

NESTUCCA.

By the silver falls of East creek, which rises up in the coast range and wending its way through mountain and glen, empties into the Nestucca some miles east of Beaver. How bright the waters are above the falls, as in the creeks wide shallow bed myriads of ripples dance in the sunbeams, until the gray walls of ground are reached, and then with a rush, a roam and tumble, down comes the water through a narrow gorge, boiling and seething down again through a chasm, scarcely one yard across, molten silver in the falls and emerald green in the deep basin beyond. Soft as falling vapor is the spray which bedews the mossy crag, and grand as the Oceans break is the monotone of falling water. When the shadows fall and the moon rides high in the heavens, the scene is glorified. What a study for the artist. What a wealth of beauty lies hidden in the mountains fastness. When winter's wind sweep inland and the windows above are opened, then the silver stream becomes a swollen torrent and mountains reverberate with the rushing, roaring river, and the leafless firs sing a weird song in unison. Poets have sung of other lands and given just meter to our own, but westward the crown of grandeur takes its way even to the coast of Tillamook.

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