

Coquille City Herald

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On a Mountain Trail.

By ROBERT ROLAND.

(Continued from last week.)

"Let's fire the old stub Uncle," shouted a lot of the boys, and suiting the action to the word, with a single little match, less than fifteen minutes, transformed that dry splintered, pitchy, fir stub, into an immense blazing torch forty feet high, with the towering flame reaching at least ten feet higher into the air, and long before it was time to crawl into our blankets, that great boscon, and the big fire, which its old trunk kindled at its root, had dried out our leafy bed for rods around its base. One could not ask a more cozy camping ground.

Then we began to look out for our supper, for it was now four o'clock, and here let me say—once for all, to avoid repetition—that during the entire expedition, we ate three meals a day, had a plenty of everything including blankets, and comfortable, for somehow everybody where we came to camp, someone had been there before us, and made every preparation for our coming. "Uncle Robert" insisting it was "the fairies" which "fairy tale" many of the older ones mingled "with a grain of salt." (cum grano salis) while the younger ones unhesitatingly, considered it a matter of course, and enjoyed being comfortable all the time.

Having now disposed of a very necessary thing for the balance of the trip, we will say as little as possible about it hereafter, and proceed with the story.

Ergo, supper disposed of and the sun yet more than two hours high, we retraced our steps to the very "tip top" of the mountain, for a final view of the country, and to see the sun set, in those great fields of living green. The day had been a bright one; was still bright, and the strengthening ozone of the soft sunny air, mixed and mingled with the balsam of ten million mighty trees, fir, spruce, cedar, and hemlock, thrilled our veins with such a life, we felt that we could have climbed Chimborazo's loftiest pinnacle in an hour, and been seated when we got there. And the view! Ah if "distance lent enchantment to the view," the view returned it with interest ten fold compounded, from every angle of the eye, as it swept that vast panorama of "God's first Temples," the giant evergreen forest groves of Oregon. Mountains of varying grades, lay all about us, and away as far as the clearest pair of wonder-eyes, could reach. Great billowy mountains—waves of everlasting green, with white snow patches here and there, far away, bright and cheery—the setting sun. Valleys, canyons, precipice, and cliff,—all built on nature's grandest plan; wave, on wave afar, and we, tiny human objects, alone on the mountain top, this side of weary miles of climbing.

The true human soul always feels nearer to God, in a place like this, and as I filled my expanding lungs with the pure air, I looked aloft at the quiet sky, stretching my arms abroad as if to clasp it; with the prayer in my heart, if unuttered by the lip: "Oh Father! Take me up higher! This is so near heaven, what can heaven be?"

But I had not forgotten my young companions, many of whom were busy gathering wild flowers, to adorn their rough, though comfortable quarters. I called them together, and pointed out the far away beauty of the scene. I tried to make them see these things, as I saw them. It would expand their souls, and lift them nearer celestial things. It would help them remember their visit to this wild mountain's top, and as they remembered, (was it selfish?) also remember me, and the pleasure my old-young-heart had in all that pleased, or interested them. And in this test of far views without the aid of a glass, I found there was not a young eye in the crowd that could see things farther away, than my old ones, and many not as far. I bade them note the green mountain waves rolling far away like the waves of the sea, and yet unlike them, in that, these remained always steadfast; always the same.

It was now dark down in the valleys, though the sun was still in sight; still shone upon the spot where we stood; still tipped with a golden glow, many of the distant heights, but the whirl of the old world soon rolled it under, and then the moon, which was already in sight, and had been struggling for some time to get in her evidence, began to take on a more radiant hue, and replace as far as possible, the absence of the king of day, and to come back to things nearer home, there was our old blazing stub, near at hand, illuminating a good slice of the night, in that neighbor-

We remained upon the mountain top until the night was so well settled that distant scenes were lost to view, and then though the silent scene was one of enchantment, we betook ourselves to our hunter's lodge, and our camp fire.

We then took up the question of organizing a club, and as a sort of self constituted, presiding officer, Uncle Robert took the chair, that is a position near the root of a great tree, (for we were all out by the camp fire) and called the meeting to order. His opening remarks were very brief, and included the statement, that first, a resolution to form a club would be in order, and secondly, a name for it, and third, the election of officers, whereupon on motion of Harry Happy-Land—duly supported by Susie Sensible—the formation of "a club" was affirmed by a loud and laughing unanimity. In fact it was carried unanimously, but when it came to christening the child, there was a division of sentiment. Johnnie Jameson suggested, "Business Literary Club." Billy Billings said let us call it the "Boys' and girl's club," which Ada Allen amended by suggesting "Girls and boy's club." Edgar Englewood said "Let's call it 'Uncle Robert's Club,' and there was a general approval, but the chair interposed an objection saying, "It's to be your club, my dears, not mine." "Roland Club," shouted Caleb Careful, but the chair insisted that his native modesty, would not permit him to put the question.

Charley Crane suggested that it be named "The Fir Grove Club," or "Blazing Stub Club," in memory of the place of organization, but he was laughed down, though the chairman remarked that Charley was on the right track. "Bear Club," shouted stout Roger Rumble, whereupon Johnnie Jameson wanted to know where the bear was! Bessie Beadle suggested "Recitation Club," and Sarah Saygood said, "Let us call it 'Uncle Robert's niece's and nephew's Club,' and everybody laughed and said, "too long, too long," whereupon Sammy Snooks said he thought the "Scholar's Own Club," was the thing, but he was greeted with "too long, too long," and Richard Richmond remarked that he feared we would be long enough getting a name.

At this point the chair ask leave to make a suggestion, and a unanimous silence giving consent, he proceeded to say: "You are all in the wilderness, and after we return, may never be here again. At least you will never be here again—all in one chunk. We are near the mountain top, and all remember some very pleasant sights seen, and sensations felt, when we were up there. From that high point we saw the sun set, and the moon light her all night lamp. Now why not call our club "Tip Top Club," or "Mountain Top Club," though the first suggested, is the best for brevity, as it has only ten letters in three words. It will always remind you that it was organized on the 'tip top' of the Western Oregon coast range," and long before the chairman ceased, the hand clapping, gave evidence of approval, but yet the wild woodland child was nameless, until Johnnie Jameson made a motion that we name our club the "Tip Top Club," and with a loud clapping of hands, and calls for the question, it was carried with a great shout.

"Well done, my dears. I think your club has a 'tip top' name," commented the chairman, and then there was more laughing and loud hand clapping. "Now who will you have for President."

"Harry Happy Land," shouted several of the larger boys in the same breath, and the motion being duly supported, and no other nominations made, Harry was unanimously elected President of the "T. T. Club."

"Speech! speech!" called half a dozen voices, whereupon the chairman invited the blushing youth forward, introduced him as the president of the club, and concluded by saying, "I now surrender the duties of the chair, to younger and abler hands," whereat Harry blushed anew, run his hands through his hair, pulled up his collar, put his hands in his pockets, then thought he had something in his mouth that must be ejected, since he couldn't swallow it, looked all around, as if for some way to escape; pulled up his collar again, and stirred up his hair once more, and at last blurted out: "Uncle Robert, what comes next."

"Speech," ironically responded that well known old chap.

"Speech! speech! speech!" called the future members of the T. T. C. "Give us a speech."

Now Harry was a bright lad of seventeen, who had attended primaries, and other public gatherings and knew something about how

things were run, only he had not yet, quite pulled himself together, after the unexpected honor which had been thrust upon him, but after looking up at the tree tops again, feeling in his pockets and trying to get something out of his throat, which would neither come up or go down, said:

"Fellow citizens, I have the great—the great

"We ain't citizens," interrupted Roger Rumble, "we are only boys and girls, out for a lark, and our mothers know where we are at.

"Shut up" ruled the president. Roger Rumble is out of order."

"Speech! speech! speech!" called a lot more voices, and Billy Billings yelled: "Get in there, old man, and give us a speech!"

Then "Mr President" began to get "sandy." He was getting a bit out of patience, and calling for order, said: "How's a fellow to make a speech, when you are all carrying on so. The next kid that interrupts, shall be taken to the guard house and locked up for contempt of court."

Then there was a silence, which couldn't be heard, and Harry made a fresh start.

"Fellow tramps! Fellow climbers! Fellow Tip Top-ers! Ladies and Gentlemen, I am awful glad we are living—I mean I'm glad we are here, and that we are organizing a Club; a great big two story club; a 'Tip Top Club,' with—a with a sky roof, and a solid ground carpet (great applause) I'm glad we've had sense enough to do it. The world is before us, and all around us, fellow Tip Top-ers, and I think we owe Uncle Robert a vote of thanks ("Hurrah for Uncle Robert!") Now let us all get in and make our club the tip top club in seventeen states, including New Jersey. As the chair has before remarked, the world is before us, you jolly old tip top-ers, assisting our stern—our stern—(laughter) our stern energies, noble tip top-ers. As Shakespeare said when he lit on old Greece with both feet: "We'll climb the snowy mountains; pluck the rainbow from the clouds, and stick both ends together." (loud and long continued applause, during which time the orator had a chance to get his wind, touse up his hair again, and feel in his pockets.)

"Fellow Tip Top-ers! We are the tip top club in these woods! We can do anything, and Uncle Robert's the best card in the whole pack. (applause) and all we've got to do is to hang to it,—hang to our Club, like a bull pup at a root, and we'll all get there, and be presidents of the U. S. A., before we die. (applause) Our Club is a big thing, tip top-ers! The biggest that ever assembled, in these evergreen shades, on these everlasting hills. It must have a motto, a high up old motto, and I propose this: "Labor Omnia Vincit," which being made over into common folks' talk, means: 'If you don't work like the dickens, you'll never amount to shucks!' (applause) We are all for glory, education, *ephoribus unum*, and the star spangled banner, tip top-ers, and—and—what's the further pleasure of the meeting," and the President took his seat on the roof of a big tree, while the clubites made the woods ring with their cheers, and laughter.

When enthusiasm had spent itself, and order restored, Oliver Optic nominated Frankie Faithful for secretary, and as there was no opposition, she was unanimously elected.

"Now Mr. President," said Uncle Robert, "as you cannot complete your organization without a Constitution and By-Laws, I think you had better select a committee for that purpose to report at a future meeting. I would further suggest that this committee be appointed by the chair, as that will save time, and give you, perhaps a better committee."

As no objection was made, the chair appointed Robert Roland, Susie Sensible, and Clarence Clear-sight as such committee, whereupon the Club adjourned, amid cheers and laughter, until 8 o'clock tomorrow evening, all well pleased with the progress thus far made.

Immediately upon adjournment there was a loud call for "Uncle Robert, and another recitation," and he gave them a short, funny one entitled "Logie," after which the girls betook themselves to their lodging room, and the boys to their blankets, on the ground before the fire, and soon the late scene of pleasant association, became a sombre silence, save as the breeze stirred all the leaves of the mighty forest, with woodland music. Happy childhood! Happy youth! May you never know less auspicious days.

Where they went next, and what they did, behold, you will find it duly chronicled in the next issue of the Herald.

Relics of A Prehistoric Age.

Wimer Bros in their mine near Waldo, have unearthed and secured, at various times, a number of mortars which are beyond question, relics of a prehistoric race, says the Grant's Pass Courier. They are found in the old gravel of an ancient channel, 50 or 60 feet below the surface, firmly embedded in a cemented gravel near the bedrock. This stratum of gravel, which is six or eight feet in depth, is clearly a much older deposit than that which lies above it.

The mortars are made of hard granite and iron stone. There is no similar rock in the formations of the immediate vicinity though both varieties of stone are found plentifully on Rough-and-Ready Creek, some two miles away, some of the mortars were probably used for grinding food, while others seem to have been used as quartz mortars. They are of different sizes and shapes, but the handwork of man is very evident in their construction. Their age, as indicated by the formation in which they are found, is so great as to be beyond imagination or computation by the ordinary mind. Since the time that the gravel was deposited in these old channels the whole face of nature has been changed. The channels are absolutely independent of the present topography of the country. They run across ridges and jump across canyons, ignoring entirely the present conditions. Since they were placed the country has been upheaved and rent apart until it must bear no resemblance. The period prior to these eruptions and convulsions is far distant from the reach of history or tradition and goes back into the aeons of ages ago so remote that its age is almost beyond all conjecture, and the finding of the undeniable handwork of man in the deposits of this age is a matter to command the interest of geologists and antiquarians. The manner of finding these mortars precludes any possibility of mistake as to where they occur. The top, some 40 or 50 feet in depth, was piled of, down to the cement gravel near the bedrock, and in this cement bed and are filled with the same material, so hard and solid that it has to be picked out very patiently and carefully to avoid breaking the relic.

New York old maids are criticizing the President for his remarks on race suicide and yet he did not blame the old maids. The Pennsylvania legislature, having enacted a baking powder law proceeded to take a rise out of the newspapers by enacting a press muzzling bill. In his "swing round the circle" King Edward is making no rear-end speeches. But then, King Edward will not have to stand for reelection. President Diaz of Mexico, shows his farsightedness in nothing more than in the compulsory learning of English in the public schools. Let the Americanization go on. So extensive has the use of cocaine in British India become that the government is seriously considering the necessity of establishing asylums for the exclusive treatment of those afflicted with the habit. Rear Admiral Melville has received a pair of musk ox horns and a sheet of hammered brass which were purchased of Esquimaux and which he believes are relics of the Sir John Franklin polar expedition of 1845. King Edward has appointed his son, the Prince of Wales, chairman of the commission which is to represent England at the St. Louis, Ex. Thus the evidences of a desire on the part of European powers to cultivate the friendship of the United States continue to multiply.

The Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department estimates that a 500 acre rice farm can be established in the Philippines and suitably equipped with thresher, traction engine, etc., for \$5,000 while the gross receipts from each crop will amount from \$15,000 to 20,000. The Russian authorities have discovered an extensive secret society, the members of which are pledged to submit to burial alive at the age of thirty, on the ground that persons living to exceed that age do so at the expense of others. It has been ascertained that a considerable number have already been interred alive.

It is not unvocal that Russia should covet Manchuria. In addition to the fact that she has expended hundreds of dollars in the province, it has been ascertained that it has an area equal to that of Texas a population three times as great as that of New York state, climate, fertility and timber resources equal to Oregon, besides extensive deposits of gold, silver, iron and coal.

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