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CAPTAIN GRAY'S COMPANY;
—OR—
Crossing the Plains and Living in Oregon.

By Mrs. A. J. DENIWAY,
AUTHOR OF "WIDEN AND "ELLES DOW,"
"AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," ETC., ETC., ETC.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. A. J. Deniway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.)
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Introduction.

Very nearly twenty years ago the author of the following story, having always lived upon a farm, and being wholly ignorant of all practical knowledge of the literary world, her associations, confined to the illiterate and struggling pioneers of the land of her adoption, conceived the idea of entering in some way the world's arena of letters. Being possessed of fertile imagination, imperfect education, affectionate nature, feeble strength, and romantic disposition, and having encountered many strange experiences "which made her tired and old before her time," Mrs. Deniway compiled her crude ideas in the form of a novel, simple, and indeed all the important incidents thereof, being founded upon facts, so grouped as to form a connected story. She has been induced to re-publish her work in these columns, partly because of a desire to revise and correct the original work of both herself and the publisher, and partly because so often urged to do so by subscribers, that she feels under obligation to accede to their demands.

Dedication.

To the Pioneers of Oregon, and to all friends of the great Northwest who desire to awaken an interest in our state and Washington Territory in the minds of the thousands of dwellers in the frigid climate of Eastern winters and the torrid temperature of Eastern summers, this revised relic of the reminiscences of her youth is respectfully dedicated by
THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BACKWOODS FARMERS.

Farmer Gray, as we must again call him, had many debates with his wife, Sam and Polly, about where they should locate.

He did not want to settle in the timber, but Mrs. Gray, who regretfully remembered her Illinois home, had a longing for the forest, and finally prevailed upon him to build a cabin beneath the shade of a dozen black, gigantic fir trees. In an early day, the Indians and squatters, for the sake of giving grass a chance to grow, usually fired the underbrush and fern. The fir trees received their share of the general conflagration, but were seldom killed by the fire, though the charred, dead lower limbs will bear evidence for many years of the burnings the trunks have survived.

Farmer Gray settled in a neighborhood of back-woodsmen, who had emigrated, many of them from western Missouri. The habits of his associates were much to his taste, and when we have described his farm and house, we will have given a faithful delineation of the most common features of his neighbors' homes. A log cabin, which could only boast one room, a large fire-place of dried mortar, heavy batten doors and open windows, with blankets for shutters, afforded him and Sam Green's family a refuge for the winter. When summer came they were too busy to fix up the hut, and besides, Farmer Gray concluded that a "tight house was unhealthy," so that several years passed before he was ready to build a new house, or even repair the old one. He managed to "get in," speaking after the manner of immigrants, with four yokes of oxen, and with these he succeeded well in breaking prairie.

Sam Green traded off his wagon for cows, and for the sake of economy, he lived with his father-in-law. The cabin was built near the center of the claim upon two section lines, so that two square miles could be held by one house and two families.

Maurice Stanton, who would permit no one to prefix the title Dr. to his name after he left the Plains, suddenly appeared at farmer Gray's door one afternoon in the February holidays. He lived about thirty miles from his old Captain, and this was the first time he had seen him since they had parted at Oregon City. Farmer Gray was delighted with the visit, and quite tired out his visitor with a tedious walk to his various corner-stakes.

"Farmer Gray, when land comes into market, and there are immigrants to purchase it, then you and I can sell enough to make farms for several families and have plenty left for our own use," said Maurice.
"No sir-ee! I'd rather buy than sell. I've crossed the Plains to git ebber-room, an' I've got it an' intend to keep it," replied the host.

Maurice smiled. "I am not willing to give up society for the sake of land. One hundred and sixty acres of good soil is enough for anybody. If Uncle Sam had given us no more than that, we should all be better off in five years. In the way of schools, society and improvement, than we can be as matters now stand, twenty years hence."

"But we wouldn't be so well off for stock range," said Gray.
"Stock range is very convenient in its place, but society is better, in my estimation."

"I can't see a section of land a-croisin' the Plains, an' I'm goin' to hold on to it, shore."

"So did Mrs. Welden and other widows whom I could name. Yet they cannot hold but half that amount for themselves and children, because their husbands are gone. And to reside upon and cultivate as the law requires, is

calling for an impossibility from a lone woman who has nothing but her feeble exertions to depend upon for support. "A woman hain't no business with land, nowho."
"Women have, or ought to have, as good right to live as men. If a section of land is no more than enough for you and me, how much has a widow earned, who has lost her husband on the Plains, and journeyed on alone to this land of promise, without a single relative to look for support or protection?"

"What could a woman do with land, if she had it, I'd like to know?"
"Land will some day be valuable in this prosperous country, and a few years' residence in town, where she could get the means of support by industry, would be rewarded by a few thousand dollars as the price of her claim, to which a widow has as good a right as you or I have to our possessions."

"Durn the women! They'll marry directly an' won't have no business with two farms!"

"In case they should marry in time to hold land as wives of other husbands, then they ought properly to be deprived of the first husband's share of Uncle Sam's bounty. But the way matters stand, they are compelled to marry or starve."

"I never thought much about the Land Law afore, respectin' widows, but here's Bald Hill Smith. He lives about six miles from here, an' makes a mighty poor mouth about me an' my old woman holdin' a square mile, when he can't git but half that for him an' seven children, because his wife's dead. But I 'pose our palaverin' over it won't mend the matter, an' we'd as well dry up. What's Miss Welden a-doin'?"

"She is now at Oregon City, but I have offered her a home at my house, and expect her to come up on the 'Valley Bird.' We are going to try our plan of living upon section lines, in order to hold land for her until her 'time is out.'

"I heard the other day that Miss Graves, that lost her man on the road, ain't goin' to live long. She moved on a claim not long ago, to hold land for her baby. She's got the consumption an' ain't able to work much; but she's got a little money that she thinks she can stretch along while she lives, an' maybe she can give the child away."

"She may be suffering," said Maurice, his sympathy aroused at the mention of distress. "It is the duty of the neighbors to provide for her wants."

"I told Sally this mornin' that we ought to rig up the oxen an' go to see her. We hain't time to spare yet; but we won't lose nobin' by befriendin' the needy."

Maurice was welcomed by Polly and her mother with genuine hospitality, and when, after breakfast the next morning after his arrival, he prepared to depart, they were much disappointed because he could not remain another day.

"You don't get the miners' mania, do you, farmer Gray? I see that the people around you seem easily allured by golden visions. Most emigrants who enter the valley empty-handed make a speedy rush for the mines."
"No, no. My neighbors don't leave an' for that very reason ye'll see us swimmin' when your hasty folks are floundrin' in the mud. Folks had a heap better stick to the knittin', if they intend to git rich. Now, ye'll see before five years if I don't have a big orchard, lots o' plover land, good buildin's, an' comfortable livin', when ten to one of the gold hunters 'll have nothin' to live on but vexation."

"And so the sequel proved, although few at that time coincided with the views of the foresighted back-woodsmen."

As Maurice returned homeward, he called upon daddy Green, who lived about five miles from farmer Gray, and was farming much after his fashion.

"D'y'e think Polly's got so she does hardly any work now?" Mrs. Green asked.

"Poor woman. She could not banish the thought of 'old times,' and her woman's inquisitiveness was as strong as her memory."

Maurice smiled as he recalled old scenes.

"Indeed, Mr. Green, I always considered your daughter-in-law very industrious. Perhaps I am not a competent judge, but Mrs. Stanton says that she is too industrious for her own good."

"Well, one thing is certain, she'll never work like Sam's mammy does. Girls ain't no 'count, no-way, like they once was."

Maurice was not anxious to dispute the point, and excused himself from the old lady's threesome talk, by going to the woods, where daddy Green, Jake, and Billy were making rails. From them he learned that the widow Graves was living about a mile from their cabin, in a little house that they had helped to build. They also prepared her fuel and other necessaries, going by turns to stay in her house at night.

Maurice was soon at the door of the humble abode. The invalid, whose every motion bespoke the genuine lady, instantly recognized in her visitor the young physician who had been called to the bedside of her dying husband. A host of sorrowful memories blanched her cheek. His kind voice seemed to bring so vividly to her imagination the day when she had last seen the husband

of her short period of happy married life, that before she could articulate a sentence, she sobbed aloud as she sorrowed him her hand.

"Does my coming distress you, Mrs. Graves?"

"I'm pleased to see you, Doctor; but you came in so unexpectedly that when I saw your face, memory brought up so forcibly the sorrowful circumstances of our first and last meeting, that I was overcome."

Maurice assumed a cheerfulness he did not feel. The hectic flush, which plainly revealed the condition of the poor consumptive, was remarked, and he saw at a glance that the destroyer was at work.

"I am satisfied anywhere," said the woman, "and it matters not where my last few days are spent. Life seems strong within me, but too many of our family have been carried off by pulmonary diseases for me to be decreed. Warm weather will seal my destiny. I would have remained in Portland, where I had rented a comfortable ready-furnished room, but was told that my boy could not hold land as my heir, unless I should die upon a claim."

The poor child will be left without relatives or property; but if he should live, this land may be of service in enabling him to get an education. His father's dying request rings in my ears by night and day. If I could get some one to take him after I am gone, who would be kind to him and educate him well, I should not fear to die."

Farmer Gray's loud snoring "Whoa!" was heard, as he stopped his wagon before the door, and in a few moments the good farmer and his wife were making themselves useful within the little cabin.

"The h'm's! If that child don't look jest like Jed did when he was a baby, I wish ye'd let me have him, Miss Graves. I'll treat him well, and love him jest as well as I did my Jeddy," said the kind-hearted old lady, as she took up the smiling innocent and kissed him affectionately, while sympathetic tears-drops glistened upon her cheeks.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, widder," said farmer Gray, affecting a jovial manner, while a suspicious moisture glistened on his eyes; "I'll tell ye the young'un, an' we have no little chaps o' our own, if ye've no objection, I'll take him an' keep him until he's fourteen. He can choose his own guardian at that age. We have coarse dolls an' homely fare at my shanty, but we have warm hearts an' willin' hands. They're goin' to 'reet a school-house on my place, an' when he gets big enough, I'll send him to school. If I had my life to live over again, I'd never raise another young'un without givin' it book-larin'."

The invalid assented to his proposal, Maurice drew up a document of agreement, which was signed by the interested parties, and Charlie Graves was given up to the tender mercies of his new protectors.

"See here, Joseph, if you'd not to take the child away now, nor if you'd not to leave Miss Graves alone, Polly can do the work at home, an' I'd as well stay here for awhile. You'd better go home an' git something more for us to live on. If there's anything can wake my best feelings, it's the sight of a feller-creetur' in distress."

Mrs. Gray went out to the wagon to give some private directions to her husband, and Maurice bade the widow adieu, and they were much disappointed because he could not remain another day.

"Here, Mrs. Gray, is a small sum of money for the benefit of the sufferer. I am sorry that I have no more, but poverty, at present, is the common companion of us all."

"The la me! Five dollars 'll git her a heap o' little notions. I wish ye'd give fifty thousand! Nobody'd use it better 'an you would. D'y'e think she'll stand it long?"

Maurice shook his head.

"Well, it seems mighty strange that folk dies off so. When I used to complain about sickness, my old man would say that folks couldn't die in Oregon till they'd went sixty miles east of the Cascades."

"We contracted too much disease upon the Plains, madam, to think of being perfectly healthy for a season. So far as I am informed, who was well when the journey was ended."

"Folks may brag on Oregon as much as they please, but it'll be a long time afore I'll think it's what it's been cracked up to be, was the impatient rejoinder."

"Good-by, Mrs. Gray. I have no time now for further conversation. You'll like the country well enough when you have become acclimated."

A month had passed and Mrs. Graves had solved the mysteries of the world immortal. Her little boy was considered a treasure in the Gray family, who performed their contract respecting him to the letter. Mrs. Sam Green's little Toby, who was but a few months younger than the orphan boy, sometimes monopolized the attention of the grand-parents; but as time rolled on, every year adding another to Polly's family of obstreperous boys and girls, little Charlie, with his winning ways and peaceful disposition, became a universal favorite. Farmer Gray often called him "quare," when noticing his thoughtful, abstracted manner, but the child never refused to do his bidding, and consequently gave no ground for displeasure. He often re-

marked that "it was a lucky day that threw that beam of sunshine across his door-step."

The Gray farm was made with a back-woodsmen's peculiar exertion. Beauty was altogether out of his line, but everything substantial and old-fashioned in a few years surrounded the dwelling. As their worldly possessions increased, Mrs. Gray became delighted with the country.

She grew eloquent over her Shanghai chickens, fat turkeys, and troublesome ducks; and when she obtained a pair of geese, her joy was unbounded. "The grass" for cattle, sheep, and horses, was one of her main themes of conversation. The snow-storms of '52, which some of their stock died of starvation, rather cooled the old lady's ardor; but she was proof against a like calamity when that dreary time was past. The next harvest was a bounteous one, and the oat-straw, which at her suggestion was ever afterwards packed away in log pens to meet emergencies, afforded food for the famishing herds during subsequent snow-storms.

Mrs. Clinton was going East to visit her relatives, and Effie Goodwin was compelled to seek another home. Servitude had been divested of most of its horrors since her sojourn with her lovely friend, and when told that she must seek employment elsewhere, it was with a heart as heavy as when eighteen months before she had gone to the abode of a neighbor, three thousand miles away, to seek admittance to a humble out-house, that she prepared herself to go forth now in search of other lodgings.

She had heard that a lady who lived three doors distant from Mrs. Clinton's wished to employ her, and with a palpitating heart she ascended the steps leading upon the porch. A servant answered her timid ring, and she was shown into the parlor, where a lady was reclining in an easy chair, surrounded by a sickening odor of camphor and ammonia, who scanned her visitor as if she were a specimen of art placed before her expressly for inspection.

"How old are you?"

The tones were measured, cold and haughty, repelling the little assurance that Effie had mustered before addressing her.

"I'll be fourteen next October, ma'am."

"Ah, well, you're old enough to mind Allie, wash dishes, and keep the rooms in order. No one who pretends to work for me must think of being idle. You may come to-morrow, but you must work, or I can't keep you."

Effie soon made her exit from the house, glad to get away from the smell of medicines, and from the haughty, overbearing air that surrounded her future mistress.

Mrs. Clinton was too busily engaged with the preliminaries for her departure to notice the dejection of her protege, who retired to her little chamber in utter loneliness.

Effie looked from the window upon the rushing river, and listened to the constant hum of city life, until the shades of evening drove the busy throng of men and boys into the shops and dwellings.

The rushing, noisy river rushed onward, dashed and rolled its torments surged, answering she thought, the melancholy sighings of her desolate heart. And then she imagined that the peaceful, dreamy silence of the habitations of men, and the majestic roar of the cataract, were alike to be considered as tokens of that was to come.

Why she felt this, she knew not, but when the gathering darkness enveloped her, the dejection she had felt had disappeared behind the general rays of Hope.

"Why I come in?"

Little Jamie was at the door. Effie took a lighted candle from his hand, and almost forgot her cause for sorrow, as she kissed the little fellow, who was the very picture of the loved and departed Willie.

"Ma's mean, she is! She had no business to take me off to leave you! She says she wants me to see grandpa before he dies, but he won't seem half so sweet as you. I wish she wouldn't go away, and then you could stay here."

"You mustn't call your ma mean, Jamie. Your grandpa is her papa, and the poor old man will be disappointed if he don't get to see you."
"Well, I'll have to go, but when I'm a man I'll do what is right," said the child, as he gave Effie a kiss and bounded away in answer to his mother's call. A dismal foggy morning dawned upon Effie's entrance into her new routine of life. Mrs. Munson was a nervous suffering and had given place to miserable feelings and nauseous paroxysms until life had become an oppressive burden. Effie had not been long in her service before the aching headache, and the constant, fretful and gloomy complaints of the invalid, seriously affected her health. She had always been subject to attacks of blinding headache, but now the malady increased, and she would sometimes be attacked by prostrations of pain in the temples, severe enough to almost deprive her of reason. Mrs. Munson could not bear to hear any one complaining except herself, and Effie's purple lips, crimson cheeks, and stifled moans of pain were sure to be harbingers of a day of unremitting drudgery. Her mistress "had seen girls before who would hire out and then complain, to get rid of work, but nobody could play that game with her."

Shortly after Effie's installment into her new home, an unexpected parcel full of company arrived. As it was her business to arrange the tea-table and polish up everything in the establishment, she proceeded to do her work with alacrity. The thought of "waiting" because she was a servant did not enter her innocent cranium, and when the guests were seated at the table, she quietly took her accustomed seat.

"Effie, go to my room and see to Allie. Don't come back till I call you."
The words were uttered in an impatient and commanding tone. Effie quickly obeyed, but when she reached the baby's crib, the child was sleeping quietly.

"Don't come back till I call you."
Could it be possible that hers was henceforth to be the lot of a common servant? She, who had been so kindly cared for in her mother's house, and who, during her first six months' servitude, had been so respectfully treated that she scarcely felt the yoke; was she to be ranked with low, ignorant cooks, who were reared in kitchens, and had no aspirations beyond their own slavish employment?

To her feverish imagination, the thought was terrible. The merry sound of music and laughter from the rooms below smote upon her ears with a grating sound.

It was the first company from which she had been excluded when under the same roof with visitors, which she could remember, save one evening, long ago, when she had gone, at her mother's request, to soothe baby Willie to sleep, and had slept herself before her object was accomplished.

At ten o'clock the party started homeward. Effie had fallen asleep upon a lounge in the nursery before Mrs. Munson entered.

An impatient shake aroused her.

"I want to know why you presumed to sit at table with my company?"

"I meant no offense, ma'am," pressing her throbbing temples. "I needed a cup of tea, and thought, as there was room for me, I would sit down. I always ate at table with Mrs. Clinton, and have done the same here when you had no company. I didn't mean to displease you."

"You must remember, hereafter, that no matter how pretty my domestics may consider themselves, I do not allow them to eat with my guests. As it is your first offense, I will overlook it; but I did not know which way to look when I saw you seat yourself among my acquaintances, as though you were a consequential visitor."

"Were you ashamed of me?"

It was a natural question, prompted by her own words, but Mrs. Munson could see nothing but impudence in it.

"I am not ashamed of my domestics when they are content to observe their true position; but when they presume upon their beauty and try to place themselves at the head of my affairs, then I think it's time to take the conceit out of them! It will not do to give a servant liberty. If I had kept you away from my private table, you would not have thought of this."

Effie retreated, weeping, to her apartment, and Mrs. Munson, who could easily "magnify a mole-hill into a mountain," considered herself grievously outraged.

When they had retired to rest she entertained her sleepy husband as long as she would listen by a recital of the evening's annoyance.

"Turn her off if she doesn't suit you, and don't bore me to death with servants' troubles," he retorted, as he addressed himself to sleep.

"But I can't get along without her. She is so good to Allie, and so neat and handy about her work, that I really couldn't think of parting with her."

"Then, if you can't do without her, for mercy's sake treat her with respect. If she is so necessary to our comfort that you can't live without her, I'll see to it that she gets the best that's in my house. I have not paid much attention to her yet, but I'll get acquainted with her in the morning. One would think, after all the complaints you have made about careless servants, that a pretty girl, who can do your most particular work and still be interesting enough to be an ornament to society, ought not to be found fault with."
"Oh, you're a Job's comforter. I wish I had a husband who could sympathize with me."
"Strike out, and see if you can't find such a one," he replied, sleepily.

that I must work constantly if I lived with her."
"Wouldn't you like to ride out to where your brother is at work? I am going by there to-day, and Allie and you can ride that far, and return when I do in the evening."

"Mrs. Munson couldn't spare me. She'll want me every half-minute through the day."
"I want to try an experiment with her. I believe that want of exercise is the basis of her ill health. We'll ride out to-day and give her a chance to wait upon herself."

Although the roads were rocky and dusty, Effie enjoyed the ride with childish zest. Little Allie was delighted with the roughest jolts, and the journey to Esquire Crandall's was soon completed.

"Effie," said Mr. Munson kindly, after they had ascended the bluffs and begun to roll more swiftly over the rocky road, "you are the very image of my lost Carrie. She died when about your age. When I look at you, I feel almost as if the dead lives again."

"I thought Allie was your only child."
"No. Mrs. Munson is my second wife. My former wife had two children, Hubert and Carrie. Hubert will be at home in a few days. He has been absent for three years, studying law in Philadelphia. He is but twenty years old, but writes that he has mastered most of his studies."

"Oh! how I wish Herbert and I could attend a good school! I used to wish there was no such thing as science, but since so many misfortunes have befallen me, I feel a strong desire to improve my mind. But the way is so hedged up, I sometimes wish I could die."

Mr. Munson secretly resolved to give the child the advantages which his own daughter would have had, but did not speak of his intention then.

Eliza Crandall was a ropping, noisy girl of sixteen years, who was much pleased with Effie's visit. Mrs. Crandall took Allie in charge, and to Effie's delight, she and Eliza were soon romping over the meadows with a childish pleasure which the daughter of adversity had not enjoyed for many months.

Herbert was plowing about half a mile from the house, and they paid him a surprise visit. They found him so busily engaged in holding the plow and calling out "haw" and "gee" to the obedient oxen, that he did not see them until Effie threw a clod that knocked off his hat. They then darted behind a cluster of bushes, but he caught a glimpse of his sister's sunny curls, left the plow and ran to meet her.

"Why, sister, your cheeks are thin. But they are as red as roses."
"No wonder they're red, when I haven't had this much out-door exercise before for half a year."
"Mrs. Clinton gave you a holiday?"
"No, but Mr. Munson gave me one. I expect to get such a scolding as poor mortals are called upon to endure but seldom, when Mrs. Munson gets hold of me again."

"What does this mean, sister?"
"Just what I say, Mrs. Clinton went abroad and I have had to look up another home. I went to live with a bear, who wears the mask of a beautiful woman. To prevent herself from too close inspection, she keeps herself surrounded by disagreeable odors, stinking enough to turn the stomach of a skunk."
"Why, Effie, what kind of talk is that? I did not know that you had left Mrs. Clinton?"

"I didn't. She left me. I know that I don't live with her now, you better believe."

"You seem in good spirits about it."
"Because just now I'm free. You wouldn't have thought, last evening, when my mistress had a household of company, and I, like a poor innocent simpleton, presumed to seat myself at the end of the table, where there was a vacant seat, and was ordered away because I was a servant, that my spirits were so very good."

"I'd like to see anybody serve me that way," said Eliza. "If a bear ever drives me off to stay with her cubs, I'll retreat to my own kennel for good."

"Suppose you had no kennel?" said Effie.

"Circumstances alter cases, I suppose. But I'd try to hunt a sty of some description in which to house myself," was the reply.

"O, Herbert! I wish we had a little house, where we could live together and go to school," said Effie.

"We must earn something to live upon first, my dear little philosopher."
Herbert was admonished by the restlessness of the oxen that he must not be idle, and with a promise to meet his sister at noon, he went on with his work.
"I tell you," said Eliza, "the would-be aristocracy of our famous cities are many of them too nice to associate with their betters. Mrs. Morton hired Lucy Jouson to do her work and wait upon her children. The girl had never been out to service before, and committed the unpardonable sin of seating herself at the family table. Mrs. Morton ordered her to wait until the family, children and all, had finished their repast. She did as directed; but instead of eating the leftovers, when the rest left the table, she prepared herself an extra tea. Mrs. Morton scolded, and she replied with an innocent look, 'I thought your supper was nice enough for me, but you

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appeared to think it wasn't, so I am preparing the best the larger affords. Don't be concerned about me; I shall do nicely." Mrs. Morton was unwittingly, and turned her off for spite. Mother was glad to engage her services, and she has lived with us for more than a year. I don't know what I'll do when she gets married; but pa says I'm big and homely enough to help do the work, and I suppose I am."

"Mr. Munson is very kind, and I am going to try to stand it at his house for a year for his sake and Allie's," said Effie.
"Maybe I would!" was the sarcastic reply.

The winding notes of the dinner horn echoed through the hills and valleys, and sounded musically over the farmer's broad fields.

"How I love the exhilarating life of the country. It is so different from the enervating, in-door existence of a pent-up town, that I dread the thought of returning to artificial life," exclaimed Effie, as she was joined by her brother, who was driving his oxen to the barn.

"Sister, I am going to the mines," said Herbert. "This plodding existence don't suit me. The Rogue River diggings are all the rage now, and if you can stay in the city without me for one year, I will return with gold enough to set you out in style. Before I go, however, I must try and hunt a home for you where you will be contented. My time here will be out this week, and I will then try what I can do."

"Never mind me, brother. I can stay at Mr. Munson's while you are gone. It's very kind, and if I do get a scolding occasionally from his wife, I can endure it if I know that you are making a raise for the 'good time coming.'"

"Very well. I can stand it if you can; but I would much rather see you more pleasantly situated, if possible."

Mr. Crandall's house was the abode of kindness and hospitality. The ample board was loaded with the best beef, butter, fruit and vegetables of the season, and the stiff "upper ten" manners that Effie had seen in city life were modified by agreeable chat, and the desire of the host and his lady to make their guests feel at home.

The house was a characteristic specimen of Oregon mansions in general, being a large two-story building, with upper and lower verandas, many windows, and of durable workmanship. Most of the rooms were unfurnished, but the clean, well-polished floors, and the fire-places filled with green oak bushes, surrounded by numerous flower-pots, gave a refreshing appearance to the otherwise undecorated rooms.

"We intend to have furniture some day; but we do not need such things badly enough to mortgage our possessions to obtain them. We might spend five thousand dollars for furniture, at the rate it sells in this country, and then we couldn't hardly see it in this house," said Mrs. Crandall, whose practical good sense illustrates the principles and theories entertained by many wives of pioneer farmers.

The visit, like all other pleasant things, came to a close, and when Effie took a seat in the buggy, with Allie in