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SOUTHERN OREGON.

THE SENIOR EDITOR AGAIN ON HER TRAVELS—SHE INDULGES BY TURNS IN DESCRIPTIVE, PERSONAL AND MORALIZING PROSE AS SHE JOURNEYS FROM PORTLAND TO ROSEBURG.

ROSEBURG, September 10, 1881.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Again, in the order of sublunary mutations, the undersigned boards the east-side train, bound southward, her destination Jacksonville. Autumn, rejoicing in her robes of plenty, is abroad in the land, her skirts wheat-laden, her hands jeweled with rosy apples, her bosom heaving with fullness, her tiara the glowing sunshine. The erewhile green of the shimmering hillsides has given way to a golden russet. Maples are bestudded with colors of flame; alders glow like burnished rubies; arrow-woods gleam with jasper flashes; fir trees frown in their coats of mail, adorned with uncut emeralds; dogwoods bear leaves of amber tints, and elder bushes hold aloft great clusters of purple amethysts, swaying temptingly in the sun. The Willamette River, sometimes so turbulent, is now, in its curves and eddies, a glassy mirror, reflecting alike the flashing glories of bejeweled Autumn and the somber hues of the solemn evergreens.

On board the train is a heterogeneous multitude. Yonder is a pale, pinched woman, her slender figure wrapped in a scanty shawl, covering as best it can herself and babe, the latter as pale and pinched as herself, and about the size of a stunted kitten; beside her sit two cadaverous children, equally scrimped in food and clothing, and yonder comes her protector and head, likewise depleted and sallow, and we are not surprised to learn that they were steerage passengers by the late ocean steamer, fresh from the alluvial regions of the malarial Middle West, where, after a half-dozen years of toiling wedlock, in which they were only successful in the reproduction of their own thwarted images, they finally grew disgusted, sold out and migrated. They have reached Oregon in a state of nature—so to speak—having nothing left of their years of honest toil save the herein enumerated live stock. We watch them as they alight at a way station and stroll uncertainly toward the unpretentious hotel, and inwardly thank the lucky stars that brought them away from the land of corn and pumpkins, wells and malaria, to the abode of wheat and apples, running water, and air freighted with the elixir of life.

From Oregon City onward our train picks up here and there a bright young girl whose destination is the Willamette or the State University. Bless their blooming cheeks and fluttering hearts! How the sight of so much roseate ambition—roseate because untried—recalls the long-gone years! We gaze at them, but do not wish to be a child again. No, no! Theorists may prate as they may of the happiness of childhood and youth and the blessings of early womanhood. We would not exchange one year of middle life for it all; nor would we forego the promised fruitions of its approaching Autumn, even though its Winter of Death be close at hand, for all the blithesome laughter of the school-girl, or the rapturous re-awakening of "love's young dream." Let childhood and youth rejoice in its flush of happiness. It is well. But it is not well to look back with vain regrets over the days and years that never can come again, and never ought to come, when the untried cycles of eternity are before us, and the rippling tide of the mystic river is beckoning us toward its ever-approaching banks.

Salem sits in silent majesty on the Willamette's border, thrusting her many spires heavenward through the mellow haze of the Autumn *aura* that emanates from every tree and shrub. What a bodily convenience this railroad is for the people, but how like a blight has it affected the financial enterprises of the Capital City, founded before railroads were. Even the hotel-runners have a time-worn, solitary look, like the children of the Collector at a Siberian Porte. And yet, we are glad to say, business prospects in Salem are brightening, real estate is rapidly changing hands at advancing prices, and wheat, the great staple, the palladium of Oregon finances, is in brisk demand, with an upward tendency that is agreeably reassuring.

A halt of two minutes at the depot, and the train is off again with a freshly-watered steed and newly-fed engine. Here and there may be seen a field of wheat in the shock, but the most of the grain is threshed and garnered, and much of it is already in the hands of the merchant in exchange for dry goods, gew-gaws, groceries, whiskey, tobacco, hardware, and hotel bills—debts contracted while the seed that grew it was yet in the bin. Debt is the farmer's bane, the merchant's curse, the consumer's ruin, the editor's annoyance, the debtor's clingrin, the poor man's enemy, the rich man's friend, and the usurer's glory. It is the father of three-ball "Uncles," the temporal benefactor of a Godgrind, and the pride of a Shylock. Without it the rich would have no chance to grow richer, the poor could not grow poorer, and everybody would have enough. Without it the world would learn the beauties of coöperation and the delights of untrammeled action. Debt crowns a Villard and dethrones a Cooke; builds a railroad and bankrupts a people; erects a palatial residence for one and removes the roof from the head of a hundred. But, bad as he is, he does many necessary and wonderful works. He starts great enterprises and carries forward mighty improvements; he backs the steam engine that moves the world's commerce. The earth is not yet ready to do without him; nor will she be till "swords are beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks," and all mankind have practically adopted the Divine injunction, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

But we have passed several other stations, and are now at Jefferson-on-the-Santiam. We recall the days that are gone as we gaze upon the familiar surroundings of the napping hamlet. The little ferryboat below the great railroad bridge looks like a child's plaything, and the team upon it like a span of toy horses. Only the river seems the same, as it goes eddying, swirling, hurrying and surging on. Where is it going, and whence do its waters come? Can it be that its living, moving, sparkling current has no self-consciousness? We cannot think so.

Albany prairie and the town of Albany, the last relieved from the universal drowsiness of the September day by long lines of farm wagons converging from many points with loads of wheat. Conductor Bogart shouts, "Twenty minutes for dinner!" A genial-faced landlady stands at the receipt of customs, and men wait upon the long rows of hungry guests that bolt their dinner with hearty relish—an agreeable change from the Aurora plan, where the women do all the work and the men handle all the money. The down train meets the up train, and all take dinner save here and there a seedy woman, who looks wistfully at the tempting tables, sighs, saves her four bits and goes hungry, possibly because of her lord's extravagance in using tobacco.

A crowd gathers at the depot to bid good-bye to a band of tyros heading for the State University at Eugene. Young girls in dainty ribbons and jaunty hats are treated after dinner by young beaux in exquisite moustaches to a supply of "taffy," both literal and ethical, which would rejoice us to behold were it not that we cannot help knowing they are drawing far too generously upon their slender incomes, and the day will come when their wives will feel impelled to go hungry for sheer necessity's sake; for don't we remember when the husband of yonder listless woman who does without her dinner to save her solitary fifty cents, treated our own young self to apples at a dollar apiece, when we weren't hungry and didn't need them, and accepted the gift as a right and a matter of course, just as those young girls are now taking taffy at the hands of those young men, the sons of other mothers as neglected as she? We ask the woman, in due course of conversation, to give her opinion on the suffrage question, and find her to be an earnest believer in equal rights. We ask the same question of the girls who are daintily picking at the taffy, and find, of course, that they "have all the rights they want." Poor simpletons! How can they be expected to have better sense? What experience have they had that should teach them wisdom? The only thing to be regretted is the fact that their equally simple escorts have votes and may use them, at their behest, against the equal rights of the hungry woman who is young no longer, but helplessly awake, at last, to a sensible woman's prerogatives.

At Harrisburg we are surprised and pained to behold the smoking ruins of what was yesterday a ladened warehouse, wherein the combined harvests of many farms were stored awaiting shipment. Wheat by the ton lies on the ground in blackened heaps, and farmers gaze helplessly at the steaming mass, reminding us of disappointed bees, returning to their well-filled forest storehouse to see the tree in which they had skillfully *cached* their all, felled to the ground by vandal hands, and their hard-earned riches spilled upon the sod. The fire caught in the warehouse from the passing engine, it is said, and nobody was to blame, since no one could foresee the accident. How many women who have toiled beyond their strength through the stifling heat of midsummer to feed reapers and threshers, will see their hopes of new shoes for one child, a new frock for another, and a new book for a third, laid waste, to say nothing of their own privation, since every unexpected waste upon the farm acts directly upon the woman's interest in the house, and compels retrenchment in her department to meet the loss.

"There goes my new cashmere dress," said one of these in our hearing once, as the wagon wheel broke when they were going to market and her husband said it "would take twelve or fifteen dollars to repair it." "I must give up my visit to my mother now," said another, when a favorite horse died; "John feels so badly about losing him that I can't ask him for a cent to pay traveling expenses." John never realized that while his own loss was a wound upon his acquisitiveness only, it was a double wound upon the heart of his faithful wife, whose cherished dream of "visiting mother in the Fall" had upheld her weary hands and stayed her tired feet through many a month of painful toil.

While we are busy with these cogitations, the train moves on through the level plain, bordered by abounding buttes and flanked by mountains in the distance, with here and there a spying snow-peak bobbing its hoary head above an undulating range like a watch-tower bleached by ages of alternate storm and sunshine. Fallow ground basks in the sun; fields of stubble stretch away for miles and miles over the plain, bordered and divided by long lines of fencing here and there; farm-houses, good, bad and indifferent, are seen at intervals; and orchards, bending to the earth under their scarlet and russet burdens, seek in vain to hold their heads erect as our train rumbles by.

At Eugene we meet a goodly crowd at the depot, who have come to greet the students of the University. We long to "go to school too," as we gaze upon the somewhat imposing structure devoted to science, literature and art, whose Faculty have recently learned to regard Mr. Villard with veneration because of his timely bequest, and who are striving to outrank the Willamette University and all others in the State with a school that is certainly a credit to its chosen name. Rev. Mr. Geary gets aboard here, his destination Roseburg, and to his edifying conversation we are indebted for relief from the otherwise intolerable tedium of the long afternoon. Mr. Geary, though over seventy, is remarkably well, and more vigorous in intellect than many a so-called talented man of forty. Though a clergyman of the Old School, he is a universal reader, and has the happy faculty of remembering the points in what he reads, and being able on any occasion to apply them appropriately.

Six P. M., and Oakland. Messrs. Hodge, Davis and Richardson, of Portland, come aboard at this place, forming a pleasing addition to our little circle of car acquaintances.

Seven o'clock, and Roseburg. It is too dark for sight-seeing now, and we repair to the Cosmopolitan Hotel and retire before eight to fortify the already weary body, if possible, with excessive sleep in anticipation of a night-long stage ride, beginning at seven P. M. on the morrow.

September 11th (Monday).—Didn't get started. Cause, serious indisposition. Better to-day, and will be off to-night. Weather as hot as blazes. Roseburg is quiet, though not dull. It boasts two of the finest stores in the State; the first the property of Mr. Asher Marks, and the other of Mr. Sol. Abraham. It is refreshing to visit these palatial houses, and a feminine delight to inspect the attractive order apparent in every detail. Each of these merchant princes has a mammoth warehouse, the friendly rivalry between them causing Abraham, whose store was erected later, to eclipse Marks's, and Marks, whose warehouse was built afterward, to excel Abraham's. Each has very warm personal friends who are ready to bet bottom dollars on their favorite, and so business is kept afloat between the two public benefactors.

Hon. W. F. Owens is engaged in a large warehouse, storage, commission and forwarding business, and lives like a lord in a pretty cottage on the banks of the Umpqua River, where he owns a ferry that does a thriving trade. Mrs. Owens, like her husband, is an enthusiastic suffragist, and their bright and entertaining children are equally strong in the faith.

The two newspapers, the *Plaindealer* and the *Independent*, are evidently in a flourishing condition, Messrs. Byars & Hursch, of the former, and Mr. Kelly, of the latter, having buried their animosities like true knights of the pastepot and scissors, and gone valiantly to work to show the world "how peaceful and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." A. S. D.

From the Dayton (W. T.) papers we learn that a man has been engaged in the mean business of trying to "wrong a young lady out of her preëmption." Miss Martha Marks bought the improvements made by a man named Victor on a claim, and had a well dug on the tract; but Geo. H. DeLaney built a house on the land before she got one constructed, and thus endeavored to get the property. The Register and Receiver at Walla Walla decided in the young lady's favor.

The *Itemizer* is now published one-half at Dallas and the other half at Independence. This supplies both places with a local paper.

"WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW."—NO. I.

BY A LADY WHO KNOWS.

"What to wear and how to wear it," is a matter of no small moment to women, since there are no settled styles and no regular supply stores where they can be fitted out from nether to upper garments in complete suits at prices within the scope of even ample means.

As the Fall season approaches, it is requisite, first of all, that women and girls be clothed from head to foot in under garments, of which the best are made of unbleached cotton flannel. Silk, when obtainable, is preferable to cotton, but it is not presumable that one in ten who read this will care to purchase the silk, even if amply able to meet the expense. Flannel garments should not be worn next to the skin, as they rasp the delicate outer covering of the body and disturb its respirative functions. Yet woolens are excellent absorbents and it is well to wear soft flannels—red is better for Winter than white—directly over the fleecy cotton chemiloon, or combined chemise and drawers. Thin white cotton hose should be worn next to the feet, and over those elastic woolen ones should be loosely drawn. When fastened at the top by a suspender attached to the corset, they remain snugly in their places and all ligatures are thereby avoided, thus accelarating circulation and giving new impetus to the action of the lungs and heart.

The writer believes in corsets and recommends their daily use by all women. Small waists are happily out of fashion, and lacing to compress the stomach is not only unfashionable and unhealthy, but in polite society is now appropriately considered vulgar. A well-fitting corset, suspended from the shoulders by straps, with steels and bones adjusted to fit the figure, loosely worn with attendant buttons for attaching the skirts, is the best possible protection against pressure upon the vital organs by the weight of outer clothing. Corsets are as comfortable and necessary for girls as for women, and no valid reason can be given against their use by boys and men, as the same rule would apply in their cases. They keep the figure erect, and protect the body by permitting the air to circulate around it unimpeded by the pressure of ligatures and bands.

Stout shoes of calf skin or pebble goat should be worn whenever the weather is cold, with the addition of false soles of felt or cork when the rains begin.

These general rules apply at all Autumn seasons, and the mother of many children may rest assured that with these foundations for dressing herself and family she will be spared the annoyance of further changes in the fashion till the entire set are outgrown, or descended from older to younger members until worn out.

Dresses for Autumn wear are seant in the skirt and of rich, warm material, in many shaded stripes and plaids, and make up in numberless combinations with plain goods in black and colors, forming an odd and picturesque attire strikingly allied to the plumage of birds in the tropics.

An exceedingly stylish suit is made of a combination of black armure wool and copper bronze Surah silk, the armure skirt trimmed at the bottom with full box plaiting of the silk, so arranged that the shades of bronze and copper may alternate at even distances. The overskirt of the armure cloth has an apron front, and is shirred deeply at the back where it joins the waist and is covered by a broad belt of the silk, which also trims the apron's edges in folds cut on the bias. The yoke of the waist is made of armure cloth, shirred horizontally to match the back of the overskirt, and the waist between the yoke and belt is formed of double box plaitings of the Surah silk carefully alternated in shades to match the trimming on the bottom of the skirt. The long coat sleeves are of the black goods, with an open cuff filled in with pleatings of the silk, also to match the skirt trimming. Finish with round collar and copper bronze buttons. Such a dress can be purchased ready made at a cost of about $35; or the material with pattern for $22.50. For the material of cheaper dresses, ranging in cost from $8 to $12, there are new serges in shaded stripes and plaids, momie cloths, cashmeres and camels' hair goods in endless variety.

Mothers with several young daughters to clothe would economize by purchasing their goods by the web, in two pieces, varying the dresses in the combinations of the goods according to taste or ingenuity. One thing should always be remembered in making purchases: The best is always the cheapest. Nothing is gained by the purchase of inferior qualities. Happily there is no need of a number of suits in any fashionable wardrobe now. One suit, well made, is all that is required for a season. This suit becomes a "second best" when replaced by a new one, and if of good material will last half a year or longer as a school dress when discarded for its successor.