

Riverside.

Another scribe is born into your midst hailing from the snow bound region of Riverside, with its broad and fertile prairies, its thrifty husbandman, and genial hospitality. To the public I will say no mercenary aim provokes my humble effort, but an inborn love for well earned commendation. If daily communion with the beauties of nature in her frozen state at least, is conducive to success, your servant is assured of the same, at start. I am no orator as is "Beeswax," but a plain, blunt man who loves his friends, but were I "Beeswax," I would a description write of each and every snow bank that surrounds us, which would make the very tropics shake with fridged ague. "Weird tales are told of our fellow creatures in chains of winter bound, their mode of entrance and egress to and from their homes via tunnels, roof and chimney. And were I so disposed I too could a tale unfold, etc., etc. But I refrain. Enough said that we have some snow even at Riverside, blessed as we are with the goods that God provide, but are content in our homes, comfortable, and not at all likely to expire from "Now pabulum sufficit."