering the package of gold to me.

I asked him if there was anything I could do for
him in Chicago, and at first he emphatically said
"No," but afterward said that he had his tickets
through to Boston, but was short of ready cash;
that he had all his money in bills on New York
and Boston, and was short for current expenses.
After some hesitation he said that if I could,
without inconvenience, take one of these drafts—
they were for \$5000 each—and give him \$100, it
would be a favor; that I could forward the rest of
the money when it was collected.

To do this, I thought, would be to show a dis-
trust of the man who had kept my treasure safely,
and who had so faithfully delivered it, so I said
that I would let him have the \$100, and he could
remit, etc. With the package of several pounds
of coin metal on my table, this man's gift, and
which he could have kept to himself, certainly I
could afford to lend him \$100 for a few days. I got
the money from the counting-room, handed it to
my visitor, shook hands with him, and he de-
parted.

While gazing admiringly upon my bar or brick
of bullion, and regretting that I had not asked its
exact value, one of the other plodders of the office
entered. Of course, in a few minutes the whole
force of the establishment was around me. The
estimates placed on the gold ranged high. I had
a self-satisfied feeling that at last I would have
a whole week's fishing in the Summer—I could
afford it. Work that day was out of the question,
so I yielded to the mental discussion of what I
would do with the money, and to the charming
anticipation of the pleasure at home when I
should exhibit the treasure at the dinner table.

It happened that in these moments of my good
fortune many friends came in to congratulate me.
One gentleman eyed the treasure with interest,
hefted it, and measured its length, breadth and
depth. A weak question as to whether it was real
gold was hooted at as worse than denying the evi-
dence of one's senses. The question was crush-
ingly silenced when the gentleman stooped over
the precious metal and applied the tip of his
tongue twice to each corner of the bar, and, rising
beamingly, exclaimed:

"That's the real thing, and no mistake. That
test is infallible; that is the way we always do in
Ireland when we find gold, and are never de-
ceived."

An hour later a messenger-boy delivered to me
a note which read:

SIR:—I told you a story, and you paid me \$100 in good
money for it, for which I am thankful. Perhaps some
time you may tell it yourself, and get something for it.
Who knows? Yours, PHILIP PARSONS.
Christmas, 1875.

Madame de Staël says that "the conversation of
women in society resembles the straw used in
packing china; it is nothing, and yet without it
everything would be broken."

It was an undertaker who said, "It is never too
late to mend."

PORTLAND.

The Great Commercial Center of the
Northwest.
Its Present and its Future.

It has a population of 21,000. It is to Oregon, and the Ter-
ritories of Washington and Idaho, what New York
City is to the State of New York, and bears the same rela-
tion to that State and those Territories that Chicago does to
Illinois, St. Louis to Missouri, Philadelphia to Pennsylvania,
and New Orleans to Louisiana. It has more territory
tributary to it than any other city in the United States, and
will soon be numbered with the foremost cities in the
Union. Even at this time the hammer and the saw can be
heard in all parts of the city; the demand for buildings is
so great that the inclement season of Winter does not
check the onward march of its growth. With the vast
number of ships constantly plying between this and foreign
ports, freighted with our constantly increasing agricultural
products, and the numerous railroads now tributary to or
terminating at this city, it will not require more than ten
years to swell the population of our beautiful and growing
city to 100,000 souls. Having a larger territory than San
Francisco to support it, we may confidently assert that in
less than a quarter of a century Portland will be the fore-
most city on the coast in point of wealth and population.

We will here enumerate the many railroad enterprises
already inaugurated. Some of them are constructed, and
others in process of construction, all making their terminus
at this city.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC
Is building rapidly west from Duluth, on Lake Superior,
and also from the Columbia River east, and will be com-
pleted at an early day, thus connecting us with all our sister
States.

THE OREGON AND CALIFORNIA R. R.
Terminates here, and is having an immense patronage.

THE WESTERN OREGON R. R.
Formerly the Oregon Central, is doing a good business.
This road runs through the fertile country on the west side
of the Willamette River, and its southern terminus at
present is at Corvallis, 100 miles from Portland.

THE UTAH NORTHERN R. R.
Will be built through hundreds of miles of fertile lands,
the produce of which must be brought to this city for ship-
ment. This road will connect with the Union Pacific R. R.,
thus securing two competing lines from the Atlantic to the
Pacific. It is now a settled fact that the

PORTLAND, DALLES AND SALT LAKE R. R.
Will be constructed at an early day. This will give us three
trans-continental roads.

NEW RAILROAD ENTERPRISES.
A home company, with unlimited capital, has been orga-
nized, under the name of the Oregonian Railway Co., to
construct narrow-gauge roads from this city to the interior
portions of the State, ultimately connecting with the Cen-
tral Pacific, with branches wherever inducements may offer.
This enterprise is being pushed vigorously to comple-
tion, so that it may be in readiness to move this Fall's
crop.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION
Have been filed to construct a road from Battle Mountain,
Nevada, in the direction of Oregon, to connect with the
Oregonian Railway Co.'s road, and make Portland its ter-
minus. This will give us direct communication with the
richest silver mines in the world, and will make Portland
one of the greatest railroad centers in the Union.

We shall soon be connected by rail with the Northern
Pacific R. R.; also with Chicago and the Atlantic cities.
Thousands of immigrants are constantly arriving from all
parts of the civilized world, and the millions of acres
of agricultural lands that lie still unbroken by the
plowshare, and awaiting the advent of the sturdy farmer,
point most conclusively to the fact that an era of prosperity
is already dawning upon this fair young State. When the
immigration has reached its full tide, and three millions
of acres are under cultivation, then will Oregon be known
as the wealthiest State in the Union.

PORTLAND CITY HOMESTEAD.
The land in this enterprise lies adjoining the city, and is
only from ten to fifteen minutes' walk from the Court
House, and a less distance than that from one of the best
public schools in the city. It is divided into

ONE THOUSAND TWENTY-FOUR LOTS,
Fifty by one hundred feet in size, with streets sixty feet
wide.

PRICE.
All lots will be sold for \$100 each, payable in installments
of \$5 per month, or the small sum of 16 2/3 cents per day. No
interest will be charged, and a good and sufficient Bond for
Deed will be given upon the payment of the first install-
ment of \$5, and a Warranty Deed upon receipt of last in-
stallment, both without expense to the purchaser.

TO PURCHASERS.
Those not finding it convenient to make their payments
when due, will be granted twenty days grace, in which to
make such payments, as it is desirable that all shall have
every possible opportunity to keep up their payments.
Those desiring to make full payment at the time the Bond
is issued, will be entitled to a reduction of \$10 on each lot,
or \$5 on each \$50 paid in. As the

ROAD TO WEALTH
Is the most certain and rapid through real estate invest-
ments, this enterprise offers far more inducements to the
public than any other on the coast at this time, as the price
and payments are within the reach of all. Do not let this
chance pass. Buy a lot, build, and become yourself inde-
pendent. Many of you who live in rented houses pay more
every year for rent than would purchase a lot and build a
roof over your head. You then would be independent of
exacting landlords, and in truth have a place to call home.

DON'T FORGET
That not many years ago some of the best lots in San Fran-
cisco were sold for an ounce of gold dust, and that now they
cannot be bought for \$100,000. Also, remember that in Chi-
cago some of the best business lots were once traded for a
pair of old boots. How often is the remark made by old
residents of Portland that once they could have bought lots
for \$100 that \$20,000 would not buy now. It is not wise "to
despise the day of small things."

IT IS TRUE
That of all real estate investments the homestead plan is
the best and safest, as all who invest are interested in mak-
ing the whole property more valuable. To illustrate: Sup-
pose A builds a house on his lot, and B owns a lot adjoin-
ing; B gets the benefit of A's improvement, while A is not
injured thereby. This philosophy will apply to the entire
property.

We have donated a lot to each of the principal churches
for church purposes. Also, two lots are set apart for public
school purposes.

RAILROAD PURCHASE.
The Overland, Oregon and California and the Western
Railroad Companies have purchased all the land from the
east line of the Homestead (Ninth street) to the water
front for their terminals, depots, machine shops, etc.; also
the main line of the Oregonian Railway Company (Limited)
will have its terminus near by. Thus the greatest railroad
center on the Pacific Coast lays in close proximity to these
lots. This purchase has caused a rise in all surrounding
property of 100 per cent, making the lots in this Homestead
from 75 to 100 per cent cheaper than any other real estate in
Portland. Inasmuch as this Homestead was advertised to
be sold for a stipulated price before the recent advance, un-
pleasant as it is, we shall strictly adhere to our advertised
contract with the public to sell these lots for \$100 each for
the next ninety days.

The two hundred lots that were reserved for actual settlers
are now all sold, and the demand to select lots being so
great, we have been compelled to place more lots on the
market from which the public may select for the next
ninety days. This affords an opportunity for persons so de-
siring to purchase the most beautiful residence property.

TO PARTIES DESIRING TO PURCHASE.
This property is now selling very rapidly, and those wish-
ing to buy will do well to call or send immediately for a lot
or lots. All but the first installment must be paid at the
Banking House of Ladd & Tilton, in the city of Portland.

PERSONS FROM A DISTANCE
Desiring a lot, may forward \$5.00 to the General Manager,
and a Bond will be immediately forwarded.
Money may be forwarded by registered letter, money
order, or Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, at my risk.
For further particulars, apply to

J. M. RICE,
General Manager, Portland, Or.
Or to
HAIGHT & McLAUGHLIN,
52 Morrison street.

Certificate:
I certify that I am the owner of the lands in the Portland
City Homestead—the title thereto is perfect, being a U. S.
patent—and I authorize J. M. Rice to sell said property on
the foregoing plan. P. A. MARQUAM.

References:
Wm. Reid, Banker; Hon. J. H. Mitchell, Ex U.S. Senator;
Hon. L. F. Grover, U. S. Senator; J. A. Sirovbridge, Mer-
chant; Meter & Frank, Merchants; Geo. H. Himes, Printer.