

INDIAN MONEY.

PRIMITIVE COINS OF THE ABORIGINES OF OREGON—LIGNITE, SHELLS, BONES, ETC.

The history of money in our country dates from the lignite, shells, wampum, etc., of the aborigines down to the present highly artistic coins of the United States Mint. Thus in money, as in commerce, agriculture and the arts, the advancement from great rudeness to comparative perfection excites our wonder. To trace the progress of any art from its rude origin up to the period of its present perfection, is an agreeable task, and it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to contemplate the results of the inventiveness and ingenuity of mankind, gradually progressing and finally triumphing over all obstacles to complete success.

The earliest knowledge we have of aboriginal coins or money in Oregon is derived from the evidences of it exhumed from the mounds that skirt the waters of the Columbia and Willamette rivers. In these mounds have been found relics similar to those of the Eastern world. The specimens of aboriginal coins or money discovered at Oregon City, The Dalles and Sauvie's Island are composed of lignite, bone, shells, mica, pearl, carnelian, chalcodony, agate, jasper, copper, lead, and iron, which were fashioned into forms evincing a skill in art of which the descendants of the aborigines now surviving are entirely ignorant.

The specimens of shell coins or currency occur in large quantities in every aboriginal mound. They are made from shells of the *unio*, or freshwater clam, up to the high sea conch. The pieces most common are from small spiral shells; but the most valuable was a species of *dentulum*. Its price depended entirely upon its length, forty to the outstretched arm, or three feet, being the standard of value. A string of three feet was formerly worth a slave, and even now will bring five dollars in money. Single shells were shown on the Lower Columbia for which the owner refused a dollar apiece. This shell was the universal currency through an extensive district.

Among the graves of the aborigines, the plowshare turns up human relics, bringing to light large quantities of pearls, and at the same time disclosing what were their depositories. The pearls found are rarely perfect. Alas! time and exposure to the damps of the earth have rendered them very fragile, and hence they are easily peeled into laminae; sometimes, however, reaching a kernel by this process which is sound and brilliant. I have a number in my possession from which the laminae scaled off till they became perfect. Finding them, as we do, carefully deposited in vases and mortars with the dead, in the vicinity of The Dalles, we must conclude that they were among the things of value which were exchanged or hoarded by the aborigines as circumstances or choice dictated. They were called *shac-o-ric-met* or *alpa* by the Indians.

Specimens of stone money occur in quantities in the mounds in the vicinity of The Dalles, Oregon City, and Sauvie's Island, especially the latter locality, the delta of the Willamette River. Since the constant navigation by all classes of steamboats, the island has been constantly washing away and caused an undue erosion of the banks for many rods, thus laying bare one of the richest localities of aboriginal specimens upon our coast. They are composed of jasper, quartz, agate, chalcodony, and occasionally carnelian. The most common specimens found are wrought from sandstone and slate, in many instances very highly polished, and sometimes figured over with hieroglyphics and other designs. I have found in this locality some very rare diminutive and highly carved mortars and pestles, miniature scrapers, chisels, hatchets, sinkers, and vast quantities of darts of chalcodony, jasper, and moss-agate, some not a quarter of an inch in length, and for general structure, accuracy of finish and polish, they will defy the world to compete.

The *lily crinite*, a fossil belonging to the family *crinoidea*, is found in great numbers in the rocks of the Silurian system upward, and occurs plentifully in many of the aboriginal mounds. This animal petrification is formed of long jointed stems, composed of calcareous divisions or plates closely fitting each other. A single fossil of this species contains the enormous number of one hundred and fifty thousand pieces. They are generally found separate, and it is these divisions of the stems which are denominated *entochelites* and screw stones, and in the north of England fairy stones and St. Cutbert's beads. In this wonderful result of nature, the aborigine had a coin or currency properly fashioned and beautifully ornamented without the labor of design or workmanship, and from the care with which it was preserved he must have highly appreciated it. I procured a very rare and fine quantity at The Dalles. The Indian name is *tuck-aha*.

Copper money is also discovered in quantities in similar localities, in common with the other specimens of value. At The Dalles and Sauvie's Island I found specimens of copper beads and sections of small copper tubes. Rude bracelets of the same metal have been used as money or currency. Copper knives or cutlasses are not infrequently found.

The first notices of Indians of Oregon that we have are by Vancouver, whose voyage was performed in 1792, and others of a later date agree with him that the universal money or currency used by the Indians were the primitive coins mentioned, which were worthless to the fur traders, who in turn assumed the beaver as the unit in value. When Oregon became still farther advanced, wheat was considered a legal tender.

I have made this study a favorite for years, and have collected many rare specimens. I have here briefly sketched what are denominated the aboriginal coins or money of Oregon, and which I believe to have been used by the Indians as such for measuring values and effecting exchange.

C. ROOP.

come their own servants, and it is often a great relief to them to have assistance from neighbors.

You remember our old home under the magnolia trees? The low, rambling dwelling-house, with its broad verandas, is gone now; but the old cabin home, where you and Phillip began housekeeping in the long ago, yet remains. It is now a bachelor's shanty, inhabited spasmodically by human beings, and at other times by owls and bats. Old Mammy Millan, an emancipated colored woman who knew our mother well, was going over there to cook for a day or two, and I went along in the lumbering farm-wagon to help and superintend.

When we came in sight of the ravine that divides the grounds around the house from the main road, I strained my eyes in the direction of the old cabin, and caught a glimpse of its ruined walls through the dense undergrowth that now encroaches the entire premises—the ghost of the immortal Past.

I cannot describe the feelings with which I ascended the knoll and stood face to face with the time-worn, humble dwelling, wherein several eventful years of my childhood were spent, and where you, my sister, began the battle of life in hopeful anticipation of future fruits. It was here that some of those dreams of yours were cradled which in later years ripened and broadened and bore the fruits of living reality.

Out of this humble abode I too went forth, as a child upon unknown seas, through grounds that were full of quicksands. I was not wise, my sister, but I was innocent and simple-hearted, and I believed in the innocence and honesty of all God's creatures. And I went forth—alas! with what compensation!

Yes, it was twenty-five years ago; for my eldest born (whom the angels took) would be twenty-four now, and your Eva—God bless her—just yet a little older. I wish she could see this old house just as I see it, and dream some of my dreams to-day just as I do.

My knees feel quite unsteady as I alight from the wagon, and tears blur my eyesight as I wander through the tangled grass and unsightly dog-fennel, the latter white in its mantle of bloom. My worn hands involuntarily reach out, and my heart walls in a silent agony of yearning for the recognition of something that it seems must come up out of the Past from the old house and tell me that it knows me.

But out of all this ruin and silence there comes no living response, and I lay my hand reverently upon the worm-eaten logs, as I would caress an old and well-tried friend, and feel as though I am on the outer boundaries of another world and can almost hear its footsteps.

I creep around while my fellow-travelers are busy with the team, and eagerly scan the little cramped windows that we used to drape with snowy muslin curtains, tied back with bright ribbons. Poor, old, little windows! Some heartless vandal has broken and defaced what was once our pride.

The lattices are torn from the logs that form the cabin walls, and vandals have demolished most of the floor in the spare room; and where its windows were is now an aperture through which tall hollyhocks thrust their heads, covered with creamy blossoms—the first thing of life that greets the time-changed denizen of the departed years.

Some vandal has also torn out the ceiling from the two main rooms and demolished the back porch, and with it the kitchen, and the little bedroom that once was mine! How I wished in the agony of my soul that I could be transported back there again through the dead decades, with some of the knowledge of after experience to light the coming years!

I think the old milk-house must have fallen a victim to some hard wind-storm, for all that now remains of it is a tier of about half a dozen logs. Inside of these, on the very spot where once our shining milk-pans stood, is now a tangled mass of wild mustard and dog-fennel, waist deep, and covered with white flowers, disputing ground with mammoth radish stalks with their burden of seed-pods—a ruin that Nature is striving in her own wild way to render beautiful.

I contrasted this scene with the days of long ago, when our milk-pans stood there on the smooth, damp earth, and recalled your anxious, youthful face (you were younger then than your Eva now is), and would have given anything to have had you with me.

Mrs. Marchmont, who had read several pages in a husky voice, stopped short, and broke forth in paroxysms of weeping. The Reverend Silas Raymond used his handkerchief suspiciously, and the strange guest kept her glistening eyes upon the glowing coals.

"Dear Haldee!" said Mrs. Marchmont, through her tears; "I wonder where you are to-night?"

"Did she write anything further?" asked the brother in a kindly tone.

The sister read on:

I almost expected to see Silas come riding up with Queen and Charlie and all the other horses; and I actually caught myself listening for cow-bells, and strained my eyes, that were swollen with weeping, as I looked for Sambo and Oufsee to come running along behind Floss and Brindle, riding bamboo sticks.

The road leading to the barn-yard is all blocked up with fallen trees and undergrowth now, and the barn, like the old-time paternal home, was burned to the ground during the war.

The almond and apricot trees are old and dying and covered with moss, and the orange groves have gone to decay. I went down to the old spring and brought some water from it to the cabin. But I tarried awhile by its brink, and my features were reflected in its waters. I think it could not recognize me, though, for my face was furrowed and sorrowful, very different, alas! from the laughing, girlish one that used to be reflected from its treasured depths. Lichens and mosses and maiden-hair ferns cling lovingly around it, and visitors do not often come now.

I went out to where the old barn used to be, beyond where our father's house stood when we were children. I wished to be alone; away from matter-of-fact Mammy Millan, who could no more appreciate a feeling like mine than though she had been a block of granite. After I had wandered about for an hour or so, I returned to the cabin and busied myself with the labors of the day.

I remained over night, but could not sleep. I was too busy with the holy Past. The tobacco smoke was almost intolerable, and the ceaseless conversation of insensate companions grated harshly on my nerves; but I bore it all for the sake of seeing the beloved ruins of the dear old place.

I dreamed last night that it was Christmas Eve once more, and we were all at home again under the old magnolia trees. Everything was so real in my dream! And upon awakening you seemed so near that I could not rest till I obeyed the promptings of my heart, that cried out for you continually, and so I sat me down to write.

Do not seek to find me, sister. I have heard from you occasionally during the bygone years. You are our brother's favorite, and he has our father's money. You are rich, and I am poor. You have a happy home and influential friends. I have nothing. I ask nothing at your hands or our brother's; but I do pray the All-merciful Redeemer in whose name good gifts are given unto men on every Christmas Eve, that some avenue of honorable and regular employment may yet be opened for me, that I may be near my little ones while earning means for their subsistence.

"This letter is not signed and the post mark is illegible," said Mrs. Marchmont.

"I have no means of knowing where to reach my sister, or I would write to her to-night!" ex-

claimed the Reverend Silas Raymond in a tender, tremulous voice, accompanied by a suspicious cough.

"Would you?" asked the strange guest, whose presence the brother and sister had overlooked for some minutes, so intent had they been in perusing the contents of the letter.

"Yes, I would. A woman who can write like that has no more business with a peripatetic mercantile agency than I have with a baby's nursery."

"What ought she to be doing, Silas?" asked Mrs. Marchmont, wondering.

"I'd say she ought to be an editor, an author, a novelist. She writes like an oracle."

"Could you get her a position, Silas?"

"I could; and if I could find her I would. I've money enough to set her up, and I'd do it."

"But I dare say she'll offend your fastidious tastes," said the stranger. "She's been used to poverty and hardship; and her associations have not been aristocratic, and her education is limited, you know."

"Both the education! She's a born genius. I wish she was here to-night!"

"Do you?" asked the stranger, and rising to her feet and throwing aside the tattered shawl, she exclaimed:

"Behold your sister Haldee!"

Mrs. Marchmont fell upon her sister's neck and wept hysterically. The Reverend Silas Raymond paced the floor, shedding convulsive tears. The returned prodigal alone was calm.

"I came to the city to-day in search of employment," she said, sadly. "I pawned everything I had but these tattered garments to get a place for my children to sleep. I didn't intend to make myself known. I went to the general delivery post office to-night, and while waiting for letters—I don't know why I did it, but I said I had come for your letters, and when they were given to me I recognized this one that had been to the dead letter department. After I had learned your address, I returned your other letters and gave this one to a post-boy, parting with the last shilling I had in the world to get him to promise to deliver it to you in person to-night. Then I resolved to see you. I could not help coming, indeed I could not. I do not know why I stayed and revealed myself. I didn't mean to, but couldn't help that, either."

"It was the Lord's doing; wasn't it, Silas?" said Mrs. Marchmont, as she toyed lovingly with her sister's silver and golden hair.

"It must have been," said the brother, solemnly, as he bade them good-night, and, turning suddenly on his heel, left the sisters alone together. In the seclusion of his own room the clergyman prayed that night as he had never prayed before; and when morning came a new resolve was firmly rooted in his mind—a resolve in keeping with his own high calling as a servant of the great Giver who freely gave himself for men.

Mrs. Marchmont had so thoroughly metamorphosed her sister by the time the family were up and in the breakfast-room, that the resemblance between the two was strikingly apparent. What the Anglo-Saxon owes to dress in enhancing and maintaining his civilization will never be computed in this land of cheap apparel. The stormy night had cried itself into a dead calm before morning, and feathery flakes of snow came dancing and dallying through the air, clothing the earth with a coat of down and arraying trees and fences in robes of white, till they resembled sheeted ghosts.

"I must make myself known to your children and then hurry away to mine," said the long-lost sister.

"No, sister," exclaimed the Reverend Silas Raymond; "I will go for your children. Give me their address. I'll order the sleigh."

"May I not go with you, brother?"

"No, Haldee. You must let me do as I like."

Great was the surprise of the poverty-stricken children when a fur-lined sleigh halted in front of the humble tenement where their mother had left them on Christmas Eve, and the occupant, proclaiming himself their uncle, of whom his sister had told them, spirited them away to a near-by clothier's and had them thoroughly fitted up in comfortable attire. Still greater was the surprise of Eva Marchmont and all the little Marchmonts when a bevy of well-dressed but shy and awkward-cousins were ushered into the spacious room to a late breakfast and introduced to everybody, their own mamma included, as relatives from the sunny South.

"Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and follow me," were the stirring words of the Christmas text that rippled through the perfumed atmosphere of Reverend Silas Raymond's church on the eighteen hundred and seventy-ninth anniversary of the birth of our risen Redeemer. The pastor had given away his pride and selfishness, and his face was as the face of the glorified as he bowed his head in the presence of the great congregation and listened to the swelling tones of the organ while the choir sang—

"His power, increasing still, shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below."

"Our pastor is inspired to-day," whispered Lieutenant Knickerbocker, as he leaned over the back of the pew and gazed admiringly into Eva Marchmont's blushing face.

"Upon my word I believe you are inspired, too," he added, as the light reflected from her diamond necklace flashed in his face, and he turned away,

proudly conscious that he was attracting attention.

"Here, sister," said the Reverend Silas Raymond, after the bountiful Christmas dinner had been despatched, "is a check for a handsome sum; your rightful part of our father's estate. Establish yourself somewhere in a literary profession, and never let me hear again of that meandering mercantile agency. I will introduce you at once to Messrs. Haight & Co., publishers, and after my recommendation they will not hesitate to give you employment. Study Shakespeare and Dickens, and Scott and the Bible, and George Eliot and Webster's Unabridged, and Nature will do the rest."

New Year's Day still found the Knickerman family installed as welcome guests in Reverend Silas Raymond's city home. But the intervening holidays had brought much promise of future triumph to the erstwhile homeless sister of the gifted clergyman. Eva Marchmont had learned ere this that Lieutenant Knickerbocker was in law, though not by blood, her cousin; that his father and the scapegrace Diedrich Knickerman (who had changed his patronymic before marriage to evade certain legal penalties for the petty crimes of his boyhood) were full brothers. And the young Lieutenant was anxious to speedily consummate their union, for, he said, it would redeem the family from the bad odor of the first Knickerbocker relationship.

Another year went by on the invisible wings of flying months. It had been a year of trials and triumphs to Mrs. Haldee Knickerbocker, Knickerman now no longer; a year that had brought her health, fame, happiness and prosperity; and few would have recognized in the blooming matron who joined in the family merry-making in Reverend Silas Raymond's parlor, as they gathered around the gift-laden tree on the memorable Christmas Eve of the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty, the least resemblance to the haggard, homeless woman who had thrust herself into their presence unbidden a twelvemonth before.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" went the well-known door-bell.

"Eva is ready," whispered Mrs. Marchmont, nervously.

"A weddin' on 'Tismas Eve is jolly!" exclaimed Fairy Belle.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!"

"The Lieutenant's in a hurry, and I don't wonder," said Reverend Silas Raymond, as the bell-boy, who could not be excused on this occasion, ushered the expectant bridegroom into a reception-room, where Eva Marchmont awaited him in snowy bridal robes.

Ruth and George and Johnny and Fairy Belle were stationed with Mary and Susan and Bessie and Margaret in the sightliest corner of the room, where the Christmas tree could not obscure them from the bride as she looked lovingly into the bridegroom's face and spoke the fitting vows that sealed her love, while her diamond necklace, half-hidden among puffs of tulle, flashed and gleamed upon him as her white bosom rose and fell with every breath and pulse-beat.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said Reverend Silas Raymond, an hour later, when his sisters had expostulated with him for indulging in greater munificence than they thought he could well afford.

"I gave an inheritance to my sister last Christmas Eve that brought me recompense in happiness a thousand fold," he said, as he continued to unload the Christmas tree. "On this occasion I have given my beloved niece to her chosen companion; and to-night, as I consecrate myself anew to my work for the Redeemer's cause; and note how rich I am in all that makes life worth the living, I realize more fully than ever the force of the proverb, 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.'"

HEALTH FOOD.

A health journal says it is no economy to use inferior food. It is a better saving of money, time and health to give a high price for what we eat, if it be fresh and perfect, than to obtain it for less on account of its being wilted or old or partially decayed. Some people prefer their meat tender by keeping, which means that decomposition is taking place; in plainer phrase, it is rotting. Such meats require less chewing and may appear very tender, but it is a physiological fact that they are not digested as easily or as quickly as solid fresh meat. When a vegetable begins to wilt, it is no longer that vegetable, because a change of particles has taken place, and in such proportion it is unnatural—it is dead—and to eat it tends to death. One of the most horrible forms of disease is caused by eating sausages which have been kept a long time; more common in Germany than elsewhere. Scarcely anything saddens us so much in passing through some of the by-streets and the more obscure avenues as the sight of the long-kept meats and shriveled vegetables which are sold to the unfortunate poor at the corner Dutch groceries. But the poverty-stricken are not the only sufferers; the richest men come in for their share for themselves and for their families, in proportion as the mistresses of their splendid mansions are incompetent or inattentive to those household duties the proper performance or neglect of which makes all the difference between a true wife and a contemptible doll.