

M. L. LEWIS.

J. C. BYRD.

Lewis & Byrd, REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

BURNS, OREGON.

We have for sale the following City property in Burns:
Eighteen Blocks in the Morrison Addition and the whole of the Brown Addition, containing the most desirable residence property in town. This property is offered very cheap for cash or in installments.

Lots 3 and 6 in Block 29. This is known as the J. S. Kenyon residence and is in a very desirable neighborhood and is offered very low for cash. This is undoubtedly the best bargain in town.

In farm property we have 160 acres of good agricultural land 7 miles south of Burns. Thirty acres in cultivation, good house and barn. Title perfect and a bargain at \$1100.

No trouble to show property or give prices.

We have a nice farm, containing 285 acres, two miles southwest of Eugene, Oregon, and on the gravel road. Good dwelling, good barn and outhouses; good orchard and well fenced, worth \$7,000, to trade for a stock ranch in Eastern Oregon of equal value.

BLACKSMITH & WAGON SHOP.

GEO. SHELLEY

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Shop opposite the Brewery

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Mrs. Louis Racine, Proprietress.

The Leading Hotel of Burns, Oregon.

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THOS. LAHEY, Burns, Ore.

First door north of Brick Store.

RED FRONT LIVERY STABLE

On the Corner South of the French Hotel, Main Street.

McCLAIN & WILLIAMS, Proprietors.

The proprietors are well known not only here but in all the adjacent Counties and Towns. Their business qualifications and natural affection for horses especially fits them for the avocation.

HARNEY LIVERY STABLE.

ROBT. IRVING, Prop.

MAIN STREET, HARNEY, OREGON.

A VISIT TO HAWAII.

The Hawaiian islands have been aptly called the Paradise of the Pacific, and they form indeed a most romantic island nation. The same marvelous temperature, neither hot nor cold, the year around, with a few extra showers to characterize the winter, the luxuriant and fragrant tropical vegetation, the invigorating and soothing land and sea breezes, and the beautiful parks and driveways and delicious sea bathing, all invite to repose; and whilst contemplating and enjoying them, one feels as if he had passed into a dream or fairy land, from which he has no desire to be aroused. But if I would visit the other islands, I must catch the "The Kinca," which sails at 2 p. m. The arrival and departure of each steamer is a great event. Everybody and his neighbor attends and bring wreaths of the most beautiful flowers, with which to decorate departing friends. Even I was not overlooked, whilst some were literally covered with them. Promptly on time the gang plank is drawn in and we steam away into the rough waters of Molokai Channel; but these are soon passed and we sail calmly along leeward of Molokai and Maui, touching at Lihua, the former capital and metropolis of the islands, but now a drowsy village of one long street, which fronts upon the ocean; then at Maalaea, where the traveller must land, if he would visit Spreckelsville, the center of the largest sugar plantation in the world or Haleakela (palace of the sun,) the largest extinct volcano in the universe, the latter's crest rises 10,000 feet above the sea, and its crater is 22 miles in circumference and 2,000 feet deep.

After numerous landings, where we leave or take on passengers, freight or live-stock—the latter are dropped into the sea and made to swim—we reach Hilo, our port of destination at 8 a. m. The view is entrancing—a beautiful crescent shaped harbor, with Coconut Island on our left; a cluster of summer houses hidden amidst the tropical vegetation, in front of us; and our right flanked by magnificent precipices, some overhanging the sea, with here and there a waterfall dash over them.

The steamer anchors a full half mile from land and we are rowed ashore in boats. As it was Sunday, I spent the day there while the others journey on to the Volcano house. After an excellent breakfast and a bath; I visited all the churches—Roman, Catholic, Native, Portuguese, Japanese, and Congregational—and at the latter, heard a most excellent sermon. In the afternoon I strolled through the town with a resident whom I had met on the steamer, and sampled some of their delicious tropical fruits—the pineapple and banana, when freshly pulled are simply luscious and the guava, water lemon, rose apple and one or two others whose names I have forgotten, I enjoyed greatly although eaten for the first time in my life; but my taste for the alligator pear, mango and others had to be cultivated. As the bread fruit was not ripe, I was disappointed in not being able to sample it. Hilo was to me a place of rest and of pleasant memories; who se inhabitants seem to lead a kind of dream existence, with no thought of the stern realities of life. At 5 a. m. we started up the mountain in a Concord coach, one of those quiet, still, beautiful mornings for which Hilo is celebrated. For several miles it along the ocean and penetrates the dense evergreen jungles, so common in tropical climes, thence through pineapples, coffee and banana plantations, until we reached the timber belt 1,000 feet or more above sea-level. At 11 a. m. we reached the halfway house, where we lunched and rested until 1 p. m. and arrived at our destination about 4 p. m. Here we found a large hotel, on the brink of the extinct crater, commanding a magnificent view in all directions and

As the party are just starting for Haleannau (the house of everlasting fire) I join them down the zigzag trail, about three quarters of a mile in length, which brings us to the lava beds, full 500 feet below the hotel, across which we must travel for two miles, amidst cracks and blowholes from which hot steam and sulphurous vapor are now escaping, ere we reach the lake of liquid fire. This crater is 9 miles around and is covered with dead lava, portions of which were in active eruption no later than March 1894. But on we walk, over what was once a searing sea of fire, but now a thick crust of congealed lava, beneath which is imprisoned a molten mass of fire, so still at length we reach a circular opening, where 350 feet below us we be held this inferno—a lake of liquid fire covering 15 acres in extent, and heard the growlings, rumblings, hissing, splashing of its waves beating upon its shores, or of its fountains as it hurled liquid lava 50 to 100 feet in the air. Here was fire in motion, now furious and demoniacal, as if no power on earth could bind it, then playful and sportive as if to entice us within its reach, then for a second quiet, only to accumulate new force for renewed efforts. We saw as many as six fountains playing at the same time upon its surface, while the whole mass seemed to have a decided circular motion.

After four hours spent upon this enchanted spot, we wended our way back to the hotel, beneath the clear, calm silvery light of a tropical moon. When, the next morning, I returned my steps of the night before, and once again viewed the landscape over, I shuddered at the dangers we had passed through and yet there has never been an accident there. I trust there may never be one. Two months before, visitors stood where we did and snuck walking canes into the fiery mass. Next month it may be again overflowing its bank. Now it is 350 feet below us. Venus and Mars pale in comparison with Kilauea. —By Prof. J. D. Lecher, in the Oregon Teachers' Monthly.

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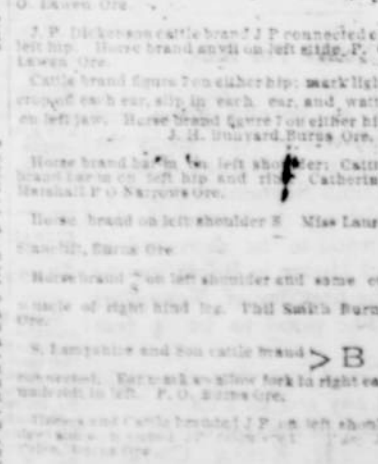
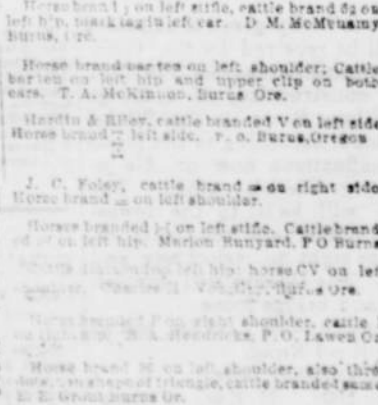
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