

A NAMELESS WRESTLER

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649052257

A Nameless Wrestler by Josephine W. Bates

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOSEPHINE W. BATES

**A NAMELESS
WRESTLER**

A DONATED BY THE
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK CITY

NAMELESS WRESTLER.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY,
— * —
OF NEW YORK

BY
JOSEPHINE W. BATES,
AUTHOR OF "A BLIND LEAD," ETC.

M 295340

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1889.

NEW
PUB
LIB

Om

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
276001A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1026 L

Copyright, 1889, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

V WEN
1674
A881



A NAMELESS WRESTLER.

CHAPTER I

AFAR in the North-west, cutting its tortuous way through the barrier of the Cascades, flows the Columbia River. A regal stream it is, of rugged ancestry. The mountains rise in towering ridges, pushing their white crests through the outer veil of clouds and piercing into the very sanctuary of the sky; against the blue their wrinkled summits rest as though they belonged not to the earth, but to the vast outer world beyond. Down their giant slopes the sable clouds roll sullenly, but they heed it not; the fitful temper of the cloud is not of them. The wild currents of the gale sweep up, rioting about their heads and ploughing the snow into monster furrows on their brows, but they heed it not; the restless spirit of the storm is not of them.

Bleak, beautiful domes! Cold, aspirant peaks! The white of the crest drops softly into gray; faintly the gray grows ribbed with radiating streaks of dun; then the brown ledges of denuded rock are standing out bare and bald; the lighter tints are deepening, the dun, the bronze, the shading green,—they have darkened into the long stretches of the mighty forests.

That vast, unbroken, undulating sea of forest! On it rolls, on and on, and only the surging waves of that other vaster sea beating against the cliffs can call the limits of its empire. A reach of primal wilderness! A rich undeseccrated glory of growth! Through the dense leafage the bright sun slants and glimmers feebly, but in the matted tangles of the undergrowth it is held suspended, for the network of tall brush, intertwined with tough fibres of the vine-maple, makes a very jungle under whose woven canopy at mid-day there is twilight. Places there are, a plenty, into whose deep recesses the fitful gleam of a broken ray, even, has never pierced; haunts where the bear and the cougar rally, but the sun cannot find his unaccustomed way. Ferns in a tropic exuberance of growth lift their tall stems above the mossy hollows, and fir needles falling through centuries have spread a carpet fragrant and soft as down.

No desolation of boles, stark and spectral in the winter woods, of gaunt, snow-shrouded skeletons, shade our reverie to wistful discontent. Summer and winter is hung the same rich tapestry; summer and winter alike maintain the dusky splendor of the forests.

And, oh, the wonder of the waters! Those myriad cascades whose voice enshrined in the name of the range shall proclaim their beauty forever! Their song is never silent; their music never dies away. Down from the frozen heights they come, pure and clear; vaulting the crags, leaping the precipices, and plunging along the mystery of the woods; *singing in ever-varying cadence, gathering, swelling, till the*

glad notes break at last into the thunderous pean of the river. It sings the triumph of labor; for its course lies through cañons, through gaps and gorges, between precipitous walls that beetle aloft among the clouds. It has chiselled its rocky path; in the patient persistence of ages it has burst its slender rift, forced its widening wedge, and grown by mastery to the power with which at last it sweeps its waters onward resistlessly to the sea.

In its victorious stretch of open sway it is joined by the Willamette, coming down from the matchless fields of sunny Oregon. A soft-voiced Sybarite this, diverting itself with many an amorous advance to grassy slopes, and many a sly embrace of blooming islands by the way. No urgent toil through mountain barriers; but soft lapsing of banks that melt into yellowing fields, an easeful course along the luxury of the valley.

A little distance from its mouth, where an island has set its bar to the river's further commerce, is a city, Portland. In site and surroundings the place is generously favored. To the back a terrace of hills cuts off the prospect, but elsewhere the view is unbroken. In front, winding with languorous grace, flows the stream, on whose opposite bank lies the eastern segment of the town. Beyond is a belt of open valley; then, like rounded billows of the ocean, the foothills roll back, larger, ever larger, till away in the distant mountains they seem breaking against the sky.

The dull green of the nearer vegetation, flecked with amber or brown as a *field of grain* or a *clearing intervenes, creeps*

with a darkling shade across the rising swells, and climbing the forest ridges in sombre mood throws itself against the far horizon, and lies a broken line of black against the blue.

Standing out in vivid isolation, mute herald's of earth's throes, blind sentinels of the ages, four snow-capped peaks tower imperially. Gaunt, assertive Hood, of broken slopes and arbitrary lines, intolerant of analysis, disdainful of curves, leaves to Adams his massiveness and frontal failure, to St. Helen's her arched impersonal grace; for in his own ruggedness of strength he finds a nobler bearing.

Yet Hood is not the patriarch of the peaks; for over the shoulder of St. Helen's, dim and hazy in the distance, is the serrated crest of Tacoma, a hundred and fifty miles away. Viewing its faint, far summit, the mind projects that sublimest of landscapes, the white Olympian range overlooking the peaceful waters of the perfect Sound, and this grim, glacier-ribbed picket keeping his eternal guard at the farthest outpost of the nation.

The town of Portland, though now so prosperous and reasonably proud of its position, was in 185— what by contrast could claim to be scarcely more than a collection of shanties set down in the wilderness. Later, when the mining excitement of the Salmon River and the Boise Basin made of Portland a supply-dépôt, it acquired the character of a commercial centre, and its growth was very rapid. But before, it was simply the village of an outlying farming district; and farther back yet, the nucleus of the village had been itself a farm. A few far-sighted pioneers had drifted

in, entered the land, and settled upon it. The soil was very rich, and others soon followed, in the gregarious instinct of the race locating near at hand. So the country grew, and with it Portland.

During the early period of the settlement, when as yet only in concept lay the destinies of the town, among the simple farmers came a man who was not one of them. Where Martin Fennimore had passed his life,—for he was old; where he had made his money,—for, contrary to the general condition, he had some: these were questions no one asked and no one knew. The stranger's aspect did not invite familiarity, and the diffidence of his neighbors held them from a trespass upon his reserve.

A Norwegian owned a claim adjoining the site; Martin Fennimore bought it and took possession. Soon, by dint of his growing influence, he got the land incorporated with the town, and commenced selling lots and growing rich. Then, whether prompted to it in a season of unaccountableness (for the old man was believed to have such), or anticipating the future in a fuller faith, he erected a house whose like would be to-day conceded a thing of pretensions, but which was then amid the surroundings of the wilderness truly palatial.

The occupancy of the grand house confirmed the man's position. He was the foremost citizen of the place, rose by natural assent to the highest public office, and then in the panoply of his dignities he retired again quietly to private life.

It was the year before the first great mining excitement.