Contributed Articles . .

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ticulating that he had come a long way but did not tell his name. He ventured to ask what the excitement was. She replied that the Cayuses had broken out and murdered the Whitmans and that Spalding's family had been taken for safe keeping to Craigg's Mt. and that they were making preparations to defend their Mission. Spalding then told the woman that he was Spalding himself. She ran back crying, "Spalding! Spalding!" He made his way to Levi's tent and this Indian took him in his arms and said, "my dear friend, I and my people will always be your friends." The woman's cries soon raised the entire Mission and the expressions of joy that Spalding had been spared to them alive, mingled with the moans and groans, lamentations, wails and sobs added to the confusion of tongues was a babel indeed. The men bound up his burned feet, while the women prepared nourishing broth which was fed to him spoonful at a time. As soon as the news came that the Whitmans were murdered and that the girls were taken captive, Mrs. Spalding sent Timothy and Eagle to Waiilatpu to treat with the Cayuses for Eliza's release.

Mr. Spalding, during his return to strength, would watch the trail coming over the mountain for Eliza's return. At last he saw two horsemen, he had expected Eliza on a third, his heart failed for he feared that she too had been killed. He comforted himself by saying, "maybe she is on behind, maybe she is too sick to ride alone and one is holding her on before." But Levi and Timothy came alone, the Cayuses refused to trade. As soon as Mr. Spalding was able to travel he and his family left Lapwai for old Ft. Walla Walla. By January Mr. Ogden had been able to buy the release of the captives for four hundred fifty dollars in blankets, ammunition, provisions, etc. From Ft. Walla Walla they proceeded down the Columbia in small boats to Oregon city. At The Dalles they met the Volunteers.

On the 50th anniversary of the settlement of the Mission at Lapwai, in company with Mrs. Wigle and Henry Spalding I visited these historic grounds. We were shown about by Perrin Whitman, nephew of the doctor, and every point of interest discussed. Perrin Whitman was in The Dalles at the time of the massacre.

We walked the length of the old ditch which carried water to the flour mill. In some places it was quite obliterated, but much of it was still a ditch. We saw the mill-stone, which was hewn out of a granite boulder found on the spot, and with our own hands chipped relics from it. Mr. Spalding often said that that boulder was placed there by the hand of Providence for his work; for the nearest granite ledge is forty miles distant. This mill-stone is now in the hands of the Idaho Historical Society.

We entered the log house, now used as a stable, which was the home of the Spaldings and the birthplace of the children. We carried away as relics portions of the mud plaster, still showing green and red water colors with which Mrs. Spalding painted the walls with bible pictures, illustrating the truths she wished to teach her Indian pupils. This house was given by Mr. Spalding, when he left Lapwai, to a deaf and dumb Indian called Mustups—the Nez Perce word for deaf and dumb—to be his home as long as he should live. "Dummy" had always assisted Mr. Spalding in the care of the children. A year before our visit Mustups was still living and Mrs. Warren and Mr. Whitman found him hovering over the fire, an aged man, perhaps 90 years old. Although it had been forty years since he had seen her, as soon as the door was opened the look of instant recognition was unmistakble. His demonstrations showing his care of the children when they were little, to keep them from straying into the river and other dangers, were remarkable. Faithful old "Dummy" had passed away before our visit.

Timothy and his wife Tamah, lived until a few years ago at Alpawai, when they too passed away at the advanced age of perhaps a century.

Miss Minnie Wigle and I visited these old people in their board shanty of one room. Old Timothy was profuse in his expressions of joy at the name of Spalding and harangued at great length that he knew Spalding before Steptoe and the soldiers came, before steamboats, before the white man knew the land to possess it.

In his declining years, going to the steamboat as it landed to load wheat, near his shanty, was his favorite pastime, soliciting a "cultus pot latch" of "muck-a-muck" and "ictas," and he was always remembered. Old Tamah, burdened by the weight of years, received us with usual Indian stolidity.

Upon the walls of their shanty, hung a framed certificate, a reward of merit to Timothy, depicting the story of blind Bartimeus, signed by Mrs. Spalding's own hand.

At Alpawi we saw the huge apple trees planted by "Red Wolf," from seed brought from the east by the Spaldings. These trees have never been pruned and branch out and literally cover the ground for many feet, and the fruit sells in Lewiston for a good price and has a reputation for fine flavor.

A plain marble shaft marks the resting place of Mr. Spalding in the old grave yard at Lapwai, stating his age and the settlement of the Mission. It was at his own request the he be buried among his people.

One of the eulogists at the open grave of Henry Spalding truly said, "Upon the first page of the history of the Northwest coast we read the name of Spalding, upon its second, the name of Henry Spalding."

LULU D. CRANDALL.

A Scrap From an Old Diary.

In September, 1851, I was riding from Albany to Forest Grove, where I was then engaged in teaching. Only for short distances was there what could be called a road for wheeled vehicles. Much of the way we rode over a grassy trail, and everywhere the "oolhut" was in the open.

The few and far between settlers, as soon as was possible, had a corral fence for cattle or horses if they had any, and a field for grain, but no place could a fence be found on both sides of the way.

The day waned; we met no one, we passed no one as we rode, It was a beautiful ride, though a lonely one. Several times from adjoining thickets we saw the faces of deer steadily regarding us and wholly without fear, reminding me, surrounded as they were with the green of the shrubbery, of a sofa pillow pattern, that has been very much admired, which represented, and very well to, a deer's head in a clump of green leaves.

We were still many miles from our destination and very tired, at least one of the riders was, and it was decided that the next cabin (there was nothing else) should be investigated to see if possibly supper could be obtained. As we turned the bend of a large hill, somewhere in Yamhill county, we came in sight of a man plowing in the open, where he no doubt expected to fence in a field during the winter months. At some distance and near probably where water could be obtained was a cabin, and a fence enclosing a piece of land for gardening.

My escort rode to the plowman to make inquiries and I to the cabin. Two children about four and six years of age apparently, were standing by a rude stile. I asked them to tell their mother that I wanted to speak with her. They made no reply, but steadily stared at me. "Go, call mamma," said I, in what was supposably the veracular, but still there was no response. I then dismounted, wondering that no motive of interest or curiosity had caused the cabin door to open, but still all was silent. I said to the oldest, "take me where mamma is." She readily took my hand and led me through the tall rye grass, and stopped by a newly made grave.

MRS. E. M. WILSON.

Rebellion in the heart creates discord, and one's own heart turned traitor makes dread of traitors everywhere.

The Fruit Industry of Wasco County.

Wasco county dates its history from January 11, 1854. It was then the largest county in the United States and included that part of the Oregon territory lying east of the summit of the Cascade Range to the Rocky Mts, and from the Columbia river and the 46th parallel south to the 42d parallel. Its area, of about 130,000 square miles, embraced more territory than the British Isles, or than any present state of the union, except Texas and California, more than twice the area of New England. During the passing years since then the county has been sliced into a fraction of Wyoming, most of Idaho and the counties of Baker, Umatilla, Union, Grant, Crook, Sherman, Morrow, Lake, Klamath, Harney and Malheur, until its present area is only 2844 square miles, of which 324 square miles are in the Warm Springs Indian Reservation.

This is an age of scientific investigation. The geologist tells us from what source the soil was derived, the chemist its composition and the chief of the weather bureau, the temperature, precipitation and climate. Through Prof. Condon, our own geologist, we learn that this northwestern territory, at one time suffered tremendous overflows of lava and in consequence the mountain ranges are composed of basalt and the plateaus and praries have the same foundation. Subsequently a vast inland sea occupied the region between the Cascade range and the Rocky Mts. After the sea disappeared, there remained a rich sedimentary soil consisting largely of decomposed basalt rich in plant foods. The Japan current sweeps the shores of the Pacific coast giving a temperature to Oregon equal to that of New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia. The Cascade range breaks the amount of precipitation east of that point but the chemical analysis of the soil is very encouraging and satisfactory. Prof. G. W. Shaw, of the State Agricultural college, furnishes some data of the component parts of the soil of Oregon, which show that the soil east of the Cascade range is superior to that west of the range and equal in material required to make it productive and durable as the soil of any locality in the United States. The difference between the soil of Eastern and Western Oregon is well shown by the following table: Soluble silica, potash, soda, lime, iron and sulphuric acid being the greatest east of the range, while magnesia, manganese, aluminum, phosphoric acid, water and organic matter is lager west of the range. Of these lime and potash are two essential elements of plant food. Also recent investigations indicate that the humus (or storehouse of nitrogen) of the arid regions carry nearly three times as much nitrogen as those of humid areas." From the weather bureau, we learn that the annual mean temperature is from 49 to 52 degrees and that the rainfall is an average of 20 inches. The winds carry a large supply of moisture from the ocean, and the soil is of such a nature as to allow the subsoil moisture to rise to the surface. On these scientific facts rests the production of our wonderful crops and an assurance for the same in the future. It is well worth the time and labor to gather up all the information available from every source that touches the early history of this vast and wonderous county. A few are still in our midst who were here when the county was organized. The history of the first trees planted is a leaf from the annals of these pioneers.

With the exception of the orchards planted in the Walla Walla valley, these trees planted at The Dalles and vicinity were the forerunners of all the orchards that would subsequently be planted from the Cascades to the Mississippi valley.

The government owned a military reservation five miles square along the Columbia at The Dalles, Indians were hostile and the early comers did not make permanent settlements of land until after the reservation was cut down. Judge Laughlin, after making futile attempts in buying a home at Crates Point and Hood River, leased land from the military reservation the spring of 1853, but in a few days the military reservation was cut down when he filed upon it as his donation. Here he began his permanent home, planted a garden, and the next spring set out his fruit trees. By 1857 the trees had grown remarkably, so that one of Justin Chenowith's small boys thought one tree of right size to fell and chopped it down.

The place two miles west of The Dalles, now owned by Geo. Snipes, was planted in trees in 1854 by Dr. Shaug of the military reservation. A locust tree planted there still lives—"The oldest locust tree west of the Mississippi river." Also some of these first apple and cherry trees still bear. While Mr. Snipes was away to the Indian war a man who had been in his employ and held some grudge against him, chopped down one row of this valuable orchard. John Marden tells of eating apples from it in 1858.

At the forks of Five-Mile and Eight-Mile creeks, another permanent donation was begun by Nathan Olney in 1854. He planted apple trees of only the best varieties bought from the Walling nursery in Portland.

On Mill creek Charles W. Denton settled in the fall of 1853. He ordered trees from Knapp and Dwight, of Brooklyn N. Y. When they arrived most of them were dead, the effects of their long journey via. the Istmus. From these he planted a few apple trees and grape vines. He shows today an immense grape vine, a souvenir of those then planted. The next year he set out several hundred grafts from a nursery. His place was a favorite camping ground of the Indians. When the war broke out he went as a government scout. On his return in 1857 he found only a few trees from his nursery left to tell the tale.

Each of these above places boast of owning the oldest trees in Wasco county but they must give precidence to an apple tree in the government gardens, the Academy grounds, which was planted from a seed in 1850, brought by one of the soldiers from the east. The apples would never get ripe because the boys would steal them while green. It was here too that Judge Laughlin raised the first water melons in 1851.

Mrs. Lord tells the following of the first apples she saw in Oregon. "In the Spring of 1854, Mr. McCormack, a brother of Mrs. Herbert Cates, went to Portland and brought back two small apples for the three Laughlin children. In lieu of the third apple, he gave the third child one dollar. The child's grief and jealousy over the loss of those wonderful apples was such that the mother cut the two apples equally among the five members of the family and the child's heart was soothed." Nothing since has ever tasted so good. When an apple was given away it was in this manner, "I will give you an apple, if you will give me back the seeds." The apples bought in Portland were 25 cents apice. When the first fruit began to be raised here it sold from fifteen to twenty cents a pound.

On Three-Mile creek, Green Arnold owned a donation claim, now the Whitney place, and in 1857 planted trees from A. W. Denton's nursery. These first orchards were apples, pear and cherry; it was not certain that peach trees would live.

The first farm on Fifteen-Mile creek was owned by Mr. Alsuph in 1850. In June of that year the frost cut down his melons and corn and he abandoned it. In 1852 Mr. Lou Henderson entered it as a donation. It proved valuable as a hay ranch but several years passed by before trees were planted. In 1856 Mr. Crooks bought out Woodward and Reynolds just above Dufur and in 1856 he planted the first orchard on Fifteen-Mile creek. The same year Mr. Herbert bought Mr. Marshe's right where Dufur now stands and the next year planted his young orchard. Mr. Mays bought his first place—The Mountain ranch—from an old bachelor who had planted apple seeds as a start for his orchard. From this seedling orchard Mr. Mays saved a few of the best for his future use and planted others better. In 1862 they bought a place at the Tygh from Mr. Herbert, who had already planted another odchard. At the Tygh, a Frenchman of the Hudson Bay Co., Jondreaux by name, planted trees in 1858. These came from the Denton nursery. This was afterward the Jeffries place. Also a Mr. McDuffy, near by in 1859. On the Dechutes a Mr. Wm. Nixon planted his orchard in 1859, afterward the Gordon place.

The oldest orchard at the Cascades was planted by Col. N. H. Gates, other old orchards are here, Altwell's etc. At Hood River, Hon. Nathanial Coe was the pioneer orchardist of 1353. He was an educated horticulturalist. A delicious plum, "Coe's golden drop," attesting his ability to produce new varieties. Few orchards today are laid out with greater care and beauty. When they came into bearing fruit was so scarce that they had to net their trees to keep the fruit away from the birds. This early history would be incomplete, if we left out the old pioneers—the Joslyns—who settled at White Salmon, Wash., in 1853. They immediately began the beautiful home, which is crowded so full of happy memories in the minds of old timers. In 1856, they were obliged to leave their home on account of the Indian war and when they returned in 1859, it was to find their home burned and their orchard entirely destroyed. They reset from the Coe nursery and many are the boxes of apples, pears, cherries and plums sent to The Dalles friends and market.

The close of the Indian war marks a change in donation claims. Many new farms were taken and old ones planted in orchards. Thus we find the Boltons, Menefees, Logans, Rices, Walkers, Rudios on Fifteen-Mile, Theodore Mesplie, Lafayette Caldwell, M. M. Cushing, John Moran on Mill creek; Captain Danragh on Three-Mile; where Elder Fisher afterwards bought; Brownlees at the Three-Mile crossing, Bushtree on the Floyd place, Brown and Marshbank at the R. S. Thompson place, Talbot Low on the Frizzell place, Geo. Snipes on his lower ranch at Rowena, John Irvine on Chenowith creek, Mr. Curtis across the river, Jim and Nate Benson and John Marden at Hood River, J. H. Mosier at Mosier creek, Col. Fulton and Z. Donnell at Ten-Mile creek, Butlers and Shamrocks at the Tygh. There are others, two or three in these localities, whose history has not been obtained.

In 1862, The Dalles had the following homes with bearing fruit trees and small fruits in their yards. The Lawrence Coe place, now the Geo. Ruch and Congregational church property, Mr. Graves in the same block, now the Wm. Condon and McGee property, and the Juker place between the two, the Humason home, now the residence of Wm. P. Lord, the Vic Treyitt place, now E. Schanno's, the Laughlin home, and the Buchanan place, the lot now occupied by Col. Lang's family, had a few trees and a vine covered house.

In 1861, Elder Fisher bought out Capt Derrah and the following spring began the orchard and nursery which held so prominent a place in The Dalles markets for a number of years. He, too, was an educated horticulturalist and florist. It was a rich treat to be a guest in that home and enjoy the fruit and flowers. It was his purpose to have the finest pear orchard in the state.

It will be noticed that up to this time the orchards were planted on creek bottoms or springy land. Elder Fisher held the belief that fruit would do as well on dry land as on moist, and planted a few trees and vines as an experiment. Ths most desirable creek farms had been taken. People wanted homes. Miles upon miles of rich fertile government land lay untouched, because "fruit and vegetables will not grow without water," said the old timers. In 1854, Caleb Brooks settled on dry land, one mile south of The Dalles in Dry Hollow—renamed Amberdale. He planted a few trees in the valley, thinking to protect them from the winds and cold, thus making practical what Elder Fisher had before experimented upon. As men rode over the hills for their stock, they reasoned thus: The natural growth of vegetation on these hills is as luxuriant as on the creek bottoms; cold and heat are not so intense, frost is seen earlier and oftener on the creek bottoms than on these hills. Why should not cereals, vegetables and trees do as well? especially when under cultivation. The fall of 1868, Rev. E. P. Roberts settled in Amberdale and the following year Robt. Cooper came