

THE VALE OF GRANDE RONDE.

(Written for THE SCOUT.)

Of heart of the Andes, and heart of the Alps, And all ye loved Vales that in this world abound— There's a heart in the west that will rival your feet.

For health, wealth and beauty, the Vale of Grande Ronde.

I stood on a height overlooking the Vale— A Chieftain beside me who told me this tale— He said— "Long ago his forefathers came— Bringing back the staunchest of o'er mountains and plain."

"They gazed on the Vale in its emerald sheen, The fairest and lightest the Tribe e'er had seen— The long shining grass o'er meadow and lea Rolled in the soft breeze like a wave on the sea."

"The antelope, elk, sheep, bison and deer, Mink, otter and beaver by thousands were here, The wild-fowl by millions swarmed over each vale— And they cried— 'Low-en-loos—the shining grass Vale.'"

Years after the Voyageurs from Ottawa came, They saw its bright river debouch on the plain— Drink a health to the tower, the shrub and the tree, Then make a grand sweep on its march to the sea.

Its pure mountain streams shone bright on the scene, Fringed by long ribbons of dark olive green— And they cried— "Beau regard"— 'tis the fairest vale found."

Each wild Trapper's heart with joy gave a bound— And they named the green jewel the Vale of Grande Ronde.

Thus spoke the bold mountains that tower in the east: "Dark spirits of earth from the highest to least Come spend your wild rage on our summits of snow, To the heart of our highlands you never must go."

Come storm King and rage with your hail, rain and snow, From Tacoma's broad base to far Idaho— Ye red forked lightnings come give us your shocks, Play o'er our pale faces, gleam down our gray locks.

Ye deep-rolling thunders pile mountains of snow From steep, dizzy heights to our glens far below— Ye dark groveling Gnomes in the caverns of earth Your trembling, earth-shaking dynamies bring forth.

When urgently pressed we may move at your quest, And low each proud crest to your forces below— To the heart of our highlands you never shall go.

Ye dark rolling winds that are bred on the plain— Ye shatter weak man and his puny domains— Come try our bold sides all beaten and lame, We'll soon hurl you back to the land whence you came.

You can rage at the east and roam to and fro, To the heart of our highlands you never must go.

Come on gaunt disease from dark river and fen, Ye rabble of beasts and ye fevers of men, Come all ye dark clouds of old Pharaoh's pest, Mice and frogs come on with the rest.

Pass o'er if you will, there's nothing to dread, Ere you reach our fair vale your forces are dead, The eagle that distills from her ever green hills, Bacteria and vermin, all instantly kill— You can range o'er the plain and the vales far below, To the heart of our highlands you never shall go.

But O! for the genius, the spirit and power To roam the fair vale in her palmiest hour, When the sun's just kissing the low purple hills And a silver lined cloud each bright globe like hills, Every drop seems a sphere of pure silver or gold, The emblems of wealth her blue mountains hold, The millions and millions her grauties unfold.

Look ground! every lot, blade, lollipop and flower, Is a rainbow of light in that magic hour— The bird of all much rays o'er the scene, But where's his dark plume and his shadowy wing? I heard a harsh sob as he cleaved through the air, Saw a halo of light—no raven was there.

A dull, rattling foot came shambling by, Hitting his horse, his oxen and mule, He said— "Till those plumpkin, vexatious rotations are gone, I never can tell a head or a horn!"

Yet the vale for a time had shrouded that dull wheel, Till he looked up his sight, like a spirit of light, But that bright sign of beauty never could last, And faded away as the day light passed.

Pharos—come from you ten, dark river and moor, Are you weary in spirit, mind, body or hoar? Has the day and its sunbeams night? Has the sun every nerve and hand been laid tight?

Idleness—take your rest—the vale guards her beauty, The fays of her dells and the nymphs of her streams Will watch o'er your slumbers and guide to bright dreams, Did you come for a day—much longer you'll stay, While the light laughing moments go glancing away.

Go seek the loved vales in this green world so fair, Where the "bright waters meet" to the Vale of Seacrest the farthest range and the Isles of the Sea, For the fairest and brightest, wherever it be, I'll rival its splendors, wherever its fete, In this blue mountain beauty—the Vale of Grande Ronde. —E. C. BRAINSARD.

CONTENTMENT.

(Written for THE SCOUT.)

There is no wave on all Life's boundless ocean That dashes fierce against my lowly boat! The sea is smooth, there once there was contentment, Where there were clouds, the sky is proudly bright.

The winds that spread Life's plain with desolation With the relief of waves are purged upon the past; Remorse comes not, nor grief, nor lamentation, In some far future ordered by Love to last.

The luminous lights have fled to some forsaken And untried shore, and look on the plain, The vales of clouds by thunderous joy are shaken, And scattered hope has shed her sacred rain.

Look up, O Life and Love! with clearer vision, There is a path which leads to a grander height, Its way is marked with a dim, far glow, Its summit radiant in the sun's light.

Build them, O Hope, the golden path of ascension Of deeds and thoughts from Life's exhaustion— Build them of things which grow with every generation, For you had truth with God, he still divine.

Build them, O Faith, a grand, eternal mansion— Light it with love which exults in Love— Build it the walls, for in the soul's expansion, We seek our gods by numbering human-kind. —BETHEL WILSON HUFFMAN.

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This place of amusement was opened to the public a few months ago in the restaurant building opposite the Centennial hotel, by Messrs. Kelsay & Squires, but has since changed to Squires & Yowell, Mr. Kelsay having sold his interest to Gay Yowell. Messrs. Squires & Yowell carry a fine stock of confectionery, cigars and all kinds of mineral water drinks, nothing of an intoxicating nature being sold. They have a club room in the rear filled with billiard, pool and card tables for the accommodation of customers, which is quite a place of resort.

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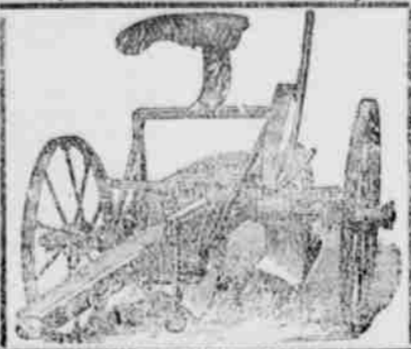
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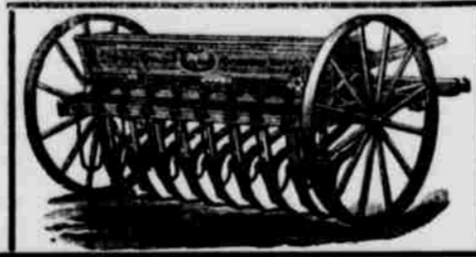
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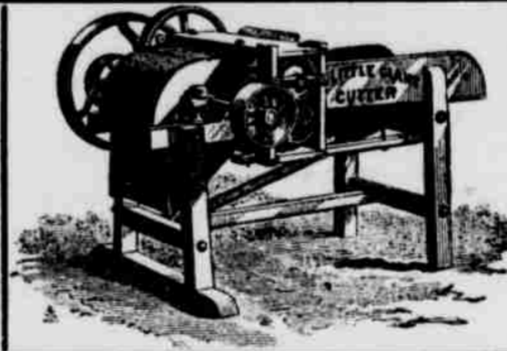
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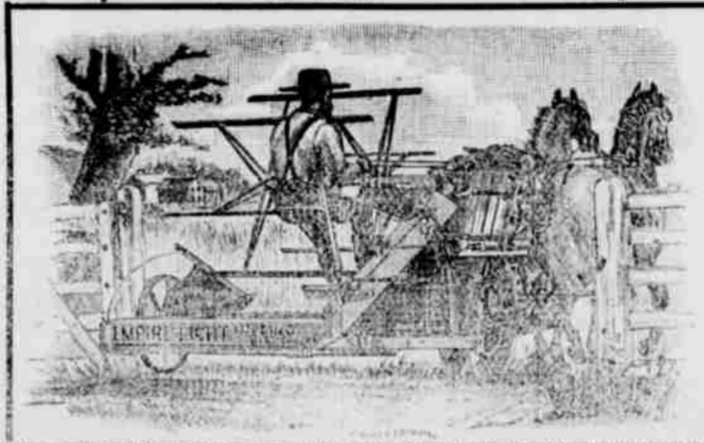
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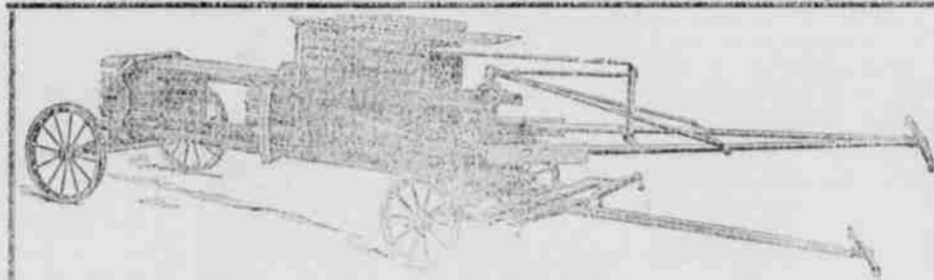
EMPIRE CUTTING TOOLS.

Harwesters, Binders Mowers.



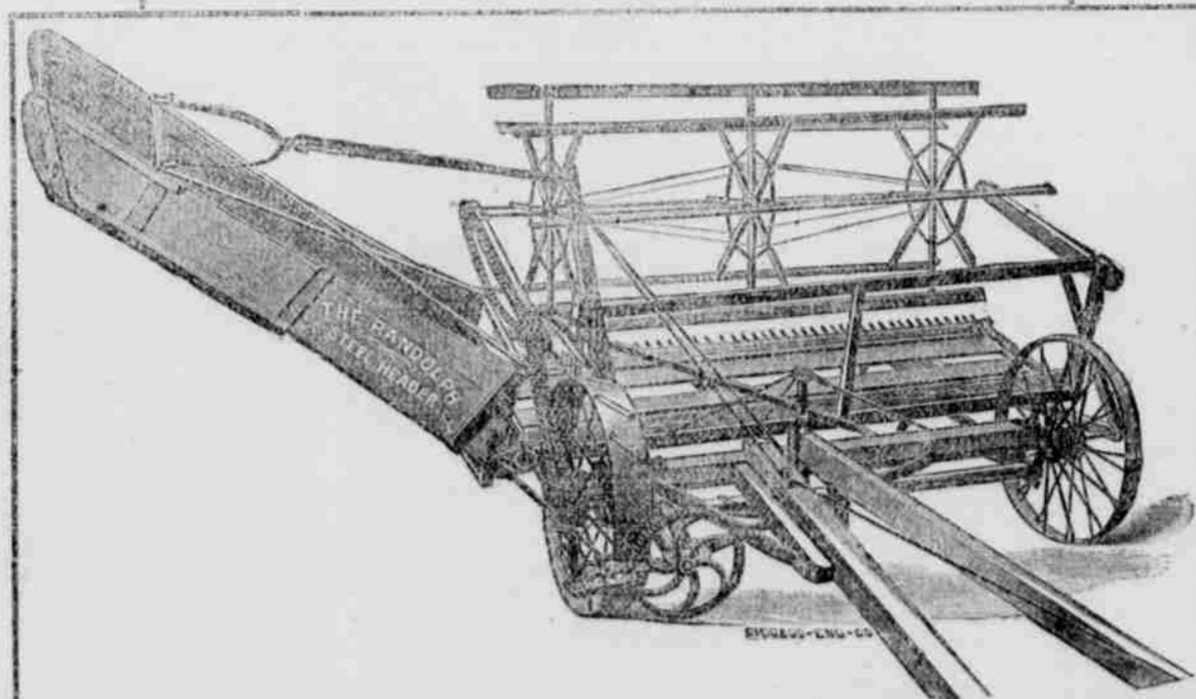
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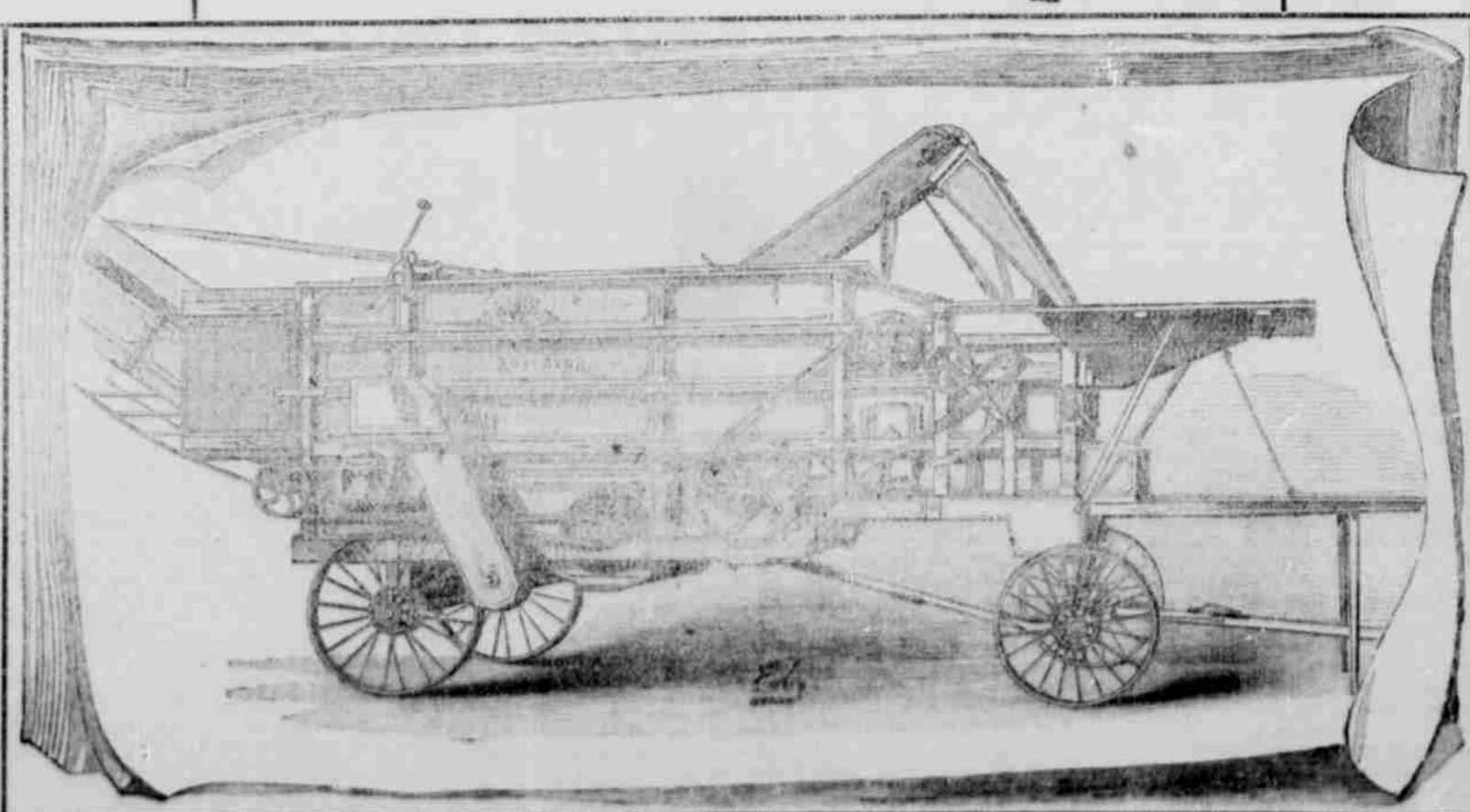
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