NEW ENGLAND BANQUET

Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania Celebrates Forefathers' Day.

FEAST AT HOTEL TERRACE

Was the Ninth Annual Banquet of the Society—Many Attended from Wilkes-Barre, Carbondale and Honesdale—Speakers of Note.

The ninth annual banquet of the New England society of Northeastern Pennsylvania was held last night in the Hotel Terrace. It was the first function of the kind since the discarding of the old name "New England Society of Lackawanna County," and the wisdom of the change was indicated by the presence of a large number of guests and members from Honesdale, Wilkes-Barre, Carbondale and other towns outside the limits of this county.

Like all such affairs it was not without its disappointment. Rev. Dr. G. Parsons Nichols, of Binghamton, an eloquent speaker, a patriot and a prime favorite in this region, where he is well-known, was unable to be present. He had been slated to respond to the toast "New England Thought in the Religious Life of Our Country," but a sudden illness kept him away, and prevented his notifying the society until yesterday, too late to make any advance formal announcement of who would assume his toast. His place was creditably filled by Rev. Dr. C. E. Robinson, of the Second Presbyterian church.

The officers of the society are: Theodore Strong, of Pittston, president; E. B. Sturges, vice-president; J. H. Fisher, secretary; A. C. Fuller, treasurer; committee of arrangements, E. L. Fuller, Homer Green, of Honesdale; J. Alton Davis, Archibald F. Law, and J. H. Fisher, trustees; Frank E. Platt, Isaac L. Post and A. G. Gilmore.

Very Successful Affair.

As of its eight predecessors it might have been written of the ninth banquet that "it was the most successful ever held by the society," which is a fact and is not thrown in as a platitude. Everything conspired to make the event what it was intended it should be—a distinct success; the weather, the attendance, the details of its management and the present little controversy with Great Britain—a common topic of individual discussion—all tended to make the banquet grand and bring out the sturdy and Puritan patriotism at least in sentiment and quality.

The speakers were: Hon. Theodore Strong, president of the society; Dr. Robinson, A. J. Colborn, jr., Hon. Charles D. Foster, of Wilkes-Barre; Theron G. Osborne, of Greenwood; E. B. Sturges and Rev. Dr. James McLeod.

Although 8 o'clock was the hour announced for the feast proper, the members and guests began arriving in almost a continuous stream at 7.30 o'clock, and when the dining room was occupied, over a hundred persons were present.

The members and guests mingled informally in the hotel parlors on the ground floor, where letters of regret were read by Secretary J. H. Fisher from Congressman Thomas B. Reed, Rev. Dr. Nichols, Thomas H. Atherton, Major Everett Warren, Henry A. Fuller, George S. Kimball and M. W. Stryker, president of Hamilton college.

Room Appropriately Decorated.

It was not long after 8 o'clock when the assemblage filed into the hotel dining room, whose only decoration was an appropriate one. American flags were arranged in clusters along the four walls, and the pillars were wound with the same emblems. Daintily shaded table lamps and green plants were set upon the tables. The main table was arranged like an open square with the opening facing the east side of the room and opposite the two main entrances; the inside space was occupied by three smaller tables.

Before being seated the blessing was asked by Rev. Dr. James McLeod, of the First Presbyterian church, and a flag, waved by the president, Theodore Strong, of Pittston, was saluted by three willing and deafening "hurrahs."

During the discussion of the menu five of Bauer's men from their position in the hallway, played such patriotic airs as "Hail Columbia," "America," "Yankee Doodle," "Red, White and Blue," "Dixie," "Marseilles," "John Brown," "Georgia" and "Star Spangled Banner." The menu was as follows:

The menu was as follows:

The Sway of Our Stomachs.
"Civilized man cannot live without cooks."
Menu

Grape Fruit
Blue Points
Salmon, Sauce Tartare Bouillon
Pommes, Parisienne
Cucumbers Olives Celery Radishes
Fillet of Beef
Baked Beans Mashed Potatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Roast Pig, Colonial Style
Lalla Rookh Punch Cigarettes
Salted Almonds
Pheasant Currant Jelly
Lettuce Salad
Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie Cider
Ice Cream Coffee
Camembert and Rochefort Cheese
Crackers
Cigars

The Feast of Reason Begins.

It was 10.30 o'clock when the feasters were lingering over cigars and coffee that President Strong arose and began his speech by saying he felt like the Irishman who was not "kilt intoirely," but was "spachless." President Strong, too, was nigh speachless by reason of the patriotic sentiment of the gathering. He referred to the presence of an unusual number of Wilkes-Barreans, which evoked applause, and more applause followed when he said the new acquisition to the ranks would bring an added loyalty and ability. He looked for a congregationalism of patriotic sentiment that would continue throughout the land and last forever. It exists everywhere throughout the United States, this democratic Puritanism. President Strong alluded to the death of two members during the year, John B. Smith and J. W. Peck. He spoke of the rottenness the Lexow and other investigating committees had recently revealed of municipalities. This fact suggests that there is a lack of robust Puritanism which shows that we have been living on the bones of our ancestors. We want more manliness and righteousness under the waistcoats of our young manhood; we must resist the tendency of the times, the tendency of the caviller—the jollifier. There is too much of Charles II. and too little of Cromwell; the ten commandments, I am sorry to say, do not seem to be in vogue. If the ten commandments rot out, our country will die—it ought to die. We must assert ourselves for regenerating ourselves and uplifting the race; it is necessary in view of the divergent interests of our country in race and calling.

What Would Happen Then.

The Sabbath and respect for law and order should be brought back. If Puritan virtues die out Sydney Smith's dream of London, an obsolete city, may come true; highly civilized persons of interior Africa may stand with map in hand amid the ruins of New York city, and then, like another Irishman, I will be dead and I won't be ashamed of it.

"New England Thought in the Religious Life of Our Country" was the toast intended for Dr. Nichols, of Binghamton, whose letter of regret was read earlier in the evening, but which was well treated by Rev. Dr. Charles E. Robinson, of the Second Presbyterian church. He said: "What a subject! 'New England thought in the religious life of our country!' I give it up; it is all outdoors, as wide as our country and as high as heaven. 'It's a condition and not a theory' that confronts me. Like the new wife who sewed up her husband's buttonhole because she couldn't find a button, I shall be forced to close the butonhole of my subject, because I cannot make a selection from the mass of material before me. There is one thing I can emphasize—this great New England principle of righteousness and freedom of worship. It has been the salvation of our country, and we are bound to use some of it in making this city, state and nation more of the type of God—that's my creed, gentlemen, and I propose to stand by it.

Hon. Charles D. Foster, of Wilkes-Barre, responded to the toast "In Our Jurisprudence." In the early history of New England its rudiment was Christianity. The teachings of our New England fathers have made this country what it is and it may make the world. It gave us a Blaine, for instance, whom I will stand against even Bismarck and I think if we had him in our present little difficulty with Great Britain we would not have to suffer the humility of seeing a necessity for having our honor defended." Mr. Foster was obliged to curtail his speech in order to catch a train.

Speech of A. J. Colborn, Jr.

The speech that most invited real enthusiasm of the patriotic sort was that of Attorney A.J. Colborn, jr., in response to the toast "New England in the History of Our Nation." He said:

The heritage of good deeds is mightier for a nation's defense than powerful armies. It builds empires and conquers the foes of freedom. In the dread time of war it makes soldiers and nerves them to battle for the right. The Republic takes pride in her great names. Though but a century old, our temple of fame has garnered so fast and so well within its mystic walls that for every exigency we have our mentor and for every peril our inspiration. Among the names there enshrined, none shine with more brilliancy, none with more glory, and none more worthy of reunion than those of New England and her sons.

Search the annals of history for centuries past and you will find on all its myriad pages no parallel to the colony founded by the Pilgrims and the Puritans. What was the mystery of its ever increasing and enduring strength? What carried it safely and triumphantly through all the perils, dangers and bloody trials of its early life? It was not military power, for soldiers it had none, save Miles Standish and his few. It was not monetary strength, for wealth it had not. It was not commercial greatness, for this it never possessed. Its grand superstructure was laid in deep and solid foundations of an unwavering faith in God and an earnest, sincere devotion to truth, justice and equality. A colony of strong men and brave women who cared not for bitter grief, keen disappointment nor throbbing pain—they had in them the fire that always leaped upward, and which in future ages, kindled the fires of freedom for liberty to enlighten the world.

It Was More Than a Century Ago.

It is more than a century since the men, who went forth to battle against tyranny and oppression and established a new nation among the governments of the world, returned to the walks of peace. It is more than a century since the soldiers of the revolution knelt upon the soil and pledged their sacred honor and their lives to the Declaration of Independence, and marched forward to seal their oaths with their blood. The tyrant's shot at Lexington marshaled every patriot. They came down from the hilltops, and up from the valleys, the streets of the towns and villages were deserted, the plows were left standing in the furrows, the workshops were closed, none lived for self, but all were resolved on liberty or death. The trials of that army have never been matched. Its sufferings were never equaled since the days of the great martyrs. Victory for a time ceased to perch upon its banners. There were patriot hearts bowed in the dust. Everywhere were doubting Thomases, unbelieving Saracens, discontented Catalines. But as the Danes once destroyed the hearing of their war steeds that they might not be frightened by the din of battle, so the men of that little army turned a deaf ear to all in the rear, and in tracks of blood at Valley Forge pushed boldly on for freedom's cause. They fought on until they saw their hopes fulfilled. They faltered not until they saw their banner waving over Yorktown, and a republic consecrated to freedom, liberty and independence. A just recital of the part New England took in that struggle would rise to the sublimity of an epic—without her, victory would not have been won, and liberty "would not have been proclaimed throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

A Conspicuous History.

The history of New England is a conspicuous portion of the history of our nation, and the sacred scroll on which it is written is securely lodged in the highest niche of the temple of fame. The first to shed its blood for freedom's cause at Lexington—the first to shed its blood for liberty and union in the streets of Baltimore, when treason's shot at Sumpter brought it to its feet with the old revolutionary war cry upon its lips. It gave to patriotism a Hancock and an Adams; to oratory a Webster and an Everett; to philosophy an Emerson; to history, a Bancroft; to poetry, a Bryant and a Lowell; to song, a Whittier and a Longfellow; to statesmanship, a Sumner; to humanity, a Wendell Phillips and a Lloyd Garrison, and to liberty a band of freedom's chosen sons. There stands its bright record—match it if you can—the world cannot surpass it! New England's glory is not confined, however, between the St. Croix river on the east, and the Harlem river on the west. Into the great commonwealths of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, and those of the far west her sons have gone. They have swept away the wilderness like grass before the mower, studded the once solitary rivers of the west with marts and cities, dotted its boundless prairies with human habitations, penetrated every green nook and vale, climbed every fertile ridge to help form new states in those vast, and at that time, thinly settled solitudes. From the rock bound coast and rugged mountain side, from quiet farms and busy villages, and from her thronging centers of culture and of trade, she has poured her eager sons along the path of every progress. From the elevating influence of her noble social systems, from her clustering churches, from her teeming school houses, from her free town meetings, they carried the impress of their New England origin, education, and character into every field which ambition dared to invade or human energy avail to conquer.

They Spread Good Wherever They Went.

What manner of men they were, who, born of Puritan stock and inheriting the energies and capacities of Puritan character, developed them in the free air and under the boundless horizon of the prairies, and amid the activity and vitality of pioneer and frontier life, we know and the whole world has realized. Carrying with them everywhere the mental and moral qualities of their New England mother, they developed them in scenes of more intense vitality and amid the struggles of larger elements of natural force. Thus they produced a race uniting in themselves almost every condition of physical, intellectual, and political development, a race which made a new and mighty element of power in the history of our nation challenging the attention and commanding the respect of the world. Their stern Puritanic mother had thrown them off each in turn, as the northern eagle soaring from his lofty eyrie shakes in mid-air her frightened fledglings from her back to try for themselves their new-grown pinions in the upward flight, and dare alone the splendor and danger of the sky. We see them among the earliest settlers of the west and northwest as soldiers in its defense, and as pioneers in its development; reaching at early periods prominent official positions; their strong character and natural ability swayed to their own views the principles and the actions of the people among whom they lived. In the halls of legislature they are soon heard and looked upon as the political champions, and leaders of public opinion. What a lustre this strong race of men from old New England stock has shed on the history of our nation! What great commonwealths of the west and northwest, where they chiefly settled, have they given to the union! Their history is the history of the states in which they have lived.

Truly Self Made Men.

By study of their character we find they were truly self-made men, shaped in a giant mould; of intense convictions, resistless will, and untiring perseverence; rough, rudely-cut diamonds, unpolished by culture of schools or graces of fashionable society. In strength, massive; in sense, surpassing; in mental force, subduing; in fidelity, steadfast; in patriotism, loyal and true; and in straightforward honesty, as transparent as the crystal which from every angle reflects the liquid light. Little did they care for theories—this all the speeches of their ablest representatives will show. Their history tells us how they toiled in the early years of their lives, and who, when the time came, wove their own personalities into the web of the national fabric. Their arguments were living things, their sentences were catapults. In everything they went straight to the core, and dealt with marrow, while flesh and bone were left to decay. They believed there was no true greatness, no greatness worthy of being perennially remembered, except that which embodied noble thoughts working towards a worthy end, recognizing at once the dignity of humanity and the worshipfulness of God, and endeavoring to coentwine in the execution of some purpose both of these elements of contemplation, both of these incentive to action. As a political force they may be classed among the cyclopean figures of history. The Norsemen would enroll them among the great and heroic in the halls of Valhalla. The Romans would associate them with Vulcan, who made the earth tremble under the weight of his strokes.

It Is a Glorious Inheritance.

What a glorious inheritance they have left us! An inheritance won by their toil, watered by their tears, saddened but fertilized by their blood, and rendered glorious by their deeds of valor. I plead this evening for a revival of the spirit which has made New England. Let not the blood that was the inspiration at Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill and Trenton ebb away, or course lifeless through the arteries of the nation. Our country stands today on the threshold of a war with a powerful nation over a question of principle—a principle that is as vital to our national honor as any in the constitution. I appeal to the sons of New England, if war should come, let us prove ourselves "worthy sons of our noble sires," and preserve the honor of the nation in the spirit and virtue of our illustrious ancestors, having for our watchword—America for Americans—now and forever! If we do this we cannot fail. Then will another Molly Stark await amid tears of anxious pride the news from another Bennington. Women will once more give their sons and husbands to a war for the honor of the nation, saying, "you belonged to God before you belonged to me." Another army of Boys in Blue will march into history and immortal fame; another Sheridan, another Sherman, and another Grant leading then on to victory another Lincoln, dying a martyr, shall bequeath a resplendent memory to a redeemed and regenerate nation.

This Century Had the Honor.

It was given to the nineteenth century to teach the world that a republic could be founded and established upon the principles of justice, liberty and equality, and the intelligence of the people,—it will be the duty of the twentieth century to show how it can be preserved against plutocracy, anarchism and any violation of the Monroe doctrine by any foreign power.

Let us then be Americans. He is not an American who is one outwardly according to nativity or adoption merely. America is the new world of opportunity for all that is best in humanity. Americanism is a spirit and a sentiment not a badge of locality or form of government. Americanism is faith in the people, a sense of brotherhood, the rule of perfect justice, loyalty to reason and conscience, and a consecration to all the high ends of civilization. Americanism is patriotism that sees in the nation's civil glory the highest hope and loftiest inspiration, and in the nation's flag a symbol of order and union.

Beautiful colors, oh, raise them on high!
Let us fight for them, tho' fighting we die.
Forty-four stars on the bright field of blue;
Forty-four states—may they ever be true,
May each endeavor to stand for the right;
May all together in friendship unite,
Then tho' adversities round us may curl,
Let us our beautiful banner unfurl;
And may it float from ocean to sea,
In this dear country, the land of the free.

If these things be in us and abound, we are Americans; the man who lacks them is a foreigner and a stranger to this great republic, though he should boast of birth on Plymouth Rock or of baptism in the Mississippi river.

Poem by Theron G. Asborne.

An original poem by Theron G. Osborne, of Greenwood, was recited by the author in response to the toast, "New England in Our Poetry." The poem was as follows:

One solace have I as at your decree
I touch with reverent hand the charmed lute:
My heart is full altho' my lips be mute,
A song of singers! surely it should be
A master skill to wake the minstrelsy.

New England bards! not mine to strive to tell
Their faults, or place their worth beyond compare.
As men, as poets they have had their share
Of critics, stoutly armored to repel
Love's dear decoy or beauty's magic spell.

The world hath judged them as it judgeth all.
No quarter having given,—asked for none.
The laurels they have gained were fairly won,
Their place is sure, their fame beyond recall,
They hold us as they list in pleasing thrall.

Within this place so beautifully decked,
Occasion rare, gift of a heritage
Of prudence, honor, thrift and counsel sage,
We hold no glass but virtue's to reflect
Of that fair Past that reigns tonight, elect.

'Mid rugged toil the Pilgrim stands revealed;
Seed, ocean-sown of nation yet to be.
Deemed he the poet's art a heresy?
At war with savage fierce and stubborn field
To aught but duty stern he dare not yield.

Love's tireless hand the blazing hearth fire fed;
Progress, unchecked, thro' forests flamed its way;
Plenty lit bon fires for the festal day;
The poet came and fire Promethean shed
Its beauteous light to crown the Pilgrim's head.

Warm devotees before the muse's shrine,
We fain would tell them o'er these minstrels true,
E'en as some saint his rosary might do;
And find each virtue, theirs, a jewel fine
That would the gems of earth by far outshine.

Fain would we woo the note of him who sung
The high "Excelsior" he lived so well,
And feel a sympathy we might not quell
In human woe whose saddest murmur sprung
From broken homes Acadia's vales among.

The sober Quaker with his gentle mien
And kindly mirth were welcome at our feast;
Emerson, the seer, the stern high priest
Of subtlest nature, rugged and serene,
Were welcome, too, to harmonize the scene.

Peace and not sadness would we feel to hear,
The stately Hymn that singeth for all time
Pour newly forth from Bryant's life sublime;
Then thro' the solemn spell and calm, how dear,
To see the stars of Lowell sparkle clear!

Gladly we'd hail the deacon's "One Hoss Shay"
To our wide gate in triumph rumbling up,
Bearing state, with us to sit and sup,
The genial Holmes, with Saxe, unfeigned and gay,
A kindred soul to cheer him on the way.

"The Caken Bucket's cool and limpid store,
Better than choicest wine at King's command,
We fain would take from Woodworth's proffering hand;
And, with each goblet full to brimming o'er,
Pledge childhood's home and innocence once more.

We must not pause beside each fount of song
Howe'er designed to profit or to please;
The river pours its blended melodies;
To dreamful hours the various strains belong
For us tonight the chorus rich and strong.

For us to hear, enraptured as we wait,
Their voices swell for Freedom and for Right,
For home and country, weakness against might,—
Whatever Bible is, or pure or great,
Or beautiful,—aught good for man's estate.

What tho' the glory of their light be less
Than the bright sun that burst before their day!
To us the orb of night hath sweeter ray:
A bended thread of sheen—fair prophetess—
A crescent clear, a dawn of loveliness.

Mr. Sturges' Brief Remarks.

When E. B. Sturges arose to respond to the toast "New England Throughout the World," the clock struck midnight and Mr. Sturges said he would show his forebearance by permitting the company to reach home at a seasonable hour. The women, he remarked, were by virtue of their Puritanism and patriotism entitled to some consideration and he would be satisfied with his speech in knowing he had not been a party to having kept the husbands out so late.

Dr. McLeod was unwilling to respond to loud calls for a speech, but finally explained by means of the funniest story of the evening why he was ready to leave. First he alluded to several references that had been made during the evening to his Irish blood and to the Venezuelan controversy and remarked that he could vouch that Irishmen with their shillelahs would be in the thick of the prospective fight and on the United States side. The hour was late, ... said, and he was reminded of an Irishman lately landed who explained why he had left his employment at Farmer Thompson's. "The cow died and they salted her down," said the Celt, "and we had beef three times a day; the pig died and they salted the pig and we had pork three times a day; then Mrs. Thompson died and I left."

At the conclusion of the speechmaking the gathering united in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," accompanied by the orchestra. This concluded the banquet, and after a few moments of informal conversation in the hallway and parlors the assemblage drove and walked away.

Members and Their Guests.

Members of the society present were: John W. Aitken, Levi A. Patterson, Albert S. Baker, William J. Hamilton and George Klots, of Carbondale; Edward H. Chase, Charles D. Foster, Isaac P. Hand, H. H. Harvey, Charles O Perkins, Oliver A. Parsons, Calvin Parsons, Isaac M. Thomas, F. E. Wood, Wilkes-Barre; Charles H. Welles, Charles LeR. Wheeler, G. F. Whittemore, A. B. Williams, O. B. Wright, T. C. Von Storch, C. H. Von Storch, Fred K. Tracy, Levi J. Northup, F. E. Nettleton, R. H. Patterson, C. H. Pond, P. S. Page, F. E. Platt, W. H. Richmond, Charles C. Rose, E. B. Sturges, George Sanderson, Robert M. Scranton, Charles Reed Sanderson, Rufus J. Foster, T. J. Foster, J. L. Hull, Alfred Hand, F. L. Hitchcock, Cyrus D. Jones, C. R. Kinsley, J. A. Lansing, R. W. Luce, A. F. Law, I. F. Megargel, E. L. Merriman, D. B. Atherton, J. L. Atherton, H. M. Boles, L. M. Bunnell, H. H. Coston, A. L. Collins, Herbert B. Cox, J. Alton Davis, A. C. Fuller, J. H. Fisher, Arthur Frothingham, Scranton; George Ashley Cooper, Robert McM. Law, Theodore Strong, Pittston; Theron G. Osborne, Greenwood; A. D. Blackington, Dunmore; Theodore B. Clark, Homer Greene, Henry Z. Russell, A. T. Searle, W. F. Suydam, Honesdale; Vernon H. Rood, Jeansville, John H. Law, Throop.

The guests of the members were: B. E. Watson, Captain J. B. Fisk, F. M. Hallstead, A. B. Williams, jr., George H. Russ, Charles McMullen, J. W. Howarth, Rev. Charles Lee, M. W. Lowry, and R. G. Colborn, of Scranton; Ralph Gillam, of Dunmore; George Klots, of Carbondale; W. P. Sweatman, Rev. J. N. Lewis, T. B. Clark and J. H. Conger, of Honesdale; T. P. Ryder, of the Wilkes-Barre Record; Will Lathrop, of the Carbondale Leader; Mr. Perkins, of the Wilkes-Barre Times.

An Artistic Menu Card.

Each year the society has aimed to surpass its preceding efforts in having designed and supplied a novel menu and programme, whose covers have each year shown something symbolic of Puritan times and from original drawings. Last year Salem witchcraft and Boston town were programme features from original drawings by Percival J. Morris, a well-known Scranton architect. Mr. Morris' handiwork was shown on the front and last page of last night's programme, two photogravures from his drawings. The front showed an embarkation group of Pilgrim Fathers and indicated the period from 1620 to 1646; on the rear cover appeared a Puritan settler in the proverbial cone hat, cloak and staff and making his way stealthily past a group of Indians in the forest. Any year in the period from 1760 to 1775, during the migrations to northeastern Pennsylvania might have suggested this picture. The four leaves and eight pages of the programme were tied with red, white and blue ribbons, and the whole was by far the most artistic of any of the programme-menus used at the society's nine annual banquets.

For Mama's Present

Go to Turnquest, the Jeweler 205 Washington avenue. He has an elegant line of Silverware.

Turnquest sets Diamonds right.

Turnquest, the Jeweler, 205 Washington avenue.

In the Wonderland Of North America.

Nineteenth Letter of Northwestern Travel.

Fertility of Washington State.

Written for The Tribune.

North Yakima is situated on the swiftly flowing Yakima river, between the openings of the eternal hills, and her wide and tree lined avenues make it a pleasant place of residence. At North Yakima we find the home of our old friend E. F. Benson, superintendent of Washington's exhibit at the World's Fair, who with Nelson Rich, county commissioner, whom we met on the train—furnished us a large amount of valuable data as to the resources of the Yakima district. Said Mr. Benson: "Irrigation is king, and under it we raise larger and better crops of fruit, vegetables, hops, alfalfa and cereals of every kind, and even tobacco, than any other section on this continent, viz:—five crops of alfalfa and five crops of clover; two crops of wheat, which always yield from thirty-five to fifty-five bushels per acre; and occasionally yields sixty-five bushels; from 200 to 500 bushels of sound potatoes, while stray patches have been known to yield 750 bushels to an acre; from two sacks of early rose, we raise seventy-six sacks; hops from 1,500 to 2,500 pounds per acre; cabbage that weigh 30, 40 and 50 pounds each; onions that will measure all the way from ten to twenty-one inches around and weigh four pounds; watermelons, 50 to 60 pounds each; squashes as large as 86 pounds each; pumpkins, 90 pounds; beets, 30 pounds; strawberries, ten inches in circumference; apples four and a half pounds each; tobacco, from 800 to 1,000 pounds per acre; sorghum, which grows ten feet high; corn, eleven feet high; hop vines with solid clusters of hops, forty feet long, and oats which grow six feet high and rustle a bearded head two feet in length, besides alfalfa, ten feet high yielding twelve tons per acre. After the first crop has grown, and cut, turn on the water and in six weeks another crop has grown, and will continue until the snow flies in December."

A Typical Washington Orchard.

The tourist who, in summer time, visits the large orchard of ex-Sheriff D. E. Lesh, will be astonished at what he sees. Hundreds of peach, pear, plum and apple trees, literally breaking down under the weight of fruit maturing, while much is laying on the ground rapidly going to decay, simply from inadequate means of handling. One small peach tree only three years old, has borne two crops which had realized over $35. On Colonel Hewlett's farm (United States land office,) are melons weighing forty, fifty and sixty pounds each, while his fields of barley and oats yield from fifty to sixty-eight bushels per acre, and occasional yields reach 100 bushels. I might further enumerate, did time and space permit. A neighbor, in speaking of irrigation, said somewhat irreverently to me: Rain is a substitute for irrigation, and a mighty poor one. We can manage it better than the Almighty, for He often sends too much water, while we only use just what we want and when we want it.

Impressive Mountain Scenery.

After leaving North Yakima the railroad runs through a gap into the Wenass valley, another strip of agricultural land, along the Wenass river, and soon enters Yakima Canyon, a profound gorge of bold and impressive scenery in the Umptanum mountains. Here some washing for gold is done by Chinamen along the river banks. Soon we emerge from this picturesque defile into the great Kittitas Basin, the largest in extent of the fertile valleys traversed by the Yakima river, and after a run of thirty-seven miles we come to another thrifty town in the midst of a region rich in mineral wealth. Reaching Ellensburg the tourist is rewarded with a view of mountain scenery which calls forth exclamations of wonder and awe. What do we see? On the west are the Cascade mountains, above whose green heads rises loftily the white top of the great snow peak, Mt. Tacoma, 14,444 feet high. On the north are the Peshastin and Wenatchee mountains. The former range is a mass of rock and snow and its highest peak, Mt. Stuart, has an elevation of over 12,000 feet. The Wenatchee range are timbered to their summits and reach to the Columbia river. The Umptanum mountains, which shut in the Kittitas basin on the South, are 3,000 feet high and covered with bunch grass. The Kittitas basin has an altitude of 800 feet higher than the Yakima basin, and as we ascend the climate has more of a mountain character, the temperature being noticeably cooler. This valley is watered by the Yakima river, and its numerous tributary streams, fed by springs and melting snows from the Cascade mountains, which carry the largest volume of water during the summer season. The soil is of a rich alluvial nature rather than basaltic.

The Village of Ellensburgh.

Ellensburgh with its 3,500 population, is one of the thriving places of the Columbia Basin. It is the headquarters of the Cascadme division of the road. It has good water power, flouring mills, saw and planing mills, foundry and several hotels, two banks, three newspapers. It is the center of a large mining district, embracing gold, silver, copper and coal. The rich mines of the Okanogan district are sixty miles north and only eight miles distant are rich bituminous coal mines. The business portion of this town was destroyed by fire in 1889, when a million and one-half dollars' worth of property went up in smoke, but the wonderful bouyancy of the west is seen in this town, as in Spokane or Seattle.

A run of twenty-five miles from Ellensburg brings us to Clealum, the junction of the short branch road, which runs four miles to the Roslyn coal mines, owned by the Northern Pacific, the most important coal mining point on the entire line of the road. This coal is a superior hard, black, lignite, and is used for locomotive fuel, and also for domestic fuel in all the towns of Eastern Washington. Some handsome specimens we obtained for inspection. The price per ton is $4; the daily output, 2,500 tons. At Clealum are extensive beds of iron ore, which are being worked by an English company.

The Passage of the Cascades.

Nine miles further on, at Easton, we commence to climb the Cascade mountains at a standard grade of 116 feet to the mile. We have now traversed the valleys of the Yakima and Kittitas and the Yakima Canyon, whose reputation extends through all the Pacific coast country, and commence the crowning feature of our long, long journey of twenty-eight days across the continent to Puget Sound, "The passage of the Cascades." This is the mountain ranges, this time the giant Cascades, through the famous Stampede tunnel, which is nearly two miles long and 2,885 feet above sea level—the height of the summit above being 3,980 feet— and regarded as a greater work of engineering than the famous Hoosac tunnel, owing to the wildness of the country and distance from sources of supplies. A switchback line seen from the train was successfully used during the completion of the tunnel, whose maximum grade was 299 feet to the mile, the trains being hauled over the mountains by decapods or ten-wheeled engines.

By the courtesy of the division superintendent we betake ourselves to the observation car, and prepare to enjoy such glimpses as we could get now and then, through the dense forest growth of the wild scenery about, and I might say, above and below us. We commence slowly to climb the Eastern slope of the Cascades at Stampede Pass, and the view is wild and grand and becomes more and more so as we ascend. The road-bed is a triumphant achievement in railway engineering, and winds alternately across the face of rugged slopes, which reach far down from rock-crowned and pine-fringed summits, beneath overhanging cliffs, over dizzy gorges, spanned by slender-looking but substantial trestles. Far down at the feet of the steeps, glimpses of the valley below appear as the giant sides of the mountains open and close upon the Canyons.

Mountain Climbing by Rail.

After awhile we find from the rattle and clank, the shout and puff and groan of our weary engine that more motive power is needed, and soon two monster creatures, two huge black engines, come steaming from the round-house and we know there is heavy work ahead. One of the monster locomotives is the Cascade, weighing one hundred and seventeen tons, and said to be the largest in the Union.

Another start is made and slowly our long train drags up the curving incline, led by the team of iron horses hitched in tandem. Above us the steep sides tower, thickly covered with the "forest primeval;" below they plunge down into the wild glens and tangled ravines. Rounding a curve, the black mouth of the tunnel swings into sight. High above us rises the mountain and plunging down its rocky face comes a beautiful cascade. With accelerated speed we reach the great tunnel under Stampede Pass. At Martin Station we enter its arched doorway hewn out of the solid rock. The interior is lighted by incandescent electric lamps, attached to the wall on either side at intervals of a few feet. Some are near the roof of the tunnel; some are on a line with the train and some are low down, and for a long distance behind we can see them faint and red. The effect is weird, peculiar, strange, like a long line of indistinct stars as seen through smoked glass. And as the train rushes through we catch glimpses of the upturned faces of the track-walkers, or tunnel crew, by whom this marvel of engineering skill, nearly two miles in length—to be exact, 9,850 feet—is guarded with constant care day and night.

The plunge from daylight into night as the tunnel hides us from the world, and then the swift rush out and down the mountain, racing against time itself, as we swiftly descend into the wild and weird gorge of Green River, forms an episode in our journey long to be remembered.

A Succession of Tunnels.

Before the valley is reached we enter eight successive tunnels, often passing from one to another over a high bridge or trestle. There are six on the mountain and two on the Green River. The excavation of these was an expensive and triumphant achievement in railway engineering, being under the direction of Nelson Bennett, of Tacoma. A peculiar sensation is noticeable as we cross the dividing point in the tunnel. The cars tip slightly, but surely, forward, the speed increases and we know the Cascades are surmounted and we are descending the forest-clad western slope downward to Tacoma and Puget Sound, and even to the wave-washed shores of the Pacific Ocean.

J. E. Richmond.

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MASS OF ULCERS

Had Eaten to the Bone.

(From the Times Union, Albany, N. Y.)

Four years ago, Mrs. Markham, who resides on First street, corner of North Swan, noticed a sensative spot on her left limb. It was apparently nothing serious, but soon developed into a sore, and before long the limb was a mass of ulcers. Mrs. Markham employed the best physicians, but obtained no relief. In fact, was told that nothing could be done for her, so for four years she suffered with these dreadful ulcers, which had eaten their way to the bone.

About a year ago she was advised to use

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

she procured a bottle and there was such a decided improvement from its use, that to-day, not quite a year after taking the first dose, the ulcers have disappeared. All that is left to show what she has suffered, is a swelling on the ankle of the left limb, which is fast disappearing. Mrs. Markham feels but for Favorite Remedy, she would now be a helpless cripple, if not a corpse.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy acts directly upon the kidneys, liver and blood. In cases of nervousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, ulcers, old sores, blood poisoning and Bright's disease, it has made cures after all other treatments failed.

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Positively Removes All Facial Blemish

No more Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Blackheads, Liver Spots, Pimples and Sallow Complexions if ladies will use my Superior Face Bleach. Not a cosmetic, but a medicine which acts directly on the skin, removing all discolorations, as one of the greatest purifying agents for the complexion in existence. A perfectly clear and spotless complexion can be obtained in every instance by its use. Price, $1.00 per bottle. For sale at E. M. Hetzel's Hairdressing and Manicure Parlors, 330 Lackawanna ave. Mail orders filled promptly.

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