

KI W A N D A

By L. M. KRANER

Dreaming am I of the joys of youth,
Resting my head on an easy chair;
All other pleasures I yield, forsooth,
For the pleasures of an outing there.
Where over the Great Pacific flow
Her waves own charming music; and hear
Nature trip a light fantastic toe
With the laughter of childhood lingering near.

There at, on the heaped and drifted sand,
'Neath the open shade of towering spruce,
Where light boats of the Big Nestucca land
Extemporized for an early outing's use,
Many a groaning table has fed
Merry bands of jolly old and young,
Whilst the hours of feasting quickly sped
Brevited by songs the wild birds sung.

With comic grimace and happy jest
Gayly feast the dapper little throng,
While curling smoke from the faggots press't,
Ascend skiward-penciled all along
The top of the timber-studded cove;
And gently brewed the redolent tea,
As the wind, the sand, and the cloudlets drove,
Their mystic shadow spread o'er the lea.

And in a quiet, sober interim
A well-drilled orchestra plays a tune
From a tiny launch, (the waves to skim!),
Swayed by the wind like the leaves of June;
While, perchance, athwart her bow or stern,
The gay launch a mermaid nymph may bear
Who, into the water, may coyly yearn
To plunge and bathe in it's liquid rare.

All feasting, now, and bathing over,
They, a small caravan, to seaward hie;
Each a burly, stalking sand-plain rover,
From the inland bosky regions nigh,
Seeking health and cheer, joy and pleasure,
At the Pacific's inviting shore;
And cherished mem'ries, all may treasure,
As numbers great have done before.

Prancing up and down the sandy spit,
Thrilled by the breakers' foam and noise
Hugely enjoying the all of it,
Gay bevy of girls and boys;
As receding tides doth kiss the sea,
And the shifting sands may yield a shell,
Raptous hearts doth throb with glee
As only childhood's hearts can beat and swell.

Yon dunes the salty trade winds sweep,
As when the primeaval forest stood,
And the Redman did his vigils keep
'Neath the shadow of the coney wood;
He then the name "Kiwanda" gave
To the canny cape whose crumbling walls
Are symbolic of his fathers brave,
Whose passing spirit this verse recalls.

Sand dunes, now barren as his life
Of earthly progress or storied wealth:
Yet, vigilant in his wildling strife,
He sought the game by strategy and stealth
O'er self-same hills and boistrous Deep
From which "Pale Face" may seek his food;
In sweet security work and sleep,
Advancing the world and all its good.

Ah! Those "Pale-face children listless are
Of what his'tries volumns sagely tell;
Innocent and mirth, (All else they bar),
Romping, skipping bouyont as a belle!
Rolling, tumbling, down the hill they go,
Sliding slipping with the moving sand,
A grand toboggan without the snow!
What a joyous, happy, youthful band!

Ah Ha! Now their elders, standing by,
Imbibe the abandon joy of youth,
And without skees they sprightly "ski"
Every slippery, sandy slope, forsooth;
Or, on human skees like nature gave,
(Which like little tots, must walk a-top)
Slide down with a mien and manner grave?
All in a hump and bump, "kerflop"!

Their ways so innocent nature-wild,
Their faces beam with joy and roses,
Their mimic acts so dream-beguiled
Like monkeys in their cups and poses;
Who hold with Nature a close communion
Nay, he could not harshly treat them
But join them—be one of their "Union"—
Stand up bravely and try to beat them!

Quit they then the sand, these old-young youth,
Snatching each others hats and stockings off,
And rolling breakers wade—tell the truth—
Too deep for a common water trough;
Then, perchance amidst the cruel rocks,
Where great foaming billows rise and fall,
For soup they seek the burrowing Piddocks
And mollusks upon the ocean wall.

Or mayhap, an angler's notion take,
And with ample line and limber pole,
Cast away into the breakers wake
For cod, or smelt, or angulate sole;
Or hunters gun to their shoulder place
And land black seaduck or sportive seal,
Quarry they may proudly take to grace
Their belts, with bait, basket pole and reel.

With industry each bunker fills
And fast driven by the rising tide,
Ascends the rock-bound, sand-topped hills;
(Not for another slippery slide)
But for a sea-scape, ocean view,
Set like a jewel by "Haystack Rock",
O'er which the Gull, a gay sea-bird, flew
In many a winged and wearied flock.

Before they stroll in their rambles far,
Where stormy billows dash o'er the Cape,
They soon in a tuft of timber are,
Of greatly tangled and wooly shape;
Under twisted boughs of scrubby pine
Squat and grope their way, and squat again
'Neath sequestered bower, so fine,
Indian youth had named it "Lovers Lane".

"Sh, My child! We will not chide thee now,
For then our song would seem all too hard,
'Tis thy lover sits beside that bough,
And her arms shall be your Angel guard;
As green canopies above thee rise,
And their pinfey twigs obscure the world,
May Dame Gossip's tongue be ever wise;
No dire shafts of envy at thee hurled;

But, rather, with an equal splendor,
May the evening's sun rays sweetly fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On thy youthful ways—once ways of all;
As dusky youth here wooed his maiden,
In many, short, fleeting, years of yore,
Let thy fair lips, with nectar laden,
Repeat what God had blessed before".

And now they pass this hallowed cove,
Which many a lover's tongue has blessed,
To other scenes which they dearly love,
In humble truth, with all the rest;
And high on the cliffs of crumbling rock,
Above the ocean's silvery spray,
They gather in varied garb and frock
In gladsome greeting to passing day.

This self-same rock, beat by the restless tide,
Though of cold, inert, and common stone,
Has oft been heralded nations wide
As a photographer's trancient throne;
For high on its broken surface sat,
Thrilled by Nature's marvels round about,
Many a quaint and motley crowd, that
Come from the maps that mark the nation's out.

And the cam'ry like a toyful gun,
Caught them in many an awkward pose,
Then, in wistful sport, they sped the fun
As far as the jolly postman goes;
And returning home, as tourists do,
They too, we fain will all suppose,
May just have transported out of view
Something like their likeness in their clothes.

As on this historic spot they stand
Great vistas, wide and glorious, see;
Cape Lookout, an extended point of land,
Thrust like a dagger into the sea
A mile or more, and still covered all,
Each great mountain side and rugged cliff,
With an opulence of timber tall,
Ages beat by gale and sea-wind stiff.

When the rains fall in torrent sheets,
Behind this towering precipice
Great ships shelter, and the water beats
Their burly hulks in protected bliss;
And I trow they see, when rose these hills,
It was part of God's eternal plan
That this giant rock its mission fills
Ever for the benefit of man.

'Neath their feet are damp and sullen caves
Eroded much with the "Tooth of age",
Whose spectral walls the sea water laves,
That serve for the mussel and clam a cage;
And doth their dark labyrinths hold
A mighty strange and mystic his'try
Of silent life and tales untold,
Hidden in a rock-bound mystery.

Yon whale, leviathan of the deep,
Plunging through the ocean's seething foam
Does ungainly time and motion keep,
(As he sportly does the billows roam)
With ships laden with a nations trade,
And freighted with many human souls
From divers countries, of varied grade,
And seeking all many varied goals.

Look again, serenely face about!
Above the dark sky-line in the West,
See the curling smoke there rolling out,
As onward the Navy's vessel pressed?
Plowing the waves of the mighty deep,
Policing a vulnerable coast,
As it does a nations vigils keep,
Manned by a trained and gallant host.

The flag of the Union waving there,
High above the tall and strutted mast,
May we triumphs of her honor share
In all the future as in the past!
"Old Glory" seen from Ki'wanda's slopes
Thrills them great with an inspiring sight,
Guardian of their homes and hopes,
Peerless in justice and human right!

They, in their hearts, revere thee ever,
Though huge sea craft thou onward bear,
And from their sights your folds may sever,
But from their souls can thee never tear.
"Farewell, just now, great ship! Onward plod,
Thou, the bulwark of a nation's plan:
We adore here all the works of God
And marvel much at the works of man.

Farewell, great ship! Farewell Ki'wanda, trim!
We now return where the boats await,
Where the wooded hills loom large and dim".
As they, in halt and slackened gait,
Let their contrite hearts go out to Him
In promiscuous song, and sacred praise,
Free as flitting bird on yonder limb
With a heart as buoyant as its ways.

As the popping launch, now homeward bound
Beneath woodland banks, where gay festoons
To the willows, cling their tendrils round,
And the nesting field-bird drowsily croons
A requiem song—an evening lay—
Mirrored in the rivers' waters deep,
Hills are hid by mists of closing day.
Their launch doth homeward in silence creep!



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