

Cairns' Western Trip.

(Written for the Times)

We wrote our last from Lewiston, Idaho, now we are at Seattle. We are on the go all the time and it is difficult to find time to write. Lewiston is about 150 miles south of Spokane. The country south of Spokane, for about twenty miles, is none of the best. It is some hilly and rocky and scraggy pines. We went down a valley for some distance where the cow seemed to be monarch of all she surveys; hundreds of them, great dairies. Guess the hired men will have to milk in that neighborhood. They begin milking at one o'clock in the morning and milk till six, then begin again at one p. m. and milk till six; each man milks about thirty cows at each milking, sixty each twenty-four hours. South of this is what is known as the Palouse country, noted for its grain raising and justly so we think from what we saw. For seventy-five miles, on both sides of the railroad, as far as we could see, were grain fields, much of the grain in shocks; harvesters every where. From the thickness of the shocks we judge that the crop is an excellent one, in fact we were told that it was. But the country where this fine grain grows is a queer one. Is it prairie? We don't call it prairie. Is it rolling? It's too blamed peaked to roll. Is it broken? Well, we guess that is the best word to describe it. Yes, it's broken. It is the roughest country, as a whole, we ever saw cultivated, for it is all cultivated. It is all rolls and little hills, and ridges everywhere. Don't see how they keep their binders right side up in many places. Here and there, low flows, are small ledges of rock, but above this all is clear sailing, neither rock nor flint. All is cultivated over the tops of the highest hills. The soil is a gray color resembling ashes. They tell us it is of volcanic origin. Notwithstanding its steepness there is no appearance of wash, or gully, for the reason, perhaps, that there are few heavy rains. If we had passed through that country a few years ago when it was a wilderness, we would never have thought of settling in such a place, but it is worth from \$50 to \$75 per acre now.

We reached Lewiston late at night, and were met at the station by our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Taylor, at whose hospitable home we remained most of the time we were in Lewiston. We were also most kindly entertained at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Needham. Dan. was Grant county's superintendent of schools in the early nineties, when Cleveland and Peck's bad boy and John Oswald, and M. V. Burris, the whole democratic horde, went in scouting. Mr. Taylor is a machinist, and has a large shop full of fine machinery, and can do any kind of a job, either repairing or making new. He not only can make a machine but can make the machine that makes it. Miles is a genius when a machine is on the program. In speaking of Miles and Dan it won't do to overlook their good wives, Effie and Susie. Lots of people in Grant Co. know them and love them, two jolly, kind, hospitable ladies. "In heaven itself we'll ask no more than just a Lewiston welcome."

Lewiston is a place of six to eight thousand people, at the confluence of the Snake and Clear Water rivers. It didn't impress us very favorably, it suggests to us retrogression rather than progression; it has a great many empty houses. Real estate is held at such fabulous prices that few care to invest. The business part of the city is on the low land near the river; back of the business part there is an abrupt rise of a hundred or more feet, to a beautiful level tract above; here are located many of the best residences of Lewiston. Here also is a fine high school, a state normal school, many nice churches, and a fine Catholic hospital. Still up another rise, and you reach a fine reasonably level country, stretching away for miles, east and south, to the mountains. On this upper bench are located the famous Lewiston orchards. This orchard tract was bought several years ago by a company. They brought water to it from the mountains a dozen miles away and are selling it off in small tracts for orchards and gardens, at very fancy prices. These orchards look very fine, but they tell us that fruit growing even in this fruit paradise is quite an uncertain business, it is so often killed by unfavorable weather in spring. We were also over the Snake river into Washington, and saw the great peach orchards and vineyards of Clarkson, but the same uncertainty prevails here. There are very few peaches this year. A full crop every four or five years is about all they get.

Beyond this orchard tract is a great wheat growing region. We visited this and saw many of those great combined machines running, cutting and threshing at the same time. They are all headers. The heads are carried to the cylinder the same way as the

grain is carried to the binder at home. We followed one of those machines for a while. It was drawn by a large steam engine, and cut a swath twenty-two feet wide. It took five men to run it, one man to guide it, one to keep the thresher level, a fireman, a sacker, and one to see that everything is going right. When the grain is heavy it keeps the sacker very busy. He sews the sacks instead of tying them, and throws them on a platform; when four or five are on they are dropped like bundles from a binder. Great rows of sacks are seen all over large fields. Most of the machines we saw were drawn by horses, about thirty horses on each machine. All the grain here is handled and shipped in sacks.

While we were at Lewiston one evening in company with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, we called on Theodore Day, a brother of the late R. M. Day of Mt. Hope. Mr. Day lives on the banks of Snake river six miles above Lewiston. He is a Grant County old timer, was raised by Johnson Mc Kenzie near Lancaster. He has a few acres where he raises fruit and vegetables, and seems to be comfortable and happy, with a large family of children and grand-children around him.

We are not able to say whether this

is the best country on earth or not, but those Lewistonians are sure it is the best. Each one of them seems to think he is living on the very fairest bit of God's foot stool, a garden of Eden, a land flowing with milk and honey. One thing sure, it is a hot spot, 105 in the shade. Don't think they go to church much here. In fact there is no need of it. If they can stand the heat here they need fear nothing anywhere else. Lizzie and I are well, and enjoying ourselves very well, and expect after a while to be home again among the "slow-going clod hoppers in the old country" as they say out here. ALEX. CAIRNS.

Jack, Prince Albert.

This fine jack was sired by the great show jack, General Custer, who never was beaten in the prize ring and who won over 50 first premiums. The dam of this jack was the great show jennett, Elvira, by imported mammoth, Don Carlos. In this jack is combined two strongest blood lines in the mammoth family. This jack has proven himself one of the best mule sires in the state of Iowa, Cedar Rapids jack emporium, W. L. DeClow, certificate No. 2122.

Prince Albert will be kept at Blue River. P. F. SMITH, Groom.

Henry Voss east of Montfort has bought 160 acres from Wm. Fillbach.

Report to the Commissioner of Banks

(CONDENSED)

Showing the Condition of

The State Bank of F

at Commencement of Business, Sept. :

RESOURCES.		
Loans and Discounts	\$318,087.25	Capital Stock
Bonds	15,000.00	Surplus and Undivided
Banking House	4,000.00	Deposits
Furniture and Fixtures	1,185.00	
Cash Reserve	80,535.50	
	\$418,807.75	

The above statement reflects the strong condition of this bank's ability to serve you. May we not do so?

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Dwight T. Parker, President.

J. R.

Eventually

WASHBURN'S WASHBOARD

WASH GO!

Why

Sold by F. N. Kern & Co., Fennimore; Koschke