

L. T. Reynolds

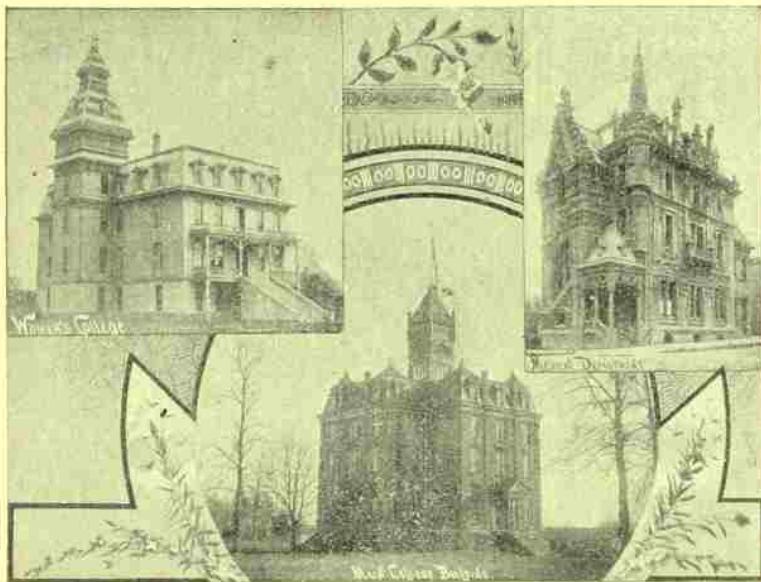
# WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

VOL. 4

SALEM, OREGON, MAY, 1893.

NO 8

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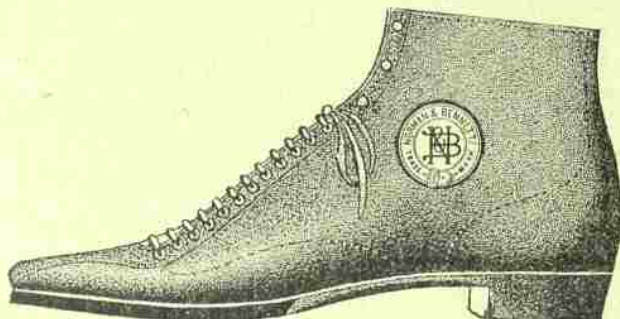
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# WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

VOL. 4.

SALEM, OREGON, MAY, 1893.

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## Willamette Collegian.

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THE COLLEGIAN is published monthly during the College year in the interest of education in general by the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Societies of the Willamette University.

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Students and graduates, and all others interested in higher education or our Public Schools are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and general information, relating to these subjects.

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second-class matter.

## Poetry.

### A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

VERNA L. LEEMAN.

The wild waves lashed the shore cliffs  
When a storm raged on the deep.  
That night they rippled softly,  
And moaned as a babe asleep.

I wandered down at night fall  
Where a tiny boat lay hid.  
[The tide washed beach gleamed whitely,  
The darkening rocks amid.]

I loosed the cord that held it,  
And drifted out from the land.  
The while, a light breeze stealing  
'Cross the glimmering stretch of sand.

I lay back on the cushion  
My young heart restless and hot;  
A fever of discontent  
At the hardness of my lot.

Overhead, the sky of ebon  
Attuned with my thoughts of gloom.  
The clouds in rolling masses  
Crossed the night path of the moon.

The frowning face of Heaven,  
Making black as ink the sea;  
Of my dark, hopeless future  
Emblematic seemed to me.

But as I watched and waited  
Stirring not a foot nor hand  
Sudden, the storm clouds parted,  
As if by a magic wand.

A flood of light outpoured,  
As a window opened wide  
Reveals a scene of beauty  
To the hungry child outside.

And 'gainst the silv'ry background,  
A misty veil of light  
Half hid the face of an angel  
And the floating robes of white.

And mingled with the murmur  
Of the water's gentle flow,  
I heard a pensive whisper  
Sighing, sad and sweet and low.

My restless heart was calmer,  
My fevered brow grew cool,  
The holy peace of Heaven  
Filled with joy, my darkened soul.

The white robed vision slowly  
Slowly faded from my sight,  
And the world was clothed in glory  
That beauteous summer night.

### AN APRIL APPEAL.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,  
Give us July again, just for to-night,  
Summer return and bless us once more,  
Give us the bright cheery sunshine of yore;  
Let thy bright rays beam down warmly again,  
Send to the sad-hearted children of men  
Skies never clouded but still blue and clear—  
Summer come back to our valley so dear.

Backward, turn backward, O season of rain,  
Why do you thus without mercy remain,  
Causing us mortals discomfort widespread,  
Giving us grippe and a cold in the head?  
Rather, by far, we'd endure extreme heat,

Dust though it brings to lie deep in the street;  
Ever we yearn for thy soon drawing near—  
Summer come back to our valley so dear.

Backward, swing backward, ye dark dreary nights;  
Summer's long evenings have many delights;  
Oft we would play at baseball with the nine,  
Or, with our rackets, step back to our line,  
Yielding to pleasure and pastime an hour  
Fraught with exertion of muscular power;  
Nay, but the falling of rain we now hear—  
Summer come back to our valley so dear.

Backward, roll backward, ye days, damp and cold,  
Grant us the picnics and rides as of old;  
Oft we would go to the coast with our tent,  
Or to the mountains, on health hunting bent,  
Leaving the city with all its turmoil,  
Laying aside all our worry and toil;  
But for the present the weather holds drear—  
Summer come back to our valley so dear.

Backward, fly backward, ye slow-passing weeks,  
Give us a change from thy multiple freaks;  
Mud now lies deep in our gutters and streets,  
Spattering slush at the crosswalk one meets;  
Moisture above and more moisture below  
Causes our webs and our moss fast to grow,  
Giving our elders in that line a peer—  
Summer come back to our valley so dear.

Backward, leap backward, to summer again,  
Send all the gods of the rain to their den;  
Grant us the light—yes, the life-giving light,  
Shed it abroad, O great Sol, in thy might,  
Op'ning the buds and unfolding the leaves,  
Bringing the harvest with large golden sheaves;  
Ah, but the sound of the rain strikes our ear—  
Summer come back to our valley so dear.

April 10, 1893.

A. W. PRESCOTT.

## Editorial.

Students generally do not realize the importance of arranging their work systematically until after several years of hard study have been passed through.

If when they enter the preparatory department they would make for themselves a schedule of their daily routine and govern themselves accordingly, much of the hard, unsatisfactory work of those first years when they are, as it were, learning how to study, would be avoided, and a habit of being me-

thodical in all things would be formed, which would not only enable them to do more work in school but would become a part of the character and prove invaluable in after life.

It will be observed that the successful student, perhaps unconsciously, follows a certain order and does not allow his work to collect about him.

Frequently among students who do not have too many lessons, you will hear the complaint "I have not time enough" at the suggestion of outside work which really is the most practical part of their education. This is usually caused by lack of method.

Some say it is best to study the lessons in the order of recitation, but this is often impracticable.

A schedule sometimes suggested is as follows:

A lesson before breakfast. A fifteen minutes walk after school, then whatever miscellaneous work one may have on hand, after which the other lessons should follow.

However, the same order seldom suits any two persons, but each should work according to some certain plan if he wishes to succeed and have his work prepared on time.

\* \* \*

Should the students of a college be represented in the faculty?

In some colleges the regulations for the students are made and enforced by a body of the students who are appointed for that purpose. The colleges of Oregon are not of sufficient strength to warrant this at present, but we believe it would give mutual satisfaction, if a student from the college department were to be appointed to represent the student body in the faculty. It would enable the faculty better to view any question under discussion from the standpoint of pupil as well as teacher.

\* \* \*

We publish in this issue the story receiv-

ing the first prize offered by Patton Bros. for the best story. The judges appointed for examining the stories were Mrs. Cochran, Prof. Scriber and Prof. W. C. Hawley. We have not heretofore published any stories but hope that an interest will be created in this field, and that the students will become proficient in this department.

\* \* \*

The June number of the COLLEGIAN will be issued immediately after commencement and will contain a full account of the exercises, and many things of interest to the friends of the university. Students and friends of the institution can benefit their friends who expect to attend school next year, by sending them copies of the commencement number. Two copies will be sent to any address for twenty-five cents.

\* \* \*

Mistakes in printing are frequently noticed after it is too late to make corrections. In the quotation at the top of page 8 of the April issue, the verse reading "Bathes and kindles, mapping in its cloud," should be "Gathers and kindles, wrapping in its cloud."

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## Literary.

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### AN ADVENTURE.

BY EDITH FRIZZELL.

(This story was awarded the first prize in the competition for best story.)

TOM.

Tom Greshman was a tall, fair-complexioned young man, about twenty-two years of age. He possessed a blonde mustache and blue eyes. He was free hearted, upright, full of fun, and a member of the junior class in college. He had no relatives, had made his own way in the world, and during vacation

was overseer of a salmon cannery near a quiet little bay on the Pacific ocean.

ME.

I was just a little country school teacher, dark complexioned, with brown eyes and hair, not at all pretty, but energetic and daring. I was nineteen last April. My folks lived in the same town that Tom's college was in, but we had never seen each other till we met at the resort near the cannery, a place where the summer hotel had not yet intruded, but where people brought their tents and gave themselves up to healthful enjoyment.

PART I.

Time was hanging heavily over me one morning as I walked to and fro along the shore. I had explored every nook and by-path, seen every place of interest, and now, like a child wearied of its toys and crying for the moon, I gazed at Manitou Rock, longing to visit it and overcome tradition by carving my name on its summit.

The idea seemed to take possession of me. So, seeing Tom and a fisherman coming down the beach with their oars and prepared to fish while on the bay, I called to know if they would not take me to the rock; then I could explore it while they fished; but the fisherman said the distance was much greater than it appeared, and also that it was inaccessible.

On every side were strong currents. On the north a boat coming within its clutches would be dashed to pieces, while on the south an outward current was so strong that one could not pull against it. Nevertheless, Tom was struck with the idea of approaching as near as we dared, and was determined that I should sketch the rock from the farther side. So, hastening to the tent, I put up a dinner, at the same time throwing in a few pieces for a later lunch, because the tide was now going out and we could not return until it set inward at evening, then gathering up my

sketch-book and pencils from out the cracker box I returned to the beach and we set out.

Tom and I threw out trolling lines and during the first two hours enjoyed ourselves fishing for salmon trout, till a goodly number lay floundering and gasping in the bottom of the boat. The sun now had reached its height and poured down upon us its hottest rays. Tom took the oars to relieve the fisherman whom we begged for a story.

He told the legend of the rock before us, how the Indians said that once a great chief lived on the little bay, that he was very good and strong. The Manitou loved him so much that he came to earth and lived with him. He married the chief's daughter and inhabited the rock which no mortal dared approach except the strong, beautiful maidens of the tribe whom he chose to carry to his sacred habitation.

He came to the mainland every time the moon showed all of its face and then the Indians brought him skins, gold, corn, and everything he might designate, that they might keep his favor, that their forests might be full of game, and their corn abundant.

Finally he came one time when the people were all sick and dying fast. They blamed him and would not give what he asked. He went back and was never seen again. The plague broke up the tribe, and those who were left moved away; for they said the great Manitou had sickened of the disease and cursed all the region inhabited by their people.

When he had finished his story we had reached the desired view, so, resting on our oars, I began to sketch. The fisherman fell asleep while Tom tired of watching me, took a book from his pocket and read until I had completed my picture, then thinking we might as well take all the views while we had the opportunity, he rowed to another position. We noticed that the boat glided quite easily but that I might obtain a full

outline of the great towering point he pulled a little farther. Then the current suddenly became strong, he tried to row across but it grew stronger and stronger. I woke the fisherman, and Tom in his fright dropped one of the oars as he handed them over.

My heart leaped when I saw it fall into the water and quickly pass beyond our reach. There we were with but one oar, the current bearing us faster and faster towards the rock and death. Tom's face was set and white as marble, with his eyes fixed in a dazed stare before him. The fishermen with a hollow, despairing moan, such as would make your blood curdle to hear, threw himself into the bottom of the boat, while I stood bent forward, my gaze riveted as by magnetism upon the rock and my hands convulsively clutching each other till the nails cut the flesh. Then just before us, I saw a deep black opening in the rock. Horror of horrors! Our boat was pointing straight towards it. We were not to be suddenly dashed to pieces in the sunlight but to be carried into the dark terrible hole, and there to go down among the slimy sea worms. As I stood there a panorama, as it were, of my whole life passed before me, distinct, complete. I thought of my dear mother at home, little-dreaming of my danger, of my sisters at camp, how they would grieve, and then, there was a hollow roaring sound, and I seemed to see my baby angel brother extending his tiny hands to me when a shadow fell over us, and I fainted away.

#### PART II.

When I revived I was lying on a hard, damp floor, all was semi-darkness and indistinct. my first thought was:

Can this be hell? Yes, there is the fire over there and some one stooping over it. Then I moved and the figure raised up and came forward with something in its hand. Tom stood before me, his hair white

as snow, with a cup of hot water and whisky, I drank it and dropped to sleep again. When I woke I felt quite refreshed and in full possession of my senses, though somewhat stiff. Rising immediately I found the room to be low and large. On one side was an arch, beyond which I could hear the roar of water. Near by lay our boat and fish. In the center was a smouldering fire and at the end rose an irregular stairway through which the light entered. As I drew near it, there came the sound of voices and ascending I found Tom and the fisherman looking from a window and talking.

The room was large and the roof was supported by four rows of pillars about twelve feet apart. At one end and hewn in the rock was a niche and a stone seat set on a platform one foot higher than the floor. Ten deep set windows admitted the light and revealed bows, arrows, axes and clubs also the immense antlers of deer and elk, strings of bears claws and shells hung about the walls.

Above the niche and in the spaces between the windows, crosses were carved while rough figures were cut on some of the pillars. Over the floor were strewn pieces wood and crumbled rock. Near the entrance a bird had died and his feathers were tossed about by every gust of wind. In general the apartment had the appearance of an assembly room.

I crossed to the window and found the men talking over plans for escape; but discovering my presence, they tried to look cheerful, and suggested that we explore our new-found castle. So, ascending another flight of stairs, we found ourselves in a long hall, off of which on one side opened nine small, square rooms; in the corner of each lay a pile of what had once been the skins of wild animals. The middle room was double the size of the others; it contained a platform about two feet high for the bed, a

bench under the window on which sat a large earthen vase, and in one corner stood a tall, slender cross.

It was now becoming dark, and this room being more sheltered from the wind than the others, we brought coals from below (for we feared to waste our matches), built a fire, ate a portion of our lunch and then lay down to rest, and owing to the excitement of the day we were soon fast asleep.

In the morning we awoke to the full realization of our situation, though somewhat sore and stiff from our hard couches. Tom remarked that we could not do much planning on an empty stomach. So we set about getting breakfast. He cleaned the fish and I roasted them on a hot stone where the fire had been. They were not good without either salt or grease, but better than nothing. These, with a biscuit apiece, sufficed for breakfast.

Tom and the fisherman went down to the boat to view the possibilities of escaping from our prison, while I, girl like, sat down and cried. Finally, drying my eyes, I descended to the assembly room, as we called it, and found them starting on a tour of exploration, for escape from the place of our entrance seemed impossible, yet we thought the former inhabitants must have had some way of passing to and from the main-land. First we descended a long flight of stairs, then ascended a short flight; here we found a good sized room, with three stone tables, several millstones, mortars and pestles of various sizes, axes, and several frames which might have been used as looms, also several large bins woven like baskets, and a great amount of coarse crockery. This room we took to be the kitchen, from the character of its contents and the large sunken place in the floor where fires had been built.

From this room we emerged into an open place about one hundred feet in circumference, covered with grass and gulls' nests.

On one side near the kitchen door stood several stunted trees, and a tall, weather-beaten pine. From here we could see that the rock was perpendicular on every side; toward the main-land rose a tower three hundred feet in height, with deep-cut windows. That part of the rock on which we were standing stretched out irregularly behind the tower and was about two hundred feet above the sea; therefore it was quite evident that escape from the outside of the rock was impossible.

Our only hope now lay in the discovery of a place of exit made from some of the rooms below.

Seeing an arch apparently sheltered by the trees, we entered, but found only a long, narrow hall, on both sides of which were about a hundred small rooms similar to those found above.

The fisherman, in despair, went down to the boat, and Tom and I began to search for a place of exit.

#### PART III.

In the assembly room was discovered a small doorway behind the stone chair in the niche. We entered and found it to be a small room, in one corner was a stone couch upon which lay the skeleton of a man. He wore on his bony limbs many bracelets and anklets, on each side of the skull lay a heavy wheel-like ear-ring and round the neck was a chain of golden beads about four yards long to which was attached a small crucifix, while the fleshless fingers clasped a rosary.

The floor had been covered with rugs and in the corner opposite the couch, above a series of steps was a golden cross about a foot and a half high, at each side were two small vases. From this we supposed the sleeper was a Catholic, and had worshiped here.

Next we turned to a table on which sat a wooden box and several broad bricks. In the box we found Indian trinkets of gold, a

small compass, and three English coins bearing the dates 1473-'81 and '90. We were now deeply interested as to the history of the inhabitants, and turned eagerly to the bricks, wondering what use they had served. They were thin and flat, the first one Tom picked up was blank, but the next contained writing which we began to read and found to be old English which was to me as incomprehensible as Sanskrit; but Tom had read Chaucer some and said it read about as follows:

In the year of our Lord 1497, I, Edward Smith, sailed with John Cabot, and while exploring the coast of what Cabot called Tartary I was captured by the people, who thought us to be gods, and sold from tribe to tribe until Pow-ko-was purchased me. I then lived several years with him and married his daughter.

I told her so much about England that she begged me to go back to heaven, as she called it, and take her with me. So longing to see civilization again, I prepared a raft, took on board a large amount of food and at night set sail. We drifted near this rock, and were drawn by its current into the tunnel, but the boat being broad, lodged in the narrow channel; we scrambled into the cave but decided that we preferred death by water to slow starvation. So lifting our boat across the narrow place we were hurled outward with as great rapidity as we had been drawn inward. Then as we floated back to land I conceived the idea of dwelling on the rock alone with my family. Since I was held as a god and the rock was considered unapproachable it would be comparatively easy to accomplish.

The next night I made a landing in the tunnel by placing a large, flat, inclined stone across the channel, the lower edge being below the surface of the water in such a manner that our flat bottomed boats coming

in with great force would run high up the landing.

Each succeeding night we worked till two small chambers were hewn out. Then we gathered together all our belongings so that not a trace was left behind and came here.

Afterward I visited the tribe once every month and demanded whatever I desired as a propitiatory offering, and the strongest maiden of the tribe as a price for the bestowal of plenty. These girls I employed to hew out the rock, until now in my old age I have a dwelling fit for a real god, but I am getting very old and my son must soon follow me.

At this place the handwriting changed, apparently the son made in large illformed letters the following short record:

My father visited the Indians and returned with the plague. I have buried one after another of our household in the sea, and now I feel the fever on my own brow. 'I go to my father shortly.'

There it ended, then with a bound of joy, yet scarcely believing escape possible, we ran down to the old Fisherman who sat, the picture of despair, staring at the boat.

We told him what we had read. He would not believe it, but went to see if the outer current was as described. He looked a different man when he returned and said that it was true.

Then in our joy we knelt down and with bursting hearts gave thanks to God.

It was then about twelve o'clock and we could not set out till the tide turned at four, so we returned to the grassy spot which we now laughingly called the court yard, and prepared dinner, which consisted only of gulls' eggs boiled in a stone basin from the kitchen.

After dinner Tom and I roamed about the rooms, collected several quaint vases, the wooden box and bricks, these we placed in the boat and the remaining two hours I

spent in sketching the rooms, while Tom and the Fisherman made a pair of oars. Then glad but trembling we stepped into the boat and were carried rapidly from our prison.

It was dusk when we reached the shore and were greeted like ghosts or evil spirits. Every one stared at Tom's white hair and could not believe our story until each had examined for himself the bricks and trinkets, and proved that Tom's hair was not powdered.

My sisters had gone home to mother and a messenger was dispatched to the folks immediately to tell them of our existence.

Of course our singular adventure was published far and near. On our return to the city Tom's class-mates gave us a grand reception, and formed a company to search for the treasures that must have been collected from the Indians and concealed there by the old sailor.

#### A VISIT TO A CACAO PLANTATION.

BY "MIZPAH."

"Indeed you must see a planters home, and a cacao estate before you leave Ceylon," quoth our genial host, one bright morning in the golden October days, as a merry party of us idly lounged in the great easy bamboo chairs, with which every verandah in the Orient is provided, there are also little tables for tea, and palm leaf fans. As the beauty of the little city of Kandy, nestled in the lap of the lovely green mountains of the sea girt isle was growing quite familiar to us after a month's sojourn, we hailed with pleasure the prospect of an outing to Pallakellie, the largest cacao (chocolate) estate on the island of Ceylon and a most charming drive it was, past the beautiful ornamental lake made by the Kandyan kings over a hundred years ago, near the celebrated Buddhist temple known as the "Dalada Mali-

gawa," or "Temple of the Tooth," (in which is enshrined this alleged relic of Buddha) past pretty picturesque bungalows, so sheltered by beautiful trees and shrubs, and curtained in clinging green and blooming vines, as to be scarcely visible; through native villages, where the inhabitants were busily engaged in drying wild coffee; Along a beautifully smooth wide road, over which we bowled swiftly and merrily, the glinting sunbeams turning into vivid golden-green the lovely foliage of this luxuriant forest; fleeting glimpses are obtained of tea plantations perched airily on some mountain side; and now a lovely picture is before us; far away and below us flows the shining river Mahaveli-ganga winding in and out, like a silver thread among the varied shades of the rich and brilliant foliage, of this wonderfully beautiful tropical woodland; beyond the green hills, crested with Australian gum trees, and sheltered by the purple blue mountains; overhead float pearl-grey clouds, and there are the pretty terraced rice fields, with their soft delicate green, vivified by the gay "Tamil" costumes, worn by the native women and children, who were merrily weeding the tender young rice. Great grey boulders frown down on us, partly screened by scraggy shrubs, and dotted by moss and lichen. Numerous Coolies are clearing the steep hillsides preparatory to converting them into thriving tea plantations. Owing to the virulent attack's of leaf fungus (*Himilia vastatrix*) many of the former great coffee estates, in this part of the Island have failed, and are now being utilized as tea and cacao plantations.

Arriving at the river, in whose cool depths many natives are wading, bathing and splashing in great glee; a native boatman speedily ferries us across in the most primitive ferry boat, and we are landed in a splendid cacao estate of 1300 acres, in highest

state of cultivation, we are driven through a wilderness of cacao trees with their ruby-colored corrugated fruit growing along the body and branches of the trees, and are about the size of a small nutmeg melon, are egg-shaped and grow with the large end of the cacao to the stem, and are very pretty among the dark green, velvet looking leaves. There are many coffee bushes growing among the cacao trees, some with red and green berries, others with small, clustering, fragrant white flowers; both Arabian and Liberian coffee are growing here.

On through a small forest of beautiful Cera or Brazilian rubber trees, with graceful drooping branches, and pale delicate green leaves; very lovely they are in some places, where the branches meet on either side and form a green leafy canopy through which the sunlight trembles with subdued glow. Now our way is brodered by pretty Sapan trees, the fine foliage very like that of the American locust tree; the Sapan is cultivated here for the dye it produces, similar to that of the logwood. Here, also, are the vanilla beans growing and clambering in rank luxuriance over great trellises, from which hang in tangled confusion the long, slender, glossy, dark green pods the extract of which is so highly prized.

The store houses next claim our attention, long, low, white buildings in a sheltered glen, with huge sheds under which are the large wagons and numerous carts used on this plantation; and the neat and extensive drying grounds give evidence of thrift and wise control, and there are very comfortable looking native huts for the coolies, 500 of whom are employed on this estate. Arriving at the pretty cosy bungalow, built on a great green knoll, shaded by tropical trees and beautified by crotons, palms, and flowering shrubs. We are delighted with the wide cool verandah, festooned in blooming vines, and made comfortable and attractive

by cushioned bamboo easy chairs, rare potted plants, singing birds and the latest books and periodicals.

In a little nook of the verandah, under a pretty stained window draped by a fine wisteria with its "profuse tresses of rich amethyst blossoms" stood a quaint rustic table, the sides and legs formed of knotted coffee shrubs, the top of dark, rich veined Albiganian wood, and ornamented with an odd, delicate china tea set, delicious hot buns, fresh, sweet butter, golden honey and fragrant Ceylon tea were soon served. The genial planters are noted throughout this Eastern world for their frank, graceful hospitality. The dainty drawing-room, with its rich, dark, highly polished floor, covered here and there by beautiful oriental rugs, with now and then tiger and leopard skins; pretty little foreign tables, paintings, books, flowers, rare and lovely curios and a handsome piano told of the culture and refinement of the inmates. From here we saw a charming panorama of mountain, hill and valley clothed in the rich and changing hues of green, russet and golden brown. Here and there flamed out a brilliant glow from the wild cotton tree. Just below, down a winding flower-decked foot-path, was a fine tennis court surrounded by lovely shrubs and flowers—a wealth of beauty and perfume. There, too, was the pretty, quaint summerhouse where the tennis players had their afternoon tea, its red tiled roof and sides screened by passion flowers and convolvulus; two of its great stone pillars are of solid old monoliths beautifully and curiously carved in the ancient Buddhist style; they are over four hundred years old and originally belonged to the bath-house connected with the grand palace of a Kandyan king.

Connected with this plantation, and under successful cultivation, are a hundred acres of tobacco.

But the lengthening shadows creeping

across our path warn us to turn our faces Kandyward, and we bid our pleasant host good-by as the fair, mellow afternoon waned into evetide and the crimson rays of the setting sun kissed the fleecy billows of cloud-field into a glowing salmon-pink, and the vast expanse of earth and sky are veiled in the soft, tender tones that deepen until the somber mountains and the slopes of the green hillsides seem turned to molten gold, and the jagged surface of the gray rocks are softened into a perfect harmony of lovely tints and shades. Only the clear light of the silent stars and the flash of the glow-worm lighten the homeward drive.

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### Local and Personal.

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Hal Hibbard witnessed chapel exercises recently.

Miss Connie Hawley is visiting in town.

It may interest the friends of N. M. Newport to know that he expects to return in June to take the degree A. M.

The Spa is the largest Confectionery house in the City.

Miss Mary Magee came back to Willamette the 17th ult., and was present at chapel.

Miss Sue Harrington, of the class of '90, who went to Singapore as a missionary last fall, was married to a missionary to China, not long since.

Take you girl to the Spa and enjoy an Ice Cream Soda in a private booth.

We were glad to have three of the trustees, General Odell, Mr. Smith and Mr. Roork, visit several of the classes on the 5th inst.

Miss Winters' recitation, Thursday, completed the list of chapel rhetoricals for the term.

Ice Cream Soda every day at the Spa.

One of the members of the Theism class

failed to maintain her dignity in recitation, recently, because she had heard too frequently quoted, the fact that "The past vanishes beyond recall."

One of our most dignified college students evidently believes in putting the rules—at least that one in relating to walking with young ladies,—into effect at all times, even during the march in chapel; for he generally manages to keep about two steps ahead.

Water Ice at the Spa. Try it.

The delegates to the Y. W. C. A. convention held at Forest Grove were Misses Alderson and Geer and Dean Hansee. They bring back glowing reports of the work of the convention and enthusiasm for the carrying on of the work.

At a business meeting held not long since the following officers of the Y. W. C. A. were elected for the ensuing year: President, Cora Winters; Vice President, Anna Alderson; Recording Secretary, Edith Frizzell; Corresponding Secretary, Adda Irwin; Treasurer, Helen Mathews.

Miss Mabel Janes has returned home, her school at Woodburn having closed.

Miss Rosa Moore a graduate from the teachers' course in '91, witnessed chapel exercises the 20th ult.

Everybody goes to the Spa for fine Candy.

A prize of ten dollars has been offered by Dr. Hall for the best Greek oration. There are six competitors for the prize. The one to whom it is awarded, will have a place on the commencement program.

B. L. Steeves was the first of the class of '91 to get married. His wife was Miss Sarah Hunt, who also, had been a student of Willamette.

An important recital was given at the conservatory last Fridsy evening.

Patton Bros. for Stationery.

The oratorical contest which is to take place soon promises to be of unusual interest. The contestants are Misses Frizzell and Marsh, and Messrs J. Reynolds, Field and Hume.

Try the natural Wilhoit water at the Spa.

The prize offered by the Collegian for two short stories were awarded Thursday, Miss Edith Frizzell receiving first prize and Mr. Stafford, second.

President Whitaker reports the commencement of the Willamette Medical college, which occurred in Portland, in April as one of great interest. There were six graduates.

Fine Ice Cream Soda at the Spa.

The finest Candies can be found at the Spa.

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"SMALL TALK ABOUT BUSINESS." By A. E. Rice. A Banker's Hints for Men and Women. Published by the Fremont Publishing Company, Fremont, Ohio. 60 pages. Paper, 40 cents. cloth, 75 cents. Sent by mail, postage paid. Inex circulars free.

Books upon business topics are common enough, but we have seen none so practically helpful to all classes as this. It appeals to the old, middle aged and young, telling them just what they want to know concerning every-day business affairs. It is receiving high commendation from many prominent men, and is a book that should be in the hands of every man and woman. The book has a pretty appearance—a gem of the printers' art.

The United States has a less percentage of blind people than any other country in the world.

It is estimated that there are in Japan workable seams containing 700,000,000 tons of coal, equal in commercial value to Australian coal.

The linen manufactured yearly in England could be wrapped around the earth seven times.

At Quito the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun rises and sets at six o'clock the year round.

All the newspapers in Vancouver, British Columbia recently suspended publication in consequence of a printers' strike.

Among the educated whites in Alabama there is a popular superstition that if a colored person kisses a baby twice on the mouth the teething period will be easy to the child.

The Emperor of China's English studies advance rapidly, much to the disgust of the Conservative Court officials opposed to Western ideas. His Majesty is also learning French.

The State Insurance Company enjoys the unlimited confidence of the citizens of the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, to which it confines its business, as is shown by the fact that the citizens of these states patronize it much more extensively than any other company. That this is merited, and its claim that it "cannot be burned out" proved true, is shown by the fact that its losses were light in each of the three great conflagrations of Seattle, Ellensburg and Spokane Falls, where it paid all losses in full and in cash before any other company.

It is a matter worthy of note by those seeking a good company with which to place their risks, that in the matter of re-insurance reserve the "State" has more than all the other companies north of San Francisco combined, every dollar of which is held for the protection of its policy holders. There are a number of features in favor of the "State" that especially recommend it to the consideration of the people of Oregon, Washington and Idaho in preference to any other company doing business on the coast. First, it is very careful in taking risks, writing nothing but the better class in the field.

The managers of the company, through years of practical experience, are able to judge which are the best class of risks and which are unsafe. That the management has succeeded admirably in the successful carrying out of this idea is attested by the low loss records of the company.

During the past seven years it has issued over 40,000 policies to the people of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and is at present doing a business the receipts of which are nearly \$200,000 per year; yet out of this vast amount of business its per cent of losses to premiums received have been less than any other company.

The careful and conservative management of the company has increased its financial strength to a wonderful extent, so that it can justly claim to be one of the most solid financial institutions on the Pacific coast.

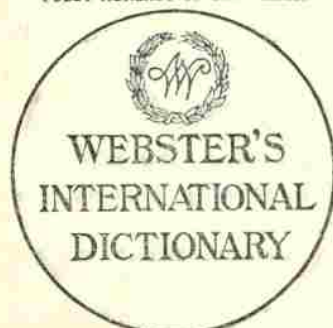
*To be continued.*

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Did you ever learn what fabulous results grew out of the manufacture by Mr. Noyes of an ornamental stand to hold the dictionary? The story reads like a fable, but to tell it one must ask another question: Have you ever noticed the advertisement of the Aermotor Company, which starts out as follows:

**45 sold in '88**  
**2,288 sold in '89**  
**6,268 sold in '90**  
**20,049 sold in '91**  
**60,000 will be sold in '92**

A Steel Windmill and Steel Tower every 3 minutes. These figures tell the story of the ever-growing, ever-going, everlasting Steel Aermotor. Where one goes others follow, and we "Take the Country."

Well, that establishment belongs to La Verne W. Noyes, and the means with which it was built up until it is the third largest near of steel in the West (being only exceeded by two of the great Harvester companies) was wholly furnished by the Dictionary Holder business. This brings us back to the Holder, and suggests inquiry as to how it took and held and still holds the field, increasing rapidly from year to year. The secret of that success is this: Mr. Noyes has made a most perfect, artistic and meritorious article, and has maintained a high standard of excellence and supplied the article at a low price. The merit of these Dictionary Holders has been so great that they literally sold themselves, and in such great quantities that a small profit on each one has made the result above mentioned. They have gone to almost every habitable portion of the globe, even to the remote islands of the sea, and are kept by all bookkeepers.

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Tuition ranges from \$8 to \$18 per term, according to course of study and length of term.

Board and room rent \$3 per week. Tuition, board and room rent will be furnished at \$150 per year.

Students can enter at any time and pay for the time they are in school.

### CALENDAR.

Fall Term ends.....December 22, 1892  
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Spring Term begins.....March 28, 1893

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