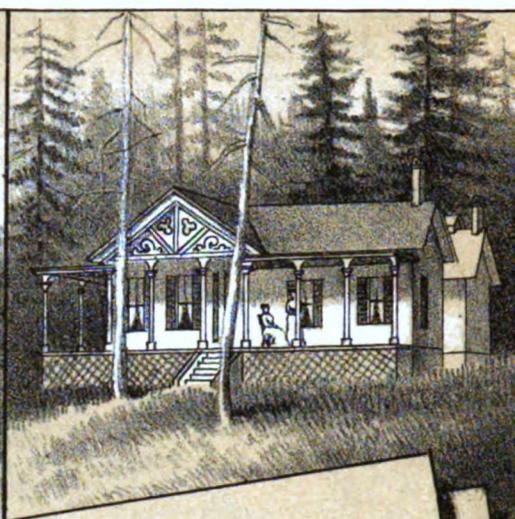
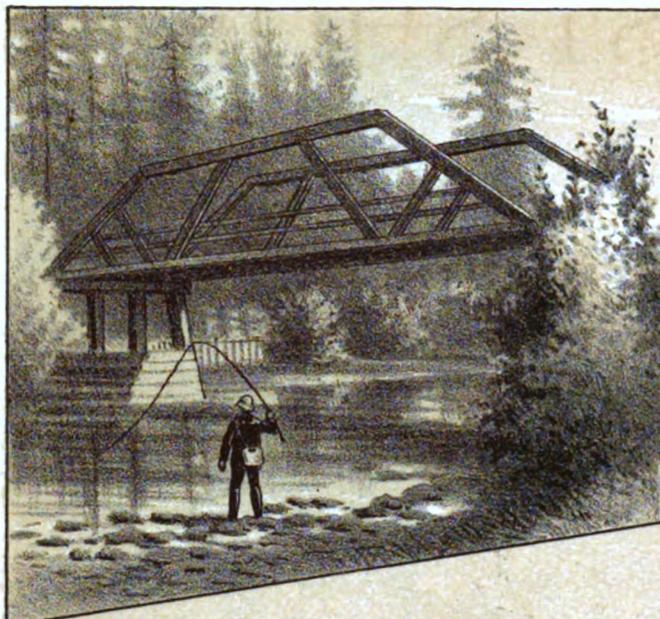

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The West shore

ESTABLISHED 1875.

July 1887.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

THE WEST SHORE

an Illustrated

Western
Magazine



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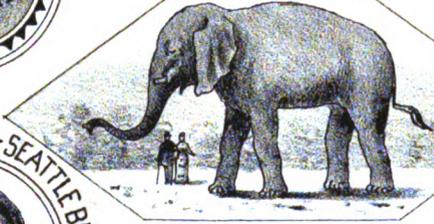
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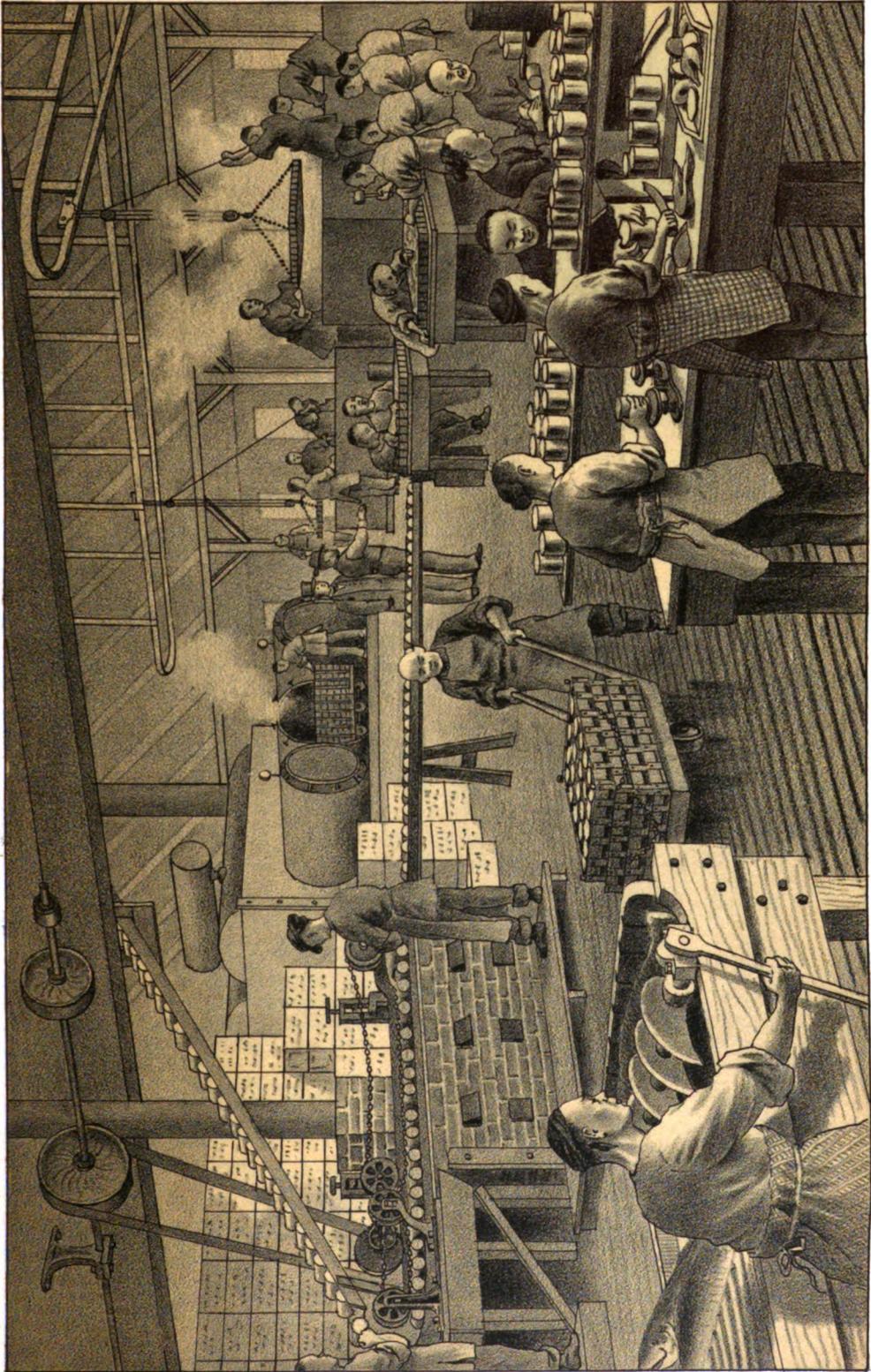
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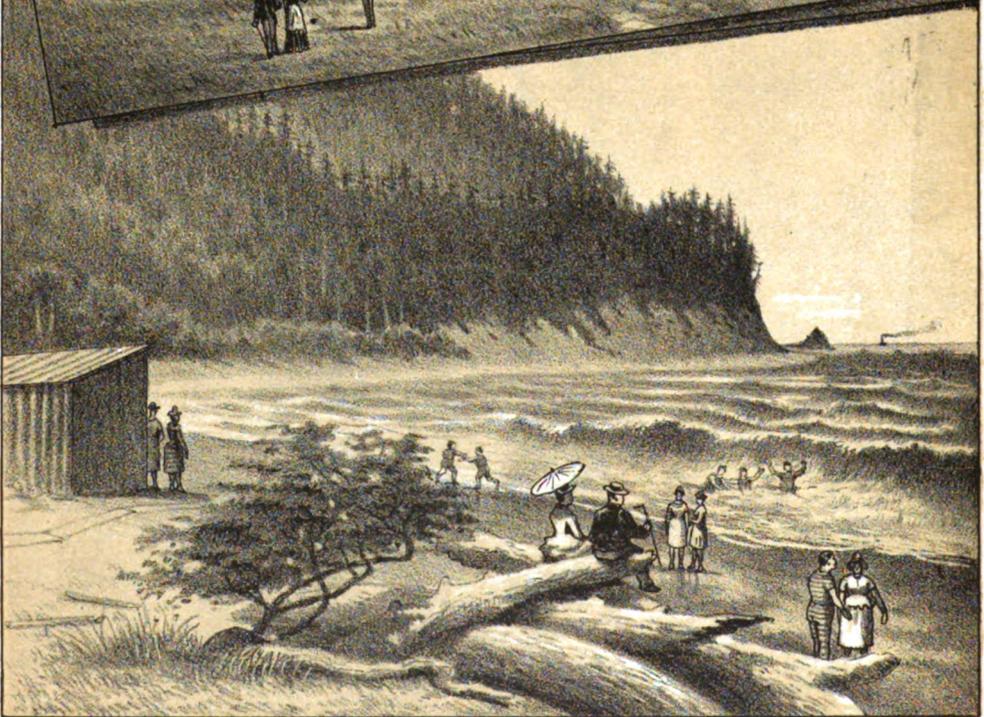
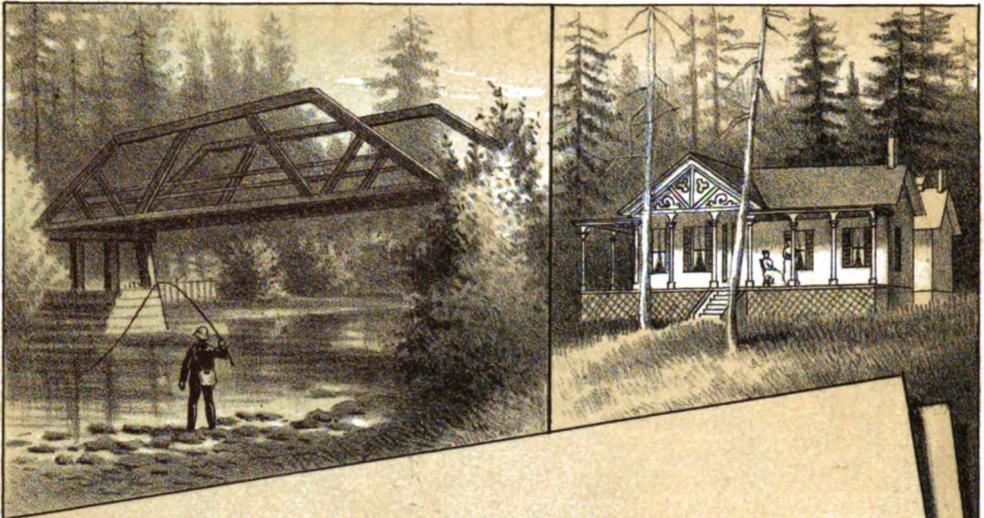
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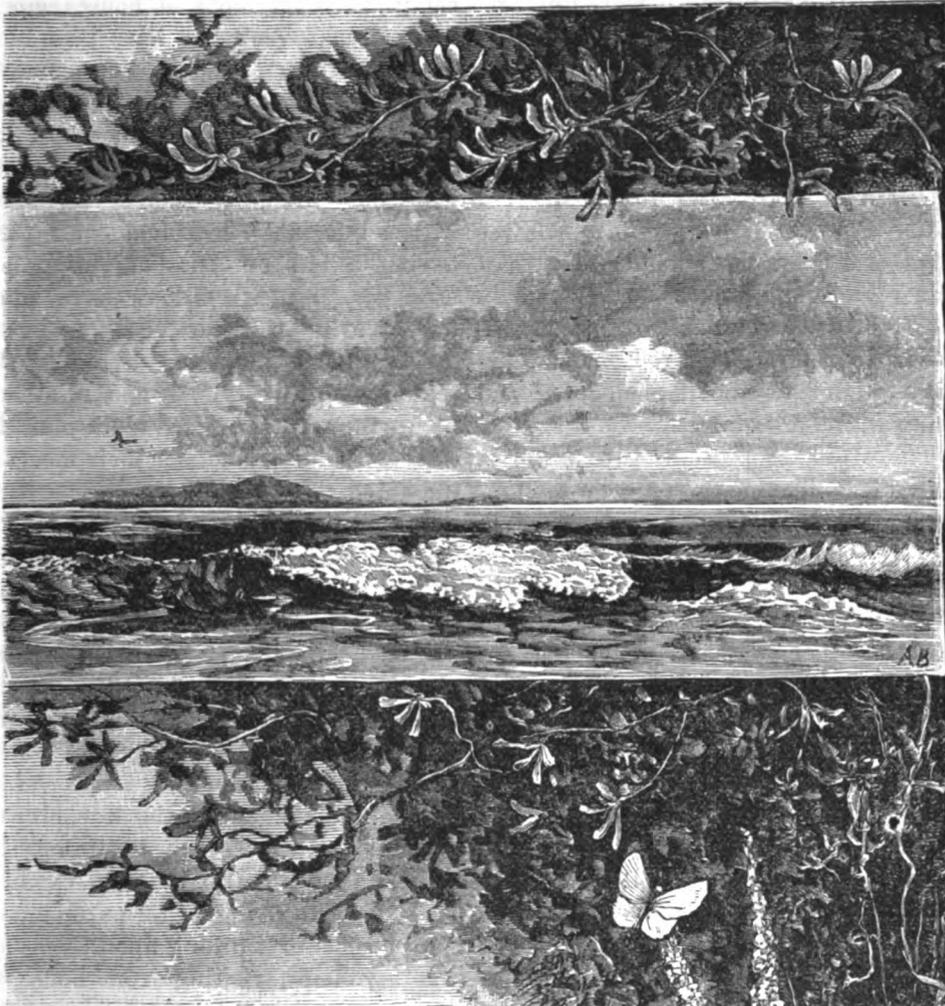
"OUR SUMMER RESORTS"-SEASIDE, OREGON.

THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

JULY, 1887.

NUMBER 7.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

WHAT rest from labor, what freedom from the cares of business, what refreshment of the mind and rejuvenescence of the body, are experienced on the sandy beaches of the "sounding sea," where the breezes bring health and strength from off the salty bosom of the waters, and the ceaseless murmur of the sea, lulls both mind and

XIII-7-1

body to repose! Not in the crowded hotels of some fashionable resort, where the cares of society and the exactions of fashion are little, if any, less than in the city, does one experience the benefits of seaside life, but in those more quiet retreats, where old clothes are at a premium and conventionalities at a discount, where one may feel a delightful sense of freedom from the tyrannical rule of society, and court his peace of mind and strength of body after the manner of Dame Nature herself. Such are the ways of life at the summer resorts of this region, and such they will remain until the encroachments of social etiquette shall terminate the "ancient, solitary reign" of the flannel shirt, and usher in the era of dress.

There are, at present, two localities where it is customary for a large number of people to enjoy seaside life during the months of July, August and September. One of these is the mouth of the Columbia, both north and south, and the other is the region about Yaquina bay. These resorts are annually visited by thousands of people, who remain from one day to three months. Although the greater number go from Portland, the movement seaward is not confined to this city, for the cities and towns of the Willamette valley, and even the farms, send their quota, chiefly to Yaquina bay and other points on the coast south of the Columbia. This summer migration seaward is becoming more and more extensive yearly, as better facilities for going and returning are offered, and better accommodations at the beach provided. Our seaside colonies, which, a few years ago, counted their numbers by the dozen, now reckon them by the hundred. Formerly the few sojourners at the beach were compelled to camp out in tents, bringing with them all their provisions and groceries. Now stores are at hand, where

provisions, fresh vegetables, groceries, etc., may be purchased, butchers provide fresh meat, and hotels offer excellent accommodations to such as prefer not to be bothered with the inconveniences of camp life or the labor of housekeeping. A great many cottages have been built in the various seaside towns, some of them quite large and of pleasing appearance. These are occupied by families the entire season. Many large tents, with the ground carpeted, furnished with comfortable beds and chairs, and having a kitchen tent adjoining, are used by families. Others have small tents and no furniture, cooking by an ordinary camp fire, and living in the regulation camp style, while still others, occupying well furnished tents, omit the kitchen feature, and take their meals at the hotels.

Life at the beach, though pleasant in many respects, is far from exciting. Excitement is not what is desired. Rest from fatigue and care, exemption from smoke, heat, dust and malarial atmospheres, and an opportunity to fill the lungs with the healthful salt air of the sea and bathe in the invigorating water, are the objects sought. Twice a day, at the proper stage of the tide, crowds assemble on the beach to watch the bathers, and this is the one exciting event of the day. Other forms of amusement consist of strolling upon the sand, digging clams, visiting from house to house, exploring the adjacent forest for flowers, ferns, walking sticks, etc., whipping the neighboring streams for trout, or hunting for deer in the mountains. Beach life is a lazy one, but as a respite from mental and physical labor is one of the chief ends sought, even the most energetic find it far from monotonous.

Of the resorts about the mouth of the Columbia there are several. The most prominent is the city of Astoria, which is the final starting point for the various

beaches. Here one finds excellent hotels or good boarding houses, where he can have all the comforts of home life while living as fully in the atmosphere of the seas as though at the beach. From the higher portions of the city (see page 515) a splendid view of the bar, cape, lighthouse and open ocean is obtained. From Astoria the beaches both north and south of the river are easily reached. A great many people make Astoria their headquarters and visit from beach to beach.

The favorite resort south of the river, and the one which came first into prominence, is the Seaside (see page 495) or Olatsop beach. This is nine miles south of the river, and is reached by steamer from Astoria to Young's bay, and thence by stage. It is very probable that a railroad will soon be built. The hotel accommodations are ample and of a satisfactory character. This is the favorite resort of the wealthy and society people of Portland, and here is to be seen what little there is of fashionable seaside life in this region. The scenery is beautiful. The long, curving beach terminates on the south in the rocky headland of Tillamook, which thrusts itself far out into the ocean.

North of the river, separated from the bar by an island of sand and protected from the sea by Cape Hancock, is Baker's bay, on which lies the fishing town of Ilwaco. This is the landing place of all visitors to the beach north of the cape. Many people live in the hotels and cottages of the town during the summer, making daily visits to the beach, which is but a mile distant across the neck of land connecting the cape with the mainland. The outer beach extends in a long sandy stretch to Shoalwater bay, twenty miles north, and terminates on the south in the rocky walls of Cape Hancock, curving gracefully outward. Near the southern end of the

beach is Seaview (see page 505), formerly known as Stout's. The property was originally owned by J. L. Stout, who laid it off in blocks, and has sold a great deal of it. A number of both large and small cottages have been built, making quite a town, which is well populated in the summer season. Mr. Stout keeps a large hotel, with cottages adjacent, and accommodates in this manner a great number of transient visitors to the beach, as well as many more permanent boarders. The beach is an excellent one, and is always crowded during the bathing hours. There is a large dancing pavilion near the hotel, and a splendid camping ground has been prepared by Mr. Stout, where all who desire may camp free of charge.

Two miles above Seaview is Long Beach (see page 506), sometimes called Tinker's, or the East Portland camp. Here has sprung up quite a town of cottages, on ground laid out by H. H. Tinker. Stores, a hotel and dancing hall are located here, and many large tents are spread during the season. From Seaview to Shoalwater bay there is a beautiful drive of twenty miles on the hard sand of the beach, at the very edge of the water. About midway on this drive is located Ocean Park, where the Methodists hold their annual campmeeting, and where many of them camp during the season. Oysterville, on Shoalwater bay, is visited each year by a great many people. The bathing in the bay is excellent.

The method of reaching these resorts from Portland is by steamer down the Columbia. The O. R. & N. Co. runs a daily mail boat to Astoria, taking nearly all day for the trip. Excursion boats (see page 555) run during the summer season, making the trip in about seven hours. The O. R. & N. Co's elegant steamer *Alaskan*, a sister ship of the *Olympian*, which ran on the route last

year, makes three round trips weekly, between Portland and Ilwaco, touching at Astoria both ways. Tickets are sold for the round trip, good during the season. The most popular excursion boat is the *Telephone*, Capt. U. B. Scott, the fastest boat on the river. This beautiful steamer makes four round trips a week, the fare being \$2.50, and the return ticket good until September 30th. Tickets for immediate return are \$2.00. She leaves Portland at 6:00 o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, reaching Astoria at 1:00 p. m. the first two days, and at 12:00 on the third. She returns Saturday afternoon and makes another trip down the river on Sunday, leaving at 9:00 a. m. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday she leaves Astoria for return trips at 6:00 a. m. Captain Scott is one of the oldest and best known commanders on the river, and both he and his elegant vessel are deservedly popular. The Ilwaco Steam Navigation Co. has two small, swift steamers, the *General Miles* and the *General Canby*, one of which makes two daily trips between Astoria, Fort Stevens, Fort Canby and Ilwaco, connecting with the boats from Portland. This boat offers easy access to both beaches to people living in Astoria and those who arrive on the steamers. It is always crowded during the summer season. The company also has a boat on the ocean route between Astoria and Oysterville, on Shoalwater bay.

Yaquina bay is gaining yearly in popularity as a summer resort, since the completion of the Oregon Pacific railroad from Corvallis to Yaquina, thus affording easy access from Portland and the towns of the Willamette valley. The extension of the road to Albany, thus connecting with the through line to California, has increased these facilities, and no doubt Yaquina will receive a far greater number of visitors than ever be-

fore. There are numerous places along the bay where pleasure seekers camp, though the greater number take up their residence in Newport and vicinity. The hotel accommodations at Newport are good; the bathing is in a safe, sheltered place in the bay, on a beautiful beach; fresh fish, oysters and clams are to be had in abundance. South of the bay, there is a magnificent beach drive of ten miles, reached by ferry from Newport. This drive leads to Seal rock, a huge rock nearly an acre in extent, rising out of the water near the shore, where thousands of seals, or sea lions, may be seen at any time, basking in the sun or sporting about in the water. At this point, a town, called Seal Rock, has been laid out, by J. W. Brasfield, of Newport, which will no doubt become the favorite resort of the Pacific coast. It possesses all the attractions of other places, to which it adds its great natural aquarium of seals. Purchasers of lots at Newport will have a chance in the drawing of a number of cottages, which will be erected by Mr. Brasfield and distributed by lot among purchasers.

There are many other summer resorts along the coast, where a few people spend the season. Coos bay, Tillamook bay and Gray's harbor require but a railroad to render them favorite resorts, as they possess splendid attractions. Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle and other places on Puget sound offer attractions to one seeking a brief residence by the water, though they have no beach and can not offer the pleasure of surf bathing. They can, however, offer splendid hotels, good boating and beautiful scenery, with fishing and hunting easily reached.

There are, also, a number of mountain resorts, both in Oregon and Washington, where many seek both health and pleasure, not the least of which are the bases of the snow-crowned mon-

archs, Hood and Rainier, whose summits the more strong and venturesome essay to reach. Taken all together, on the coast and in the mountains, thousands of the citizens of Oregon and Washington court health, comfort and pleasure during the summer months.

H. L. WELLS.

GATEWAY OF THE COLUMBIA.

ASTORIA stands at the gateway of the great natural channel of commerce of Oregon and the entire region of the Columbia river. Every vessel which crosses the bar, either inward or outward, passes the docks of that city, at which the great majority of them stop. Many never proceed up the river, receiving their cargoes from the huge warehouses of that busy city. Nearly a hundred years have passed since the first ship cast anchor in the broad estuary of the Columbia, opposite the site of Astoria, and three-quarters of a century have rolled away since the city itself had its beginning. About it cling the earliest traditions of American history on the Pacific coast. Here first waved the American flag, and here was planted the first American settlement, by means of which the whole Columbia region was saved to the United States.

In 1792, Capt. Robert Gray, in command of the ship *Columbia*, one of the few American vessels then engaged in the trade of the Pacific, discovered the mouth of a great river, which he entered and named in honor of his craft. In 1805, Meriweather Lewis and William Clarke, two captains in the United States army, crossed the continent at the head of a government exploring party, and wintered at the mouth of the Columbia, at Fort Olatsop, so named in honor of the Indian tribe then living along the coast south of the river. The name is perpetuated in the name of the county of which Astoria is the county seat, and the names of the daring explorers have been bestowed on objects and localities in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana. In 1810, the Pacific Fur Company, chiefly owned and controlled by John Jacob Astor, the New York merchant prince, founded the town of Astoria, as a headquarters for an extensive trading and trapping business, and this was the first American settlement on the Pacific coast. During the war between England and the United States, which began in 1812, Astoria and the interior posts which had been established, were sold to the Northwest Company, a Canadian fur company, and fell into the hands of the great Hudson's Bay Company, in 1821, when it absorbed its rival. After the treaty of 1846, confirming the title of the United States to Oregon and Washington, and especially after the establishment of the custom house, in 1849, Astoria rapidly became a place of much commercial importance, and has increased in this regard with the gradual settlement of the region tributary to the Columbia and expansion of its commerce. The first

settlement on the town site by American immigrants was in 1845, and the first store was opened in 1848, by A. Van-Dusen, whose customers were the few settlers and the many Clatsops who lived in that region. With the settlement of California, by the gold seekers, in 1849 and 1850, sprang up a coasting trade between San Francisco and the Columbia river, all tending to build up Astoria, where a number of new stores and a saw mill were built. The increase of population was slow for a number of years, there being not more than five hundred in 1870, as nearly all ships ascended the river to Portland. A new element of growth was then introduced, which has had a marked effect upon the city. The canning of salmon was begun on the Columbia farther up the stream, in 1867, and in a few years this became quite an extensive industry. It soon became apparent that Astoria was the most suitable place for the location of canneries, since it offered splendid shipping facilities, was better located for the transaction of business and the receipt of supplies, and was contiguous to the best fishing grounds, just above the bar. Since that time, nearly all the new canneries have been erected at Astoria, and several previously erected in other localities have been removed to this place, until it now contains two-thirds of the canneries on the river. In this business are invested nearly \$2,000,000.00, in the form of buildings, machinery and equipments, and nearly as much more is required annually for material and running expenses. Five thousand hands are given employment during the fishing season, and the annual product reaches \$3,000,000.00 in value. This industry is specially treated in an article on page 548, to which the reader is referred for particulars. This industry is the center of a great volume of business, to a large degree dependent upon it. Boats have to be made, five hundred thousand wooden cases are required annually, machinery has to be made and repaired, and the refuse of the fish is manufactured into a fine quality of machine oil. The great number of workmen have to be housed, clothed, fed and amused, and this represents an enormous volume of business. The retail trade of the city exceeds \$1,000,000.00 annually. There are thirty stores carrying stocks upwards of \$5,000.00 in value, some of them reaching \$40,000.00, and numerous smaller establishments. The wholesale trade of the larger stores is quite a feature, and this will increase largely with the construction of a railroad up the river. Two wholesale establishments, dealing in general supplies, do a large business. The stocks of goods carried by the merchants are large and well selected, and ladies can find there almost anything to be had in a city store. The commerce of the city consists of foreign shipments of salmon, lumber, wheat and flour, domestic shipments of salmon, lumber, leather, oil and fish, and the importation of merchandise, machinery, supplies and canning material. During the year 1886, there were imported from foreign ports, tin plate to the value of \$153,975.00, and other articles to the value of \$15,725.00, while the domestic freight received aggregated thirty-eight thousand four hundred and forty-five tons. Of this, twenty-seven thousand two hundred and fifty tons were wheat and flour sent down from Portland, to be loaded on vessels at this point. Wheat and flour to the value of \$8,500,000.00 went to foreign ports via Astoria, shipped from Portland, while the shipments of the same products from this city direct reached \$710,050.00. Foreign shipments of salmon were \$776,325.00, of lumber \$24,865.00, and sundries \$14,020.00. Salmon to the amount of twelve thousand tons was shipped to

the East. These figures represent a great volume of business, but are insignificant when compared with the commerce which will develop here when a railroad is built and the Columbia river is opened to the interior. The city has a chamber of commerce, which is energetic in its work for the good of the community. It has done much to forward the work on the improvement of the river, both at the bar and in the interior, and is laboring to secure railroad connection with the great lines now terminating in Portland.

The opening of the Columbia river and the construction of a railroad are both vital questions with Astoria. Upon their successful solution depends much of her future growth. The work on the bar at the mouth of the river has so far progressed that it is practically no longer an obstruction to shipping. What is most necessary is to open the river to continuous, uninterrupted navigation from its mouth to the line of British Columbia, on the main stream, and to Lewiston, on Snake river. (See article on Cascade Locks, on page 544 for details of this question). When this is done the varied products of the interior, especially the wheat and flour, can be taken direct to Astoria almost as cheaply as to Portland, and can be shipped from here much cheaper than from there, since the expense of towing the vessel up and down the river will be saved.

A railroad to Portland and the Willamette valley would be of vast benefit to Astoria, and, happily, the prospect of one is very bright. Until recently the Oregon & California road held a grant of land to aid construction of a line from Forest Grove to this city. The company did not feel able to build it, although the route was carefully surveyed and the resources examined. The grant has been forfeited, and the route

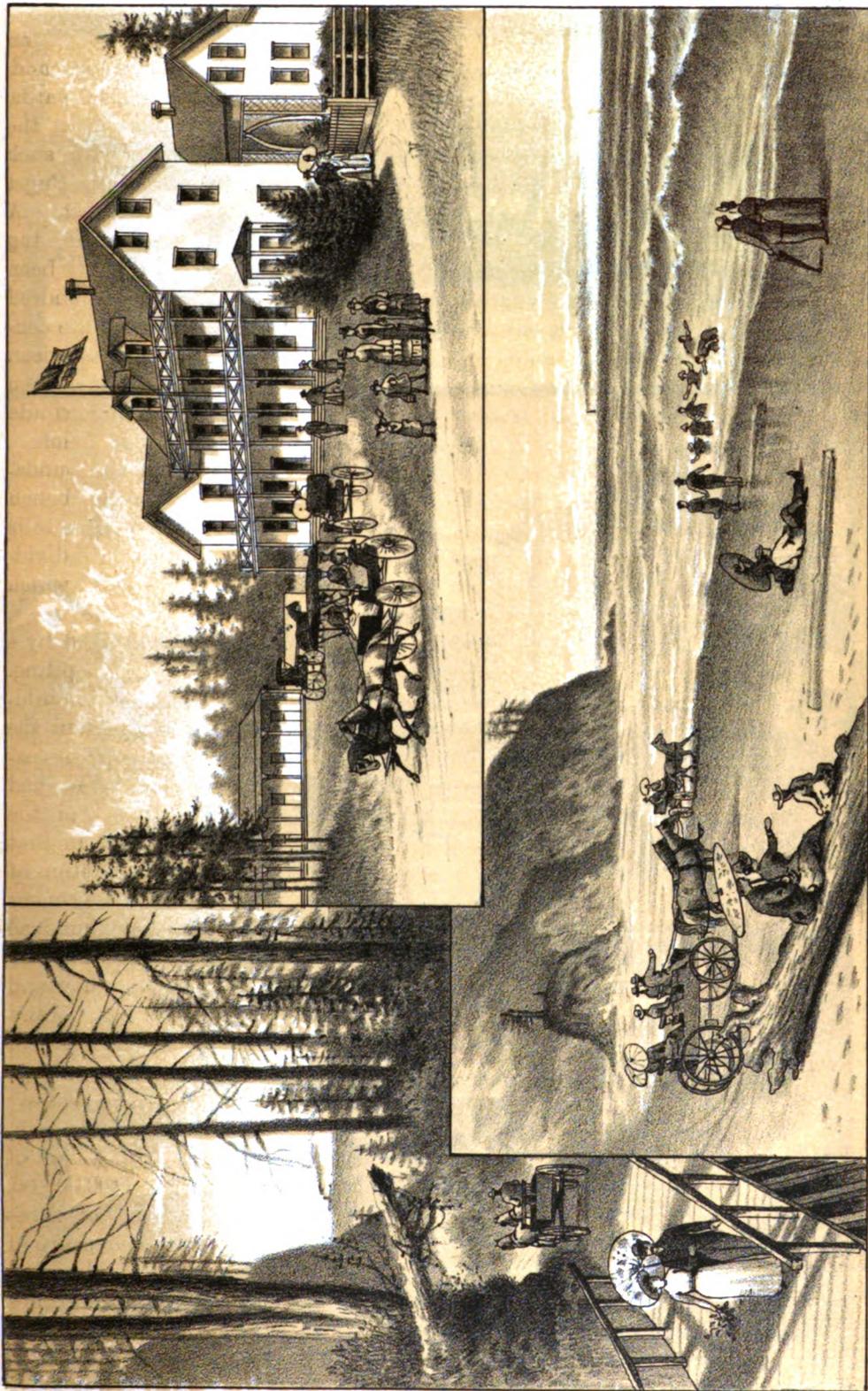
is open to any company which may see fit to build. The Oregon & California has been sold to the Southern Pacific, a company with ample capital, and the prospects of an early construction of a line to this city from Forest Grove are now good. The wheat crop of the Willamette valley can be carried to this point over such a road almost as cheaply as to Portland, while the expense of shipment will be less. The amount saved in shipping will so far exceed the added railroad charges, if, indeed, there be any, that the great bulk of grain and flour shipped to foreign countries from the Willamette valley will be loaded at this port. Along the route have been discovered deposits of good coal, and large areas of the finest fir, spruce and cedar timber on the coast would be penetrated, making Astoria the most favorably situated milling and lumber shipping point on the river. The bringing here of the wheat crop would naturally lead to the establishment of large mills for the conversion of a portion of it into flour. After such a line has been built by the Southern Pacific, there is little doubt that the Northern Pacific will feel the necessity of a line down the river from its present point of crossing, opposite Kalama. There are other railroad possibilities. A road will be built from a point on the north bank of the river to Shoalwater bay and Gray's harbor, to connect with a line now partially constructed through the rich Chehalis region, from Puget sound to Gray's harbor. A road down the coast to Seaside, Nehalem river and Tillamook bay is one of the projects of this nature under consideration. This road would do a large passenger business in the summer season, and at all times would have a paying freight traffic in logs, materials for construction of jetties at the mouth of the river, and products and merchandise. A company has been organized

to build such a line, and that portion of it between Astoria and Seaside will, no doubt, be built at an early day.

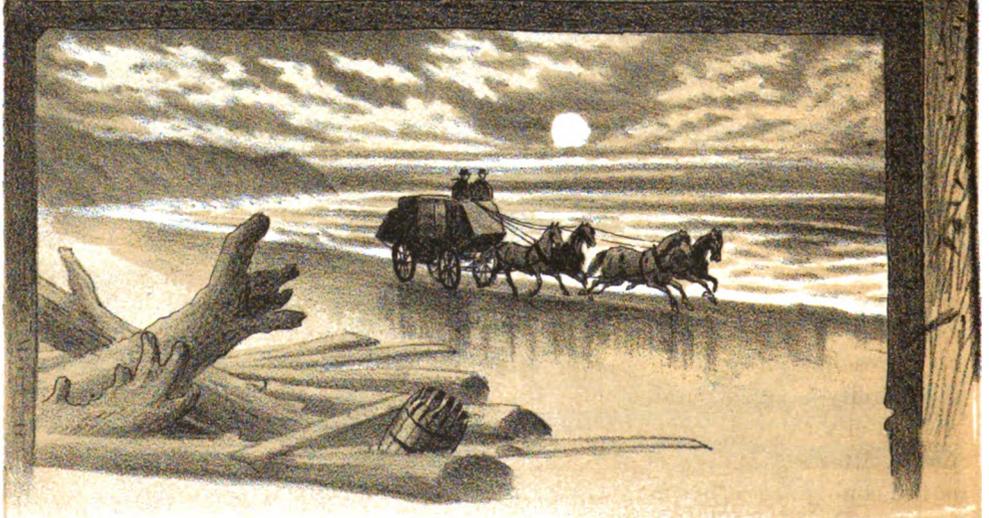
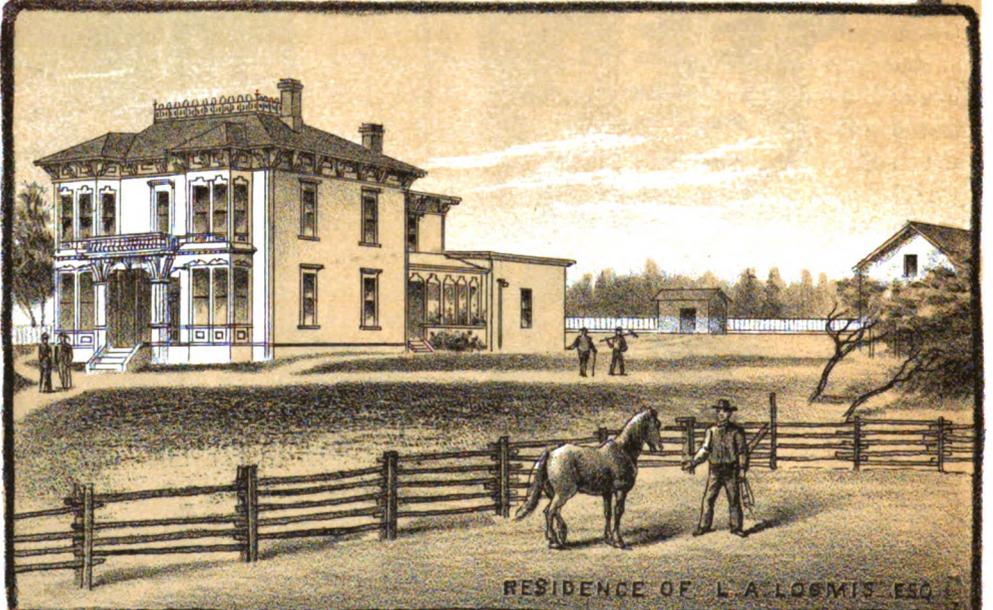
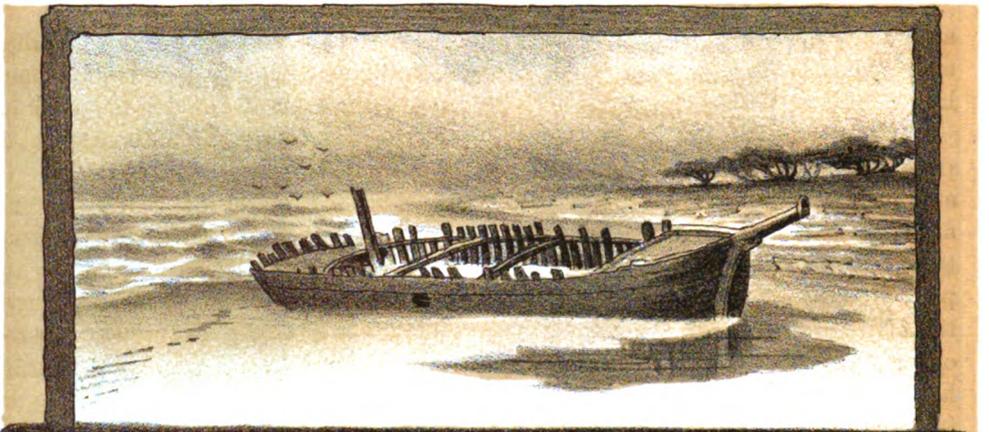
Centering in Astoria, is a large lumbering industry. There are three mills in the city, and a number at points on both sides of the river, which are tributary to this place, such as Knappton, Westport and Skamokawa. The supply of logs is abundant and of the best quality. Besides receiving logs cut along the river and brought down in rafts, the mills have the opportunity of tapping the huge forests to the south and southeast. On the Nehalem are many square miles of the choicest timber, which would be opened up by the proposed road from Forest Grove, and by the line down the coast. There is already a logging railway constructed into the timber by J. C. Trullinger, proprietor of the West Shore mills. The road is standard gauge, two miles in length, and penetrates a magnificent body of timber. The mills are turning out fifty thousand feet per day, and are now engaged on a cargo for Rio, consisting of nine hundred thousand feet. The mills are provided with electric lights for night work. The capacity of the road is two hundred thousand feet of logs daily. In the camp are ox teams and a steam logger. The mills have large wharfing facilities, and can dock a vessel drawing twenty-two feet of water. Mr. Trullinger has a steamer for towing logs and delivering lumber. Attached to the mill is a large box factory, with a daily capacity of four thousand salmon cases or six thousand box shoaks. He also makes thousands of pickets and laths. This is one of the best equipped mills on the coast. There are two other mills and a planing mill and sash factory in the city, besides the outside mills previously mentioned. Closely connected with the lumbering industry, is that of ship building. Astoria has a singularly favorable

location for that industry. With an abundance of the best material at hand, with splendid locations for ship yards, and with complete exemption from the voracious toredo, which creates such havoc with wooden piling on Puget sound, her advantages are great. A large number of river steamers, tug boats, schooners and barges have been constructed here, and from two hundred to three hundred fishing boats are constructed annually. When the American merchant marine begins again to be seen on the ocean, this city will contribute her share in the work of construction.

Astoria is built partly on a foundation of piling, partly on a narrow bench near the water, and partly on the hills rising up to the southward. It is divided into two towns by a high ridge which comes down to the edge of the water, the two divisions being connected by a long plank roadway built on piling. The chief business houses, public buildings and residences are located in the lower town, but Upper Astoria is expanding rapidly along the river, and back upon the hill, a number of the largest canneries being located in that portion of the city. The population of the two towns was given by the census of 1880 as five thousand eight hundred and forty, including two thousand Chinese. It approximates ten thousand now during the fishing season. Many of the fishermen depart for other places at the end of the season, while a large number of them have families and are permanent residents and property owners. The city has a complete system of water works, costing nearly \$100,000.00. The reservoir has a capacity of three million gallons, and gives a pressure of two hundred and forty feet at tidewater, through a large iron pipe eleven miles in length. Gas works, costing \$75,000, and having a capacity of twenty thousand cubic feet, were built a few years



"OUR SUMMER RESORTS:"-SEAVIEW, W. T.



"OUR SUMMER RESORTS"—LONG BEACH, W.T.

ago. The city is lighted by electricity supplied from the plant of J. C. Trulinger, at the West Shore mills.

The business portion of the city (see page 515) contains a number of substantial brick structures, some of which are large and ornamental in their architecture, especially the Odd Fellows' temple, which cost \$45,000.00. Owing to the fact that the business portion rests on piling, not many brick buildings have been erected. To lay a foundation for one it is necessary to drive piles into the mud, saw off the tops even with the surface, cap them with heavy cross beams, and lay on this a solid foundation of brick. In the future, no doubt, the majority of new business houses will be of brick. The post office and custom house is a large and handsome stone building, two stories high, standing in the center of a block.

Much attention has been paid to educational matters, and the public schools are of a high order. The building seen in the engraving on page 537 was erected four years ago, at a cost of \$25,000.00. The city is divided into three districts, each of which maintains excellent graded schools. There are about four hundred children of school age in the three districts. Various religious denominations hold regular services, and the Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational have church edifices. The private residences are neat and have tasteful yards. Many new ones are constantly being erected, the city spreading out along the hill. There are a number of large and handsome residences, notably that of Capt. Flavel (see page 537), and in this respect the city presents quite a metropolitan air.

The city is incorporated, and has a mayor, city council, treasurer, recorder, judge, attorney, and chief of police. It is the county seat of Clatsop county, and has a court house and jail. The best

volunteer fire department in the state is maintained, consisting of two steamers, hose carts, a hook and ladder truck and other appliances. This department has won prizes in all engine and hose contests for a number of years. A large number of fire hydrants, connected with the reservoir on Bear river, give a high pressure and throw a strong stream through a hose. The drainage is excellent, the grade carrying everything into the water, and the tide purifying the water front twice daily. Astoria is the outpost of American journalism. Except the papers in Alaska, the two in this city are the farthest west in the United States. The *Astorian* is the most western daily in America, and is well worthy to occupy its advanced position. It is published by J. F. Halloran, a journalist of energy and ability, and battles manfully for the interests of the city. A large weekly edition is also issued. The *Transcript* is a good weekly, published by Snyder Bros., and now in its fifth year.

Clatsop county has an area of one thousand four hundred square miles, chiefly mountainous. It has resources of fish, agriculture, timber, coal and iron, the first of which is the only one largely developed. Along the streams are quite extensive tracts of bottom land, and even on the hills, almost everywhere, the soil is excellent and well adapted to cultivation when cleared. The largest area of arable land is Clatsop plains, a strip of fine land lying along the sea shore, which has been settled and cultivated for nearly forty years. The chief crops are hay, oats and barley. Much cheese and butter are made, and the soil is well adapted to hops. Other sections are the valley lands of the Nehalem, Lewis & Clarke's, Young's, Walruski, and other streams. All of these are tributary to this city, as, also, are other sections farther away, in both Ore-

gon and Washington. Between them and the city there exists a brisk trade, which increases yearly. There are as fine opportunities here for securing a homestead as can be found in any of the forest-covered portions of Oregon or Washington. On the streams mentioned, and on the dozens of smaller ones, are large areas of vacant land, covered with timber, still open to settlement. It requires persistent effort and hard work to clear the land and reduce it to cultivation, but when it is accomplished, the settler has a good home and a productive farm. An industrious man can always find work to aid him in supporting his family while he is clearing his land and perfecting the title to his homestead. There is a sure market, at good prices, for vegetables, hay, oats, fruit and poultry. Many settlers are so situated that they can sell logs from their claims, and many derive quite an income from cordwood and charcoal.

Reference has been made to coal and iron. Coal of a superior quality has been discovered in the southern portion of the county, and it is more easily accessible from Astoria than any other point. Iron ore, also, has been found, though its extent has not been ascertained. Both of these will be developed upon the completion of a railroad, aiding to build up the business of the city. North of the river there is quite an extensive area tributary to Astoria, whose trade becomes larger every year. But it is not upon this increasing local trade, nor upon her great fishing industry, that Astoria is to depend to make of her a great commercial city, but upon her unrivaled position at the mouth of the great Columbia river, when it shall be opened to navigation. Seven hundred and sixteen vessels crossed the bar during 1886, according to the returns of the custom house, to and from this port. This does not include coastwise vessels

in the lumber trade or vessels passing directly to and from other ports. With the river open to navigation, and one or more railroads terminating here, the commerce of the city will expand, and Astoria will grow rapidly in wealth and population. A newspaper, daily and weekly, called the *Pioneer*, will be issued on August 1st, by D. C. Ireland, the pioneer journalist of Astoria.

For beauty and healthfulness of location, Astoria has no superior on the Pacific coast. It is located on the south bank of the Columbia, about twelve miles above the bar. In front of it flows the majestic Columbia, here widened out into a broad estuary, having the appearance of a large and peaceful bay. Situated on the margin of the river, and extending up the sloping hill, with a forest-crowned ridge rising cool and beautiful above, never suffering from the overpowering heat of the sun, but constantly fanned by cool and healthful breezes from the open sea, this is a delightful place of residence. The rainfall is large in the winter season, but this is amply compensated for by an entire exemption from snow and excessively cold weather.

From the heights back of Astoria, a view can be obtained any summer evening, that is worth miles of travel to any one having an eye for the beautiful. Looking in either direction (see pages 515 to 520), the immediate foreground is the city itself. On the east, four miles above, Tongue point thrusts its mass of green pines far out into the stream, forming one side of the graceful bay in which the city lies. Though hidden from view, the course of the river can be plainly discerned by the contour of the hills, whose fading blue melts into the horizon many miles beyond. Immediately at our feet lies the broad estuary of the Columbia, freckled with little caps of white and dotted with the

spread sails of hundreds of fishing boats. Some are standing across the river, others spreading their nets, many beating out toward the bar, while still others are coming home, under full sail, with a load of the royal salmon. It is no uncommon sight to see five hundred of these little boats darting about, as well as several large ocean steamers and deep water vessels, and a whole fleet of river craft. As far as the eye can distinguish their sails, these little boats are seen, until they disappear amid the white breakers of the bar. Across the bar, Cape Disappointment juts far out into the ocean, thrown into bold relief by the sun just setting at its back, and the waste of water around and beyond it, while the low line of Point Adams lies opposite, on the left. As the twilight deepens, the cape gradually fades from view, but its position remains firmly fixed by the brilliant star that gleams from the lighthouse on the point.

The healthfulness and beauty of its location, the excellence of its hotels, the opportunities to secure agreeable homes

with private families, and the ease with which the various beaches may be reached at any time, render Astoria a favorite resort in summer. Many who do not enjoy constant living on the beach, make this their home, and visit the other resorts frequently, enjoying the bathing as much as they desire, while having more home comforts and a greater variety of amusement. The position of Astoria, in this regard, is fully stated in the article entitled "Our Summer Resorts," on page 497. With a railroad to Portland, and another to Seaside, these advantages will be still greater, since they will offer quicker and more comfortable means of communication both ways.

Few people who visit Astoria depart without being impressed with its business air, the importance and advantages of its position, as regards the trade of the Columbia river, and the steady progress being made, as well as the growth and prosperity which all augur for it in the future.

H. L. WELLS.

MYTHS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER INDIANS.

PART FOURTH.

THERE is a noticeable similarity between the myths of the Indians, and of those of the ancient Greeks and Romans. They lack that polish and refinement that characterized the myths of those nations, in their enlightened stage, but in many instances the ideas are the same. We may reasonably suppose, that, had the Indians advanced in civilization and culture, un-

til the dreamers, prophets and "tamanawash men" among them could have committed their legends to writing, they would have gradually refined and polished them, to keep pace with the advancing enlightenment.

The process of evolution of mythological thought is so gradual, that it is difficult to tell exactly when or where changes were made from the old origi-

nal folk lore traditions. Each generation accepts what is handed down from the generation before, as being original, exactly as it came from "the fathers." Each adds some modification, and transmits the modified myth to the succeeding generation. So gradually do these changes occur, that the people of any particular period are not conscious of the transition. The evolution of thought, or mind, from darkness to the light of knowledge, is like the gradual dawn of day.

Every savage or barbarous nation has considered itself as specially favored of the gods. "We," "our tribe," are heaven's favored people. The work of creation, the great acts of the gods and demigods, all have special reference to "our people," according to each particular tribe. The Sioux or Comanche would speak contemptuously of the Crows. The Lower Columbia river and coast Indians regarded themselves as superior to the Indians east of the Cascades, while these roving tribes of Eastern Oregon and Washington regarded the fish and clam eating people below, as fat, stupid fellows, and they themselves were the blood and chivalry of the earth. It will be an advanced stage of civilization when race hatred and race prejudice cease to exist. The "color line" fades faster on the statute books than in society. The time is yet in the future when different sects will not be ready to condemn to purgatory those who do not believe their peculiar tenets. "Our church" is "the church," and "our people" "the people." Thus we find, among all men, the same innate tendencies that exist in the breasts of the veriest savages on earth.

The Wisham Indians, above The Dalles, Oregon, have a tradition to the effect that, ages ago, there was a large, white, luminous stone at Tumwater. It shone at night, and made it light all

around. This wonderful stone was a guardian over the destinies of the Wishams. By its protection and light, they prospered, and had plenty of fish, and always lived comfortably and happy. The surrounding tribes were very envious of their prosperity and good fortune, and knew it was attributed to this white stone god, or genius. They, therefore, made war upon the Wishams, with the purpose of destroying their urim and thummim stone. A great many of the tribes collected, and overpowering the Wishams, they gathered about the stone and rolled it into the river. Afterward, when night came, it was very dark, and the poor Wishams were in great trouble. They finally found the stone in the water, and succeeded, by means of ropes and other appliances, in getting it out, when it shone again as brightly as ever. The jealousy of the surrounding tribes caused them, finally, to make common cause against the Wishams and their wonderful stone, and it was entirely destroyed.

Ignorant and barbarous peoples have always held superstitions in regard to caves, lonely lakes, or any spot in nature, where silence or darkness reigns. In the mountains, about the snow-capped peaks of Adams and Rainier, there are numerous small lakes. Between these two peaks, there is a range of lower ground, called by the Indians, "Sheep mountain," because of the great number of the mountain sheep found there. In this range are small lakes, some of which are very beautiful and picturesque. Some, though small, are deep, and are surrounded by tall pines, or other coniferous trees. Connected with these bodies of water, are numerous superstitions. Of some, it is generally believed, that if they be disturbed in any way, as by throwing stones, driving in stock, or bathing in the water, rain is sure to follow. Certain spirits live in the lakes,

and are displeased at having the waters troubled, and in consequence, cause the rain to pour down upon the troublers. This belief was formerly general, so that they often were deterred from getting water for cooking purposes, or for their ponies, from the lakes, while camping in the mountains.

They have a fabled "snow plant" and "rain plant," both of which grow in the mountains, in lonely, secluded places, so they say, and whoever, by accident or intentionally, plucks up or breaks off one of these plants, will surely cause rain or snow to fall.

An intelligent, educated half-breed Indian assured me that he believed the myth connected with the lakes, and related his experience, which he regarded as conclusive. Being up in the mountains with a crowd of Indians, after huckleberries, he one day became warm, and wanted to cool and refresh himself by taking a bath. The weather was fine and clear. He, accordingly, stripped himself, and plunged into a little lake and had a swim. Very soon, the sky was darkened with clouds, and the rain poured down violently. This was in the afternoon. When the company were gathered at camp in the evening, inquiry was made if any one had been disturbing the lake. The young man acknowledged the misdemeanor and was charged not to repeat his indiscretion. The next morning the sun rose bright and splendid, with a clear sky, giving promise of a beautiful day. Having his curiosity aroused, he went out to the lake again, and finding a large stone on the hillside above the water, he detached it and sent it crashing down through the brush, when it plumped into a deep, dark hole in the water, which bubbled and boiled for a long time, and, as it seemed to him, very strangely. In a short time the heavens were black, and the rain poured down in torrents again.

In consequence of this second warning, the party broke up and left the mountains, feeling sure that if they remained longer, some misfortune would befall them.

The Indians relate marvelous stories about strange animals, that live in these lakes. The animals, they say, come out at night and feed on the banks. Some of the lakes are believed to be the abodes of the spirits of monsters, or strange beings, that existed on earth in ages past. In some of the lakes dwell the souls of little children, who lived in the long, long ago. They tell of hearing their cries in the night, and finding the prints of their little naked feet in the mud and wet sand about the margin of the water. Deep in the solitudes of the mountain forests, gathered about their camp fires, beneath the shadows of lofty pines or firs, while the cool mountain winds made soft and mournful music in the swaying branches, the wild, untutored savages, spell bound, listened to the stories of the wonderful events that took place amid these scenes in the wat-tee-tash times.

The majestic rocks along the Columbia were no less objects of wonder to the Indians than to the whites, who to-day glide up the river in commodious steamers, or go whirling along in the shadow of the lofty mountains, in the railway cars. Between the White Salmon and Little White Salmon rivers, something like two miles apart, on the Columbia, there is a large ridge, or body of rock, lying endwise to the river, and reaching out into it. This the Indians have called, from time immemorial, "baby on the board." In the wat-tee-tash times, when Speelyai, the Indian god, was traveling over the country, subduing giants, putting down monsters, and introducing laws and new customs to the people, this rock was a huge, living baby, which was suspended by cords, high

in the air, across the river. There this prodigious infant, on the pappoose board, hung for ages. Speelyai was coming up the river, in the "long time ago," and finding the giant pappoose swinging over his way, was not pleased with the arrangement. He, therefore, took his stone knife and cut the cord that held up the titanian infant, when it came down, with a splash, and was drowned. The feet being still held by a cord, it swung over to the Washington side, only the head part falling into the water. It was transformed to rock, and is called, to this day, "baby on the board."

What is now called "Eagle rock," was anciently a goddess, the daughter of Speelyai. She was rather slim and bony, and neither handsome nor attractive, and in consequence, lived to be an old maid. Owing to a grave lapse in morals, she was very much humiliated, and turned into stone, as a warning to future generations. A short distance below Eagle rock, or Speelyai's daughter, old Speelyai anciently built a dam across the Columbia, intending to make rapids there, to form a fishing place for the Indians, who were soon to be made. Changing his mind, he went on down, and made the rapids at the Cascades. Having made good fishing places for the coming race, he threw huckleberries away off into the mountains, and scattered the edible roots, and other articles of Indian food, in different places, saying, "It will not be good for the people to get their food too easy; they will become lazy, or get rich and independent. It is better that they should work hard for these things."

Somewhere, not far from Mosier's landing, the steamboat traveler will observe a ledge, or wall of rocks, on the shore. This the Indians call "Speelyai's wall." At this point, god though he was, while nearly dying from hunger, he one time committed a low and de-

grading crime. Immediately, he was filled with remorse and shame. He felt that, somehow, his crime would be found out, and set about building a great wall, to stop the news of his sin going up the river. In spite of him, the news, or knowledge of the crime, broke over the wall and spread. As fast as he repaired one breach, the rocks tumbled down in another, and kept the poor guilt-stricken god flying from place to place to keep up his wall. Finding his efforts useless, he abandoned the project, and, sorrowful and ashamed, he journeyed on up the river to the Klikitat country. Nearing a house, the first thing he overheard was the inmates, talking about his sin. Weary, and filled with remorse, he moved on toward Tumwater, or the home of the Wishams. Everywhere he went, he overheard the story of his sin and shame. This myth contains a fine picture of that sense of guilt and consciousness of a criminal, that his sin is known by every one. It might well have the moral appended, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

With the other improvements introduced by Speelyai among the people, was the use of fire and the art of cooking. The legends of the Indians say that their ancestors, anciently, were very ignorant and helpless. They had nothing in which to cook, and were even unacquainted with the use of fire.

A few miles above the old steamboat landing at the upper cascades, on the Columbia, there is a large, round-bottomed hole in the rock on the shore. This hole, the Indians say, was anciently Speelyai's pot for cooking salmon. The people long had been eating their food raw, or drying it in the sun. In this way, they baked their bread of roots and dried their berries and salmon. Speelyai taught the people how to cook, at this pot hole on the river. Having caught a quantity of salmon, he put

them in, and then poured water over them. He then made a fire, and heated bowlders and dropped them in, which caused the water to boil and cook the fish. When the salmon were done, he called all the people up and gave them a feast. This, the Indians say, was the origin of the salmon feast held by them every spring. Speelyai commanded them to keep that feast ever afterward. He also taught them how to cook salmon, by broiling it on sticks stuck into the ground before the fire. It is a well known fact, that when this country was first discovered by the whites, the Indians cooked their soups in tightly woven baskets, by heating stones and putting them into the food, and when the stones were cooled, other hot ones were thrown in to take their places.

In the Tiatan valley, not far from Kittitass, is a large rock, which the Indians throughout the country call Mee-áh-wa—that is chieftain. Speelyai anciently had a son, whom he called Mee-áh-wa. This young prince god had a bride of a few months, of whom he had grown tired, and was anxious to get another woman. While he and his young wife were camping in the Tiatan valley, Mee-áh-wa went into his sweat house, near the creek, to bathe. On coming out, he found that young women from all the tribes in the surrounding country had come to try to gain his affections, each hoping to be chosen as "wife number two." They were there from Palouse, Spokane, Yakima, Walla Walla, and all other parts of the country. When he came out from the sudatory, he knew the damsels were standing about looking at him, and so kept his back toward them. When he looked back over his shoulder, he saw them standing all around the edge of the valley looking at him, each hoping to be the favored one, who should be chosen as his wife. He, however, gave them no

sign of recognition or approval. About that time, Speelyai, who was standing off toward the Yakima river, began to dance about, and said: "Oh, my son is going to get him a wife now!" All at once, Mee-áh-wa and the young women who were standing around, together with his wife, were all turned to stone and have stood there ever since.

The different groups of stones are pointed out as the young women of the different tribes. The five rocks nearest Mee-áh-wa were the five young women from Tumwater, on the Columbia. Mee-áh-wa's wife had a child there, and it and the mother are represented by certain stones, as is his sweat house, also. The little valley abounds with such roots and plants as are eaten by the Indians. They say that when these young women from the different tribes came to woo the young chieftain, they each brought along a supply of such food as was used by their tribes, and when they were transformed into stone they dropped the different kinds of roots, seeds and berries, and they grew, and have continued to come every year since, to supply the races of Indians who have come on subsequently.

On the road between The Dalles and Goldendale, in Klickitat county, W. T., just at the foot of the mountain, where the road comes out into the valley, there is a small tule lake, or pond. This, the Indians say, was, ages ago, an extensive deep lake, and abounded in large, fine fish; they even tell of salmon and sturgeon being caught there. Connected with this lake there is a legend. In the "long, long ago," its waters had wonderful qualities; whoever dared to bathe in it or drink of the water, was sure of long life, health and happiness. The lake was presided over by a giant swan, who was goddess of its waters. When any one came near, she caused the water to flow out, and surrounding him, carry

him to this goddess, who swallowed him. This swan deity was not pleased to have too many fish taken from the water, nor to have roots dug from the banks of the lake. When she caught persons fishing, or digging roots, she caused the water to chase them, and unless they dropped whatever they had, they were engulfed. If they dropped the fish or roots they had taken, the water returned to the swan carrying the articles back, leaving the trespasser unharmed. Ages ago, a beautiful young maid of the Wisham tribe, hoping to enjoy the benefits of the magical waters of this wonderful lake, ventured into them to bathe, and while doing so got into the antlers of an elk, that, coming down from the mountains to drink, had lain down in the water. He immediately sprang up and bore her away to the mountains toward Mount Adams, but she succeeded in escaping by cutting off his horn and falling to the ground. Returning to her home at Tumwater, she afterward bore a child which was half elk and half human, like the fabled centaur of old. Being both angry and ashamed she destroyed the young prodigy, which mortally offended the elk tribe and they refused afterward to come to the lake for water, and since have staid away off in the mountains, and the Indians have had hard work hunting them.

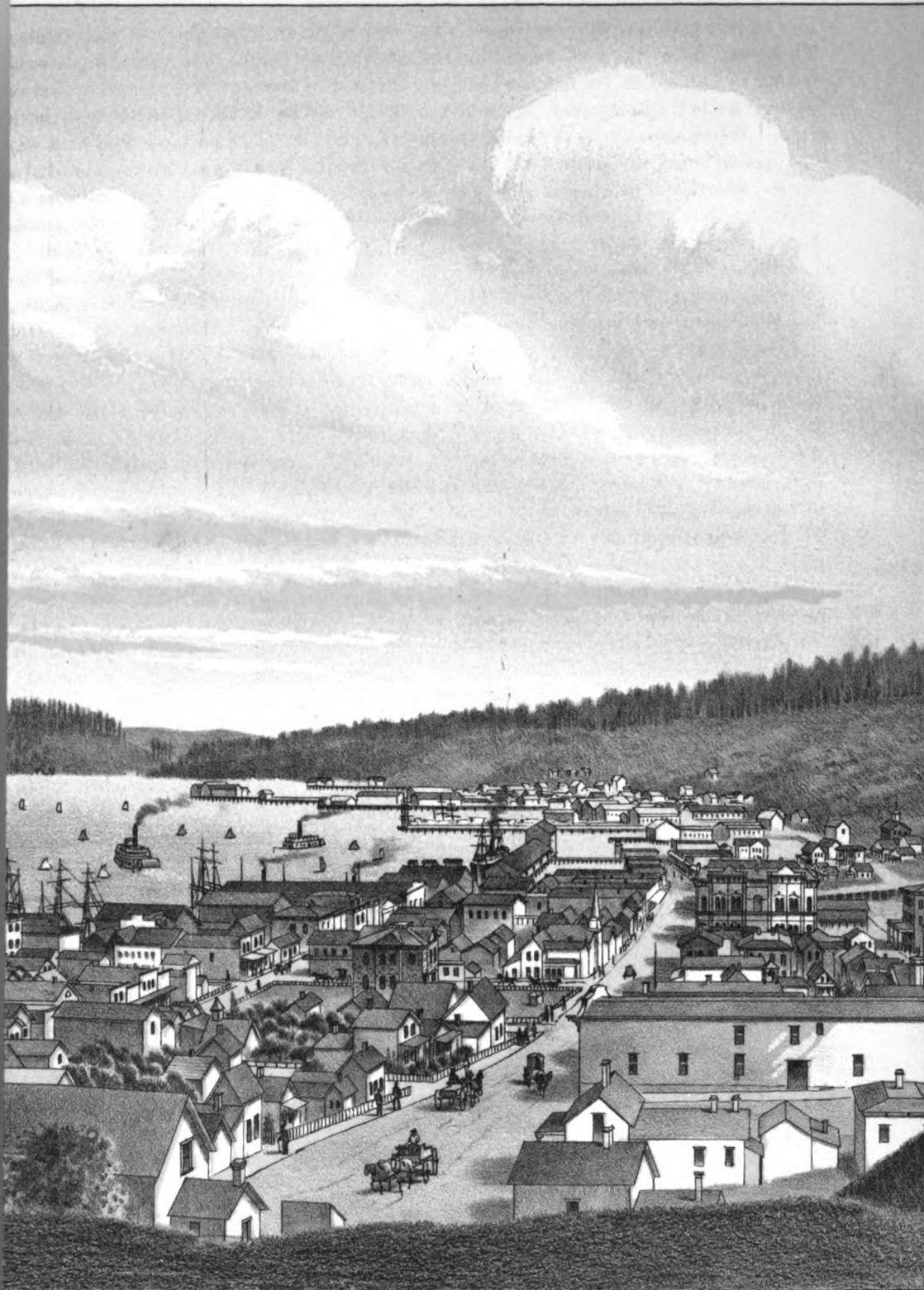
For a part of this myth there may be some foundation. The little lake at one time was undoubtedly much larger. If it be true that back in the remote ages of the past the Columbia river valley was a lake, whose waters were barred from the ocean by the Cascade range of mountains, and that the great gorge through the mountains, which forms the bed of that river, was gradually worn by its waters, there must have been a period when the bed of the channel was

very high, and that part of the country about The Dalles was still deeply submerged in water. It is possible that at that time the Klickitat valley may have been, wholly or in part, covered with water, though it hardly seems possible that a tradition could be handed down from so remote a period. That elk once abounded in the mountains around is a fact.

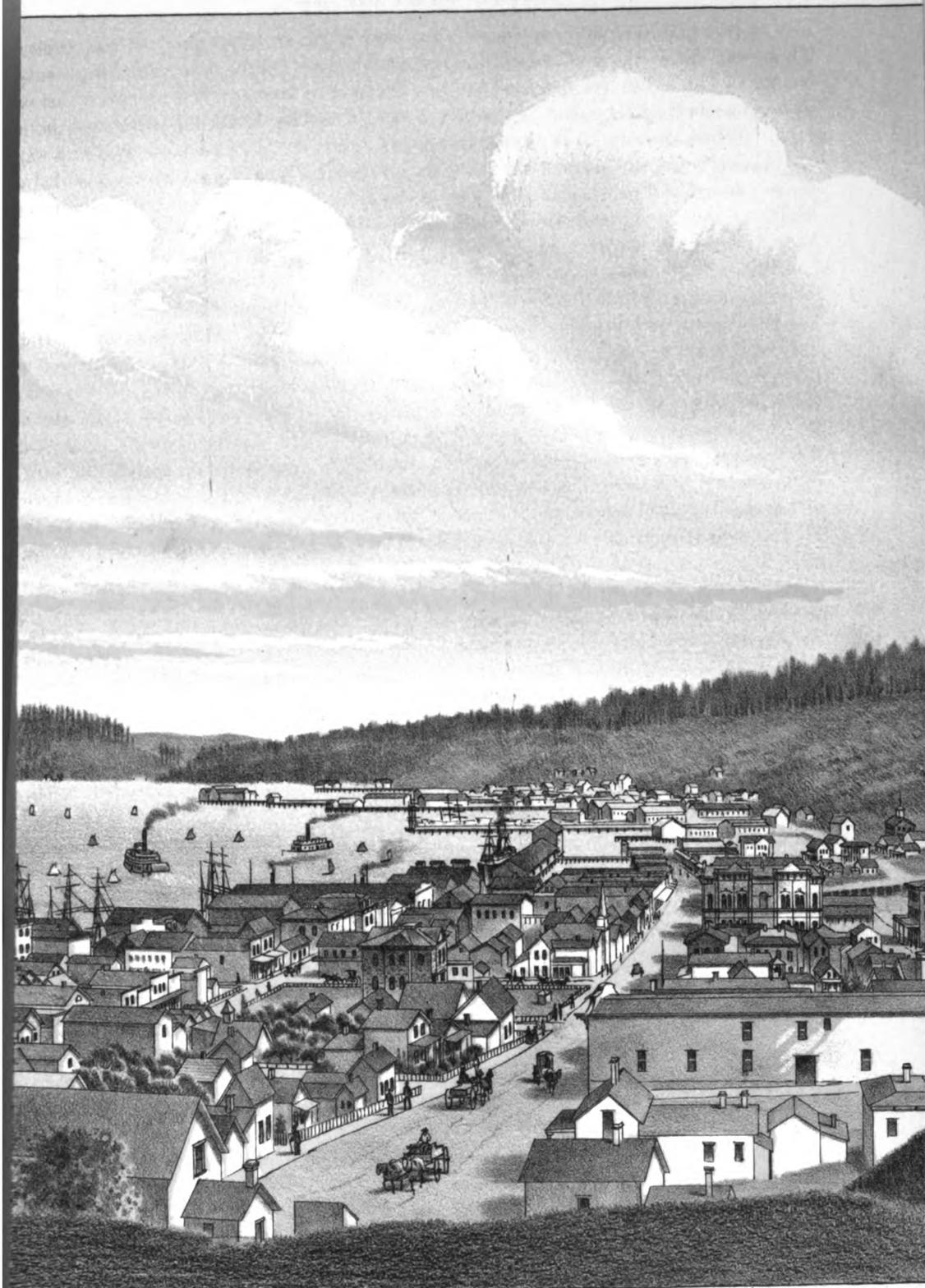
Most of the legends and myths of antiquity have some shadow of foundation, if we could only follow the stories back through the mazy labyrinths through which they have traveled down the generations. If we could follow all these windings, and see the changes, additions and deviations made from time to time, we would not so much wonder that these myths come down laden with so many extravagances and absurdities. Even in our own times, the fact of a man's having vomited something very dark, grows into the story of his having thrown up "three black crows." By some such process, perhaps, the myths of barbarous nations have come into existence and grown to such absurd proportions. Some actual occurrence, of a seemingly unusual or mysterious character, takes place. The fact of there being a substantial truth for the foundation of the story gives it a permanency. If there be a stone, mountain, or other natural object, standing to attest the accuracy of the story, it is taken by the savage mind as a verity. The untaught mind of the barbarian mistakes the permanency of the stone or mountain for that of the myth connected with it. A large part of the history of antiquity is wrapped in a web of mystic uncertainty. There is, somewhere, a kernel of truth, but it is concealed in a mass of error, and the key for unraveling the mythical rebus is, perhaps, lost forever.

G. B. KUYKENDALL, M.D.

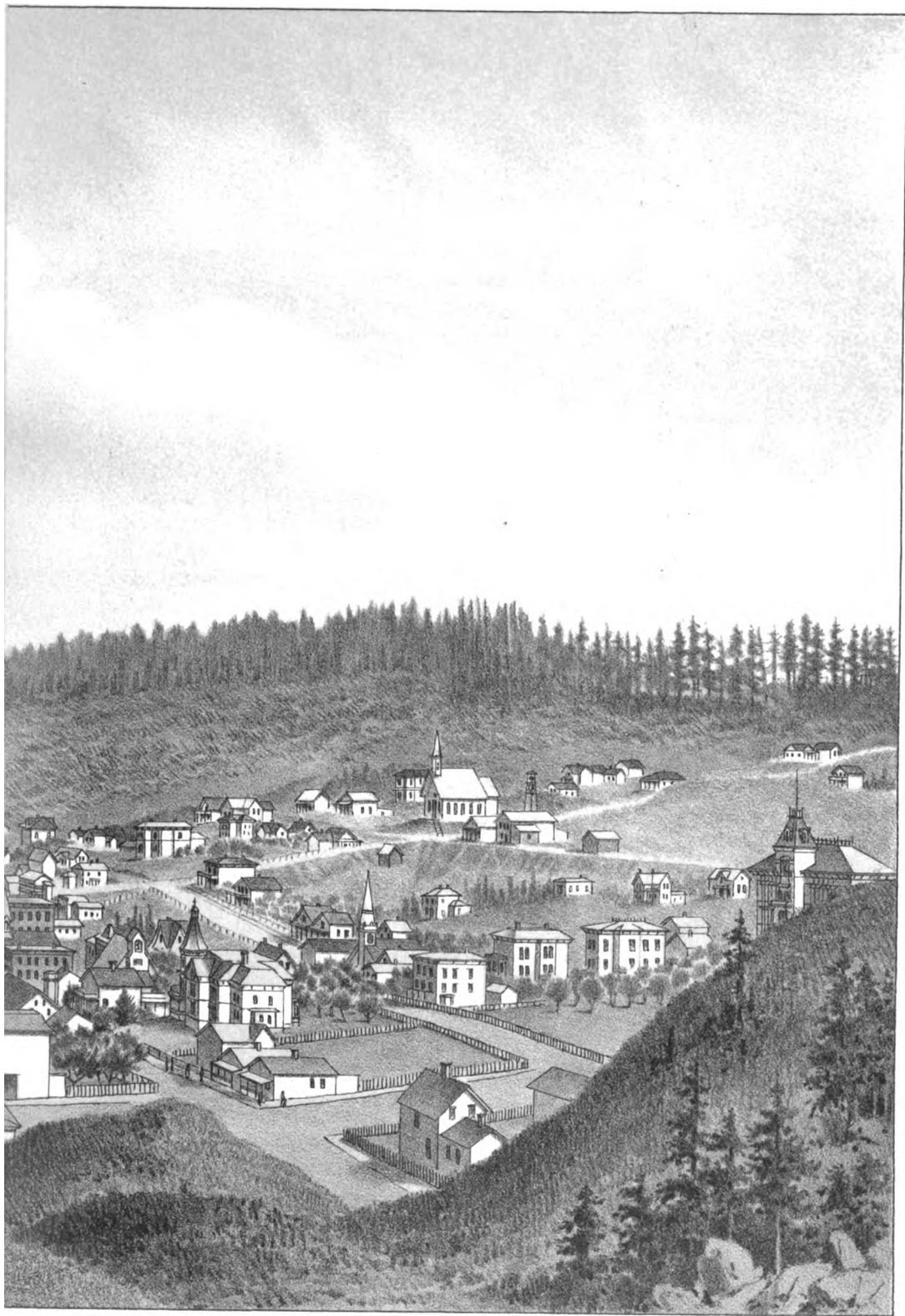
To be Continued.



OREGON.—GENERAL VIEW OF ASTORIA, LOOKING INLAND.



OREGON.—GENERAL VIEW OF ASTORIA, LOOKING INLAND.



WEST SHORE LITHO. & ENG. CO. PORTLAND, OR.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

IT was the autumn of '75, and there had already been a light fall of snow. We—Reub. and I—had met three years before, on our way to the mines of Virginia City; and now he was foreman of the "Gould & Curry," and I held a sub-office under him. We had taken a strange liking to each other from the first. This was owing chiefly, I think, to our utter dissimilarity in almost every respect.

He was the personification of strength—massive and solidly built throughout. His hair and beard were black, and thickly streaked with gray; his eyes were of the same hue, and could shoot lurid lightnings or melt into liquid softness. I was stoop shouldered and narrow chested, with pulmonary tendencies, and inclined toward the blonde type. He was the bravest man I ever knew; I was naturally, from a child, very timid. He was gentle as a woman; I, soured with ill health, was often, I fear, rude and gruff. He saved nothing, but spent his surplus earnings on those who had small wages and large families. That he was a man universally beloved, was a natural sequence.

I was standing in the door of the little office, waiting for him to lock up for the night. He was very punctilious in the methods of his work, and never let today's tasks infringe upon those of tomorrow. I watched him in silence for a few moments, then suddenly put into words the thought that had been in my mind all day—

"Reub, how has it happened, that with all your knockings about the world,

you are free from the vices which are common to most men?"

He turned toward me, a flush mantling his dark cheek: "I have always tried, Dick, to keep myself pure and worthy of her."

"Her?" I repeated. There was a woman in it then. I was all interest at once, and as persistent as an over-indulged child. In all my knowledge of Reuben Day, he had never been known to show more than a passing civility to any lady of our acquaintance. He referred to his mother, of course—he's just the kind of a man to idolize a good mother. I thought this within myself, but looking straight into his eyes, I said—

"Your mother? Tell me of her."

He came out and locked the door. The gravity of his face deepened almost into a scowl. "We'll go home by way of the old mines, lad," he said. "It will be a longer road, but the exercise will do you good."

His manner toward me was always that of a watchful mother over a delicate child. He drew my arm in his and strode along the circuitous route we had chosen, seemingly, for the time, oblivious of my presence. I was panting and breathless, and had the uncomfortable feeling of having trespassed on forbidden ground. As we reached one of the many abandoned works, he sat down on one of the timbers.

"We'll rest here a bit, lad." Then, with grave solemnity: "I've a mind to tell you now, what I've often thought of doing, in case anything should happen, you know."

After a minute's silence, while the flush again crept to his cheek, he continued—

"Ruth Martin and I grew up together in D——, a West Virginia village, close to the Pennsylvania line. I think we loved each other even before we knew the meaning of the word; and when she was fifteen, and I several years older, we had plighted our troth, and only waited the sanction of her father. He was proud of her beauty, and she was an only child. It was but natural that he should want her to make an eligible match, after the manner of the world. There had been a feud of long standing between our fathers, and although he had no objections to me, personally, he declared he would rather see her in her coffin than the wife of John Day's son. My father had the proud, old, Virginia spirit, and retaliated in the same manner, although I knew he loved Ruth, and would gladly have welcomed her as a daughter. This state of affairs did not look very promising, but we were young and hopeful that time would bring about our wishes. I went to a distant town to learn the tinner's trade. Although I wrote regularly to Ruth, I never received but one letter from her. I knew her proud old father was at the bottom of it. With the acute discernment of a lover, I had fathomed his purpose. Her beauty should win for her wealth and position, and I knew that he would stop at no measure to accomplish his desire. At the end of six months I came home, ostensibly on a visit; but in reality, I was so hungry for a sight of Ruth's face I could bear it no longer. Well, she had been for two months the wife of George Rathburn, a rich neighbor's son."

Here he paused, and bared his head to the cool night wind; he flung back the heavy mass of grayish hair from his forehead, where the sweat drops stood in beads. There was such a look of suffer-

ing in his eyes, that I said, quickly—

"Fair and false; forget her, Reub. She wasn't worthy of you."

He turned on me so fiercely that I cowered away from him. He reached out his hand and drew me, gently enough, toward him—

"Not even you, Dick, must speak of her, save with the utmost reverence. False to me! Never in those dreadful, first days of my agony, did I, for one moment, doubt the sincerity of her love for me."

He was walking back and forth now, like a caged lion.

"False! For my sake she bore humiliation, threats, persecution, imprisonment—angel that she was! And when, at last, nothing would move her, they forged a letter. Ah! I sifted the whole dark treachery to the bottom. She had never seen a scrap of my handwriting—all my letters had been intercepted. They forged a letter over my signature—a lying, infamous letter—in which I, who scorned to do a mean act, I, Reuben Day, derided and jeered at her innocent trust—scorned and trampled her love under foot. Good God! If there is not a hell, I could doubt the justice of the Almighty. She gave up then, for her heart broke. They did with her as they would."

He stretched his arms out wildly, in the gathering dusk, and the cry rang up from his suffering heart: "Ruth! Ruth! My poor lamb!"

When he had grown calmer, he continued—

"My father said to me that first night, 'Bear it like a man, Reub.; if it's any comfort to know she wasn't a willing bride, I can tell you that.' I knew that was true, yet I determined to verify it with my own eyes. Fortune favored me. I was roaming the woods that skirted the road; they rode by—my Ruth and her husband. I could plainly see them with-

out being observed myself. That white, set face did not tell me she was a happy wife. I could not restrain the feeling of exultation that swelled within me; and yet, had it been otherwise, I might perhaps have learned, in time, to forget. I fled to the wilds of the Northwest territories, and for seven years I lived a wandering, aimless life, always seeking danger, but never finding death or forgetfulness. At last, a longing came to me to see the old home again—my mother's face. No desire of seeing Ruth led me to this step. I had accepted our separation as final, and determined never to look upon her face again. I reached home only in time to receive my mother's dying blessing; then she left us. In our last interview, mother—dear, tender heart—told me that George Rathburn, two years after his marriage, had gone to California to seek gold. Ruth had received two letters with the California postmark, then nothing farther was ever heard from him, though five years had passed. His family and Ruth believed him dead, and had only a short time before gone out of mourning. On the morning of the funeral, I slipped in alone to take a last look of my dead. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I walked straight to the head of the coffin; then, for the first time, I observed that I was not the only occupant of the room. On the other side of the bier, not over three feet away, stood a lady with a shawl and bonnet on, arranging some flowers on a stand. She had her back to me. Hearing a step so near, she turned, and we stood face to face—Ruth and I. Our eyes met, and each read the other's soul. She put out her hands in the old, confiding way, with a little, glad cry—

“‘Reub.! Reub.!’

“I caught them, drew her toward me, and across my mother's coffin our hungry hearts met in a long, passionate kiss. Was she not my very own? Had I not

waited seven years for my Rachel? Over my mother's bier—our mother now—we swore our second betrothal, that nothing on earth should separate us again. A few days after, late in the afternoon, we met, by appointment, outside the village, and swiftly drove across the line, to a little Pennsylvania burg, and inquired for a squire. That official soon came bustling in, and in less than three minutes pronounced us husband and wife. We drove as rapidly back, fearing Ruth might be missed. She was now of age, and her own mistress; but to avoid any unpleasant scenes with her father, we decided that it was best for her to go back to her father's and keep our marriage strictly secret, until we had perfected our arrangements for going west. We would not even run the risk of driving into the village. Instead, I walked with her home in the deepening dusk. As we approached the house—it sat well back from the street—we noticed that the ‘best room’ was brilliantly lighted. In those days, such a thing betokened either some festive occasion or an unexpected arrival. I felt myself the happiest man on earth that moment, and whispered, gaily, ‘Perhaps they've found out, after all, and are going to give us a reception.’ Good God! How I remember every little detail! We had reached the porch now, with its fragrant honeysuckle, and had a full view of the room. ‘My bonnie, sweet wife!’ I was saying, caressing her cheek; and as she nestled against my breast, with her face toward the window, a figure emerged from the shadow, and stood, fully outlined, in the glowing firelight. It was George Rathburn.”

He dropped his face in his hands, and the strong frame shook with the torrent of emotion that swept over him. When he lifted his head, after the storm had passed, his face was pallid and his eyes

bloodshot. In his eyes, was the dumb apathy of a long-known and ever-abiding sorrow. He spoke with rapid, explosive utterance, as though the words were forced from him, like a bullet from the muzzle of a gun.

"We bounded apart as if a bomb had exploded between us, and stood gazing into each other's horror-stricken faces, as two well might between whom an impassable chasm had suddenly yawned. I think the demons of hell possessed me in that first moment. Had he come out then, I should have clutched his throat and strangled him. The demons hissed in my ears, 'Fly with her! Fly with her!' I fled out among the trees to fight the battle alone. At last, reason came back and told me there was only one thing to do—Ruth must go back to her husband. I found her standing where I had left her. The moonlight was drifting over the tops of the trees and falling softly on her still, white face. 'Ruth!' I said, 'there is but one thing for both of us now to do—our duty.' She slowly turned her face to mine and shivered. It touched me more than any word she could have uttered. 'Dear girl, go in out of the night chill; I must not leave you till you are safe inside.' She shivered again, but seemed unable to move. I knew the chill was in her heat. I took her hand, to lead her to the door. The thrill maddened me. I snatched her to my heart and kissed her cold face again and again, then softly opened the door and pushed her in. And now, for ten years I have drifted—a homeless exile—hither and thither, but with one thought constantly uppermost, to keep myself pure and worthy of her."

He ended. There was a reverent silence as we both stood with bared heads under the quiet stars.

I must say here, that all my life I have been subject to presentiments, which an

extremely sensitive, delicate organization only served to deepen and strengthen. And in nine cases out of ten, those impressions, which came to me with such realistic force, were literally fulfilled, sooner or later. I gradually came to expect that as a part of the visitation. As we descended through the narrow, busy streets, to our lodging house, suddenly, and with the force of a ringing blow, there came to me an overwhelming sense of brooding calamity. It might be near or remote; it might be for me or for him, or for both of us; that I could not tell. But I knew, beyond all doubting, that it was coming, surely coming to one of us.

Exhausted both in mind and body, I crept into bed, and dozed off into the wildest fantasies. Now I was plunging headlong down an awful precipice, and now flying through space on the tail of a comet. Now I was gagged and bound, hand and foot, across a down-grade track, with a locomotive rounding the curve, and now shot along an aerial telegraph wire from planet to planet, making a geographical survey of the stars. I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes in utter weariness. What was it that drew my gaze to that patch of moonlight on the floor? A black coffin, long enough and wide enough for either of us. A sickening horror seized me. Impelled by a power outside of myself, I crept out of bed—softly, that I might not waken Reub.—crept nearer and nearer, as a bird hops into the jaws of the reptile that charms it, till I looked down upon the face of a man—a man I had never seen. Even now, I distinctly remember the dizzy faintness of the reaction, as I reeled backward against the bed. But again I was impelled forward. This time I stooped and read the inscription on the coffin-plate—

GEORGE RATHBURN,
1832-1873.

I remember, too, thinking in a vague, impossible. Without, I could hear the incoherent way, what connection this roar of the hurricane and see the vast man's death could possibly have with billowy flood of fire. I tried to rise, but that other invisible horror that was drawing a heavy weight lay on my chest and held me down. An awful sense of suffocation was stealing over me. Suddenly ing closer and closer—it might be just at hand. Then, while I gazed, the coffin the door was burst open, some one threw vanished from sight, and in its place stood a tablet, whereon was written— a wet blanket around me, and I knew nothing more.

Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left; what thou doest, do quickly.

As I read, the mists slowly lifted from my brain. Like a flash of light, the truth intuitively possessed me. I saw, as in a mirror; the hidden was made plain. I turned, with a passionate pain, to where Reub. lay, sleeping peacefully as a child, and cried under my breath—
“Alas! Alas! My brother!”

I hurriedly dressed myself and slipped out of the house, the words, “What thou doest, do quickly” ringing in my ears as audibly as though uttered by a human voice. I roused up the astonished operator, and sent the following dispatch:

Mrs. Ruth Rathburn:

Reuben Day needs you. Come at once.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Then I awaited, with what feelings one may well imagine, the inscrutable shaping of events.

It was the morning of the eighth day. Reub. always went to the mine at 4:00 o'clock. I was not required to report on duty until 6:00. This was one of the many ways he had of shielding me. I was vaguely conscious of his going away as usual, and that a heavy sea of wind was breaking over the city, but dozed off again into a heavy slumber. When next I awoke, I thought the judgment day had come, and that the world was on fire. The crackling flames were already creeping in at windows and door. The room was seething in smoke. Escape seemed

impossible. Without, I could hear the roar of the hurricane and see the vast, billowy flood of fire. I tried to rise, but a heavy weight lay on my chest and held me down. An awful sense of suffocation was stealing over me. Suddenly the door was burst open, some one threw a wet blanket around me, and I knew nothing more.

When I came to myself, I was lying on a lounge in a strange room. I tried to collect my dazed senses, and then I heard dreadful shouting, and a mighty roar and swash, like the ocean at high tide beating against the rocks. I staggered to the window and looked out. Will I ever forget the terrible magnificence, the sublime grandeur of the sight? Two great walls of flame rolled toward each other in majestic wrath—crashed into each other with the sound of mighty thunders. Then the red flood was caught up in the tremendous clutch of the hurricane and flung, like a child's toy, hither and thither, eastward and westward and southward, till nothing could be seen but a vast ocean of fire, a mile in extent, whose red billows were hurled to the very heavens; then fell back, hissing and roaring, into the foaming, seething cauldron. I could only think of that lake of fire, of which it is written, “And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.”

I was aroused from the amazed torpor, which had held me, by a low moan. It seemed to come from an inner room. For the first time, I thought “Where's Reub.?” Almost with the thought, my name was uttered in a faint, feeble voice, with the old, familiar ring gone out of it. My heart beat fast. I crossed the room in an agony of doubt and fear, and stood by a figure on the bed. It was almost beyond recognition.

“Reub.!” I cried. “Was it you that saved me?”

“Yes, lad; but never mind me. Send

this message to her; tell her I was faithful to the end."

I longed, unutterably, to tell him what I had done; to tell him I was certain, as certain as I ever could be without ocular proof, that Ruth was, even now, on her way to him; would be with him very soon. But I dared not—dared not raise a hope, that might possibly, after all, only prove a bitter disappointment, and perhaps a fatal shock to him. There were so many contingencies. She might possibly not reach him in time. I held my hand across my mouth and forced back the words that burned in my throat, my inner conviction was so strong and real. But I waited and watched, with feverish impatience, the slipping away of the hours—for what?

It was late in the afternoon. The slanting sun dipped lower and lower, with a lingering, soft effulgence, and flung a gorgeous shroud across the gray and blackened ruins. The doctor had said that Reub. could not live beyond the turn of the night. Every few moments my eyes turned, expectantly, toward the entrance. Suddenly a figure darkened the doorway—the figure of a woman, middle aged, gray haired and white faced, with great, shadowy, gray eyes.

"I knew you would come," I started to say, but checked myself and silently made way for her as she came swiftly to the bed.

"Reub.," she whispered, with a sobbing cadence.

"Who speaks?" sharply.

"Ruth—your little Ruth."

"And he—your—"

She caught the drift of the question and drew herself erect: "Reub.! Reub.! Would I be here?"

Then remembering his helplessness, with a heart-breaking sob, she cried: "Alone in the world, I have come to you at last—at last."

She sank down by the bed and nestled her face close to his on the pillow.

"My brave Ruth! My bonnie girl! you find me done for—utterly done for," with a heavy sigh. It was hard to slip out of life with this treasure just within his grasp.

"My hero of heroes!" she answered, proudly, and slipped one arm about his neck.

I stole from the room, but kept within hearing of his voice. After a time, he called me, in clear, strong tones.

"Dick; Ruth and I must be married over again. Bring the parson, and tell him this time to make it fast, and tight fast—and—tigh—"

The sudden thickness in his speech alarmed me. I rushed away. When I returned, a few moments later, with the "parson," I met the doctor on the steps. We entered together. They were just as I had left them, and seemed to be asleep. After one searching glance, the doctor turned to me with a tender sympathy in his eyes, and said, gently—

"Too late; both are dead."

"Too late?" I said. "Who will doubt that the marriage is made 'fast and tight,' with the angels for witnesses."

MEM LINTON.

THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet, not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With pensive look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And sadly mark the holy fane
Of Lindisfarne's ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were?
Or is the dreary change in me?

THERE was little sleep for us the night before leaving Ayr. The boisterous street revellers, most of them "unco fou," kept up the excitement of ushering in the new year till into the small hours, and commenced again by daylight, one custom, among other curious ones, being that of burning all the old almanacs in town before the door of the principal hotel.

On our way to the station next morning, every other man we met was, with either ale or whisky,

Glorious,

O'er all the ills o' life victorious,

and as the holidays of the Scottish New Year last from one week to two, one may imagine the state of things before they close. On the route to Coatbridge, we passed through Paisley and surrounding country, crossing the Clyde at Glasgow, and of course not failing to visit its renowned cathedral, in the crypt of which Scott lays the scene of Rob Roy's mysterious warning to Francis Osbaldistone. This church, the only metropolitan one in Scotland, with a single exception, that remained uninjured at the reformation, produces a great effect upon the mind, in its impressive majesty, and Andrew Fairservice thus accounts for its preservation in Rob Roy. "Ah! it's a brave

kirk—nane o' your whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open steek hems about it—a' solid, weel jointed mason wark, that will stand as long as the world, keep hands and gunpowther off it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the reformation, when they pu'd down the kirks o' St. Andrews and Perth, and there awa', to cleanse them o' Papery and idolatry and image worship and surplices and sic like, sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and a' about, they behooved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand at purging the High Kirk o' Papish nick-nackets. Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of saints (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by scripture warrant, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed off her, and a' bady was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the reform wad hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair christian-like kirks."

The narrow strip of country around Paisley has produced about one-half the number of Scottish poets, was the devoutest region of the covenant, and still

earlier, the spot whence came forth such patriotism as that of Wallace, Bruce and the Douglasses. Near it, in the pastoral border, the ballad had its origin—Scott's most distinctive land of story. And hence, too, John Wilson, the Christopher North of the "Nactes Ambrosianae," born at Paisley, drew the Elysian charm of his stories of human life, witness the touching simplicity and pastoral beauty of his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." How we wished it were summer, that we might wander over his beloved "mearns," as he thus describes them:

"O, wild moorland, sylvan and pastoral parish! How rich in streams and rivulets and rills, each with its own peculiar murmur, art thou with thy bold, bleak exposure, sloping upward in ever lustrous undulations to the portals of the east! How endless the interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells and broomy nooks without number among thy banks and braes. The old farmer and hearty dame of 'our parish,' who did not ask us children which we would hae, hinney or jam, but 'which will ye hae first;' and the daughter, the sweet, but early failing, Mary Morrison, who alone of all singers in hut and hall, that ever drew tears and left nothing for the heart or imagination to desire in any one of Scotland's ancient melodies."

When in Edinboro' I found my way, one quiet Sabbath morning, to the Dean cemetery, a mile or so out of town, romantically situated, and beautifully wooded, above the Leith river, for the express purpose of looking for Professor Wilson's grave. After searching in vain for more than an hour, I succeeded, at length, in finding the gardener of the enclosure, who constituted himself my guide. He had the high cheek bones and athletic form said to be peculiar to his country, together with the national intonation and slow, pedantic mode of expression, and although the native

shrewdness and caution were apparent in the observations he made, and the answers he returned at first, his frigidity melted, and he became genuinely warm and communicative on seeing my undisguised admiration for his illustrious countryman. He gathered for me some snowdrops, and dug with his pocket knife about the grave to secure some small roots of wild daisy and Scotch rose, and handing them with a bow, said, "Take care o' them, and ye may mak some puir we bitte tak root in yere ain country."

The monument is a shaft of polished Aberdeen granite, inscribed—

JOHN WILSON,
Professor of Moral Philosophy.
Born 18th May, 1785,
Died 3d April, 1854.

Nothing more—no epitaph—no scriptural selection. Simple as he would have wished, and, perhaps, requested.

The gardener's courtesy did not end here, but he took pleasure in pointing out to me the monuments erected to many celebrated dead throughout the cemetery. In the burial ground of the old Parish church, at Edinboro', lies Wilson's cotemporary and friend, Thomas de Quincy, author of "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater."

But to return to Coatbridge, from which we have widely strayed. Its immediate neighborhood is the scene where stirring deeds have been done—Bothwellhaugh and the battle of Bothwell.

Now farewell father and farewell mother,
And fare ye well my sisters three,
And fare ye well my Earlestown,
For thee again I'll never see.

Along the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony a brave man lies cauld and still,
But long we'll mind and sair we'll rue
The bloody battle of Bothwell hill.

At Bothwellhaugh lived the Hamilton who shot, in the streets of Linlithgon, the Regent Murray. The Regent had

given to one of his favorites, Hamilton's estate of Bothwellhaugh, who took possession of it with such brutality, that he turned Hamilton's wife, scantily clothed, on a cold night, out into the open fields, where, before morning, she became furiously insane. Hamilton, inflamed with the spirit of vengeance, followed the Regent about from place to place, endeavoring to find an opportunity to kill him. Having, at length, to pass through Linlithgon, on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, the opportunity was afforded Hamilton, who placed himself in a house of his uncle, the archbishop of St. Andrews, and shot the regent dead from a window, as he rode slowly along, owing to the pressure of the crowd. The author of *Waverley*, who adds the bright color of romance to the historic realities of the time and place, alludes to this event in his ballad of "Cadyow Castle," of which I quote a few lines:

When princely Hamilton's abode
 Ennobled Cadyow's gothic tow'rs,
 The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
 And revel sped the laughing hours.

Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
 Still wont our weal and woe to share?
 Why comes he not our sport to grace?
 Why shares he not our hunter's fare?

What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
 Where mountain Eske thro' woodland
 Her arms enfold a shadowy child— [flows,
 Oh, is it she, the pallid rose?

The wilder'd trav'ler sees her glide,
 And hears her feeble voice with awe—
 "Revenge!" she cries, "on Murray's pride,
 And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"

In the same vicinity lies Bothwell manse, the home of Joanna Baillie in her childhood—she who afterward became the intimate friend, guest and correspondent of Walter Scott, who also delighted to make himself her guest. She died and was buried at Hampstead heath at the age of eighty-nine, in 1851, though there was no spot in Scotland

she loved like the home of her childhood. I regret that I did not know this when I was in London, as I could so easily have visited her home and tomb, only an hour's walk from where we were, at the same time I found out Coleridge's and George Eliot's graves. This interest in sacred localities, where the honored dead repose, is looked upon, by the average Englishman, as an American weakness and misplaced enthusiasm, which calls forth a condescending smile and readily expressed ignorance as to such spots, when questioned.

The minister of Bothwell was Joanna Baillie's father, and Bothwell manse looks down from its elevation upon the scene of the battle at Bothwell brig, upon the park of Hamilton, where the covenanters were encamped, and upon Bothwellhaugh. We passed through the churchyard to the manse, with its "countless multitudes o' grass graves a' touchin' ane anither — a' roun the kirk-yard wa's marble and freestane monuments without end, o' a' shapes and sizes and ages—some quaint, some queer, some simple, some ornate; for genius likes to work upon grief—and these tombs partakin not o' the noise o' a city, but stannin aloof from the stir o' life aneath the sombre shadow o' the hill."

The following is one among the curious inscriptions on tombs and headstones:

Erected by Margaret Scott, in memory of her husband, Robert Stobo, late Smith and Farrier o' Gowkthrapple, who died 7th May, 1834, in the 70th year of his age.

My sledge's hammer lies declined,
 My bellows' pipes have lost its wind;
 My forge's extinct, my fires decayed,
 And in the dust my vice is laid—
 My coal is spent, my iron is gone,
 My nails are drove, my work is done.

It is customary to put the occupation in the inscription on a grave stone, throughout Scotland, whether it be tinker, tailor or cobbler. We saw more of the

shady side of Scottish life than we ever wish to see again, on arriving at Coat-bridge, and while searching for lodgings, through its narrow closes and dark passages, in every respectable and nonrespectable portion of the city. Owing to the New Year, every hotel, inn or lodging house was full and running over, and we were forced, at last, weary and footsore, to be glad of a roof to cover us, with rooms secured in contiguous tenement houses in a coöperative building, with a herring bone flight of stone steps. My tenement consisted of a but and ben (bane), and the only access to my room was through mine host's, where mother, father, two children and "a puir wee mon" of eight days, lived, slept, cooked and ate, but with a scrupulous regard to cleanliness, nevertheless. The keeping room, the only other one, was given up to me, where, with carpet and gas and a good illustrated history of Scotland, I was very comfortable, although with a chair for wash-stand, and a sort of soup tureen for basin or bath, as the English call bathing tub. From the sensible head of the house, I gathered much information on Scottish ways and means, and his "gude auld mither," who visited me occasionally, seemed to consider that her broad Scotch would reach my comprehension through the sense of hearing if she only raised her voice high enough, and enforced it by sundry strong, but amicable, pats of the shoulder.

—

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons;
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Berwick (pronounced Berrick), on Tweed, dates back, indistinctly, to the Saxon period, but in the year 1020, the Saxo-Danish era, the Tweed became the

boundary of England and Scotland, and Berwick assumed the important position of a border town, and, perhaps, is the spot on which more blood has been shed than any other on the whole island. It has the air of antiquity and melancholy, that accords well with what has passed in and around it. Its castle, too, in a rude form, on the bold heights where is now the North British railway station, stood, for many centuries, a tower of strength and a hotly contested stronghold between the two rival nations, England and Scotland. The old masses of the castle that remain, show by their solid masonry, their former stupendous strength, the archway under the tower, by the river, being fifteen yards through. An inner circle of more modern walls than the ancient ones, which encircled the whole town, are yet perfect with their moats, fortifications and draw bridges, covered with ramparts of earth and green turf, and called "Queen Elizabeth's walls." In 1547, a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots and Edward VI, of England, had been spoken of, and serious disturbances occurred on the borders in Elizabeth's time, encouraged by her, because Queen Mary had thwarted her on her marriage with Darnley. Mary came in sight of Berwick in 1566, to view the ancient town, so full of interest for so many reigns; and twenty years later, Sir Richard Carey arrived in Berwick with the melancholy commission to proceed to Edinboro' to apprise James of his mother's beheading, by order of Elizabeth, but was advised not to risk his life with such a message.

When the North British railway purchased the ground on which the castle stood, a considerable portion of the keep was yet standing. The whole was then razed to the ground, except the foundations of the towers—one round and the other octagonal—and some of its walls. As we passed under the five very com-

plete arches of this once impregnable fortress, we could not help mourning over the iconoclastic spirit of the age, which, in its forward march of improvement, necessitated the destruction of the grand old structure, with its antique record of yet grander deeds.

The town is entered by five gates and the railway bridge, a daring structure, which spans the Tweed and presents a most graceful appearance from its numerous arches and great heights. Near it is the old bridge, which, until the new was built, was regarded with wonder as a piece of splendid workmanship, and is, in its almost zigzag parapets, a curiosity, for no two arches run in a straight line, owing, it is said, to the piece-meal plan of building, and the great length of time it was in being finished. Some one writes of it: "What an interesting old relic it is, with its inconveniences in regard to modern traffic, well designed for defense in the days when it was constructed." We can never walk along it, nor hang over its parapets without peopling it with steel-clad horsemen, and buff-jerkined pikemen, who were the figures that crowded it during its youth. How whimsical it is to think of the astonishment of these men if they could be brought to life and have a peep at the new Royal Border railway bridge, whose arches are now hanging close at hand, half way between the Tweed and the clouds!

The names of the streets of the town are all old. Ravensdowne is traced to the thirteenth century, and from these one concludes that there has been very little change in the position of it for the last six hundred years. The curfew (*couvre feu*) continues to be rung at eight o'clock, for fifteen minutes, every evening; and with a greater adherence to old customs, the town is now, as then, astir by five in the morning, when an *ouvre feu*, as I style it, an open fire, also

peals forth. At the foot of High street, on which is our temperance hotel, the Lorne, stands, in the very middle of it, and seriously impeding traffic, the tower, a handsome gothic building, with a spire one hundred and fifty feet high. Near the entrance steps, the old stocks are still to be seen. From its belfry, a peal of bells rings out on all public occasions, in especial the queen's birth and coronation days; and in accordance with another ancient custom, the bell not only tolls a death, but rings in a lively way for the funeral, as in Erlangen, Bavaria. When I first heard it there, I inquired what jubilee was being ushered in. This morning, Jan. 8, 1885, the bells proclaim that Victor, the eldest son of the prince of Wales, attains his majority, and wherever there is a peal of bells throughout the British Isles, this joyous acclaim will be sounded, not once, but many times during the day.

A few hours later, and the bell from the same tower announces two deaths, which occurred last night, under most tragic circumstances. A fire broke out in a confectioner's shop, but a few doors from our hotel, and before assistance could be gained, mother and son perished, suffocated by the smoke. The father died a year since, and he, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," had remained unmarried, the sole support and prop of his aged parent. Again, as I write, the merry chimes follow hard upon the mournful death knell, and so, close upon each other, succeed joy and woe, life and death, mortality and immortality.

To-day our kind-hearted and obliging landlady brings us the visitors' book, with a protest against asking any lodger to write in it, but with the modest request that she might leave it with us, to while away half an hour or so, if we had it at command. We could not resist the silent suggestion, nor fail to glorify her

hotel with our contribution to the doggerel already there, and so, beneath the couplet—

Well off at the Lorne, and glad we are here,
In spite of the absence of wine or of beer,

we inserted our appreciation of the home comfort we had found under her provident care:

Who'd think of beer in this old border town,
With its glorious past, and historic renown?
Its walls and its bridge, with its castle in ruin,
Its forays and feuds forever a brewin'—
Why, wine, to the spirit of old border foray,
Is a "Public"* to "Lorne"—dishonor to glory.

In the county of Selkirk, a short distance to the southwest of Berwick, James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born, and there, among the streams of Ettrick and Yarrow, he lived, wrote and died, "one of the most extraordinary among the many remarkable men which the humble walks of life in Scotland have furnished." There have been Allan Ramsey, the barber; Robert Burns, the ploughman; Allan Cunningham, the stone-cutter; Tannahill and Thom, the weavers. Had there been no Burns, Hogg would have been regarded as a miracle for a rural poet, and his "Queen's Wake" stamped him, after Burns, as the greatest poet that had ever sprung from the bosom of the common people, "but his surest passport to immortality is his embalmment in 'Noctes Ambrosianae.'"

The dialect of the shepherd is peculiar. It is thoroughly Scottish, and could not be Anglicized without losing its raciness. Prof. Fusier thus writes of it: "Let it not be supposed that it is provincial, or that it is a departure from English speech, in the sense in which the dialects of Cockneydom, and of certain English counties, are violations of the language of England. It is a dialect consecrated by the genius of Burns and by the usage of Scott, and now con-

firmed as classical by its last, and in some respects its greatest, master."

As the last specimen, then, on a large scale, of the national language of Scotland, which the world is ever likely to see, I must, even at the risk of prolixity, introduce here two specimens of "copiousness, flexibility and splendor," as the author of "Noctes Ambrosianae" wields it.

Take the following word picture, after Salvator Rosa or Claude Lorraine: "I'm just as original in paintin' as in poetry, and follow nae master. I'm partial to closescenes—a bit neuk, wi' a big, mossy stane, aiblins a birk tree, a burnie maist dried up, a' but ae deep pool, into which slides a thread o' water down a rock—a shepherd reading—nae ither leevin thing—for the flocks are ayont the knowes and up amang the green hills; ay, anither leevin thing, and just ane—his col-lie, rowed up half-asleep, wi' a pair o' lugs (ears) that still seem listenin', and his closin' een towards his maister; or perhaps a bit bonnie butterfly is restin' wi' folded wings on a gowan (daisy), no a yard frae your cheek; and noo, waukening out o' a summer dream, floats awa' in its wavering beauty, but, as if unwilling to leave its place of midday sleep, comin' back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and on that side, and ettlin (attempting) in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some bright floweret, till the same breath o' wund that lifts your hair sae refreshingly, catches the airy voyager, and wafts her awa' into some ither neuk of her ephemeral paradise." Or this, after Hogarth, on the Jaundice: "Wearied and worn wi' lyin' in the bed, I got up wi' some sma' assistance frae wee Jamie—God bless him!—and telt them to open the shutters. What a sicht! A' faces as yellow's yellow lilies, like the parchment o' an auld drumhead! I ca'd for the glass, and my ain face was the warst o' the hail set. Whites o' een!

* Small inn where liquor is sold.

They were the color o' dandelions, or yellow-yoldrins (yellow-hammer). I was feared to wash my face, lest the water grew ochre. That the jaundice was in the house, was plain, but whether it was me, only, that had it, or a' the rest likewise, was mair than I could tell. That the yellow I saw was na' in them, but in me, was hard to believe, when I luckit on them, yet I thocht on green specks, and the stained wundows in Windermere station, and reasoned wi' mysel' that the discoloration must be in my lens, or pupil, or optic nerve, or apple, or ba' o' the ee, and that I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was the jaundice. The sun, the mighty sun himsel', wha' lends the rainbow its hues, and is never the poorer, looked at me wi' a disconsolate aspeck, as much as to say, 'James, James, is it thou or I that has the jaundice?'

Hogg died near St. Mary's Loch, in 1835, and the sight of Prof. Wilson, his life-long friend and companion, at the funeral, standing at the head of his grave, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, was said to have been a most moving one. It is related of the Ettrick Shepherd, that when his physician pronounced his disease to be "water upon the chest," he declared it to be impossible, as he had "never drunk a glass of water in his life."

It required some resolution to start out alone on a day's excursion from Berwick, to visit parts unknown, but which excursion was, nevertheless, well and happily accomplished, between the hours of eleven and four. My purpose was to see Twizel castle and the old bridge over the Till, by which the English troops were led, by Surrey, to the battle of Flodden; also St. Helen's well, where, according to tradition, St. Cuthbert, the holy saint of Lindisfarne, is said to have granted the wishes of those who drank

its waters with due devotion, and of which the English army drank on their way.

Twizel! Thy rocks deep echo rang,
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Sweet Helen, at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorne glade, which now we see
In springtide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

I plunged into this "hawthorne glade," following the course of the "sullen Till," for a short distance, but did not find it, nor St. Cuthbert's chapel, to which the bones of that saint were floated down the Tweed, in a stone coffin, from Melrose abbey, in his miraculous journey before his very unsettled condition was finally set at rest by a permanent lodgment in Durham cathedral.

In his stone coffin, forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tillmouth cell.

In the train, I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of a Scotchman, a Mr. Elliott, the architect of the elegant new mansion of Tilmouth, which is to be built of the stone from the modern portion of old Twizel castle, leaving the original ruins to stand on the height facing the new residence. Mr. Elliott was going out to superintend his workmen, and learning my quest, with a ready courtesy and kindness, conducted me over most of the localities I was in search of, covering an area of two miles or more, and finally left me at the very top of Tilmouth castle, first pointing out a glorious view of the Cheviot hills, the Dunse, the Eildon, and below them, in the near view, the old mill, the Till and the bridge. I had always wished to roam at will over a fine English or Scottish castle; and here was my chance, with no occupants to hinder, and only a few servants on the place, who offered me, at Mr. Elliott's recommendation, all

necessary information. Many of the higher apartments, commanding far-reaching views, were of glass on the greater part of two sides, and the basement included kitchen, butler's, groom's and house-keeper's rooms, with servants' hall, a large general apartment, also gun and billiard rooms. The first floor, with its grand staircase and entrance hall, comprise library, boudoir, morning room (two sides glass), drawing, dining and service room, rose and daisy room. On the balcony floor above, are bridge room, eagle room and dressing room, with a magnificent view, center and dressing room and white room, all opening upon a railed, open square, commanding entrance hall. Fourth story, a very grand room for valet, east and blue room, and housemaid's room. Fifth story, footman's, cook's and house-keeper's bed rooms; Cheviot room, overlooking the hills, the Till and the grounds; mill room, commanding the picturesque old mill on the Till, and other small rooms, numbering, in all, from forty to fifty, supplied with bathing rooms, grates and electric bells on every story, even to the servants' bed rooms. The house is reached through a fine park. The Till courses along the grounds, and by the house, in many a graceful curve. The hills and slopes dip to the river and valley in symmetrical undulations; the old castle stands out boldly and prominently, far above, opposite, while the old stone bridge, with its single, handsome and massive arch, connecting the grounds of the two mansions, looks as strong and reliable now, as when Surrey's troops crossed it, nearly four hundred years ago. The young heir of both estates was not, at the time I was there, "ready to marry and settle down," said Mr. Elliott, so the place was to stand a while without its rightful occupant. If the owner be as good and beautiful as his home, Tilmouth castle is a bonnie place to bring a bride to.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
 And Cheviot's mountains lone;
 The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
 The loop-hole grates, where captives weep,
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,
 In yellow lustre shone—

As it shone on the ruins of this solemn, time-worn pile, when we first beheld it, toward the close of a mild winter's day, having reached it within an hour, by train from Berwick. The opening canto of *Marmion* commences with the above description of Norham castle, as we all know; and as we stood before it, with the setting sun lighting up the walls, some of which have stood the storms of nearly eight hundred years, we thought of the numberless sieges this tower of strength had sustained, from the time of its foundation, in 1121, through all the Bruce and Baliol controversies, down to the time it capitulated, in 1513, when James IV. laid siege to it a few days before the battle of Flodden. We could yet, in imagination, see

The warriors on the turret high,
 Moving athwart the evening sky,

as they present themselves to Lord Marmion, when "along the bridge he rode."

About twenty miles to the north, on a high rock projecting into the German ocean, are the ruins of Tantallon castle, the Douglas stronghold, where Marmion dared

To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hold.

And much nearer, still, to the north, between St. Abb's head and the village of Eyemouth, is another historic castle, Wolf's crag, or Fast castle, to which the master of Ravenswood betook himself, when compelled to part with the ancient family seat of Ravenswood, a lonely, sea-beaten tower, on the bleak shore, overlooking the German ocean. "A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling," says Scott, in his mournful story of the

“Bride of Lammermoor,” “it was, perhaps, difficult to conceive, where the sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach, at a profound distance beneath, was, to the ear, what the landscape was to the eye,” but of which of Wolf’s crag is worthy of a large pedwelling, notwithstanding, the faithful rusal.”

C. L. HENDERSON.

KETTLE FALLS OF THE COLUMBIA.

THESE falls, called “Chaudière” by the early Canadian voyagers of the Hudson’s Bay Company, and “Som-etkun” by the Indians of the Upper Columbia, are situated on the Columbia river, about forty-one miles south of the British line, and four miles above the mouth of the Colville river. The pool formed at one point, by the falling waters, has the appearance of a boiling cauldron. Hence, the Chaudière falls have been changed into their English synonym, Kettle falls. They form a very serious obstruction—or rather, one of the many—to the navigation of the Upper Columbia, by reason of the contracted channel at this point, which, in places, is not much more than two hundred feet wide. The first fall does not exceed twenty feet in drop at low water, and the second, which is a few hundred feet distant from the first, is still lower. An island and rugged peninsula, both of rock, the former lying in the channel, and the latter projecting half way across the river, form a stubborn barrier; and a railroad portage at this point will become necessary whenever a serious start is made in navigating the waters of the Upper Columbia. The writer made the accompanying sketch (page 574) on an August day, opposite the falls, from the west bank. It was an interesting sight to see the wily salmon leaping the falls, in their ascent of the river.

Upon the shores of the river, for a mile or two below the falls, had assembled a large number of Indians, who, having secured their winter’s supply of salmon, mostly by spearing them from the rocks, were now busily drying them in the sun, to be cached and hoarded for winter consumption. There were probably not less than thirty tepees scattered along the stream, on the west bank, and they appeared to be more numerous on the opposite shore. I was told by our guide, a half-breed, that these falls are the rendezvous, during the fishing season, of Indians from all parts of the surrounding country. Here were to be found the Colvilles, San Puelles, Okanagans, and Indians from the Spokane and Moses tribes, all meeting at one happy hunting ground, in pursuit of the sportive salmon. They were a motley crew to behold. The squaws were all more or less busy in the operation of drying the fish, and preparing them by removing in the head and entrails, opening them

until perfectly flat, and placing them in rows upon a temporary framework, where the hot August sun completed the drying process. The male portion of the camp were, for the most part, taking things easy, by basking upon the sand by the shore; others were playing cards or fixing their salmon spears. Spearing is generally done at a very early hour. At one portion of the rocks a fish trap

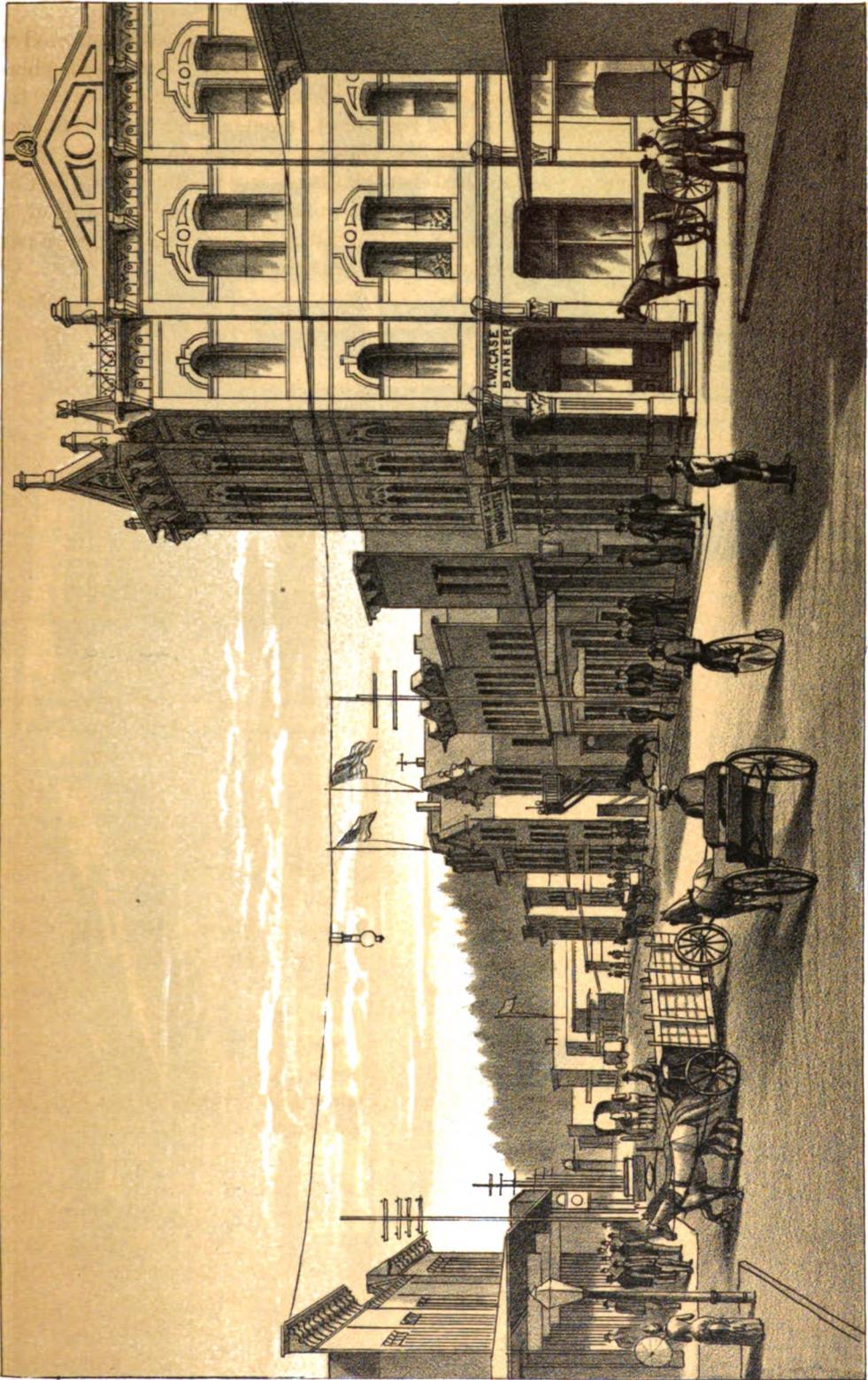
had been constructed, and appeared to be quite a success. The atmosphere along the shore was redolent with the perfume of smoked and dried fish, and we were not sorry when we came to the Sin-pail-hu, a small affluent of the Columbia, abounding in mountain trout, of which a number were caught and par-taken before sunset.

ALFRED DOWNING.

PASSION AND SPRING.

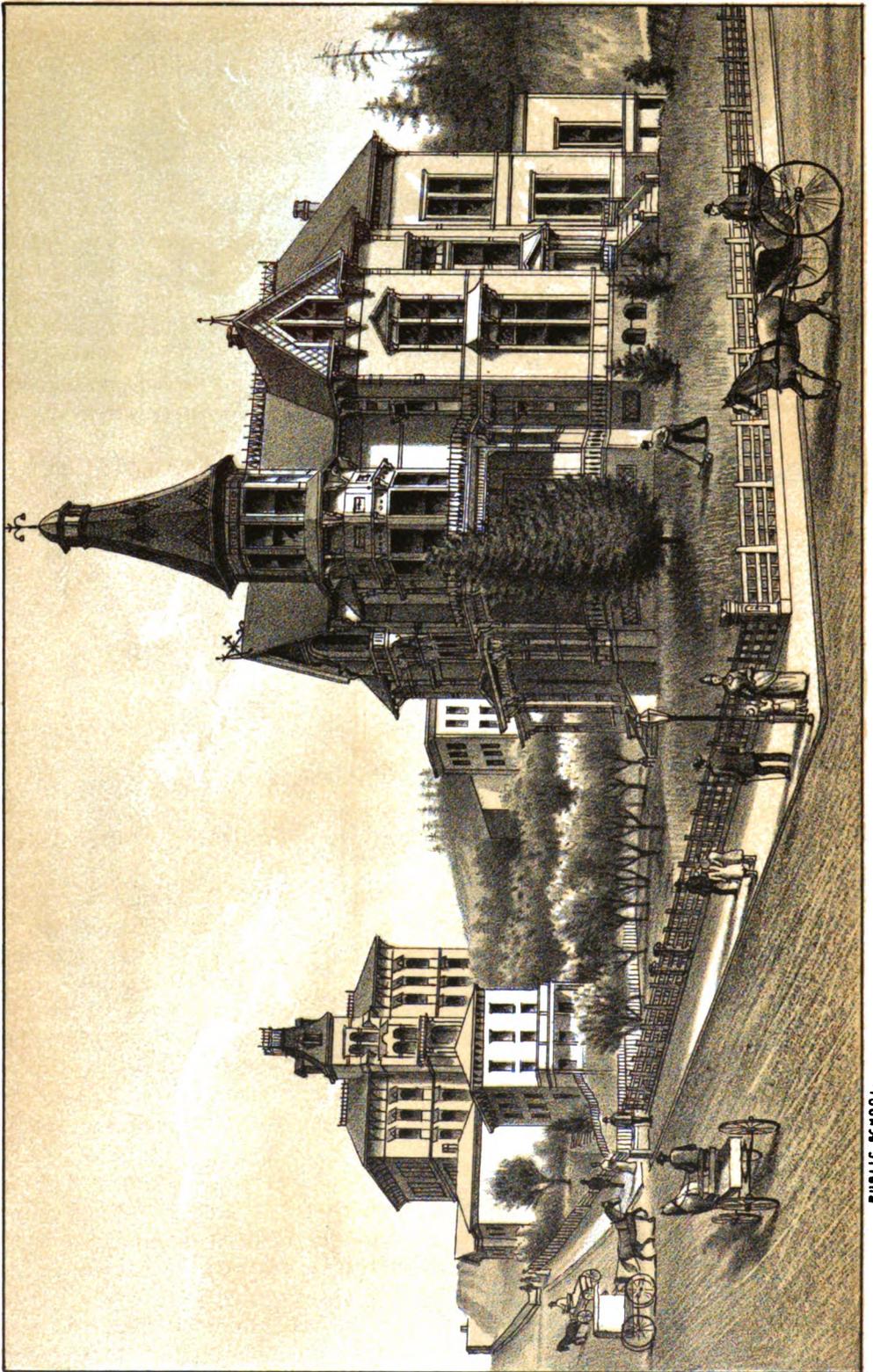
These primroses and purple violets,
 Wallflowers and daffodils, that God doth fling
 Broadcast on earth to usher in his spring,
 Bloom on the grave of my most drear regrets;
 And as their fragrance meets my senses keen,
 Such a sweet anguish fills my yearning heart,
 As if the soul's birthday to life should start
 From buried æons to remembrance green;
 So full of pain and joy, as deep-drawn sobs
 That break the frost of death, that waking throbs
 Of resurrection life in souls asleep:
 So do these blossoms strongly speak of thee,
 And as I smell them, strike mysteriously
 An answering chord of passion overdeep.

LILY HAYNES.



ODD FELLOWS TEMPLE.

OREGON-A STREET VIEW IN ASTORIA.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.

OREGON-A STREET VIEW IN ASTORIA.

HER FIRST CASE.

CLARA Willis stood in the door, and surveyed the charming scene before her, with unmixed pleasure. It was not new to her; in fact, she had seen it every day for the past ten years, but it never grew old nor monotonous. It seemed to vary with every change of weather and season, and it scarcely seemed the same more than an hour at a time. She had got supper ready, and was waiting for her father, brother and the hired man to come in. She slowly put down her sleeves, mechanically smoothing the ruffles at her prim, shapely wrists, as she gazed at the picture she knew and loved so well.

In front of the house, a green meadow lawn sloped gently to the river side, where the sunset rays lingered and reflected a rosy glow on the musical, dancing ripples, that chimed so readily with the twittering of the birds, as they said good-night to each other in the swaying willows on the bank. Across the river, stretched a grassy valley, which gradually rose to the foothills, and they, in turn, climbed to the mountains, with rocky, fir-lined gulches, where a line of snow caps towered, grandly, back of all, up to meet the sky, and seemed the limit of earth, as it was of vision. The sunset light was over all, glorifying it with the subdued splendor now slowly dying away.

Clara heard the men on the back porch, and turned from the door with a sigh of regret; as her father called—

“Ready, Callie!”

She stepped into the neat sitting room, which opened upon a piazza in front and at the back. The men were already

seated at the table, and Clara, quickly bringing in hot dishes of “warmed-up” potatoes and cream toast, with the tea, took her own seat, and bent her head reverently as her father asked the accustomed blessing—a custom too well learned in the East to be given up, even in the proverbially Godless West. The mother’s place was vacant, for she and the younger daughter had gone East to make a long-deferred visit, while Clara kept house, and tried her best to rival mother. Clara finished her meal first, and excusing herself, went to the door again.

“There’s a man coming across the railroad bridge,” she said.

“A tramp?” briefly responded her father.

“Probably,” replied Clara, as she watched the man advance. “He’s coming here,” she added, “as all the tramps do.”

“Well, it’s little enough we have a chance to do for our fellows here; we needn’t grudge ’em a bite now and then.”

“I don’t, father,” said Clara, “and we shall have a chance to do a little for our fellow mortals at once,” as the little gate clicked and a man walked rapidly, up the path.

“Don’t walk like a tramp,” murmured Tom.

The man paused at the foot of the piazza steps. “Could I get my supper here to-night?” he began, in a frank, straightforward manner, addressing Clara.

“We have plenty of bread and milk, if that will do,” replied Clara, as she usually answered such requests.

"I don't know," said the man, "being out all night, as I'm obleeged to be—"

Here, to Clara's astonishment, her father appeared, with outstretched hand and cordial welcome. "Why, Mr. Benton, how do you do?"

"Quite well, sir; hope you're the same," replied the new-comer, while Clara, mortified beyond measure at her blunder, endeavored to escape.

"Come here, Callie," said Mr. Willis. "My daughter Clara, Mr. Benton. You must excuse her for her answer to your request for supper; we have so many tramp visitors, and we never refuse them bread and milk. Clara didn't know you, you see, and—"

"No more apologies," interrupted Mr. Benton, good-naturedly, "I look enough like a tramp, I am sure."

"But what brought you here just now?" asked Mr. Willis, as he led his guest to a seat on the piazza.

"We were sent to guard the bridge to-night," said Mr. Benton.

"Employed by the railroad company?" queried Mr. Willis. "I supposed the bridge was considered safe, but 'tis pretty high water."

"Oh no, that isn't it," replied Mr. Benton, in bewildered surprise. "Don't you know—hadn't you heard of the murder up at Juniper gulch?"

"Murder!" shrieked Clara, as she stopped in the doorway, with a plate of bread in one hand and a dish of fruit in the other.

"Yes," answered Mr. Benton, turning to Clara as he spoke. "Fred Farnsworth; stage driver, you know, from the station up the gulch."

"Fred Farnsworth! Oh yes; but was he killed, or did he—"

"He was killed. You see, it was this way: It was—let me see, this is Wednesday—well, that was Saturday night, an' Fred was driving the stage, as usual; had got along there, you remember,

where that little willow run crosses the road, an' there's a big gate there; well, just there, some one sprang out of the willows, an' called out, 'Halt!' but before Fred could sense the words, the man fired, and Fred was shot in the head—killed instantly. He fell over, an' the passenger sitting on the seat with him ketched him an' held him. The horses began to run, soon's Fred dropped the reins, an' then they drove like mad, up the gulch, into camp. Everybody that heard 'em comin' knew something was up. Well, that's all, except that the hull camp turned out to help the sheriff, an' the murderer ain't found yet. There is every reason to believe two of 'em was there, intendin' to rob the stage. Reckon the murder was sort o' unpremeditated. The company's cash was expected that night, but it didn't come. We're quite sure the rascals are over there in that basin; they've been tracked 'here and lost their horses, an' we expect 'em to try to cross the river to-night; that's why we are to guard the bridge. Every bridge anywhere around is guarded."

"You say we; who is with you?" inquired Mr. Willis, as Clara went to the table to deposit her dishes.

"Ike Grant," replied Mr. Benton. "He's on the other side. I was to let him know if we could get supper here. If I'd known this was your place, I'd a' fetched him right along."

"Wish you had," said Mr. Willis, "but the next best thing is to call him now. I'll send Tom over."

Tom soon crossed the bridge, and reappeared with a stranger. Each carried a gun, and they were conversing eagerly. Indeed, while the men ate of the bountiful meal Clara had provided, they all talked of the exciting event, without intermission. About dark, the two men, shouldering their guns, prepared to camp for the night, at the bridge. Clara thought of nothing but the murder,

while she mechanically did up her work, and of course she dreamed of it that night. No shots were heard, and the guards, coming in for breakfast, reported all quiet.

As they were preparing to go away, Clara said: "What if those men should come here? What should I do? I should dreadfully hate to let them go."

"Send for somebody, and hold 'em up till somebody gets here," promptly replied Mr. Grant.

"How do they look? Does anybody know?" asked Clara.

"Yes, as near as I can make out, one is short, an' about middle-aged, an' rather dark; an' the other is taller an' some younger, an' light—rather good lookin'," said Mr. Benton.

"Both dressed in dark coats, overall pants and soft felt hats," added Mr. Grant.

Soon afterward, the men left, and Clara went about her work, while the men folks went to the fields. After dinner, Clara was again left alone, and when her dinner work was finished, she smoothed her hair, exchanged her gingham apron for a dainty white affair, all ruffles and ribbon bows, and sat down on the piazza with her mending basket. As was natural, her thoughts were busy with the horrible death of young Fred Farnsworth, whom she had often seen. She wondered if his family were all east, and imagined the terrible news brought to loving mother and sisters. She held a sock over her mending ball and gazed, with a far-away look in her big, brown eyes, across the river. Suddenly her reverie was broken. She sat up, alert and watchful. What was that in the bushes across the river? Ah! It was as she thought. There were two figures—two men—she could see them plainly now. Both wore dark coats and soft felt hats. One was short and dark; the other taller, younger, and fair. They crept

cautiously, stealthily along, under the low, bending willows. They stopped and conferred together, and seemed to decide upon some mode of action, for they then stood erect, walked briskly, and started across the bridge.

"Ah!" thought Clara, "they have satisfied themselves there is no man at the house, and they are coming over. How I wish I could get them. Ah!"

A daring plan darted into Clara's clever little head, and she clapped her hands softly, as she sat quietly and saw the men approach. Some girls would have been nervous and frightened at the idea of meeting desperate characters. Not so with our heroine. She argued that they were desperately hungry, and had ventured out to get food, and would not dare to do anything out of the way, for fear of being tracked easier. The men came steadily on, and soon reached the little gate opening into the house yard. Clara lifted her eyes from her work, as if she had just observed them, and considered them in an ordinary light. The older man carried a curiously-shaped tin box and a sort of small garden trowel, and the other had a sack slung carelessly over his shoulder, and carried a stout walking stick. They paused at the steps, and both removed their hats politely, as Clara rose. The act seemed, somehow, incongruous with the rough characters Clara had naturally ascribed to the murderer and his accomplice, and she wondered which man really did the deed, as she glanced from one face to the other.

"Good afternoon, Miss," said the older man. "We are a little late, but would it be possible for us to get dinner here? We have tramped a good distance since we ate."

"Very likely," said Clara to herself; but aloud she said: "I think so. We are not accustomed to send people away hungry. Come up and sit on the piazza."

za, and I'll get you a lunch out here." The men threw down their baggage and wearily threw themselves into the rustic chairs Clara indicated, while she quickly cleared away the little table of her sewing implements, and covered it with a red cloth. She placed the dishes on it, and then said to the younger man—

"I do not happen to have any cooked meat in the house this afternoon, but there are some canned meats on a high shelf in the outside cellar, and if you will reach one can down, you can have it for lunch."

"Certainly," replied the young man, promptly rising to follow Clara. She led the way around the house. The outside door was open; they descended the steps, and she opened the door, saying—

"There, on that shelf in the farther corner, please."

The young man crossed the room to do her bidding, and Clara quickly shut and locked the door, flew up the steps, and shut and barred the outside door. After pausing to recover her breath and collect herself, she went around to the piazza.

"Well," she said, "if you will kindly hand down a jar of fruit from the closet shelf, in here, your lunch will be ready. I usually have father or Tom get things for me; it is quite inconvenient to be small," she added.

The man, without a thought of his companion, rose and followed his *petite* hostess. She opened a door leading from the dining room.

"There, please," she said, pointing to a tempting row of jars of home-canned fruit.

As he stepped in to reach the jar of peaches Clara pointed out, she hurriedly drew the door to, which fastened with a spring. As Clara hastened away, she heard her prisoner call—

"Wait a minute, Miss, I'm locked in."

"I guess you are," chuckled Clara to

herself, as she ran swiftly down the lane, to the field, arriving there breathless, but triumphant.

"Father! Quick!" she gasped. "Send Tom up to Juniper gulch; I've got—they're here; locked up. Send for the sheriff, or somebody."

Mr. Willis stopped his work, and let the water flow copiously in the wrong direction, as he leaned on his shovel and stared, in helpless bewilderment, at his pretty daughter, who, bare headed, flushed and panting, suggested an escaped lunatic, while her incomprehensible utterances confirmed the impression that "Clara had gone daft." Tom, who was working at a ditch a short distance away, was quicker of comprehension. He hurriedly placed a shovelful of dirt at the outlet, and jumped over two or three ditches, shouting—

"Do you mean the murderer, Cal?"

"Yes," she cried, "both of the men are here—came to get something to eat. I knew them in a minute, from Mr. Benton's description. One is in the cellar, and the other in the dining room closet."

"Tom," said Mr. Willis, beginning to comprehend, "saddle Firefly, and go up to camp as fast as he'll take you."

Tom threw his shovel over his shoulder and started on a run for the stable. Mr. Willis stopped to call to his man—

"Jake, get the water on that further spot there, and then come up to the house. We may need you."

Then Clara and her father walked quickly up to the house, arriving there just as Tom dashed by at break-neck speed. As they entered the house, a knock was heard on the closet door, and a voice cried—

"You've come at last: do let me out; it's stifling in here."

"It's hotter where you're going, I reckon," retorted Mr. Willis, grimly, as he sat down, prepared to watch that door until somebody came from the gulch.

"I can't imagine how you know which way I am bound, my friend," responded the prisoner, with a sort of mild sarcasm.

"I know more about you than you think," answered Mr. Willis. "There now; better save your breath to defend yourself where you will have need," he added.

"I don't know what you mean," came in slow, horrified tones from the closet.

"I presume not, but you'll find out," rejoined Mr. Willis.

The prisoner said no more, and Clara and her father conversed in subdued tones, as they watched and waited. Meanwhile, Tom galloped in mad haste over the road, and brought up, in grand style, before the door of the hotel in the narrow street, where a knot of men, who were talking together, turned to see the meaning of the uncommon hurry.

"Where's Jim Meade?" shouted Tom, as he neared the group.

"The sheriff, you mean? Well, he's gone over to Drayton; he—"

"The murderer is caught," shouted Tom again, as he slipped to the ground and fastened his saddle more securely.

"Reckon we knowed that, when we seed Jim a leadin' him, an' him a wearin' his new bracelets he'd jest had a present of," drawled a tall, lank Missourian, sending a mouthful of tobacco juice critically in a diagonal direction.

Tom stared stupidly for an instant, then faltered out, "Did—did he say Meade has got the murderer?"

"That's about it, youngster," replied a good-natured Maine man, shutting one eye quizzically.

"Well, if that's true, who in the nation has Cal got?" exclaimed Tom, helplessly. Then he rapidly repeated the story of how Clara had captured two men who answered the description given of the murderer and his accomplice. Before he had finished, his words were lost

in a roar of laughter, as the men threw back their heads and shouted—

"Pretty good!" "Plucky girl!" "She'll do!" etc.

"But what are we to do?" asked Tom, divided between his desire to laugh and to cry; for he was young enough to feel disgraced by an exhibition of the ridiculous.

"Do! Why, ride home as fast as you came, and loosen your prisoners, an' treat 'em to the best the ranch affords," called out an Ohio man, giving Tom a slap on the shoulder, as he burst into a hearty laugh, adding: "That girl deserves the best husband in the Rockies, I vum!"

Tom immediately acted on the suggestion, and Firefly made good time home. Clara sprang to her feet in excitement, expecting to see a string of horsemen; but only Tom appeared. He hastily dismounted and tied his horse to the gate-post, and ran up the walk.

"Let 'em loose, quick!" he shouted. "You've made a blunder. The sheriff's got the criminal."

Clara sank on the top step in an agony of shame and mortification. "Is that true?" she murmured, faintly.

"True! Of course it is! Better make a spread that'll make 'em forget the jailer in the cook," added Tom, enough recovered to joke his thoroughly humiliated sister.

Mr. Willis, almost as bewildered as before, at last understanding affairs, hastened to the closet, sending Tom to the cellar.

The stranger emerged from the tiny closet in a state of perspiration rarely witnessed, and as he energetically wiped his red face, Mr. Willis poured forth most profuse apologies.

"Enough!" cried the stranger, with astonishing good humor. "I heard enough of your conversation to gather that your daughter believed my nephew

and myself were two murderers we heard of as we passed through Drayton."

"Oh, I did!" cried Clara, pathetically. "I surely thought you were the men; two of you, and dressed as they were said to be, and—and you came so cautiously through the bushes over there."

"No wonder we looked suspicious," laughed the man. "Let me introduce myself as Professor Woodard—wait, here is my card. My companion is my nephew, Mr. Norris, a lawyer in Buffalo. This is a scientific trip, on my part, and Bert came along for fun. Eh, Bert?" he added, as that young man and Tom came up the steps, with faces full of fun. Mr. Norris was introduced, and explanations followed.

"We were looking for a duck's nest, when you observed our mysterious movements," said Bert.

Well, the long deferred lunch was made a most hospitable "spread," and the travelers remained over night, and left next day, with a cordial invitation to "come again." The young lawyer did come again, and finally took his jailer back to Buffalo with him, to keep him straight. He often calls his energetic little wife his detective, and jokes her about her first case; and when he goes too far, she sings—

"I'll lock you up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well."

F. A. REYNOLDS.

THE CASCADE LOCKS.

THE Columbia river is unique among the streams of the United States.

Draining an area of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, greater than that drained by the Penobscott, Kennebec, Connecticut, Hudson, Susquehanna, Delaware and Potomac combined, fed by the rains of a vast region in winter, and the melting snows of seven great mountain ranges in summer, and carrying at all times an enormous volume of water, its channel is so seriously obstructed, in many places, as to render its continuous navigation utterly impossible without the expenditure of much money upon its improvement. This stream is the natural commercial highway for a large and fertile region, whose products of cereals, cattle, lum-

ber, coal and the precious metals, reach annually many millions of dollars in value. One item alone—that of fifteen million bushels of wheat, with but a small percentage of the land under actual cultivation—shows of what it is capable when rates of transportation shall be offered which will not eat up the profits of the producers.

Between the Cascade mountains, on the west, and the Blue, Bitter Root and Cœur d'Alene mountains, on the east, lies an agricultural area of vast extent, which has, during the past ten years, been converted, in a large measure, from a pastoral to an agricultural region. Cities, towns, villages, farms, mills and factories have sprung up, and in spite of the almost prohibitive rates of trans-

portation, the country has prospered and developed in a marvelous manner. Through the center of this region, run the Columbia river and its chief navigable tributary, the Snake, offering a free highway for commerce, were the serious obstructions in the channel of the Columbia removed or overcome. Railroads have penetrated this region, and offer to much of it quick transportation to market in Portland, or on Puget sound, but at rates which are little less than prohibitive. With a free water way open to the people, transportation charges would be brought to a level which would stimulate production in a wonderful degree. Not many miles from the stream, on either side, lie great masses of coal and iron, and rich ledges of gold, silver, copper and lead, whose development would be wonderfully stimulated by free navigation of the Columbia. Short lines of railroad would be built to the river, from interior points, and the metal, cereal and other products would be thus offered a cheap outlet to market. This would naturally result in a cheapening of railroad charges throughout the entire Northwest.

This is by no means a local question. It vitally affects a vast area of our common country, and should be considered of national importance. It is of national moment, that this extreme northwestern portion of our country should become strong, populous and wealthy. It is an outpost, a picket line of the nation. In times of trouble, if weak, we must defend it, but if strong, we may lean upon it for protection. Whatever is of vital import, then, to the prosperity of this region, is a question of national interest. The government has for years pursued the policy of improving the harbors and navigable streams of the country. Millions of dollars have been expended in this way, but no work yet accomplished, or undertaken, is so far reaching in its

effect, and so vital in its necessity, as that of opening the Columbia to continuous navigation from the ocean to the grain fields and mineral deposits of the interior.

From the mouth of the Columbia to the mouth of the Willamette, and up the latter stream to Portland, is free navigation for ocean steamers and sailing vessels of the largest kind, and Portland is the commercial port of the entire Columbia river region. From that city, steamers might ascend the Columbia to the Canadian line, were it not for obstructions in the channel at various points. The two most serious ones, both lying between Portland and the great fertile area of the Columbia basin, are the cascades and the dalles. The river cuts through the Cascade mountains, running in a deep channel through what is known as the "gorge of the Columbia." At one point the channel contracts, for a distance of four and one-half miles, to such an extent that the water rushes through with a velocity which renders the stream unnavigable, while the bed of the river is covered with huge masses of rock. The Indians have a tradition that an archway once spanned the river at this point, but that it was overthrown in a battle of the gods, and fell into the river, choking up the channel with the rocky debris. However this may be, it is certain that the channel here is very narrow, and filled with masses of rock, worn smooth and rounding by the constant action of the current. The water is held back until it reaches a sufficient height to give it enough velocity to carry it through the narrow channel, down which it rushes with resistless speed, foaming and dashing against the rocks. The greatest slope produced by the damming up of the water is at the head, known as the "Upper Cascades." The lower three and one-half miles of the contracted

channel are known as the "Lower Cascades," and present less obstacles to navigation.

Prior to the construction of a railroad along the south bank of the river, by the O. R. & N. Co., in 1882, all freight and passengers carried between points east and west of the mountains, were transported by steamer. One vessel plied between Portland and the Lower Cascades, from which point a portage railroad on the north bank connected with another steamer on the Middle river, as the clear stretch between the cascades and the dalles is called. Another railroad portage, thirteen miles long, on the south bank, circumvented the long rapids known as "the dalles," above which other steamers plied on the Columbia and the Snake as far as Lewiston. Thus three steamers and two railroads were required to make the complete transportation line, while all freight was handled four times while in transit. The construction of a continuous line of railroad along the river suddenly terminated river transportation, though the O. R. & N. Co. continues to operate daily steamers between Portland and The Dalles, using the portage road at the cascades. The traffic, however, is purely local. Under such disadvantages, river transportation can not compete with rail, but with an unobstructed channel, permitting boats to ply between the shipping ports of Portland and Astoria and the great producing region of the interior, without a second handling of cargo, would produce such a condition of affairs, that extremely low tariff rates would be given. This is what those interested in the development of this region are striving to accomplish.

The first appropriation made by congress was in 1876, when \$90,000.00 was voted to begin the great task. Nearly every year money has been voted for this purpose, the total amount to date

being \$1,142,500.00. The plan of improvement adopted by the engineers was to flank the upper cascades with a canal, three thousand feet in length, and to render the remainder of the channel navigable by clearing out the islands, bowlders, rocky points and submerged reefs, by blasting, thus increasing and smoothing the waterway. Because of the uncertainty of the effect which the clearing of the lower channel would have upon the water level at the foot of the canal, that portion of the work was pushed more rapidly, and now the channel is free and navigable as far as the lower end of the canal. Work on the canal has progressed slowly, but steadily, being much retarded, the past five years, by the failure of congress to make the necessary appropriations to continue the work vigorously, or even economically. The canal under construction (see engraving on page 556) is three thousand feet long and ninety feet wide, and the work is so far progressed, that, with an ample appropriation, it could be speedily brought to a conclusion. Maj. W. A. Jones, in his last official report, estimates the amount required for completion of the work at \$1,100,000.00, of which \$800,000.00 could be profitably used in one year. This would put the canal in a condition for use, though the remainder of the estimated amount would be required to fully complete the work.

Concurrent with this great work, should have been begun some system of overcoming the obstructions at the dalles, since, unless this be done, even with the canal finished, steamers can not ascend the river beyond the dalles, and the present work becomes of comparatively little benefit. Of this second obstruction, Maj. Jones says, in his report for the year ending June 30, 1885:

"For a distance of about thirteen miles, commencing a little above the

city of The Dalles, Oregon, the Columbia river is obstructed in a gigantic manner, that is perfectly unique in the history of river improvements. The whole water way is choked, apparently by an intrusion of lava, through which the river has, with difficulty, cut a passage. At one point, over a distance of eight thousand feet, the passage is so narrow that the river is polarized, as it were, and set on edge. The chasm has, in places, such widths as one hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and forty-seven, and one hundred and fifty feet, and its average width is about two hundred and fifty feet. Except at high water stages, the whole volume of this great river, whose discharge varies between seventy-seven thousand cubic feet per second at low water, and two hundred and fifty-seven thousand cubic feet per second at high water, approximately, is forced through this narrow, precipitous gorge. In order that it shall get through, the waters are dammed up at the head, until the slope becomes such as to produce an enormous velocity. Throughout the entire distance of thirteen miles, the water way of the river is very much contracted. At two places, Ten-Mile rapids and Three-Mile rapids, the minimum widths at low water are two hundred and ten feet and three hundred and ninety feet, respectively. The serious obstructions to navigation, over the whole reach, occur in order, commencing at Celilo at the head, at Celilo falls, Ten-Mile rapids, the dalles and Three-Mile rapids. At Celilo falls, there is a considerable fall at low water, which, however, becomes nearly obliterated at high water, by the waters dammed back of the dalles. At this point a portage of four thousand five hundred feet will carry from good water above the falls to the same below. Thence down to Ten-Mile rapids, the river is suitable for navigation. At this point, the channel can be widened suffi-

ciently by removing about two hundred and seventy thousand cubic yards of rock. Thence to the dalles, the river becomes suitable for navigation. At the dalles, the river might be widened to three hundred feet by the removal of about seven hundred thousand cubic yards of rock. The portage here is about nine thousand feet between good water above and below. At Three-Mile rapids, the channel can be sufficiently widened by rock removal, and thence no further serious obstructions exist.

“ The obvious mode of improving navigation here, is to dodge these mighty obstacles by means of canals and locks; but when one considers the extensive excavations in solid basalt rock, and walls and gates of unprecedented heights that will be required to accommodate the extraordinary variations in the level of the water, the element of uncertainty combines with that of extraordinary cost and length of time required for construction, and demands a pause. Estimates have been made and submitted to build a canal to flank Celilo falls, with blasting operations for making the river good at Ten-Mile rapids, the dalles, and at Three-Mile rapids. This project is estimated to cost, in round numbers, \$11,000,000.00. If we apply to this enormous sum the rate at which funds have been provided for the Cascades canal, it will appear that over one hundred years would be required before navigation could be opened through these obstructions. Now there is but little doubt, in my mind, that ultimately the solution of this problem will be by means of these operations, but I am very strongly impressed with the conviction that the day of their construction ought to be postponed until a system of making appropriations has been adopted which will permit of their construction within a reasonable length of time, and when the resources of the country will justify the expendi-

ture. In the meantime, if the plan I shall now propose should prove to be a sufficient solution, there will result a great saving to the public treasury. I propose to flank the dalles and Celilo falls with railway inclines, over which laden boats and river craft may be hauled by means of stationary engines at the summits, and to blast open the contracted water ways at Ten-Mile and Three-Mile rapids to a width of three hundred feet, which will be sufficient to reduce the velocities to a navigable status."

The report gives, at length, facts and figures to establish the entire practicability of the scheme, the entire cost of which is estimated at \$1,373,000.00. An earnest effort was made at the last session of congress to secure an appropriation for the commencement of this im-

portant work. This was so far successful as to have a specific sum set apart for this purpose, in the river and harbor bill, but the bill failed to become a law, and the appropriation was not made. A strong effort will be made at the next session, and if a bill of that character passes, it will, no doubt, contain a liberal appropriation for continuance of the work at the cascades, and the commencement of the equally necessary improvements at the dalles. This is a vital question—one above party and politics—and the people of the coast and the interior are united in their demand that the government give them an open river as speedily as possible; that the Columbia shall run "unfretted to the sea," save by the vessels which plow its waters.

HENRY LAURENZ.

A CAN OF SALMON.

ONE of the leading industries of the Pacific coast is the preparation of food fishes for market, especially the canning of salmon. Salmon, in countless numbers, enter the streams every summer, for the purpose of propagating, and make their way inland as far as obstacles in the river may permit, ascending every tributary to lay their spawn in the shallow, sun-warmed waters. In this inland passage, they swim rapids and leap up the watery walls of cascades, which would be an insurmountable barrier to any fish less supple, strong and persevering than the salmon. In the Columbia, they ascend inland more than a thousand miles, until further progress is stopped by falls too high to be scaled by even these agile leapers, though they try again and again, until their bruised bodies are cast upon the shore. The banks of the streams are lined with the decaying carcasses of fish, battered and torn in their encounter with rocks, and those who finally reach their destination are thin, lacerated and deprived of nearly all that energy and strength which enabled them to success-

fully overcome the obstacles encountered in their journey. The millions of young fry produced find their way down the streams to the ocean, whence they return, when full grown, to the place of their birth. In this way, the species is propagated and the annual influx from the sea offers fishermen a certain harvest.

From time immemorial, the Indians living along the banks of the Sacramento, Columbia, Fraser and other rivers flowing into the Pacific, have depended upon salmon as their chief article of food. During the summer season they assembled along the streams in great numbers, and speared the fish or caught them in nets, and it is still customary for the survivors of the once powerful tribes, to thus gather a supply of food for winter use. The spot usually chosen is some cascade or rapids, offering an advantageous position for spearing the fish as they attempt to leap over the obstacle. A little staging is built out over the water, in favorable places, upon which an Indian perches himself and wields a net, with a long handle, which he passes rapidly through the water, time after time, until his patience is rewarded with the capture of a fish. Thousands of salmon are thus yearly caught by the Indians, and dried in the sun for winter use.

The Columbia river leads all other streams, both in the size and quality of its fish, and in the quantity packed. The Sacramento, in California, and the Fraser, in British Columbia, are also important salmon streams. There are canneries located on various other streams of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska. The unusual size and quantity of salmon in the Columbia was remarked early in the present century, by traders whose vessels occasionally entered the river, and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. Indeed, as

early as 1832, more than half a century ago, an effort was made by a Boston firm to turn them to account. Nathaniel J. Wyeth came across the continent with eleven followers, but returned again the next spring. In 1834, he again came out as the manager of the Columbia River Fishing & Trading Co., and built Fort Williams, on Sauvie's island, at the mouth of the Willamette. His enterprise proved a failure, and he sold out to the Hudson's Bay Co. in 1836. The pioneers of Oregon used salmon freely, both fresh and salted, and it is still a favorite dish. Much salmon was salted for winter use, and many families still salt a quantity every year for private use. The first cannery was built in 1867, by William, George and R. D. Hume and A. S. Haggood, at Eagle cliff, where they packed four thousand cases that year. Since that time, the business of canning salmon has increased yearly on the Columbia, until it now reaches an average annual value of \$3,000,000.00, and gives employment to more than four thousand fishermen and a large number of hands in the canneries.

The great seat of this industry is Astoria, where three-fourths of the canneries are located, and where nearly all the pack finds shipment to market. The season begins, according to legal restriction, on the first of April, and closes the last of July, this limitation being placed by the legislature to prevent the complete extermination of the fish. During that period, the fish which succeed in safely passing the cordon of nets, traps, seines and fish wheels, have good reason to congratulate themselves. Two thousand boats, each with a net three hundred fathoms long, lie in wait to catch them as they come in over the bar at the turn of the tide. Such as safely run the gauntlet of the nets at the mouth of the stream, encounter other nets, seines and

traps farther up, and when they have ascended still farther, the tireless fish wheel lies in wait to scoop them up.

The fishermen are chiefly Swedes, Norwegians, Danes and Italians, while the factory hands are chiefly Chinamen and girls, the latter being employed in the label room. A fishing outfit consists of a boat, manned by two men, valued at \$250.00, and a net costing \$400.00. The boats last eight or ten years, but the nets are good for only one season, provided they meet with no accident earlier, such as getting in the way of a passing steamer. Some of these outfits belong to the canneries and some to the fishermen, and the price of fish is regulated accordingly, the prices varying each season. When fish are worth a dollar each, those who run cannery boats receive about sixty cents. Fish are sold to the canneries by the head, and not by weight, nothing under ten pounds being received. The average weight of the Columbia chinook salmon is twenty to thirty pounds, though they are often caught weighing fifty or sixty pounds. A case of salmon contains forty-eight one-pound cans, representing from \$2.00 to \$2.50 in value of fish, and nearly an equal quantity in other material and labor.

The process of canning is very interesting, and more intricate than one would suppose, beginning with the manufacture of the cans and ending with the packing in cases. A representative cannery is that of M. J. Kinney, at Astoria, where the many interesting features were observed by the writer. (See engraving on page 496.) For making cans, there are several machines in use. The tops and bottoms are cut with great rapidity by dies, and the sides by a knife cutter. The sides are then rolled, six at a time, on a machine somewhat resembling a clothes wringer. They are then taken to the men who solder the seam, and from them to others who put on the

bottoms with great dexterity and rapidity. A little piece of solder, called a "float," is dropped into the can and a hot iron is run around the inside, melting it and fastening on the bottom. There is also in use a soldering furnace and rimmer for fastening bottoms, similar to the one used for the covers, described later. The cans are now ready for use, after being carefully examined to see that they are perfect. We now go to where the canning work begins.

The boats discharge their loads of salmon on the dock, the fish being piled up near the butcher. A stalwart Chinaman then lays out about a dozen on the table in front of him and speedily severs the head, tail and fins from the body, opens the fish and removes the entrails, each act being accomplished by a single dexterous stroke of the knife. The refuse falls through a chute into a receptacle, from which it goes to the oil factory. This man can thus dispose of from fifteen hundred to two thousand per day. The fish is then dropped into a tank of water, from which it is taken by another man, who removes the scales and further cleans the salmon. It then goes into another tank, through the hands of a second cleaner and into a third tank of water. They are taken from there to a gang slicer, a machine that with one stroke cuts a whole fish into lengths just the height of a can. The chunks are then taken to a number of choppers, who slice them lengthwise into several small pieces, when they are carried on trays to the fillers. These press the pieces into the cans, filling them as compactly as possible. A Chinaman will fill one thousand cans in a day. The filled cans are then taken to the washing machine, where they are rapidly revolved under the spray of warm water, being rubbed with a sponge at the same time, and are afterward dried with pieces of old netting.

They then pass through the hands of boys who set the tops on, and are taken to the crimper and soldering furnace. In this machine the edge of the cover is crimped, and the cans then roll across a brick furnace, the ends passing through a trough of melted solder, and continue down a wire tramway to the hands of the testers. The capacity of this machine and furnace is from twenty thousand to twenty-two thousand per day. The cans are then tested for imperfections, by examination and immersion in hot water, and all not air tight are taken to the solderers. They are then immersed for an hour and twenty minutes in a cauldron of boiling water, after which they are again tested by being tapped on the top with a small wooden mallet, imperfection being indicated by the sound. The good ones are then punctured to let the hot air escape, and are immediately sealed up again. Being now placed on little iron cars, they are rolled on a track into an iron retort, and are cooked by steam for an hour and fifteen minutes. From the retort, they are plunged into a vat of hot lye, to remove every particle of grease, and are then immersed in a tank of cold water until perfectly cool. They again pass through the hands of two testers, who tap them on the cover with a large, steel nail, their trained ears catching the least inequality of sound. When passed by these experts as good, they are put upon frames and lowered into a bath of lacquer, composed generally of varnish and turpentine, and are then raised and left suspended over the vat to drip. Any excess of the lacquer that collects on the lower edge in dripping, is removed with a brush, and the cans, having now a saffron tint, are taken to a group of little girls, who speedily and neatly place labels upon them, handling from two thousand to four thousand each per day. Nothing now remains to be done but to pack them in cases ready for shipment.

The capital invested in this business is very large. The two thousand boats represent \$1,300,000.00, in the value of the boats, nets, etc., and half of this sum has to be supplied yearly, in the form of new nets. The buildings in which canning is done are not elaborate structures. They are erected over the water, on a foundation of piling, and closely resemble the warehouses at the shipping wharves. Near them are long rows of drying racks, where the fishermen spread out their nets to dry. The warehouses, which line the water front, are filled with cases of salmon during the season, waiting for shipment. Much of it is sent direct to England by sailing vessels, while thousands of cases are taken to San Francisco by the ocean steamers, or sent up to Portland by river steamers, to be shipped overland to eastern markets. More than half the shipments last year went east. The pack of 1886 was four hundred and sixty thousand cases, being somewhat less than that of the few previous years. Taking as an average of two and one-half fish to the case, this would indicate that one million one hundred and fifty thousand salmon, of an average weight of twenty pounds each, were taken out of the water near the mouth of the Columbia. To this must be added the many thousands of fish caught by the wheels farther up the stream, and sent to Portland and other local markets fresh, or shipped on ice to the East. A number of firms engaged in canning are operating on an extensive scale. The firm of Elmore, Sanborn & Co., besides packing some of the best known brands on the river, handle large quantities of the pack of other canneries. They are sole agents for the Magnolia, White Star, Union Packing Co., Veteran, Royal Seal and Jumbo, brands of the Columbia river salmon, and Lion Head, Seattle and

Queen brands, of Tillamook bay, Puget sound and Siuslaw river, respectively. They are also selling agents for the St. George's brand, of J. G. Megler & Co., and the Fishermen's brand, of the Fishermen's Packing Co.

Much has been said of the great loss of life among the fishermen. The business is not necessarily a dangerous one, but the competition between them at the mouth of the Columbia induces them to take needless risks. In their efforts to secure as many fish as possible, they follow the tide to the very verge of the huge breakers that roll in over the bar, and not infrequently their boats drift

too far, and are capsized in the seething water. Very few who meet with such an accident ever return to tell how it happened. Occasionally they cling to their boats until they are rescued by the life-boat crew, and several have even been picked up at sea by vessels, but the majority of them are quickly overwhelmed by the breakers, and find a grave beneath the shifting sand of the bar. The fate of their comrades seems to have no effect upon the others, for they still continue to fish along the edge of the breakers, apparently willing to assume the risk for the sake of the better fishing.

W. L. HENRY.

A HOME ENTERPRISE.

IT is, happily, a growing tendency among our business men to rely upon home enterprises more than formerly, and to provide those facilities for the transaction of business that were formerly supplied by organizations from other cities. This is noticeable in the national banks which some of our wealthiest and most enterprising business men have recently organized. In the matter of insurance, also, this tendency is manifested. The volume of insurance business transacted in Portland, the headquarters for agencies in Oregon and Washington, is enormous, and the bulk of it is done through local agents of companies whose headquarters are in other cities of the United States and Europe. There exists no good reason why this great sum of money should be annually taken out from our business channels and sent to distant cities, when there is at hand ample capital to afford insurance,

and at the same time keep the money paid for premiums at home. With this purpose in view, a number of the foremost men in our commercial circles have incorporated the Columbia Fire & Marine Insurance Company. In the board of directors appear such familiar names as D. P. Thompson, Frank Dekum, W. K. Smith, E. S. Kearney, Jacob Wortman, R. M. Wade, John Donnerberg, John B. David, W. B. Honeyman, John A. Honeyman, A. H. Breyman, H. W. Monnastes, Geo. H. Williams, C. C. Beekman, F. Opitz, Walter F. Burrell, Samuel P. Sturges, F. L. Charman, J. A. Child, James F. Watson, W. H. Walker, Asahel Bush, H. Theilsen, Geo. B. Markle and W. T. Wright. The officers of the company are Frank Dekum, president; W. K. Smith, vice president, and John A. Child, secretary, three of the most successful men of Portland. These gentlemen, whose portraits are given on

page 573, will have the direct management of the company; and in this connection a brief sketch of their business careers will be of interest.

The president, Mr. Frank Dekum, is personally known to nearly every old resident of Oregon. He was born in Bavaria, Germany, November 29, 1829, the youngest of a family of seven children. In 1837, he came to the United States with his parents, and for a number of years lived near Belleville, St. Clair county, Ill. In 1845, he was apprenticed to the confectioners' trade in St. Louis, where he worked several years after serving his apprenticeship. In 1852, he started westward, going to San Francisco by the Panama route. The fall and winter were spent in the California mines, and in the spring he came to Oregon, arriving in Portland in April, 1853. Mr. Dekum at once embarked in the confectionery business, which he pursued successfully for more than twenty years. He finally disposed of it, and in March, 1880, helped to organize the Portland Savings Bank, of which he has always been a director, and for the past two years its president. This is one of the most solid and conservative banking institutions of the Northwest, and under his management it is doing a steadily increasing business. Mr. Dekum is identified with a number of prominent and substantial enterprises, and is regarded as one of our most careful and reliable business men. He is a director of the Commercial National Bank, is president of The Dalles Mill & Water Co., and president of the Astoria Water Co., all corporations of prominence in the commercial circles of Oregon. He was one of the leading organizers of the Portland Mechanics' Fair, and it was under his management, as president, that it became such an extensive and popular institution. Mr. Dekum is treasurer of the German Aid Society, the

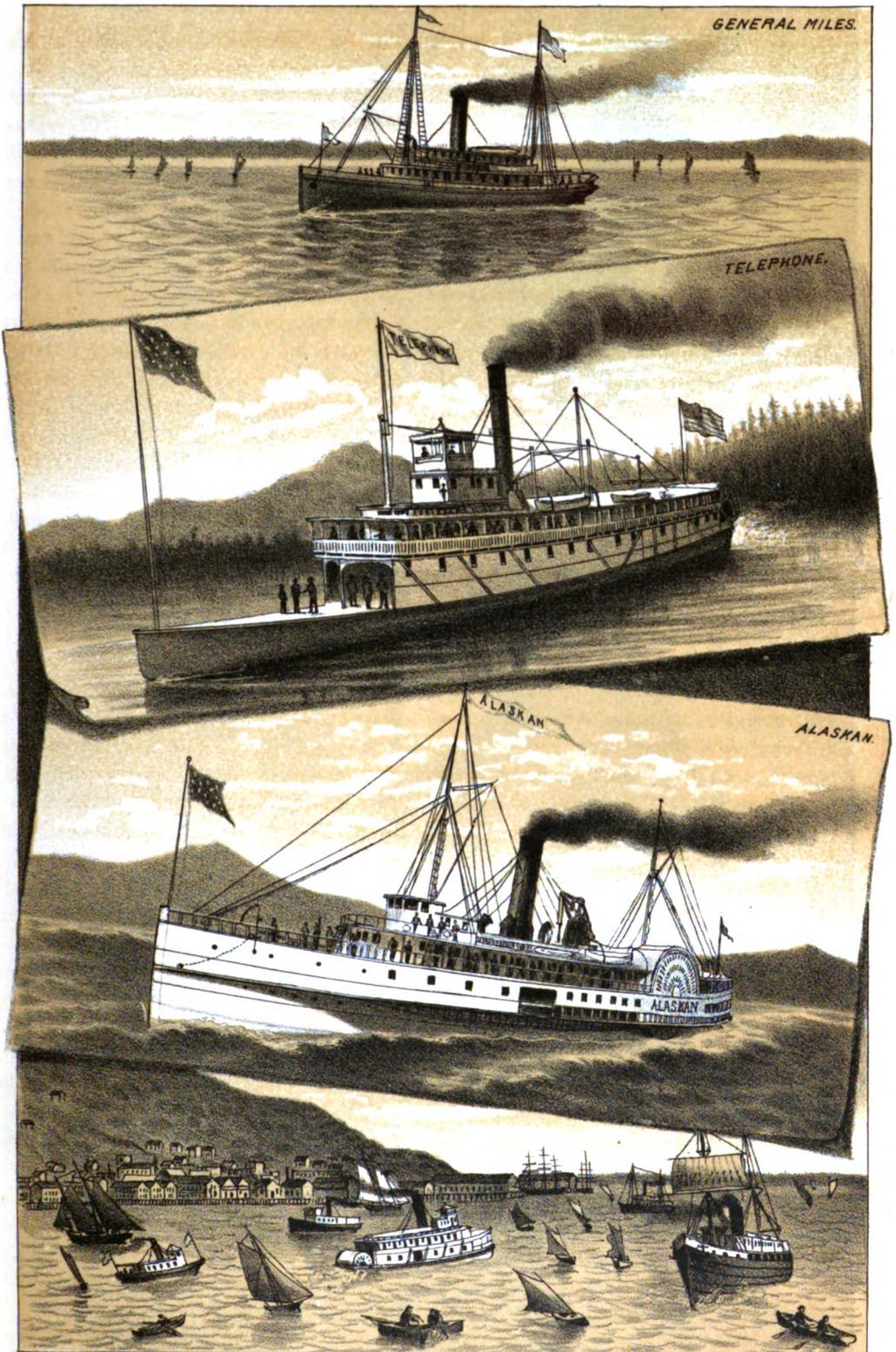
largest benevolent organization of Portland, and is a leading spirit in many movements for the public welfare.

The vice president, Mr. W. K. Smith, is another of the well known business men and capitalists of Portland. He was born in Brownsville, Pa., August 3, 1826, and lived as a youth, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Texas. In 1846 he began the study of medicine with his uncle, in Uniontown, Ala., and in 1850 went to Texas and practiced his profession. In 1851 he located in St. Louis, and two years later crossed the plains to California. After a year of mining, he came north and settled in Salem, Oregon, where he opened a drug and book store. With others, he secured a controlling interest in the Willamette Woolen Mill Co., and brought in water to South Salem. The company also built the large flouring mills, now the celebrated City of Salem mills, and had an extensive store. Mr. Smith was secretary and treasurer of the company for a number of years. He finally disposed of his interest in Salem and purchased a flouring mill in McMinnville, and later opened a store at Dayton, and became the owner of a farm of one thousand acres. About twenty years ago Mr. Smith removed to Portland, and has ever since been closely identified with the business interests of this city. He has been interested in three saw mills here. The first one was burned in the great fire of 1873, and the ground on which it stood has been sold for depot purposes, to the narrow gauge railroad, for \$70,000.00. The second one was burned in the spring of 1886. He now owns a large interest in the former Multnomah mills. He is vice president of the Portland Savings Bank, also of the Ainsworth National Bank, of which he was one of the organizers. He helped to organize the Commercial National Bank and is one of its directors. He owns much real estate in the city

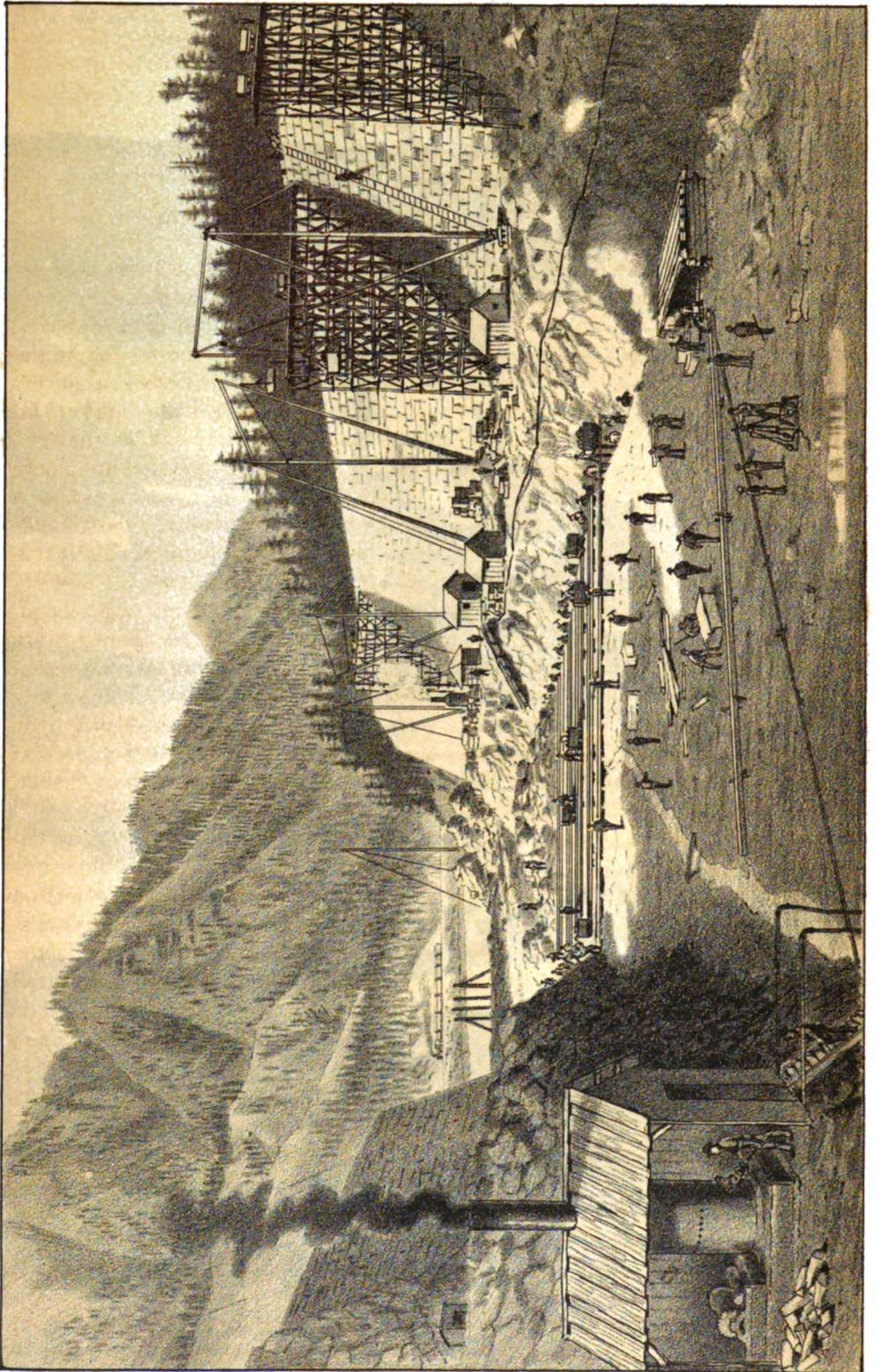
and a number of our best business blocks, especially the two on which stood the first store and the first residence on the original town site of Portland. Mr. Smith's hand has been felt in commercial affairs in Portland in many ways, especially in the construction of many hundred feet of wharfing, the erection of business buildings, and the maintenance of important manufacturing industries. He was the founder of the direct trade between Portland and China. He purchased the *Hattie C. Bessie*, and after chartering her for one voyage, to a Chinese firm, for \$20,000.00, he shipped lumber in her to China, San Francisco and other ports for a number of years. He is essentially a self-made man. Early in his business career he received a legacy from his grandfather, but transferred it to his sister, and continued to carve out his own fortune as before. His success is the result of business capacity, associated with habits of industry and careful attention to details. These sterling qualifications he brings to the service of this new company, as he has done to the other prosperous organizations in whose management he participates.

Mr. John A. Child, the secretary, is a gentleman of much experience in the insurance business. He is fifty-one years of age, and has been a successful druggist for thirty-seven years. Mr. Child was born in London in 1836, and came to the United States five years later. He was educated at St. John college, Cincinnati. Before coming to the Pacific coast, Mr. Child occupied a prominent place in insurance circles in the East.

He was district and local agent at Madison, Indiana, for the old Phoenix, of Hartford, then secretary of the Fire & Marine Insurance Company, of the same place. He afterward moved to Indianapolis, and became secretary and manager of the Franklin Fire Insurance Co., of that city, and for five years was remarkably successful with agencies from Maine to California. In 1876, Mr. Child came to Portland and opened a drug store in the Centennial block. He organized the Franklin Building & Loan Association in 1883, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000.00, and in May, 1887, after a most successful career of four years, under the continuous management of Mr. Child, as president, the association filed supplemental articles for the increase of the capital stock to \$1,600,000.00. Mr. Child was elected grand master of the A. O. U. W. of Oregon in 1882, and has represented that body in the supreme lodge in all its meetings in Canada and elsewhere ever since. He is now one of the officers of the supreme lodge, as well as one of its most active members. When the Columbia Fire & Marine Insurance Company was organized, Mr. Child was elected one of its directors, and was unanimously selected by his fellow directors for the important position of secretary and manager. His selection gives the company, from the first, the services of a manager whose age and long experience in the business is an assurance that its affairs will be carefully and judiciously managed. Parties intrusting their insurance to him will have the satisfaction of knowing that they will be justly dealt with.



"OUR SUMMER RESORTS"—COLUMBIA RIVER EXCURSION STEAMERS.



OREGON—CONSTRUCTING LOCKS AT THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA.

A WILD HORSE HUNT.

IT was in the fall of the second year I had been on the range, and I got to know the country pretty well by that time."

So spoke Frank Evans, an old college chum of mine, as he sat comfortably smoking a cigar, after a dinner at which we had lingered several hours, recalling old times, and he had been telling me some of his experiences "out West," on the great cattle ranges east of the Rocky mountains, where, when he should have fully mastered the business, his father, a wealthy farmer of Ohio, had promised to buy a ranch and stock it for him.

"Yes," he continued, "it was on the Sweetwater range, in Wyoming, or, to be more precise, in the hills at the headwaters of Bitter creek. I had been hunting horses all the morning, six of our band having strayed away from our night herder the evening before. It was about 2:00 o'clock, and the sun beat down on the sagebrush covered hills with an almost deadening intensity, the wind coming in fitful gusts, carrying the white alkali dust in clouds. I was heading for camp, some fifteen miles away, and my horse, a wiry little buckskin colored broncho, was comparatively fresh, in spite of the heat, although anyone looking at him jogging along at a little dog trot, head down, eyes half closed, ears flapping up and down, and an altogether dejected look about him, would have supposed him to have been completely tuckered out.

"I expected to find our six missing animals with a band of wild horses, of which there were two or three known to

run among the hills, and I had been reserving my buckskin for a run.

"As I got to the head of a long canyon I saw a band of horses off to the left. Dismounting, I looked at my cinch, pulled it up a little tighter, and being assured that my saddle was firm, I took another look at the band. There were about fifty horses scattered over a little "dry lake," standing with heads down, with flanks heaving, evidently distressed by the intense heat. Carefully looking them over I found they were all mares and colts, and our horses were not among them. There was one exception, a small blue stallion; I knew him in a moment as being the nervy little captain of a band of wild horses that had never yet been run down, though we had all had a trial with him.

"Not caring to waste my horse's energies on them, I mounted and was about to move on, when my attention was attracted to a mare and colt that were evidently out of favor with the captain, for they were several hundred feet away from the main band. The mare was a large, clean-limbed animal, of beautiful proportions, and remarkable color—she was jet black, curiously marked with white, looking as if snow had fallen on her back and besprinkled both sides. The colt was a little runt, dwarfed and stunted to a degree, and with his long, ungainly body and short legs, formed a striking contrast to his handsome thoroughbred mother. On the instant I thought that there was a chance to get that mare, and away I went.

"For the first half mile I had comparatively good ground, and I succeeded in getting them separated from the band and headed down another long canyon, which I knew led directly to camp. I was confident that if I could keep the pace up that I could keep the mare from taking to the hills, and make her keep the canyon, and so on to camp, where I could get a fresh horse and some boys to help me run her down. On we went at a 'quarter gait,' and just as my buckskin began to blow we came in sight of camp, and pushing him for a final spurt I crowded the mare right through camp, which was on the bank of the creek. She never stopped, but took the water and was off down the bottom on the other side.

"Sam, euphaneously called 'Broncho Sam,' a negro 'broncho buster,' had just mounted a powerful young horse he was breaking, and taking in the situation at a glance, without a word took after the mare. It did not take me many minutes to catch and saddle a fresh horse and I was off after them again.

"The stream just below the camp made a sharp turn and doubled back on itself. Feeling sure Sam could crowd the mare so that she would keep to the bottom, I struck out across the hills to head them off, if possible, as they came below the bend. When I got to the creek again, I saw them away off up the bottom, heading straight for me. To keep out of sight, I got off my horse and stood in a small draw, waiting for them. On they came, at a thundering pace, and in a moment more had swept by me.

"The mare, with proudly arched neck, and long, silken tail flying in the wind, was ever throwing her head to one side, to see how the colt kept up. He, poor little fellow, was all fagged out, and several hundred yards behind her. Sam's horse, though a young and powerful animal, was puffing great clouds of

steam from his blood-red nostrils, while his heaving flanks showed plainly that he, too, was about done for.

"Leaving Sam to take the colt, I pushed on after the mare. Her glossy sides were flecked with froth, but her action was as graceful and supple as ever. She was evidently distressed at the failure of her colt to keep up, but seeing me in hot pursuit, she straightened herself and struck off down in the bottom again.

"On and on we went, the mare apparently as fresh as at the start. My horse, too, was well in hand; I was saving him for the final spurt, which I knew would come, when we came in sight of a ranch about seven miles farther down the creek.

"As we neared the ranch, I saw a couple of men driving some horses toward the corral, and I knew I should have more help.

The corral, fortunately, was on our side of the creek, and in an angle formed by another little stream, about fifteen feet wide, running into the main creek. Seeing us coming, the two men waited in readiness to lend me any help they could. The mare, no doubt, made up her mind to jump the first stream, and take the creek, and so escape. The rose in one mighty effort and cleared the first water grandly, but the loose earth on the far bank gave way and she fell back into the water. Before she could recover herself, one of the men, on a big, strong, sorrel horse, had his lariat down and caught her just as she regained the bank. The second the mare felt the rawhide settle on her neck, she bolted, and taking the man unawares, by the suddenness of her run, pulled both the horse and the rider to the ground.

"The horse, a trained rope animal, quickly recovered himself, and without waiting for his master, took a little run forward, and then throwing himself back onto his haunches, he brought the mare

up short and flat on her back. She never moved; her back had been broken by the fall.

"So ended my first and only wild horse hunt. We had run those horses down

and the mare was dead. The colt soon became a great favorite with every man about the ranch, and in spite of his looks, was the pet of all.

J. B. AVERY.

Northwestern News and Information.

MONTANA DIVIDENDS.—The dividends paid by six mines in Montana, during the first five months of the current year, aggregate \$1,043,500.00. This is nearly one-fourth the mining dividends paid in the entire United States, and larger than that in any single state or territory. It is twice as large as Utah's, three times as great as California's, and four times Colorado's. Montana leads the union in her mineral resources.

BANK CAPITAL OF HELENA.—Helena is the financial center of Montana, as is evident from the resources of the four national banks doing business in the city, one of which ranks among the leading banks of the country. The figures, by the last official report, are as follows: First National, \$4,019,569.00; Montana National, \$1,652,665.00; Merchants National, \$1,313,869.00; Second National, \$273,496.00; total, \$7,259,595.00.

STERLING MINE.—An English company has purchased the Sterling mine, situated four and one-half miles from Marysville, Montana, for \$100,000.00. The property is situated not far from the Penobscot. The shaft on the Sterling is two hundred feet down. There is a ten-stamp mill on the property, through which about ten thousand tons of ore have been run. The ore is gold bearing and free milling. The company will proceed at once to the erection of a mill, with a capacity of thirty stamps.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—An artesian well, flowing twenty-five hundred gallons per minute, under a pressure of sixty-five pounds to the inch, has recently been opened at Yankton, Dakota. This is the largest in the United States. At

Jamestown, and other points in that territory, good wells have been secured. This should be an encouragement to the owners of bench lands in Montana to give this method of securing water a fair trial. Its success would greatly aid the settlement and cultivation of Northern Montana.

SMELTER AT TACOMA.—The smelter project at Tacoma fell through last spring, because the man who was managing it could not fulfill his promises. There is now another one on foot, headed by Mr. Ryan, the great hotel man of St. Paul. He has purchased twenty-three acres of land near Point Defiance, where he will erect a smelter of one hundred tons capacity. Mr. Ryan has invested \$90,000.00 in Cœur d'Alene mining property. Ores from these and other mines will be reduced at the works.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.—Since the great Hudson's Bay Co. retired from the United States, and especially since it ceased to exercise governmental jurisdiction in Canada, and became a purely mercantile and trading company, it has occupied but little public attention. It continues to be still one of the leading companies of England, and its stock is held as a choice investment. At the recent annual meeting in London, the report rendered showed the net earnings for the year to be \$425,000.00. A dividend of nearly \$4.00 per share, on the total of one hundred thousand shares, was declared.

THE MANITOBA.—The advance graders of the Manitoba are within a few miles of Fort Benton, and the site of the depot in that city has been selected. Tracklaying is progressing at an average rate of four miles per day, and has

been completed about one-third of the distance from Fort Buford, on the eastern edge of Montana, to Fort Benton. At this rate it will take less than three months to carry the track to Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri river. An army of nearly ten thousand men are engaged in this unparalleled work of construction.

SMELTER IN MINNEAPOLIS.—A company has been formed in Minneapolis, with a paid up capital of \$100,000.00, to erect and operate a smelter, using the new Potter patent, for reducing ores. The incorporators are such men as A. J. Boardman, W. S. King, R. G. Langdon, John S. Pillsbury, Emerson Cole and E. J. Davenport, all prominent capitalists of Minneapolis. The company designs to obtain its ores from Montana and Northern Idaho. The Potter process has for its principal feature the collection of the precious burden of the smelter ores by means of a lead bath flowing through the molten mass. It is said to have stood the test of practical operation with entire success.

KETTLE RIVER, W. T., QUARTZ.—A letter received from Kettle river states that rich quartz has been discovered at the forks of Rock creek, in the direction of what is known as Bald mountain. The surface rock is stated as being very rich, containing free gold. The ledges are wide, and the appearance of the country indicates a large quartz belt. The altitude at which the quartz is found is about four or five thousand feet above the sea level. The quartz is evidently a feeder of Rock creek, in which stream desultory mining has been carried on for years, and where, at one time, there was a great placer excitement. Several locations have been made.

R. R. FROM SEATTLE TO B. C.—Work is progressing on the road bed of thirty miles of the Seattle & West Coast road, which will take it to Snohomish, and the contractors are under bonds to complete it by the fifteenth of September, by which time the rails are expected. As yet, no compromise has been effected between this new company and that at the head of which is Hon. Eugene Canfield, which has secured the right of way from congress, with authority to bridge navigable streams. Mr. Canfield is energetically working to secure the necessary capital to push his project. Whichever company finally completes a line from Seattle to the Canadian Pacific will confer a great favor upon that city and the entire Puget sound region, and it is to

be hoped that, in some manner, these two rival projects may be consolidated.

NATURAL BRIDGE OF OREGON.—It is reported that a natural bridge, rivaling the famous bridge of Virginia, has been discovered sixteen and one-half miles west of Oakland, on a spur of the Coast range. The bridge proper is situated in a kind of canyon, at the base of a beautiful and lofty mountain, a short distance from the Umpqua river. It is quite a powerful structure and will resist a strain of twenty thousand pounds to the square inch. The composition is mineral granite, carrying sulphurets of iron, which enters largely into that portion called the arc, or arch. The other parts are of carbonaceous earth and hard-pan. The dimensions of the bridge are, length, nineteen and one-fourth feet; breadth, fifteen and three-eighths feet; height, sixty-eight and three-fourths feet; span of arch, twelve and five-eighths feet.

PORTLAND INDUSTRY.—The cordage works of the Molson Cordage Company were destroyed by fire nearly a year ago. The old machinery has been purchased by a new company, the Portland Cordage Company, which has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000.00. The stock holders are such well known business men as W. S. Ladd, C. H. Lewis, H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, Donald Macleay and W. B. Ayer. New machinery has been ordered. A block of land in the northern portion of the city has been secured, and the work of construction will be commenced immediately. The company will erect a factory fifty by one hundred feet, three stories high, and a warehouse thirty by one hundred feet, two stories high. The capacity of the new works will be about one-third larger than the Molson Cordage Company.

A DURABLE MONUMENT.—White bronze, or refined zinc, is rapidly coming into favor, throughout the United States, for monuments, fountains, statuary and other out-door works of art, because of its durability and power to resist the disintegrating action of the elements. This material is pure zinc, refined until it is free from any contaminating substance whatever. The *Scientific American* says that, in all the great advance during the past century, there has been no greater advancement than the substitution of white bronze for stone, for monuments and statuary. The cost of this material is about the same as good marble, but its value, when considered either in the light of beauty or dura-

bility, is many times greater. Several monuments of this material have been erected in River View cemetery, near Portland, where they are attracting much attention and receiving many favorable comments.

A GRAIN PASTURE.—One of the greatest drawbacks to the farmer on the highlands of Eastern Oregon, is the lack of suitable grass for pasturage. Bunch grass will not answer every purpose for pasture, though the best in the world for that use in certain cases, and in sufficient quantities. A plan has recently occurred to us which may, in a measure, obviate that difficulty, and furnish better feed than stock, as a rule, now get. It has never been tried here, that we are aware of, and as it is comparatively inexpensive, we suggest that some of our farmer friends try it and report to us the result. The plan is to sow rye, at different seasons of the year, and pasture it down, or cut it for hay, before it gets to heading out. Rye will spring up again, when cut or eaten back, before the plant commences to head out, and by having two or three fields of it, stock may be changed from one to the other for some time without exhausting the crop, which will spring up again if only a small portion of the stalk is left. Try the plan, by way of experiment.—*The Dalles Sun.*

PORTLAND RAILROAD BRIDGE.—Work will soon be commenced on the new railroad bridge across the Willamette, at Portland. The width of draw has been determined according to the charter, and nothing now remains but to arrange the preliminary details. The contract for piling has been let. The width of the draw has been fixed at one hundred and fifty feet. The bridge will be six hundred and sixty feet long, and the draw span three hundred and forty feet. The west end of the draw will be at the wharf line. There will be but two piers in the stream. The structure will be almost entirely of steel, and manufactured by the Union Bridge Company, of Utica, N. Y. The overhead road, for teams, will be twenty-two feet above the track, and on either side will be walks for foot passengers. The west end of the bridge will be between H and I streets, and the floor of the bridge is to be but little above high water mark. The cost of construction is estimated at from \$350,000.00 to \$400,000.00, and time to complete, about eight months.

GOLD SAVING MACHINE.—Those interested in the black sand mines on the ocean beach are on

the alert for every new invention for the better saving of flour gold in sand mines. A new machine has been introduced on Snake river, which is spoken of by the *Range and Valley* as follows: "The machines of the Cook Manufacturing Company, now being put in operation at Lucky bar, are giving better satisfaction than even was supposed. This is the first test ever made with these machines on the flour gold of Snake river, but with the few days' trial already made, it has been demonstrated, beyond a peradventure, that they are a success. Not a color can be found in the tailings, while above machines, a pan of dirt will show thousands. The plates are well covered, and the silver in the succession of vats is thickening very fast. It is impossible to lose the amalgam in these machines, as all that is carried over the plates is collected in a pan, where it can not escape. A clean-up will be made tomorrow. It requires one inch and a half of water to operate the machine, and two men can put through an average of fifty tons of sand per day."

FURNESS, MONTANA.—The little town of Furness, formerly known as Toston, is at present the scene of some activity, and the outlook for the future prosperity of the place is very encouraging. W. R. Lawrence and the Northern Pacific railroad, the patentees of the land on which the town is situated, have located a town site of sixty acres, and parceled it off into lots, and now there is an opportunity for the present inhabitants and all new comers to secure good lots at reasonable figures. At the smelting works, recently leased by the Helena Mining & Reduction Company, work is progressing rapidly. The works are undergoing a complete change, and new machinery of the most approved type is in course of construction. When completed, the works will not only be one of the best smelting works in the country, but will have a larger capacity than any smelter in the West. The daily capacity will be seventy-five tons and upwards. The smelting works have a contract with both the Blacker and the Keating mines, which calls for each of them twenty-five tons of ore per day. Other neighboring mines will also contribute their share. In addition to this, a great deal of ore from the Cœur d'Alene and other points west will be shipped in.

NEW OREGON MINES.—Mr. A. Weber called at the *Democrat* office yesterday and left samples of as fine looking gold and silver bearing ore as we have seen, coming from any district in the county. Some of these samples came

from Mr. Weber's new discovery, called the Forest City. This ledge is about twenty miles northwest of Baker City, in the Blue mountains, between Rock creek and Killimaloo creek, and about six miles to the northwest of Cable's cove. The vein is thirty feet wide, and assays three hundred and forty-one ounces silver, and \$182.00 in gold, or \$526.41 per ton. Some of the richest of this ore has threads of silver running through it that look exactly like wire, and whittle up the same as will a silver coin. Mr. Weber has some fifteen men employed, making developments on the Forest City and building a road up to it from the east side, toward Powder river valley. A town has already been laid out, and cabins are going up under the supervision of the different mine locators in that vicinity. Some one hundred locations have been made, and many prospectors are coming in every day. There are now forty men in the camp. Six miles from the Forest City, the Forest King and other properties, on Muddy creek, are being developed as rapidly as possible, and with every foot of excavating the prospects are improving. Mr. Weber certainly has some first-rate properties, and we think he is justified in the opinion that one of the greatest mineral belts in the northwest exists within twenty miles of this city.—*Baker City Democrat*.

NATIONAL PARK.—The season opened in the national park of the Yellowstone on the fifteenth of June, and the former complications appear to have all disappeared. The Yellowstone Association, which now controls the hotels and transportation in the park, seems to be honestly endeavoring to provide suitable accommodations for visitors. In addition to the main hotel, located at the Mammoth hot springs, which has been remodeled, a new hotel has been opened at Norris geyser basin. New cottages have been completed at the lower and upper geyser basins, and all the lumber for a large hotel, to be erected at Grand canyon, is on the ground. The temporary hotel now located at that point will, on the completion of the new hotel, be removed to Yellowstone lake. The new road between Norris geyser basin and Grand canyon has been completed, thus shortening the ride in the park some thirty miles. The geyser action at the upper basin has slightly changed. The Grand, Castle and Splendid give daily displays. The Giant is seldom seen, but the Giantess shows up every ten or twelve days. The Fan, Turban, Grotto, Lion, Lioness and Cubs are as true as Old Faithful in their action. The latter is called the "Tourist's

Friend," by reason of its hourly eruptions. The Bee Hive is fickle, going off sometimes twice a day, and then remaining inactive for weeks. The outlook for a large travel to the park this season is excellent. With the railroad fare reduced, and the accommodations improved, no tourist through the West should omit a visit to the national park.

HOPS IN NOOKSACK VALLEY.—Recent experiments made in the Nooksack valley have shown most conclusively that hops will be a pronounced success; the yield is excellent and the quality superior. All the prevailing conditions of soil and climate are entirely favorable to the production of this highly profitable crop. Indeed, it is the candid opinion of some men of large experience and intelligent observation that the valley of the Nooksack is destined to equal, or even excel, the far-famed Puyallup valley in the production of hops. The marvelously fertile lands of the valley in connection with the mild, moist climate, seem to furnish just the conditions essential to the production of a superior article, both as to quantity and quality. It seems to be the general opinion that the peat lands will yield the most largely, while the river bottom lands will produce a superior quality. However, this may simply be a theory, unsupported by the results of experience. Certain it is that any of the lands in the valley are admirably and especially adapted to hops, although there may be a slight difference in their producing qualities. There is quite an amount of land in the valley already clear, and which can be planted to hops at a small outlay of time, labor and money. There is a large acreage of other lands equally well adapted to hop culture, only they require a greater expenditure of labor and money to put them in cultivation. With a corresponding reduction in the price per acre, however, it is an investment from which the investor is assured with almost absolute certainty a rich return. Our farmers seem to appreciate the fact that they have, in the production of this crop, a means of great, and almost certain, profit.—*Whatcom Reveille*.

GOLD DISCOVERY ON ROCK CREEK, B. C.—Late arrivals from Rock creek bring with them very rich samples of quartz. It is spotted all through with gold, and must run many thousands of dollars to the ton. The discovery was made by four men, Rice, Burnham, Lefevre and another, who prospected through the Colville country, in Washington, and camped on the ledge, the snow being on the ground at the

time. One of them casually knocked a piece of rock off, and found free gold in it. Several other pieces were taken off, all filled with the yellow metal. The party went back to Spokane Falls for supplies, and returned with a \$2,000.00 prospecting outfit. Work on the ledge has developed the fact that it is of wonderful richness. At the blowout, it is about one hundred feet in width, but the ledge proper is about six feet. A large quantity of rock has been blasted out, and there is no piece picked up out of the heap but what contains free gold, some nuggets of considerable size. There have been several locations taken up, two of which are being prospected. The find is looked upon as being the richest ever made in gold quartz in this country. The ledge is situated about seven miles from Rock creek crossing, at an altitude of between four and five thousand feet, in the Gold range of mountains. Quite a number of men have gone into the section to prospect, and also to work on Rock creek placer ground. Two claims on this creek are paying an ounce per day to the man, while others are looking well. It will be remembered that this section was mined in 1861, when the Cariboo excitement caused its desertion to the Chinese. However, the latter have not got it all yet, and good claims are to be had on the creek, while pay has been struck in the benches. While it would be premature to give an opinion upon the possibilities of the district until further information is secured, yet there is evidence to show that the discovery is *bona fide*, and an enterprising trader has already arranged for a stock of supplies to go into the camp from this city via the Northern Pacific.—*Victoria Colonist*.

BUTTE & RUBY VALLEY R. R.—There have been filed, in the office of the secretary of Montana, articles of incorporation for the Butte & Ruby Valley Railroad Company, the corporation which is formed to build a railroad from Butte to Madison county and Bozeman, via the Pipestone pass. The capital stock is placed at \$1,000,000.00, and the incorporators are Henry Elling, Wm. W. Morris, A. J. Davis, Hiram Knowles, David McCranor, Samuel Word and Wm. A. Clark. The instrument declares the object of the company to be, to construct a railroad according to the following route: Commencing at or near the city of Butte, and running thence, via the Pipestone pass, along the most practicable route to the Jefferson river; thence up the Jefferson valley to a point at or near Twin bridges; thence, by the most eligible route, up the Ruby valley to, or near, the

source of the Ruby river; thence, by the most eligible route, via Henry's lake, to the national park. Also a branch from Twin bridges, up the Beaverhead valley, to Dillon. Also a branch from the crossing of Mill creek, in Ruby valley, by the main line via Sheridan, to the Wisconsin, Mill creek and Ramshorn mining districts, in Madison county. Also a branch from the crossing of the old bed of Alder creek, by the main line, to Virginia City. Also a branch from a point on the main line where it reaches the Jefferson valley, to or near the mouth of the South Boulder, in Madison county, and thence, via Pony and Red Bluff, to Bozeman. This project is said to be backed by the Union Pacific, and intended by them to compete with the system of railroads which the Northern Pacific now has in contemplation, in the operations of the Hauser syndicate. The plan covers the same ground which the Northern Pacific is now showing its desire to occupy, by pushing the preliminary surveys. The Union Pacific already has its surveyors in the field, looking out favorable lines along the route indicated.

SCENERY OF THE SISKIYOU.—The route of the California & Oregon railroad across the Siskiyou mountains, which form the boundary between these two Pacific states, will offer as grand scenery as any railroad yet constructed. Says the *Ashland Tidings*: "After laboriously climbing the southern slope of these mountains, leaving behind the superb view of Mt. Shasta, and the setting of dark, clustered mountains from which it rises, the train will plunge into the tunnel of thirty-one hundred feet at the summit; and when it emerges from the northern end, will afford the first glimpses of the Rogue river valley, the most southern and the most beautiful valley in Oregon. Winding around the lateral ridges, along and near the summit of one of the main arms of the Siskiyou, the track reaches the second tunnel at an altitude but little lower than that at the summit. Here it enters the mountain side for an underground passage of twelve hundred feet, and turning upon a heavy curve, brings the train out upon a point, where will burst upon the delighted vision of the traveler, a full and unobstructed view of the valley beneath. Imagine a train speeding along through the bowels of the earth, and rushing out upon a curve around the top of a vertical wall fifteen hundred feet high, at the foot of which lies a beautiful vale, with cultivated fields and cozy homes, nestled close to sheltered orchards, which seem but patches of garden shrubbery, so far below; the spreading

fields of golden and verdant forage reaching up a little way upon the bordering foothills, behind which rise the mountain walls that encircle the valley with projecting arms—a few white walls and glistening spires of Ashland visible out from behind the jutting point which hides the town from view—and, to heighten the effect, the Oregon charm of vernal freshness investing all the landscape—something sadly missed in the trip through the interior of California—let the imagination picture this, and you will still fail to realize the grandeur and beauty of the scene, until you have reached the height and gazed down upon it, as did the writer last Monday.”

LAND IN STEVENS CO., W. T.—We frequently receive a large number of letters of inquiry, from people in the Eastern and Western states, regarding the quality, quantity, etc., of the agricultural lands embraced within the boundary limits of Stevens county. The average prospective emigrant seems to desire a homestead in a country where he can surround himself with all the natural facilities required to make home happy, and his occupation, as a farmer, a profitable one. With this general view of the wants and wishes of our interrogators, we are amply prepared to answer that dairy and small farming, including the rearing of fine stock, can be carried on to a decided success in this particular portion of the territory. The surface of

the country is inclined, instead of being very hilly, to be somewhat mountainous, and cut up by numerous mountain streams, abounding in delicious trout, bordered by banks of deep, rich, heavy loam, spreading away into wide, pleasant and grassy valleys, from two to five miles in width and twenty to sixty miles in length, finally sloping gently away through sparse, but magnificent, pine timber, to the summits in the azure distance—a veritable picnic ground for the man who is in search of an ideal home. Plenty of timber, plenty of water and plenty of range for stock. All this land is in bodies sufficiently large to accommodate dozens of families in an immediate neighborhood, thus facilitating school and church organizations. The great and growing mining interests here swell the demand for home produce of the farm, far in excess of the surplus products, thus providing a ready market, favored by the highest cash prices. Some very fine unclaimed lands, suitable for farming, abound along Deep creek and along the Columbia river above the little dalles. Heretofore, that section of country has been considered too far from the hub of civilization to ever amount to any great sight, but the recent development of rich mines thereabouts, and the fact that that is the head of navigation, leading south from the Canadian Pacific railway, of the Columbia river, the attraction on the immigrant for a sure thing is intense.—*Colville Miner.*

Editorial Comment.

On the third of August, there will be a meeting of the Columbia Waterway Convention, at Astoria, consisting of delegates from the boards of trade of the various cities interested in the improvement of the Columbia river. Astoria, Portland, Vancouver, The Dalles, Walla Walla, and probably several other cities, will be represented. This convention will deal with a question which is paramount to all others, so far as transportation is concerned. The absolute necessity of opening the Columbia to unobstructed navigation, can not be too strongly urged. The question is so vital to the prosperity of this re-

gion, that it should constantly occupy the first place in the thoughts of our business men and property owners. On another page, the nature of the government work at the cascades is dealt with. It is so palpably evident that the government can not be depended upon to give us relief in this matter for many years to come, that the action of this convention should take a new direction from that pursued by former bodies of a like nature. Memorials to congress have been of little weight. Our representatives at Washington may be relied upon to do all that can possibly be done in securing aid for the

government works. It is now time that the people of the Northwest took the matter into their own hands, and this convention should begin the work on this new line of operations. Let them inaugurate some movement which promises a practical result, and they will have accomplished the ends for which they are delegated. There is no such thing as rivalry in this matter. Every city represented in the convention will receive vast benefit from the perfection of some means of using this great natural route of transportation for the products of the Columbia basin, and there ought to be no reason why all should not join zealously in some general plan of action. To Astoria and Portland, especially, this is an all important question, and its solution means growth and prosperity for both, beyond anything experienced in their past history.

ALL the signs indicate that the managers of the Oregon Pacific have secured sufficient backing to push the work of construction. Track laying on the graded portion between Albany and the Santiam has been commenced, and the contract for forty miles, between the Santiam and the summit of the Cascades, has been let to Nelson Bennett, the well known contractor on the Northern Pacific. This road is prospected to Boise City, where, it is generally believed, it will connect with the Chicago & Northwestern, which is building westward from Fort Fetterman. The latter company says little about its intentions, but the fact that its surveyors have examined the route, is sufficient evidence. Intelligence has been received that this company has surveyed a route into the head of the Sacramento valley, crossing southeastern Oregon, and through the Sierras in the northeastern corner of California, the highest point on the line being but two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. From remarks made by officers of the company, and from the nature of surveys in progress, it would seem that the Northwestern proposes to speedily acquire a through line, and to have two terminal points on the Pacific—one at San Francisco and one at Yaquina bay. That this great road would enter the Willamette valley, and not construct a line to Portland, making it, also, a terminal point, is a patent absurdity, and we may look for another great transcontinental line terminating in Portland before many months.

THE citizens of Seattle are going ahead with their old-time enterprise and faith in the future of the Queen City. During the first six months of 1887, there were erected, or in course of construction, one hundred and thirty-two build-

ings, of the aggregate cost of \$782,200.00. This is an average of \$6,000.00 each, which is far beyond the average in many much larger cities. Says the *Post-Intelligencer*: "These figures give an approximate idea of the growth of this city. If to them could be added the hundreds of additions to old houses, their changes and renovations, the amount of money put into office and household furniture, stocks of goods in new stores, machinery in factories and workshops—aggregating considerably over a quarter of a million dollars—and the whole amount added to the wealth of personal property in the Queen City of the North Pacific coast will be found to be increased over \$1,000,000.00 during the half year under review. This is truly a glorious showing. Glorious as it is, however, it will undoubtedly be exceeded when, six months hence, the story is told of the doings of the second half of the good year of 1887."

THE Canadian Pacific line of steamers, plying between Vancouver and the ports of Yokohama and Hong Kong, has become a fixed fact, and several passages have already been made. The steamers arriving from China bring a fair cargo of freight, but as yet, the passenger list is light. The company has offered to transport the royal mails to China and Japan, across the American continent free, and on the ocean for a subsidy of \$50,000.00 per annum. The offer also includes the transportation of troops and government stores at cost price, and the construction of steamers under admiralty supervision, with a view to conversion into armed cruisers in case of need. The object sought is to make this the government highway from England to Japan and China. The development of this scheme will call for active steps by the great American roads, to protect their interests, and we may look for other trans-Pacific lines of steamers.

CONSTANTLY is the discovery being made, that large tracts of land in Eastern Oregon and Washington, which have for years been considered of no value for agricultural purposes, are capable of producing crops without irrigation. Four-fifths of the great wheat belt, which will produce fifteen millions of bushels this year, were deemed valueless for agriculture twenty years ago, and much of it as late as five years ago. A year since, a gentleman located on some "hill land" in the Powder river country, deemed valueless by "old-timers" and has now eighty acres of wheat and barley, as fine as any one could wish. This has been produced without irrigation, and there is a tract of land five miles square, of a similar nature, open to location. Hasty and unfounded condemnation of "dry lands" has retarded settlement in many localities, which will soon be converted into farms.

Useful, Entertaining and Instructive.

A WINDMILL CLOCK.—A new pattern of a fog bell is to be anchored off Nix's Mate, Boston harbor. The machinery is constructed on the principle of clockwork. The power for winding it up is furnished by a windmill arrangement, twelve feet square, consisting of a number of sails, so placed that they revolve at every breeze. A rod is attached to the middle wheel, driven by the pendulum, seven times a minute, upon a gong, the sound of which can be heard from five to seven miles. The machinery, when wound up, will run ninety hours without any other winding. The new fog bell is said to possess advantages over all other inventions of the kind, in its perfect regularity and in requiring no care.

GREEN OR DRY.—"Which is the stronger—green or dry timber?" This question is now under discussion by many of the leading lumber journals, and has provoked a perfect avalanche of opinions from experts and others. This discussion, after all, seems rather bootless. Some kinds of timber are stronger when wet or green; but most hard woods, when wet, possess more tensile strength than when dry. Timber thoroughly seasoned is more brittle than when green, and with the necessary force, will break square off, while the same timber, green, would stand about the same pressure by bending without breaking. Take a hickory sapling that it is almost impossible to break in its green state, although it may bend double, and after it is thoroughly dry one may break it almost "square off." So with almost any kind of timber. Dryness makes it stiffer, more unyielding, but in very few instances stronger.—*Dixie.*

SUPERSTITION AND IGNORANCE.—As an instance of how far religious credence will carry a man, when, from boyhood, he has surrendered his right to think independently to church authorities, the following is in point: "A wealthy peasant of the village of Obodny, Russia, was recently visited by three venerable-looking men, dressed in garments of a somewhat clerical style, who informed him that they were Christ and the

apostles Peter and Paul. The sham Christ said to him; 'I have given you great wealth, but you have omitted to exercise charity, so I have come to reckon with you. Give me your money.' The terrified peasant fell on his knees, begged for mercy, and gave over five hundred roubles, declaring that was all the money he had in the house. They were not satisfied, and he sent off his servant to collect money from neighbors, who were indebted to him. Finally, one of the neighbors found out that the men were impostors, and they were driven away."

A WISE WASP.—While sitting, one summer day, at the side of the house, on a platform which served as a piazza, but was roofed only by the branches of two large trees, something dropped upon my head and rolled into my lap, when I saw a large white-bodied spider in the clutches of a small wasp. Hastily brushing my unceremonious visitors on to the floor, I watched to see if the wasp would succeed in flying away with his huge enemy. After a struggle the spider lay quiet, and the wasp ran around, seizing first one part, then another, but finally went away, as I supposed, for help. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, still alone, and began trying again, as I thought, to find some place by which he could seize the round body and carry it away. Again he departed without his spider. This time I watched him and saw him disappear at the edge of the lawn, under a pear tree, and following, found him, after some searching, diligently at work, with another wasp, enlarging a hole in the ground, having already thrown out quite a little mound of earth. I was surprised, for I did not then know that any kind of wasp lived in the ground. I returned to the piazza, and soon, when the wasp came back, I was convinced, by more careful watching, that he was measuring each part of the spider's body instead of trying to get hold of it. The antennæ seemed to be the organs mostly employed in this operation. When he went home again I was before him and saw him meet his co-worker, put his head close to his, and evidently informed him that the door was not yet big enough, for they fell busily to

work enlarging it. Then more measuring, more digging, until after three long hours he returned, this time with his friend, and they carried off their prey and bestowed it in their underground home.—*The Owl.*

HEATING CARS BY STEAM.—The superintendent of motive power of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, Mr. John B. Henney, Jr., has devised a system of car heating, which, it is said, has given satisfactory results. The exhaust from the Westinghouse air pump is delivered into the ordinary radiating pipes of the Baker system. A recent trial of the system is thus described: "In order to ascertain how quickly four cars can be heated by the steam from a locomotive, orders had been given during the forenoon to extinguish whatever fire there might be in the stoves. Then the windows of the cars were raised, and the raw March wind had an unobstructed passage through the cars. When the locomotive was hitched to the train, connection was established between the exhaust steam pipe on the side of the locomotive and the steam pipes that extended through the several cars, the old pipes in the cars being used for the experiment. Despite the frigid atmosphere in the cars at the commencement of the experiment, caused by these open doors and windows, in thirty minutes from the time the windows were closed and steam let on, the cars were as warm as stoves could possibly have made them. The train made the run to New Haven in thirty-five minutes, and the last car was kept as warm as the first. It required no more steam, and, consequently, no more fuel, than was needed to run the engine, the steam used for heating having before been wasted. The pipes are so arranged that, in case of accident, the steam can be let out instantaneously from the outside of the car, thereby preventing any injury from scalding by steam."

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.—"Spiders! What can any one find interesting in those ugly little creatures?" is a question I often asked before I made the acquaintance of "my family." The interest which I felt in its members led me to examine more closely the life and habits of spiders, and I find that observation not only deepens my interest, but also increases my admiration for this wonderful animal, which was first awakened by the mother of "my family." I first saw her moving slowly over a stone. Something, I knew not what, gave her such a peculiar appearance, that, overcoming my natural aversion to spiders, I secured her in a box, in

order that I might examine her to better advantage. The back of her abdomen was very rough, and its surface seemed to be in constant motion. The microscope showed that the abdomen was covered with young spiders. At first they were not very active, and seldom left their mother, but after a couple of hours they endeavored to escape whenever the cover was removed from the box in which they were confined. On attempting to pick up one of them, I found it had attached itself, by a minute thread, to its parent. Different trials showed that each little spider took the same precaution against any possible accident. Although the family was well supplied with flies and other insects, they seemed to prefer each other, and their number rapidly diminished, until one day the whole family met with a fatal accident. This I have always regretted, as it prevented my learning the name of this strange family, but from what I know of the tarantula, I think it may have been a relative.—*The Owl.*

BURNING OF THE MUSEUM OF CONFUCIUS.—A conflagration which took place lately in a remote village of China has destroyed one of the most remarkable literary and artistic museums in the world. The edifice in question was the ancestral home of the family of Confucius, built centuries ago, near Loo, in the province of Shan-Tung. In this building, generation after generation, the male heirs of the great Chinese teacher, have dwelt in an unbroken line for twenty-five hundred years, bearing the title of dukes. With every other family in China, a nobleman's rank must always be lower than that of his ancestor, for no true Confucian would presume to stand higher than his grandfather, father, or his elder brother. In the illustrious "House of Confucius," however, the lofty title of duke passes unchanged, except when emperor after emperor adds by royal decree some new phrase of honor to the name and line of the famous philosopher. The tomb of Confucius is a huge mound, overgrown with trees, on the bank of the River Sze, with carved animals on each corner, and groves of cypress trees ranged solemnly around. The relics of his age, and the rich tributes of worship paid to him by generation after generation since 600 B. C., have all been gathered into this "House of Confucius," lately destroyed. Here were accumulated precious texts on stone and marble and commentaries on his books, wonderful carvings in jade and alabaster, jars and vases of porcelain, beyond all price, to say nothing of jewels and gold and silver work sent from all

parts of the Celestial kingdom, and even by reverential "outer barbarians." All, or nearly all, of these treasures are forever lost by this deplorable event, which has fallen upon China as nothing short of a national calamity. No liberality on the part of emperor or people can replace the vanished memorials of that remarkable teacher.—*London Telegraph*.

THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.—In addition to the two large islands recently discovered in the Pacific ocean, a third has just been discovered lying less than one hundred miles from the northern coast of New Guinea. It has been named Allison island, is nearly three miles long, rises from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and has abundant timber. Several stretches of inhabited and fertile land, some of them much larger than Allison island, have been found within a few years, at a distance of two hundred or three hundred miles from the New Guinea coast, and similar discoveries are made once in a while in various parts of the Pacific. Although the maps of the Pacific ocean are studded with islands which appear to be lying close together, vessels may sail among these islands for weeks together without once coming in sight of land. So vast is the waste of waters that not long ago a crew which had been shipwrecked in the great island region of the Pacific, rowed north forty days before they reached Hawaii, the nearest land. Mr. A. R. Wallace, who has traveled widely in the Pacific, has expressed the opinion that there are still a good many islands which have never yet been seen by white men. Now and then a Pacific trader finds some new, or little known, island, and opens trade with its inhabitants. When the Woodlark islands were explored some time ago, it was found that an Australian firm had carefully charted the islands several years before, and had been quietly trading there, all unknown to the other Pacific merchants.

HURRY AND DISPATCH.—Among the many causes of poor and inefficient work, is the habit of hurry, which takes possession of some busy people. Having, or imagining they have, more to do in a given time than can be done properly, they grow confused, agitated and nervous; and under this pressure, they proceed with the work in hand without requisite deliberation and care, perhaps omitting parts of it—sometimes important parts—and producing, at last, an im-

perfect and inferior performance, which can neither be permanent nor satisfactory.

There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual labor to the most complex and difficult mental work, that does not suffer from this cause. The dwelling house in process of construction is to be finished at a certain time. With proper forethought and system, it would have been done, but the time approaches and the work is still incomplete. The future occupants are impatient, the contractor is anxious, the workmen are driven, the work is hurried through, and annoyance, discomfort, and sometimes danger, ensue, and repairs are soon found necessary. The business man undertakes more than he can manage, the days are not long enough for his needs, he is agitated by the constant pressure, driven by conflicting claims, his business suffers for the want of a clear and cool head, his health suffers from continual and unrelaxed exertion, his family suffers from his deterioration, and general disaster ensues. The physician, with many other calls to make, hurries through the visit, neglecting some important symptom, and his patient dies. The lawyer hurries through his plea, and loses his case. The preacher hurries through the preparation of his sermon, and fails to make an impression. The artist hurries on his picture to completion, and his best conception is not there. The teacher hurries through a prescribed course of instruction, and the class is left destitute of the more important elements of knowledge. It is not too much to say that a large proportion of the unhappiness, the ignorance, the loss of property, and even the loss of life, that is endured in the world, is to be directly traced to the hurry and drive which characterize so much of the labor performed.

Many persons not only drift into these hurried ways, but pride themselves upon them. They boast of their speed, and contrast it with the slower measures of their more deliberate neighbors. They flatter themselves upon their dispatch, and hold themselves of more value on that account. Slowness in work, lingering or loitering over what is to be done, is not to be recommended. On the contrary, energy and vigor will prompt the healthy and industrious man to labor steadily and rapidly, while neglecting nothing that is needed to perfect his work. But this is very different from the agitated and excited hurry which has been mentioned, and which is to be deprecated.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

There is an Arabic proverb which says "Men are four. He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—he is a fool, shun him. He who knows not, and knows he knows not—he is simple, teach him. He who knows, and knows not he knows—he is asleep, waken him. He who knows, and knows he knows—he is wise, follow him."

No one who is ambitious to be and do that which is worthy in this great world of activity and possibilities, will ever find an ideal in any one of the first three classes. But to be followed, to be influential, to move men by the magic of a word or deed, a desire to do this mingles in the aspiration of every undwarfed man or woman. Emerson says all men seek power, either to do well or ill. And it is right that they should; this aspiration is one of the God-given incentives to growth. Experience verifies to us every day, that it is those who know and know they know, who seem to be "always fortunate," who were "born lucky." The reason is that they possess the pluck which dares and the fortitude which endures, because they know they know. What, then, is the influence upon woman, of teaching the girls to be retiring upon intellectual subjects; to broach their ideas timidly, if perchance they may offer something bright and winning, whether they ever grasp the entire truth or not? What of the influence of that weakly sentiment which teaches them to "depend, lean," upon their future husbands? What of that remark which so often falls from mother's lips, who should know better, "She can do well because her husband will help her?" Oh, mothers, shield your daughters from such remarks, if you cherish true womanhood! Teach her, instead, that her soul—her mind and heart—is womanly, as well as her body; that its development only makes her the more a woman, as well as the development of her body makes her the more a woman. Teach her to expect to be an equal on life's voyage where but two can go together, and commend to her David Copperfield's Agnes, rather than his Dora. Then do expect something of other women; teach your daughter to respect

woman's ability; picture for her a true ideal, and help her to attain it.

—
Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Every mother will testify to the truth of this, for the thousand little things which only mother thinks to look after, are ever returning, again and again, and they cement the home together just as truly as the mortar does the stones of the house. There is no more serious question for a family to consider, than "How much strength has mother on hand?" Not that she should be the family drudge, but that she, by being strong, may inspire others to be strong; that she need not become irritated and nervous, even though baby is teething and a bad cold makes a general attack upon the rest of her household, for "sleepless care" will make an inroad upon strength, however abundant, and the supply must, indeed, be well looked after, if she preserve her usual equanimity. Many mothers never think to do this. They wait upon five-year-old Jimmie or three-year-old Kate from the time they rise in the morning until their eyes close in sleep for the night; then, with a martyr-like air, too weary to enjoy book or paper, they seek their own couch to be renewed for the next day's onslaught. Did you ever see a blacksmith, with iron bar and hammer, try to break a lock, which was turned back by the first effort of the locksmith, with but slight tools and little strength? So many mothers use strength and time in vain, when a different method of procedure would accomplish the work with ease. As soon as a child can walk and understand what is said to it, it is time to begin teaching it habits of order and neatness. Jimmie can hang his own hat, shoes and dress as well as mamma, if the hooks be placed within reach. If provided with a little broom and dust pan, he can sweep up any crumbs which may scatter, or any other litter which may be made, and enjoy it as play, if he be asked in the right way to it. Many other things children can do and not realize that they

are working, while, at the same time, they are forming habits which will be a blessing to them in after life. Let mothers remember that although their life is made up of little things, yet through little things they may materially lighten both work and care. The first inclination toward disobedience, the first step in the wrong path, the germs of habit, these are the most significant and are the things with which a mother has to deal. Dealing with them is, as Chauncy Gills says, "like exerting a force upon the first of a thousand balls in contact, and one blow becomes a thousand."

The time is here for the summer's trip to the coast. Beautiful summer resorts are a characteristic of our coast, and the people of Oregon are fond—sensibly so, too—of taking advantage of these gracious gifts of nature. Our mountains are so close upon the ocean that one resort embraces both mountain and beach. And what is more exhilarating than to clamber up the mountain side after a brisk sea bath of ten or fifteen minutes? The novelty of running over the sand for sea shells, or hunting about the rocks for star-fish or mussels, as the tide is coming in and races after you with a splashing crash, drives away dull care and makes you feel as though you had been drinking of Ponce de Leon's fountain. To enjoy well this midsummer rest, there needs to be a good fitting out for such an occasion. A good tent, with bed furnishings and cooking utensils. These must be all well selected, with an eye to their utility, unless you choose to board at the hotels, which is not nearly so interesting, for you are surrounded by people the year round; but to be out in a retired nook, with only your selected company, nestled near a cool spring, whose waters, rippling about the stones in their way, lull to sleep even in midday—this it is to know the luxury of rest. Of course there is no need to speak of bathing suits as one of the necessities, but there is need to speak of a broad-brimmed hat, which many forget, and suffer the tortures of sun-burned face and neck in consequence. Have a bottle of glycerine along, and apply a portion of it upon hands, face and neck after bathing. A specimen basket and spade should also be in your outfit. Fish hooks and line, also, you need, that some may fish while others learn to "feather the oar." Think before you start, unless you care not for the contents of your purse, that fishing and climbing rocks are just the places to wear out a couple of old dresses. Now, being provided for your trip, before you start, see that everything at home is in such

a condition that you need feel no anxiety as you hie away to the mountain and the foaming sea.

From an article in *Demorest's*, written by Mrs. E. G. Cook, we take the following: "We see constantly that nature can be remodeled, thereby producing superior objects of their kinds. Almost everything that grows is subject to amendment. Man adjusts the conditions and aids nature in her work, and she always repays him bountifully for his trouble. In the use of its own powers, humanity will find its own further development and pleasure. To do this work well, requires knowledge of nature's laws, which, though they may seem capricious, will be found as immutable as the great Law Giver himself. It is to the constant varying of conditions, and not laws, that we must attribute nature's caprices. If mothers can adjust the conditions in which to develop the immortal souls of human beings, are they not artists, on the highest pinnacle of art? Inasmuch as soul or spirit is superior to that which we call matter, so above all other artists they fill their holy place. They need, for this great work, the environments of sympathy and kindness and love. They need rest and freedom from too much care, although a wisely active life during gestation benefits the offspring. The power to grow fruit does not give it flavor and sweetness. Something beyond bringing children into the world is required of a mother. She must stand guard over the building of the temple wherein will dwell that new spirit. If she does not use her reason, she is no better than the brutes. The gate of gifts is closed at birth, and a mother's influence upon her unborn child, and so upon society, is immeasurably great." If mothers but made that which is possible to them real, if they but understood what is possible, and realized the weight of responsibility which rests upon them because of it, how soon would come the reign of "good will and peace," and mothers would feel that they were indeed blessed.

The Oregon State Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its annual meeting at The Dalles, May 17th to the 20th. There was a marked spirit of purpose and determination in work, as there ever is in a convention of women. Another notable feature was the combination of intellect and heart, which impressed one in every speech—pity for the erring and fallen, and womanly yearning to save the youth from temptation, prompting reason on to noble deeds. Mrs. Anna R. Riggs, who had been state presi-

dent for the past year, was unanimously re-elected.

There is a beautiful little fable of the angel and the rosebud, which nicely illustrates the simplicity often of the richest ornamentations. It is said that "The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rosebush. When he awoke, he said: 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask my favor, how willingly would I grant it!' 'Adorn me, then, with a new charm,' said the spirit of the rosebud, in a beseeching tone. So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in its modest attire, the moss rose, the most beautiful of its kind."

"Gentiles" sometimes get pretty badly mixed in family relationship, but I know of none to equal the following placard, which Jenny June found in a "Gentile" shop in Salt Lake City. Accompanying the placard, was the photograph of the family mentioned:

THIS IS ZION.

A MORMON FAMILY.

"Mr. D—'s second wife is the daughter of his first wife (by a former marriage), therefore the first wife is grandmother to her own husband's children by the second wife, and he is grandfather-in-law to his own children by the second wife. The first wife's children are uncles and aunts to their half-brothers and sisters. The first wife's children are half-brothers and sisters to the second wife."

The empress of Germany has chosen a very beautiful jubilee present for Queen Victoria. It consists of a magnificent dinner service of royal Saxe porcelain. The tint is a soft jonquin yellow. The whole service consists of five hundred pieces; two hundred and eighty-eight large plates, one hundred and twenty small ones, seventy-two dishes, twenty sauce boats, compotiers, etc. The centerpiece consists of a beautiful flower and fruit basket, surmounted by a blue and gold statuette of the queen; the basket is further ornamented with a number of small medallion portraits of the various members of the royal family. This it is to give royally. No less royal, but more noble, is the gift of a golden cross, which she gives to every servant in the empire, who has remained over for-

ty years in her present situation, and whose character is high.

A CHEAP AND PRETTY FOOTSTOOL.—Take seven empty three-pound fruit cans, tie or solder them together, one in the middle, the other six around it, pad the top and cover with pretty carpet, plush, or even cretonne. The effect is very good, and the stool a comfortable addition to any room.

PORTABLE LEMONADE.—Rasp with a quarter of a pound of sugar, the rind of a very fine, juicy lemon, reduce it to powder and pour on the strained juice of the fruit. Press the mixture into a jar, and when wanted for use, dissolve a tablespoonful of it in a glass of water. It will keep for a considerable time.

EXCELLENT BROWN BREAD.—One cup of corn meal, moistened thoroughly with warm water. Add to this one cup graham flour, one-half cup molasses or one cup sugar, one and one-half cupfuls sour milk and one teaspoonful saleratus, with a pinch of salt. Boil between three and four hours, and bake half an hour.

OWL AND CRESCENT.—From a piece of pasteboard one foot square, cut a crescent and cover it neatly with garnet velvet. On one side, paint or embroider a spray of leaves and blossoms. From a bazaar, purchase an ornamental owl, which can be gotten for twenty-five cents. Fasten the owl upon one horn of the crescent, and hang the crescent by the other horn, where the owl may be at liberty to swing as much as he pleases.

HOME-MADE SMYRNA RUGS.—Cut woolen rags of the same thickness three-fourths of an inch wide, a quantity of black and as many red and green, dark shades, short pieces, a quantity of canary and also of lavender-colored rags. Thread your needle with several yards of very strong thread, on which sew half your black rags, by running through the center of the strip and pushing it as compactly together as possible, making it look much like chenille. Lap the ends of the pieces when commencing a new piece. On another thread, sew half your red and green rags, hit or miss. Half the canary and all the lavender furnish rags for one-half the rug and past the center, the colors to be arranged as given. When all the rags are sewed, send them to the carpet weaver, and you will be surprised with the result. Finish with a simple binding, fringe or scallops, as you wish.

RASPBERRIES IN AMBUSH.—Make a pastry according to former directions and line a pie plate with it. Bake in a quick oven, and while warm spread these with red raspberries, and heap on these a meringue made of the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff, with half a cupful of powdered sugar. Mix a handful of raspberries through the meringue. Brown very lightly and eat soon afterward, when it is cool.

CAMPER'S CRAB.—Have the crab taken while yet alive, and prepared for boiling by removing shell and entrails, and thoroughly scraping and washing the legs and such parts of the body as remain. Drop it into sufficient boiling water to cover, into which has been put one-fourth teaspoonful of saleratus, salt enough to season well, and boil half an hour. Then lift from hot water, separate meat from shell and fry quickly in fresh butter, or pickle in vinegar. Prepared in this way the meat is free from the crabbish taste which so often accompanies it.

CHERRY DUMPLINGS.—Four cups flour, two tablespoonfuls lard, two cupfuls sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one saltspoonful salt, two cups cherries, one cup sugar. Sift the salt, soda and cream tartar with the flour, rub in the shortening and wet

with the milk. Roll out about a quarter of an inch thick and cut into squares about three inches in diameter. Heap as many cherries as the dumpling will hold in the center of each; sprinkle thickly with sugar, and press the edges of the pastry together tightly. Lay them with the pinched edges downward, in a baking pan that has been well sprinkled with flour, and bake half an hour. Serve with hard sauce.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, yolks of three eggs and the white of one, two moderate teaspoonfuls of baking powder, nearly one-half cake of Baker's chocolate, melted over the tea-kettle, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vanilla; bake in four layers or in a loaf. If in layers, make an icing in the following way and put between the layers:

Icing.—Three-fourths of a pound of sugar and one-half cup of water, boil till it strings like candy. While boiling, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and when the sugar has boiled sufficiently, pour it slowly into the beaten eggs, stirring all the while. Flavor with vanilla and stir until cool enough to put between the layers and on top.

ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS.

I fancy Fancy never drew,
With all her splendid imagery,
So fair a picture as the view
Mine eye beholds in thee.

As blind as love, adown the steep
Ye leap in sudden bloom, and call
In laughter to the river deep—
Immortal in thy fall!

LEE FAIRCHILD.



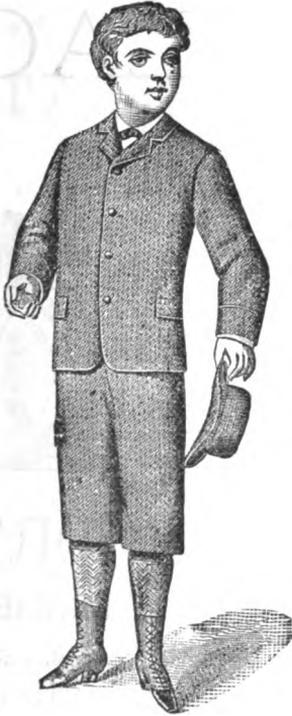
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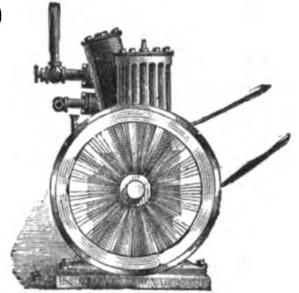
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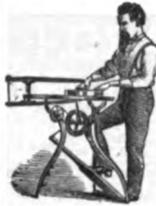
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REMOVED TO 146 FIRST STREET.



TACOMA!

Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, at the
Head of Navigation on Puget Sound.

Population, 1875.....	300
Population, 1880.....	780
Population, 1886.....	8,000
Assessed Value of Property, 1875.....	No city assessment
Assessed Value of Property, 1880.....	\$517,227.00
Assessed Value of Property, 1886.....	\$2,912,535.00
Miles of Sidewalks, 1875.....	0
Miles of Sidewalks, 1880.....	1
Miles of Sidewalks, 1886.....	20
Miles of Streets Graded, 1875.....	0
Miles of Streets Graded, 1880.....	0
Miles of Streets Graded, 1886.....	25
Public School Buildings, 1875.....	1
Public School Buildings, 1880.....	2
Public School Buildings, 1886.....	7

No City Indebtedness, Therefore Taxes are Light.

School Attendance, 1875.....	60
School Attendance, 1880.....	125
School Attendance, 1886.....	1821
Newspapers, 1875.....	1
Newspapers, 1880.....	1
Newspapers, 1886.....	5
Private School Buildings, 1875.....	0
Private School Buildings, 1880.....	0
Private School Buildings, 1886.....	3
Church Buildings, 1875.....	0
Church Buildings, 1880.....	3
Church Buildings, 1886.....	18
Brick Buildings, 1875.....	1
Brick Buildings, 1880.....	2
Brick Buildings, 1886.....	21

Water Works, Built 1884, Cost \$300,000.00.

Eleven miles of mains, supplied by aqueduct ten miles long.

Tons of Coal Shipped, 1875.....	0
Tons of Coal Shipped, 1882.....	56,300
Tons of Coal Shipped in 1886.....	231,250
Hotels, 1875.....	3
Hotels, 1880.....	6
Hotels, 1886.....	14
Hop Shipments, 1875, bales.....	4,000
Hop Shipments, 1880, bales.....	7,000
Hop Shipments, 1886, bales.....	17,000
Miles of Railroad Tributary, 1875.....	105
Miles of Railroad Tributary, 1880.....	136
Miles of Railroad Tributary, 1886.....	2,169

Gas and Electric Light Works, Built '84, 2 Miles of Mains.

Regular Steamers, 1875.....	3
Regular Steamers, 1880.....	6
Regular Steamers, 1886.....	27
Besides ocean sailing vessels.	
Manufactories, 1875.....	1
Manufactories, 1880.....	3
Manufactories, 1886.....	28
Banks, 1875.....	0
Banks, 1880.....	0
Banks (all national), 1886.....	3

Money Spent in Building Improvements, 1886.....	\$763,500.00
Expended in Street Improvements, 1886.....	57,541.00
Mean Annual Temperature.....	50 deg.
Average Annual Rainfall, inches.....	40

The Only Steam Flouring Mill on Puget Sound.

Capacity, one hundred barrels per day; to be increased to two hundred barrels per day.
Street car franchise just passed by city council, to company that will have four miles of road in operation in city limits within fourteen months.
Two free reading rooms. The only city north of San Francisco whose chamber of commerce owns its own building. Cost \$25,000.00.
Three daily newspapers. Board of trade just organized. Best possible location for perfect sewerage.

The lowest death rate of any portion of the United States.

The terminus now of over two thousand miles of rail road. Inside of five years will probably be the terminus of seven thousand five hundred miles of rail road.

Eight Hundred Miles Nearer Japan than San Francisco.

Oriental trade already established. Consignments of tea from Yokohama have reached New York via Tacoma and the Northern Pacific railroad six days quicker than by San Francisco and the Central Pacific.

The natural supply depot for Eastern Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

The port from which will be shipped the bulk of the wheat crop of the Columbia river basin, the surplus for which, in 1886, was ten million bushels, and for 1887 is reliably estimated to be twelve million bushels.

The only coke works north of San Francisco are located near Tacoma, and owned by Tacoma capitalists.

Located in the heart of a region abounding in coal, iron, lime, wood, water, lead and copper—all materials convenient and accessible—and therefore

The Best Point on the Coast for Manufacturing Purposes.

Shipping facilities perfect—by rail, over the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific, to the East, or by Puget sound, open three hundred and sixty-five days of the year without reef or rock, to the Pacific ocean, and thus to the world.

Sites for factories on the water front furnished to those who agree to establish industries proportionate in value to the realty donated.

Real estate is cheaper here than in cities without half the prospects that Tacoma enjoys.

Judicious investments made in Tacoma now will pay as well as investments made in Denver, Minneapolis or Chicago when those cities were no larger than this city is now.

Maps of Washington territory and the city of Tacoma, with full, illustrated, descriptive and statistical information of Western Washington, can be obtained by new-comers who apply at my office.

Eastern people visiting Tacoma are requested to call at my office and see specimens of grains and grasses produced on our valley and upland soils. Call on or write to

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Real Estate and Loan Broker, TACOMA, W. T.
Office over Gross Bros' Store.

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ASSESSMENT OF 1886.

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Columbia, Coos, Crook, Curry, Gilliam, Grant, Josephine, Klamath, Lake, Morrow, Tillamook, - - - - -	Each. \$ 2.00
Baker and Clatsop, - - - - -	2.50
Benton, Polk, Union, Wasco, Clackamas, Jackson, Umatilla, and Washington, - - - - -	4.00
Douglas, Lane, and Yamhill, - - - - -	5.00
Linn, - - - - -	6.00
Marion, - - - - -	7.00
Multnomah, - - - - -	15.00

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Salem, Oregon.

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56 CENTS 56

We will send THE HOME one year, and to every subscriber we will also send free and postpaid, *A Lady's Elegant Imported Work Box*, something that no lady can fail to be delighted with. Each box will contain 1 Packing Needle, 1 Bodkin, 1 Steel Crochet Hook, 1 Ivory Crochet Hook, 1 Steel Button and Glove Hook, 1 pack Black Hooks and Eyes, 1 pack White Hooks and Eyes, 1 box Toilet Pins, 1 box Hair Pins, 1 reel White Cotton, 1 reel Black Cotton, 50 best Needles, 1 box White Pins, 1 box Black Pins, 1 box Safety Pins, and 1 Silvered Thimble.

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 Arrive Albany... 11.10 " | Arrive Yaquina... 5.40 "

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East'n Oregon..Sat. 23	East'n Oregon..Fri. 29
Will'te Valley..Sat. 30	Will'te Valley..Fri. Aug. 5
East'n Oregon.	East'n Oregon.
Will'te Valley..	Will'te Valley..
East'n Oregon.	East'n Oregon.
Will'te Valley..	Will'te Valley..
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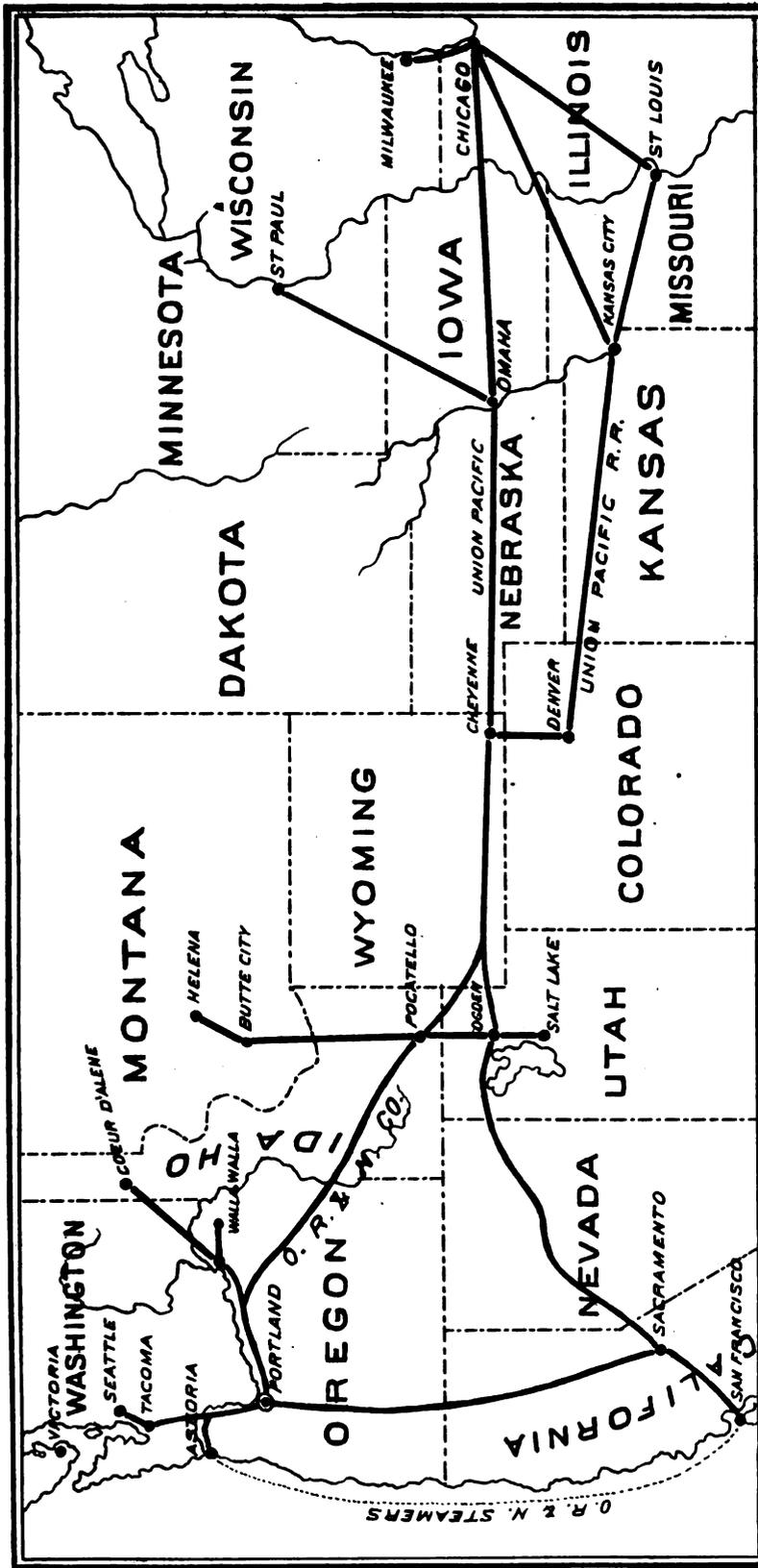
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THE WEST SHORE

an Illustrated

Western
Magazine



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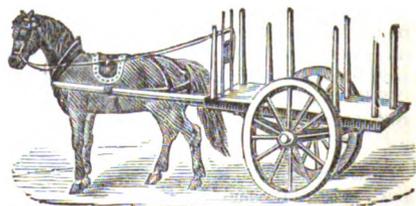
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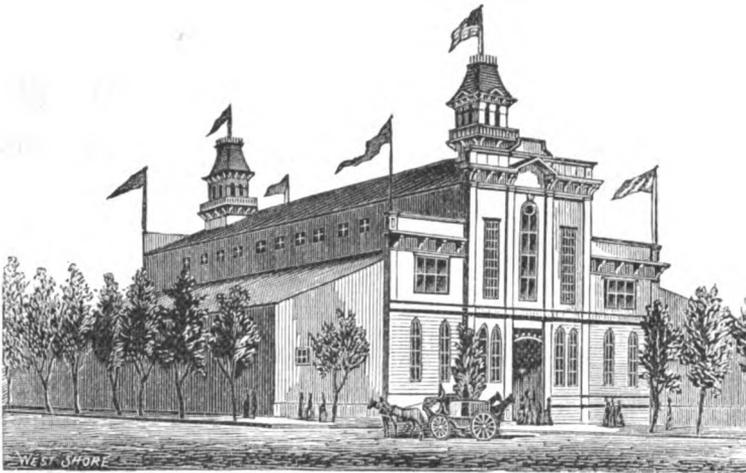
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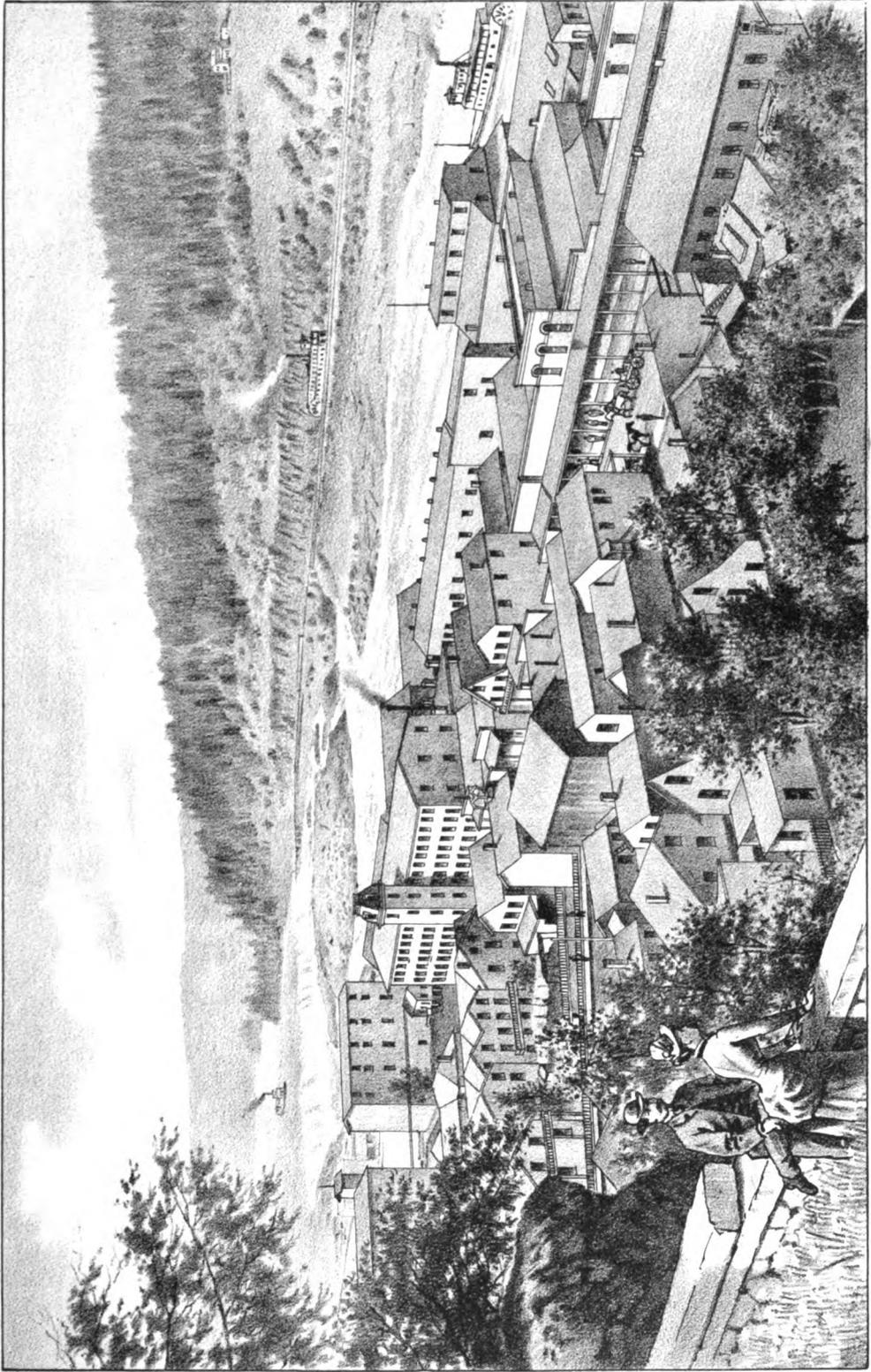
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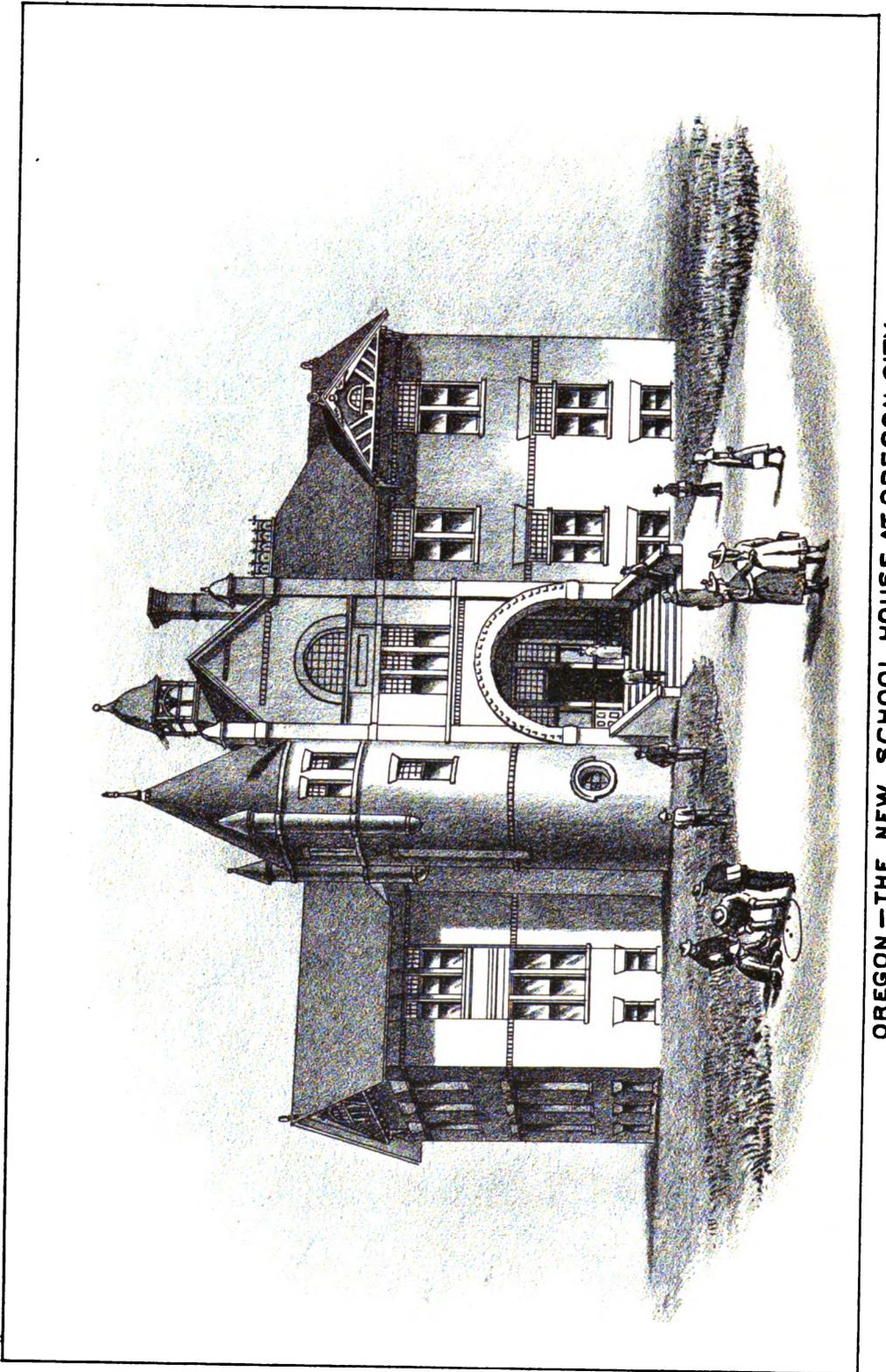
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OREGON - THE MANUFACTURING PORTION OF OREGON CITY.



OREGON — THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE AT OREGON CITY.

THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

AUGUST, 1887.

NUMBER 8.

THE CITY AT THE FALLS.



THE MAN who complained because the train stopped fifteen minutes before the lovely Multnomah falls, to give passengers an opportunity to "see a dab of water falling on a rock," could find no fault with the volume of water pouring in a mass of surging white over the basaltic rocks of the Willamette falls, at Oregon City. Even if not entranced by the beauty of the scene, his mind could not fail to be impressed with the power displayed and the vast energy waiting to be converted to the economic uses of man. The falls (see large three-page engraving opposite page 592) win expressions of admiration alike from the poetical and practical. The former exclaims "How beautiful! how grand!" and the latter, "What immense power! What an opportunity for manufacturing on the largest scale!" and both are right, for beauty, grandeur, power, and economic manufacturing conditions are here combined as in no other spot on the great continent of America.

The Willamette river, having come

down from the mountains, and united with numerous other streams, whose fountain heads are, also, the melting snows and crystal springs of the mountains, flows peacefully through miles of grain-carpeted valley and timber-clad hills, bearing on its bosom the commerce of a vast region, rich with the fruits of the soil, suddenly reaches the brink of this basaltic precipice, forty-one feet in height, and plunges over. The edge of the fall is jagged, broken and indented, and the water, instead of pouring over in one smooth sheet, forms numerous separate cataracts and cascades, many of them rushing together from almost opposite directions, lashing the water into foaming white, and sending up great clouds of spray, which sparkles in the sunlight and shows the brilliant, prismatic colors of the rainbow.

The name Willamette is of Indian origin, and not French, as would appear from its orthography. It is pronounced Will-*am*-et, and was originally spelled and pronounced Wal-*am*-et, by the earliest pioneers, as appears from old records, diaries and publications, and this orthography is still adhered to by a few of them who can not be induced to adopt the modern form. In theory they are

right, for there is too great a tendency to looseness in our nomenclature, and not enough care is taken to preserve the purity of the titles bestowed upon objects and localities; but in this instance no practical good can be accomplished, since the number of adherents to the old name is gradually diminishing, and those who learn the new title, and never hear of any other, are increasing in numbers at the rate of a thousand a week. Willamette, then, it will continue to be, though but a mongrel word, an Indian name slightly "Frenchified;" but whatever controversy there may be regarding the title, the beauty and power of the falls are beyond dispute. Since the earliest settlement of the valley by Americans, the falls have been called upon to supply the motive power of factories, chiefly saw and grist mills, and though but a tithe of their strength has been utilized, they have contributed not a little to the prosperity of Oregon. It is the great possibilities—not dormant, but rampant—which they possess, which inspire this article.

Oregon City is but fifteen miles from Portland, and the stream is navigable to the very base of the falls, by river steamers, several of which ply between the two places. Above the falls, the river is navigable to the head of the valley. The line of the Oregon & California railroad, soon to be the through route of the Southern Pacific between Portland and San Francisco, passes through the city. The narrow gauge system of the Oregonian, and Portland & Willamette Valley roads, tapping the whole valley on both sides of the river, passes within four miles, and the question of a branch line to the falls is already under consideration. With extensive manufacturing enterprises here, both the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific could easily run a line down to the factories, and would feel compelled

to do so in order to secure their proportion of the enormous business. It is apparent that the varied products of the entire Willamette valley and Columbia basin can be concentrated at this point as cheaply as at the city of Portland itself, can be converted into manufactured articles cheaper than at any other point on the Pacific coast, and can be shipped to the markets of the world to as good advantage as from any other place. In fact, so far as the shipment and receipt of freight is concerned, Oregon City and Portland would be practically one city, for Portland must, of necessity, remain the commercial point and seaport, while at Oregon City she can build up to the best advantage those large manufacturing enterprises which must constitute the chief element of her future growth. No other seaport city in the United States is blessed with such a magnitude of available water power at its very gates; nor are any of the great falls of America so favorably situated, both as regards nearness to the seat of production of raw material and to a seaport from which they may reach the markets of the world. A few moments thought will convince anyone that in the falls of the Willamette, Portland possesses a valuable gift of nature not vouchsafed to any other city on the Pacific coast, and that the falls themselves, in their accessibility and their contiguity to tide water, possess advantages of location superior to any others in the world. The falls which have made Minneapolis so great a manufacturing city are more than a thousand miles inland, and yet millions of barrels of flour are shipped to foreign markets. Here the falls are but fifteen miles from deep water, where vessels may be loaded for any port in the world.

When Henry Villard was at the head of the transportation systems of Oregon, he fully appreciated the economic value

of this great gift of nature, and among his plans for the development of this region was one for the establishment of great manufacturing enterprises at Oregon City. He caused a complete survey to be made, by Paul Meescher, a competent engineer, who spent three months studying the falls at Minneapolis before beginning the work. The survey was most thorough and complete, and the results have been embodied in a huge chart, which represents an expenditure of \$4,000.00. From these surveys it appears that the falls at Oregon City have a fall of forty-one feet, and possess forty per cent. more power at low water than those at Minneapolis, and one hundred per cent. more at high water. Incredible as this may seem, when the great manufacturing interests of Minneapolis are considered, it is none the less an actual fact, and indicates, in conjunction with its more favorable location, that all which has been done at Minneapolis can be repeated at Oregon City. All the mills of that city could be run here the entire season, without resorting to the aid of steam, as is done there in periods of low water. This great water power is nearly all owned by the Willamette Transportation and Locks Co., which was originally organized to secure transportation around the falls for river steamers. The canal and locks, on the west bank, as shown in one of the small engravings on the same page as the large view of the falls, were completed in December, 1872, at a cost of \$475,000.00. The state aided the enterprise to the extent of \$200,000.00 in bonds. The inner canal is seventy-five feet wide and twelve hundred and fifteen feet long, above which are four lift locks of ten feet each, forty by two hundred and fifteen feet in size. Above these is a guard lock of same size as the others, and then one outer canal one hundred and fifty feet wide and one thousand and thirty-five long, leading to navigable water above the falls. The locks have been in constant use since that time, and have been an important factor in the transportation system of the valley. The stock was acquired by the Villard interest, but upon the retirement of Mr. Villard and the rupture of the harmonious relations existing between the various companies under his management, his plans for the utilization of the falls and locks fell to the ground. This was the condition of affairs until about a year ago, when several of the energetic business men of Oregon City and Portland, notably Mr. E. L. Eastham, of the former place, began the work of consolidating the conflicting interests. After considerable negotiation, these gentlemen not only secured control of the company, but acquired all the interests of the O. R. & N. Co., the Transcontinental Co., and the state, thus freeing the property from all complications. The property of the Willamette Transportation & Locks Co. now consists of two hundred acres of land, suitable for the site of factories. About ten acres are on the east side, and include the large warehouse and the basin, built in former years for the purpose of transferring freight from connecting steamers, as well as to conduct water for power purposes to the mills below. The remainder is on the west side, and embraces all the land on both sides of the canal. In fact, the company owns all the desirable land for manufacturing purposes, and all the available water power, except that already utilized by the mills now there. In addition to this, the company owns a strip of land lying along the river, both above and below the falls, a distance of two and one-half miles, and extending back from one-half to three-fourths of a mile, making a total area of nine hundred acres of land. The officers are E. L.

Eastham, president; C. A. Dolph, vice-president; Joseph Simon, secretary; Charles H. Caufield, treasurer; W. E. Pratt, superintendent.

The company has outlined a plan for the development of the water power and the building up of large manufacturing interests, which is not only comprehensive and extremely liberal, but highly practicable. It offers to manufacturers the land upon which to erect factories and the water power by which to run them. The land will be a free gift, with title in fee simple, and the water power will be given free for ten years, a reasonable charge to be made for power thereafter, at a permanent contract price to be agreed upon at the time the original agreement is made. The development of the power, so far as its practical application is concerned, must be made by the party using it. The company also proposes to develop power for the use of small factories, which will be supplied at a reasonable rental. It also has in contemplation the transmission of power to Portland by electricity. There are numerous small enterprises in Portland, using engines from five to twenty-five horse power, which could be supplied with electric power from the falls at a much cheaper rate than now paid for steam. The plans of the company also embrace a suspension bridge across the river below the falls, the east end reaching Oregon City at Seventh street. The bridge will cost about \$25,000.00, and have a span of four hundred feet. Complete plans have already been received, and it is expected to have the bridge completed by the first of January.

The development of these plans necessarily calls for the outlay of considerable money, and there has, as yet, been no intimation of the method by which the company proposes to reimburse itself. The question is a simple one. It

gives away its building sites for factories, and donates its water power for ten years to aid those factories to firmly establish themselves; but it does not give away its valuable residence and business property. The large tract of land on the west side will be laid off into lots and blocks, and will be sold for residence and business purposes. The establishment of large manufacturing enterprises and the drawing hither of the thousands of operatives necessary to conduct them, will create such a demand for this property as to render it extremely valuable, and thus, in the fullness of time, the company will reap its reward. And the fact that there is a final reward in store for them, makes the action of these gentlemen none the less liberal, public-spirited and sagacious. They are taking steps by which every citizen of Portland and Oregon City will be greatly benefited, and all honor is due them for their efforts. What we need is more practical, enterprising, public-spirited men of this kind. The plans of the company are not for to-day, nor to-morrow, but for all time; and contemplate, not the establishment of a few feeble industries, but of immense flouring mills and other factories, employing thousands of hands, adding millions of dollars to the trade of Portland and Oregon City, increasing enormously the value of property in those places, and creating a certain market for a great variety of products in the Willamette valley and the Columbia basin, thus indirectly increasing the wealth and population of the entire Northwest. They look forward to the creation of a city at Portland, backed by manufactures at Oregon City, as large and as prosperous as has grown up about any great water power in the United States.

There are numerous industries which might find a good location here, but it is desired to point out the advantages a special few would enjoy. The mind

naturally turns to the manufacture of flour. Here can be concentrated the wheat of a vast empire, already producing thirty million bushels annually, and capable of producing double that amount in a few years. Here are unlimited water power and land free, the former for ten years and the latter forever. Here is a shipping port so near at hand that flour may be conveyed to it for twenty-five cents per ton. It would be difficult to conceive of a more favorable set of conditions for the milling business on a large scale. An enterprise of this nature should embrace a transportation scheme of its own, and should be of so large a nature as to be self-dependent. Such a mill as this would make from three thousand to five thousand barrels of flour per day. The relative saving of expense by manufacturing on a large scale is too well understood to require argument. As to other points in favor of shipping our product in the form of flour, they are well known to millers and shippers. There is, in the first place, the saving of five cents per bushel on grain sacks; also a saving of one-third of the freight, since the refuse of the wheat amounts to that much, and when ground in England only equals the value of its own freight. There are, besides, the multitude of associated benefits which flow from the conversion of raw materials into manufactured products, such as increase in population and wealth, the creation of a home market for a great diversity of products, and not only the retention at home of the money otherwise sent abroad, but the bringing here of that necessary to purchase the products of our own labor. This is by far the best location for a large paper mill on the Pacific coast. Straw can be had in abundance; wood pulp is easily and cheaply obtained; the conditions of economical manufacture are unequalled, and the shipping facilities are all that are to

be desired. Representatives of the largest two mills in California have examined the situation, and express themselves as strongly impressed with the advantages offered. It is needless to enumerate the various industries which might find lodgment here. It is sufficient to say that free ground upon which to build, free power for ten years, facilities for receipt and shipment of freight unsurpassed, all combine to make Oregon City the most advantageous point for manufacturing on the coast. With but few exceptions, whatever can be manufactured profitably in the West can be produced at Oregon City to better advantage than at any other point.

Oregon City is, in its true sense, the oldest town in Oregon. To be sure, settlements were made at other points at an earlier date, such as that of the Pacific Fur Co., at Astoria, and the Methodist mission, near Salem, but here was made the first genuine effort to found a city; and it was natural that the pioneers, as their eyes rested upon these falls, whose beauty and power appealed strongly to their love for nature's works, and their inborn instinct to make practical use of everything, should decide that at this point would spring up a city. A town was laid out, which was for a number of years the leading one in Oregon. It was the first capital of the territory, and continued as such until the seat of government was moved to Salem, as the result of a political quarrel between the members of the supreme court. It is unnecessary to trace the history of the city through the forty-three years of its existence, except to say that it has been one of slow, but constant, progress. Interest now centers on its present condition and its prospects for the future. What a bright pathway is opening up before it has already been pointed out. The large increase in population, trade and the value of property, which is a

necessary accompaniment of manufactures employing a large number of hands, will be experienced here, as elsewhere. These are for the future, and the present condition of affairs indicates that this future is by no means a distant one. It becomes, then, interesting to know what the city is and has, aside from the great leading, and almost overshadowing, feature, the enormous water power just described.

The city, which has now a permanent resident population of fifteen hundred, lies on the east bank of the river, partly on a terrace along the stream, and partly on the high bluffs farther back. The railroad runs along the base of the bluffs, and the one long business street occupies the middle ground between it and the river. This street is well built up with business houses, occupying both sides of it for a distance of four blocks. Besides the woolen mill, court house, jail and brewery, there are ten brick buildings, nearly all of them two stories high. Two of the business houses carry stocks of \$50,000.00 each, and the capital engaged in business, exclusive of the bank, is fully \$250,000.00. These enterprises may be enumerated as follows: Five general stores, five grocery stores, three drug stores, three jewelry stores, one large stove store and tin shop, one furniture store, one agricultural implement warehouse, one book store, three confectionery stores, two meat markets, one livery stable, three wagon shops, two undertaking establishments, one feed stable, two hotels, and one restaurant. There are, also, a good bank, the U. S. land office for the Willamette valley, representatives of the various professions, and two good weekly papers, the *Enterprise* and *Courier*.

The leading manufacturing interest now established is the woolen mill of the Oregon City Manufacturing Co. This is an eleven-set mill, employing one

hundred and ninety hands, paying out \$80,000.00 in wages annually, and producing cassimeres, tweeds, flannels, blankets, shawls, robes, etc., to the value of \$500,000.00 annually. The next most important is that of the Oregon City Flouring Mill Co. This mill employs fifteen men, and turns out five hundred barrels of flour per day. Both of these enterprises are owned in Portland, and are managed from the business offices in that city by telephone, through local superintendents. This method of conducting business is entirely practicable, since the two cities are united by one telephone system. There is a saw mill, owned by George Broughton, with a capacity of twenty thousand feet of lumber per day, and a box factory connected with it. There are, also, a small custom grist mill, another flouring mill not in operation, a brewery, a furniture factory, and a machine for making cottonwood excelsior for mattresses and upholstery. A view of the manufacturing portion of the city, as seen from the bluffs above, is given on page 575.

The city is supplied with water taken from the river above the falls, and distributed through pipes by two powerful force pumps. The pressure is sufficient to throw a stream over the highest house in the business portion of the town. There is a good volunteer fire department, consisting of two hose companies and a hook and ladder company. The city government consists of a mayor, a council of seven members, a marshal and a night-watchman. There is an enterprising and energetic board of trade, which not only looks after the local affairs of the city, but participates in all general movements throughout the Northwest calculated to affect the city's interest.

From an educational or moral point of view, this is a most desirable place of residence. There is a splendid graded

school, with six teachers and an attendance of two hundred and fifty scholars. A new frame building is in process of erection, and will be completed before the close of the year. It will cost \$8,000.00, and will not only be ample in size to accommodate the growth of the town for a number of years, but will be highly ornamental, as will be seen by referring to the engraving on page 576. There is, also, a good school which has been maintained many years by the Benedictine sisters, an order of the Catholic church. This has an attendance of sixty scholars. There are five good church buildings, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational and Catholic denominations. The Odd Fellows and Masons have each a good hall building, and various organizations of those orders. The A. O. U. W. and the K. of L. also have organizations. By far the most costly and ornamental structure is the county court house, completed in 1886. It is a solid brick and cement structure, with stone facing, two stories and a basement in height, and surmounted by a cupola, from which is obtained a splendid view of the river above and below the falls, and a large stretch of the fields and timbered hills by which the city is surrounded. It stands between the main street and the river, in the center of a block (see engraving on page 615), and a broad flight of stone steps leads up to the first floor entrance. This edifice cost \$60,000.00, and represents more for the money expended than any other public structure in Oregon. There are many handsome, and even elegant, private residences, nearly all of them so situated as to command beautiful views of the river and surrounding hills. The greater number are located on the bluffs, where the cool summer breezes render life there most agreeable. Indeed, this is one of the best points near Portland

for a summer residence. Cool, healthy, free from all taint of malaria, easily accessible from the city by both boat and rail, with good fishing and hunting close at hand, it offers excellent advantages as a summer resort. A large hotel to accommodate boarders of this class is one of the urgent needs of the city. As it is, a number of Portland families spend their summers here, finding homes in private residences. One improvement of interest in this connection should not be overlooked. The celebrated drive from Portland to the White House is to be extended to Oregon City next year, the work having been authorized by the counties of Multnomah and Clackamas, and the surveys made.

Clackamas county lies on both sides of the Willamette, though chiefly east of the river, and extends to the summit of the Cascade mountains. It embraces an area of a million acres, one-half of which is in the hands of private individuals, and the remainder subject to entry under the homestead, preëmption and timber laws of the United States. The O. & C. railroad owns considerable land, which it sells at graded prices, and on liberal terms of payment. The surface of the country is, in the main, hilly. The streams, of which there are many, run through canyons, the land between them being rolling plateau, rising into mountains as the Cascades are reached. Along the streams are many acres of alluvial bottom lands, the soil black, deep and rich. The greater portion of the surface is of the hill class, the soil being a red loam, partaking of the nature of a clay, with a hard clay sub-soil. These rolling plateaus are covered with timber, there being but a few small tracts of open prairie land. The prevailing timber is fir, while cedar, spruce, hemlock and larch are found in quantity. Ash, maple, alder and cottonwood grow along the streams. Owing to the

contour of the surface, the hill lands may be plowed at any time during the rainy season, as the drainage is perfect. These lands, when thoroughly cultivated, are wonderfully productive, yielding from twenty to fifty bushels of wheat and sixty to one hundred of oats. Rye, barley and flax produce equally well, though not much cultivated. Winter wheat is a specially fine crop, the wheat of the hills excelling that of the valley in quality. Grass, and especially clover, makes a good crop. Vegetables produce well, potatoes being a specially prolific crop. The vegetables of this county took the prize at the state fair last year. Fruit, such as apples, pears, plums, cherries and prunes, are raised in abundance, and of a quality unsurpassed. Some of the oldest orchards in the state are found here. Good peaches and grapes are also raised. Berries and small fruits grow to perfection. A company is being organized, with a capital stock of \$5,000.00, to build a fruit and vegetable cannery in Oregon City, and this enterprise will undoubtedly be inaugurated before another season. The nearness of much of the county to Portland, renders dairying and mixed farming especially profitable, as a market can be found in that city for all that is produced. Land can be purchased within fifteen miles of the metropolis, at from \$6.00 to \$50.00 per acre, while good government land, but little farther away, may be had for the taking.

In making a farm, it is, of course, necessary to clear the ground of timber. In many places, this arduous task has already been partially accomplished by forest fires. The settler must, however, enter upon the task with a full appreciation of its difficulty. When it is accomplished, he will have secured a home of which he may well be proud, and which will reward him for all his toil at each recurring harvest. The older farms

near the river, with their broad acres of grain, and their orchards and vineyards, were once more densely covered with timber than these fertile hills, and yet they are living witnesses of what the hand of industry can accomplish in the forest. If the settler have money to invest, he can purchase a farm already entirely or partially cleared, and thus pay for the labor performed by others in the past. This is, of course, far preferable, since by so doing he skips at one bound over the experiences of the pioneer. Such lands are for sale at an average of \$20.00 per acre, a price which enables an Eastern farmer to sell his land, move his family to this locality, purchase equally as good a farm for half the money realized from the sale of his old one, and have the remainder to invest in improvements, for use as business capital, or for a provision against the proverbial rainy day. This alone, without the question of climate being considered, would seem a sufficient justification for the step.

In the older settled portions of the county, are a number of small towns and good schools, while in the newer portions, the settlers are prompt to provide means for the education of their children, and Uncle Sam follows closely the path of the pioneer, with the mail bag. Oswego, a few miles north of the falls, and on the west side of the river, is the seat of an important industry. At that point is a large deposit of iron ore, which has been worked to a considerable extent by the Oswego Iron Co. The works are now idle, owing to litigation over the property, but when running, they gave employment to about two hundred and fifty men about the mines and works. There is now a prospect of an early termination of these difficulties, and the resumption of this important industry on a larger scale than formerly. Other promising towns, nearly all having some industry, such as a flouring

mill, saw mill, furniture factory, are Milwaukee, New Era, Viola, Canby, Clear Creek, Needy, Zion and Sandy.

The foregoing pages contain but a brief outline of what can be seen and done at "The City at the Falls," and in the highly prosperous and rapidly de-

veloping country surrounding it. To the manufacturer, it possesses attractions unrivaled by any other on the coast, while to the business man, the orchardist, the farmer and the dairyman, it offers opportunities not to be lightly passed over.

H. L. WELLS.

HAWICK AND ST. ANDREWS.

Sweet Teviot! On thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and wildered shore;
 Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still.

WE were flitting about Northern England and Southern Scotland for three or four months, grand right and left, up and down the middle, saluting corners, till, having chassied from the German ocean to the Irish sea, and back again from the Irish sea to the German ocean, at Berwick, on Tweed, we made a glide—I might say "Boston dip"—into Scottish Roxborough, to the manufacturing town of Hawick, on the silver Teviot, among the Cheviot hills, quite content to lay aside our wandering and unanchored life, and, for a week or so, lie by for repairs. More than once had we thought of Emery Ann's "You can't play tag continual, without a goal to run to," and how frequently we, with Mrs. Whitney, found, as she tells us in her "Sights and Insights," "the necessity of little halts—little breaks in the fierce impulse of foreign travel." The wheels heat with constant motion.

Between three and four miles from Hawick, lies Branksome tower, the scene

of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It is a most beguiling walk or drive, along the banks of the Teviot, even at the time of year we were there, the middle of January, with its silver waters glistening in the sunlight, and almost as purely white as the snow on its borders. The intervening distance, as well as that between the town and Melrose, is full of the localities described in that midnight ride of William of Deloraine, to the grave of Michael Scott, at the abbey.

Sir Michael Scott, the famous wizard, flourished during the thirteenth century, but by poetical anachronism, is placed in the poem at a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries, and passed among his contemporaries for a skillful magician. His magic books were long believed to be in existence, but could not be opened without danger from the fiends, who were thereby invoked. Michael Scott was much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of

finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld, or dam head, across the Tweed, at Kelso, which was done in one night. Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks, which we now behold. At length, the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him to make ropes out of sea sand.

The road runs far below Branksome castle, so that from it one can have but a very partial view of the building; consequently, bidding our coachman to stop, we alighted, and with the independence, perhaps assurance, said to be characteristic of Americans on their travels, ascended the avenue leading to the back of the house, walking through an invitingly open gate, for a nearer view of the premises. "Fortune favors the brave," or bold, and most opportunely were we seen by the butler, who, the family being absent, hospitably, or mercenarily, invited us to enter. We achieved the summit of our wishes, in being conducted up a spiral staircase, to the very top of the so-called Sir David's tower, into my Lady of Branksome's own room, with which description the "Lay" opens.

The feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,
Her bower that was guarded by word and by
Deadly to hear and deadly to tell— [spell,
Jesu Maria shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

This "Ladye" was widow of Sir Walter Scott, of Branksome, an ancestor of the novelist, who was slain in the streets of Edinboro', in 1552, grandson to the Lord David, for whom the tower is named, which still remains as it was originally built. The castle, modernized, bears, upon the outside walls, the dates of 1571, probably the time of com-

pletion, and that of 1771, when restored by Lady Margaret Douglas. The old foundations remain the same, and the old hall looks as one would expect to see it built during those days of border feud and foray, when it was necessary

To watch against southern force and guile,
From Warkworth or Naworth or merry Carlisle.

In imagination, as we gazed, we peopled it again as when

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
A hundred more fed in stall;
Such was the custom in Branksome Hall.

Wishing to gain from the butler some information concerning the Scott family, I said: "He lived before the time of Sir Walter?" "Behind, lady," he replied, gently correcting me; and presuming I had his meaning, I answered, "I see." The ancestor was a descendant. We tendered our shilling gladly, as but small recompense for the very interesting visit, which, though mildly waved aside as "too much," was ultimately accepted. We passed the "Peel (tower) of Goldiland," going and returning, as also a dilapidated fountain by the river's side, a few paces from the road. The inscription, in Latin, was almost obliterated, and when and by whom erected I could not decipher. A hospitable line was legible, concluding with the friendly address: "Drink—farewell, and may God be gracious to thee." Few travelers, other than commercial ones, visit Hawick, and yet it is in the midst of a lovely country, well worthy inspection. It is an important manufacturing town, noted for its cheviot cloth, or tweeds, so called.

Not far from Hawick, is Kelso, and at Eduan, a couple of miles distant, was born, in 1700, James Thompson, the author of "The Seasons." About a quarter of a mile from the village, a plain

obelisk has been erected to the memory of the poet. He lived, also, at Southdean (pronounced Souden) and could easily reach the banks of the Tweed and Teviot, and the ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh and Melrose in his rambles, or could have done so, had not indolence and self-indulgence been his besetting sins. Every one has heard of the lady who said she "had discovered three things concerning the author of 'The Seasons'—that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigidly abstinent," at all of which, Savage, who had lived much with him, laughed heartily, saying that he believed Thompson never was in cold water in his life, and that the other particulars were just as true. The anecdote of Quin, regarding Thompson's splendid description of sunrise, has been equally wide-spread. He, with Savage, asserted that he believed Thompson never saw the sun rise in his life, and related that, going one day to see him at Richmond, he found him in bed at noon, and asking why he did not get up earlier, was answered, listlessly, "he had nae motive."

It has been recorded that the manse in which the poet was born, at Eduan, has disappeared, and a new, square and unpicturesque one built upon the site, "for," adds the writer, "perhaps no class of people have less of the poetical or picturesque in them than the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland. The hard, dry, stern Calvinism imparted by John Knox has effectually expelled all that. The country people of Scotland are generally intelligent, and have a taste for poetry and literature, but to a certainty they do not derive this from their clergy. In no country have I found the parish clergy so ignorant of general literature, or so unacquainted with anything that is going on in the world, except the polemics in their own church." This is an Englishman's opinion of the present

day, but Scott says of his own countrymen: "The Scotch, it is well known, are more remarkable for the exercise of their intellectual powers, than for the keenness of their feelings. They are, therefore, more moved by logic than by rhetoric, and more attracted by acute and argumentative reasoning on doctrinal points than influenced by enthusiastic appeals to the heart and to the passions, by which popular preachers in other countries win the favor of their hearers." Charles Lamb says "it takes a mallet and wedge to drive a joke into a Scotchman's brain," and gives as an instance that he was in the habit of speaking of a favorite picture as "my beauty." "And what," said he to a Caledonian present, "do you think of my beauty?" "I canna' say mickle for your beauty, Mr. Lamb, but your talent nae man can gainsay." Any reflection upon Scottish peculiarities may be pardoned in so enthusiastic an admirer of their national and individual worth as myself.

From Hawick we went again to Fifeshire by way of the Frith of Forth, from Edinboro' and its seaport, Leith, and our experience of Cupar led us to comprehend the sententious warning of old Caleb Balderstone to the master of Ravenswood, in all its significance: "Ah, weel! A wilfu' man maun hae his way! Who will to Cupar, maun to Cupar," nor in spite of the same ready obligingness and spirit of accommodation from the people here as elsewhere, can I "invent even a wee figment" upon the attractions of the town. On the Fife line of railway, ten miles to the southwest of Cupar, is the old Falkland palace, historically and architecturally memorable. A painful interest attaches to its walls from its having been the place of imprisonment of David, duke of Rothsay, eldest son of Robert III., king of Scotland. He suffered here the agonies of death by starvation, and the tragedy

is heightened by the tradition that the life of the prisoner was sustained for some time by a woman's milk, conveyed from her breast through a reed. Scott, however, in his novel of the "Fair Maid of Perth," represents Catharine Glover and the gle maiden, Louise, who were confined in the castle at the same time, as conveying to the unfortunate Rothsay, by means of a cleft in the end of a long willow wand, bits of cake soaked in broth, through a small fissure in the wall of the castle, which communicated with the dungeon. The nourishment came too late to save his life, as his death was accelerated, probably, by violence. Kirkaldy (Kirkoddy) and Cuppar have each their one main street about a mile long, but the only attraction to me of the former dull, prosaic town, lay in its being the place where was produced the book "which undoubtedly has done more for the good of the community than any other written in Scotland;" "his last and greatest," says Chambers. Here, for the ten quiet, studious years, previous to 1778, while Adam Smith worked at his "Wealth of Nations," the philosopher lived in his mother's house; so does one in travel come constantly upon some old, quiet, grass-grown place, memorable for some great life which there opened to the light in the past, or departing, left behind an unquenched radiance gilding the present.

There is an air of dignity and refinement in the quiet, academic town of St. Andrews, this royal burgh and ancient Episcopal post, very different from the bustling, thriving manufacturing places we have been in, and greatly more pleasing. It must in summer be agreeably cool and healthful, and its retirement renders it an admirable locality for its many justly celebrated schools and universities. The arrangement of its main streets appears to be nearly identical

with those of early times, before St. Andrews gained the sad renown of its ruined shrines. Then, as now, when the earliest group of buildings was the Culdean monastery at the east promontory, the three chief streets radiated from the cathedral precincts like the spokes of a wheel. The range of vision to the north is bounded by the Sidlaw and Grampian hills. The opposite coast is Forfarshire, separated from Fife by the Frith of Tay. St. Andrews bay is studied to the east with distant sails on the way to Dundee and other ports, the more fortunate in having avoided the east winds, very prevalent here, and blowing directly from the ocean, accompanied by a "haar," or thick mist, which wraps every object in an impenetrable cloud. Snow lies neither deep nor long here, the saline particles continually deposited on its surface having the infallible effect of rotting it like honey comb. Our experience was, frosty weather, clear and crisp but not very cold, an unusual one, we were told. St. Andrews bay is very dangerous, and shipwrecks, for many years, are said to have averaged over three per annum, notwithstanding a first class life-boat crew of experienced men, rocket apparatus and all the appliances for saving human life. From the records of the town I draw the following contrast between the condition of the place in 1830 and as it now appears. Then there was no side pavement in any of the streets; filth and squalor abounded unchecked; cows and pigs grazed in front of the cottages; the venerable ruins were fast going to decay; the lines of the public streets were broken by awkward abutments of ungainly houses; there were few visitors even to the splendid links, which lay with all its vast capabilities almost untrodden, and generally, St. Andrews, considering the prestige of its antiquity as an ecclesiastical capital, and its rank

as a seat of learning, was at the lowest pitch of miserable neglect and decay.

Modern St. Andrews dates from 1842, when Major Playfair, whose name is significant, "begged and bullied and wheedled" away the filth and ruinous neglect, which bade fair, it is said, to entomb St. Andrews as completely as the lava did Herculaneum and Pompeii of old. He was knighted by Queen Victoria, in 1856, for the immense good he had achieved in St. Andrews, as well as for military service in India. The provost and his doings are proverbial, and the results are that St. Andrews is now the Scarborough, the fashionable seaside of Scotland, possessing all the good requisites for a summer retreat. It has its famous links, where "the noble and healthful game of golf" is extensively practised. Its commodious club house, containing billiard and reading rooms, bathing places for ladies, with their golfing green, croquet ground in the castle yard, archery within the college grounds, and picturesque ruins and nice scenery for sketching. Provost Playfair died in 1861, and his name will continue to be associated with the city that has so greatly benefited by his labors. St. Andrews resembles a continental city, and its buildings of hewn gray stone, obtainable near the town, are very handsome and ornamental. It is rare to find in a city of its size so much to please the eye and gratify the taste. Its fine ruins greatly enhance its picturesque effect, to which the bright, scarlet robes and the four-cornered tasseled caps of the university students lend an additional piquant charm. Its fall from the meridian of its ecclesiastical splendor to the ruthless fury of fanaticism, and its restoration to prosperity in the beauty of its semi-antique residences is interesting, but especially so is it in the olden aspect of its literary and historic public buildings.

Of the tower of St. Regulus, tradition relates, that when King Hengist received St. Regulus, who was wrecked here at the end of the fourth century, bearing the relics of St. Andrew with him, he built to him this massive square tower, one hundred and nine feet high, with its spiral stone staircase of one hundred and fifty-four rough steps, in many parts perfectly dark and of most difficult ascent. I can testify to its being the severest "excelsior" of the many I accomplished in Europe. Those who discredit so hoar an antiquity as fifteen hundred years, grant that the tower can not be of more recent date than the ninth or tenth century. Be that as it may, the tower is perfect yet, and the walls of a solidity and thickness sufficient to bid defiance to half a score hundred years or so more. In the face of a cliff between the castle and cathedral, is the cave where St. Regulus first lived, now worn shallow by wind and wave. Last century, they say, the eccentric Lady Buchan adorned it with shells and fitted it up as a retreat, where she entertained her friends. The cathedral was founded in 1150 and was one hundred and fifty years in course of construction. In 1378 a great part was destroyed by fire, and the accident is ascribed to a jackdaw carrying a lighted twig to its nest in the eaves. In 1559 it was sacked and destroyed by the Presbyterian party, under John Knox, who kindled a fire that day that spread far and wide, beyond the jackdaw's flight. Only one of the turrets of the west front is standing, but it is of delicate and elegant workmanship. The ancient oblong windows, with semi-circular arches, and the two turrets of the east gable, are very beautiful. It must have been very large and magnificent, and we are moved in looking upon what remains to exclaim: "Oh, sectarianism! what crimes and follies are committed in thy name!"

Many of the ancient tombstones, moss-grown, and inscribed with quaint and startling emblems, yet stand against the wall of the south transept.

The castle is a grand, old, ruined fortress and palace, founded in 1200, boldly situated on a rocky promontory, overhanging the sea, and washed to its very foundations at high tide. The window is still pointed out from which Archbishop Beaton (Cardinal) witnessed the martyrdom of Wishart, by fire, in front of the castle, and from which very window he was himself suspended, after having been assassinated in his bed room, in 1516. Every castle has its dungeon, but this has one more horrible than the many. It is the celebrated "bottle" dungeon, its name being descriptive of its form—a hole, twenty-four feet in depth, cut in the solid rock. Prisoners were let down by a pulley, swung from a beam in the upper room, to utter darkness and slow, lingering, hopeless captivity and death.

St. Salvator's college, the eldest of the three, founded by Bishop Kennedy, in 1456, is now known as the United college, since its incorporation with St. Leonard's, in 1747. A handsome, modern structure has been substituted for the old one. St. Salvator's chapel, now known as the College church, is, with the tower attached, the only part of the original building. At the east end of the chapel is the founder's tomb, a gorgeous piece of most elaborate stone architecture, with its columns, canopies and pendants. In 1683 the tomb was opened, and in it were found six splendid maces, which must have been hidden there at the time of the reformation. Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen universities have one each, two were kept by St. Mary's college, and the remaining one, much the most splendid, was shown to us by the janitor of the chapel, with a wardrobe that belonged to Mary Queen

of Scots. On the left hand of the door, as we enter, is the small, quaint, oaken pulpit, from which John Knox, on the fifth day of June, 1559, preached the denunciatory sermon which instigated the populace to the destruction of the cathedral and all other monastic buildings of the city.

Trinity, or Town, church, erected in 1112, is, of course, one of the chief places to be visited, for it was here that John Knox preached his famous iconoclastic sermon spoken of above. We saw here a remarkably efficacious instrument for enforcing silence—something in the form of a helmet, composed of iron bars and having a piece to enter the mouth, the whole gear fastened on the head behind the neck by a padlock. "It doth appear that one Isabel Lindsay," in the spirit also of furious fanaticism, using the privilege of her sex, was wont to interrupt and denounce Archbishop Sharpe in the midst of his pulpit ministrations, and this machine is believed to have been invented or constructed by his orders to keep her quiet. Two "culty stools," or stools of repentance, are also preserved here. On the east wall of the great aisle stands the monument of Archbishop Sharpe, whose assassination figures conspicuously in the historic records of Scotland. Scott introduces this in his "Heart of Midlothian," as leading up to the Proteus riots in Edinburgh. The costly structure is of black and white marble. On the upper part the Archbishop is represented as supporting the church, with angels, shield, mitre and crosier. In the center the primate is kneeling, while an angel places upon his head the crown of martyrdom. Beneath an urn is a bas relief depicting the murder, the figures very spiritedly sculptured. In the background the assassins are in pursuit of the carriage. In front they are putting the primate to death, while his

daughter, held back by two of the conspirators, in an imploring attitude, begs for her father's life.

The cluster of buildings composing St. Mary's college is very handsome, abundantly draped in ivy, with a magnificent ilex tree of great size shading a large part of the college yard. In 1579 the college constitution was changed, suitably to the spirit of the times, and under the direction of George Buchanan, was appropriated exclusively to theology. The college is approached from South street by an elegant arched gateway, and on the facade of the principal's house, over the porch, are the royal arms of Scotland, having the crown above and St. Andrew, on his cross, below, the whole surrounded by a garland of thistles. The ivied ruin of the Dominican friars is extremely charming. The apse of the chapel, with the tracery of its three windows quite perfect, forms a graceful decoration to Madras college, immediately in its rear. This monastery was founded in 1274, by a set of Dominican, or preaching, friars, called Black friars, from their black frocks. Dr. Bell, originator of the monitorial system, built thereon the famous Madras college, and enjoined that the Madras, or monitorial, method should be followed in the institution. He left £120,000 for schools on this system in London, Edinboro' and Glasgow, and five-twelfths of his whole fortune for Madras college. Children from all parts of the kingdom are sent to this popular seminary, and there is a Madras infant school in an odd building, resembling those of Bologna, with its arcades, the site of the gray friars' monastery, so called from their gray frocks, bound at the waist by a rope. We attended Trinity church in the forenoon and St. Saviour's in the afternoon, and so soon as service at the latter was concluded, the obliging janitor, knowing we desired to

see the ruins of St. Leonard's, offered to accompany us, as he had the key which guarded the entrance on that day. This was an unusual concession in view of the severity with which the Sabbath is observed in Scotland. The old roofless chapel is a fine specimen of gothic architecture. The monastery, founded in 1512, was endowed with the revenues of a hospital that had long been kept for the reception of those pilgrims who had come in former times to worship the relics of St. Andrew. Separated from this chapel by a wall are the house and grounds of Mary Queen of Scots, which she occupied on her occasional visits to St. Andrews. The part of the house facing the street is modernized, but the back, overlooking the grounds, is antique and picturesque, with its many gables. As we entered these grounds, through a low, massive archway, our guide reverently removed his hat and remained uncovered while we stood there. This respect to royalty, or to the misfortunes of the unhappy queen, touched us, as one is always moved by true sentiment, whatever diversity of opinion may exist. "Ah! many a pleasant, as well as sad, scene, has this place witnessed," said he, "for on this very spot was the unfortunate queen wout to practice at archery with Randolph, the English ambassador, who, meanwhile, was plotting and revealing every word and act to his mistress, Elizabeth." The handsome stone house on the other side of the ruined chapel, and overlooking Queen Mary's temporary home, was the official residence of George Buchanan, the celebrated principal of St. Andrew's, and promoter of the reformation, who so often and so soundly "birched" the young prince, afterward James VI., of Scotland—I notice the Scotch seldom, or never, add "and I., of England," as do we. The martyrs' monument is inelegant and clumsy, but commemorative

of four of "the noble army of martyrs sane superstition of witchcraft. Another who died for their faith—Patrick Hamilton, Henry Forrest, George Wishart and Walter Mill—who were burnt at St. Andrews between the years 1528 and 1563. Just below this monument an irregular hill runs along the shore and projects into the sea so as to form a little bay. These bear the significant names of "Witches' hill and lake," and here were enacted those horrible, incredible atrocities consequent upon the in-

band of martyrs like those above at the monument, sacrificed to the merciless ignorance of their persecutors, and as truly martyrs as the persecuted Covenanters, with this important difference, that the Covenanters had the satisfaction of dying for a good and avowed cause, while these wretched beings were cruelly murdered without the shadow of a sufficient reason, and by virtue of laws which left them no hope of mercy.

C. L. HENDERSON.

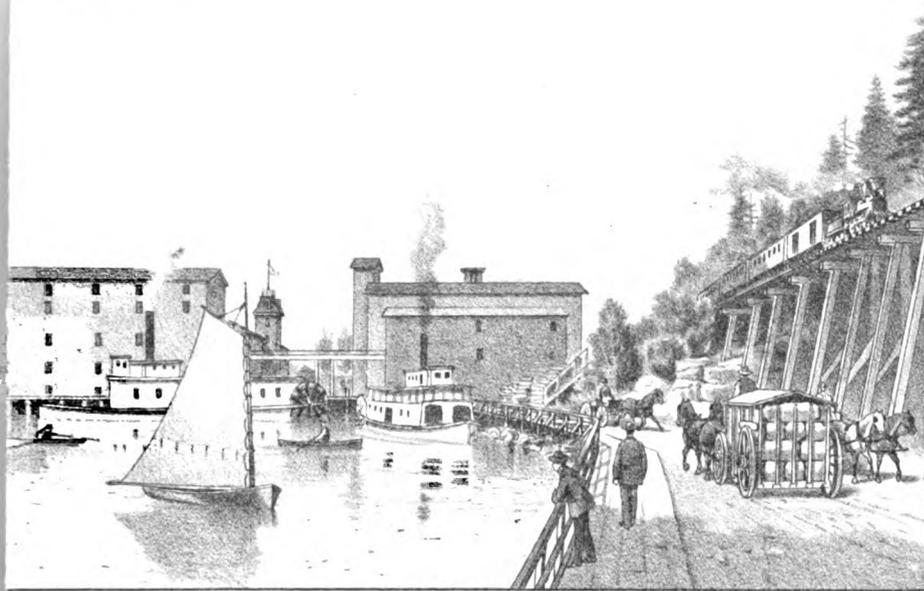
FAME.

When one has climbed the ladder, steep, that
leadeth up to fame,
And, that he may ne'er return again, has pushed
aside the same,
Does he e'er remember what it cost to reach
so high a place?
Or does success, so perfect, all those bitter days
efface?

If he would but look backward once, to the
toilers on the way,
With their sore, discouraged hearts, aching,
breaking, every day,
He would surely stretch a kindly hand to those
yet left behind,
To help them up that weary way, that they
might knowledge find.

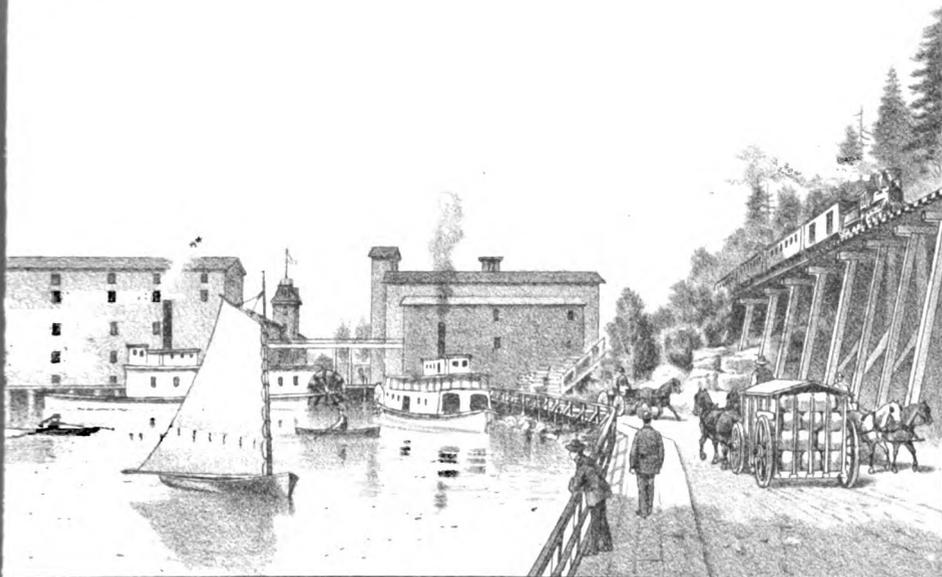
ELLA HIGGINSON.

THE BASIN





THE BASIN



THE ISLAND OF REST.

THERE, that is finished, and if I write another paragraph for the next month, may I—”

“Eh? What’s that you’re growling about, George? Were you addressing your remarks to me, or to some sympathetic being immaterialized to all eyes, save your own?”

Mr. George Stanley gave a perceptible start, and a quick glance in the direction of the speaker, but vouchsafed no reply, until, one by one, the closely-written pages of his manuscript were hung upon the hook. Then, with a sigh of relief, and a nonchalance that was characteristic, he answered—

“Neither, my dear Mac. Not having noticed your entrance, I was unaware of your presence; and as for immaterialized beings—no, thank you, none of them for me. Give me something material and animate; something tangible to all the senses; give me, for instance—”

“Yes; don’t hesitate; speak right out; tell me who she is, and if it be in the power of mortal to give her to you, I’ll do it.”

“Give me, for instance, a rest.”

“What do I hear? Slang, from the lips of the dignified, the august, Stanley? What next?”

“See here, Mac; there is no slang about it; I want rest; I must have rest. It is three years since I had a month to call my own, and I have reached the limit of human endurance. I have scratched away with this faithful old pen of mine, until not a thought, not an idea, not a shadow of original conception is left in my impoverished brain. My

bones ache, my temples throb, my nerves quiver, and my entire being languishes for rest, for relief, for oblivion, for anything that will take me out of the treadmill routine of editorial drudgery. I’m quite serious, Mac, and you needn’t look at me as though you think me bereft of my wits. Reason still hangs to her throne, but threatens to let go her hold if I remain here twenty-four hours longer. So I hang up my pen, I take down my hat, I make my adieu, and if my shadow falls athwart your threshold again within a month, may I be—”

Just then a gust of wind, with ill-advised officiousness, interposed and closed the door with a “bang,” behind the retreating form of Mr. George Stanley, and whether or not he added the finishing word, or words, to his last sentence, can never be known with any degree of certainty.

“George! I say, George! Wait a moment; only a moment,” shouted Mr. Thomas McGrew, hurrying out into the corridor, and leaning far out over the baluster. But the hollow echo of retreating footsteps was the sole response.

“What spirit of unrest has taken possession of the fellow?” mused Mr. McGrew, half owner and sole manager of a flourishing weekly publication, known as *The Champion*.

“He can not possibly be serious. He would not leave me here to wrestle with the paper for a whole month alone. Whew! The bare thought starts the cold sweat at every pore. Why, I’d get swamped on the first issue. No, no; George is a good fellow, and steady as

a clock. He'll be on hand tomorrow." But the inevitable tomorrow came only to prove to Mr. McGrew the fallacy of his prediction. George was not "on hand," and though his ear caught every footstep on the stair, throughout the long, long day, yet the one tread, for which he listened, came not. Ere the sun had crossed the meridian, the "hook" was empty and the printers were demanding "copy."

"Copy!" ejaculated Mr. McGrew, viciously, while unwonted clouds gathered and lowered upon his broad expanse of brow. "Think ye that copy grows upon trees, to be gathered at will? Insatiate fiends, be gone; and trouble me not!"

Affrighted, cowering, the poor typos slunk away and hid themselves beneath their cases, while, over the office of the *Champion*, settled a pall of gloomy silence, broken only by a mysterious "snip, snip, snipping" sound, coming from the depths of the editorial sanctum. Manager McGrew had found a pair of scissors, rusty from long disuse, and was doing all that a brave man could do to supply his printers with "copy."

* * * * *

"Oh, rest! Sweet rest! Hast thou come to me at last? Fain would I reach out, and, clasping thee, hold thee forever! But thou knowest well how to elude the grasp of such as I. 'Tis but a flutter of thy soft wings about me, a breath from thy fragrant lips upon my brow, and thou wilt flit, leaving me again to

The toil of
Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

"Sweet spirit of repose, bend closer while I ask thee—Is there no land, this side of the grave, where tired mortals may woo thee at will, nor ever woo thee in vain? Where the ceaseless struggle for bread, for name, fame, and wealth, is unknown? Where manna grows on

ever-blooming trees, and the warmth of unceasing sunshine usurps the place of costly raiment? Where—"

"There, there! What an avalanche of questions! You surely can not expect me to answer them all, do you?"

Mr. George Stanley sprang to a sitting posture, and gazed, with unmitigated astonishment, into the face of the speaker. Lying there at full length, half buried in the long, green grass, and the shadow of overhanging foliage, with the murmuring Willamette at his feet, and the softest of September sunshine peeping at him through the branches overhead, he had deemed himself secure in his isolation from the haunts of men; had reveled in the delicious sense of freedom from all restraint, and in his apostrophic appeal to the spirit of repose, had been as unconscious of the presence of a human auditor, as though buried deep in the coral caves of the sea nymphs. Yet there, not four paces distant, seated composedly on a mossy log, was a figure, robed in a very matter-of-fact looking brown dress, a coronal of bronze-brown hair surmounting a small, well-poised head, and a face of darkened tints, whose sole power of attraction appeared to lie in the odd bits of light and shadow reflected from some hidden flame within, through a pair of clear, earnest brown eyes. All these details, Stanley took in with that first, long, straight stare of astonishment. Yes, she was human—distinctly, unmistakably human. There she sat, looking straight into his wondering eyes, with the shadow of a smile lurking around the corners of her small mouth.

"You are not perceptibly glad of my presence," she remarked composedly, in a clear, bell-like voice.

With a look, strangely mingled, of chagrin, displeasure, and the instinct of common politeness, Stanley slowly arose and bowed, without uttering a word.

Then a laugh, clear and resonant, like the voice, rang out on the drowsy atmosphere.

"Take care! That is nicely done, only you don't look pleased enough. How do you know I am not the beneficent spirit you were so earnestly invoking a moment ago?"

Stanley was silent for a moment, coolly scanning her from head to feet. Then dropping lazily back upon the grass, he smiled skeptically.

"The spirit of repose does not harrow men's souls by sitting and laughing at them, nor does she make them get up and bow to her."

"Indeed?"

"No; she comes like a breath of summer air, laden with the intoxicating fragrance of flowers, and the drowsy hum of bees. Lightly as a thistle-down, she touches brow, and lips, and hair, and tired humanity sinks into the somnolence, the oblivion, of perfect rest."

The brown eyes contemplated him, for a moment or two, reflectively, and in silence.

"Evidently you are a very tired mortal. I imagine you are overworked, and if I may hazard a guess, I should say that your labor has been mental, rather than physical. Your brain power and nervous force are overdrawn, and almost exhausted. Were I your physician, I should prescribe a week's rest, a fishing excursion, or something of the sort, in order to give impoverished nature a chance to replenish her resources."

"A week's rest!" repeated Stanley, almost contemptuously. "As well offer a bite of pickle to a starving wretch! And a fishing excursion! It is plainly evident that you can not conceive utter weariness of the world and all it contains. Why, if a fish were to come to me and beg, with tears in its eyes, to be impaled upon my hook, I could not sum-

mon up sufficient energy to grant its request. No, no; what rest can there be for the mind, but that born of oblivion?"

"Hush!" said his listener, solemnly, "Oblivion means death. Would you court oblivion, at the cost of existence?"

"I scarcely know," he answered, meditatively. "So much depends upon what death really is. I only know that the supreme wish of my heart is that I might close my eyes, this sunny afternoon, only to open them in some realm where care, anxiety, effort and ambition are unknown; where the sweet spirit of repose holds supreme sway, assisted only by such hand-maidens as touch the sensuous nature into fullest and most voluptuous enjoyment. Imagine the unalloyed bliss of an existence in which you could gaze at the yellow orb of day, without having to remember how many millions of miles lay between it and your planet; without harboring a suspicion of the existence of a solar system. Think of being able to inhale the fragrance of sweetest blossoms, without ever dreaming of trying to name and classify them! Think of a fellow clasping to his breast some fair being of his love, and closing his eyes in blissful unconsciousness of such dark shadows as house rent, grocer's bills, and paragoric bottles. Think of—" He paused suddenly, and listened, as he heard, not far away, the shouting of childish voices, and the scamper of small feet among the bushes.

She arose, smiling, and said: "My children are searching for me, and I must bid you adieu."

"Your children!" he echoed, incredulously.

"Yes, my class; I am a teacher, out botanizing with my pupils."

"A teacher! Then you can not be a stranger to weariness. You must know what it is to be tired."

A softened, saddened light, came into the beautiful eyes. "Weariness and I

are indeed no strangers to each other," she answered, slowly. "Often am I tired, often unfortunate, and discouraged; sometimes even discontent throws the shadow of her gloomy wing about me. Yet, friend, never, in my darkest hours, have I known a moment of such unrest as yours. Never have I felt that I would willingly exchange my busy, toiling life, its little joys and sorrows, its hopes, fears, and aspirations, for an existence of idleness and sensuous enjoyment, such as you describe. You are but the chance acquaintance of a moment, yet, somehow, I would fain hear you say, before I leave you, that you will strive to put such recreant fancies from you, ere they pervert the highest and purest impulses of your manhood. What is there in the existence of an idle voluptuary, that is not contemptible? Yet, could your present dream be realized, what would you be but the idlest of voluptuaries? You are weary and worn at present; you must rest—rest long and well. But when you feel the strength of your manhood returning and reasserting itself; when your brain throbs to the birth of new thoughts and fresh impulses; and your veins surge once again with the vigor born of hope and purpose, something very like gratitude to fate will blossom in your heart, that you are still in this world where life is nothing without a battle. In that land of *dolce far niente*, your imagination so fondly pictures, how long, think you, could the kiss of passion, and the lullaby of idleness, hold your soul a captive to your senses? How long ere, like the monarch in manacles, your spirit would chafe beneath the enforced inaction? How long—but there—I must leave you or my whole boisterous band will be upon you, and then farewell to your dreams of *dolce far niente*."

With a smile that seemed to illuminate every feature of the dark, little

face, she turned quickly and disappeared among the trees. Stanley, leaning languidly upon one elbow, looked after her until lost to view, then dropping back upon the grass, stretched himself, once more, full length, drew a long sigh, and muttered—

"A sweet, earnest little woman. But, oh dear! I'm too tired to even wonder who she is. How well she talks; yet how painfully her logic grates upon my weary sensibilities. Pshaw! I'll put her out of my thoughts at once, and forever. She is just the sort of a creature to march forever ahead of a fellow, shouting back 'Excelsior!' until he drop dead in his tracks. And after all, what is the spirit that animates and restrains her? What is the theory that falls in such beautiful shape from her guileless lips? Fallacy; nothing but fallacy; nothing—"

The words died away upon his lips, his eyes closed wearily, and he lay silent. A moment or two passed thus; then he started, and became conscious of some strange, intangible presence near him—a sweet, subtle, caressing presence, that soothed, even while it startled, him. Soft fingers lifted the hair from his throbbing temples, with a touch that sent thrills to the center of his being; a perfumed breath played upon his cheek; a sweet voice sounded in his ear: "You called me, and I am here. Arise, and come with me."

"Who are you?" he cried, starting up and gazing eagerly about.

No form was to be seen, but the thrilling fingers still toyed gently with his hair, and the same voice murmured in reply—

"I am she whom you have this day so earnestly invoked. I am the spirit of repose, come from my distant realm, in answer to your prayer. Poor, weary being, come, and I will give you rest."

A soft hand closed over his in a firm clasp, and yielding to an influence he

had no wish to resist, Stanley arose to his feet. There, beneath the bank, rocking on the sun-lit waves of the Willamette, he saw a fairy-like boat, toward which he felt himself being drawn by that irresistible hand. He was dimly conscious, like one in a dream, of stepping on board, of sinking to rest amid cushions of softest, greenest moss, shaded by a curiously-wrought canopy of strange, tropical-looking branches and leaves. Instantly the boat seemed to dart into the stream, and swept swiftly along, as though impelled by unseen hands, while all familiar scenes fast faded in the blue haze of distance. Then came again the touch of those magic fingers on his brow, and turning, with a sigh of deep content, Stanley pressed his lips to the invisible hand, and straightway sank into the oblivion of a deep and dreamless sleep. How long his slumber lasted, he could only guess from the fact that when he awoke again to consciousness, the foliage-clad shores had disappeared, and the frail boat tossed on the foam-capped waves of the Pacific. He started up, and gazed, almost appalled, at the limitless expanse of restless waters that stretched on either side. But a timely pressure from the unseen hand reassured him, while the musical tones whispered: "Look southward." Turning his eyes in the direction toward which the prow of the little bark pointed, a cry of involuntary delight escaped his lips, for there, just ahead, and directly in their course, lay a beautiful tropical island, nestling in the bosom of the ocean, like an emerald set in a sheet of silver. Rising, in gentle undulations, from the wave-lapped strand, and covered from shore to summit, with the beautiful, luxuriant verdure of the tropics, it was a gem that even the proud Pacific might glory in wearing upon her turbulent breast. Stanley gazed, enraptured, upon the lovely scene, the equal

of which his wildest fancy had never conceived.

"You think it beautiful?" murmured the voice at his side. "That is my realm, over which I reign supreme. It is the fair land of rest, so named by me, in token of the one law by which it is governed—the law of enforced idleness. Fair sir, ere you set foot on those shining sands, tell me, are you prepared to relinquish forever, all the purposes and ambitions of your life? Will you, henceforth and forever, let your brain sleep, and your hand attempt no task but that of caressing the fair objects of your love? Reflect before you reply; for when once your feet have pressed my shores, regrets and backward glances will be in vain. You prayed for rest, eternal rest, at my hands. I have heard and granted your prayer—are you content?"

For one instant, Stanley hesitated, as a small, dark face and tender eyes flitted before his mental vision, while, afar, a pleading voice seemed saying: "What is life without a battle?" Then, with an impatient ejaculation, he turned from the pleading vision.

"Let me have rest, and I care for naught else," he said; and even as he spoke, the keel of the boat grated softly on the glittering sands of the magical island. He felt the soft fingers closing firmly about his own, and heard the low, melodious tones saying—

"Now you are mine for ever more; open your eyes and look upon me."

With a start, he turned, and beheld, close by his side, slowly evolving from space, the lovely, voluptuous form of a woman. And such a woman! If Stanley had ever beheld her counterpart, it had been in dreams alone. Clad only in the radiance of her own transcendent loveliness, she stood before him as proudly unconscious as though clothed in imperial robes. Her long hair shone like burnished gold in the sunlight, as

it swept almost to her dimpled feet, and clung to her beautiful form as though jealously striving to conceal the loveliness it succeeded in enhancing. She looked at him with eyes blue and deep as limpid wells, and Stanley stood enraptured—entranced. She smiled, and a flame leaped up within him, for which he sought not to find a name.

“Come, love, come,” she murmured, and sprang to the sun-lit shore. She clung to his hand and led him, a willing captive, over the sands and up the cool, green slopes of her island domain. Winding, flower-bordered pathways led through the bewildering mazes of tropical verdure; bright-plumaged birds sang and swayed on the waving palms; rills of cool, clear water tinkled across the path at every turn, while a subtle fragrance permeated the atmosphere, and sweet æolian music swelled and throbbed with every passing breeze, thrilling the senses and lulling the tired spirit to repose. Hundreds of hammocks swung temptingly amid the cool shadows of the trees, and Stanley observed that many of them were tenanted by graceful, sun-tinted nymphs, as lovely as the being at his side. Trees, laden with strange, delicious fruits, hung low, and cushioned boats rocked invitingly on miniature lakes.

“Well, how do you like it all? How are you impressions? Of what are you thinking?” finally demanded his fair companion, as she paused near the arched entrance to a glittering cavern in the hillside.

“Thinking?” cried he, as his glowing eyes sought hers. “Oh, I can not think; I am lost in wonder, intoxicated with beauty, and tingling in every vein with a delicious sense of obligation to the lovely one who has transported me from a realm of toil and strife and weariness, to this fair haven of rest, this heaven on earth.”

The lovely face grew radiant at his words; she drew closer, and murmuring “Love knows no obligation,” twined her soft arms about him, and drew him, resistless, into the cool shadows of her cavern palace.

* * * * *

Was it weeks, months, or years, that elapsed while the recreant knight of the quill lay dreaming the hours away, in the enchanted island of rest? He could not tell; he kept no note of time; he only knew that the days drifted by like a string of shining pearls, and when, at last, there came a pearl that somehow seemed less perfect than its predecessors, he scarcely realized it, but wondered, in a dreamy way, what it was that jarred upon his senses, and pricked uncomfortably somewhere in his inner consciousness. What was it that made him turn from his downy couch, from the clinging arms of his sweet captor, and ask for a book?

“A book!” she echoed, opening her dreamy eyes in sudden alarm. “A book! Dost think we have books in the land of *dolce far niente*? Books are evil things, and not in accord with the spirit that rules here. They arouse the intellect, stir the brain to action, and stimulate poor, foolish humanity into doing many absurd and useless things. In all my fair dominion there is no book, nor anything else that is, in the slightest degree, an emblem of toil or disquietude.”

“But,” he said, hesitatingly, “I wonder what you do to pass the time away?”

“You wonder what we do?” she echoed again. “Why, love, have you forgotten that this is the land of ‘sweet idleness?’ We do nothing; we do not pass the time away; we let it pass itself.”

“Oh, pardon me; I had forgotten,” he said slowly, and very quietly.

But, somehow, he failed to see the arms held caressingly toward him. He left her and wandered away alone, and

wondered why the sunshine had lost some of its golden lustre, and how long he could bear to sit, passively, while the birds sang for him, the flowers bloomed, and all nature was intent upon showing him the beauty of work and the wrong of idleness. At last, he took one of the brilliant tropical birds in his hands, tenderly, and said, with sudden inspiration: "I will transfer your radiant beauty to canvas, and thus make some return for your sweet song." "But when he asked for palette and brush, he was told, with a half-scornful smile, "We do not paint pictures in this land of sweet idleness." So the beautiful bird was reluctantly released, and the canker of discontent grew apace in the heart of our hero.

At length there came a day when, in a fit of idle musing, the old familiar spirit of the editorial sanctum came upon and took entire possession of him, and he conceived an overwhelming desire to "write up" this strange and beautiful land, to which he had been so mysteriously transported; but pens, and paper—where to get them? Experience had taught him the futility of appealing to his fair sovereign, but a rich fund of natural ingenuity soon came to his relief. The distilled juice of a crimson berry was made to serve for ink, and the smooth, pearl-colored bark of a strange tree was easily converted into parchment, while a quill from the wing of a songster made an effective pen. To what use his suddenly-inspired article was to be put, when written, was a question that never entered his calculations. He only knew that the impulse was upon him, and he must write. So he wrote, and wrote, and losing himself in the brilliance of his effort, saw, in fancy, the readers of the *Champion* reveling in his vivid delineations of the wonders of the unknown land, and so engrossed was he with his congenial task, that he heard no warning sound, until suddenly his of-

fended sovereign stood before him with uplifted hands, and face distorted with anger and disapproval.

"Ingrate!" she cried. "How dare you?" and snatching his work from his grasp, threw it over a ledge of rock, far out into the foaming sea.

"How dare I?" he hissed, springing to his feet in hot rebellion. "Woman, beware! lest your galling chains drive me to—to—"

"To what?" she asked tauntingly, as he faltered.

"To kill you!" he growled, with a threatening movement toward her.

"Kill me? Ha, ha; that is good," she shrieked, derisively; and to his utter amazement, she floated away from him, out over the cliffs, hung, for a moment, above the briny waves, then swiftly faded into air, and disappeared.

A cold sweat came out upon his brow, and he sank, trembling, to the ground. "A foul thing of evil, and I in her power," he groaned.

Presently a sound fell on his ear, and he started and listened. It was as if a strangely familiar voice, borne to him upon some pitying breeze, were saying: "What is life without a battle?"

"Aye, what, indeed?" he cried, as he sprang to his feet and dashed wildly to the verge of the cliff. There, not far away, rocking on the waves, was a small vessel, and over her bulwarks leaned a slight, well-remembered figure, with arms held out pleadingly toward him, and the light of an earnest soul shining out eloquently from a pair of clear, brown eyes.

"Come closer," he cried. "Oh, my guiding star, come closer, and take me from this hated bondage."

But even as he spoke, it seemed to him that the welcome vision was receding, rather than approaching. Those pleading arms, still held toward him, were slowly vanishing in distance and

space; and with a wild, frenzied shriek of desperation, he sprang from the cliff, out, far out, into the seething, foaming bosom of the Pacific.

* * * * *

When Stanley came down, with a sudden and violent plunge, into the water, it seemed to him that something like an electric shock ran through every nerve and fibre of his being. It was as though a troublesome veil had been suddenly torn from his eyes, and he saw things in a distinctly new light. He was struggling in the water, but, strange to say, the mad waves of the Pacific had been, by some mysterious process, transformed into the placid waters of the Willamette; the glittering cliffs and crags of the island had vanished, and in their stead, he beheld the sloping, green banks of the river; and oh, what a welcome sight it was! With what a thrill of thanksgiving he struck out to reach it.

"Here, catch hold of this branch, and I will pull you ashore," cried a clear, bell-like voice, and he was conscious of a pair of startled brown eyes peering into his, as he was pulled, dripping and bewildered, to *terra firma*.

"What does it all mean?" he asked, as he dropped on the green grass, and stared stupidly across the river.

"That is a question for you to answer," she said, solemnly. "I left a book on the log here, and came back to get it, and just as I approached, you sprang up excitedly, uttered a loud cry, and leaped into the river. If you meant to destroy your life, heaven forgive you."

He looked at her in silence, and appeared to be lost in thought. Suddenly

he astonished her by bursting out into a ringing laugh.

"Do you mean to tell me that it was today you sat on that log and talked to me?" he asked, at length.

"To-day! Why certainly; it was not more than half an hour ago," she replied, eyeing him uneasily, as though beginning to suspect that something was wrong with his mental equilibrium. He laughed again; then said—

"Pardon me, and please don't look at me so. Indeed, I am not an escaped lunatic. I am just an honest, hard working editor, but am the unfortunate possessor of a set of 'nerves,' and an erratic imagination, that sometimes combine to disturb my slumbers. When I plunged into the river just now, I was—sound asleep."

"Asleep!" she echoed, wonderingly, with a smile upon her lips.

"Yes, I have had a strange dream, in which you have had a prominent part. I would like to relate it to you. Will you meet me here tomorrow, at this hour?"

"Yes," she answered, simply; then they shook hands and parted, and Stanley went home to dream all night—not of the beauteous queen of the land of "sweet idleness," but of the small, dark face and earnest eyes that were to be, henceforth, the beacon light of his life.

Two days later, the *Champion* came proudly to the front with a big "double header" on "The Island of Rest," in which the author reproduced, as nearly as possible from memory, the original copy written on the magic island.

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

MYTHS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER INDIANS.

PART FIVE.

THE the sound of the deep, rolling thunder, reverberating through the skies, where there seemed to be no material substance to produce a concussion, and the flashing of the fiery lightnings, have always been regarded, by unlettered nations, as an indication of the wrath of the gods. The Jupiter of the Romans, Zeus of the Grecians, and Thor of the Scandinavians have their counterpart in the Enumtla, or thunder god, of the Indians. Enumtla, the thunder, was a powerful god, in the wat-tee-tash, or animal, age. His roar sent terror to the heart of every living thing. His searching gaze penetrated from his home in the clouds, to everywhere on the earth. No one could come within range of his vision and escape notice.

When the thunder god saw any one, he immediately spread dark clouds over him, and thundered with such violence that he made the earth tremble, and with one flash of his lightning, he laid his victim dead. All the people were in dread of this great being, and scarcely dared go away from their homes, for fear of being "shot" by the lightning.

Speelyai came along one time and found the people in great consternation, and said to them, "What is the matter? Why are you all so fearful?" They then informed him how they lived in continual dread, and were afraid to go anywhere, or do anything. He then announced his intention of breaking the power of this dreaded god of the storms. Having consulted his sisters, as oracles, he proceeded to the accomplishment of his design, by first transforming himself

into a feather. He then floated on the wind, up over and past the thunder god, and caused a whirlwind to bring him back again. Coming near his antagonist, he settled down upon a dry sunflower stock, from which position he could see the movements of the storm god. During this time, Enumtla had been watching these movements, and kept thinking to himself, "That looks like a feather, and yet it looks like a man." The thunderer then raised himself up, that he might get a better look at Speelyai. Being in doubt, he said, "Perhaps it is only a feather I knocked out of some one the other day, and the wind has blown it here. I will try it with a little rain, and see what it will do."

He accordingly raised himself up and thundered, and sent a shower of rain down upon the little, downy feather, but it did not move. After the rain ceased, all at once, the feather rose up on the wind, and began to peal out thunder and flash lightning and pour down rain. It very much astonished Enumtla, that so insignificant a thing as a feather should attempt to imitate him, and he said to himself, "I thought I was the only thunderer in the world." He then thundered again at the little down, and poured down rain, flashing lightning in derision at this puny antagonist. At this, the disguised god, Speelyai, became very angry, and began to throw out the most terrific peals of thunder, and flashed lightning into the very eyes of the thunder god himself, so much that he began to dodge and blink. In self defense,

the thunderer shot back fierce lightning at Speelyai, sending the fire at his eyes; yet he neither dodged nor winked, but answered thunder with thunders more loud, and lightnings more fierce, which cut a great chasm in the earth. Then the thunder god shot lurid lightnings back, and sent flaming thunderbolts at Speelyai, which tore up the earth around him. He, in turn, answered thunder with thunder more terrific, and lightning with hot thunderbolts, knocking the thunderer from his throne.

The enraged combatants then raised high in the air. There they fought amid the rollings and crashings of thunder, and the demoniac play of forked lightnings and flying thunderbolts, while the clouds darkened the sky and rain deluged the earth with fearful violence.

They came together, at last, in a death grip, in the midst of thick clouds, and tempestuous warring of elements, and thus locked, they fell to the ground, with such momentum that they shook the whole world. Speelyai fell on top of the thunder god, and held him down and began to pummel him with his five war clubs. The thunderer begged for mercy, but Speelyai turned a deaf ear to his pleadings and continued to use his clubs until they were all broken, and then he said, "You will no more make it your business to terrify and kill the people. You may live, and thunder on hot summer days, and may flash lightning, and rain a little, but you will not destroy so many people any more." So, from that day until this, the thunder god has been robbed of his power, and only thunders on hot summer days, and seldom kills any one with his lightnings.

The sun has been conquered, and made to take a subordinate position to that he formerly occupied. In ancient times, this great god of the day used to roam over the earth, in a kind of capricious, self-willed manner, without regu-

larity. He would come so close as to scorch the people, and then he would wander away and leave them freezing in the dark. His home was in a dark cave—probably in the west.

According to the myths of the tribes in the valley of the Upper Snake river, the sun staid away a long time once, and the people were anxiously waiting his return. The hare god, with his family, was sitting by his camp fire and watching for the sun to return, and became so weary that at last he fell asleep, and while sleeping, the sun came so near as to scorch his back. When the hare god awoke, he was very angry, and told his children he was going to fight the sun. He accordingly took his bow and arrows and started to the East, and after a long journey, he at last reached the edge of the world, where the sun came up, and there he waited and watched. After a long time, the sun god was seen coming, when the hare shot an arrow at his face, but the heat was so great that the arrow was consumed. He continued to shoot, and each arrow shared the fate of the first. At last only one was left, and it must do the work, or the mission of the hare god was a failure. In this extremity, he held up the arrow and dropped a tear upon it from his eye. This was the last, the magical, arrow. He put it to his bow, and then drew the string, when it flew straight to the sun's face, and split the orb into ten thousand fragments, scattering them all over the world, setting fire to everything. Then the hare god had to fly before the fire he had made. The earth became hot, and burned off his feet, then his legs, and then his body, but still he continued to go. Finally, nothing was left but the head, which, like the tails of the Kilkenny cats, kept going. Over mountains and valleys, far away, rolling and tumbling through the world, went the head of the wonderful rabbit god, until

it finally swelled and burst, when the tears gushed forth and flooded the earth, putting out the fire. The sun god was conquered, and the gods, in grand council, made a law that he should forever travel around the heavens, making day and night and the seasons. A similar myth is related by the Indians of Eastern Washington territory. Each tribe, or clan, has its own version; but among all, there is a similarity.

The moon, according to the Snake Indian astronomers, was manufactured by the whippoorwill. The bird was a god of the night, and needed the light as a matter of business. By some sort of magic, or witch power, the whippoorwill transformed a frog into a full moon, and hung it up, frog side out, for the inspection of the people of the succeeding ages. The Indian says the "frog in the moon," instead of the "man in the moon."

This may remind the reader of the Grecian myth, which says that Leto, wandering with her children from place to place, halted in Lycia by a pool of water. She was parching with thirst, but a lot of rude boors would not permit her to drink, but jumped into the water and stirred it up into mud, whereupon the goddess, in anger, pronounced a curse upon them, saying, "May you live forever in that muddy pool." when, forthwith, the churls were turned into warty frogs. The Indians' philosophy is as good as that of the barbarous Grecians, for, if a woman could turn a lot of men into frogs, the whippoorwill ought to be able to take one of the frogs and of it make a respectable moon.

We have been accustomed to think of the Indian, only as a blood-thirsty savage, delighting alone in cruelty and violence. We have been taught to associate him, in our minds, with the tomahawk and scalping knife. His relation as husband of a wife, as father of little

children, and the head of a family, has seldom entered our thoughts. The Indians at home, around their camp fire, are a cheerful, and in many respects a social, people, and are very fond of story telling. Gathered in a large lodge, a family, or several families, listen for hours to the wonderful stories of the old men and women, or of the prophets and dreamers. These stories consist, largely, of the sayings and doings of the gods, and the events that occurred "a long time ago." They have numerous fairy stories, some of which are as wonderful as the famous Arabian Nights, wherein genii, fairies and wizards are represented as having performed the most marvelous feats. At the touch or will of a god, or enchanter, natural objects or beings were transformed into anything, large or small, animate or inanimate. Vast distances were skimmed over in a moment of time. A child was transformed into a little sprite, so small that it could hide under a lily, or beneath a mussel shell. Mountains, rocks and trees were made to play active parts in their stories. No audience ever listened, with more rapt attention, to a campaign speech, or a camp-meeting sermon, than did these children of the forest and plain, to their old legends and myths.

Up the Natchez river, on the west side, there is a high, bold mountain, which, with the surrounding country, has, in times past, been a famous hunting ground for the Indians. Here on this mountain, in the ancient times, lived old Upsha, the god of the ticks, according to the Yakima zoology. He had a large band of deer, mountain sheep, elk, and other kinds of game animals, and all were as tame as dairy cows. When old Upsha wanted venison or elk meat, he could have it without the labor of a tedious and uncertain hunt. Here, thousands of years ago, he was living in

great ease and comfort, and having things all his own way. Speelyai, the Indian god, had a hard time, and a slim bill of fare, depending on what mice, squirrels and gophers he could pick up for a living. Seeing Upsha, the tick god, having so easy a time, he determined to kill him and take possession of his herd of game, and appropriate it to his own use. With this object in view, he went up to the hunting ground, and on reaching the home of old Upsha, he found him engaged in heating rocks and steaming and sweating himself, in his sweat house. The place where the sweat house was, is still pointed out. Speelyai begged permission to enjoy the luxury of a bath, when the tick god complied with his wishes. While Speelyai was inside, steaming and sweating himself, Upsha staid outside and heated rocks and passed them in to the bathing god.

Speelyai found the sudatory made of the body of an enormous deer, the ribs coming down around the sides, instead of the bent poles generally used by the Indians. This was as commodious as the Trojan horse, and the heat from the hot rocks caused the fat to drip down from the ribs upon him, while the odor of the frying grease was so delicious to the hungry Speelyai, that he held up his mouth and caught the dripping fat. It was so good that he was now fully determined to make way with old Tick, and take possession of his herd. While he was meditating on this project, the tick god understood his thoughts, and was ready for the encounter. Speelyai enjoyed the hospitality of Upsha that night, and, during the darkness, attempted to murder his host by choking him. The tick was so thin and flat, that Speelyai's efforts were futile, for when he thought the tick god was dead, and let go his hold, he got up and went to the door, and shouted at his herd of ani-

mals, telling them to fly for life, when they stampeded and ran away. At the same moment, the deer, whose bones formed the frame-work of the house, came to life and started off with a bound, old Upsha, the tick god, clinging to his hair. While being carried off in safety and triumph, at great speed, the tick raised up and shouted back, taunting the discomfited Speelyai, saying, "You can never squeeze a tick to death. If you wanted to kill me, you should have put me on a rock and cracked me with a stone." This made Speelyai exceedingly angry, and he pronounced this curse on Upsha: "You shall never kill and eat any more deer, or other game. You shall be a little, crawling thing, of no strength, more than to suck a little blood from animals." Immediately he became a little tick, of the size of those that exist now, which are his descendants. So the tick has been a blood sucker ever since, clinging to the hair of animals, and is as hard to kill, by squeezing or pressure, as was his progenitor.

According to the mythology of the Indians of the Northwest, the rattlesnake god anciently had three heads and three tails. He was an incessant talker, and boasted of his superior power. His rattles cast a spell over the people, and "made them crazy," and then he swallowed them. Wák-a-poos, or rattlesnake, lived in a fine stone mansion, and came out often to watch and waylay passers by. He was finally "put down" by Speelyai. The Ute Indians have a story, which represents, that once in the "long time ago," a certain witch was pursued by the eagle, and was near being captured, when she fled to her grandfather, the rattlesnake, for protection. The serpent god was basking in the sun, and could offer no assistance or protection. Opening his mouth, the witch ran into it, and into his stomach. This caused him to become nauseated and

very sick, and he retched violently, trying to throw up the witch, but could not succeed. His retchings and writhings were so violent, that he finally crawled out of his skin, leaving the witch encased in his cast-off covering. Not knowing what had become of her, he looked back and cried out, "Where are you, old witch?" She repeated back his words, mockingly, "Where are you, old witch?" Since that time, witches have lived in the cast-off skins of snakes, and have mocked the passers by, repeating over their exact words. White people call these mocking sounds echoes. The Indians attribute echoes to the tauntings of witches in the snake skins. We find that the Indians have some way of accounting for all the works or phenomena of nature, and for every peculiarity in them, so that his mythology becomes his philosophy and cosmogony.

We read, in the mythology of the Grecians, of the many headed Hydra, the three-headed Cerberus, who was the watch dog of Hades or Orcus. The Klikitats and Chinooks have a myth, in which horned dogs figure. Ages ago, Speelyai was traveling in Oregon, and came across a man who had a wonderful horned dog. The dog was so fierce, that it was with difficulty that its owner prevented him from biting even the Indian god himself. Speelyai did not feel pleased with the encounter, and studied up a plan to get rid of the dreadful canine. To accomplish his purpose, he resorted to a peculiar artifice. The evening after meeting this stranger and his dog, Speelyai took a little piece of mud, or clay, and made of it, by some sort of magic, a dog much more wonderful and mighty than the one-horned prodigy. Speelyai's dog had two horns, and was therefore one horn ahead of the other. Taking his dog to the other man, he proposed that the two dogs test their strength by fighting. The man was

afraid, seeing that the new dog had two horns, and was very savage. "Well then," said Speelyai, "let us see whose dog can tear down that cliff." So the man sent his dog at the cliff, but he returned, after tearing down only a few rocks. Speelyai then sent his dog out, when he tore the cliff down level, at one blow of his horns. Speelyai then offered to trade even, but the man refused. "Well then, let us fight them," said Speelyai. The man was now more afraid than ever. Speelyai then said, "Your dog can't dig up the ground like mine." The man sent his dog out, but he tore up a small hole in the ground, and then quit, when Speelyai sent his dog to see what he could do, when he tore up the earth furiously, making great rents in it. Then Speelyai made another offer to trade, which was accepted. Having traded, he took the one-horned dog and departed out of the country. The man thought he had made a remarkable bargain, in getting a two-horned dog for one with one horn.

He felt very proud of his new acquisition, and amused himself by sending it to tear down great mountains. The dog had made four remarkable exhibitions of his power in this way, and the new owner sent him out the fifth time against a great stone wall, when lo! it did not tumble down, as the others had before, and the dog suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. When he ran up to butt the cliff down, he stuck fast and was gone—*charko halo*. The man went up to investigate the matter, and found no dog—only a small piece of mud, stuck fast to the rocks. The magical two-horned dog was *non est*, and the man had nothing but a little lump of soft clay to show for his wonderful prodigy. His loss was the people's gain, for they were now permitted to live in peace. What Speelyai did with the one-horned dog, the story does not recite.

Although it has been a good many years since the first settlement of this country, and the whites have been surrounded with Indians most of the time, they know but little about them. The relentless march of civilization will soon bear away before it the Indian, with his legends and traditions. I, with many others, regret to see the tendency to substitute new names, for the euphonious Indian titles, to various localities. We have taken the Indian's lands, and driven him from his home; and it is as little as we can do, to perpetuate the names he has given to the mountains, valleys, rocks and rivers he loved so well, and fought so hard to defend.

There is much of the grand and beautiful in the scenery of the far Northwest, and connected with many of the scenes, are myths and legends, which, in future years, would be read with absorbing interest. If we could place in the hands of the tourists, who will flock to this country, guide books, or descriptions of our scenery, with the ancient legends connected therewith, we would greatly enhance the pleasure of gazing on the scenes. Could we see the country as the Indians see it, through the light of wondrous legends, that have come down to them from the past, it would seem to us, not only as home, but as the land of magic, of spirits, and of genii. The mountains, rivers, lakes, rocks, and widening and winding valleys, would open up to our vision as the home of fairies, the land of marvels, the battle-field of gods, and the scenes of wonderful enactments in a dim and misty past. There would linger round each beauteous spot, a magic spell, that would heighten interest and deepen our love for this favored land of the Pacific Northwest.

With the scream of the iron horse, and clack of the mill or factory, the Indian, with his romances, fades away like the mists, and is gone. The onward tread of the invincible Anglo-Saxon sweeps relentlessly away th present, and with the present, the past and the hope for the future, of the poor aborigine.

There is something pathetic in the fate of the Indian. For unknown ages, his race has struggled alone, on a continent isolated from the civilization of the East. He has wrestled with the problem of destiny, with no guiding star, and at last yields his country, to be a home for strangers, and goes out of existence as a race, without leaving even so much as a history behind him. The plowshare of the pale-face has turned the sod over the graves of his fathers. A few names attached to scattering localities, a few rude characters carved on the walls of nature's battlements, a few mysterious mounds, and we have all that is left to tell of the centuries of a nation's ambitions, struggles, sufferings, migrations and final ruin. All that is known of the hopes, fears, loves, battles, intellectual, physical and moral life of uncounted millions of human beings, that have lived in this country, might almost be recorded with a single drop of ink, and then the history closes and oblivion engulfs all the rest. The Indian's home is gone, his kindred are buried, the web of fancy pictures, that formed his religion and philosophy, is broken; he has no faith in those who have crushed and ruined him, and there is nothing left for him to do but to die; and he is told, in the grim humor of the cowboy creed, that an Indian is never good until he is dead.

G. B. KUYKENDALL, M. D.

A TALE OF IDAHO.

THERE lived at Atlanta, Idaho, a few years ago, a plain, unassuming man, named Billy Lovelace. He was not very tall, but of rather an attractive appearance; dark hair, dark complexion, and beautiful gray eyes. His countenance showed honesty and mildness, and yet it was not difficult to observe that he was a man of determination and firmness of character.

Ella Dixon struck his fancy, and their acquaintance was not of long duration, when their evening strolls along the banks of the Boise were quite frequent. Ella was rather small of stature, neat in dress, light blonde, easy and intelligent in conversation, and the light hair hung in waves down her waist. She was not what some might call beautiful, but made handsome by gentle manners and easy grace. It would be futile to attempt to give the conversations of the two lovers, as they oft repeated vows of constancy, and painted mind pictures of the future in store for them. Little did they think, or realize, that the pure, sparkling waters of the mountain stream, while darting from rock to rock, were passing slowly, but surely, down to mingle with those less pure, to become more and more contaminated, until, at last, would be submerged by the impurities of the mighty deep; that the beautiful sunsets would fade away to give room for night. There were no thoughts of the deceiving appearances of nature, as they gazed at the shadows of the towering cliffs of granite, growing longer and longer, as if reaching out for them in their silent gloom. None of these things

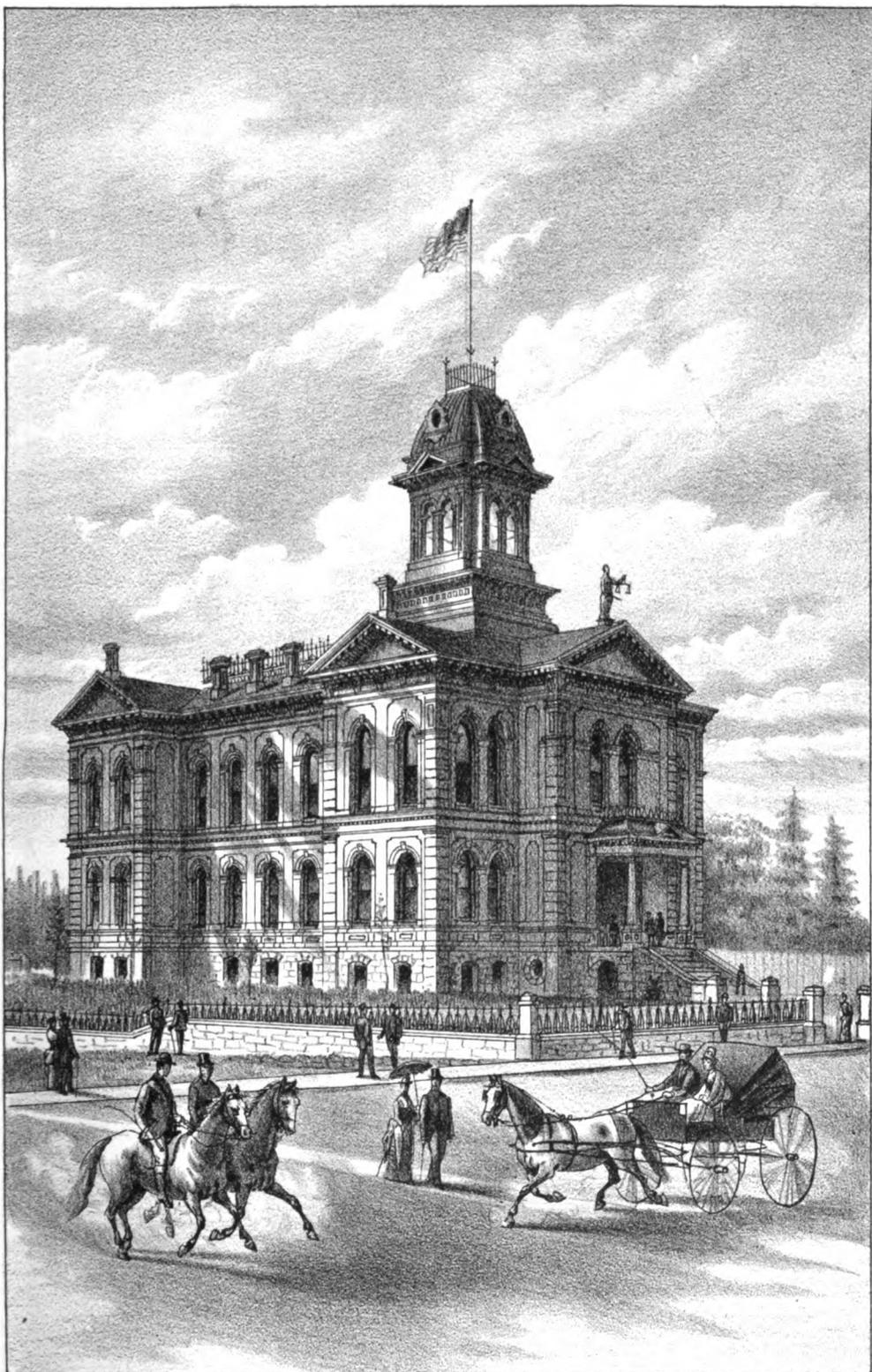
disturbed their oft repeated whispers of love. That the beautiful flowers and laurel, sending their incense invisibly through the pure air, over the mountains and plateaus, were only to remain for a short time, and then to return to earth, there to remain till the breath of life brought them into existence the next spring, was not fully realized. Their minds were only occupied with visions of beauty, happiness, and bright anticipations of the future.

It was after one of their pleasant evening walks, that Billy kissed his affianced "good-night and pleasant dreams," at the gate of the parsonage, and started on his return to the cozy little cottage where he expected to realize the pleasures of a home. While passing a saloon—one of those mountain grog shops—he was aroused from the sweet thoughts chasing each other through his meditative mind, by loud and boisterous talking of a few drinking men inside. Following a natural instinct of the human mind, he approached near to the door and listened. Such expressions as these fell upon his ear: "Close the other eye!" "Hit 'im again!" "Golly, but don't he squirm?" "Guess he'll learn a trick or two!" etc. Amidst the loud talking, Billy could hear a voice pleading to the men to desist. He could stand it no longer. His honest heart was always beating for justice, and his arm ready to defend the right. Rushing in, he realized the situation at a glance. Three or four men were beating an old wood-chopper unmercifully; and he was not slow in bringing his heavy mahoga-

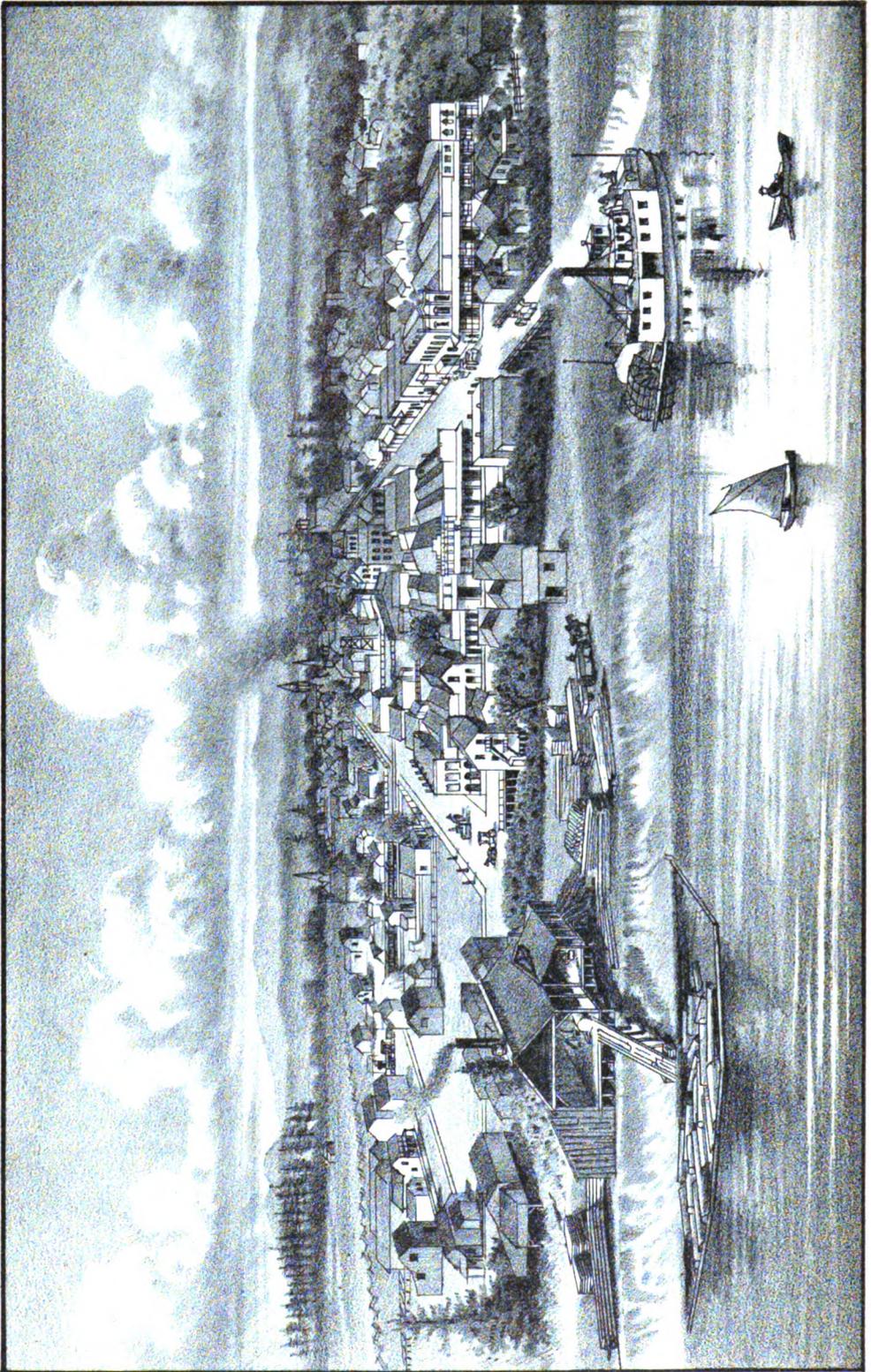
ny cane into requisition, and, with the manly assistance of this peacemaker, soon cleared the room of the ruffians. The victim was found to be Josephus Sycamore, better known as "Old Syc." Many a night he slept in the old log cabin used as a jail by the constable of the precinct. He was a rather tall man, wore a hat about three sizes too small, a canvas suit, and had a peculiar smile on his face when invited to "take something." He was taken to Billy's house, the blood washed from his face, and presented with a new suit of substantial, but not costly, clothes. After a rambling soliloquy, in which revengeful expressions figured prominently, he dozed off into a deep sleep.

Early next morning, Saturday, a warrant of arrest was served on Billy, but as none of the men attacked by him had been seriously hurt, he was allowed freedom on his own recognizance until the the hour of trial, which was set for 10:00 o'clock the same day. It was a beautiful morning; the flowers sent their perfume through the gentle breeze, and the birds were twittering in the treetops. But a change had come over Billy's mind. He was uneasy. While knowing that the act of the night before was a just one on his part, he couldn't help but feel the stigma of being put under arrest on a criminal charge. When the hour for trial arrived, the court room was filled, and the prisoner imagined that as he saw the men whispering together, they were commenting unfavorably on his position. Becoming more excited as time went on, he lost that self-control and composure that an innocent man was expected to maintain. Two jurymen were rejected by the court, for having formed and expressed an unqualified opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, which caused Billy to show additional signs of uneasiness. He imagined that the finger of scorn was

pointing at him from all directions, for engaging in a drunken row that did not concern him. Through expert cross examination by the prosecuting attorney, he was several times inveigled into contradicting some of his own statements. When "Old Syc" was called, he was still under the influence of the debauch of the night before, and made a very bad impression. After the testimony was all taken, the judge looked very grave. He was rather small of stature, knew no law, but had a wonderful amount of cunning when contemplating his individual interests; and as he sat gazing at the prisoner, one eye seemed to be censuring him, while the other seemed imploring the heavens for mercy. It would not have been unreasonable to accuse him of catering to the rough element, who had got worsted in the affray, and at the same time making an effort to gain a reputation among the law-abiding citizens, as being a terror to criminals. This is the rule, not the exception, among petty politicians, and the judge had never been accused of being an exception. After a few moments, the painful silence was broken, as His Honor arose and began to address the jury, which was composed of men who had a wonderful amount of confidence in the legal ability of the judge. I will not give his language, but simply state that he informed the jury that he knew more law than any of them, and that under the statutes of Idaho Territory, the prisoner was guilty of an unwarranted and unprovoked assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to do great bodily harm, and that the majesty of the law must be maintained. Without leaving their seats, the jury rendered a verdict of guilty, as instructed by the court. The judge again arose, and in a graver tone, requested Billy to arise, which he did, to listen to a long and tedious lecture on the disgrace of being convicted of a



OREGON-CLACKAMAS COUNTY COURT HOUSE, OREGON CITY.



OREGON - GENERAL VIEW OF INDEPENDENCE.

criminal act by twelve of his peers—citizens of the United States. The fine was placed at \$100.00 and costs; but as the prisoner had previously borne a good reputation, the fine would be remitted, provided he paid the justice's and constable's fees, which he did, and was released.

Billy returned to his little cottage heart-broken, and on the way, he was shunned and stared at by the better class of citizens, while the hoodlum element greeted him with jeers. He sat down in front of the door, and contemplated the proceedings of the past twenty-four hours. He knew he could not be wrong, and drew consolation from the fact that he had saved a fellow being from being very badly, if not fatally, beaten. But thoughts of Ella were continually passing through his mind, and he could draw no consolation from the beautiful sunset, or the fragrance of the flowers. He was often, during the night, startled from his heavy sleep, by queer dreams and dark visions, and on Sunday morning he promptly answered the call of the church bell, as its clear tones were reëchoed from hilltop to valley. The Rev. Dixon—Ella's father—occupied the pulpit; but Ella, for the first time since he had formed her acquaintance, was not there. The minister delivered a long and exhaustive sermon, dwelling for some time on the duties young men owed to themselves, and their responsibilities to God. Many instances were given in illustration of the unwary entering upon lives of degradation and crime, by associating with the lower classes and the depraved. It was clearly shown that men should be judged by the company they keep; that, for a time, a bad man may deceive his associates and the religious people of the community, but the eye of God sees all; in time, these deceptive men would surely drift back to their old associates, and all

could see guilt stamped on their brows. It was divinely well that such things should be. An eloquent appeal was made to parents not to allow their daughters to associate with a man, until his character was thoroughly shown by long acquaintance. His disposition should also be thoroughly studied, because a combative man would surely make a domineering husband, and in a short time the nuptial knot would be severed in sorrow and disgrace.

Billy felt relieved when the congregation arose to sing the doxology, after which he returned home, thinking sometimes of trying to procure an interview with Ella, but could not summon up sufficient courage to make the attempt. Visions of scorn and contempt were continually the hindrance. Thus nearly a week passed. Loss of sleep and sorrow, combined, gave him a pale complexion, and at times there was a mad stare in his eyes. "Old Syc" still remained with him, and did all in his power to console his troubled mind. He would talk of the silver lining to every black cloud, and make comparisons, always referring to himself as the "unlucky individual, who had lived for years on the fragrance of flowers and mountain scenery." Billy could already recognize fine traits of character in the rustic form, and felt better in mind when they were together.

One pleasant evening, when they were walking together, and "Old Syc" was trying to appear cheerful, men were seen walking the streets with more activity than was usual, and on making inquiry, they learned that the Bannock Indians were again on the war-path, murdering men, women and children, in their brutal and inhuman manner. A public meeting was soon called, and a roll was placed on a table, to be signed by all who were willing to start on a hazardous expedition. Men gave their experiences

of Indian fighting in exaggerated and exciting stories, and "Old Syc" was "wild fur scalps." He and Billy were the first to call on the president of the meeting to put their names down. Charley Wright was elected captain, and as Billy had an old cornet, he was chosen bugler. The instrument was false, having been cracked, but it was good enough.

Early next morning, over fifty mountaineers—brave men, and all mounted—were on their way toward the headwaters of the South Boise, to which point the Bannocks were reported heading. On leaving town, Billy kept blowing the reveille on the instrument, to "get a lip," as he expressed himself, and those who remained in town listened to the notes, as they were carried on the gentle breeze, till they died away in the distance.

As the little, but determined, company were pressing forward, about noon, two of the scouts, who had been sent ahead, returned and reported pony and moccasin tracks. The men pressed forward, eagerly watching the bluffs for signal smokes, and expecting to be fired upon at any moment. But none could be seen. About 3:00 o'clock they found two ponies with the hoofs of the feet cut off. They had given out, and the brutal act had been committed by the fiends to prevent their being of any use to those who should find them. The old mountaineers pressed forward more vigorously than ever, anxious to hear the war-whoop; but the day passed, and not an Indian or signal was seen. Captain Wright, realizing the liability of an attack at any moment, gave orders for the horses to be kept in readiness to be used the moment the bugle sounded; guards were placed on all sides of the little band, and those who were not on duty lay down to rest, using the wild hay of the creek bottom to shield their bodies

from the dampness of the ground. Billy was stationed at the head of the canyon, about fifty yards from camp, and ordered to blow the call to arms in case of an attack. The rippling of the little stream below filled his heart with sad recollections of the past, and the deep peals of thunder, from an approaching storm, spoke words of terror to his mind. As the brilliant lightning displayed the clouds, unfurling like banners in the sky, he thought of "Old Syc's" quotation, "There is a silver lining to every dark cloud."

It was on one of those pleasant evenings in August, that Ella was sitting in her room, gazing at the beautiful sunset. The shadows of the high granite cliffs were growing longer and longer, as if to cover her life with gloom and darkness. The sweet incense of the beautiful flowers came with every breeze, as if to bring back sorrowful memories of the past; and the rippling of the waters seemed to repeat the reveille of poor Billy's cornet. She loved her father, as a true, faithful daughter should, yet she dreaded the interview when the subject of her engagement to Billy would come up. Why it was that he had not ventured to approach the subject, she could not understand. She dreaded it, because she loved Billy as herself, and could not believe that he was guilty of the crime for which the majority of the people of Atlanta were severely censuring him. While thus meditating on the past, with dark clouds of the future rolling before her mind's vision, her aged father, with signs of a troubled mind marking his face, and exhibiting some nervousness, entered. He was moved with pity as a tear passed over Ella's flushed cheek. She invited him to sit beside her, and for a few moments not another word was spoken. Ella knew it remained with her to approach the sub-

ject, and broke the silence by asking—

“Did you come in to talk to me of Billy?”

“Yes, my darling, I wanted to warn you, and beg of you not to keep company any more with Billy Lovelace, should he return. I would like to tell you all about his conduct last week, the very bad company in which he was found, and—”

“Oh, father, don't mention it. I know all, and can't believe that he is as bad as you think.”

“But his degraded turn of mind has come to light, and if you are a christian—”

“I don't want to hear any more about the affair. I didn't see the affray, of course, and must hear Billy's side of the story before discarding him. Then if I think him unworthy, I will give you the answer you are now trying to force me to give. I will not listen to any more abuse of him until I see him myself. There!”

“Then I will leave you for the present. It is now bed time, and you should retire, but do not close your eyes without first praying to God for guidance and enlightenment to do right. He will give you strength to preserve the good reputation of your parents, and save yourself from shame, if you will pray fervently to Him for help. An honest prayer is always answered. Good-night, and may God be with you.”

Ella heard the door close after her father, but did not stir for an hour. She was praying earnestly to be relieved from trouble, but the more she prayed, the clearer the vision of Billy was set in her mind. Midnight had passed before she fell into a sleep. Then she dreamed of thunder storms, dark canyons on each side of a desolate divide, saddled horses standing around, men standing in the rain, and an Indian camp opposite them, all revealed by repeated flashes of light-

ning, as it leaped from the heavens to the earth. As daylight approached, and the scene was before her vision, men on horseback were hurrying to and fro, Indians appeared in hundreds on the divide, and rifle shots were heard in quick succession. Then the bugle sounded the retreat, and men disappeared among the crags and in the timber. Billy was dragged from his horse and carried to the timber by four of the brutal Bannocks.

Ella awoke with a start, and it was only a dream. She prayed again; but the more she appealed to God in her feverish mind, the more vivid the scene appeared, and the clearer the sound of the cornet rang in her ears. It was daylight, and she soon arose. The scene was so perfectly impressed on her, that she believed her mind had wandered to the camp of volunteers, and she wrote a description and sealed it in an envelope, which she handed to her father at the breakfast table, exacting a promise not to open it until her permission was obtained.

Late in the evening, the men commenced returning by ones and twos, “Old Syc” being among the first. As was usual on exciting occasions, he accepted many invitations to “take something,” and by evening he was feeling the liquor, but not enough to deprive him of his senses. When the meeting was called to order by the captain, “Old Syc” was appointed to relate the details, which honor he was glad to accept. It was a repetition of Ella's dream of the morning before, which it is not necessary to rehearse. Suffice it to say that he declared vengeance for the loss of Billy, who, he said, must by this time be a chunk of burned flesh and bones, in a pile of smoldering ashes, somewhere on Salmon river, as he saw the Bannocks capture him. He was the only one who did not answer to roll call, and

with a unanimous voice, after "Old Syc" had finished his narrative, the old mountaineers were in favor of starting on the second expedition early the next morning. The roll was again spread upon the table, and was considerably increased. To add his mite in the campaign, the Rev. Dixon walked slowly up, took the pen in his hand and was ready to sign, when "Old Syc" said—

"Don't sot her down, parson; you stay home and pray for poor Billy, and us old toughs 'll gather in the scalps."

The Rev. Dixon returned home with a better opinion of "Old Syc" than he had ever entertained before, although it was a pity he drank. Preparations for the expedition were completed early the next morning.

About 9:00 o'clock the volunteers were ready to start, and in the absence of a bugler, "Old Syc" waved his hat and gave the command to march, and the men were greeted with three hearty cheers from the people of Atlanta, which was responded to by a war-whoop, as the horses started off on a gallop. "Old Syc" yelled out at the top of his voice:

"Every one of us fellers what don't get a scalp to pay for Billy in the first fight, will never say 'here' to another roll call."

Rev. Dixon eyed him curiously, and thoughtfully returned to the parsonage. He was meditating on human character, and wondered how so worthless a drunkard as "Old Syc" could express such brave and religious sentiments. Having never associated with that class of men, and consequently not knowing how easy it is for humanity to wander from the path of righteousness, he could not be expected to understand it. During the day, he walked with Ella along the river bank to console her, but not a word was spoken of Billy. That would only bring back recollections that he wished to lie

dormant. In the evening Ella entered her room, and some time after dark, as she had not appeared in the dining room, her mother entered the chamber, but Ella was apparently sleeping, and she thought it best not to disturb her. Next morning she did not appear at the usual time, and Mrs. Dixon again went to the room to wake her, but soon discovered that she had been deceived by an effigy. Search was made on the premises, but no trace could be found of her. The neighbors were then notified of her absence, and a general search was instituted. Men, women, and even children, were hurrying over hillside and along the river bank, but not a clue as to her mysterious absence could be found. Rev. Dixon now longed for "Old Syc." He had already formed enough confidence in the old wood-chopper's acuteness and energy, to believe that with his assistance, it might be possible to recover at least her form, cold though it might be, in death. Thus days passed, and all hopes of again seeing Ella alive, had vanished. Earnest prayers had not been answered, and the continued search proved fruitless.

Just after sunset on the evening of the first day's march, a halt was called on the divide between the Salmon and Boise rivers, where the previous engagement had taken place, and search was instituted for the remains, or any traces, of Billy. The grave faces of the old mountaineers told too plainly that no success had attended them. Captain Wright gave orders that the horses be staked out and camp made for the night. On the following morning camp was struck at the first dawn of day, and the expedition was on its way down the Salmon, moving with great caution. The heavy storms of the past few days had obliterated all traces of the direction taken by the savages, and the men again

camped, in a thick forest a mile from the river. It was concluded to send out some of the most expert mountaineers beyond the limit of the storms, which appeared to have been confined to the summits of the mountains, to search for the Indian trail. "Old Syc" wanted the honor of being the most successful scout, and did not inform any of the men of the lay of the Cape Horn country. He knew that many old Indian trails united in the west end of that valley, and chose that point as his field of search. He rolled up a sufficient supply of food, in his overcoat, for a two or three days' search, and tied it upon the back of his saddle, and was soon out of sight. Traveling all day without observing a trail or signal, he camped near some warm springs by the river bank, where he rested very comfortably for a short time, and then continued his march. By daybreak he was on Valley creek, and only twenty miles from the objective point. While riding along, all the while thinking of poor Billy, and meditating on how happy he would be should his benefactor be recovered alive, sounds, as if some one were singing Billy's bugle call in the distance, greeted his ears. He listened a moment, but nothing could be heard, save the wind sighing as it passed through the tree-tops. Again he started, and again the sighing could be heard as before, and certainly it was not Billy's voice. Dis-mounting and tying the horse, he sat down and listened. The third time the call was heard, and appeared to be ahead, among a few scattered bowlders, which had rolled down from the mountain side. Soon a human form rose up, and with the aid of his field glass, he ascertained that it was not that of an Indian, and that the person was also looking through a glass. In a few moments more they had clasped hands. "Old Syc" said—

"Well, pard, you're a pretty nice

lookin' young feller, but darn the luck, yer ain't Billy. That's my chum what the d—d scoundrels took on the head of South Boise last week. Our company of volunteers is camped on the Salmon, and you'd better j'in 'em when we git back, fur its a skittish country out here jest now. Come along with me to Cape Horn, and tomorrow we'll be on our way back. Will yer come? By jingo, yer a bright lookin lad."

"Yes, sir, I will join your party, as I have been looking for you. I am also in search of Billy," and as the broad-brimmed hat was raised, long tresses of beautiful hair fell upon the shoulders of Ella Dixon.

"Well, darn my buttons, if yer ain't a brick! Now let's go, and as yer ain't got no horse, jest ride mine, and I'll walk."

"Mr. Sycamore, Billy was alive when the Bannocks passed down this valley, and we must find him. Here is letter I found pinned to a bush by the side of the trail. I did not take the liberty of opening it, as it is addressed to you."

"Sorry to say it, Miss, but I can't read; open it and read it to me."

"Here is the address: 'Give this to Josephus Sycamore, better known as Old Syc, of the Atlanta volunteers.'"

"Open it quick, Miss; that's him, sure, and he writ that to me."

She read—

To Old Syc, and the Rest of the Boys:

Can't write much, as I am with the Bannocks. I will just say that they are keeping me for their bugler, and think it a fine thing. Have taught them several of the calls. You will hear my old cornet in the first engagement. Don't shoot at the man on a white horse, with a brown blanket around his body, because that will be Billy Lovelace. If the devils kill me, give my love to Ella Dixon, and tell her my last thoughts were of her. Will be in the Sheep mountain country several days. I will escape to you when an opportunity offers.

Your true friend,

BILLY LOVELACE.

August 29, 1878.

"Hurrah for Billy!" cried "Old Syc," 'im to the gang, an' I'll bet he'll make a throwing up his hat. "Miss, d—n me if we don't have that lover o' yourn before another week. If you only knowed how he talks about yer, a sayin' what a fine gal you are, but daren't see you since he saved a poor drunkard's life, why, yer would marry him in a minit, if the hull world would git down on yer for it. His heart's bigger'n that there mountain." "Old Syc's" remarks had the effect to brighten up Ella's spirits, and she expressed a desire to go with him immediately to camp, but he replied—

"No, you stay here and let me go an' git the boys. It'll save time, you know. Thar's plenty o' grub in that overcoat. I'll leave it, an' you jest hide here till I git back."

"That is good; but promise not to let any of the men knôw who I am. Tell them I am a young man from Boise City."

"I'll do it, Miss, an' I'll bet my life that we git Billy all right."

Mounting his horse, he waved goodbye, and was soon out of sight, on his way to the volunteer camp. All day long Ella mused on the now strong hopes for Billy's recovery, and her heart would beat for joy to know that he loved her so dearly. "Old Syc" had taken the letter with him, but she remembered every word it contained. Ella had traveled day and night since leaving Atlanta, only resting for short intervals, and this night she wrapped Billy's overcoat around her and slept well. About 9:00 a. m. the next day, while she sat musing on the beauties of nature, and her soul yearning to meet Billy, she saw moving objects in the distance. Raising her field glass, she saw the volunteers were rapidly approaching. On arriving, "Old Syc" yelled out, in his usual boisterous manner—

"Here's the little chicken. We'll add

'im to the gang, an' I'll bet he'll make a good one. Come on, young feller, here's a horse all saddled and ready. Jump on quick, 'cause we don't want any stoppin' on your account. In a moment Ella was in the saddle and the men pressed forward. They were all excited and determined to run the red fiends down as soon as possible. Some were betting on who would return with the most scalps; some were telling stories of fights with the Indians long since forgotten; others were relating instances of the most barbarous and inhuman cruelty practiced on those who fell into their hands at an unfortunate moment.

After a quick march of ten or twelve miles to the northwest, the old Cape Horn cabin was reached. This cabin had been erected for the use of packers and travelers, during the Loon creek excitement, in 1870. Here the men halted for lunch, and to allow their tired horses to rest for an hour. One of the men spied an envelope in a crack of the cabin, and opening it, saw it was from Billy. He mounted a bowlder outside of the cabin, and read the following to the anxious ears around him:

Go ten miles northwest. We will remain a few days just under the cliff on the east bank of middle fork of the Salmon. Don't shoot at the man on the white horse. That will be me, and you will hear the calls on the same old cornet. Tell "Old Syc" to give my love to Ella Dixon, at Atlanta, if the devils take into their heads to murder me.

BILLY LOVELACE.

Aug. 30, about midnight.

As it was dangerous to advance further during the day, the animals and men remained at the cabin during the afternoon, and evening found them all well rested. After dark, so that they could more easily escape the observation of scouts who might be lurking around the high mountains, the little band mounted and moved cautiously forward. "Old Syc" kept near Ella, who, although she appeared perfectly calm, was

as anxious as any of the men, to bring on a spirited engagement as soon as possible. She felt it in her heart that God would carry them forward to victory, and was continually guessing, in her mind, what Billy would think of her costume, which consisted of a broad-brimmed hat, blouse, overalls, heavy boots and spurs. Occasionally she would turn to "Old Syc" and ask—

"Mr. Sycamore, do you really think he will know me?"

Between 12:00 and 1:00 o'clock in the morning, one of the scouts halted the men and stated that the advance guard had concluded to reconnoiter, as they must be very near the Indians. Ella went ahead with "Old Syc," and they had not traveled far before she suddenly raised her rifle, and was about to fire, when her comrade grabbed the gun and prevented her pulling the trigger. She was, by this time, a little nervous, being somewhat excited. In a moment they heard a low whistle, in imitation of the reveille on Billy's cornet, and "Old Syc" advanced, ordering Ella not to leave the spot till he returned. As he stepped forward he answered the call, and in a few moments the two warm friends, who had become acquainted under peculiar circumstances but a short time before, were grasping hands. After a few hasty congratulations, Billy commenced to give "Old Syc" some "pointers."

"Down there under that bluff, about a quarter of a mile below us," said Billy, "the main Bannock force, over three hundred warriors, are camped. Above them a narrow bench extends, but a short distance below there is a narrow gorge, through which the river is beat into a regular foam while passing. I have taught the Indians a call for retreat up the river, and another in case they were to retreat down, in case of an attack. I taught them the call for charge several days ago, but of course shall not

use it. You tell all the boys not to shoot at me. I will be wrapped up in a gray blanket, riding a pure white horse."

"But, Billy, aren't ye a goin' to stay with us? Why, we wouldn't think of losin' you."

"No, I am going back to camp now, before they miss me. Your plan will be to arrange a large number of men along the bar above, and a good number on the cliffs. When daylight comes, let those on the cliffs commence the fight, then the men above must charge with a yell. Just then I will blow the cornet for the scoundrels to retreat down the river, and fall off of my horse, just as if I had been shot dead. When you get them started, they will go right down to destruction. Good luck, Syc,' and Billy disappeared in the dense darkness.

"Old Syc" went back to Ella and related the interview. Between anxiety for dawn to appear, and her intense love for Billy occupying her mind, she hardly realized the lay of the ground as it was explained to her. They called the men together, and Billy's plans were submitted. They were so readily accepted, that Captain Wright soon had them stationed, and everything in readiness to open the engagement as soon as it became light enough to see the rifle sights plainly. As daylight advanced, the savages began to move about, and were evidently preparing to send out their usual scouts, when a good volley of balls was sent into their camp. In a few minutes, and while the fight between the bluffs and the bar was waging warm, an old-time war-whoop was heard, and men were charging the Bannocks from above, "Old Syc" at the head, yelling at the top of his voice. Then the sound of the cornet was heard, the Indians retreated down the river, and the slaughter commenced. The sound of the cornet caused Ella's heart to beat rapidly and her blood to boil.

All thoughts of the dangers of battle disappeared from her mind, and she rushed forward, repeating "Old Syc's" war-whoop. On reaching the gorge, the Indians were panic stricken. They realized that their only possible show of escape was down the river, and rushed forward. The men sent the leaden missiles after them as rapidly as their guns could be loaded. In his excitement, "Old Syc" dismounted and scalped a wounded Indian during the most dangerous part of the engagement. Ella saw Billy fall and was soon by his side, where she remained during the charge. Some of the Indians were killed at the commencement of the engagement, but the main slaughter was when the gorge caused a halt in the retreat. Some escaped down the river, and a few were drowned in the foaming waters. Then the shots were less frequent, till in a few minutes none could be heard. The men were called together by Billy's bugle call, to ascertain whether any had been killed. Two, only, did not answer to their names, and on searching through the crags, both were found to be dead. Several were wounded, but not too seriously to travel. While Dr. Pitts was dressing their wounds, the men were peeling scalps from the heads of the dead Indians, and "Old Syc" succeeded in "ornamenting" his belt, as he called it, with five. From one of the chiefs, who had been killed in the beginning of the fight, he succeeded in securing a handsome string of beads and an elegant belt, which he presented to Ella. A great many guns and a large amount of ammunition, moccasins, etc., were secured, and after a rest of two or three hours, the two victims of savage bullets were buried, with considerable ceremony. The supposed young man from Boise was chosen to deliver the funeral sermon, which was really affecting. It was filled with forgiveness of human faults, and pathos, and wound up by saying that God knows all our actions, and prayed for the lately-flown souls to be received in heaven.

When the men were again in the valley, marching toward Salmon river, Billy rode up along side of "Old Syc," and said—

"Say, when we get to Atlanta I will keep out of sight. You go straight up to the parson's and hand that letter to Ella, and report to me what she says—will you?"

"Can't do it; 'cause that young feller thar found the letter, and I promised him he could keep it to remember you by."

"He's a bright lookin' lad; I guess he can keep it."

"He must keep it. I told him he could, and I know he wouldn't part with it fur a mine. An' I made a promise, too, that your heart was bigger'n a mountain, an' you'd invite him to live with us when we got home agin. You ain't goin' to break my word fur me, are ye."

The invitation was promptly given, and as promptly accepted. During the remaining part of the journey, "Old Syc" managed to keep the two at considerable distance from each other, and after a pleasant journey of another night and day, Atlanta was reached.

The Rev. and Mrs. Dixon anxiously sought interviews with volunteers, as they stood on the street corners relating incidents of the fight. On being told of Ella's mysterious disappearance, and questioned as to whether they could give any clue as to her whereabouts, all shook their heads. At last the reverend gentleman espied "Old Syc," who had become quite talkative, having "drinked with the boys a few times," and accosted him. The same old story was told, and the same question asked.

"Why," replied Syc, "that gal o'

yourn ain't dead. She's got too much sense to kill herself. She's got a firm mind, that gal has, and I'll bet I can trace her up before bed time. Here's Billy, now. Of course you heard all about us savin him, and it was through this feller here. By the way, parson, he preached the funeral sermon on the two fellers what lost their scalps, and don't git mad when I tell yer he's lots better a preacher than what you are. Say, parson, let's go up to your house and talk this thing over. D—d if I don't find her."

A sympathetic flash passed through Rev. Dixon's mind when he heard "Old Syc" utter such a blank oath, but the invitation was extended, and Rev. and Mrs. Dixon, Billy Lovelace, Josephus Sycamore and "the young feller from Boise" were soon walking around the beautiful flower garden in front of the parsonage.

"Say, parson, Billy likes that gal o' your'n mighty well, and she likes him. Now, s'pose I find her, would you let her marry him?"

"Yes, I would give my consent with all my heart. I have found out that Billy only did a humane and christian act, saving a fellow being, when he committed what the jury and judge pronounced a criminal act. I have a letter she gave me on the morning of your first battle. It is not to be opened without her permission, but as it may throw some light upon the mystery, I will break the promise and read it."

It was opened, and "Old Syc" requested that it be read aloud, which was done. Its contents were given as a dream, and Rev. Dixon recognized that it was a concise portrayal of the battle he had heard "Old Syc" describe over a week before. He remembered the fainting of his daughter just before the close of "Old Syc's" description of the engagement. The aged minister sat and

meditated. He could see that, when she dreamt that dream, her soul and Billy's must have been very close to each other. Tears rolled down his aged cheeks, and all the others remained silent, except "Old Syc," who again demanded—

"You won't go back on your word, will ye, parson?"

"Certainly not, but it's no use," then observing Billy, he continued: "Cheer up, Mr. Lovelace, don't—"

"Say, parson," interrupted "Old Syc," "s'pose we should find her now, wouldn't it be a fine thing for you to marry them right away, without invitin' anybody, except we 'uns, and that young lady who jest come, and is 'round walkin' with that young feller we picked up?" Then looking around, he continued: "Durn my buttons, if they ain't gone. Looks a little like as if he war gettin' in love, somethin' like Billy, here."

Billy and Mrs. Dixon were too much absorbed in thought to speak, and sat gazing at the ground. After a few moments of silence, during which time Rev. Dixon fell into a deep thinking mood, Ella and her young friend, May White, slyly advanced to where the aged minister was sitting, and standing side by side, his meditations were interrupted by Ella, as she remarked—

"May will act as bridesmaid."

The old man was overwhelmed with joy, yet he could not believe his eyes.

"Say, Billy, let me act as best man," spoke up "Old Syc," quickly.

Rev. Dixon commanded them to stand up, when the marriage ceremony was performed and his blessing bestowed before any of them could control themselves so as to fully realize what was taking place.

"Say, Billy, are you goin' to take that young feller home with you to live there, what you promised yesterday?" asked "Old Syc."

"He was a fine looking young man,

wasn't he?" remarked Mrs. Lovelace. "Don't forget to give Ella that note from Billy, what you found in the moun-

tains," said "Old Syc;" and she promised.

E. W. JONES.

THE ANGEL AND DEMON.

Two sculptors were sitting in study one day,
Viewing two blocks of marble, gray
With dust and age;
Searching for visions of beauty and light,
Such as would give their names a hight
On fame's fair page.

The gazing was long, the searching was deep,
Waking full many a memory's sleep
Of ancient lore;
Each eager to carve, in the marble old,
The highest thought in truthful mold,
E'er seen before.

I see, said one, in his gaze intent,
An angel form in this marble pent—
I'll free it now.
Its form is of beauty divinely fair,
Its pinion is graceful, its features rare,
And radiant brow.

Then long did he toil in deepest care,
With mallet and chisel, his skill was rare,
His stroke was sure;
By little and little the angel grew,
As fair a form as earth e'er knew,
And wondrous pure.

And in this stone, said his friend, I see
A demon's eye now leering at me,
On evil bent;
I fear not his low, demoniac spite.
For my great work, I'll free this sprite,
In durance pent.

And soon, in his studio, did appear,
With horn and hoof and trident and leer,
The fiendish sprite.
The thought was vivid, and faultless the skill,
So life-like, the pulse of him would chill
Who saw the sight.

And then, in a gallery wide and fair,
These sculptored forms, in contrast rare,
The artists placed;
Each, in the quarry, was simply stone—
Now a demon leered and an angel shone,
Each truly traced.

[stones—
Ah, men, ye are sculptors—in hearts, not in
Or angel or demon your skill enthrones,
The which, ye tell;
Carve thou an angel—true joy it will give—
Remember, thy sculpture forever must live,
In heaven or hell.

JOHN N. DENISON.

A GEM OF THE WILLAMETTE.

MILE upon mile of level valley and rolling hills, stretching in all directions as far as the eye can see, the whole bearing the universal tint of the golden yellow of harvest time, interspersed with long lines and patches of the green of oaks, alders, firs and orchards, is the sight which opens out to the view of every one who, at this season of the year, visits the county of Polk, one of the fairest gems of the Willamette valley. Such a sight would warm the blood in the veins of the most sluggish man, who retains in his composition one grain of admiration for the beautiful, or one atom of appreciation of the bountiful gifts of nature. But there is more than beauty in the scene. The thousands upon thousands of acres of yellow grain, the hum of scores of harvesters, and the busy whirl of threshers, all testify to a successful harvest and a rich reward for the labor of the husbandman. Around him are the products of his toil, and over him, from a cloudless sky, nature seems to smile in benediction upon his efforts. Such a scene of peaceful beauty and undeniable prosperity may well evoke exclamations of surprise and admiration from one unfamiliar with the sight. And from one accustomed to the uncertain harvests of other regions, the assurance that this busy scene, these miles of grain, these cloudless days, are repeated year by year, at each recurring harvest, can not but win expressions of astonishment, and convince him that the husbandman who enjoys these gifts of nature, in this most favored region, is blessed above all his fellows, no matter in what corner of the

great terrestrial footstool their lot may be cast.

There are, of course, many sections deemed by those familiar with their characteristics, and ignorant of the advantages offered by other regions, as the best in existence. I have traveled over the entire Pacific coast, and through all the states of the great Mississippi valley. I have seen fields of grain without number, barns almost bursting with the fruits of harvest, beautiful homes, and happy and contented people; but in all this, I have never yet seen the region combining all the advantages possessed by this favored portion of the green and fertile Willamette. Such an assertion as this requires a strong array of facts to sustain it, and these I will proceed to give.

Take down the map of Oregon, and turn your attention to the long valley lying between the Coast range and Cascade mountains. Follow up the winding course of the Willamette until the city of Salem, capital of the state, is reached. The broad stretch of valley land lying west of that city, extending along the river many miles, and stretching away westward to the Coast range, constitutes the county of Polk, named in honor of President James K. Polk, during whose administration the original territory of Oregon was organized. It includes more valley and arable land, in proportion to the entire area, than any other county in Oregon. In fact, there is scarcely a foot of land not valuable for the growth of cereals or the rearing of stock. Within its limits are upwards of three hundred thousand acres of deed-

ed land, of which one hundred and twenty thousand acres are under actual cultivation. The surface of the western half of the county consists of little valleys, lying along the water courses, between which lie rolling prairies. Along the Willamette, for several miles inland, is a continuous stretch of almost level valley land, with a steady trend toward the river. Across the northeastern corner stretches a high range of hills, popularly known as the Eola hills, their summits crowned with fields of grain. The western half of the county is hilly, rising gradually to the low summit of the Coast range, numerous valleys penetrating far into their midst. The general nature of the topography is shown in the engraving on page 634. From the summit of Mt. Pisgah, near Dallas, it looks across the valley and hills, to the snow-crowned peaks of the Cascade range.

The idea must not be obtained that only the valley and prairie lands are arable, since it is a fact that, in some respects, the hill lands make the best farms. Even the higher slopes of the mountains, whose sides are not so rugged and precipitous as those of the Cascades, possess a fertile soil, capable of profitable cultivation when cleared of timber. The fact is, that but a comparatively small portion of the county is unfit for eventual cultivation, while by far the greater portion is either already in a producing state, or can easily be so rendered. Each section has its advantages. The valley and prairie lands, of course, give the farmer a greater proportion of cultivable soil, better opportunities for orchards, and, on the rich bottoms along the streams, a soil well adapted to the culture of hops. The soil of the valleys and prairies is rich, dark loam, of almost even and unbroken fertility. The hill lands possess a reddish soil, formed by the decomposition of lava, and of the

vegetable matter which has covered them for ages. Though the early settlers supposed that the valley lands were the best, and though for years the value of the hill lands was not appreciated, the fact is now generally recognized, that the soil of the hills is remarkably fertile, and produces the finest and hardest wheat of the Willamette valley, the most sought after by millers for their best brands of flour. The hill farmer, also, has the advantage of grazing for his stock on unoccupied, or partially cleared, land, since, wherever the brush is cut away, a spontaneous growth of grass and white clover springs up at once. Taken all together, then, the valleys, prairies and hills of Polk county form one vast area of arable soil, whose yellow fields stretch, in harvest time, from horizon to horizon.

In regard to the production of cereals, there is, practically, no difference between the different classes of land, all of them yielding enormously. What differences are observable are of a local nature, or consist in methods of cultivation, more than in quality of soil. At the office of Wright & Ellis, in Dallas, I was shown some magnificent samples of wheat of this year's crop. One stool in particular was a marvel in its way. It contained seventy heads, and upon counting the grains in a head of average size, there were found to be seventy-six. This gave a total of more than five thousand grains of wheat from one seed. The good old "hundred fold," of the bible, was here made five thousand fold. This was, of course, an exceptionally large stool, others taken from the field showing about thirty heads. The harvest of the present year has not sufficiently progressed to give accurate figures of the yield per acre; but that it is equal, if not superior, to that of last season, is evident. The total crop of 1887 is estimated at one million two hundred and

fifty thousand bushels of wheat, and half a million bushels of oats. The crop of 1886 must be resorted to for figures of average yield. A field on Col. Nesmith's farm, at Dixie, yielded fifty bushels to the acre, and I saw there, a few days ago, a field of about fifty acres yet uncut, which presented the appearance of containing an equal amount per acre. Numerous large fields, both on the high and low lands, yielded forty bushels of winter wheat to the acre, and the general average for the county can be safely placed at thirty bushels. On the farm of D. M. Guthrie, a field of eight acres of New Zealand oats yielded seven hundred and fifty-eight bushels, after having been damaged more than fifty bushels by animals. Barley and rye yield in the same prolific manner. Corn does not make a good crop, and is but little cultivated. The hay crop was fifteen thousand tons, chiefly timothy, Hungarian grass and red clover. There is but little wild hay put up in the county, since swamps and overflowed lands do not exist, save the few bottoms occasionally overflowed along the river. About six thousand acres are cultivated in hay. Hay brings from ten to twenty dollars per ton. The potato crop reaches one hundred thousand bushels, and is a paying crop, since potatoes are in demand for export to California. Occasionally, as in 1886, the export price is as high as one dollar per bushel, although in other seasons it may fall to one-fourth that price. Taken for a series of years, however, the potato crop is a highly profitable one.

There is another profitable crop, to which more attention is being paid yearly. No less than four hundred acres of hops are now growing within the limits of Polk county. The deep, rich, alluvial bottom lands along the Willamette and its tributaries are splendidly adapted to hop culture. Their occasional overflow

by spring freshets seems but to enrich the soil and increase the yield. There are hundreds of acres of land adapted to hops, which are not now in cultivation. A low estimate of the average yield of hops is fifteen hundred pounds to the acre, though some fields have produced twice that amount. Taken for a series of years, the average price of hops is twenty cents per pound, though in the past few years it has risen as high as one dollar, and fallen as low as seven cents. The cost of raising hops is about eight cents per pound. A yield of fifteen hundred pounds per acre, at twenty cents per pound, gives a total of \$300.00 per acre. This is a good profit at the average price, and in the seasons of high prices, some growers have become comparatively rich on one crop of hops. The prolific yield, the freedom from insect pests of all kinds, and the exemption from drouth, render hop culture on the river bottoms of this region a peculiarly safe and agreeable business. The coming crop in Polk county is estimated at not less than six hundred thousand pounds.

Stock raising and dairying, carried on in connection with farming, can be conducted profitably, especially among the foothills of the Coast range. The grass grows perennially, remaining green the entire season along the streams. The copious rains of winter keep it fresh and sweet, and only in the late summer months does it lose its freshness, only to be revived by the first rains of autumn. The care and feeding of stock during the winter months is but slight. Shelter from the rain, where cattle may have a dry bed, and a little feed during the few days when snow covers the ground, as it occasionally does for a day to a week at a time, will keep them in good condition. During the entire season they graze upon the green grass, and yield the rich milk that stock in

other sections give only for a few months in the spring. These facts render this region, when the ease of transportation, and the certain market for butter at from twenty-five to forty cents per pound are considered, the most favored under the sun for dairying. What is needed is the establishment of creameries and cheese factories, as is the universal practice in the dairy regions of Illinois, Iowa and other states. These are operated by private individuals, who purchase milk or cream, at a contract price per pound, or are either partially or wholly coöperative. In the former case, the farmers furnish the milk and the factory does the manufacturing and marketing, the price of milk being regulated monthly by the price of the butter and cheese sold. In the latter case, the farmers employ a superintendent, and divide the net profits among themselves in proportion to the amount of milk or cream furnished by each. There is an institution of this kind at the falls of the Little Luckiamute, seven miles southwest of Dallas. The Syracuse creamery has been in operation a little more than a year, and has demonstrated the success of the business, even on the small scale upon which it is operating, as compared with the large creameries of the Mississippi valley. It took some time to overcome the apathy of the farmers and induce them to take hold of an idea so new to their experience. In consequence of this, not much was accomplished last year. This year, however, the establishment is making good progress, and will soon found an extensive and paying business. The establishment has a capacity of two hundred pounds at one churning, but its product only reaches about three hundred pounds per week at present. Cream is collected daily at each farm house. It can not be long before the farmers will appreciate the benefits conferred upon them by such insti-

tutions, and take the necessary steps to increase their number. It enables every farmer to reap the profits of the dairy business, without expending the labor and time necessary to manufacture and market the product himself.

The subject of fruit and its preparation for market is one full of interest. The early settlers, a third of a century ago, set out small orchards, and nearly every farm has upon it an orchard of from one to ten acres, chiefly apples. For size, flavor and keeping qualities, the apples of this region have no superior. Plums, prunes, pears and cherries grow to a size and perfection deemed marvelous by orchardists of the East. The dried plums and prunes of Oregon are the finest, in size, flavor and attractiveness of appearance, that reach the Eastern market. There is a demand for them which the present supply is inadequate to fill. Formerly there was no market, and year after year fruit has rotted upon the ground, while old orchards have been permitted to go to decay. A new era is opening. Dried fruits, neatly and carefully packed, find a ready market, and the shipment of fresh fruit over the numerous railroad lines which have reached us, has been commenced. The trouble is that orchards are not large enough, that there is not a sufficient quantity of one kind of fruit, and that the varieties best suited for market have not been generally ascertained and planted. The orchard may, with care and intelligent action, be rendered a profitable adjunct of the farm, instead of becoming a neglected incumbrance. The practical orchardist will find, in Polk county, an opportunity to engage in fruit culture where a rapid and healthy growth of the tree, prolific yield, extra size and superior flavor of fruit, combine with exemption from winter killing of trees and serious insect pests, to render his business a pleasant and profitable one. The

shipping business must be one of growth, but the first essential is the fruit itself, without which, of course, no shipping facilities will ever be supplied.

In traveling through the country, either by train or buggy, one is forcibly impressed with the number of streams of water. Upon examination, it will be found that nearly every farm has upon it a good spring or stream of living water. The county is ramified by the large and small tributaries of the Willamette. Big Luckiamute, Little Luckiamute, La Creole, Salt, Mill, Yamhill and a score of other streams, fed by hundreds of little branches and thousands of springs, flow continuously through the year. Water is everywhere, and every drop of it is clean and pure, coming from the crystal fountains of the Coast range, or welling up through the sand and gravel of the prairies, from the pure bosom of the earth. What an effect this abundance of pure water has upon the dairy interests, no farmer can fail to appreciate.

Mention has been made of the cloudless skys of harvest time, and in this consists one of the greatest of the many blessings showered upon the husbandman of this region. To render this intelligible to one not familiar with the peculiarities of the climate of the Willamette valley, a brief summary of climatic conditions and causes is necessary. The leading characteristic of the climate is the equability of the temperature, which is much higher in winter and lower in summer than in corresponding latitudes east of the Rocky mountains, or on the Atlantic coast. The primal cause of the high average temperature in winter is the Japan current, the stream of warm water flowing along the coast, diffusing an agreeable mildness, and entirely overcoming the rigors of winter incident to this latitude elsewhere. The warm, moisture-laden winds

sweep in from the ocean until they encounter the summits of the Cascade mountains and the colder currents of air in that high altitude, when the moisture is condensed and falls in copious showers, at an average temperature above forty degrees. From November to April these rains are frequent, rain falling on an average of twenty days in each month. Once or twice during the season, when an easterly wind sets in, there is a light fall of snow, and the thermometer indicates from ten to twenty-five degrees above zero for a period lasting from two days to two weeks. This is the only taste of winter weather experienced. It is during this brief period, which does not occur every season, that stock requires extra attention and feeding. The "snap" is terminated by one of the strong ocean winds, called a "chinook," which, with a temperature of about fifty degrees, causes the snow to disappear in a few hours, soon to be succeeded by the ever welcome rain. About the first of March the rains generally diminish in frequency, offering the farmer opportunities, during March and April, to plow and seed his land, such as has not been planted in winter wheat. In May the rains generally cease, except an occasional shower, and during the months of July and August scarcely a drop falls, giving the farmer an opportunity to harvest his crop at his leisure, without fear that it will receive the least damage by rain. Grain is cut, and, in some cases, permitted to stand in shocks in the field for several weeks, waiting for the thresher. The temperature of the long, rainless summer days is moderated by the cool breezes from the mountains, on both sides of the valley, especially the Cascades, whose highest peaks wear a perpetual robe of snow. Cool breezes from the sea also exert their influence. It is seldom the thermometer indicates ninety degrees at midday, and even then

the heat of the day is followed by a cool night, which woos one to the soundest and most refreshing slumber. The warm, sultry nights, such as are experienced on the Atlantic slope, are unknown here, and this is one of the reasons why corn does not grow to perfection in the Willamette valley. Such is the climate of this region. Exemption from excessive cold or heat administers to the personal comfort of the farmer, while the rains of winter refresh the earth and give it strength to produce the immense crops, which the perfect weather of summer permits the farmer to harvest in good condition. It would be impossible to conceive of a climate where the conditions which contribute to the comfort of the husbandman are combined with those necessary for the production and certain harvest of large crops, exist in a higher degree than in this favored region.

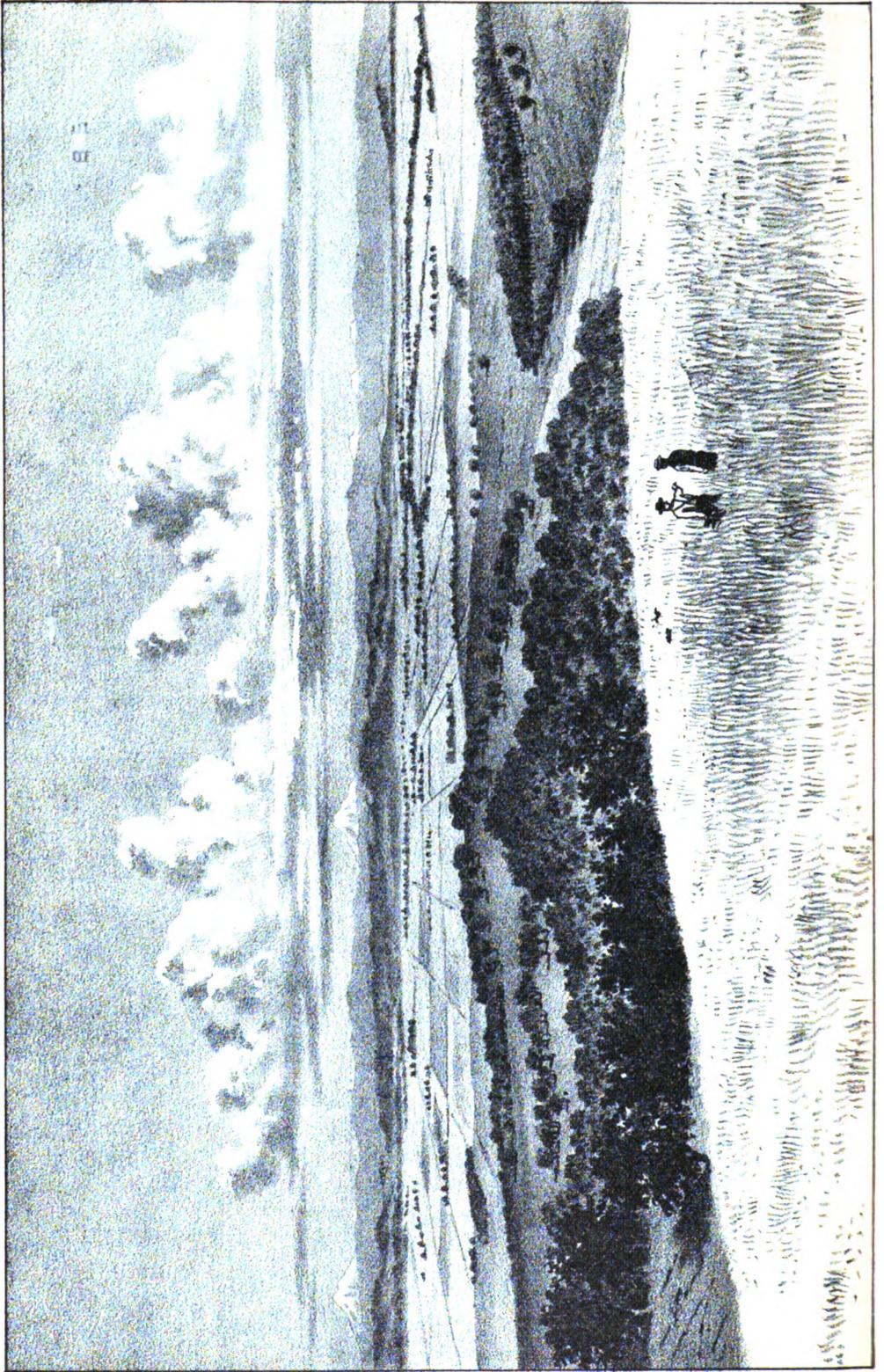
Land may be purchased in Polk county at any price, varying between \$5.00 and \$30.00 per acre, owing to location, quality and condition of improvement. This was one of the earliest settled regions in the state, and the valley lands have been in cultivation upwards of forty years. Farms have been held in too large tracts for successful cultivation, and even to this day, much land has not been brought under the plow, which, were the land divided into smaller holdings, would be rendered productive. Many of the large farms are now being divided up and offered for sale. The land varies in price, according to the proportion in cultivation and the value of improvements. A good farm of three hundred acres, half in cultivation, with good house and ten acres of orchard, can be had for \$15.00 per acre. Land in the hills, soil fertile, but a large portion of it yet covered with brush, may be had for \$5.00. Valley lands, with good improvements, and nearly all under cultivation, are held at \$25.00 and

\$30.00. In fact, the intending purchaser can find land suited to his means and wishes, however high or low they may be. How much better and wiser is it for the man who has a little means at his command, to purchase a farm at these remarkably cheap rates, where markets already exist, where roads have been constructed, where railroads and steamboats are at hand, where churches and school houses and all the adjuncts of settled and prosperous communities are within easy reach, than to go into the wilderness, simply because the original cost of land is slightly less. He who goes to a distance from market to take up government land, must wait a number of years before he can arrive at the condition he would start with here. If one have no means with which to settle himself, he is compelled to seek government land in a new and undeveloped region, in order to obtain a start; but unless such be the case, it is the part of true wisdom for the immigrant to avail himself of such excellent opportunities as are here offered, to secure a good and productive farm and a comfortable home, without bringing upon himself and family the privations and hardships of pioneer life.

The county is well provided with shipping facilities. Along its eastern margin runs the navigable Willamette, while through the heart of the agricultural portion, from north to south, pass two lines of railway, both terminating in Portland. On the river, the O. R. & N. Co. has four steamers engaged in carrying wheat and produce to Portland. The Oregon Pacific has two steamers engaged in carrying wheat to Corvallis, where it is loaded on the cars of that road, and conveyed to Yaquina, and thence shipped by steamer to San Francisco. The west side division of the Oregon & California railroad passes through the county, touching the river



OREGON - VIEW OF A PORTION OF DALLAS, POLK COUNTY.



OREGON - POLK COUNTY AS SEEN FROM MT. PIZGAH.

at Independence, and terminating at Corvallis, in Benton county. Between this line and the foothills of the Coast range, runs the narrow gauge line of the Oregonian railway, passing through Dallas, and terminating at Airlie, on the southern verge of the county. This road will probably be extended to a connection with the Oregon Pacific, thus offering the country along the route the same competitive advantages enjoyed by points on the river. It is within the bounds of truth to say that scarcely a farm in the county is more than five miles distant, by good wagon road, from a railroad or the river.

The largest town in the county is Dallas, the county seat, situated on the line of the narrow gauge, near the foothills, and not far from the geographical center of the county. It lies in the midst of a multitude of farms, stretching out across the prairies to the north, east and south, and over and among the hills to the west. From this point, about sixty thousand bushels of wheat are shipped by rail to Portland annually. This does not, by any means, represent the total crop of the country immediately surrounding the town, since more than twice that quantity is purchased by the large flouring mill at Dixie, only four and one-half miles distant. Through the edge of the city runs the La Creole (commonly called the Rickreall), a tributary of the Willamette, whose water power is utilized by a large sash and door factory, combined with an extensive foundry and machine shop. Three miles west of Dallas, at Ellendale, is a valuable water power, formerly used by a woolen mill, which has not been utilized since the mill was destroyed by fire. By the expenditure of a little money, water power can be had for several factories. Other forms of manufacturing consist of two machines for brace-wire fencing, a tin shop and wagon shops. A tannery turns

out annually large quantities of leather of superior quality, which finds market chiefly in San Francisco. Near the town is a free-stone quarry, where dimension stone is taken out for trimmings for buildings and bases for monuments, etc. This is a valuable resource, and will be worked more extensively as the demand for such material increases. Dallas is a quiet place, though full of business and thrift. Its streets are broad and its residences neat and tasteful, some of them being quite large and ornamental. In the center of a large square, fronting on the chief business street, stands the court house, a large frame structure, with Corinthian columns before the entrance. The jail, a brick structure, with a second story of wood, stands on one side of the enclosure. The business houses occupy one street, nearly all facing the public square. It consists of four good brick buildings and many substantial frame ones. One block back from this street is being erected a large frame city hall, thirty-six by eighty feet in size, two stories high, and surmounted by a bell tower. These features of the city appear distinctly in the engraving on page 633.

Dallas has two large general stores, carrying stocks of from \$15,000.00 to \$20,000.00; three groceries; two hardware stores; two drug stores; one furniture store; one jewelry store, and numerous other stores and shops. There is an opening for a good hotel. The fact that there has never been a business failure in Dallas, speaks volumes for the region upon which it depends for trade. The city has a volunteer fire department, whose apparatus consists of a good hand engine and a hose cart. Cisterns in some portions of the town, and the mill race in others, afford an abundant supply of water for fire purposes.

From an educational point of view,

Dallas is a desirable place of residence. It has a good graded school, employing three teachers, and having two hundred scholars. The edifice is a large frame structure, standing not far from the depot. In addition to this, the La Creole academy has about one hundred pupils. This is an institution founded many years ago, by the gift of the land upon which the city stands. The site was laid out in lots and sold, the proceeds being used to establish the school. It now occupies a site of ten acres on the edge of the city. It is non-sectarian, and is managed by a board of trustees. An endowment of \$5,000.00, for the salaries of teachers, has been given the institution.

The *Itemizer* is an excellent weekly paper, published by Graham Glass, Jr., and is full of news and matters of interest pertaining to Polk county. There are three churches, belonging, respectively, to the Methodists, Baptists and Southern Methodists. The Christians have an organization, but no church edifice. Taken altogether, Dallas is a pleasant place of residence and a prosperous business community. The people are intelligent, refined, and extremely hospitable, and he who takes up his residence among them will have occasion to feel that his lines have been cast in pleasant places.

The second town in size is Independence, on the west bank of the Willamette, a live and growing place of about nine hundred inhabitants. The town is compactly built, as appears in the engraving on page 616, the business portion lying along two streets, one parallel with the river, and the other crossing this one at right angles, being the street leading to the ferry landing. There are about thirty business houses, one of them carrying a stock of \$25,000.00, and three others from \$10,000.00 to \$15,000.00 each. There are two banks, and

two hotels. There is an opening for a good furniture store with a capital of about \$5,000.00. The country for many miles around is more or less tributary to Independence, and this is a favorite shipping point, owing to the fact that there is active competition between three lines of transportation, the Oregon & California railroad, and the boats of the O. R. & N. Co. and the Oregon Pacific. There are four warehouses, handling fully two hundred thousand bushels of wheat, all under the control of J. C. Cooper, at whose bank the business is transacted. Three of these are along the railroad, and the fourth, a huge one with a capacity of one hundred and fifty thousand bushels, stands on the bank of the river.

The manufacturing enterprises consist of a good sash and door factory, a large saw mill, cutting twenty-five thousand feet per day, and a custom grist mill. There is a small saw mill not running. This is one of the best flouring points in the Willamette valley. Excellent water power can be had by the expenditure of a little money, and the shipping facilities, by rail and river, are unsurpassed, while the best quality of wheat is unlimited. The citizens would take stock in an enterprise of that kind, if on a sufficiently large scale to be a benefit to the place.

Independence is a progressive town. It already possesses ten brick buildings, all erected within the past five years, and two others are in contemplation. It has a large depot for agricultural machinery, from which nearly the whole county is supplied. A large brick yard in the vicinity manufactures brick for all the towns of that region. It has an excellent graded school, with four teachers and two hundred scholars; and the old town, that portion lying north of the bridge and not included in the corporate limits, has another school, employ-

ing two teachers. The *West Side* is a good local paper, published weekly by W. W. Brooks. There are four churches, belonging to the Southern Methodists, Presbyterians, Evangelists, and Christians, all of them neat structures. The streets are broad and level, and the many residences are attractive and home-like. In every respect, Independence is a representative town, possessing all the internal elements of growth and prosperity.

About three miles inland from Independence, is Monmouth, on the line of the narrow gauge. This is a thriving little town, and a considerable shipping point for grain. Here is located the Monmouth college and state normal school, an institution under the auspices of the Christian denomination. It has a good brick edifice, an excellent faculty and an attendance of two hundred, chiefly in the normal course. There is, also, a good district school, occupying a new building. The *Christian Herald*, a church and local paper, is published at Monmouth weekly.

Buena Vista is a small town and shipping point on the river south of Independence. It contains a large pottery and terra cotta factory. A good public school, employing two teachers, is one

of its features. Another shipping point on the river is Eola, a few miles below Salem, where a small furniture factory is located. Dixie, near the station of Derry, on the O. & C. road, has a large flouring mill, with a capacity of one hundred barrels of flour per day. Other shipping and business points are Perrydale, Ballston, Smithfield, Airlie, McCoy, Lincoln, Zena, Lewiston, and Suver. In the county are fifty school districts, affording educational advantages to every family within its limits.

No one can carefully read this brief description of Polk county, without being strongly impressed with the fact set forth in the opening sentence—that it is, indeed, a “gem of the Willamette.” To the intending settler, it offers advantages not to be lightly considered. Fertile soil, cheap lands, a pleasant and propitious climate, excellent transportation facilities, prosperous business communities, numerous and excellent schools, intelligent, enterprising, contented and peaceful citizens, a high total valuation of property (\$4,234,054.00), a low rate of taxation (.0145), and beautiful landscapes of valley and mountain, conspire to render it one of the choice spots of this mundane sphere.

HENRY LAURENZ.



Northwestern News and Information.

N. P. SNOW SHEDS.—Work is progressing rapidly on the snow sheds of the Northern Pacific east of the Cascades. The contractors are Glenn, Bonzey & Co., who will use nearly five million feet of lumber in the work.

IDAHO PLACERS.—The Moose creek placer mines, sixteen miles from Salmon City, Idaho, have been bonded for \$250,000.00, to an Eastern company. When the transfer is made, the mines will be opened on a large scale.

A CŒUR D'ALENE NUGGET.—A nugget of gold was recently found near Murray, Idaho, weighing a little more than thirty-three ounces, and valued at \$530.00. This is four ounces heavier than the largest previously found in the Cœur d'Alene placers.

ALBANY IMPROVEMENTS.—Work on the Oregon Pacific round-house, at Albany, Oregon, has been commenced. It will be built of brick, will contain eight engine stalls, and will cost \$12,000.00. Work on the machine shops will be the next undertaken by the company. A project is on foot to establish woolen mills at Albany, with every prospect of success.

POND LILLIES.—The large white pond lilies, that are so much admired, have about all disappeared, and in their place comes the lotus flower, somewhat similar, only larger and of a rich cream color. It is said that the only region in the West where these flowers are found, is in the Mississippi valley, between Dubuque and St. Paul, and then in but few places.—*De Soto Chronicle.*

PARALLEL RAILROADS.—The Montana Central, which is a link in the Manitoba system, is constructing a line from Helena to Butte. A branch of the Northern Pacific is also being constructed between those two cities. Both lines have progressed to Boulder, at which point the tracks are but fifty feet apart. Between Boulder and Butte, the surveyed lines cross each other several times. The fight between the Northern Pacific and the new company, as revealed in projected roads, will lead to several

similar instances of paralleling lines, a notable one being the Northern and Manitoba, between Helena and Fort Benton.

BAKER CITY RAILROAD.—The preliminary survey of a route for the proposed railroad from Baker City to Granite creek has been commenced. The beginning of this work indicates that the incorporators of the company are in earnest in the matter. The road would be of great benefit to Baker City, and to Portland as well, if the large reduction works, so much talked of, are ever erected.

VANCOUVER TO YAKIMA.—A preliminary reconnaissance has been made of a route from Vancouver to Goldendale and Yakima, for the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima R. R. Co. The party went through Klickitat pass, and encountered no serious obstacle to the construction of a railroad. The line passes through a splendid agricultural, timber, coal and stock region, and if built, will be a valuable one.

SEATTLE, L. S. & E. RAILROAD.—The ship *Persian* has arrived at Seattle, from England, with a cargo of two thousand and seventy steel rails for the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern. Track laying will be pushed rapidly ahead. The company declares its intention of penetrating Eastern Washington next summer, and is negotiating with the people of Walla Walla for a bonus for a line to that city.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE COAL.—The coal property of W. A. Robertson & Co., situated in Yaquon valley, on the Queen Charlotte islands, has been bonded for ninety days for \$110,000.00. An expert will examine the property, and the sale will depend upon his report. These islands are on the coast of British Columbia, just south of the Alaskan line, and the superior quality of the coal found there has often been asserted by explorers.

GOLD QUARTZ IN THE CASCADES.—Three residents of Brownsville, Oregon, recently discovered a ledge of gold quartz on the western slope of the Cascade mountains, between the Cali-

pooia and McKenzie rivers. They report the vein to be five feet in width. From one pan of the decomposed quartz on the surface, they obtained a teaspoonful of fine, round gold. They consider it a valuable discovery, and will prospect it thoroughly.

TEANAWAY DITCH.—The gigantic ditch enterprise of the Yakima country, which embraces a main irrigating canal of fifty miles in length, with branches to cover eighty thousand acres of land, has received an infusion of new vigor. The route has been surveyed, and twenty miles of the canal have been constructed. The entire cost will be about \$100,000.00, and as the original capital of the company was only \$50,000.00, a new company has been formed to complete the work, in which several Tacoma capitalists are interested.

SEATTLE'S PROSPERITY.—The assessed value of property in the city of Seattle, for 1887, is \$11,872,328.00, an increase of \$5,000,000.00 in two years. The population, according to the estimate of the Puget sound directory recently issued, based upon a ratio of two and one-half persons to the name, is twelve thousand one hundred and sixty-seven. The same estimate gives Tacoma seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-two; Port Townsend, two thousand one hundred and fifty-five; and Olympia, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two.

COLFAX BOARD OF TRADE.—The citizens of Colfax, W. T., have organized a board of trade, composed of fifty members, of which L. D. Woodward is president; J. A. Perkins, vice-president; W. J. Hamilton, second vice-president; Wm. Lippett, treasurer; and F. H. Brown, secretary. These boards of trade are of great benefit to the business interests of our growing cities, and it is a matter of surprise that so progressive and thrifty a town as Colfax has not organized one earlier. We look for good work to be accomplished by this new board.

FLOURING MILL AT OKANAGAN.—A new process roller mill is being erected at Okanagan, B. C., in the midst of the finest agricultural region in the province. It will have a daily capacity of two hundred barrels of flour, and will find a market throughout British Columbia. This is on the line of the Shuswap & Okanagan railway, a branch of the Canadian Pacific, and is also favored with steamboat navigation to the great railway a great portion of the year. This will furnish a market for the wheat of that re-

gion, which has hitherto been cut off from outside markets. It will also encourage settlement in that fertile region.

HELENA REAL ESTATE.—A short time ago, five United States senators, Farwell, Cameron, Plumb, Vest and Allison, visited Helena, and were so favorably impressed with Montana's chief city, that, with Ex-Governor Hauser, they have purchased thirty-two acres of city property, at a cost of \$2,000.00 per acre. Another tract of eight hundred acres, in the suburbs of the city, has been purchased for \$250,000.00, by the St. Paul & Helena Land & Improvement Co., a new incorporation. This will be platted and made the most attractive part of the city for residence purposes. This is by far the largest real estate deal—unconnected with mines—in the history of Montana.

TACOMA IMPROVEMENT.—Nearly three thousand front feet of warehouses are being erected along the water front at Tacoma, to accommodate the grain expected to reach the city over the line of the Northern Pacific. The grain rate from Eastern Washington to Puget sound is \$5.00 per ton, the same as by the O. R. & N. Co. to Portland. The crops are large, and no doubt much wheat will be handled at Tacoma. Contract has been let for a five-story brick block, one hundred and fifteen by one hundred and twenty feet in size, to be erected on the corner of Ninth street and Pacific avenue. It will be the finest in the territory, and will be occupied by wholesale stores and a bank.

RAILROAD TO PT. TOWNSEND.—The citizens of Port Townsend, W. T., have often expressed the conviction that the port of entry for Puget sound would, before many years, become the terminus of a railroad, the most extreme northwestern point in the United States reached by the iron horse. A strong rumor is now afloat, that a company is to be organized by capitalists of Sacramento, San Francisco and Washington Territory, with a capital stock of \$3,000,000.00, to build a road west of the sound, to the mouth of the Columbia, and probably to Portland. This would give the Southern Pacific, which is supposed to be behind the movement, an unbroken line from San Francisco to the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

SEATTLE & WEST COAST R. R.—A preliminary survey of this line has been completed from Snohomish to the British Columbia line, a distance of one hundred miles from Seattle, and

trial lines have already been run from there to several points on the Canadian Pacific, such as New Westminster, Port Hammond, Sumas and Hope. The route is reported an extremely favorable one, rendering a line easy of construction, with few curves and low grades. It passes through a comparatively well settled region, which will give the road good local business from the start. The section from Seattle to Snohomish will be completed by the middle of September, and contracts will probably be let for other sections.

THE SALMON PACK.—The salmon season on the Columbia closed by law on the thirty-first of July. The pack is nearly a hundred thousand cases less than last year, and but little more than half that of 1883, notwithstanding the increased number of fishermen and boats. The total pack is three hundred and fifty-four thousand cases, the largest by any one cannery being twenty-five thousand eight hundred and seventy. The season has but well begun on other streams, so that the quantity of outside fall pack can not yet be stated. Reports from Alaska are to the effect that the season there is late and the prospects for a large pack not good. Reports from Fraser river are to the effect that the British Columbia pack will be light.

THE UNIVERSAL TINKER.—Many boys, and even men, though having no trade, love to work with tools, and would be glad to receive assistance in learning the use of them. All such should subscribe for the *Universal Tinker and Amateur's Assistant*. This is a new monthly journal, devoted to amateur pursuits, and tells, from an amateur's standpoint, about turning and lathe work, painting, staining, working drawings, organ and piano building, clocks, photography, wood carving, boat building, carpentry, home-made furniture, book binding, French polishing, wood finishing, fret work, amateur printing, the magic lantern, etc. The journal is profusely illustrated. Subscription, \$1.00 per year. Single copies, 12 cents. Address Hodgson & Bertrand, 294 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ILLE-CILLE-WAET MINES.—Of these mines, situated near the line of the Canadian Pacific, in the Selkirk mountains, the *Victoria Colonist* says: "The Selkirk Mining & Smelting Company, of Ille-Cille-Waet, shipped their first car load of ore on the 25th instant, to the smelting works at Denver. The shipment consisted of fifteen and one-half tons of tested ore, having

an assay value of two thousand one hundred and twenty ounces of silver. The company have the privilege of drawing on the smelting works for ninety per cent. of this value on its being forwarded. An assayer holding the confidence of the Denver company states the value of the ore, he having made tests that enable him to do so. On the lead, nothing can be drawn until it has been smelted. The work on the four ledges owned by this company is progressing favorably, and it is hoped that in the course of a short time, they will be in a position to turn out ore at the rate of two or three car loads per week.

SPOKANE FALLS.—The city of Spokane Falls is growing at a rapid pace. New buildings are going up rapidly in every quarter. Says the *Chronicle*: "Between the railroad and river, on Howard street, twelve buildings are in the course of erection. Contractor Brook has six brick structures in hand at present. He has orders for one million brick, has delivered the last kiln of four hundred thousand, and is commencing to take brick from one of three hundred and seventy-five thousand. On the edges of town, over the river, and everywhere, houses are going up and scores of residents are drawing plans and getting ready to build themselves homes. The demand for houses is greater than the supply, and consequently rent is a little high. It is only of late that houses have been built for the special purpose of renting, and renters have been only too glad to get anything. The medium class of houses, which are usually demanded by people of moderate means, are just beginning to be erected, and are always engaged before they are finished. At the present rate, a population of ten thousand inhabitants is not many months ahead."

GARFIELD, W. T.—The southward extension of the Spokane & Palouse road, crossing the O. R. & N. line at Garfield, has enlivened matters at that place, and the prospects for a good business town springing up are good. Says the *Garfield Enterprise*, itself one of the late evidences of the town's growth: "Six years ago the O. R. & N. Co. made the first survey from Colfax up the North Palouse river, to the mouth of Silver creek, thence up Silver creek and across the divide to Pine creek, a distance of fifteen miles, and there it ended at that time. Two years later we had assurance from the railroad company that the road would be built within one year from that time. With these expectations, and with a beautiful location for a

town, Mr. S. J. Tant had the present town site of Garfield surveyed and platted. In June, 1883, Giles Bros. built a store and put in a stock of general merchandise. But the railroad company failed to build the road at that time, and for the next three years the town consisted of one general merchandise store, the postoffice, one drug store and one blacksmith shop. But the building of the O. R. & N. railroad, and its nice depot and warehouses, put new life into our citizens, and a lively business sprang up in the town and surrounding country. At the present time, the building of the Spokane & Palouse railroad across the O. R. & N., in the east end of town, two telephone and two telegraph lines crossing each other, six county roads concentrating here, and the building of a nice elevator, which is nearing completion, has created a building boom."

COLVILLE FARMS.—For a distance of sixty miles southwest from Colville, along the eastern shore of the Columbia river, lies a strip of land, from five to ten miles in width, that has no equal in the diversity of advantages afforded to every branch of industry pertaining to the farm. The land slopes from the river in benches, or steppes, thus laying in level strips, a mile or more in width, one higher than the other, until the mountain range is finally a barrier to the undulated condition of things. The country is well watered by cool mountain streams, which flow across the plains at short intervals, toward the river. The general character of the soil is sandy, and the surface is covered with a vigorous growth of pine, fir and tamarack timber on the steep hillsides and along the water courses, and bunch grass in verdant abundance covers the open prairie lands on the plateaus. A great deal of the land has been settled by an industrious class of people from the Western states, who till the soil for the pleasure there is in it, and direct their attention to stock raising as a means of support and livelihood. This plan is suggestive of success, and we believe will work to the benefit of the early settler. We had the pleasure of passing over a large portion of the farming land in this section, and noticed that in every instance where a settlement of two years standing has been made, there is a pleasantly situated home, nicely improved and surrounded by the abundant products of the farm. Strawberries, every description of garden vegetables, and all varieties of orchard trees, grow without effort, and the soil or climate has no fault detrimental to their adaptability to this northern latitude.—*Colville Miner*.

WALLA WALLA FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—The high quality of the fruit and vegetables of the Walla Walla valley is making a demand for them greater than the supply, though not greater than could be supplied, did the farmers appreciate the advantages of raising something besides wheat. One shipper informed the *Journal* that the demand for fruits and vegetables, is growing much more rapidly than the supply, especially so with berries, as they could ship one hundred thousand boxes per diem, if the fruit could be obtained. During the past year they have shipped berries, fruits and vegetables to Helena, Butte, Thompson Falls, Deer Lodge and Sulphur Springs, in Montana; to Wardner, Cœur d'Alene, Hailey, Rathdrum and Sand Point, in Idaho; to Bismark, Dakota; and they have shipped grapes and other fruits to St. Paul, Minn.; they have had numerous inquiries for grapes, etc., from different parts of Dakota. Parties from Helena and Butte, Montana, come here and purchase onions and apples by the car load, and the onion crop is a most prolific and profitable one. Another said that, during the month of June, he shipped twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and sixty pounds of strawberries alone, and an average of one ton of vegetables per diem; has standing orders for four tons of vegetables per week for the National Park, in Wyoming, and has numerous calls for fruits, berries and vegetables from Denver, Colorado; Fargo and Bismark, in Dakota; and from nearly every part of Montana, which he can not fill, owing to the limited supply. He stated that the demand for fruits, berries and vegetables is simply enormous, and that if the supply were sufficient, dealers could ship carload lots to St. Paul, Chicago and Denver.

PINE CREEK MINES.—The Simmons mines, above Cornucopia, have been bonded for \$100,000.00. They are the best developed on Pine creek, and sufficient ore has been exposed to demonstrate their value. The *Baker City Democrat* thus summarizes the mines: "Cornucopia and Allentown, which are really one town, contain about six hundred inhabitants, have three general merchandise stores, five saloons, three hotels, two restaurants, blacksmith shops, etc. The distance from Union is fifty-three, and from Baker City sixty-three, miles, with fair roads. The towns are pleasantly situated, at an altitude of six thousand five hundred feet, with wood and water abundant, a flouring mill only six miles distant, and Pine valley, dotted with farms, lies at the foot of the mountain. One five-stamp mill, the Hope, is running on

ore belonging to the Portland company, and is showing a good yield. A twenty-stamp mill will be erected about the first of November, by the Oregon Gold Mining Co. This company has an incline down its ledge two hundred and seventy-five feet, and has thirteen hundred tons of ore in sight. Gold predominates, but it carries some silver. The Alta No. 1 has an incline of two hundred feet and shows high grade ore. Alta No. 2 is down one hundred feet, all in good ore. Red Jacket is down fifty feet, and the richest ore yet found in the camp. The Forest Queen has incline fifty feet, tunnel forty feet, and six foot vein. One ton of ore worked at Omaha last fall yielded \$612.00. The Allen & Cox was the first discovered in the camp, Mr. Allen pounding out, with a mortar, \$190.00 from twenty-five pounds of ore. It has a one hundred and thirty-five-foot tunnel, tapping a four-foot ledge. The Bonanza group has four claims opened from fifty to seventy-five feet, all showing high grade ore, and some of remarkable richness. The Simmons group are the best developed. The Whitman has one hundred and ten men at work. Work is plenty; wages \$2.50 outside and \$3.50 underground. Mechanics get from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per day."

KOOTENAY MINES.—Returning prospectors from Kootenay lake, B. C., report the mining outlook in that region as very good. There are about fifty quartz locations, all showing galena croppings, while a dozen have been opened up to a depth of from twenty to seventy feet, exhibiting ore continuously from the surface down. One vein carries about twelve feet of solid galena of a low grade ore, eight to ten ounces silver, others showing from eight inches to two feet of ore, running from thirty to one hundred and thirty ounces, while the "Krao" has two veins, one twelve and the other eight feet wide, the ore being both galena and carbonate, the latter class, in some instances, running as high as sixteen hundred ounces, while the galena occurs scattered throughout the vein and is of low grade. A new district, about thirty miles south of this camp, has been discovered this spring, by Colville parties, one vein being about three feet across and carrying a copper sulphide ore assaying about eighty-five ounces silver, while another has about eight feet of ore running from sixteen to forty-five ounces silver, and pretty heavy in copper. Two shipments of carbonate ore were made from this claim, one lot going to Butte, and assaying two hundred and eighty-seven ounces silver and forty-three per cent. lead; the other to Portland, carrying two hun-

dred and forty-four ounces silver and fifty-two per cent lead. Water has put a stop to opening this claim until machinery can be put up for pumping purposes. The mines are about eighty miles north of Idaho Territory and ninety miles south of the Canadian Pacific railroad, a branch of which is now being surveyed to Kootenay lake, and will be the means of opening up a vast and totally unprospected section. Still south of this place, and on the American side of the line, is the new camp of Metaline, where more galena ore is in sight on top of the ground than any person who has visited there has ever seen before, the ore, however, carrying only about eight ounces silver. All these camps are reached from Sand Point, on the Northern Pacific railroad, by water courses and a few miles of mountain trail.

GOLD SAVING MACHINES.—Much interest is felt all over the Pacific coast in the question of mining the flour gold found on the ocean beach and along the bars of the Snake, Fraser and other rivers, where the gold is so fine, and the sand so heavy, that it has been hitherto impossible to mine to advantage. The *Range & Valley*, of Mountain Home, I. T., thus describes the new machine in use there, which appears to be the "long-felt want" of the sand miners: "These machines are as simple of construction as they are durable. At the head of the machine is an ample hopper, and from this the gravel passes into a large cylinder, about four feet long and twenty inches in diameter, and into a coarse, strong screen. The screen is made fast to the cylinder, which makes from forty to fifty revolutions per minute, the flanges on the outside carrying the bowlders and coarse gravel out through a spout at the opposite end, and to one side of the plate, while all the smaller particles are forced through into the cylinder, or machine proper. The inside of this cylinder is copper-lined, and constructed like an auger, three-inch copper flanges working from the head of the machine, making a distance of one hundred and forty feet to be traveled by the sand, from its entrance into the machine until it is discharged onto the table. The inside of this screw cylinder, like a battery, is charged with quicksilver, so that every particle of gold is caught as it comes in contact with the plate, while tumbling and rolling through by the revolutions of the machine. Through the center of the machine, also, runs a perforated iron pipe, through which about an inch and a half of water can be forced with good pressure, the strong jets aiding the "digestion" of the machine by

the flood, and dissolving the refractory particles like a hydraulic. The table below the machine has a quicksilver tank at the head, and at the foot a riffle and slot, with a small bucket at one end, to catch any particle of silver or metal that might be carried over the plate by the gravel. The machines are a success. Not a particle of gold ever passed over the plate into the tailings. A couple of hours were spent in panning the tailings of last week's run, in the vain endeavor to find one color, while the bar is very rich. The machine is guaranteed to save ninety-five per cent. in all cases, and under reasonable circumstances one hundred per cent., or all, of the gold that will amalgamate. The dry process can be worked where water is not at hand. The machines weigh about five hundred pounds, and may be moved about like a chair. Their capacity has been demonstrated to be seventy-five tons of gravel per ten hours, with two laborers. A child can turn one. An old dump, or gravel bar, worth twenty-five cents per ton, can be worked with great profit. These are facts, which will be proven by figures."

SALMON RIVER MINES, W. T.—We have seen and conversed with Colorado men, Idaho men, and Nevada experts, and the general expression is that the mines are the best on the coast. The proviso is added, "if they only hold out." Of course, no one can tell what they will develop as they are gone down on. Up to the present, little development work has been done. The deepest that any of the mines have been penetrated is sixty-two feet, fifty feet, thirty feet, twenty feet, and down to five and three feet. A great many of them show up well, although they have had but little work done on them. The First Thought is down fifty feet, and shows well at three different levels, and is now held at a high price. The anxiety shown by experienced mine workers, to get hold of the property, induces the belief that they think the mines are good enough to invest money in; but they want to purchase at as low figures as possible. Up to the present, little or no gold to speak of has been discovered in the Salmon mines. Silver and lead predominate. Some little copper is mixed in the ore. The ore runs from six up to thirty-five hundred ounces to the ton, and some assays much higher. We have heard men who were from Leadville and Nevada say that, when developed, these mines will equal, if not excel, those at Leadville; that they beat the famous Comstock mines in Nevada. How true that is, we know not, but give them for what they are worth. Salmon City is situated on Salmon

creek, some three or four miles above Ruby, and consists of some five or six houses. It is located in the midst of some very valuable mineral lodes, some of which have passed into the hands of capitalists, who intend to introduce machinery to work them. One claim, the Arlington, sold for \$30,000.00. It is intended to go to work on the development of this claim soon. There are four families in Ruby. There are at present two stores, two saloons, two restaurants, a butcher shop, and a blacksmith shop. Ruby can now boast of thirteen buildings, all of which have been completed except two, which had not the roofs on when we left. The town is growing fast enough for the country. Meals are fifty cents, and whisky twenty-five cents a drink. Flour is \$2.50 to \$3.00 a sack, bacon eighteen cents, ham twenty cents. The saw mill is situated between the two towns of Salmon City and Ruby, and the power is furnished by Salmon creek. The hills and mountain sides in the mining regions are covered with a heavy coat of grass. Even on the steep hillsides the grass is green, but out of the reach of animals; even mountain goats could not reach it, or so it appeared to the reporter. Deer are plenty in the the mountains, and hunters bring them in nearly every day, two or three at a time, packed on horses. A Tacoma company has ordered a concentrator, which is to be landed at Sprague, and hauled from there to Salmon City. This looks like business, and the outlook for a lively camp is favorable. The mineral is there to justify the introduction of mills and machinery for working the high grade ore. The Salmon mines are bound to prove a second Leadville. There are between four hundred and five hundred in the mines, and prospecting in the mountains adjacent to the mining towns.—*Ellensburg Localizer*.

LOWER WALLOWA VALLEY.—The first object of interest to strike the traveler, in approaching Wallowa county, is our canyon. The scenery is as grand and beautiful as can be found anywhere. The mountains on the south side are covered with a heavy growth of pine, fir and tamarack, changing at the base and along the river bottom, to birch, alder willow, service berry, thorn and cherry, while every now and then one comes upon beautiful little mossy glades, that seem to have been expressly designed for picnic grounds. On emerging from the canyon, one is not favorably impressed with the lower valley. The large number of sheep which have been kept there for many years have given the hills a brown and barren look,

and besides one sees but little of the valley in passing through. It is so divided by heavy belts of timber along the river and Bear creek, that the traveler never sees the south half of the valley, and frequently passes on without knowing that there is such a place. The valley proper is about five miles long by three miles in width, and contains some of the best hay land in the world. The hay crop is very seldom exhausted, large quantities being "summered over" almost every year. The Wallowa river passes through the middle of the valley, from east to west, heavily belted on either side with pine, cottonwood and alder timber; so much so as to hide from view some of the best hay farms, notably those of Wm. Webber and Joseph Johnston. Bear creek, coming down at right angles from the mountains on the south, also heavily timbered, cuts the south side (which is much the larger portion) of the valley in two portions, thus dividing the entire valley into two parts, and furnishing an abundance of timber for all purposes for many years to come, and a water power without end. The water of these streams is about as clear and pure as it is possible for water to be, and they abound in fish. The celebrated red-fish come up once a year, furnishing sport for about two weeks. Salmon come up three times a year, in April, August and November, while the spotted trout and shiners remain with us always.

Now, having considered the valley itself (which used to be considered all there was here) we have not made a commencement on the subject. Bordering the valley on the north, is a strip of hilly, bunch-grass country, extending eastward along the Wallowa basin for forty miles or more, and from four to ten miles in width. On the hills, which are neither high nor steep, may be found the richest and best grain land in all the West, interspersed with other land which is good for nothing but pasturage, as is the case in all hilly countries. Back of these hills, and extending to Snake river, some forty or fifty miles, is a scope of country, for the most part very finely timbered, and without underbrush, so that one may travel almost anywhere in a wagon. Every mile or two we encounter a thicket of long and most beautiful poles, sometimes extending for miles. These we have to go around, since they grow so thickly one can scarcely go through on foot. This would be a paradise for fencers and tie choppers. Scattered all through this vast scope

of country, are numerous open glades, like the beaver meadows of the East, covered with the best of grass from three to four feet high, with the very richest of deep, black soil, plenty of springs, and some streams of considerable size. This whole region will soon be settled. There are already some settlers located there, the only inconvenience being deep snows in winter. This region has before it a great future. Several large saw mills may work here for many years, and still there will be plenty of good timber left. Railroad ties may be shipped out for the building of thousands of miles of railroad, and there will be poles remaining. Vast herds of stock may graze here, and there will be plenty of grass left. Elk, deer and bear may be killed for many years, and some will yet remain. The snow falls here from three to four feet in depth, but with plenty of hay and grain laid in for winter use, stock will do much better and come out in better condition, than in warmer countries, where there is rain, wind and mud. For the first fifteen miles out, this country is quite level, much more so than most of the state of Iowa. After that, as you go north toward Snake river, it becomes more rough and broken, while the climate grows warmer—much warmer, in fact, than any part of the Wallowa valley. Incidentally, I mention that this is a great country for huckleberries, and for fear that any man should consider a huckleberry a small matter to make mention of, I will just say, that toward spring, a supply will go far toward making one feel healthy, wealthy and wise.

But to return to the valley. The lower part of the south half is hid from view and little known. It is called Diamond prairie. This prairie is, or rather was, the most dried up, parched and unproductive portion of Wallowa county, with the exception of some of its little "ranches" around the outskirts next to the mountains and river, which have always been very rich. Within the past three years, Mr. Chamberlain has located a desert claim in the center and driest part of the prairie, and has taken out a large irrigating ditch. As a consequence, he is making this desert region to "blossom as the rose." He is now cutting the best quality of hay, and a good crop of it, too, from land that used to be, from the first of May until the fall rains began, as dry as gunpowder, producing nothing but bunch grass, and very little of that.—*Wallowa Chieftain.*

Editorial Comment.

THE attention of the business men of Portland is earnestly called to the leading article in this number of THE WEST SHORE. The fact that the Willamette falls have been with us always has had the natural result of making us thoughtless of the great use we might make of them. There are two old saws which exemplify the situation: "Familiarity breeds contempt," on the one hand, and "Distance lends enchantment to the view," on the other. We look with admiration upon the city of Minneapolis and the magnificent water power which is the foundation of its greatness, and yet, right here in our own midst, we have a water power greater in quantity, and better situated for manufacturing purposes, than that which wins our admiration through the enchantment of distance. There is no other commercial city on the sea coast of Oregon, Washington or California, either present or prospective, which possesses a natural water power amounting to even the shadow of the falls of the Willamette, nor is there any water power in the United States so favorably located for ocean shipments. These two great facts point to Portland as the most available center of great manufacturing industries on the Pacific coast, and it is high time to awake to a realization of the situation. Let us make a practical effort to aid the gentlemen who are trying to develop this great power, and found those manufacturing industries which we daily assert must be the chief element in the future growth of Portland. To all practical purposes, a factory at Oregon City is a Portland industry, since this must, of necessity, be the business and shipping point. This calls for acts, rather than words, and our board of trade should take hold of the matter with a determination to accomplish something.

THE Central Pacific is now running tri-weekly fruit trains from Sacramento to Chicago and New York. The time to Chicago is one hundred and ten hours. A train consists of from fifteen to twenty cars, containing twenty-two thousand pounds of fruit each. It is expected that daily trains will soon be required. Here is food for thought for the people of Oregon and Washington. We boast of our fruit, and wonder why there is not a shipping demand for it.

We have certain kinds of fruit which equal, if they do not excel, those of California, but we have not enough of them. The shipment of fruit, in order to be successful, must be made a special business, and to do this requires that it be conducted on a sufficiently large scale to keep down the expenses to a living rate. Our orchards are too small. We should have orchards where several car loads of the same kind of fruit may be had at one time. In that way, cars are quickly loaded, trains made up, and dispatched. As it is now, our Portland shippers have to buy fruit in small lots, a wagon load from this man and a wagon load from another man, and so on until they get together enough for a car load. Where in the world they could procure enough for a train of fifteen cars passes our comprehension. Let our farmers plant large orchards, devoted exclusively to a few varieties of fruit in demand for shipment, and they may depend upon it that a market will be found in the East, and our railroads will give us as good facilities as they now give the orchardists of California. It depends upon us, not upon the railroads, for when we have the fruit, they will furnish the trains to carry it away.

THE Columbia Waterway Convention has met and adjourned. The members listened to reports on the condition of improvements at the cascades, which were of a sadly discouraging nature, heard a few speeches, exercised the American's inalienable right to pass resolutions, created a perpetual association to look after river interests, and adjourned for one year. It was wise to make the association a perpetual one, in view of the progress being made in opening the river. THE WEST SHORE hoped, as expressed in its last issue, that this convention would inaugurate some practicable plan for the opening of the river, independently of the general government; yet while admitting the fact that if dependence is to be continued upon the action of congress, the present generation will not live to see the work completed, the convention continued in the old rut of seeking congressional appropriations. We will wait, now, another year, when it will again be time to pass resolutions.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

One of the secrets of securing that home-like appearance, so desirable to every dwelling, is the giving to each article of furniture, whether for use or ornament, an entertaining and restful expression. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the hanging of pictures. Pictures should be hung so that the average person, when standing, may enjoy them without assuming an uneasy posture. A portrait should be so hung that we may look directly into its eyes, and landscapes and other pictures should be hung at such a height that the eye may be on a level with the center of the picture. The manner in which the light falls upon the picture should also be taken into account. Some pictures look better in a shaded recess of the room, while others need the fullest light. And the surroundings should all be such as to give, as nearly as may be, the expression the artist desired when executing it. Pictures are to be looked at and enjoyed. Their influence is refining, and to the degree that they break the monotony of the view, whether material or mental, it is restful. Some one has said that we may judge of the culture of a family, by the pictures which hang upon the home walls, while some one else has said that the manner of hanging the pictures decides the culture, so perhaps it would not be far wrong to decide that the two taken together are a pretty sure indication of the intelligence which selects and arranges them. We do not desire pictures for something bright, merely, but we want them to be suggestive. Art is not for the eye only, but for the mind and heart, through the eye; and in our selections from it, should be made to subserve its noble purpose.

It is said, that "The greatest study of mankind is man," also, in words of wisdom, "know thyself." But man can best be studied through his actions and the result of his actions, human institutions; and self may best be known by knowing others, and by that development of self which comes through mingling with others in society. It is because of these principles, along with increased incentives to endeavor, that the reflex action of a public spirit is so beneficial to the individual. It is a fact to be deprecated that there is not as much of a public

spirit among women as there ought to be. Within prescribed limits—her family and friends—and in certain directions—physical health and the church—woman has equaled, if not excelled, man; but a good kindred to that which she seeks to do in these directions, is needed to be done by her hands and through her thought, elsewhere, as well; and, be it said to their credit, there are many women awake to the fact. Is it a sufficient excuse, that family cares demand a woman's attention? We call a man, who allows his business to absorb his active interest, a fossil. Nor is it a sufficient excuse that there are some things of a public nature which woman can not do, for there are many things which she can do. It is the subtle influence of woman's presence, her moral nature, her gentleness, that are so much needed. These she exerts on questions of public concern, just to the degree that she feels an interest in them. It is true, her influence is indirect oftener than direct, yet to do her utmost is to do her best, and she should not refrain from doing what lies within her power, simply because there are some things which lie without it. Were woman to live for her own family, merely, and there were no christian obligation resting upon her, either for the welfare of those outside her kindred, or for her own individuality, she should, even then, simply for her own family, look to the proper moral standing, the intellectual status, and the general sense of equity possessed by those with whom her family must mingle in society and state, for such is the equipoise of American society, that "That which effects any body any place, effects every body every place."

Water, how closely thou suitest
Thy form to the walls thou surround!
So man, 'neath the power of influence,
Ever rises or falls to the ground.

Then choose thyself friendship ennobling,
And seek for hearts truer than thine,
In virtue improving continue,
Their strength with thine own to combine.

The influence upon the home, of the association of its members with friends, or even acquaintances, without, can not be estimated. It is seldom that we meet a character so neutral that we do not feel a quickening of some faculty

of our nature by being in his presence, while it is no uncommon occurrence to meet with persons so positive in nature as to arouse us to either good or ill, and when received into the family, such an one comes either to brighten or blight the most sacred ties of relationship. "Perfect obedience may be secured from children, as long as they can be kept from bad associates," said a mother to me not very long ago, "but let them once enter bad company, and they never seem the same again." I also know of a husband driven almost to distraction by domestic troubles, warning another against the association of his wife with a certain lady of the neighborhood, because she had brought dire disaster into one home, and he was sure she would into another. I know, furthermore, of homes where support has been taken away, where, in the place of smiling countenances, there are those of fearful foreboding and anguish. Their sun has gone down into night, all because the husband and father chose evil associations. Yes, we all know of these things, and deplore the fact that they are true; but how can they be bettered? We may not be able to ameliorate these conditions, unless we be so unfortunate as to experience them in our own families, for each case requires a cure peculiar to itself. But what does concern us, is the prevention of such occurrences in our own households. Is our home to us the most interesting spot that we are able to find? Are we making any special effort to attach our children to it and to its discipline? How much of that which strictly belongs to home do we pour into the ears of some one quite outside our home interests, to receive, it may be, an irritant in return? How many womanly efforts do we make to be pleasing and attractive just for our home folks? If we are not doing all these things, and even more, we are falling below the true standard of a good housekeeper. It is much easier to lead into the right than to prevent from the wrong. Let woman's actions be positive toward the good, and if she be active and on the alert, her home will be her highest source of pleasure, her greatest blessing, while her family, in so far as she is consistent, will delight in her delight, and accord in her dislikes.

It is said that the queen of the Sandwich islands, in her recent visit to America, was very much interested in the methods and institutions of our country, especially any that she thought could be used among her people. She delighted in our educational institutions for girls. She visited Wellesley, and was greeted

in her own language, by one of the professors, who recited a national poem. In her reply to the greeting, Queen Kapiolani said that when she left her island home, she never dreamed of seeing so large an institution devoted entirely to the education of girls, and that she should always carry the remembrance with her. Perhaps, in the no distant future, we shall hear of a kindred institution to our Wellesley, springing into existence in the midst of the Pacific ocean. The schools for girls among the Hawaiian people are of an inferior nature. The queen is very intelligent, and, it is said, is well informed on social and political matters, both in Europe and America, but she does not speak our language. She is accompanied by the heir-apparent to the throne, Princess Lilinokalani, sister to Princess Likelike, whose sad fate of January last all will remember. The princess speaks the English language fluently, is highly intellectual, and is accomplished in music.

A few years ago it was thought improper for a woman to be a foreign missionary, unless she were a missionary's wife; but now, so great is the change wrought through practical work in this direction, that there are twenty-four hundred unmarried women in the mission field, besides probably an equal number of married women, and public opinion has changed about face so much on this question, that the mission field is now thought to be one of the places suited especially to women.

Dr. Lucy M. Hall, of Vassar, has been compiling lists of the young women absent on account of illness, and comparing it with a similar list of young men at Amherst college. The number of absences among male students largely exceeded those among female students.

Miss Alice Longfellow is one of the officers of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, and is often at the Harvard annex building, where, they say, she is regarded by the students with a love almost amounting to reverence.

According to Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, there are now two hundred and twenty-seven occupations open to women, as against seven at the beginning of the century.

A very pretty way to make a lamp shade, is the following, which we clip from an exchange: Take strips of ribbon, about an inch and a half wide, and six inches long, each cut to a sharp

point at the end. A sufficient number of these strips are joined together to surround the shade at its largest circumference, and then the top is drawn in with a draw string, leaving a ruffle above the gathered part. The lower edge will be a succession of points, and a ruffle of Oriental lace is set underneath, each point being finished with a silk ball, or a little gilt bell, if preferred. A bow of ribbon on one side adds to the effect. The ribbons used in making this lamp shade may be silk, satin, or faille, or piece goods can be employed. The colors may be in contrast, but a pleasanter light is cast through a shade of one plain color, such as pale yellow, Charles X. pink, green, or light blue. Brown may also be used, but black or white is not desirable, excepting when the shade is used solely as an ornament.

Also tinted handkerchiefs of India silk, with a hole cut out in the center to slip over the lamp chimney, are easily arranged for lamp shades. A cream, pink, rose-color, blue, or green silk handkerchief, edged with narrow or medium width plat Val lace, is very effective, and the

lace must be sewed in a full frill around the center opening as well. A square of India silk, about three-eighths of a yard each way, may be used instead of a regular handkerchief. Cambric and lace are used in the same way, and trimmed with ribbon bows and a fringe made of loops of "baby" ribbon all around the edge.

A good way to hide a superfluous door is to fasten a curtain of madras drapery to rods above and below and secure to the door jam. This, when harmonizing with the other colors of the room, gives a cozy effect. I saw a door opening into a hall, concealed from the hall side very beautifully in the following manner: A mirror for hall use was hung upon the door, which had been previously draped, the curtains parting just enough to receive it. Above the mirror were fastened a pair of deer antlers, upon which a lace draping was gracefully fastened above the glass. A table covered with a thick spread below the glass, finished the concealment of the door, which I am sure every one considered attractive.

ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

THE DOMESTIC MARTYR.

I HAVE a great aversion for the domestic martyr. She has been the bane of my life, and had I the power to exterminate her from the face of the earth, I would do it without a particle of compunction. If I had a husband and family, I would never turn the sweets of existence into gall and wormwood, just for the credit and glory (Oh, my!) of being a martyr. Yet this is so exactly what many women do, that I sometimes become utterly disgusted with my sex, and wish myself a man.

There is a large class of people who are not rich, nor poor. They have education, refinement, and means enough to make for themselves a comfortable and happy home. And this, it is to be presumed, is what the man wanted, and expected, when he took unto himself a wife. But the wife determines to be a model housekeeper, and the trouble begins; for a woman may be a most excellent *housekeeper*, and have no knack at all for *homekeeping*. And,

let me tell you, this is not a "distinction without a difference." I am acquainted with women whose habitations are always in exact order, whose well-cooked meals never fail to be ready at the proper time, whose bread is always perfection, whose pie-crust is invariably tender and flaky, whose cakes never dream of heavy streaks or burnt crusts, whose coffee-pots furnish forth nectar, and their tea-urns ambrosia; women who exult each Monday morning that the washing is early upon the line, and that Tuesday evening finds every garment ironed, aired and mended; women whose windows glisten with cleanliness, whose carpets seem never to fade or grow dusty, whose parlor curtains hang in the exact folds decreed by the hands that draped them; women, in fact, who excel in every culinary art, and are immaculate housekeepers; but the house they live in is not my ideal of a home, by a long, long way. Good, conscientious women, these same housewives are, and deserving

of great credit for their superhuman achievements. But, oh dear, how I have longed sometimes, when I have been a "prisoner within their gates," to see things left to take care of themselves, that the tired and care-worn mistress might enjoy "life, liberty and happiness" with the rest of mankind. And I have observed that the husband of the model housekeeper is not very fond of home; he seems to feel more at ease away from the house than in it. Not that he does not enjoy the prompt meals, the excellent cooking, the well cared-for garments. He does. He is proud of his wife, and very likely brags about her abilities to his friends and cronies. But, nevertheless, he is a homeless man, in the true sense of the word. He is never comfortable in his—I should have said in *her*—well-ordered rooms. He feels almost a culprit, if by chance he should happen to disarrange any of the tidy arrangements about him, and is never wholly and completely at ease among his household gods. It seems to him that his wife's mind is altogether taken up by cares and worries that, to him, seem trivial and petty, and although he sympathizes with her, in so far as his masculine mind comprehends the situation, he can not, for the life of him, see why she is not entirely comfortable and happy. He can not see that a poor, overworked mortal, who is trying to be wife mother, mistress, nurse, housekeeper, seamstress and servant, all in one, can not, by any known possibility, be the comrade and companion, the happy house-mother, that she should be. It is utterly impossible that one mortal woman should properly fill so many different posts of duty, and it is in consequence of her effort to do so, that we have the domestic martyr.

Did you ever know a model housekeeper, who did not consider herself a martyr? And no wonder. She is always weary, full of aches and pains and worries, she laments and resents that no one appreciates the situation, that her trials are not comprehended, and that no one knows how much she undergoes every day of the three hundred and sixty-five in the yearly round. She declares, often, that she is "working herself to death," yet abates no jot of her daily toil. The work must be done, "though the heavens fall." Her children do not sympathize with her to any great extent, because they are so accustomed to hearing her complaints, that they pay them little heed. Like their father, they are likely to seek their associates and confidential friends outside the home circle, because that home lacks the charm that would bind them to it.

Mrs. Stowe says—and she never uttered truer words—that "It is a hateful dogma, that love is to be taken for granted, without daily proof between those who love." And again, "How many live a stingy and niggardly life, in regard to their richest inward treasures. They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds expressive of this love, would make so much happier, richer, and better; and they can not, will not, turn the key and let it out. People who really do love, esteem, reverence, almost worship, each other, live a barren, chilly life side by side, busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, a last year's growth, with no present buds and blossoms. Are there not husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in whom the material for a beautiful life lies locked away in unfruitful silence—who give time to everything but the cultivation and expression of mutual love?"

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, of our social intercourse, of the mental powers with which God has endowed us, if only we would not sacrifice ourselves to this Moloch of house work. I affirm that there is much useless labor done by women, who, being in moderate circumstances, think they can not afford to hire help, or, being able to afford it, can not obtain that which is satisfactory. I agree with the modern essayist, who asks for "plain living and high thinking." Would it not be better to live upon this plane, to plan our lives so that we may have time to be companion to husband and children, to establish that comradeship in the family circle that makes home the most delightful spot on earth? Would it not be better that the house should be filled with jollity, love, cheerfulness, and unselfishness, than that there should be pies for dinner? That plans for mutual improvement and enjoyment should occupy more space in the scheme of life, and plans for superfine housekeeping less? I believe that a mother should be the joyous companion of her growing sons, and the sympathizing confidant of her young daughters. She should be, actually and truly, a companion and a comrade. Her wider experience and more mature mind would render her invaluable to the young souls entrusted to her care, as counsellor and guide. With such a mother, the children will imbibe higher ideals of the dignity and beauty of life, than through association with a woman whose mind and whose energies are so absorbed in house-keeping duties, that all other matters are kept in subordination, and regarded as side issues.

Not that order and cleanliness and nicety and dainty cookery are not to be valued. Far be it from me to inculcate such a doctrine as that. But if a woman must choose between being a weary, nervous, household drudge, and what is termed a "slack" housekeeper, for pity's sake, let her be slack. Why should she impose useless burdens upon herself, to the neglect of higher duties and nobler aims? Why should she make herself and every one about her miserable, in order to carry out her ideal of good housekeeping? To come down to personal supplication, can not you, dear sister, scarify your pride and let "help" really help you? If the bank account is small, or altogether wanting, and you feel that you can not afford to keep a servant, or two, or three, as the case may be, economize in some other direction, and save your health, your spirits, your time, your youth and good looks, for the benefit of your husband and children and friends. Have fewer clothes in the family, live on plainer food, abolish the company-consecrated parlor, and you will find, if you give your mind to it, that you will be healthier, happier, and better looking. Your sons will admire you, and strangers will think you are your own daughter's elder sister. It will prove a trial, no doubt, for a time, to feel that you are comfortable, and have no aches or pains to complain of. But persevere, and you will become resigned, and as you ascend to that higher plane of home life, which I have attempted to describe, you will take your family with you, and life will be well worth living, even though there be no pudding for dinner, and the best dishes are not upon the table when some member of your family brings home an unexpected guest to dine.

The domestic martyr is an American institution. Nowhere else, in any civilized country

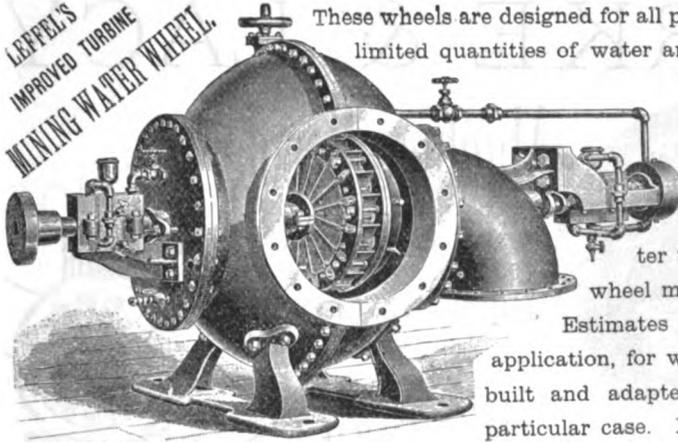
that I know of, does the mistress of the house undertake so much as here. The English housekeeper, although but the wife of the butcher, the baker, or the candle-stick maker, has at least one servant. And then her bread, her pies, her roasts come ready for the table, from the baker's oven. If she has young children, it is a matter of course that she have a servant to look after them and amuse them. But Yankee energy and thrift prefers other ways, and in consequence, there is, in every community, a number of excellent, intelligent, well-meaning women who have sunk from bright, pretty, interesting girls, into nervous, irritable, complaining drudges. If they have guests in their houses, they (the guests) feel themselves a burden, and are usually glad to escape. Social converse, intellectual conversation, music and amusements have small consideration where pickles and preserves, cakes and superfine cookery, fill the mind and busy the hands of the hostess.

But, as temperance workers say about the old drunkards, "They can not be saved; they are confirmed in their evil courses; but let us save the young—let us prevent the formation of the dreadful habit, which, once fixed, can not be cured." So I say to the martyrs. Go on and kill yourselves. There will be those who will breathe freer when you are gone. But, young wives and mothers, take a word of advice. Make life beautiful and happy, in so far as in you lies. Make home a cheerful place, and when you find yourselves overburdened, drop some of the burdens, even though your friends hold up their hands in horror at your inefficiency. Never, never, whatever else you may be tempted to do, never transform yourself into a domestic martyr.

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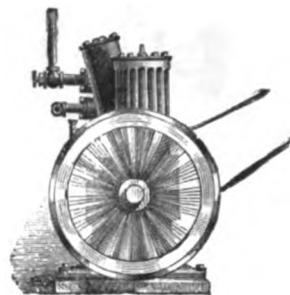
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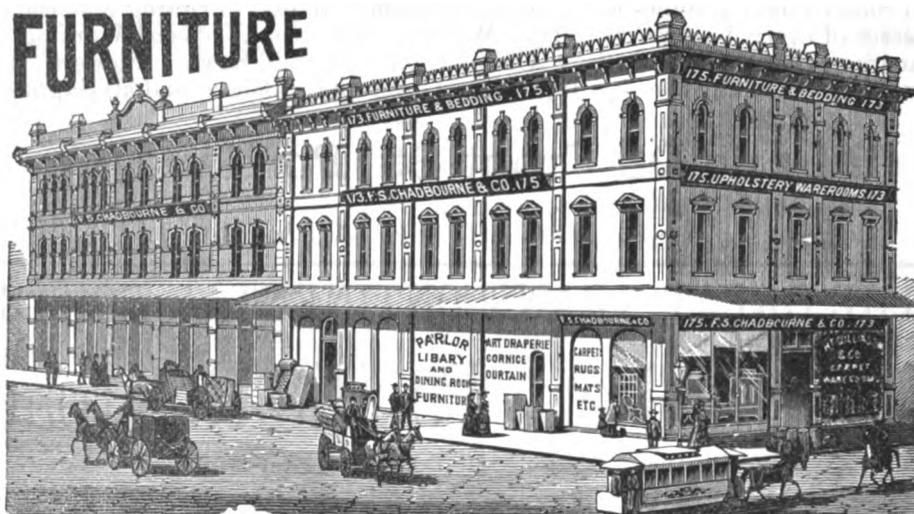
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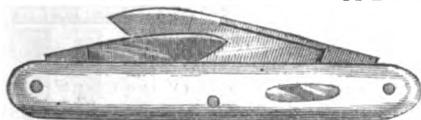
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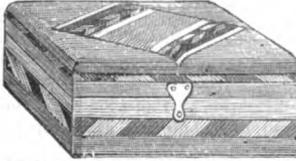
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The county seat of Lincoln county, is thirty miles nearer the Salmon river mines than any other shipping point on the Northern Pacific Railroad; stages run from here to the mines; the car shops and headquarters of the Northern Pacific R. R., Idaho, division, are located here.

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30 acres swale, 10 acres cultivated, house, barn, henry, etc., 15 miles from Tacoma.

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\$40.00 per acre—112 acres.

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Hop land, covered with vine maple and alder, 4 1/4 miles from Tacoma.

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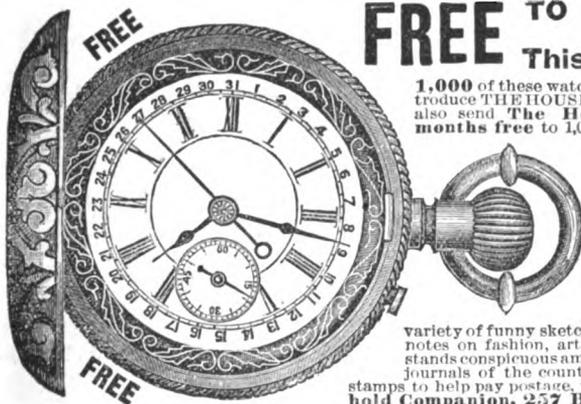
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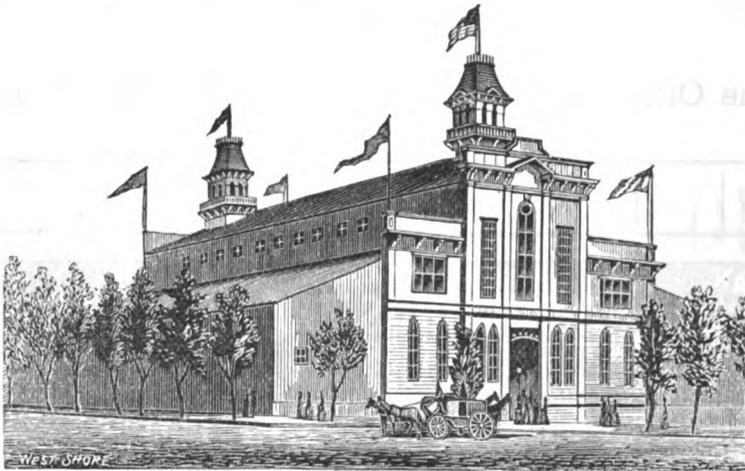
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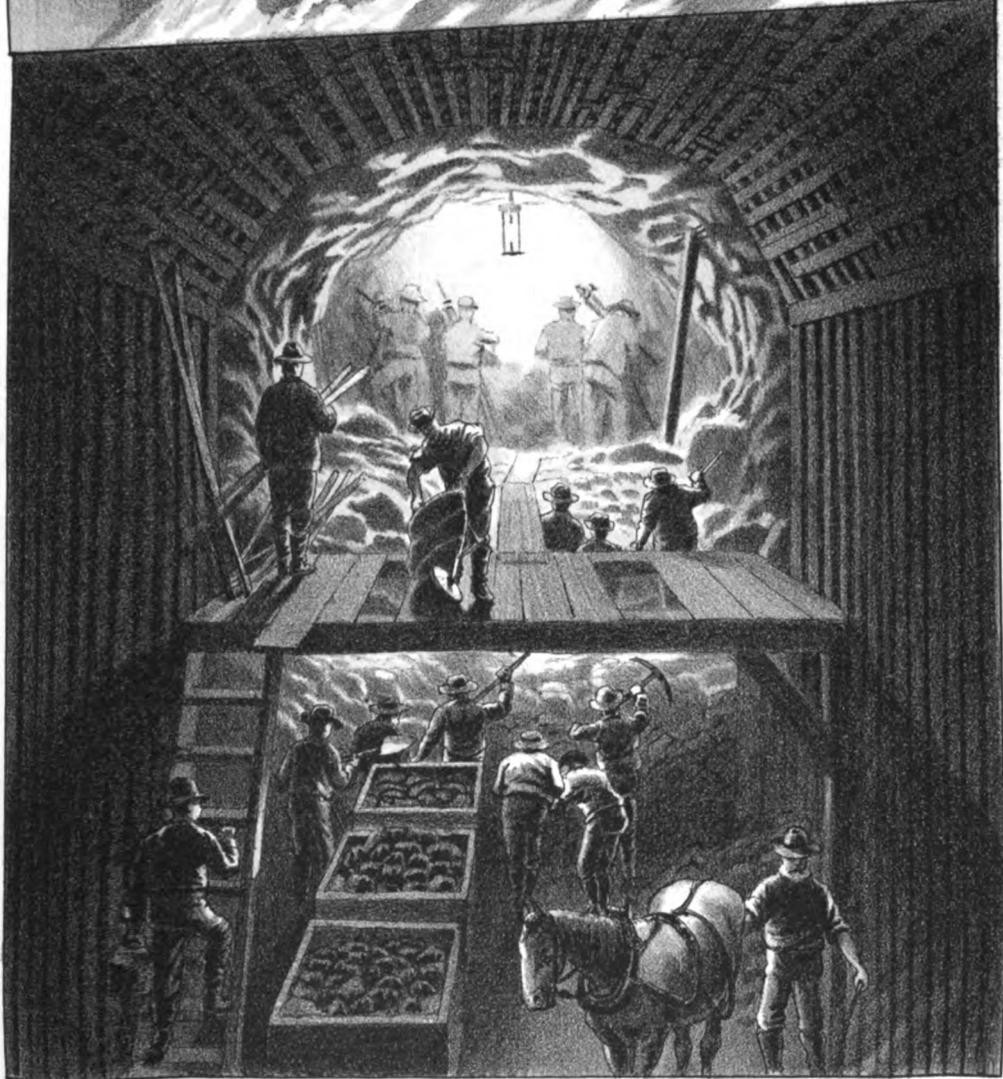
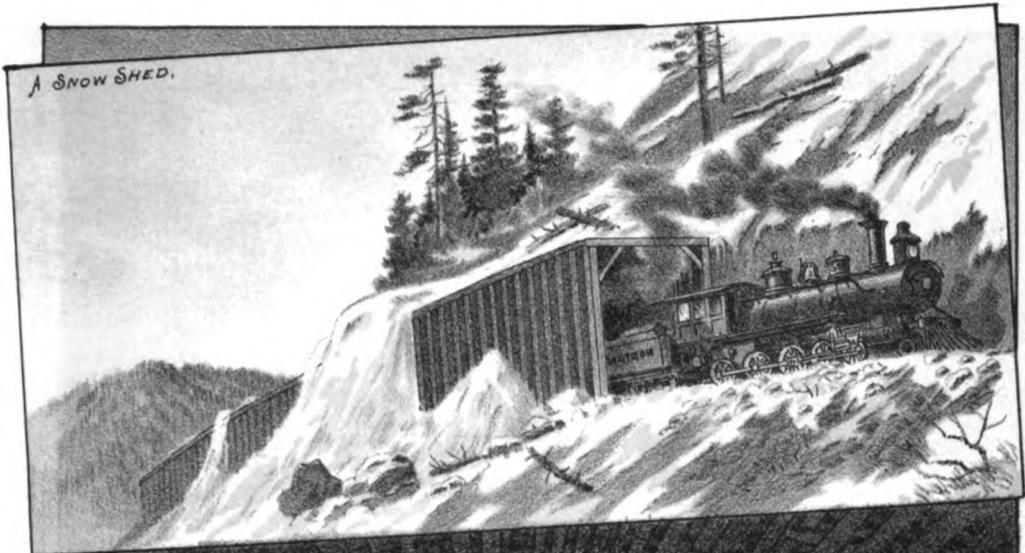
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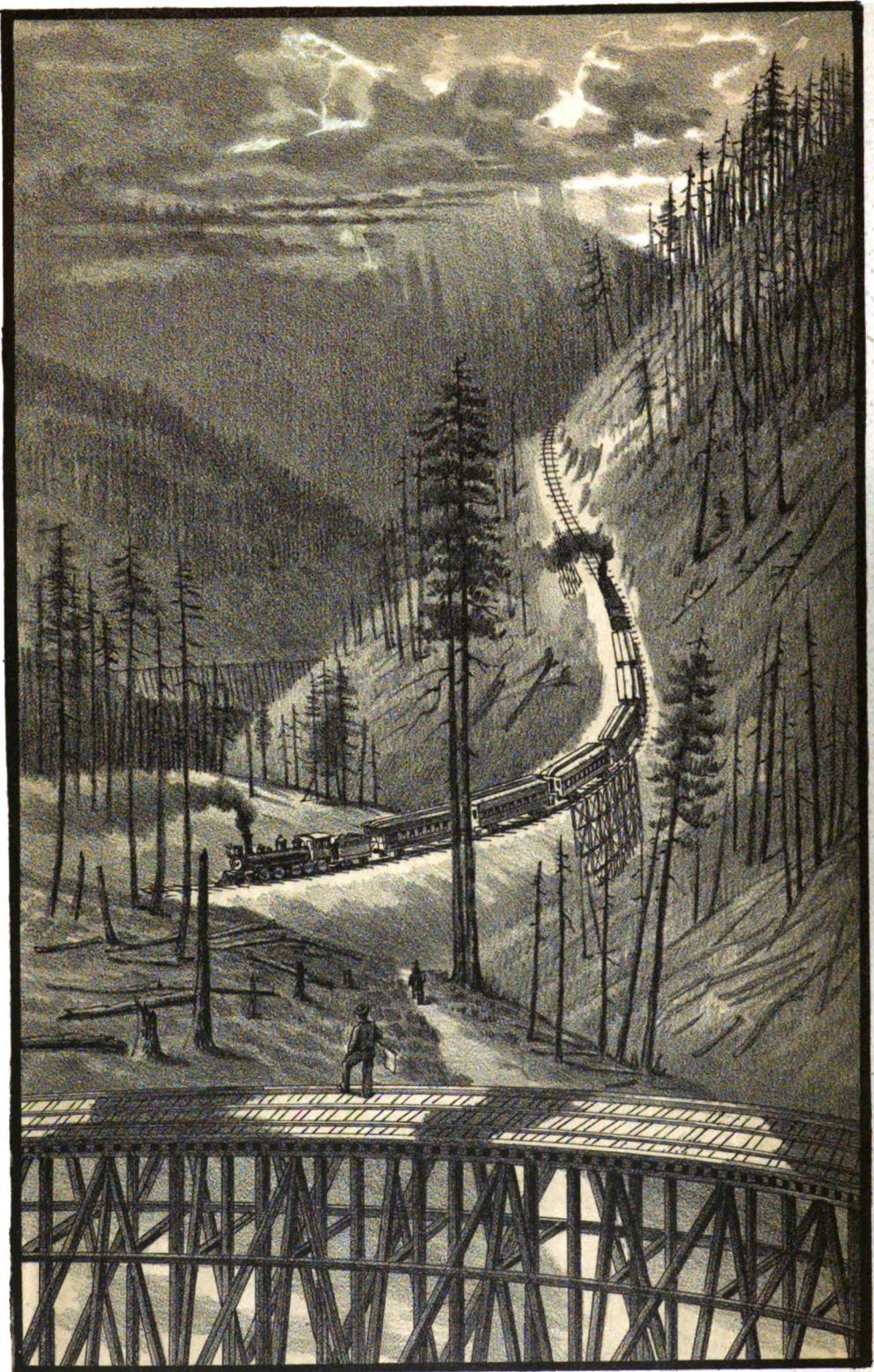
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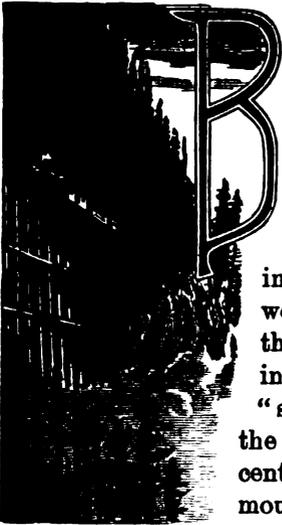
THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

NUMBER 9.

THE SWITCHBACK AND TUNNEL.



BABYLON, with all nations, has but recently had its site her great walls rescued from oblivion by an indefatigable antiquarian. The temple and statue fourteen miles of the Olympian Zeus rely upon history square, her alone for evidence of their magnificence temple of Belus, her palaces of Alexandria exists today only in the and her hanging gardens, which whose gleaming lights warn mariners to were reckoned by beware of the dangers of rock-bound the Greeks as being coasts. Of all the "seven wonders" of among the ancients, but one remains—the pyramids, which tower above the sands of "seven wonders of the world," has for Egypt—to bear witness to all generations, of the thousands of human lives centuries been but sacrificed in their construction, at once mounds of debris upon an open plain. the most ancient and enduring work of human hands upon the surface of the globe.

The huge colossus, which, with giant stride, guarded the harbor of Rhodes, has not cast a shadow upon the water for two thousand years, for half of which period not a fragment of it has been seen. The temple of Diana, at once the glory and pride of Ephesus, and the wonder of the civilized world, which occupied two centuries in its construction, and received contributions of material from more than one hundred kings, has been a thing of the past for sixteen centuries. The tomb of Mausolus, for a thousand years marvelous in the eyes of

But these works of older civilizations, from a scientific point of view, are insignificant.

nificant, compared with the achievements of modern times. They show what can be accomplished by the despotic ruler of millions of people, with the stolen wealth of nations at his command; a ruler who counts the lives of his subjects as nothing when weighed against his slightest whim. They do not, however, keep pace with the grand march of science in this nineteenth century.

Could these ancient builders re-visit the earth from that realm to which their spirits have fled, and behold the mighty achievements of our present age, they would be rendered speechless with an astonishment bordering upon awe. The mighty steamship, plowing the ocean at race-horse speed; the telegraph, flashing intelligence around the world with the rapidity of thought; the telephone, carrying articulate speech instantly to distances farther than many of them ever traveled; the electric light, dispelling the darkness like a mid-night sun; the printing press, disseminating knowledge among the masses; the railroad, uniting, with bands of steel, countries of which they never dreamed; great engines and substances of destruction, capable of razing to the ground in a brief period the mightiest structure their hands ever reared; these seven only, of the multitude of the products of science which have become so common to us that we cease even to think of them, would be classed by them as the "seven miracles of the world," beside which their "seven wonders" would sink into nothingness.

Of the achievements of modern science, the feats of railroad engineering rank among the first. The traveler of today is carried through tunnels that pierce the rocky hearts of mountains, is suspended at dizzy heights above deep gorges and turbulent rivers, on trestles and bridges, threads the mountain maz-

es on a sinuous trail, clings to the face of precipices upon a narrow shelf blasted from the solid rock, and crosses the summits of mountain ranges at altitudes bordering upon the region of perpetual snow. But let him journey from one end of the continent to the other, he can not find such another piece of eccentric railroading as that which he will experience in crossing the Cascade mountains by the famous switchback on the Northern Pacific.

When the Northern Pacific finally selected its route across the Cascade mountains by the Stampede pass, the engineers, in order to save a long and tortuous line across the mountains, expensive to construct and operate, located a tunnel, nine thousand eight hundred and fifty feet long, through the heart of the highest peak in the pass, at a level of eleven hundred feet below the lowest point on the summit. The estimated time necessary to complete the tunnel was two and one-half years, more than a year longer than was required for the construction of the road.

The company was very anxious to establish the route across the Cascades as speedily as possible, and so referred the question of a line over the summit to Adna Anderson, chief engineer. The problem was to overcome an elevation of eleven hundred feet in less than two miles, the length of the tunnel. The engineer reported he could carry the line over the mountain on the "switchback" principle, by building seven miles of track, about one-half on each side of the summit, with an average grade of nearly three hundred feet, and at a cost of \$300,000.00. The original cost of construction, provided the plan was adopted, did not by any means represent the expense incurred. The purchase of locomotives of enormous power, and the expense of operating such a line, where but a few cars could be handled at a

time, must be taken into consideration. The company decided to undertake it, and at once began the work. The line was completed early in the summer of the present year, amid the general rejoicing of the people of Washington, and has now been in successful operation for several months, the wonder and admiration of travelers.

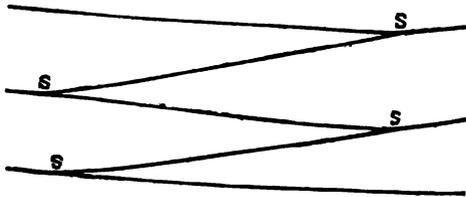
The writer left Portland on the regular east-bound train at 7:00 o'clock in the morning, and reached Tacoma at noon, where a train was speedily made up for the East, with Pullman sleeper and dining cars. Upon leaving Tacoma, the road crosses the flat at the head of the bay on trestle work, the grand form of the white-robed Rainier towering up to the sky to the southeast. This giant mountain, the highest of the Cascade range, has an altitude of fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-six feet, and is the central figure of the landscape from almost any point on Puget sound. We were soon passing rapidly up the beautiful and fertile Puyallup valley, the scores of hop yards, with their hundreds—even thousands—of Indian hop pickers, making a pleasant, interesting and altogether novel sight. Here and there along the river bank were huge Indian canoes, of peculiar pattern and finish, in which the owners had come from points along the coast, perhaps a thousand miles distant, to engage in picking the prolific hop crop of the Puyallup. As we neared the mountains and entered the foothills, we encountered evidences of the extensive coal mining being carried on at Carbonado, Wilkeson and South Prairie. At the last named place, the mountain grade begins, and from that point it was almost a steady pull upwards to the mouth of the tunnel, a rise in altitude of two thousand eight hundred and nine feet from the sound, then eighty miles behind us.

In approaching the tunnel from the west, the road follows up the canyon of the Green river for thirty miles. My first glimpse of this beautiful stream was obtained from the window of the dining car, while I was enjoying one of the really excellent meals served by the company. The clear mountain water, white when broken by obstructing rocks, and green as emerald in the deeper and more quiet portions, held a fascination for the eye that could not be resisted. The stream is a series of little cascades, connected by deep, dark green and silent pools, where lurk the delicious and gamy trout. It is one of the best trout streams in the mountains, and in the very midst of scores of ponds are the Green river hot springs, already noted as a summer resort and sanitarium. It is seldom that a health resort can offer the sportsman and angler such inducements are held out to them here. A hotel, bath houses and a number of cottages supply all needed accommodations and facilities for enjoying the medicinal properties of the springs and the sport of forest and stream.

Upon reaching the mouth of the tunnel, no time was lost in preparing to cross the summit—for we were behind time, and distant objects were gradually becoming indistinct in the light of a day rapidly drawing to its close. Our locomotives were detached and a huge decapod (so named because it has ten drive wheels—five on each side) was coupled to either end of the train. These monster locomotives weigh a quarter of a million pounds when the tank is full of water, and are the most powerful ever constructed.

Above us the mountain rose with almost perpendicular sides, and it seemed folly to expect to be carried over its summit while reclining on the upholstered seat of a Pullman car. The signal for starting was given, and the en-

gines, one pulling and the other pushing, with much puffing and labor, carried the train slowly up the first steep grade, which rose steadily before us for a distance of nearly half a mile. Here, having passed a switch connecting with a track leading in exactly the opposite direction, but ascending with the same steep grade, we stopped and started backwards, the former rear locomotive being now the forward one. This was done three times, the four tracks lying in tiers along the mountain side (see engravings on pages 652, 661 and 674). The following simple diagram shows the principle of the switchback so plainly that a child can understand it.



The positions of the switches are indicated by the letter S, the horizontal line at the bottom representing the main track at the level of the tunnel. It is easy to see how this method of construction will take a track up one side of a mountain, where it is impossible to have a continuous line by going around it. The engravings show the nature of the road, which consists largely of steep embankments, braced with logs and timbers, and long, high trestles.

After we had passing the third, and last, switch, we began running around among the small summit peaks in an exceedingly eccentric manner, always ascending. At one point we made a complete double horseshoe, the smoke of the engine at the mouth of the tunnel, now a thousand feet below us, being seen alternately from opposite windows. While we were thus going steadily upward, the darkness of night was as steadily closing down upon us, until, when we

stopped beneath the huge snow sheds at the very summit, the magnificent landscape which opens out to the eyes of the traveler who crosses the mountain by daylight, was obscured from our view.

The track on the eastern slope is very similar to that on the west, there being two switches instead of three. There is this difference, however—that the track in many places is covered with snow sheds (see engravings on page 651), which will be necessary to protect it from the numerous avalanches which rush down the mountain sides in winter. The company is building many miles of these sheds along its main line east of the tunnel, and work is being pushed on them with all the speed possible, in order to complete them before winter sets in. The headquarters of the contractors, Messrs. Glenn, Bonzey & Co., are at Easton, a few miles down the mountain from the eastern entrance to the tunnel.

As we approached the main line again the lights in the buildings at the entrance to the eastern end of the tunnel (see engraving on page 662) glinted through the dark treetops, and the dashing sound of the beautiful cascade at that point warned us that our journey was ended, and that the wonderful switchback had been safely crossed.

Work on the tunnel is progressing with great celerity. Several shifts of men are at work, day and night, by the light of electric lamps. By the platform system, as shown in the engraving (see page 651), progress is made on the head- and breast simultaneously. A visit to the interior, after a long journey in the dark, disclosed a busy scene at the end. A large gang of men were at work in the glare of an electric light, some of them boring into the face of the rock with air drills, others carrying the detached pieces of rock on wheel-barrows and dumping them into the little ore cars, in which they are drawn to the

mouth of the tunnel, others wielding picks in the breast, and still others timbering the completed portion. To me it was a novel, and almost weird, experience, to suddenly emerge from the dark passage upon such a scene of brilliance and activity in the very heart of the mountain, and I felt, probably, much as Rip Van Winkle did, when, in the rocky fastnesses of the Catskills, he encountered the spirits of old Hendrick Hudson and his crew, or those wanderers who, as German legends tell us, were captured by gnomes and goblins who inhabit the wilds of the famous Hartz mountains.

It is estimated that the tunnel will be completed in June, 1888, and when this is done, the picturesque, though ex-

tremely expensive, route across the summit will be abandoned. It is not probable that the switchback will be taken up, as it is likely to be needed at any time by an unexpected blockade of the tunnel. It cost the company much delay and money to rely the rails on the "overhead" line when the Mullen tunnel was blockaded last spring, and it not probable that this experience will be repeated in the Cascades. On the contrary, the switchback will probably continue for years to be the wonder and delight of tourists, who will no doubt prefer this novel method of crossing the mountains, with the grand scenery it opens to their view, to the more speedy one of gliding in pitchy darkness through the bowels of the earth.

H. L. WELLS.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF SPRAGUE.

WHEN the Northern Pacific was built across that portion of Eastern Washington lying north of Snake river, the managers decided to erect car and repair shops at the little town of Sprague, which had been permanently located and named in honor of Gen. J. W. Sprague, one of the names which stand prominent in the history of the construction of the road. The gentlemen who selected this location did so because it was about the center of the division, and therefore a very desirable point. They knew little of the resources of the surrounding country and that great agricultural region, the Big Bend country, which has since been so rapidly developed and rendered largely tributary to that city, was practically unexplored, and its agricultural value wholly

unknown. The developments of the past three or four years have shown Sprague to possess one of the best locations for an interior commercial city in Eastern Washington, both in its nearness to a large area of arable and grazing land, its position in the route of other railroads and its probable selection as the point from which to build branch lines into the farming and mining districts of the Northwest.

Sprague is the seat of justice of Lincoln county, which was cut off from Spokane in 1884. It is the chief business and railroad point in the county, and is the general shipping point, though located near the southeastern extremity. With a population of fifteen hundred, and a business reaching far out into the surrounding country, with business men

possessing energy tempered with prudence, it is enjoying a steady, progressive prosperity, without the evanescent "boom," which many towns cultivate at the expense of more solid and substantial advantages. It has reached its present advanced position through no forcing process, but by reason of natural causes, which are still at work and will produce greater results in the future. Without "leaping from crag to crag," as it often does in speculative towns, far above its actual value for business or residence purposes, property has been steadily on the ascendant, keeping pace with the growth of the city. Good residence property may still be purchased at from \$75.00 to \$100.00 per lot of fifty by one hundred feet, and business property is held at reasonable figures. These are considerations worthy of note by one looking for a good point to establish himself in business.

The impression Sprague makes upon the stranger who enters it by rail in either direction is a most favorable one. It has an air of business and importance which is generally remarked upon by travelers. Its large depot, numerous side tracks, car shops, warehouses, public buildings and business streets, are evidences of thrift which can not fail to attract attention. The engravings on pages 671, 672 and 673 give a general view of the city, one of its business streets and a number of its special features, which testify to its present condition, but can not speak of its future prospects, which will be set forth in the following pages. The wooden business houses erected early in the town's history are gradually being superseded by substantial brick structures, and a majority of new buildings erected in that portion of the city will undoubtedly be of the better material. An excellent quality of brick is manufactured near by, so that material of that kind is easily ob-

tainable. Besides the extensive car shops, there are already a number of brick buildings, such as the school house, the court house, three stores, a brewery and a bank, and several others are projected and will be erected soon. The age of brick and mortar has fairly set in, and a few years will see a great transformation in the city's appearance.

Last year Sprague shipped five hundred thousand pounds of wool and thirty thousand bushels of wheat, the latter coming from a region just beginning to raise wheat for export, but which is capable of producing millions of bushels annually. A large flouring mill has just been erected by Messrs. Hoffman & Stevens, which is supplied with full roller machinery to the capacity of seventy-five barrels of flour per day. The motive power will be steam. Ten times the quantity of wheat received last year will be brought to Sprague this season, the greater portion of which will be converted into flour at the new mill. Another manufacturing institution is the brewery, a large stone and brick building, erected at a cost of \$50,000.00. Its product is of a superior quality, and finds a market throughout Washington, Idaho and Montana.

Sprague is a splendid location for a foundry and machine shop. The large farming country tributary to it, with the new and extensive quartz mining region, to which it is nearer than any other point on the railroad, render it a desirable place for such an industry. There are a planing mill and lumber yard, a brick yard and a number of other industries, such as a harness shop, blacksmith shops, etc. Nearly every kind of business is well represented, a dozen stores carrying large and well selected stocks of goods, and doing a large trade with sections remote from the railroad, including the new mines on Salmon river. There are two weekly papers, the *Jour-*

nal and the *Sentinel*, three hotels, two livery stables, two drug stores, a book and stationery store, a furniture store, two hardware stores and a national bank. Three religious denominations—Congregational, Episcopal and Catholic—have neat church edifices, and the Methodists have a strong organization and hold services in a hall. The public school building was erected in 1885, at a cost of \$7,000.00, and is a substantial frame structure of two stories, excellently adapted to the use for which it was built. The school has an attendance of one hundred and fifty scholars, is well graded, and under the charge of three teachers. The sisters of St. Joseph have a large, two-story, frame building, in which a parochial school is maintained. A hospital is contemplated by them, to be erected as soon as arrangements can be completed. There are lodges of Masons, who own a hall, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Knights of Labor.

Sprague was incorporated by the legislature in December, 1883, and during the four years of its existence as a city, has spent much money on its streets and for other improvements. It has not, however, burdened itself with debt, and consequently it does not repel strangers who seek investment there, by a heavy rate of taxation. The city council has recently granted franchises to the Sprague Water Co. and the Sprague Electric Light Co. The former has a capital stock of \$25,000.00, and the latter \$50,000.00. These companies propose to put in complete systems of water works and electric lights, and are making arrangements to that end. Both companies were incorporated by George S. Brooke, D. K. McPherson, John J. Burns, J. H. Shields and W. B. Lottman, who are among the most enterprising and substantial business men of the city. The progressive spirit displayed by these gentlemen, and others, is doing

much for the advancement of the city. An evidence of this is the flouring mill. Mr. J. G. Stevens, the projector of the enterprise, was induced to locate here in preference to Spokane Falls, by a pledge of \$25,000.00, which was raised in a single afternoon. Similar efforts are being made to secure a woolen mill, and they will probably be successful, as about a million pounds of wool are sheared near Sprague annually. There are a number of improvements in contemplation, both public and private, among which is a system of sewerage for the city. A board of trade was organized by the business men last spring, and is looking closely after the city's welfare.

The largest industry of Sprague is that of the railroad. The company employs about three hundred men about the shops, yards and headquarters buildings. This is the division headquarters of the Idaho division, and here is located the company's land office for Eastern Washington. Fully half a million dollars have been expended in shops and improvements, the former being the largest on this end of the line. The monthly pay roll is \$30,000.00. These shops are permanent, and form a good foundation upon which to build a town, even without the other advantages of location found at this point.

Lincoln county, of which Sprague is the county seat, embraces much of the finest portion of the Big Bend country, now becoming famous as the largest area of good agricultural land in Washington. The county contains sixty-three townships. These embrace, on an average, twenty thousand acres of arable land, from one to two thousand of grazing land, and from one to two thousand of "scab," as those tracts are called where the soil is thin and the rocks crop out on the surface. The greater portion of the scab land is in the southern portion of the county, in the vicinity of

Crab creek, while the northern is almost unbroken agricultural land. The traveler is particularly cautioned against forming an opinion of this region from what he sees from the car window in passing through. The railroad has, for economy of construction, been built along a series of old channels, once water courses, but now dry, barren and desolate, lying many feet below the general level of the country. Let him alight from the cars at Sprague, and ascend to the top of the hills north of town, and he will enter a tract of fine, rolling, prairie land, stretching north to the Columbia and Spokane rivers, treeless, except in small patches along the water courses, but covered with the famous bunch grass, where not broken for cultivation. This region, once a great and unexcelled range for stock, has been rapidly settled and fenced during the past five years, being quickly transformed from a pastoral to an agricultural country. The stock interests are still large, and are chiefly centered along Crab creek, along which, for a hundred miles, there are many fine ranches and beautiful meadows. Much hay is put up for winter use on these ranches, but cattle and horses live almost constantly on the range, and require feeding but two or three weeks in January or February. Some seasons no feed is required whatever, stock grazing on the range the entire winter, and being in good condition in the spring. With the exception of about three miles of scrub land, the country to the east of Sprague is all arable, extending into the well settled and fertile Palouse region. To the southwest, also, stretches a large area of fine grazing land, which will eventually be converted into farms.

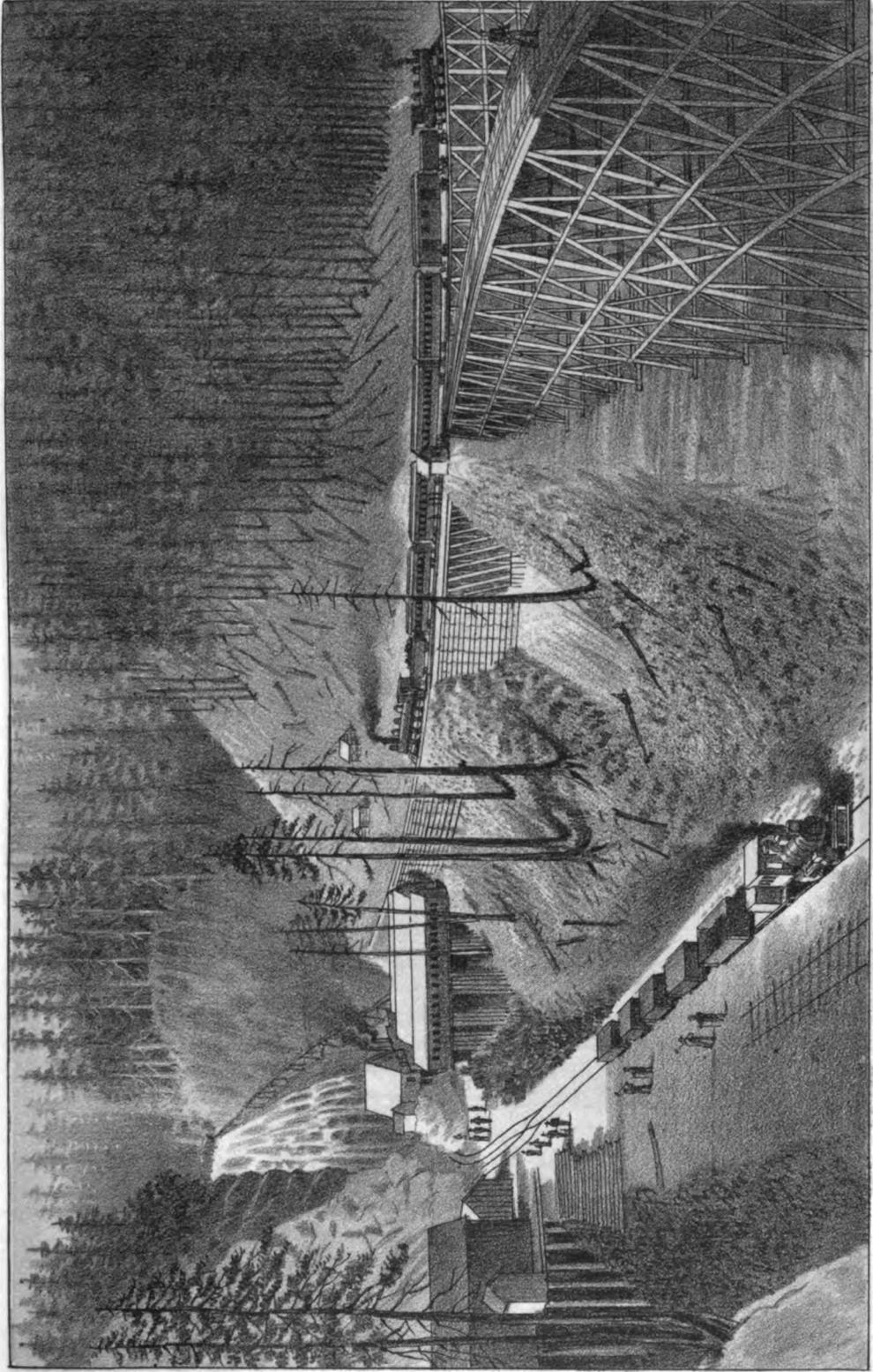
The shipments of stock from Sprague aggregate two thousand horses, ten thousand cattle and twenty-five thousand sheep annually; wool approximating one

million pounds; and wheat, the present season, in the form of grain and flour, probably a quarter of a million bushels. The rapid increase in acreage of grain renders the surplus for shipment comparatively small, as so much is needed for seed and to support the new settlers. The following extract from an article in the *Davenport Times* gives much practical information about this region:

Looking upon the map of the western part of the United States, the extensive territory of Washington is found, situated upon the extreme northwestern boundary. At a single glance the idea of the extreme cold of that far northwestern region would be impressed upon the mind. But such is not the case, as I will try to make clear to the reader who cares to know of this favored country—favored by being entirely exempt from the destruction of cyclones and tornadoes, that sweep from the earth the beautiful homes, and destroy so much valuable property and many lives in the East.

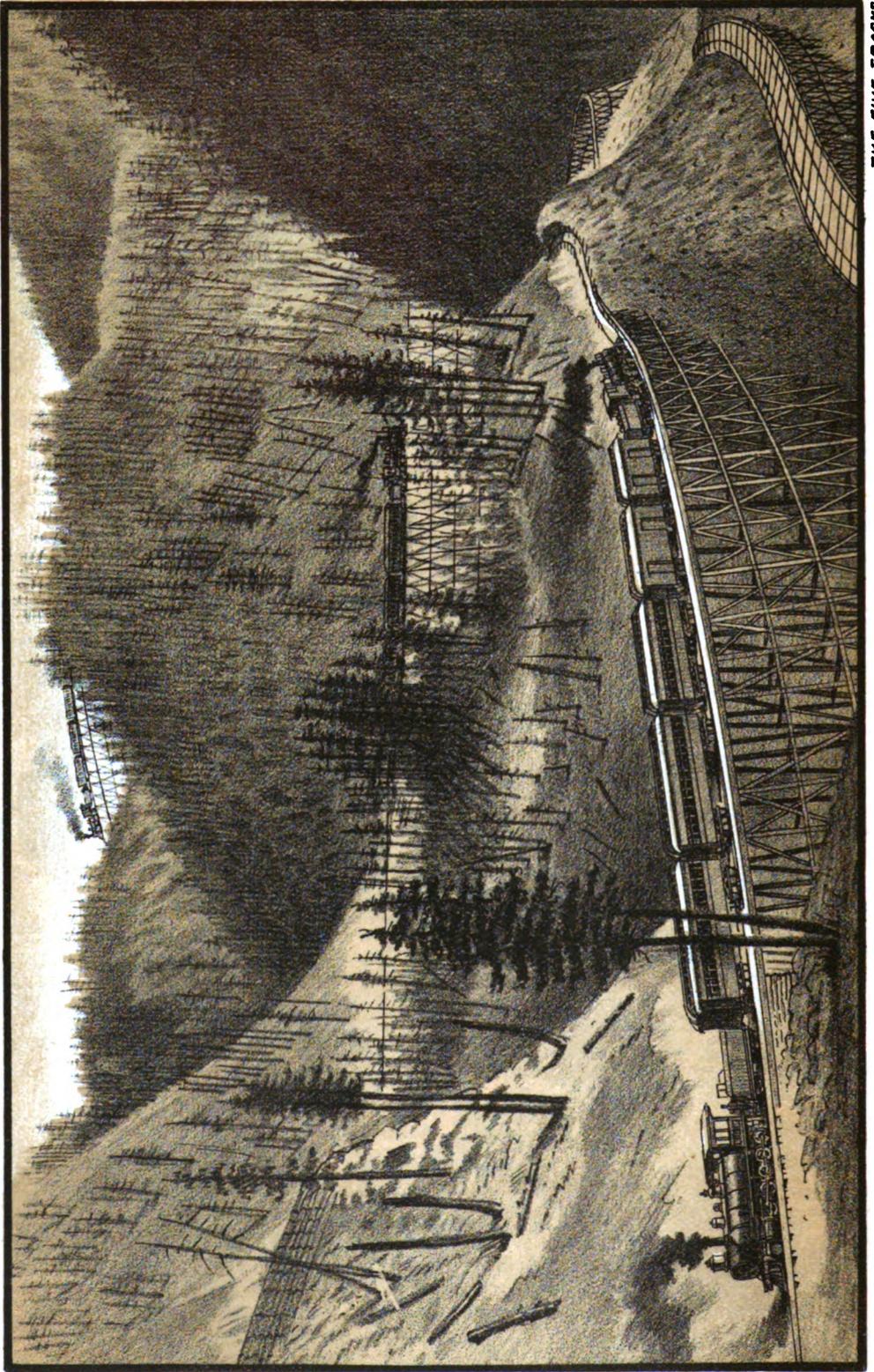
I wish to speak more particularly of the country known on the map as the "Great Bend" of the Columbia, and bordering on the Spokane river, which empties into the Columbia forty-five miles west of Spokane Falls, and twenty-one miles north of Davenport, and which specially presents to the immigrant advantages above many other sections.

Here we have a climate not equaled in the temperate zone, equally mild and suitable for the cultivation of all crops that can be raised in the temperate zone, in a latitude little below fifty degrees north. This climate has often been compared to England, and the same causes produce the warmth where we should experience an approach to arctic cold. The Japan ocean current courses through the Pacific ocean as the Gulf stream warms the northern countries of the Atlantic, sending warm currents of air to moderate the cold that would otherwise result. Degrees of cold are not so great here as in Illinois, Massachusetts or Kansas, with entire freedom from sudden changes experienced there, which is destructive to fruit buds and vegetation. There are not a dozen days that the thermometer falls below zero in winter, and it is nearer thirty above oftener than lower. In usual winter weather the mercury falls to eighteen or twenty degrees above at night. There is a noticeable lack of wind during the months of October, November and December, and the winter winds are almost invariably warm—in



EASTERN APPROACH TO THE BIG TUNNEL.

ACROSS "THE SWITCHBACK" FROM TACOMA.



THE FIVE TRACKS

ACROSS THE SWITCHBACK FROM TACOMA.

Indian jargon, the "chinook," or "good wind," blowing from the southeast, by which like magic the snow disappears in a remarkably short time.

It is a well known fact that snow is a wonderful protector of fruit buds, and when grain is protected by snow, as it nearly always is here, the certainty of a large yield is almost assured. A remarkable tendency of the soil to retain moisture, and the coolness of the atmosphere, explains the phenomena of the large crop yields without heavy rainfall in summer. A fall of two or three feet of snow occurs in January or February, settling to the depth of one foot, when the first sleighing is fully enjoyed by the energetic mountaineers. Roads are nearly always of the best, winter or summer. These broad plateaus, rolling hills and ranges of mountains are nearly two thousand feet above sea level.

The summers are delightfully cool, with the exception of a few days, when the thermometer reaches ninety degrees in the shade, followed by cool nights, when two or three blankets are required, rendering sleep really "tired nature's restorer," and fires not uncomfortable. A careful observer will notice that almost invariably a mist or fog follows frost in early morning, so that slight harm results to fruit buds. The tendency of almost everything to overbear is sometimes corrected in this way, part being destroyed.

The soil freezes very little under the warm coat of snow, and plowing is often continued almost up to the first of January, commencing again the first week in March. Potatoes left in the ground often "volunteer," and yield fifteen pounds to the hill. Potatoes under good cultivation sometimes weigh four pounds; stock beets, twelve; rutabagas, thirty; carrots, ten; cabbages, thirty pounds (have heard a well authenticated account of one weighing ninety, but I will not vouch for the story). Pieplant, melons, beans, peas, celery, cauliflower, cucumbers, artichokes, asparagus, pumpkins, squash, jump beans and sweet herbs do remarkably well on upland. Corn is grown for home use—meal and roasting ears. Wheat, barley and oats are the principal cereals.

Wheat not unfrequently yields fifty bushels to the acre; barley, seventy-five; oats, eighty. Of course these crops must be given the very best cultivation, and the season favorable, to insure such large yields. Rye, as far as tried, yields well, but is hard to eradicate. Hay can be grown profitably. Flax is a natural production. Beet sugar making will be engaged in

when the proper machinery for manufacturing the product can be procured reasonably.

Methods of farming are identical with those in the East. Prices of products very little higher. Living is as cheap, or cheaper, than in the East, from the fact of the farmers' ability to produce such heavy crops of vegetables, fruits, etc. The lumber interests will for many years employ much machinery and many men, and pays well.

Cattle raising can be engaged in here more profitably than in Colorado, Montana or Nebraska, and the abundant and nutritious bunch grass gives a nurture from which cattle are taken in good condition to the slaughtering pen. Cattle and horses live on bunch grass in the winter, but it is a cruel practice and loss often occurs. Stock should be fed about six weeks. Wealthy farmers are importing fine stock of all kinds, and are not greatly behind Eastern enthusiasts in that respect. Beef cattle sell on foot for \$30.00 to \$40.00 per head; milch cows, \$30.00 to \$35.00; a good team, about \$200.00. Farmers with small means use cayuses, the native Indian pony, weighing from three hundred to eight hundred pounds each, and ranging in price from \$5.00 to \$30.00.

Of cultivated fruit, the apple, pear, quince, prune, cherry, plum and grape do best. Of berries, strawberries are raised by the bushel. I have seen one—a James Vick—measure six inches in circumference. Gooseberries, raspberries, currants and blackberries could not bear better. I think high-bush huckleberries and blueberries can be raised. Cranberries are a success all along the coast, when the soil can be flooded. The wild red, white yellow and black currant bear abundantly near streams. The sarvice, or Juneberry, is to be found everywhere and is much used. Choke cherries and thimbleberries (a species of raspberry), and low-bush blackberries bear abundantly. Wild gooseberries are abundant, but too small to warrant the time to pick and prepare for use, when in two seasons, very large cultivated ones can be raised in gardens. The only kind of nuts are hazelnuts, which are to be found in some localities.

There is much desirable land open to settlement under the land laws of the government, much that can be purchased at a nominal price from the railroad company, whose office is at Sprague, and much that can be bought from present holders at from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre.

There are a great many quarter sections open to settlement which, by the records of the U. S. land office, appear to be taken up. They have been filed upon by parties not able to make proof, and are subject to entry again by any one who has not exhausted his rights. A little patience in looking up such cases will reward a settler. There is a class of shiftless men here, as elsewhere, who are always ready to "sell out" and go elsewhere, and good bargains may often be had from them. There is, also, much land which has been taken up by men residing in towns, who never intended to live upon and cultivate it. Much of this, also, is for sale at reasonable figures. The immigrant who alights from the cars at Sprague, will find himself at the nearest railroad point to a large area of the finest arable prairie land in Washington, where the opportunities to acquire land by homestead, preëmption or timber-culture entry, or by purchase, are good, and where he will meet courteous treatment and kind attention from the citizens.

While I was in Sprague I was shown a collection of the products of Lincoln county, which had been gathered for exhibition at the fair in St. Paul. There was wheat which yielded forty-two bushels to the acre, and oats which had given sixty-nine; corn of several varieties, large ears and sound and perfect kernel, one stalk of dent corn being thirteen feet and two inches in height; turnip weighing sixteen and one-half pounds; squash weighing seventy-five pounds; cabbage-heads weighing from twenty to forty pounds; pumpkins of enormous sizes; melons—water, musk, cantaloupe, nutmeg and banana—of good size and delicious flavor; cucumbers, both of the ordinary and snake variety; tomatoes, onions, beets, peas and beans of the best quality; Japanese radishes, both black and white, and potatoes of large size

and sound center, as white and mealy as any that ever came from the ground, which had produced from one hundred to three hundred bushels to the acre. There were specimens of cultivated grasses, including great bunches of alfalfa grown on the top of the hills without irrigation, and timothy six and one-half feet high, with a head nine and one-half inches long, also wild rye grass eight feet high. In the line of fruit, though early in the season, there were splendid specimens of pears, apples, crab apples, prunes, plums and peaches. Taken altogether it was a magnificent exhibit, and when it is considered that it was gathered from a newly settled region, which was but a few years ago considered only fit for a stock range, it forms one of the best possible evidences of the rapid and wonderful development of Eastern Washington.

The Colville mines, which have come so prominently into notice during the last two years, lie due north of Sprague, with which they are connected by a good wagon road, by the way of Fort Spokane, near the mouth of Spokane river. Both of these points are nearer Sprague than Spokane Falls, yet the mail routes have been established from the latter place. All the supplies for Fort Spokane are freighted from Sprague, and if the Western mail were sent by the same route it would reach the fort a day earlier than by the present route. An effort is being made to have the postal authorities take proper action in this matter and establish a route from Sprague. The same is true of the now famous mines of Salmon river, in the Okanagan country, north of the Columbia. The distance to these mines from Sprague is about thirty miles less than from Spokane Falls, and a mail route should be established from that city. Much teaming to the new mines is being done from Sprague, which possesses the two ad-

vantages of the shortest route and the least streams to cross. It is this fact which renders Sprague such a good location for a foundry and machine shop. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the richness of the mines. It is conceded by all practical miners that on Salmon river have been discovered mineral lodes of extent and richness superior to any others in the entire Northwest, and such being the case, it is evident that the railroad town which becomes the base of supplies for the mines must derive a great benefit from that fact, grow rapidly and prosper amazingly.

The railroad outlook is a cheerful one. This is the most advantageous initial point for a branch line of the Northern Pacific into the Big Bend country. Last fall the citizens of Sprague organized the Sprague & Big Bend Railroad Co., and made a preliminary survey of a route to Condon's near the Columbia, with a branch to Davenport. They found a practical route, with easy grades, through a fine agricultural country which would supply a paying local traffic. By building this line the Northern Pacific would place itself sixty miles nearer the mines and tap one of the most extensive and productive agricultural regions in the Columbia basin. Whether the Northern Pacific builds such a route or not, there seems to be no doubt that the O. R. & N. Co., when it decides to extend a line to the new mines, will do so by the Sprague route. Endicott, twenty miles to the south of Sprague, is the nearest town on the line of the Palouse branch of that road, and the best situated as a starting point for the mines. The most natural and available route from that point is by the way of Sprague and the line surveyed by the citizens to the northwest. Pressure in Portland, and a due regard for its own welfare, will no doubt compel the O. R. & N. Co. to thus tap the mines of Sal-

mon river, as they are now doing those of the Cœur d'Alene.

There is, also, a good prospect of another transcontinental route passing through, or near, Sprague within two years. The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern is building across the mountains from Seattle, and has expressed an intention of going through the Big Bend country, which they will undoubtedly do, as it is on a direct eastern route, and is the finest body of agricultural land within reach of that road, and is within easy reach of the new mines. The topography of the country is such that a line of this kind, especially if it is to form part of a through line crossing the Bitter Root mountains, would cross the Northern Pacific in the vicinity of Sprague, and it is a fair presumption that the company would prefer to pass through the city to crossing at some point where no business could be had. It is supposed by many that this road is to form a portion of the Manitoba system, which will be completed from St. Paul to Butte this fall. Major Rogers, engineer of the Manitoba, has spent the spring and summer in a reconnoissance of the region lying between the Rocky mountains and Puget sound, looking up the most practicable route for a railroad, crossing the Bitter Root mountains, the Palouse and Big Bend countries and the Cascades to Puget sound. This line, when definitely located, must pass through, or near, Sprague, for the reasons given above. It would seem, from the considerations mentioned, that Sprague has excellent prospects of soon becoming a railroad center of considerable importance.

There are several other towns in the county, such as Davenport, Harrington, Mondovi and Sherman. The former lies north of Sprague and has a population of about 300. It is the terminus of a branch line surveyed by the

Sprague & Big Bend Railroad Co., and of good business houses, and a good newspaper, the *Times*, published weekly. It is one of the rising agricultural towns of Eastern Washington. was formerly the county seat, by selection of the legislature when Lincoln county was created. It has a number

THE HUMBUG WAR.

THE number of creeks and mining camps baptized "Humbug" by some disappointed miner, who had expected too much and realized too little, was legion in the early days of gold mining. Some of these have been re-christened, while others still bear their honors proudly, and live to prove that a homesick and disappointed miner is not always the best individual to decide on the merits of a mining camp. The one where occurred the event which, like the little cloud, grew till it covered the whole heavens and threatened to strike the United States from the map of the world, is the Humbug so well known in Siskiyou county, a few miles northwest of Yreka. In no portion of California and Oregon did the people suffer so much at the hands of hostile savages as in the region of Klamath and Rogue rivers. The mountain tribes were more fierce and warlike than were their humble and lazy brethren of the valleys and sunny slopes of the Sierras and Cascades, and from the time the miner first set his foot in the mountains that roll away in all directions from the feet of their white-haired monarch, the noble Shasta, a constant warfare marked their intercourse with the native proprietors of the soil. Scarcely a year passed by without a war of extermination being carried on with some of the many tribes, and a continual state of skirmish existed in several localities. For an Indian to appear in any mining camp immediately after an outrage had been committed, was an insult to be punished with instant death. The miners were busy and could not spare the time to try an Indian. They occasionally tried a white man who had fallen under their displeasure, but time was too valuable to be wasted upon a dirty Indian, and a rope or a bullet soon settled matters. It was a favorite practice. "Good Indians" were in demand, and this was the usual method of making them. A number of natives always lived at peace with the whites, and these had frequently to suffer for the iniquities of their more turbulent relatives.

One day in the latter part of July, 1855, two Indians, under the influence of liquor, that vile product of civilization, that has done more to exterminate the savage races than the bullets of their enemies, were riding along the lower Humbug, and were met by a man named Peters, who endeavored to learn from them where they had procured the whisky. One of them resented such undue familiarity by shooting Peters with a pistol, and was himself wounded in the abdomen by the dying man, who drew his revolver and fired as he fell to the ground. The two then dashed off

toward the Klamath river at full speed, while the news that the Indians had killed a man spread like wildfire along the creek. Men swarmed out of their claims, seized their weapons, and prepared for revenge. Two companies were organized, and started that night for the rancheria, on the Klamath, to capture the murderer and bring him back for punishment. The next morning they came upon the Indians on the opposite bank of the stream, a narrow but deep, rocky and turgid torrent. All overtures to the savages to send over a canoe were refused, and, finally, a noted Indian fighter, who rejoiced in the name of Greasy John, sprang into the stream and swam over, covered by the rifles of his companions. He secured the canoes, brought them back, and the men crossed over, had a talk, and took Tyee John and two young bucks prisoners, leaving the wounded one, as he was expected to die in a few hours. While going up the divide between Little and Big Humbug, the captives took off most of their clothing, innocently remarking, "Too muchee hot," an opinion perfectly in accord with that held by a majority of the party. Suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, they made a leap for liberty, plunging down the mountain side with leaps and springs such as a man running down a steep declivity only can make. One of them was seized and secured before he had taken six steps, but Tyee John and the other escaped, followed first by a few scattering shots, and then a rattling volley of harmless bullets. The remaining prisoner was taken to Humbug City, and the unusual course of a regular trial was followed. Justice McGowd discharged him and sent him back the next morning under guard.

The return of Tyee John and his companion to the rancheria was the signal for a general massacre. That night they passed down the Klamath, and thirteen men met their death in the darkness and silence of night. When the men in charge of the returning prisoner reached the Klamath the next morning, and learned of the cruel work of death its banks had just witnessed, they promptly shot the young buck, threw his body into the stream, and returned to Humbug with the horrible news. If the miners had been excited before, they were now doubly so. Men were sent out in all directions to warn the miners to be on their guard, as there was no telling where the blow would fall next. An Indian was captured on the creek and taken to Cody's trading post, where he was shot and tumbled into a "coyote hole." Two Shasta Indians were caught the same afternoon in Yreka, and put in jail on suspicion. The next morning Dave Colton, the sheriff, since famed in railroad circles of California, let them out into the hands of a mob, and they were quickly strung up to the limb of a convenient pine tree. This was done in a most heartless and barbarous manner. Men crawled out on the limb and raised and lowered the strangling men by the rope about their necks. The mob then made a raid on the negro quarters, claiming it was there that Indians procured whisky and ammunition. Here they were overawed by the determination of one man, and the better element of the town soon suppressed them. The same day the people of Deadwood bethought them of a friendly Indian who was working in a claim on McAdam's creek. He did not belong to the tribe that committed the massacre, and had not even heard of it; but that made no difference—he was an Indian, and that was crime enough. They took him into custody and sent him with an escort to Yreka, where they well knew he would take his place with the others on the

tree; but before going far the prisoner was shot from an ambuscade, when his escort tumbled him into a mining shaft, and returned to Deadwood to report progress.

When the news reached Scott river, the rougher element captured Rising Sun and another peaceable Indian, who were working in a claim, and took them to Scott bar. By this time night had set in, and the crowd gathered about in the darkness to see their champion, Ferd. Patterson, a noted desperado, who finally met his death in Walla Walla, shoot the two prisoners. One of them he killed, but Rising Sun sprang through the crowd, brandishing a huge knife some friend had given him, and rushed down to the river. He ran nimbly across the foot-log, and then dropped silently into the stream and lay under the log with only his nose and mouth out of the water, while his pursuers passed over his head and ranged up and down the river, firing at every stump and shadow their imagination could torture into the semblance of an Indian. When all was quiet, Rising Sun departed for happier scenes. The next day after this, a large party of half-drunken men went from Humbug City to the mouth of Humbug creek, where was a small rancheria of peaceable Indians, and killed two old bucks, two boys and a squaw, the others escaping across the Klamath. While these twelve innocent Indians were being killed, preparations were going on for a pursuit of the guilty ones. About the first of August four companies, one from Scott river, under Captain John Hale, and three from Humbug, under Captains Lynch, William Martin and Daniel Ream, left the Humbug for the north side of Klamath river. They numbered, in all, one hundred and seventy men. As the volunteers approached, the Indians retreated toward Oregon, and finally scattered, so that they could

not be followed. Two of these were found to have gone to the Fort Lane reservation, on Rogue river, and proved to be members of the Rogue river tribe, living on the reservation.

Here was a difficulty. The fugitives were under the sheltering wing of the United States. The first instinct of an American citizen, when dangers threaten or calamities fall, is to meet and pass resolutions. It is the great safety valve of the nation. Having met and given vent to his feelings, the American citizen feels that his duty has been nobly done, and retires to his home with quiet satisfaction. The volunteers called a meeting and drew up resolutions, preceded by a long "whereas," which stated their grievances, and wound up with the following significant passage: "That if at the expiration of three days, the Indians and property are not delivered to us, and the permission to seek for them is not granted, then we will, on our own responsibility, go and take them wherever they can be found, at all and every hazards."

A committee of one from each company was deputed to present these resolutions to the commandant of Fort Lane. This individual was "Old Baldy," well known to the nation as Gen. W. F. Smith. To him the committee presented themselves and made known their errand, placing in his hands the formidable document that was to make the army of the United States quake with fear, and turn pale the cheek of the brave captain who received it. He read it, but his cheeks blanched not; instead, they were suffused with crimson. The paper trembled in his hand, but it was passion, and not fear, that shook his frame. He burst out with an oath, and said he had a notion to arrest them all; that the Indians were under his protection, and would be delivered up to the proper authorities when demanded in a legal man-

ner; that the settlers of the valley were then gathering in their crops, and to excite the Indians on the reservation would bring ruin and desolation to the whole valley, a statement that bloody deeds and burning cabins but a few months later amply verified; that he understood his business, and did not propose to be dictated to by a set of irresponsible volunteers, who were determined to stir up trouble and inaugurate a devastating Indian war; that if any volunteers came near the fort with arms in their hands, he would blow them higher than Fortuna's servant blew the dragoon.

Back went the committee to their anxious comrades, and detailed the reception they had met with at the hands of Captain Smith. It was then unanimously agreed to attack the fort on the third day if their demands were not complied with by that time. Plans of attack were suggested and rejected; observations were made of the surroundings. Finally, a most strategic scheme was evolved, such as has no equal in the most brilliant ideas of Cæsar or Napoleon. If there was any one weapon the miner understood as well as, or better than, he did the revolver, it was whisky. Just what could be done with whisky they all knew. They had seen its effect upon others, and had tested it upon themselves. They resolved to entice the private soldiers away from the reservation, get them all drunk, and then march in and occupy the premises. The whole thing was so easy it made them laugh to think of it. In imagination they could see themselves marching boldly up, while the valiant captain shrieked and howled for his blue-coated minions to repel the attack, and silence alone gave answer. It was funny. They met around the camp-fire to talk it over and poke each other in the ribs. The United States seemed about to be plunged into a war, in which the first

victory would perch upon the banner of armed rebellion. The West Point hirelings were to be utterly routed and demolished before the forty-rod tarantula juice that flowed from the sutler's tent. Alas, for the schemes of the brave volunteers! Captain Smith planted the two cannons at the fort in a commanding position, put the whole camp in a state of defense and sat down with impatience to await the coming of the volunteers who proposed to whip the United States army. They came not. They saw the preparations made to receive them, and were satisfied that an advance on headquarters would be no picnic excursion. This of itself was enough to discourage them; but what finally broke the back of their plans was the utter failure of the liquor scheme. Not that the liquor was not strong enough, but the soldiers could not be inveigled from the reservation. The strategists learned that the fatal defect in their plan was their ignorance of the usages of the army. They then discovered that, in times of peace, leave of absence is granted to but few at a time, and in times of war to none. This was an occasion demanding the presence of every member of the garrison, and the whisky lay in the sutler's tent with no one to drink it.

The volunteers lay in their camp on Sterling creek on the night of the third day, preparing for the work of the morrow. Captain Martin sat beside his camp-fire absorbed in thought. The whole United States rose and passed in procession before his mind, and at last the little mining camp of Humbug and the few volunteers on Sterling creek, who proposed to inaugurate a war against this mighty power. He laughed. He sauntered over to the headquarters of Lynch's company, where the men were busily getting ready for what was before them.

"Well, boys, getting ready, are you?"

"Bet your life."

"Well, I am not."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been thinking this thing all over, and have come to the conclusion not to let my men go into it."

"Why not?"

"Well, we take a pretty big contract when we undertake to whip the United States government, and those of us who don't get killed will most probably spend the remainder of our days in Alcatraz. The view from there is lovely, I know, but I am inclined to the opinion that it would soon become monotonous—too much of the same thing, you understand."

It was wonderful how quickly the opinion gained favor among the others. The belligerent volunteers became as harmless as doves. They were at once reminded that their claims were lying idle, and that they had started without a supply of provisions or sufficient clothing, and that the nights on the mountains were cold. Back they hastened to the familiar haunts of Humbug, to delve again for the shining ore, and tell what they would have done to the army if the whisky had not gone back on them. California and Oregon are full of men sitting around and telling what they would have done, or how rich they might have been, if something had not happened, while their meat and grocery bills steadily increase.

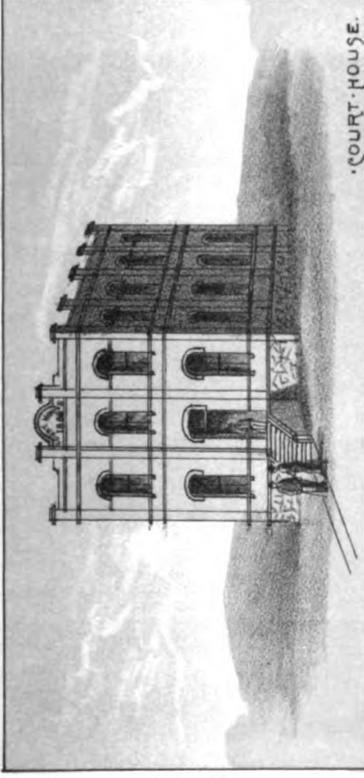
In the following September was commenced that great Indian war that devastated Southern Oregon from the head of Rogue river valley to the ocean, and from Port Orford to Crescent City, in California. Scores of whites and Indians were killed, and the smoke of burning cabins filled the air. When this was over and peace was restored, the two Indians implicated in the Klamath massacre were surrendered by Captain Smith, to the sheriff of Siskiyou county, and lodged in jail in Yreka. The grand jury met, but failed to find evidence sufficient to bring an indictment against them. This made no difference, for their death was as certain as if the sheriff had the warrant for their execution.

Friends of the murdered men were about town awaiting developments. Sheriff Colton released the prisoners, but he had taken pains to let these men know when it would be done. The irons were stricken from the Indians' limbs, the door was opened, and they were told to go, that they were free. They went, but some men walked up, locked arms with them, and led them just south of town, where they were shot and thrown into an old mining shaft, where their bones lie to the present day. One of the most absurd features of this whole affair is, that the volunteer companies which besieged Fort Lane have actually been paid for their services by the government.

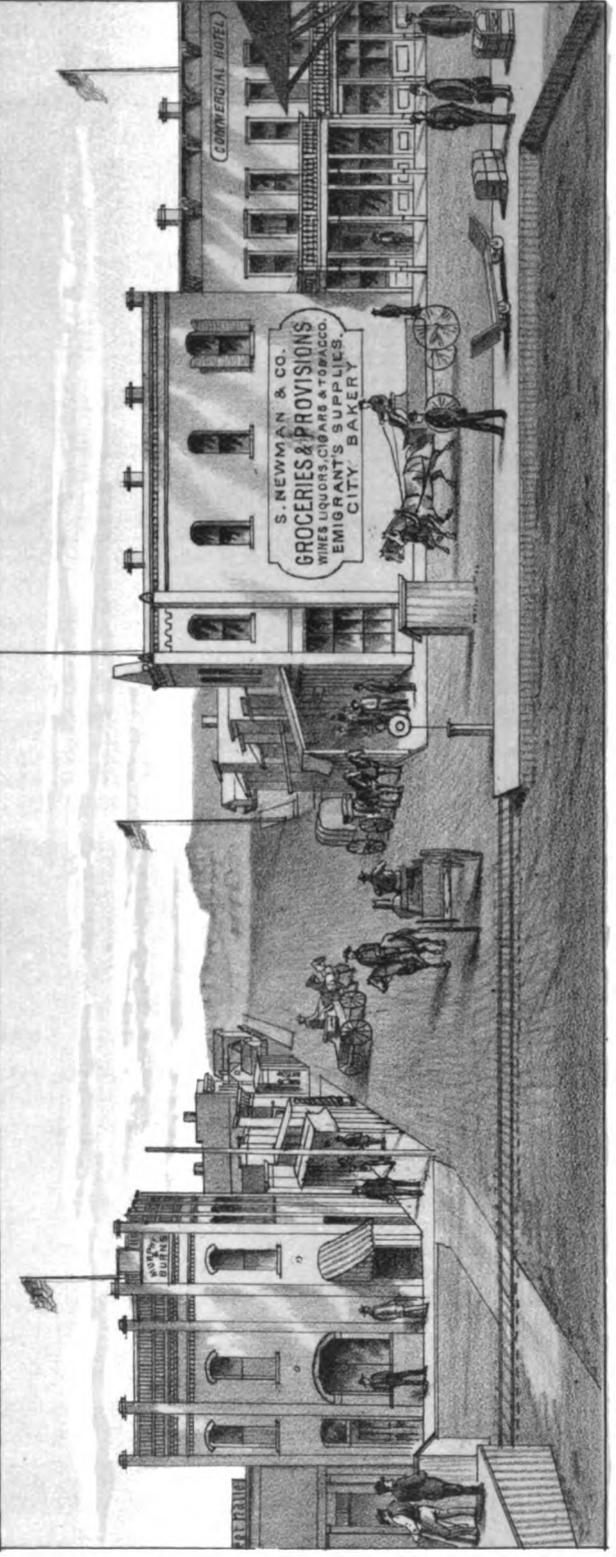
HENRY LAURENZ.



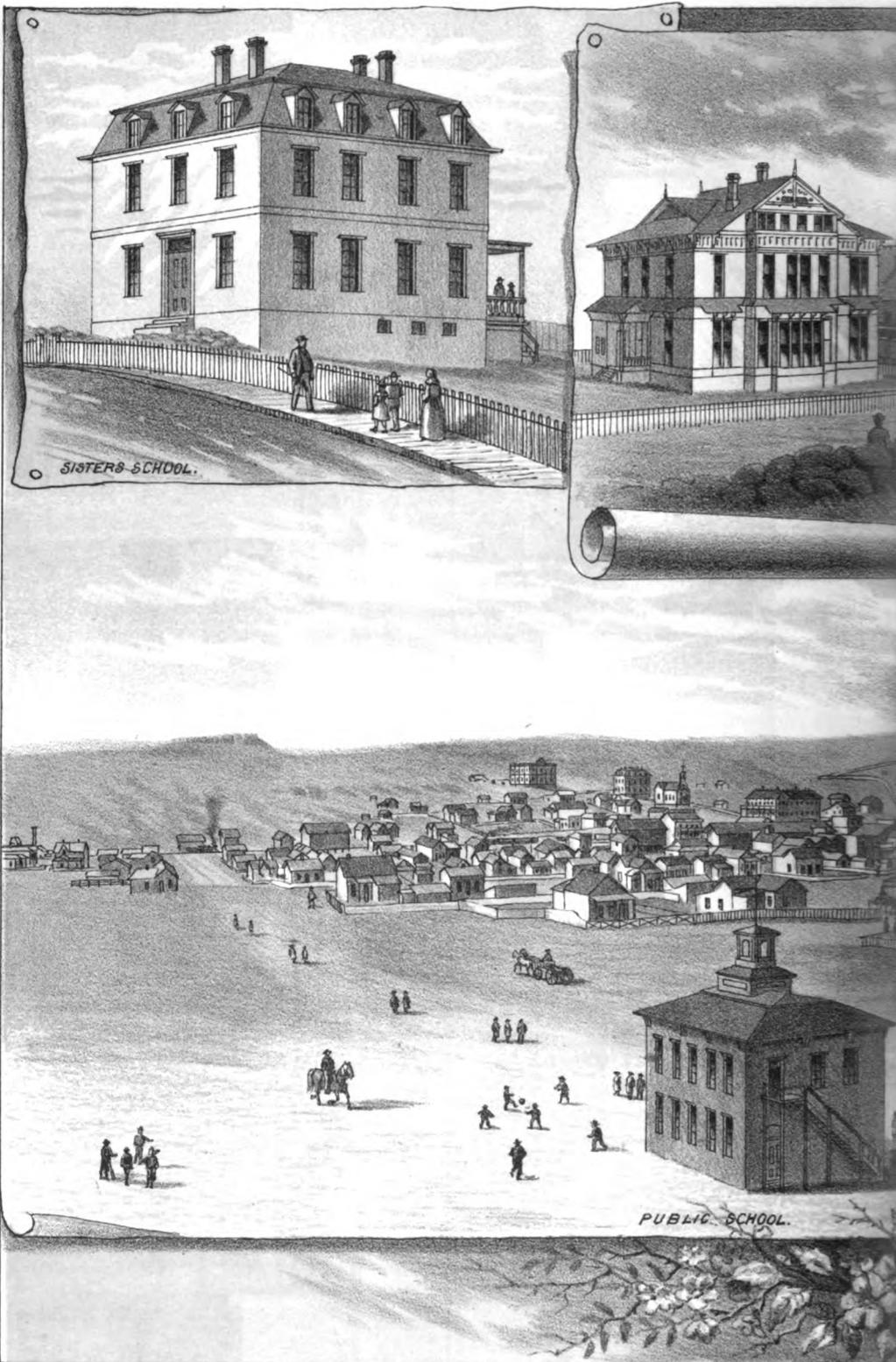
ROLLER MILLS.



COURT HOUSE.



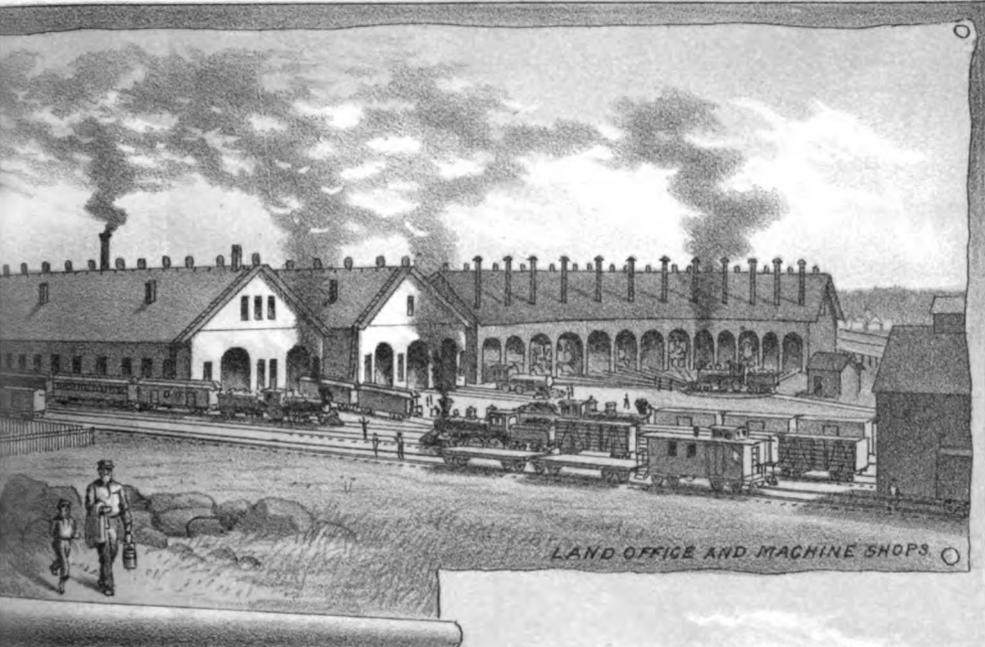
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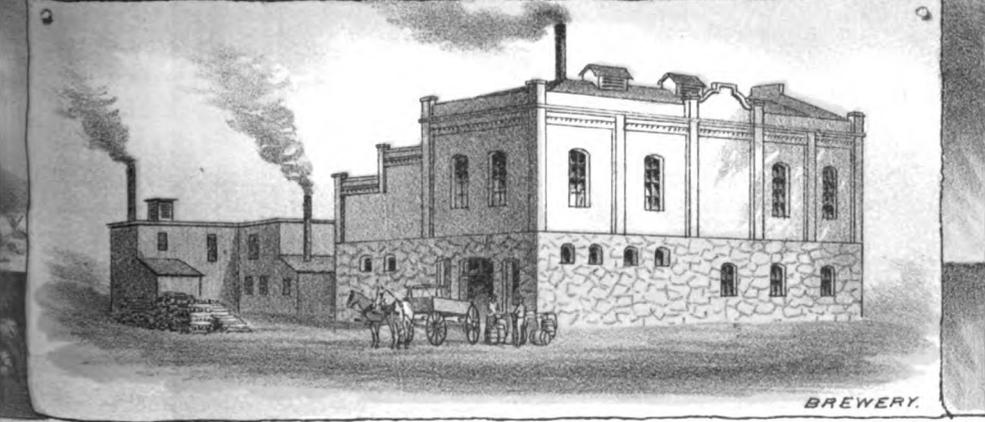
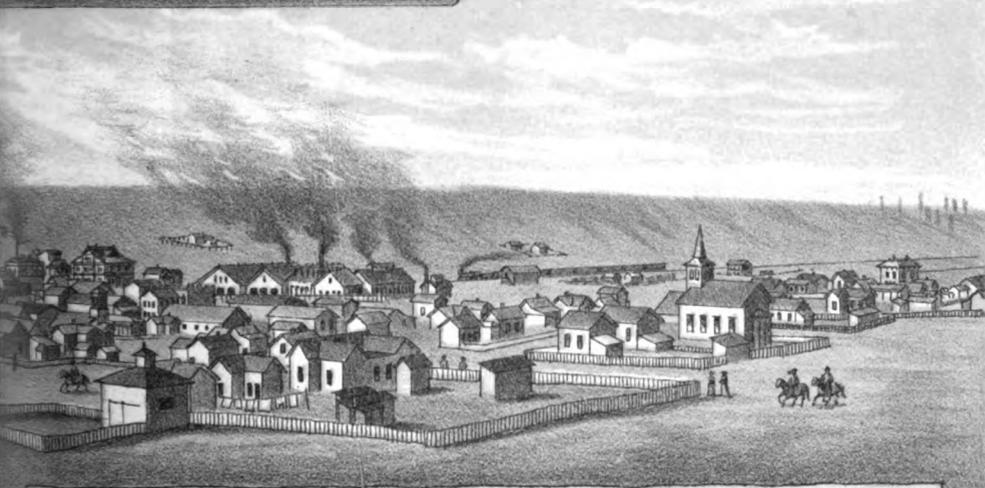
SISTERS SCHOOL.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

WASHINGTON—GENE

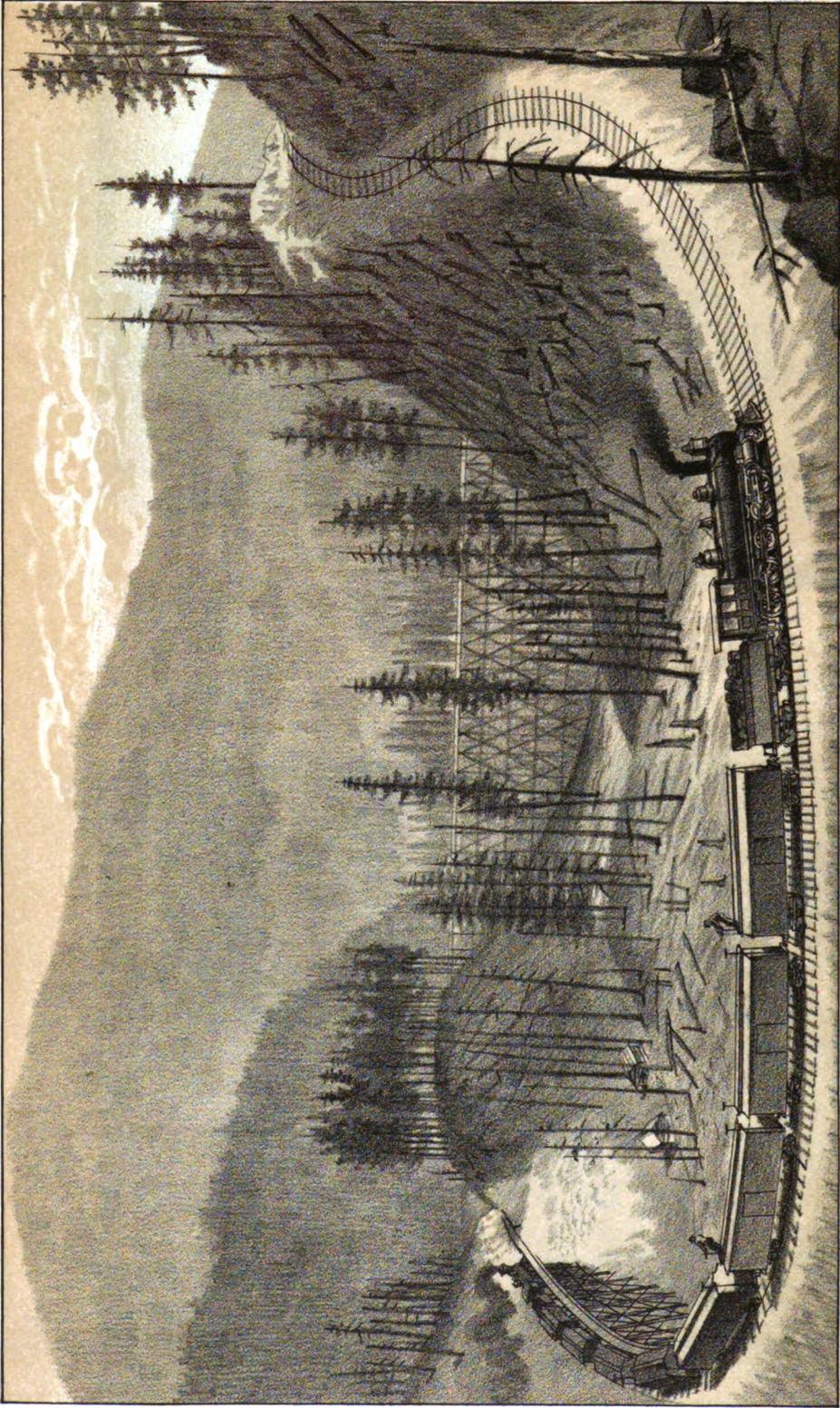


LAND OFFICE AND MACHINE SHOPS



BREWERY.

VIEW OF SPRAGUE.



THE DOUBLE HORSESHOE.

ACROSS "THE SWITCHBACK" FROM TACOMA.

IN THE TULE.

IN the Northeastern part of Oregon lies the lovely Grande Ronde valley. Like a vast amphitheater—designed by nature, for life's great drama—it is low and level, but entirely surrounded by the irregular Blue mountains; while over it bends, eternally, a smiling azure sky. Half-way across this valley is a soft, marshy tract of land known as "the tules." Here, tall and perfect, grow the painted and brodered cats-tails; and here, also, at certain seasons of the year, a false step on the deceptive surface of the earth would take one down to a terrible death. Straight through this swamp, a year or two ago, came the railroad. Old settlers shook their heads and said there would be a terrible accident there some day; but the work progressed steadily, and when the summer came, trains began to run, regularly, through the Grande Ronde valley.

On a ranch, adjoining the tules, lived farmer Deane. His wife was dead, and his little daughter, Nell, kept house for him. She was a thrifty little housewife, too, though only fourteen years old, and a sort of sister-mother to her little six-year old brother. All her life Nell had lived in the shadows of the Blue mountains. Of the busy world they shut out, she knew nothing. She had no books to read, and her father toiled early and late, and had forgotten the little he had ever known of any other or different life. In the summer she arose at four o'clock in the morning, and went merrily forth, in the early sunshine, to milk the cows. At six she returned to the house

and prepared their simple breakfast. Then, when her father, with a hopeless face, and stooping shoulders, had gone, patiently, like some dumb, tired animal, to his day's drudgery, there were the dishes to be washed; the milk pans to scald, and scour till they would reflect back Nell's healthy, sparkling face; the milk to be put carefully and neatly away in the cool, dim spring-house; Bertie's hair to be combed, his face to be washed, his lessons to be taught; there was bread to be baked, and an early dinner to be cooked. For the long, drowsy afternoons there was always sewing; and for the sweet, fragrant evenings, when Nell longed to go out and run, like some wild, free thing, over the fields to the hills beyond, there were everlasting mending and knitting.

So she found no time to indulge even her love for nature. But, sometimes, she would pause in her work if a robin perched in the old cherry tree and poured out his soul in song; and a troubled, far-away look would steal over her rapt face, as though she had strayed back into some other world, where, once, she had heard this music. Or, if her clear eye watched a lark soar over the valley, and disappear over the mountain-line, something would rise up and fill her little breast to overflowing—a something she did not understand herself, but which was, really, a wild longing to be free; to pass over those eternal mountains, and see some other life beyond.

When the railroad came it comforted her. It seemed, to her, like a thing of life, winding on its shining way till it

was lost in the cañons. It bore past her life from the outside world. She took it, and all that concerned it, into her empty heart, and loved it; even as the engineer loves his engine, which never seems inanimate to him. Nell's home stood on the edge of the tules, and the railroad ran through the center of the latter a quarter of a mile from her door. But never, day or night, did a train pass but she heard it, and ran to her window to look at it, and dream of it, and of the precious human freight it bore.

One cool, crisp October night, Nell and Bertie were alone. Their father had gone to "town" to stay over night, and, as she locked all the doors at dark, and took the sleepy child up-stairs to bed, a sudden feeling of loneliness took possession of her. After Bertie had said, drowsily, the simple prayer she taught him, and fallen asleep in her arms, she laid him gently down, and, going to the open window, threw back the curtain, and looked anxiously out. It was a still, moonlight night, almost as light as noon; but, all over that level country not a living thing or a light could be seen. Only, far away in the pastures, tinkled the cow-bells, as the cattle grazed on the grass greened by the previous week's rain. Suddenly, as she looked and listened, a dark cloud drifted over the moon, and, again, a shiver of loneliness shook her slight frame for a second. She called all her courage to her aid, and, hastily undressing, crept into bed beside her little brother, and soon fell into a heavy slumber. How long she slept she did not know. She was aroused by a frightened cry from Bertie.

"Nell! O, the tules are on fire!"

The child was standing up in bed, his eyes, wide open with horror, turned to the window.

"I dreamed it, Nell, and I jumped up and—"

Nell sprang out of bed, and half dressed as she ran to the window. As she fell on her knees by the casement, a sound smote the still, night air that turned her cold with horror. It was the shriek of the locomotive, up in the mountains—the one that carried through the midnight passenger train.

"And father gone!" she whispered, with shaking lips.

It was not for herself she feared, for the wind was blowing the fire from her home. But the railroad was burning in the midst of the tules.

Only a quarter of a mile further on the road curved around the mountain, and then went climbing, twisting, up the cañon. The engineer, being compelled to run slowly and cautiously over the mountain, began to run like lightning as soon as he reached the mouth of the cañon, to "make up time."

Already, in imagination, Nell could see the headlight flash around the curve, could hear the wild shriek of distress from the noble engine, and then—

She put her hands tightly over her eyes to shut out the awful sight she had conjured up.

"There's only me," she murmured, shuddering; then repeated, "only me!"

But, suddenly, she sprang erect, her eyes dilated and flashing, her face glowing.

"If only there's time!" she cried. "If only there's time!"

Then she stooped over Bertie. Her eye was calm now, her voice steady. "Bertie," she said, "dress, and sit here by the window till I come back. Do not *move* till I come back. Do just as sister tells you, and if the wind should change, and the fire turn this way, take the road to town, and run—*run*—never stop."

She shuddered at the thought. But she knew if she hesitated all was lost. So she stooped and kissed him.

"Remember, Bertie," she whispered, once more, "do not move till Nell comes."

And the child repeated after her, with wide-open, frightened eyes: "Not ti' Nell comes,"

Down the rickety stairs she sprang, and, running down to the barn-yard, found two light, narrow boards, which she dragged behind her. She ran to the edge of the marsh, threw one plank out on the treacherous surface, paused one instant to wave her hand to Bertie, and sprang lightly upon it. It quivered beneath her weight, but did not sink.

She ran to the end, dragging the other after, and flung it out beyond the one upon which she stood. Then she stepped upon it, stooped, with a clear head, and lifted the one she had first thrown down. So far she had often gone in play, but had never ventured more than two lengths from firm ground.

But a quarter of a mile! Could she do it? And if she failed, might not the fire circle around her and shut out both paths? She did not dare think about it. A glance at the rapidly-spreading fire revived her sinking courage. She made her way, slowly now, but steadily, and had almost reached the track, when a brighter glare and an intense heat caused her to glance behind her. The fire had made a sudden leap and was chasing her, being already uncomfortably near. She did not utter a sound, but her face turned white as death, and a silent prayer filled her heart. Mechanically she turned to take another step forward, and then, for the first time, she felt that she was sinking.

"God, help me!" she murmured solemnly, and the wish crossed her mind that she might sink, entirely, in that awful mire rather than be burned to death. She thought of her home, her father, and Bertie. How could they live without her? And, after all, her sacri-

fice would be in vain! Only God would know how hard she had tried—how hard!

But, suddenly, a wild cry of joy broke from her; her feet had touched something firm. Instantly, flashed through her mind the remembrance that she had heard her father say that in some parts of the tules there was firm ground about a foot beneath the surface. Trembling, she took two or three steps forward, knowing that no fate could be worse than the one in store for her if she hesitated. The ground still seemed firm beneath her feet, and she went plunging, like some wild thing, through the mire, sinking half-way to her knees at every step, or leap.

Breathless, she reached the track, gave one glance behind her, and one thought, in gratitude, to Heaven; drew her breath quickly and fully, and then sped on her way. Stumbling, staggering, panting, she rounded the curve and found herself in the full glare of the headlight of the approaching engine.

"Too late!" she cried, with a breaking heart; and then, as though she felt *somebody* must hear, she flung her arms above her head and shouted aloud: "Fire! fire!—in the tules!" and, seeing they did not seem to hear or notice her, her courage suddenly failed her and she sank, fainting, upon the track. The engineer saw her as she fell, and instantly reversed the engine; but it was too late. The engine passed slowly over the slight form, and the wheels flung it over to one side of the road. Another second, and the train came to a stop; and not a moment too soon; one more length and they would have started on a steep downgrade, and no earthly power could have stopped them in time.

Strong arms lifted little Nell, and womanly hands made a soft bed of rugs and shawls. Her body was frightfully crushed, but her face was uninjured, and, though dying, her eyes were clear

and fearless. Every heart was full; strong men wept like children, as they looked down upon her. Feebly, drawing long, gasping breaths between words, she spoke:

"It's—all—right. If—you—hadn't—run—over—me, you'd—never—known I—meant you—to stop. Tell—father—and—Bertie—"

Hours afterward, when the fire was under control, they carried the sad news to Nell's home. At an up-stairs window, looking out with wondering, tired eyes, sat a little child.

"Ti' Nell comes back!" he said, always, when they spoke to him.

But Nell never came back again.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

A STAMPEDE.

THE threatened abandonment of the old Chisholm cattle trail, leading from below Fort Worth, Texas, up through the Indian Territory, Kansas and Eastern Colorado, brings to mind a story, typical of the cowboy' life, as well as of the trail. It was on my first trip west of the Mississippi, and the train had stopped at Ogallala, a little cow town on the Union Pacific railroad, for dinner.

Ogallala was like all Western towns at that time, had only one street, and that parallel with the track. The buildings, most of them south of the track, and facing it, were built of rough lumber, one story high, with huge, gaudily-painted signs, such as "The Cowboy's Retreat," "Little Daisy Dance Hall," "Rest for the Weary Cow-puncher," and similar characteristic names, all destined to lure the reckless, devil-may-care cowboy, who, just in from the long, dusty drive, fell an easy victim. It was then the terminus of the trail; every herd of cattle or band of horses invariably wound up there, with all the animals that were left, the drovers having a practice of selling, from the time of crossing the

Kansas line, all the way up through Colorado, and into Nebraska. As the train drew up at the station, the unwonted, and altogether novel, sight of some fifty cowboys, all in their strange, not to say picturesque, garb, consisting of stiff-brimmed sombreros, leather chapporajos, and high-heeled boots, drove all thought of an anticipated poor dinner out of mind. Some were seated, leaning on their horses' necks, others lounging in front of the saloons, or on the platform, while still others were either going or coming at full speed along the dusty streets.

There was one young fellow with such a frank, pleasant face, that he at once drew attention to himself, as he stood by the door opening into the dining room, laughing with one of the waiting maids. He was of average height, slight, but well-limbed, and judging by the faint suspicion of a moustache, which adorned his otherwise smooth, even boyish, sun-burned face, he could not have been more than twenty. He was decidedly a dude cowboy, for the broad sombrero, surmounting his black, curly hair, was of spotless white, while the leather

hat band was heavily studded with silver buttons. Around his neck, he wore a bright red silk handkerchief, knotted in a careless way, forming a not unpleasant contrast to the dark blue, closely fitting shirt. His trousers were completely hidden by a magnificent pair of chapparajos. They were made of Angora goat skins, with the long, silky wool, undyed, left on the front of both legs, the leather facing being stamped in flower designs. His feet were small, and encased in fine, tightly-fitting boots, with "three inch," or "ten cent," heels, so called because they were so high that when tapered off, they were, at the end, just the size of a dime. Silver inlaid spurs, with massive silver conchos ornamenting the spur straps, completed what was, in spite of the garrish colors, an altogether pleasing picture.

As the crowd from the train surged in to dinner, he was left alone, the girl going inside to attend to her duties. Turning away, he began to roll a cigarette. Wishing to draw him into conversation, I approached him and extended my well-filled case. He thanked me and accepted one, and immediately said—

"You are just out from the East, are you not?"

I replied in the affirmative, and after some little conversation, I drew the following story from him:

"You ask if the life I lead is not dangerous and exciting. Well, I don't know that it will sound exciting, but if you had been with me just after we got into the territory this trip, you would have thought so, I reckon. We went into camp one night after a long drive, with all hands tired out. I was the only white man in the outfit, besides the boss. We had a nigger cook, three greasers, and four nigger riders. I was drawing pretty good wages, and was the top hand. It was our custom to be with the herd all the time, night or day, either the

boss or myself. I would stand guard half the night, with two of the hands on three-hour reliefs, and the boss would stand the other half on alternate nights. It so happened, that the night in question, it was the boss' first relief, and I did not have to go on until midnight. As I said, we were all very tired, and as soon as I got something to eat, I turned in, and it did not seem as if my eyes were closed, until I opened them, as one of the greasers shook my blankets and told me the time.

In a few minutes, I had mounted my horse and was out with the herd. The boss told me where they lay, and at which points the restless ones were trying to get away. After rubbing my eyes and getting thoroughly awake, I rolled a cigarette and took a rapid ride around the herd, to see if the nigger and Mexican were on hand. I then noticed that some heavy clouds had begun to bank up in the south, and, every now and then, vivid streaks of lightning shot across the sky. I found the animals quiet enough, most of them lying down, and all well in hand. We were in a little draw, with a high bluff on one side, a creek on the other, and away up the stream stretched a broad, level country. The boss was always very particular in selecting his "bed grounds," so as to have a fair chance in case of a stampede.

"I was sitting, smoking and thinking, I don't know how long. There is nothing that makes a man think of his home and sweetheart, like standing his relief with a herd of cattle. Away off on the prairies, everything was quiet and still all around, except for the steady crunch, crunch of some cow chewing her cud, or the long-drawn breath of a contented brute, stretching himself, and the occasional bark of a cayote off on the hills. As I was saying, I was thinking and half dreaming for some time, it might have

been half an hour, when suddenly, without any warning, a clap of thunder burst over us, that made me jump in my saddle, as the horse reared and plunged; a second more, and a flash of lightning, making things as bright as daylight, revealed every cow on her feet, and all huddled together in a small bunch. The peal of thunder, which followed, was hardly over before the lightning began to hiss and crackle, as it played over the sea of upturned horns, in one seemingly continuous stream of angry blue fire. A frightened bellow of some poor beast was followed by a rumble and roar, that fairly outdid the thunder, and the ground trembled as if an earthquake was upon us.

"My horse, after his first plunge, had stood perfectly still, shaking like a leaf, but in that second he bounded forward as if shot out of a canon. It all happened in a moment; scarcely four seconds could have elapsed from the first thunder clap until I was rushing through the darkness at tremendous speed, and I knew it was a stampede, and that I was in the lead.

"Gentlemen, you have no idea what that means; you can't comprehend it until you have been there yourself. Often, around the camp fire, I had heard men talk of a stampede, and of being caught in the lead, and had wished I might have the experience, even while the men themselves told the tale with bated breath, and with the fervent prayer, that never might they again be placed in a similar position.

"I was scared—scared to such a degree that I was nerveless—and it is a mystery to me how I kept my seat those first few moments. Behind me I could hear—almost feel—that great, compact, moving mass of animals. No sound came from them, but the mighty thunder of the thousands of hoofs, which seemed to have sent a chill, as of ice, to my very

bones. As I remembered the long stretch of level country, which lay ahead of us, I began to hope, and in another moment I had regained all my faculties. Gathering the reins up close in my hands, I urged my horse forward. I remembered the creek on my right, and the bluffs on my left, and all the time I had an unformed thought, that a swerve in either direction, to say nothing of a prairie-dog hole, and I would pass in my checks; yet I seemed to have hope, and began to reckon how far the bluffs extended up the stream, and wondered if I could not begin to turn them.

"On and on we went. It seemed to me that we had gone ten miles already. My horse was breathing loudly, but not for a second did the brave little fellow think of giving up; not until he dropped would he have done so, as long as he heard that awful rumble behind him, scarcely twenty feet away. Still we kept on, and I began to feel that we were swinging off to the left, and at the same time, were ascending a slope. In a moment more and we were on level ground again. The herd had been bearing to the left, and were now up onto the mesa, at a point above the bluffs.

"The night had been so dark I could not see my horse's head. The lightning had ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and now the moon began to break through the clouds. The feeling that we were still bearing more and more to the left, gave me greater hope, and presently I heard a shout, and I knew the boys were all there, on the right wing, crowding the cattle to the left in a circle. 'If you can stand it a little longer, old boy,' I said to my horse, 'we are safe.' The pace began to slacken, and the circle to grow smaller, and I knew if my horse could keep his feet for ten minutes more, the cattle would begin milling, and the race would be over, and my horse and I safe.

"But even as I spoke to him, he began to totter, and with a shriek I will never forget, he pitched forward, rolling over and over. A cloud of dust, a rush of heated air, and I was sitting on the ground holding my head. The cattle had gone past me and I was safe, without a bone broken. The horse lay about twenty feet away, with his head doubled up under him, dead. The fall had broken his neck.

"My horse had been bearing to the right all the time the cattle had been

bearing to the left, and when he fell, we were on the edge of the herd, and the fall had thrown us both clear of the cattle, who were running in a close, compact bunch."

The engine whistled, and as the conductor cried "All aboard," I gave the young fellow a hearty grip of the hand and left him smiling, and as I entered the car, he turned to the girl again, and Ogallala was lost sight of in a cloud of dust.

BAILEY AVERY.

THE WILD MAN OF CAMAS.

IN Fairfield, Illinois, between the years 1850 and 1861, there lived a grandson of Philip Nolan, named Clarence Nolan. The history of the grandfather, as published by Edward Everett Hale, is well known. It will be remembered that in 1807 Philip Nolan was a lieutenant in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of the army was called under Jefferson's administration. Nolan, with others, made an attempt to capture that portion of the United States west of the Rocky mountains, for the purpose of setting up an independent and separate government. He was apprehended and taken before a court martial presided over by Colonel Morgan, and when questioned as to what, if anything, he had to say in his own behalf as a citizen of the United States and an officer in her army, laughingly replied, "D—n the United States. I wish I may never hear of the United States again!" In fifteen minutes after this the court decided to send him out upon the seas, never again to see his native land or hear her name mentioned. The sentence was carried out, Philip Nolan dying at sea on May 11, 1863. He was a man very fond of adventure, and was willing to enter into anything that would lead to it, let it be honorable or dishonorable. The punishment he received was severe, but not more than deserved was under the circumstances. These few words in regard to Philip Nolan are not because of his connection in any way with this story, but only to show that the characteristics and peculiarities of people for good or evil will reappear in after generations, and to urge our claim that men may commit crimes because they have inherited the germ, and it is a part of their being.

Clarence Nolan, and Alfred Danforth were schoolmates in Fairfield. They occupied the same desk from 1855 until 1861, during which time Nolan was looked on favorably by the teachers, and enjoyed a good name among those with whom he was most intimately acquainted.

Danforth also held a place in the hearts of his associates; and, both being unusually bright lads, advanced rapidly in their studies, and at the close of their school days graduated with high honors. Danforth was of a mild, yielding disposition, and placed implicit confidence in the human race. Although well read in the works of art and science, he had no taste for fiction or travels, and could not be induced to read Dickens, Dumas, or any other of the standard authors of that class of literature. In short, he was a youth who knew nothing of the world, with its schemes and deceptions, the many classes of men with whom he was destined to come in contact—that many a good and honest young man is every day being carried away into iniquity and crime by evil associations. He could not understand why his bosom friend Nolan became so infatuated with books of travel and adventure and blood-curdling romances. He often asked Nolan why the history of the Walker filibustering expedition into Central America interested him so deeply, and the reply was always the same, "Read it, and you will see." Nolan would read romances and books of adventure till late at night, then retire only to dream of them. The germ inherited from his grandfather was taking root.

Six or eight months before the close of the school days of these two young men, Nolan began cautiously to instill the poison into the mind of the unwary Danforth. "At first he abhorred, then endured, then embraced," and the two finally concluded to go to the "Wild West." Preparations were hastily made for the long, and, to them, romantic journey. When the time arrived for their departure Danforth was very much depressed in mind and loth to leave, but kept up his spirits as best he could. Ida May, his sweetheart, felt sad forebodings in her heart, but being a girl of

true womanly courage, and possessing a knowledge of the trials and responsibilities to be endured by all through life, only wished him success, gave him a kiss, and looked as calm and contented as possible under the circumstances.

The wagon train in which they left consisted of sixty or seventy wagons and the number of men was about one hundred and fifty, all armed with the best guns to be had, and, by corralling the wagons, they could keep at bay almost any number of Indians who might make an attack, until help could arrive from the front or rear. The trains of families, fortune seekers and adventurers were numerous, and all went thoroughly armed, knowing the dangers of the broad expanse of wild country through which they were obliged to pass. During the journey nothing occurred worth relating, except that the train was attacked by Crows on the Platte, and by the Snakes at the upper crossing of the Malad. Most of those in the train went as far as Auburn, Oregon, where Nolan and Danforth concluded to remain through the winter, and in a short time both were occupying good positions in a large mercantile house. By strict attention to business and gentlemanly conduct they became favorites in the community, and enjoyed the implicit confidence of their employers. In the fall of the following year, 1862, wild rumors were set afloat by two or three men of the discovery of wonderfully rich gold fields in Idaho, then Eastern Oregon, as the Territory of Idaho was not created until March 9, 1863. The mines proved to be what has since become known as Boise basin, evidently an old lake, about eighteen miles in diameter, the different streams of which find an outlet through Moore creek to Boise river. Our two young adventurers, against the earnest solicitations of their employers and friends, left with a crowd of excited

prospectors for the new "diggings," It is not out of place here to mention that Danforth and Ida May kept up a regular correspondence, through which he continually urged her father to come West, and, very naturally, to bring the family with him; but now, as no mail route had been established between the new Eldorado and the outside world, for a time, at least, no letters could be exchanged. He duly informed her of the fact in a long letter. In due time Nolan and Danforth reached the new mineral field.

About two hundred and fifty men remained in Boise basin through the winter of 1862-3, but as the snow fell to the depth of five or six feet, nothing of any consequence was done in the mines, which were placer; but a town was laid out at the junction of Moore and Elk creeks, to which the gold seekers gave the name of Bannack. The buildings erected that fall were of log, as lumber could not be had, and the inhabitants, mostly old-time prospectors and mountaineers, spent the winter months playing cards and drinking, whiskey being their choice of liquor. Several unpleasant occurrences took place, and the graveyard half a mile west of town was started by the burial of a man who had been killed in a shooting affray. By the first of March, six men had been killed in drunken and gambling rows.

Some of the gold seekers were "broke," and those who were obliged to mine during the winter did so at great disadvantage, which was by the rocker process. But they found the ground in both creeks to be immensely rich in gold. Nolan and Danforth were obliged to work hard on their claim to keep up current expenses, flour being \$1.00 per pound, and all other necessaries of life selling at proportionately high prices. This was not encouraging to two young men who went there with the intention

of sacking up gold nuggets for shipment, and, although their chances for making an honest fortune the following year were exceedingly good, the contrast between their visionary ideas and the hardships and realities of life were not too pleasant. At times, when feeling despondent, they spent their evenings in grog-shops, playing cards and drinking bad whisky. By spring they could each swallow a good quantity of the ardent before breakfast, and, in fact, had no appetite till they did.

During the month of April the snow nearly all disappeared, the wagon road over the Blue mountains was opened for travel, and people began pouring into the new camp from all portions of California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington Territory. They were followed by the rough element—sharpers, gamblers, cutthroats and horse thieves—in fact the very worst elements of the Pacific coast flocked to Bannack by hundreds. Saloons, gambling dens and dance houses were erected in rapid succession, and flourished. As proof that the saloon business was a paying one, John Kelly, a well known violinist, was engaged to play in the "Miner's" saloon for one year at \$100.00 per night, which would be a good week's salary for most any good musician. Nolan had read, in his light literature, of such places, and was glad to see one in reality, while Danforth became infatuated with romantic life, and often wondered to himself why it was that he could not resist the temptation to visit the dens and dance houses. Nolan was an apt pupil in learning the ways and schemes of the lower classes, and naturally enough, after all sense of honor had become hardened, conceived the idea of swindling Danforth out of his half interest in their claim. So, one day, he went to the cabin of one of his picked-up associates, and, after acquainting him with his wishes, asked

his opinion as to the best course to pursue to accomplish his ends.

This friend's name was John Thomas, but better known as "Johnny-behind-the-rocks," which cognomen was given him because he had, while living in Nevada, hid behind a pile of rocks, and unobserved by his victim, had committed murder in cold blood, for which he would have been hanged in most any other section of the country.

"I am in no good fix to talk business now," said Johnny. "I drank a little too much last night, and have a terrible headache this morning."

"I am sorry," replied Nolan, "for this thing must be done right away, before Danforth gets enough money out of the claim to fight a law suit with."

"Oh, if I could only get a couple of jolts I would be in shape to talk in a few minutes. That would drive the headache away."

In a few minutes the two were standing at the bar in the saloon kept by "Billy, the Kid," the lowest groggery in town. Nolan called for the drinks, when Johnny, with a knowing wink, asked Billy to set up the best liquor he had in the house. Both men drank whisky out of the same bottle, but the glass passed to Nolan had been "fixed," by being smoked inside with tobacco smoke, and afterward washed so clean that the most expert bar-keeper could not have detected anything wrong about it.

"Here's success to your shrewd speculation," said Johnny, as he drank. The drinks were called for three or four times in rapid succession, all at Nolan's expense. At last Johnny said he was in good condition to talk business, when the two scoundrels repaired into an empty corner of the room and sat down.

"Well, how would you go about it?" asked Nolan.

"See here, pard, I'm an older hand at

that business than you are; now you do just as I tell you and Danforth will be minus all of his interest in two days' time. I have a plan which we used to work those tender-feet with in Hangtown, California, and she'll work just as good right here. What you want to do is this: Let me go and jump the ground—re-locate it, you understand—and then you want to go to Danforth and pretend that you are awful mad, and want to kill somebody, and all that sort of thing. Then I'll tell you, where he can hear us, that if you care anything for Mr. Nolan, you had better not make any tracks on that claim. I'll wave my old Colt's six-shooter, and you must begin to get scared. You will then go to Danforth, and tell him that you don't propose to risk your life by staying here any longer, and coax him to leave with you, as you know I will kill him if he stays around this camp. After you get him away, you can slip back and work out the claim."

The "fixed" drinks had their effect on Nolan, and put him in just the proper mood to eagerly adopt Johnny's plan, which he was certain would succeed admirably. In a few moments more Nolan was snoring loudly, and Johnny went to the claim, posted his notice of re-location, and in an hour's time a copy was duly recorded in the proper officer's books.

A day or two after the re-location was made, Danforth went to the claim to commence the work of putting in a ground sluice, and was thunderstruck when Johnny called his attention to the notice of re-location, and ordered him never to put his foot on the ground again, under penalty of being shot down like a dog. Of course Danforth had only one thing to do, and that was to leave the claim. With discouragement pictured on his brow, Nolan was found and the situation of matters explained to

him. Nolan became apparently very much enraged, and declared he would kill Johnny on sight, but Danforth begged of him not to commit the rash act. After two or three days of meditation, Nolan began to think that the land really was subject to re-location, and almost persuaded Danforth into the opinion. At any rate, the two soon took their departure for Florence, two or three hundred miles to the north, where it was reported there were large tracts of rich placer ground.

At Florence there was no vacant land worth locating, and after remaining there three or four weeks, Nolan managed to give his partner the slip, arriving at Bannack the following week. On going up to the claim he had so shrewdly wrested from his partner, he found about twenty men at work, and Johnny and two or three other rough looking characters guarding it with Henry rifles.

"Don't you come onto this claim!" yelled Johnny.

"Why, but you know it's mine."

"Oh, no; I'll just fool you. I've located this claim according to law, and d—d if I don't hold on to it."

"Well, but you know you was to give it back to me."

"Say, look here, you d—d tenderfoot, if you come nosing around here any more, I'll make a regular lead mine out of you. Now you git, and don't you come back, either."

Nolan saw he had met a shrewder rascal than himself, and gave up the idea of trying to get possession of the ground. After this, Nolan drank to excess for two or three weeks, and could always be found in the worst dives of Bannack. His companions were cut-throats and desperadoes, and it so happened that every time he would absent himself from town for two or three days, news would be received of murders and robberies.

Early in the summer of 1864 a messenger arrived from Fort Boise, a fort on Boise river, thirty-five miles southwest of Bannock, late one afternoon, with the news that a terrible massacre had been committed in the valley, six or seven miles below the fort. A train of emigrants, consisting of about one hundred and fifty persons, was attacked by Indians at daylight the same morning and nearly all massacred. The messenger brought information from the commander of the troops that his force was too small to make a successful pursuit, and called for volunteers. A company of two hundred men was soon organized by the election of Jeff Standifer as captain, and a full set of subordinate officers. No man was accepted as a member of the company who did not have a horse and gun. At daylight on the following morning the company passed out of town and in the evening, about 4:00 o'clock, reached the scene of the massacre. Corpses were found lying in all conceivable shapes. One man was found who was yet alive and conscious. He informed Standifer that while the Indians were robbing the dead one of the number, who appeared to be commander, saved every greenback he could find. The description as to size and actions of the man caused Standifer to suspect very strongly that he was none other than Nolan disguised as an Indian. The dead were buried that evening. The Indians were followed up the next day and a large number killed in an engagement on the Owyhee, fifty miles to the south.

Standifer was not only a good Indian fighter and thorough mountaineer, but also a man possessed of more than ordinary intellect and information, and a good judge of human nature. He suspected Nolan of being the leader of the Indians. He also suspected him of being connected with the stage robbery

between Baker City and Olds' ferry, on Snake river; the murder, for money, of Moulton and another musician between Centerville and Placerville, and of various other crimes. Nolan had several times been arrested, but always succeeded in proving an alibi by his associates. The number of robberies that were committed between 1862 and 1870 would fill a large volume, and in this they are merely mentioned so that the reader will understand that robberies and assassinations were of frequent occurrence. We will also mention the fact that Nolan became noted throughout Southern Idaho as a desperado, feared even by the authorities of the law; was several times under arrest charged with robberies, but always released for lack of evidence against him.

In the early history of every country, when it is wrested from a savage and untutored race, many strange traditions and stories gain circulation, which are of course myths originating from some natural phenomenon. In 1865 stories of the "Wild man of Camas" were rehearsed, but the general impression was that they were circulated to frighten timid prospectors. Whether they were circulated with that view or not, the effect was the same.

One evening in August, while a party of thirty or forty prospectors were camped at the upper crossing of the Malad, on the east side of Camas prairie, one of the men, an old French trapper named George Parody, declared that he had actually seen the "Wild Man of Camas" two or three miles below camp, and begged of his comrades to go and help him capture the "beast." Now, George had well earned the reputation of being the best story teller in the party; and it was generally recognized, too, that a man could not relate as many adventures as he had and at all times

confine himself strictly to the truth. His position was like that of the boy who hallowed "wolf!" and, plead as earnestly as he might, and pledge his "honest Injin," no one would accompany him, and as it was useless to undertake the capture alone, he was obliged to abandon the idea. He ever afterward maintained, however, that he saw the "Wild Man of Camas," and was within only a few feet of him when he jumped up out of a crevice in the lava rock and climbed up a steep cliff in front of him. When questioned as to the appearance of the man, Parody invariably gave the same description, which was near as the writer of this, who was with the party, can quote:

"The beast wasn't as big as I am, I don't think, but he might be. I got so excited it is hard to tell just exactly how he did look. But I tell you the truth, gentlemen, when I say that his hair hung down to the ground and his beard came down to his knees. His finger nails were that long (measuring the whole length of his hand, which was an unusually large one), and he had on a coat which looked just as if it were made out of a deer skin. He was the wildest looking creature you ever saw, and it was a caution the way he climbed that cliff of lava rock to get away from me. I do believe he was scared worse than I was. I wished I'd a shot him; he would have been such a fine specimen to send to Barnum."

The party remained on the Malad about a week, during which time two human skeletons were found. They were supposed to be those of white men who had been killed by Indians and the flesh eaten from the bones by coyotes or wild animals, which were abundant in that section of the country. Some galena ore was found in the neighborhood, but as it was considered worthless no locations were made on the veins, and

the quartz, which was discovered in abundance, showed no free gold or silver, so the party proceeded up the river over the divide at the headwaters and onto the Salmon. The permanent camp for the next week was about ten miles below the head of that stream, at the mouth of a creek which empties into it from the west side. Parody, notwithstanding that it was very dangerous for any one to go any great distance from the camp alone, the country being full of Indians, was in the habit of shouldering his rifle and going to the highest peaks of the Sawtooth range in quest of mountain sheep, which were plentiful, but hard to get at. On nearly every one of these trips he either returned with a goat or sheep, in fact, the little company were almost dependent on him for fresh meat, and considered him almost indispensable, notwithstanding his proclivities for stretching the truth whenever he could secure a credulous audience.

After one of his day's tramps through the high granite peaks two or three miles to the west of the camp, he returned very much fatigued and apparently somewhat unsettled in mind; appeared to be troubled, and did not enliven his comrades with his visionary stories of travels or adventures. Once or twice he was on the point of saying something, when one of the men suggested that he must have seen the "Wild Man of Camas" again, and been scared out of his wits. It was three or four days before he ventured again to become confidential, and when he did, related the following to the writer and one or two others only, which was about as follows:

"Last Sunday I started to go to the top of that peak two or three miles beyond, and if you won't tell any of the other boys I will tell you what has been worrying me ever since. I followed up

what I thought was a sheep trail over the slide rock, and when right under that high cliff about five hundred feet above the creek it went right into a cave. I made a torch out of some slivers off of a pine log and went in. It was not very large, and only ten or twelve feet in diameter, and the entrance only about twenty feet long. It was just high enough for a man to stand up straight in—nothing remarkable or strange about that—but it was what was inside that put me to thinking. On the left of the chamber was a bed of wild hay and fir boughs, and scattered about were the bones of different animals—principally mountain sheep and deer—also fish bones. Two or three bows and thirty or forty arrows were scattered on the rock floor. But, hold on; I found something more I want you to be sure not to mention, and we'll get rich yet. In a little nook in the side of the cave there were specimens of ore which were nearly pure gold and silver. I dared not take them away, for I didn't want the fellow who put them there to suspect that any one had found them. Some time we will go back and follow the inhabitant of the cave and find out where his mine is."

We considered this another one of Parody's visionary yarns, and merely gave him a hint to cut the story short by asking him if he had ever heard of the "Wild Man of Camas."

After an unsuccessful tour of three months prospecting for the precious metals in the Sawtooth range, snow storms became of frequent occurrence, and the party very prudently returned to Idaho City, the name to which Bannock had been changed. Many stories of the "Wild Man of Camas" were afloat. None knew the origin of them, or who had seen him, and the general opinion was that some practical joker had put them in circulation to scare

timid prospectors, as before suggested. After the winter of 1865-6 it was but seldom that the mythical stories were referred to, although occasionally some prospector would claim to have seen a wild man, either in the Camas prairie country or the Sawtooth range.

Before tracing events any farther, or to again make an attempt to trace up Nolan and his crimes, or return to Florence for Danforth, it should be stated that John May, with his family, including his daughter Ida, Danforth's sweetheart, arrived at Idaho City in the summer of 1868, coming by rail from Illinois to Kelton, and from there to their destination, three hundred miles, over the Utah and Idaho stage line. Ida was now twenty-three years of age, being but sixteen when she parted with Danforth seven years before. From the time the latter had gone to Florence, Ida had not heard a word of him or received a line, and supposed that, through bad associations and a wandering life in the far West, he had been led away from the path of rectitude and forgotten how she loved him. She loved him still with all her heart, and entertained faint hopes of bringing him back to her, if she should be so far favored by Providence as to find him. She was sure that he could be brought out of his erring ways, at least, by her gentle influence, and even if his love for her had fled, there would be some consolation in saving him from a useless and reckless career. Her love for him, notwithstanding his neglectfulness of her, was so earnest, so sincere, and so pure and holy, that the mere mention of his name would send a shudder through her frame, and the tears would start from her eyes. Her great courage and strong will would become overpowered, and she would have to yield to that love she was fighting so hard to cast away. The mellow gleam

in her large gray eyes made her look beautiful, indeed, and she was loved by all. Music gave her a sort of melancholy consolation, and at times she would sit for hours on the river bank playing the guitar, and she never ceased one of these reveries without plaintively humming "Come Back to Me," and "Home, Sweet Home."

At last it could be plainly seen that her health was giving way under the heavy pressure on her mind, and not only the family, but their friends, began to entertain fears that she was not destined for long in this world of sorrow, with its many changes and disappointments. Society, music and books were not enough to overcome her depressed spirits. At times there would be a revival of cheerfulness, but the reaction would cast her still deeper into the gloom. It is not necessary, in this short story, to enter into minute details of her two years' residence in Idaho City. Suffice it to say that it was one of continued sorrow to herself, dread to the family, and apprehensions of friends. During these two years, no reference was ever made of fears as to her failing health, or the name of Danforth ever mentioned in her presence.

In 1870, another Indian war broke out. This was the first time that Cooper's noble red man of the forest had started out after a fresh supply of scalps for three or four years, and as the people had thought Indian troubles at an end, they became unusually excited as the news of another Bannack and Shoshone outbreak reached their ears. These tribes had been repeatedly whipped and silenced by United States troops, under General George Crook, and volunteers under Jeff Standifer. Still they were not conquered, and longed to repeat their old-time butcheries. This time the troubles commenced about one hun-

dred miles east of Fort Boise, and the call for volunteers was promptly responded to by all the towns of Southern Idaho. Boise basin, as usual, sent out a good force, and as Jeff Standifer had been killed a year or two before, in the Black hills, Dakota, in a fight with the Sioux tribe, it was necessary to select a new captain. After a good deal of speculation as to who would be the most suitable man for the position, William Martin, an old mountaineer and Indian fighter, was chosen. The selection was a good one, for he possessed the additional qualification of a cool head, and could plan with the same caution in the heat of battle as out of it.

Leaving late in the evening, and traveling all that night and the next day, the company had arrived at the point where the battle had taken place, on Corral creek, in the western extremity of Camas prairie. Not an Indian, or sign of any, had been observed on the trip, and nothing of importance having occurred, the men and horses being tired out, it was concluded to camp and rest over night. Next morning the march was resumed, but not before scouts had been sent ahead and given two hours the start, as the command was in a dangerous country, and a sudden and unexpected attack might prove very disastrous. Some of the men were jubilant over the favorable chance offered for gathering in a few scalps, some wished they were home, while others feared the Indians had left the country. The little company cautiously advanced into the timbered foothills skirting Camas prairie on the north. While thus marching, some of the men talking in undertones, some meditating, and others straining their eyes looking for Indians they had rather not see, "bang, bang," came several shots in rapid succession from the cliffs on the mountain side, and one of the men fell from his horse, either

killed or badly wounded, as he remained where he fell.

"Make for the timber! Dismount and tie your horses, and don't you shoot without good aim! Save your ammunition, boys!" shouted Captain Martin at the top of his voice.

A few of the men sat like statues on their horses, apparently unconscious of the danger to which they were exposing themselves, but who were, to tell the plain truth, paralyzed with fear.

"Come into the timber and tie your horses, you d—d dummies!" came the order from the captain, in a very commanding tone, which was mechanically obeyed.

The Indians were between the scouts and the main force, and could be seen steadily advancing by darting from rock to rock and tree to tree. The shooting was rapid, and the little bunches of smoke seemed to be issuing from every place that offered concealment from the savages. After fighting desperately for fifteen or twenty minutes, the men, after losing several of their number, realized that it was useless to attempt to cope with so overwhelming odds, there being at least two or three hundred well armed Indians, protected by rocks and timber, and began to fall back. This they did by dodging from tree to tree, toward a thick brushy country in the direction of the valley, leaving their horses in possession of the Indians. Some of the men left on the field were lucky in being instantly killed, as their condition was much better than that of those who were only wounded and fell into the hands of the savages.

The commander of the Indians, directly contrary to the custom of the western tribes, stood on a high prominence and viewed the battle with a field glass, while his subordinate chiefs were confronting the dangers of battle. When this was observed by the scouts, who

were in a position that did not afford them an opportunity to assist their companions, suspicion entered their minds that the head chief was not an Indian, but a white man in disguise. Two of them, by concealing themselves in the undergrowth, slyly approached, and, thanks to their unerring aim, at the crack of their rifles he fell, unobserved by the savages, who were following the volunteers through the brush into the prairie. The scouts went to the spot to get the scalp of the chief, but found that he was not dead, and soon discovered, too, that he was none other than Clarence Nolan, dressed and painted up as chief.

"Let me finish the d—d scoundrel," said Billy Elder, drawing his six-shooter from his belt.

"No, let's revive him first, and see if we can't make him give away the plans of the Indians," suggested "Old Dad" Freeman. "I want to find out something about who has been doing all of this devilry through the country for the past seven or eight years. Let me scare it out of him." When Nolan became conscious, and realized into what hands he had fallen, he pleaded piteously for mercy, which was just what Old Dad so much desired.

"Say, you d—d rascal, if you don't tell us all of the plans of those devils, I'll heat this gun barrel red hot and ram it down your infernal throat. Out with it if you want to die sort of easy."

Nolan explained the plans of operation in detail, which enabled the men to subsequently lay plans for victory. After Nolan had given all the desired information asked, Old Dad again questioned him—

"Now tell us about some of those robberies and murders that have taken place through this country for the past seven or eight years."

Nolan hesitated. This was very natural, as there probably never was a man so low in the scale of human degradation, who would not rather have the memory of his worst crimes die with him.

"Look here, you speak, and be pretty d—d quick about it, too, because you might die before everything is told."

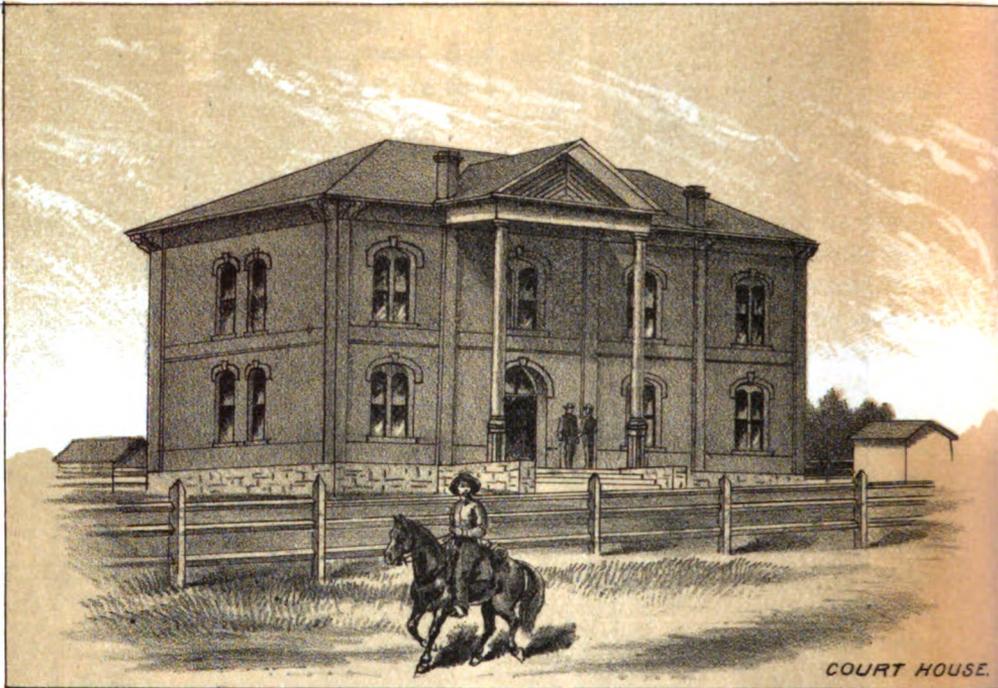
Nolan plead earnestly for the men to allow him to put his confession in writing, to which they consented. In half an hour Nolan, having finished, rolled the sheets up and tied them with a buckskin string, wrote the name of Ida May on the back and requested that it be not opened before delivery. This caused some of the men to suspect the young lady of being connected, in some way, with the crimes that had been committed. They had granted Nolan's request, however, and the pledges of those brave mountaineers were not to be broken. Nolan lived two or three hours longer and then expired with the most pitiful pleadings to God for mercy. Like his grandfather, he truly repented, but too late. Justice is severe, yet just.

A week after Nolan's death the final engagement with the Indians took place on the Owyhee, seventy-five miles south of Fort Boise. A large number of Indians were killed and many captured. Those who escaped ceased hostilities and fled into the mountains to the north.

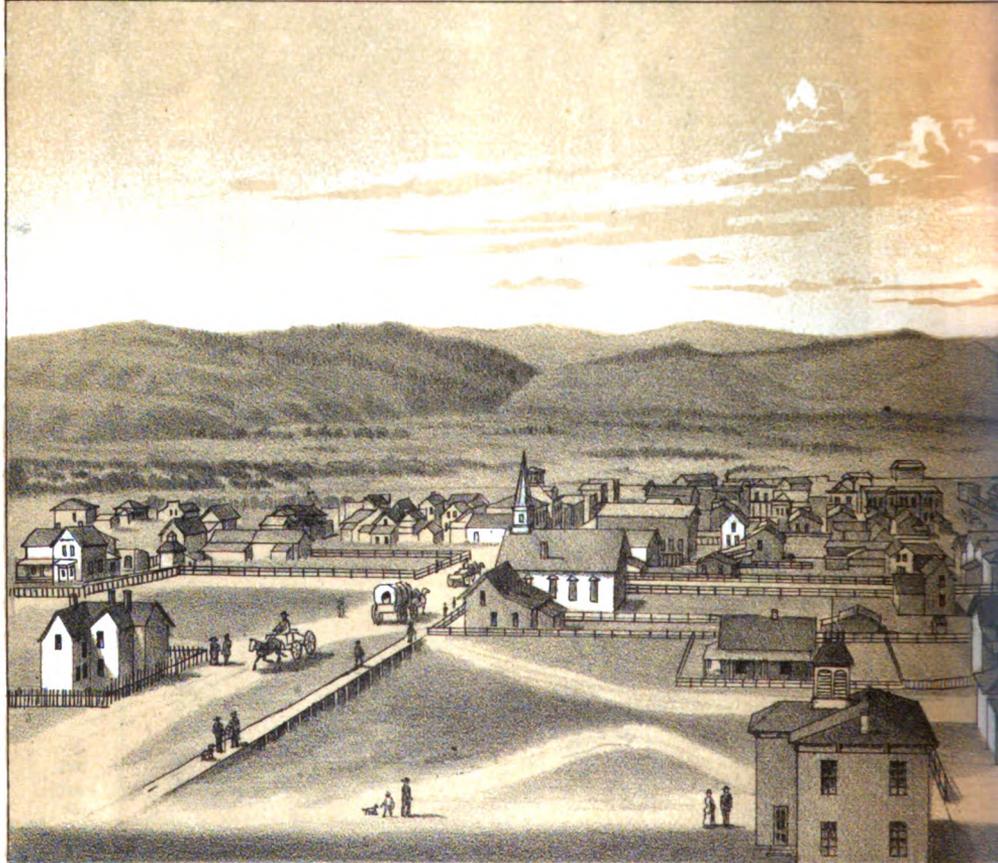
On reaching Idaho City the manuscript written by Nolan was delivered to Ida May and she was requested to read it immediately. When she opened it, after being told that the author had been killed, she turned pale, and as she looked at the signature, swooned away and fell into a brain fever, from which it was feared she would not recover. The cause of her extraordinary excitement can only be explained in one way, and that is that, as Nolan and Danforth were bosom friends when they left Illinois,



WASHINGTON-CLE-ELUM, THE IRON AND COAL MINING CENTER.



COURT HOUSE.



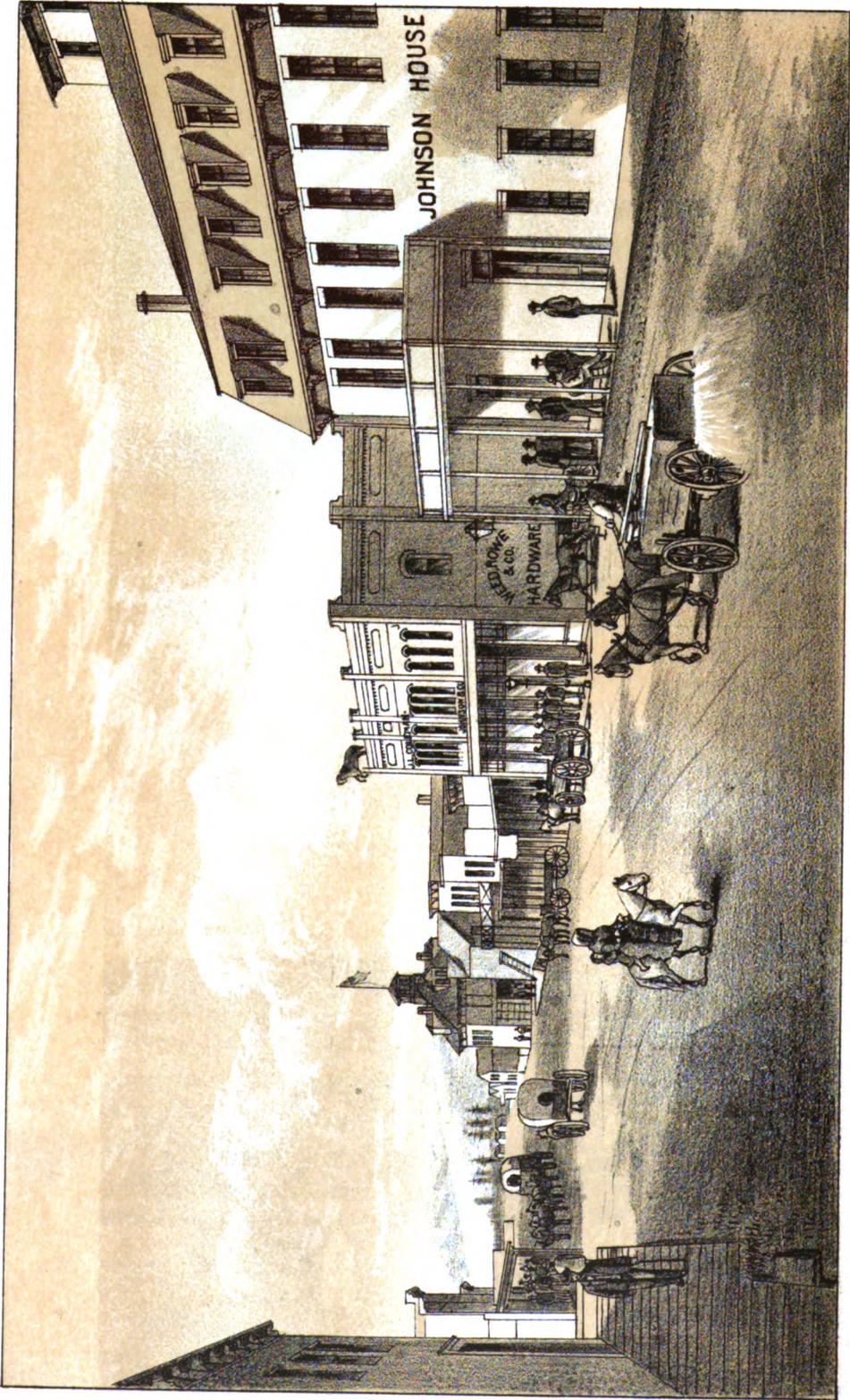
WASHINGTON—GENERAL VIEW OF



PUBLIC SCHOOL.



LENSEBURGH, KITTITAS COUNTY.



WASHINGTON - A STREET VIEW IN ELLENSBURGH.

her affianced was beyond doubt, in her mind, an outlaw also.

The visionary George Parody protested that on the same day Nolan was killed he saw the "Wild Man of Camas" jump out from a rock on the mountain side, and rapidly disappear in the thick timber. He had by this time begun to think that perhaps the "Wild Man of Camas" had something to do with the "Sawtooth cave," and was continually begging some of his friends to go and help him solve the mystery and find the mine from which the rich gold and silver specimens had been taken. At last two men who were idle and willing to take the trip for a little recreation, if nothing more, agreed to accompany him. Across the mountains it was one hundred and fifty miles to the head of Salmon river, and six days were consumed in making the trip on horseback.

When the vicinity of the cave was reached Parody became almost frantic with excitement and anticipations of success. He could hardly wait till after dinner to go to the cave. After dinner the three men wended their way up the trail to the cave, and were soon engaged in examining its contents. After Parody had instilled confidence into his companions the three stationed themselves on the side of the mountain to await the arrival of the occupant, whoever he may be. With the disappearance of the sun behind one of those high crags so numerous in the Sawtooth, a figure appeared on the mountain side, which caused the men to gaze with curiosity. It was evidently that of a man with long hair and beard, and dressed in skins. Parody forgot all about the plan as arranged to trace up the location of the mine from which the specimens had been taken, and in a moment of intense excitement fired at the object, when, with a bound, he fell down the mountain side

upon some boulders several feet below. The men repaired to the spot as rapidly as possible, where they found what appeared to be a genuine wild man, stunned from the effects of a wound on the side of the head. A close examination failed to reveal any other marks, and as the injuries on the side of the head were evidently inflicted by the fall, undoubtedly Parody had missed his aim, which he expressed himself as glad of. The sudden sound of the gun had probably caused the man to jump and lose his footing. The prospectors, or, rather, adventurers, removed the wounded man to their camp, where he was well taken care of, and in the course of a few hours came out of his comatose condition. At first all his actions appeared to be governed by instinct alone. The only words uttered were "Nolan, the thief," which he repeated over and over again to himself. It seemed strange that he should speak at all, for he had more the appearance of a wild animal than a man. His hair was jet black, and very thick, long and bushy; a beard covered his face, and hung down the full length of his body; his finger and toe nails were from two to three inches long; and, viewed from a distance of a few feet, presented a really frightful appearance. As days passed he gradually improved mentally, and in eight or ten days' time was again in possession of all his former mental faculties, which was of course brought about by association with his captors. Had he lived for ages alone in the mountains there is no doubt but that he would have continued through them in just the same mental condition he was in when captured.

While the party, happy in having the "Wild Man of Camas" with them, was returning to Idaho City, they informed him of the tragic death of Nolan, and recited many of the crimes he was supposed to have been guilty of. He was

informed of the manner in which he was cheated out of one of the richest placer mines in Boise basin, and his (Danforth's) mysterious disappearance in 1862. The "Sawtooth cave" was talked of several times, and Danforth (by which name we will now call him), after a good deal of thought, remembered living in a cave, or hole in the rocks, and had a faint recollection of gathering up quartz filled with gold, but where he got it he never could form the slightest idea. Before entering Idaho City, the party remained one day on Moore creek, four miles above town, and one of the men went to a dry goods store and purchased necessary clothing for Danforth. With the aid of scissors and razor, and a subsequent bath, Danforth looked like himself again, but did not much relish the idea of having a blank of eight years in his life. On the way to Idaho City, he remarked that he could remember living on the flesh of wild animals, and said he imagined that one winter he killed two Indians on the edge of Camas prairie, and ate their flesh. No attempt was made to revive his memory on that point, however, as such revolting acts are better forgotten than remembered.

In three weeks, after swooning and going into brain fever, Ida May had entirely recovered, but was even more de-

spondent than ever before, if such a thing was possible. It is not necessary to dwell on her sickness; it is enough to know that she was, three weeks after the letter was handed to her, as well as at any time during the past two years. She had read the letter, which was a confession of the many crimes and the wrong done Danforth. To partly repay him, if he could be found, the letter stated where a large amount of money was concealed, and the task of hunting it up, and also Danforth, was left solely to Ida. When Parody, Danforth and their two companions arrived in town, one of the men informed a minister of the gospel of all that had happened, and requested him to accompany them to Jonn May's house, which he did. Several friends of the May family were called in (Danforth knew of no one to invite), a happy evening was spent, and a marriage ceremony performed.

In conclusion, nothing remains to be said, except that the location of the mine from which the rich gold and silver specimens were taken, remains a mystery to Danforth to this day. However, the money left by Nolan was found, and Mr. and Mrs. Danforth are pretty well off financially, and live in a handsome brick residence at Hailey, a new town on Wood river, about seventy-five miles southeast of the "Sawtooth cave."

E. W. JONES.

THE METROPOLIS OF KITTITAS.

EVERY town possesses some advantage, some reason for its existence, and its growth depends as much upon the manner in which those advantages are improved by its citizens, as upon the nature of the advantages themselves. Nevertheless, there are places which seem to be selected by nature for the site of prosperous business communities. Such places spring up and grow by the law of natural selection, until they reach a stage of development beyond which progress is regulated more by the sagacity, enterprise and hard work of the citizens, than by any of the unaided laws of trade. Such a city is Ellensburg, the county seat of Kittitas county, Washington. Situated near the geographical center of the territory, and in the heart of one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of the West, it grew apace until it became the largest business center of an agricultural, pastoral and mineral country many miles in extent, before it received railroad communication with the outside world. A year ago the railroad came from the East and found it prepared for the change in business methods which such new conditions rendered necessary; and three months ago, by the completion of the famous switchback, it was connected with Puget sound, and given an outlet to the seaboard and a market for its varied products. The railroad found it a prosperous town, the only one of consequence in that region, and the citizens have determined that it shall always occupy that position, no matter how many others spring up, of which they hope and expect there will be many.

With the natural advantages it possesses, and the grand start it has acquired, it needs only sagacious and enterprising business men to keep it forever in the lead as the metropolis of Kittitas. Happily for Ellensburg, its citizens are of this enterprising class, men who will not only maintain it in that desirable position, but will bring it into the front rank of the cities of the future state of Washington. There must, in the very nature of things, be at least one city of note in the region lying between the Columbia and the Cascades, and Ellensburg possesses advantages of location and resources which have only to be properly improved to render it secure in that position. A better understanding of the city and its prospects can be had by first describing the region in which it is located.

Kittitas county was, until 1883, a portion of Yakima, at which time it was segregated, and the county seat located at Ellensburg. The county lies between the Columbia on the east, and the Cascade mountains on the west, and between Yakima county on the south, and the western end of Stevens on the north. It contains an area of three thousand six hundred square miles, and a population, according to the returns of the assessor for the current year, of five thousand four hundred and forty-three. Its surface varies from rugged, timbered mountains on the north and west, interspersed with large and fertile valleys, to rolling hills and open plains on the southeast. The hills and plains are covered with the famous bunch grass, which extends even far up on the sides of the

mountains. This wealth of grass, and an abundance of water, render it a magnificent region for cattle and horses, and it was by stock men that the first settlements were made, many years ago. Until recently, stock raising was the chief, and almost the only, industry, but the appearance of the railroad has materially altered the conditions of husbandry, and grain, vegetables and fruit will in the future vie with horses and cattle to make the farmers wealthy.

The principal agricultural district is Kittitas valley, near the center of which Ellensburg is situated. The valley is thirty miles long and about ten in width. Through it flows the Yakima river, after leaving its birthplace in the mountains, and after receiving the waters of the Teanaway, Cle-Ellum, Swauk and other tributaries. The valley is a succession of small valleys and low hills, sufficiently level to answer all the purposes of agriculture. In the valley there is no timber whatever, save a fringe of willow, aspen and cottonwood along the margin of the streams. Sage brush and bunch grass cover the soil to the base of the large hills surrounding the valley, and the bunch grass covers the hills clear up to the timber line. The mountains to the west—the Cascades—are covered with timber, and a number of saw mills are busily engaged in converting a portion of it into lumber for the railroad and for general use. The view from the valley is beautiful. The eye passes in succession from the gray of the sage brush to the brown of the bunch grass hills, thence to the dark green of the timbered mountains, and finally rests upon the jagged summits of the Swauk mountains, covered with snow from November till June.

Kittitas valley is one of the best grain producing portions of Washington, famous as that territory is for its wheat lands. Wheat is large, hard and plump,

and yields often as much as forty bushels to the acre, in fields of fifty acres. Owing to isolation from outside markets, before the coming of the railroad, but comparatively little grain was cultivated. The entire crop was consumed at home, six grist mills in various portions of the valley converting it into flour. Now, however, the Northern Pacific offers it an outlet to Puget sound, where it will be available for foreign shipment. Fully one million bushels were raised this year, and the production of wheat will soon become one of the leading industries of the valley. Another good crop is hay, which has always found a good home market, and of which large quantities are cut every year. It is to be presumed that the opportunity offered by the railroad to ship baled hay to points where it is in demand at fair prices, will have a tendency to increase the production of that article.

Every vegetable which grows in the temperate zone reaches great size and perfection in this region. Berries and fruit also thrive amazingly, and as there is a market for these on the sound at good prices, their production will soon become one of the leading industries. At present the orchards are young and small, but the product of such as have reached good bearing condition is such as to encourage the planting of others. Flax, tobacco, broom corn, hops, sorghum and alfalfa make large crops of excellent quality, and their cultivation will no doubt receive much attention in the future. In some portions of the valley, irrigation is resorted to, and this method produces the best results. There are four ditches in the valley. The Teanaway Ditch Co. has one fifty miles in length, running from the headwaters of the Yakima, and covering seventy-five thousand acres of land. The company has a capital stock of \$250,000.00. The

Ellensburg Ditch Co. has a ditch ten miles long, running from the Yakima, and covering ten thousand acres. Walter A. Bull owns a ditch six miles in length, heading in the Yakima, and Shoudy & Tjossem have just completed one running from the same stream to their new roller mill in Ellensburg, a distance of two and one-half miles.

In the mountains to the north-west are a number of valleys, such as Swauk, Teanaway and Upper Yakima, which are being rapidly settled up. They possess the advantage of contiguity to the railroad, and also to the coal and iron mines now being developed. On the northeastern boundary of the county is Wenatchee valley, lying for forty miles along the stream of that name, a tributary of the Columbia. It varies in width from one-half mile to three miles. The valley is but five hundred feet above the level of the sea, being a thousand less than Kittitas, and is enclosed by high mountains, which protect it from cold mountain winds. It is open to the warm breezes which blow up the Columbia. These conditions render the cultivation of semi-tropical fruits and vegetables possible, and the Wenatchee is becoming famous in that region for its products. Delicious peaches and grapes are produced in abundance, as well as apples and kindred fruits, melons and sweet potatoes. The valley is distant from Ellensburg, by wagon road, forty-five miles, and by trail thirty-five miles. In all the valleys mentioned, including Kittitas, there are many good locations open to settlement.

The climate—more particularly that of Kittitas valley, for farther up in the mountains there is more snow and a different range of thermometer—is thus described by a resident.

To think of this section, or to judge by its location on the map, is to place it in the list of countries whose winters are long and rigorous.

Such, however, is not the case with Kittitas county. Although situated at the base of the Cascades, and between latitudes that would indicate extreme cold weather, its climate is noted for equability and mildness. The severe winters and sultry summers and all the capricious freaks of the elements, so prevalent in the East, are unknown in Kittitas valley. Our climate genial, mild and steady. December 25th of last year there was no snow on the ground, the first that remained with us falling on the week preceding New Year's day. During the summer and fall just passed (1886) Kittitas county has enjoyed a season of unalloyed perfection in weather. Thunder-storms, whirlwinds and tornadoes are things unknown to the settlers of this beautiful mountain valley.

It must be borne in mind that Kittitas county, lying along the eastern base of the Cascade mountains, has characteristics which differ widely from the Puget sound region. This is not only true of the climate, but also with respect to the soil and natural features. In this section the temperature is much lower in winter and higher in summer than it is on the sound. The rainfall is also not one-half as heavy. In all this region, which may be termed the gem valley of the Cascades, the summers are not often very hot. The thermometer, however, frequently reaches ninety-five degrees, and between seventy and ninety is the ordinary temperature. This heat, however, is not sultry, nor nearly so oppressive as a much lower grade would be in the Eastern states, both man and beast being able to labor on the hottest days without any great inconvenience. The nights are invariably cool and refreshing, and make light blankets a necessary part of the bed clothing. During this season there is very little rain from June to September, thus giving the farmer perfect weather for harvesting and threshing his grain. Occasionally, however, the thermometer sinks a few degrees lower, but thirty above zero is about the average temperature. Snow seldom falls before Christmas, and then, in some seasons, it lies a month or six weeks. Usually, however, it disappears within a few days. The speedy melting of the snow is due to a periodical warm wind which blows from the coast. This is called the "chinook." It penetrates the gaps and mountain passes as far east as Montana. Before it the snow melts so rapidly that often, in the course of a few hours, no vestige remains where it lay a foot in depth the day before. Spring begins in February, with warm, pleasant weather, and lasts until the middle of May. At this season of the

year, rain falls in sufficient quantity to give life to vegetation and insure good crops. The average temperature is about fifty-two degrees. Autumn weather in October and November is generally delightful. There is often frost by night, but the days are bright and warm, as a rule. This season is marked by showers and an occasional thunder storm. The mercury ranges between fifty-five and seventy degrees. The truth with regard to the climate and fertility of this region is so at variance with preconceived ideas, that it is hardly possible to state the facts without seeming to exaggerate.

The mineral wealth of Kittitas is great and varied. Gold, silver, copper, coal, iron, limestone and building stone are the most abundant and the most important. There are, also, nickel, antimony, marble and a number of mineral substances found in combination with the precious metals. Owing to the fact that no railroad has hitherto approached nearer than one hundred and fifty miles, the quartz ledges of this region have had but little work done upon them, but now that machinery and supplies may be taken in at reasonable expense, the mineral resources will be speedily developed. For a description of a portion of the mining region, especially that containing the coal and iron deposits, the reader is referred to an article in this issue, entitled "Cle-Elum and the Mines." Other districts are the Peshastin and Swauk. The former lies thirty miles northeast of Ellensburg, on Peshastin creek, a tributary of the Wenatchee. The discoveries consist of three nearly parallel lodes, carrying free gold, as well as gold and silver alloyed with iron and other base metals. There are ten locations, which have produced ore ranging from \$12.00 to \$100.00 per ton in free gold, in arrastras and common quartz mills. Several of these locations have been worked enough, by shafts and tunnels, to demonstrate their value and permanence; yet it may truthfully be said that the district has not yet been fairly prospected. Here is an

opportunity for mining investments, which should be looked into by our miners who have money to put into the business.

Five miles nearer Ellensburg, and just across a mountain divide from Peshastin, is the Swauk district, where placer mining has been carried on for a number of years. The Swauk is a tributary of the Yakima, which receives it before it leaves the mountains. The gold found in these placers is very coarse, nuggets of considerable size being frequently picked up. This indicates that they have not traveled far, especially as they show little evidence of being much worn by the action of water. Nuggets weighing fifty ounces have been found. Much searching for the ledge from which these rich nuggets and gold-studded pieces of float quartz came, has failed to reveal its location. The mining methods have been very crude, but efforts are now being made to introduce hydraulic mining in a practical way, and on a scale sufficiently large to accomplish good results. The gold product of the Swauk will undoubtedly increase largely in quantity in the next few years.

There is another mineral region, which, though not in the same county, is largely tributary to Ellensburg. This is the new quartz district on Salmon river, a tributary of the Okanagan. This district is just springing into prominence, having been under development but two years. Several of the leading locations have been purchased by capitalists of Portland and other places, and will be thoroughly developed and worked. It is generally admitted that the district is equal, if not superior, to the famous Cœur d'Alene, and will speedily become one of the largest ore producing regions on the Pacific coast. Supplies are being teamed into the Salmon river mines from Ellensburg, in common with Sprague and Spokane Falls, and their influence

is already felt on the business of the city.

This brief statement of the extent, character and resources of the country of which Ellensburg is the metropolis, can not fail to impress one with the extremely favorable outlook that city has for rapid and permanent growth. Under the influence of the railroad, whose effect it has been feeling for more than a year, it is pushing ahead most encouragingly. It already contains a population of twelve hundred, and has large business interests. These are classified as follows: Seven general merchandise stores, seven dry goods and clothing stores, three hardware stores, four grocery stores, three drug stores, five cigar, fruit and confectionery stores, three livery stables, two hotels, three restaurants, three barber shops, and a bank.

Until the railroad was completed, lime was so dear that little effort was made to erect brick structures, but now the difference in the cost of brick and wooden buildings is not so great, and nearly all new business structures are being built of better material. There are four good brick buildings, three of them two stories high, besides the court house. The latter is a substantial two-story edifice, with a jail in the basement, supplied with the celebrated Pauley chilled steel cells. It cost \$32,000.00. Two brick yards near town are capable of supplying all of the brick required for building purposes. When Kittitas county was created, it assumed half of the debt of the original county of Yakima. This it has paid, has made many improvements, built a court house, and has a debt of only \$28,000.00, while county warrants are worth ninety-eight cents.

There are six grist mills in the valley, all in the vicinity of Ellensburg, and Messrs. Shoudy & Tjossem, well known in commercial circles of Wash-

ington, have just completed a large full roller flouring mill in the city, near the depot. The mill has a capacity, at present, of one hundred barrels of flour per day, but this may be largely increased when desired. As there were a million bushels of wheat raised in the valley this year, there is no danger of not having enough for the mills to work upon. A large ditch, with a head of thirty-one feet, has been dug for the use of this mill. This supplies four hundred horse powers, only sixty of which are required for the mill. The remainder can be utilized for other industries, and still more may be had by increasing the size of the ditch. There is ample water power for numerous manufacturing industries, to which Ellensburg also offers many advantages of location.

The City of Ellensburg was incorporated March 1, 1885, and Mr. A. Mires is now serving his second term as mayor, assisted by Mathias Becker, G. H. Baker, E. J. King, David Murray, and I. T. Keene, councilmen. The government of the city is administered in an intelligent and economical manner, but not parsimoniously. The council has recently granted franchises to two companies to put in systems of water works, and to a company to establish complete gas, telephone and electric light systems. In this manner metropolitan features will be added, one by one, as the city grows in wealth and population. There is an excellent graded public school, under the charge of Prof. J. H. Morgan and two assistants. The school house is a substantial, two-story, frame building, erected in 1886. The attendance is one hundred and thirty. There is an academy conducted under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, having three teachers and seventy students. It occupies a frame structure of two stories, 50x80 feet in size, with a two-story dormitory attached, 40x60 feet. In the academy is a Presbyterian chapel. The

Methodists, Christians and Catholics have good church edifices, and the Baptists have an organization, but, as yet, no house of worship. Two excellent newspapers, the *New Era* and the *Localizer*, represent the city and county in the press, and are classed among the leading journals of the territory.

On the nineteenth of last July, the Kittitas County Agricultural Association was incorporated, with a capital stock of \$5,000.00, and has elected the following officers: J. L. Brown, president; A. B. Whitson and J. M. Shelton, vice-presidents; S. T. Sterling, secretary, and Herbert Baker, treasurer. The association has a tract of one hundred and sixty acres of level land, one mile from the city, which has been enclosed by a tight board fence, eight feet high. Water runs on three sides of the grounds. Stands and buildings for exhibitions, and horse and stock stables are being erected, and a good mile track is laid out. Much interest is being taken in the coming fair, and the displays will be of high order. The farmers and stockmen have imported many full-blood and high grade horses and cattle, and are alive to the importance of improving the blood of their large bands of horses, cattle and sheep. The stock growers have an association for the protection of that industry, and for mutual aid in conducting their business. Stock-growing was the first, and for years has been the leading, industry. Many thousands of cattle and horses, and of late years large bands of sheep, graze on the bunch grass ranges, and the annual shipments are very large. Grain raising and other forms of agriculture are now beginning to compete with stock-growing for the first place, with good chances of ultimate success, since a valley of two hundred and fifty thousand fertile acres, through which runs a rail-

road, must, of necessity, become a populous agricultural region.

The era of railroad construction is fairly upon us, and in the next few years we may reasonably expect to see lines running through all our agricultural and mining districts. In the matter of new transportation facilities, Ellensburg has most encouraging prospects. The Northern Pacific is surveying a branch line from that point to the Big Bend country, which will connect with a boat on the Columbia at Rock Island rapids, giving an outlet to the sound, through Ellensburg, for an extensive region along the river. This is a route by which it is proposed to reach the Salmon river mines. The line of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, now building east from Seattle, will pass through Kittitas county, and probably through this city, and will probably be constructed in 1888. The great Manitoba system, whose line is already under construction as far as Butte, Montana, and will be completed this year, and whose engineers have reached the Cascade mountains in their search for a route to Puget sound, will make its appearance within two years. Ellensburg lies in the general path of this great road, and hopes to be its chief point in Central Washington.

There is still another prospect of distinction for this thriving young city. There is a growing sentiment in favor of moving the territorial capital from Olympia to some point east of the mountains, where it will be more centrally located and, consequently, more accessible to a majority of the people. Ellensburg lies near the geographical center of the territory, and will push her claims for the capital when the question of location comes up at the next meeting of the legislature. The citizens are prepared to make liberal inducements, and have reasonable hope for success.

Certainly no other city can advance better reasons for desiring the honor of being the territorial—possibly the state—capital.

Ellensburg has much to offer those who are looking for a business location in the West. A live town, with business increasing in volume and widening in scope, the surrounding country develop-

ing rapidly and advancing in wealth and population, a most healthful and agreeable climate, and a vigorous, intelligent and liberal people, are among the inducements it offers; while outside of the city, some of the best agricultural and grazing land in the West, extensive iron and coal deposits and valuable quartz ledges await the hands of capital and labor with promise of rich rewards.

CLE-ELUM AND THE MINES.

ON the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains, but a few miles from the line of the Northern Pacific, as recently completed to Puget sound, is a mineral district unlike any other on the Pacific coast, embracing, not only the precious metals, but coal and iron in practically unlimited quantities. Last year the company built a branch line to the coal fields, distant about five miles, where mining operations were begun on an extensive scale. The Roslyn mines—such is the name of the thriving mining town which has sprung up there—have an output of from three hundred to five hundred tons per day, supplying all the coal used by the railroad from the Cascades to the Rockies, and much of that sold for private consumption in the same territory. All of this coal reaches the main line at Cle-Elum, the point of junction, which has, in this brief period, grown to a town of three hundred people, with prospects of much greater growth in the future. The Roslyn mines are of such an extent and character that the out-put can be greatly increased, while new discoveries are constantly being made. The fact is, that within a few miles of Cle-Elum

there are coal fields so extensive in area as to supply the Inland Empire with fuel for many scores of years, the greater portion of which must pay tribute to that place.

The coal fields, however, are not the only resource the town has to draw upon. Iron deposits of great magnitude and exceptionable richness have been discovered but a few miles distant, and so situated that they must be reached by a branch line from Cle-Elum. Iron has been known to exist there for a number of years, but only by the explorations of the present season have their extent and value been ascertained. A few months ago several wealthy iron manufacturers from England bonded the iron mines in the Snoqualmie pass, to reach which a railroad is now being built from Seattle, with the purpose of buying them and erecting extensive steel works in that city. Since then they have examined the deposits near Cle-Elum, and, owing to their lower altitude, and the proximity of both coal and limestone, have about determined to let the bond on the Snoqualmie mines lapse, and erect works at Cle-Elum, bringing their coal and iron from the mines in that vi-

cinity. This is practically determined upon, and it may be stated with reasonable certainty that extensive iron and steel works, chiefly for the manufacture of steel rails, will be erected there within a year. This will make a radical change in the aspect of the town, as seen in the engraving on page 691. Even if the iron works do not materialize, a town growing as rapidly as Cle-Elum, changes its constituent parts so materially within a year, that, in all probability, within a twelve-month, the engraving will have few features in common with the large and bustling town which will then occupy the same site.

Gold and silver ledges have been prospected for several years in the region lying north of the route of the railroad. These mines are reached by wagon road and trail from Cle-Elum, distant twenty miles, from which their supplies come. There are about a dozen locations being opened by shafts and tunnels, and some of them have progressed far enough to uncover large and permanent ledges of rich quartz. Ore is being taken out, preparatory to shipment to the reduction works in Portland, and Tacoma, also, when the latter shall have been erected. There are, also, about a score of copper locations, the ore assaying thirty per cent. and upwards, besides carrying considerable gold and silver. Only assessment work has been done on these claims. Antimony, plumbago and asbestos are found,

and considerable gold placer-mining is being carried on.

It is seldom that a town occupies the position of railroad and supply point for a region of such varied mineral resources. In fact, I call to mind no other instance where coal, iron, limestone, copper, gold, silver, wood and water are associated so closely together and in such abundance, all within easy reach of a great agricultural region on the one hand, and good seaport cities on the other. Cle-Elum is fortunately situated at the gateway to this mineral region, and will prosper accordingly.

Ten miles distant, on the road to the gold mines, is Lake Cle-Elum, a beautiful body of water, seven by ten miles in extent, surrounded by all the beautiful scenery of the mountains. The water is of crystal clearness, and the bottom has never been found by any sounding line yet used. Newport is the name of a summer resort on the banks of the lake, connected with Cle-Elum by a good wagon road, and this is becoming a favorite resort during the hot days of summer by the residents of the valley.

Che-Elum, then, as the railroad shipping and supply point for the gold and silver mines and the lake, the point of junction of the branch line to the coal and iron mines, and the probable site of great iron and steel works, occupies a prominent place among the young and growing towns of Washington.

Northwestern News and Information.

SMELTER AT TACOMA.—A company has been organized by S. D. Ryan, a St. Paul capitalist, to erect smelting works in Tacoma. The capital stock is \$2,000,000. A smelter of 400 tons daily capacity will be erected, which will give employment to 500 men. The plant is now being manufactured by Frazer & Chalmers, of Chicago. The buildings will be erected on 25 acres of ground on the water front, donated by Gen. J. W. Sprague and others.

THE PREMIER.—The new steel steamer, the *Premier*, is completed. She was built by the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co., to run between Vancouver and the ports of Puget sound. She is a steel vessel, 200 feet long and 43 feet beam, and cost \$160,000. She has a speed of sixteen knots an hour, has accommodations for 150 passengers, and is supplied with electric lights, automatic fresh water apparatus and all other conveniences, of a first class passenger steamer.

MONTANA LIVE STOCK JOURNAL.—One of the best and most enterprising papers in the West is the *Live Stock Journal* at Helena. It is devoted to the live stock interests of Montana, much of which centers in the capital city. The *Journal* has inaugurated a system of prizes, ranging in value from fifty cents to two hundred dollars, which will be distributed to all paid-up subscribers in January next, each subscriber getting something. The price of the *Journal* is \$3.00 a year, and it is well worth the money without any prize.

CREDIT IN CHARACTER.—*The American Banker & Financial News* says: "Bankers might well give more consideration to character as an element of credit than they do. Theoretically, character counts for much in all financial transactions, but there is scarcely a day which does not show by some failure or default that men whose business conduct entitled them to no credit, had credit illimitable, while others are hampered all the time by the want of money to which their character and the character of their business entitles them."

SEATTLE IMPROVEMENTS.—The progress made on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad is satisfactory, and the first forty miles are all ironed. The contract will soon be let for another section, which will take the track to the summit of the Cascades. The city council has granted a franchise for a cable street railway to the Seattle Cable Road & Water Co. Mr. D. W. Davidson has established a leather tannery in South Seattle. The citizens have incorporated a hotel association for the purpose of maintaining a large, first-class hotel. The association will purchase the Occidental, and make extensive additions and improvements, the whole investment approaching \$300,000.

OUR NEW PRESS.—The four-roller cylinder press, for book and cut work, recently added to the establishment of THE WEST SHORE, is the best ever brought to this city. It has not been idle a minute since it was set up a month ago, and has turned out a great quantity of the finest book work, both type and cuts, ever executed on the Pacific coast. It is the constant aim of THE WEST SHORE to excel in every feature, and to do this superior machinery is required. The press was manufactured by C. B. Cottrell & Sons, and was purchased through the firm of Palmer & Rey, the well known dealers in printers' supplies. We are now prepared to make a specialty of fine illustrated pamphlet and book work of all kinds, as well as the highest order of bank and commercial engraving and printing of all kinds.

THE SHASTA BOOK.—The Southern Pacific has just issued a beautifully printed book of scenery along the Shasta route, from the Sacramento valley to Portland. The paper and mechanical work are most excellent, but the sketches are simply execrable, a libel on some of the grandest scenery on the continent of America. It is very coarse pen work, in which all the grace of form and charm of light and shadow are wanting. Nothing but the superior execution of the work redeems it from becoming trash. The printer has done much to save the "artist" from total failure. It is to be regretted that the company should deem it necessary to send East for work

of this kind, since, by having it done at home, it would advertise the fact that the Pacific coast has establishments capable of turning out a high order of mechanical art, as well as possessing some of the most charming and imposing scenery in the world.

THE POORMAN MINE.—Six months ago the Poorman mine, in the Cœur d'Alene district, was bonded for \$136,000. A company has been organized by prominent business men of Butte and Helena, with a capital stock of \$5,000,000. The Poorman mine is situated on an extension of the celebrated Tiger, one of the most noted of the Cœur d'Alene properties. Three adit tunnels have been run on it one hundred and twenty-five feet apart, each one hundred feet. Each follows a well defined and contiguous vein of ore from three to four feet in width. The ore assays from fifty to sixty ounces in silver and from sixty to eighty per cent. lead. The face of each level is in ore of high grade. One thousand tons of rich ore are now on the dump ready for shipment, and it is a very conservative statement to say that twice the amount of the purchase money is now in sight. Within ninety days D. C. Corbin's narrow-gauge railroad will be at the mine, and ore shipments will begin at that time. A concentrator will be built at the mine in the spring.

PRIEST RIVER MINES.—For several weeks meagre reports of rich placer discoveries on the Priest river, in Northern Idaho, have been heard. Later advices state that prospectors are pouring into the new mines, and doctors, lawyers and business men are joining the procession. The *Kootenai Courier*, published at Rathdrum, prints wonderful stories of the mineral richness of the new region. Mr. Hughes has a placer claim on Hughes' branch on which he is actively at work, and is taking out large quantities of gold, averaging fifty cents to the pan, and when it is remembered that twenty cents to the pan is a big return, some idea may be had of this remarkable strike. M. D. Pendleton also has a bonanza claim, from which he is panning much of the precious metal. It is one of the few regions where "poor man's diggings" can be found, for the placers pay from the grass roots to the bedrock. Quartz veins have been traced a mile on the surface, the croppings being very prominent and averaging very high in silver; about fifty ounces in silver and thirty-five per cent. lead per ton. Lumber is being whip-sawed for the purpose of making sluice boxes, and several claims will soon begin

sluicing, when more reliable evidences of the richness of the mines can be gained. The reports are probably somewhat exaggerated. The mines can be reached by trail from either Sand Point or Rathdrum.

UPPER CHOTEAU COUNTRY.—There is no prettier country in Montana than that contiguous to the Rocky mountains, on the plains on the east, above Choteau. Ever since the cattle industry was first engaged in, this section has been the range, and there is no more favored spot for successfully engaging in the business. The country is diversified as you approach the mountains from the prairie, the foothills afford abundant shelter, and on the prairie further east the grass grows luxuriantly. Of late years the number of cattle has been materially increased, until now they range from the mountains to a point some miles below the coal banks on the Missouri river, a tract fully one hundred and twenty-five miles long. It is impossible to estimate the number of cattle there. The largest herds in Northern Montana are grazing in that section. A few years ago the owners of sheep commenced to drive in their flocks and locate their ranches on the water courses, until now I do not believe that, in a section of the same area in Montana, there are so many sheep, and the owners have been successful; and from what I can learn, they are on perfectly amiable terms with the owners of cattle, it having been demonstrated, in that section at any rate, that cattle and sheep can both live on the same range. The growth of these industries has had the effect of building towns. It may seem strange, but there is no more staple town in the territory than Choteau. It is the headquarters of the great stock interests of that section, and while new, boasts of good, substantial business houses, and a fine country surrounding it. Dupuyer is essentially a sheep town, and it is in this immediate vicinity that the largest sheep ranches are located, and this is their headquarters. Birch Creek, or Robarre, is a little settlement on the border of the Indian reservation. There are only two or three houses and a small general store.—*Live Stock Journal*.

A BIG MINING DEAL.—The largest mining deal made recently was the purchase of a group of twenty-one claims, in the Mineral Hill district, in Madison county, Montana, by Ex-Governor S. T. Hauser and A. M. Holter, of Helena, United States Senators Plumb, Allison, Farwell, Cameron and Vest, Seligman Bros., John G. Knox and Clark, Dodge & Co.,

of New York, C. B. Wright, of Philadelphia, and a number of others. The total amount of the purchase price was \$600,000, but it is not so much the cost of the claims as their extent and character which makes it a notable transaction. The property is one of the mammoth mining propositions of the world. The lead extends at least 12,000 feet up the mountain, and is in places 100 feet wide. A conservative expert's report said that 20,000,000 tons of ore could be exposed by one tunnel. The ore is mostly base gold-bearing, though the surface has long been worked for free milling purposes. Below water level it is largely on iron pyrites. The ore assays from \$25 upwards, so far as exposed. It is proposed to erect an immense concentrator on the ground and ship the concentrates to some convenient smelter. It is calculated that no ordinary plant could possibly exhaust the ore body during the life of any person now living. The proposition has been under consideration months past, and the property has been most carefully examined by the best experts in the country. Their reports are said to be sufficient to sell the property for a million dollars without another blow being struck upon it. The sale involves the immediate erection of a large plant, that being included in the estimates for subscription to the purchase price. It will also lead to the construction of a railroad from the mines to the Northern Pacific by the mining company or by the company already incorporated for the purpose. In ultimate prospects, this is, perhaps, the largest mining deal ever consummated in Montana.

THE COLVILLE CAVES.—The editor of the Stevens county *Miner* has very recently visited two large caves located in the Colville country. He gives the following account of subterranean experiences: These caves are situated in a large limestone bluff, about one mile northwest from the residence of Mr. Thomas Stranger and twelve miles south from Colville, and are easy of access by wagon to within 200 feet of their entrance. The first of these caves is entered by a narrow passage some seven feet wide and scarcely three feet in height. The first cavern is about forty feet long, and has a number of smaller caverns or corridors leading to the right, which come together in the distance of twenty feet and another room half the size of the first is formed. The farthest extremity of the second cavern is terminated by a very low and narrow passageway leading through solid rock a distance of thirty feet to the third cavern,

which is about sixty feet in length by twenty feet wide and is arched over at a height of forty feet from the floor, and is in some places studded with long icicle-like pendants, caused from the perpetual percolation of water through the limestone. The floor is covered with a mixture of decayed vegetation, to a large extent, and decomposed limestone, the former being placed there by mountain rats and other small inoffensive animals which inhabit the cave, and the latter by the constant crumbling of the surface of the walls. The east side of the first and second caverns indicate a heavy volcanic disturbance and the facing of the wall in many places shows mineral. There is no telling how far the cave continues, as it terminates the same as the second and has never been explored any further. At this point the explorer is over 200 feet from daylight and experiences a slight current of air from the mouth of the cave. We left this cave and went further up on the bluff and a distance of 100 feet to the east, to the entrance of the second cave, which is entered through a door very similar to the first. The first cavern is quite as large as the one on entering the first cave, with the exception of not being so wide; the floor has a gradual rise as we advance toward the interior, and at a distance of fifty feet from the door the light of the sun peeps through a chimney reaching to the top of the hill about fifty or sixty feet in height. At a distance of seventy feet the larger room terminates in a round passageway, leading to the left, to a narrow corridor. This corridor extends a distance of twenty-five feet, when the cavern opens beneath our feet and appears to be a fathomless pit. We did not penetrate any further as Mr. Hayes said he dropped a pick handle down this opening in the floor and he never heard it strike bottom. There is a gallery extending some length to the right again; there may be an extension still farther as this cavern narrows down to a small passage the same as those first explored. The formation in the chimney which goes down is igneous, apparently solid iron. There is a perceptible breeze following up from the depth of the chasm, and it is quite reasonable to believe that the two caves come together in the interior of the mountain.

FRUIT CULTURE IN IDAHO.—The valleys of Idaho can not be excelled by any region east of California for the production of fruit. The valleys around Boise City and Nampa are especially admirably adapted to fruit culture. Apples, peaches, pears, nectarines, apricots, plums,

prunes, grapes and all the small fruits are produced in the greatest abundance, and of a quality unsurpassed. The sage brush lands, naturally the very emblem of sterility and desolation, are in a few years turned into the finest farms, with less trouble than would attend a similar transformation on the wild prairies of Iowa or Nebraska. A prominent fruit grower estimates that twenty thousand large fruit trees have been set out annually for the past five years, in the valleys surrounding Boise. Several of the orchards in this locality produce from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand bushels of fruit each, annually, there having been but one or two failures in the crop for the past ten years. General L. F. Cartee, ex-surveyor general of Idaho, has forty varieties of grapes in his vineyard, none of which have ever failed to bear a full crop, save the Catawba. John Krall, in the suburbs of Boise, has one hundred and twenty-five acres in fruit (twenty thousand trees), embracing all the varieties known in this latitude. His production this season was five hundred thousand pounds. He finds no fruit insects yet, and pears are never troubled with blight or other diseases. His market is mainly in the mining camps, and his fruit commands from five to twelve cents per pound. Thomas Davis, also near Boise, has a seventy-five acre orchard (ten thousand trees). His orchard has failed to produce but once in the past ten years, and his last season's crop of forty thousand bushels of large fruits, and five hundred bushels of berries, must have returned him a snug little fortune alone. His orchard is seventeen years old, and not a tree in it looks like decaying. He irrigated for the first four or five years, but has not found it necessary since. This is in Boise valley, where the country is quite moist.

Mr. Davis has extensive fruit drying appara-

tus and a cider and vinegar factory, in which he works up vast quantities of fruit annually. Indeed, fruit drying and the manufacture of cider is a prominent and very profitable industry. One firm dries from thirty thousand to forty thousand pounds of fruit annually, and the interest bids fair to grow until at least the demand of Idaho and adjacent territory is supplied.

The fourth year's growth of apple trees in Boise valley has yielded two hundred pounds; of cherries, seventy-five pounds; peaches, one hundred and fifty pounds; of pears, one hundred and thirty pounds; of plums, one hundred and fifty pounds; while small fruits, such as strawberries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries and raspberries, are very prolific. The growth of wood made by fruit trees, and the quantity of fruit often found loading the branches, is almost incredible. John Lamb, in Boise City, has black locust trees on which I was shown limbs that had grown from twelve to fifteen feet in one season, and plum, peach and apple trees two years from the graft, full of fruit.

There is a grand future in store for the Idaho fruit grower. Montana on the north, Wyoming on the east and Nevada on the southwest, produce practically no fruit. With her railroads reaching the remotest corners of the territories, and with a vast consumption at home, Idaho is assured the best fruit markets in the land. Fruit can be produced in all her lower valleys, and short-sighted is the settler who does not take advantage of the above facts. There is no better district for the production of fruit than the broad flats around Nampa, all of which is now virgin ground, densely covered with sage, and only awaits cultivation and water. Fruit in this locality would not be affected by frosts, and be a sure crop every season.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

It is a subject of careful thought for women today, that the elements most wanting in this great world of action, are such that, were womanly nature sufficiently developed, they would be supplied. However it may have been in the past, whatever great problem is set for humanity to solve, we certainly have arrived at that

stage of the solution when there should be many like Joan of Arc, who, hearing the promptings of duty, will fearlessly obey to any purpose so that the truth be there. There is a beautiful interpretation of Adam's dream, to the effect that, when he took his first sleep—that semblance of death—when all unconscious he dreamed

that which he most needed, and that God took his dream (not a rib from his side) and formed woman, his complement, so that together they should control the world. Being unlike, they need each other. The world should be one great home, where man and woman consult and plan together, where there is a union of energies, an equal growth. But strange as it may seem, many women seem to think that naught of general responsibility rests upon them. We know that this is an error of education, but "more evil is wrought for want of thought, than want of heart," and the fact remains none the less true.

Woman is strongest in her moral nature, her gentleness, her love; and is it not these qualities that are most needed today? It was Wendell Phillips who said that the diapason of human thought was never struck till Christian culture brought woman into the republic of letters, so the harmony of human endeavor will not be sung until woman assumes her full responsibilities, realizing that—

Woman's sphere is bounded only
By the talents God has given,
And her duty calls wherever
Earth may be made more like heaven.

An ideal social call is one that accomplishes some good, that leaves more sunshine than it found—it is one where the caller has a motive for good in making the call. But I fear that to many the ideal is quite invisible, judging from avowed purpose, general demeanor, and obvious results. Could we but have the ideal social calls how much might be done by society! How many gloomy hours dispelled, how many pure motives implanted, how much inspiration to intellectual attainments, art, and philanthropy gained! Many women make society matters simply a scapegoat with which to excuse themselves from doing work having an open purpose to do good. Ask them to help in home missionary work, they reply that they have no time, that their calling and receiving absorbs all the time they can possibly have outside their home. But should you have the audacity to inquire what they accomplish by their calling, the greater number would reply that they had not thought much about what they accomplished, that they went because others did and they must be civil enough to return the courtesy of others. But mark you in these same ladies, the time and effort put upon costumes, and in many, we would not judge harshly, but in many, very many, it does seem that they care more for the apparel of the body than they do

for the jewels of the mind and heart. Then what good could we reasonably expect to follow such a course? The rounded, well-cultured individual does everything with a purpose. To be driftwood in the great sea of life is unbecoming intelligence. Society, too, will sooner or later become harmonized to this great spirit of the age, when the ideal becomes the actual and when vanity and aimlessness give place to pure motives and direct purposes.

Perhaps there is nothing harder for a conscientious mother than to see work all about her which only mother can do and yet that she is unable to accomplish. Every household contains much that but one mind can direct, but one pair of eyes see well done. This, with the constant direction and government of the children, is an ever present pressure upon mother's endurance, and should it fail, even for one day, the result becomes plainly visible to her, if no one else, and she knows that it means additional work some other time. If her strength be taxed to its utmost constantly, then she has no recourse when she fails, but that part which she left undone must remain undone still. Not much wonder that she becomes nervous at such times, that her temples throb and she feels that if she could only be relieved for ever so short a time, she could take up the battle of life again. Talk not to me of "mind cure;" that it is all in the "thinking so;" that strength ever comes at the bid of the determination. There are laws as unwavering, as exacting, which control the physical forces as there are that govern the mental forces, and harmony with each must be kept. It would be the extreme of foolishness to place the hand upon a red-hot stove and declare that it should not be burned, or to stand with uncovered feet in the freezing snow and will that Jack Frost be powerless to injure you. Causes will produce their effects, all things being equal. Results can only be obviated by preventing causes. Would you assist woman's overburdened back to strength? You would better assist younger women to keep their strength and the health which gives it. But there is a way in which the mind may materially help the body. A German proverb says "It is easy to believe that which we either hope or fear." To wish for better, to be hopeful, to keep up the wishes, to keep back the fears, this brightens work and increases enthusiasm. If mother is not strong enough to work to-day she should not urge herself into it thinking she must, and she is not sick after all, but rather smile it away as a rest

day, one for thought and reading, and she will be surprised with the rapid return of strength and courage.

No house should be without something to amuse children, even if there be no children belonging to the household. It is not an uncommon occurrence for mothers to be as wearied after a visit that should have rested them as though they had stayed at home and spent the day with their hardest work, simply because baby was so much more trouble than when at home in the midst of its toys and amusements. Visitor baby should not be slighted any more than its mamma, and if there were only a receptacle of some kind—a basket or a bag—into which such things as children like to play with might be dropped, it would cause no trouble whatever and there would always be something to amuse baby when company comes. Mothers also might save themselves much trouble by taking something along that would be interesting for baby to play with.

It is said that the experience of New York's trial of putting women on the school board is that they see many things that men do not; that they inspire confidence in the teachers, and have more sympathy with the children. A notable point in the city is the care the women exercise over the sanitary condition of the schools. These are some of the things that every believer in woman would naturally expect her to do.

One of the few well-organized and well-established schools among the Indians was the Girls' Seminary near Talequa, which was burned on April 10th. It was capable of accommodating two hundred girls, and has done much good work. It is desired that the seminary be promptly rebuilt. One of the duties of our government to the Indians is to provide adequate means for their education. The duty is recognized, but very many of the schools fall far below what their true standard should be in thoroughness and discipline.

RIBBON SPOOL-BAGS.—Dainty spool-bags are made of satin ribbons joined together in strips. Seven strips of ribbon, each about one inch and a quarter wide, and twelve inches long, are sewed together, with feather-stitching over the seams, or not, according to taste. A satin lining and casing for a draw-string must be added. Gather the lower edge, draw closely together, and sew it inside to the center of a small bam-

boo basket in bowl-shape with a wide rim. Seven spools of silk are then to be fastened, by a silk cord on which they are strung, just inside the top of the basket, and the cord is also to be caught to the edges of the ribbons, so that each ribbon will come opposite the spool of the same color. Arrange the colors in a harmonizing succession. The basket and spools may be gilded, taking great care not to stain the silks. The ribbon bag can be used as a receptacle for the thimble, scissors, etc.

THERMOMETER HOLDER.—A novel thermometer holder may be made by taking three equal-sized, well filled pea-pods, open the front of the pod and glue peas in place. Cover all well with liquid gold. Take a piece of bright blue plush 8x12 inches, fasten neatly to pasteboard enough smaller to allow plush to fold over edges neatly. Line the back with some suitable material. Purchase small thermometer and fasten near the top of holder. Below it fasten neatly with gilt thread the three pea-pods, and you will have a thermometer pretty as well as novel.

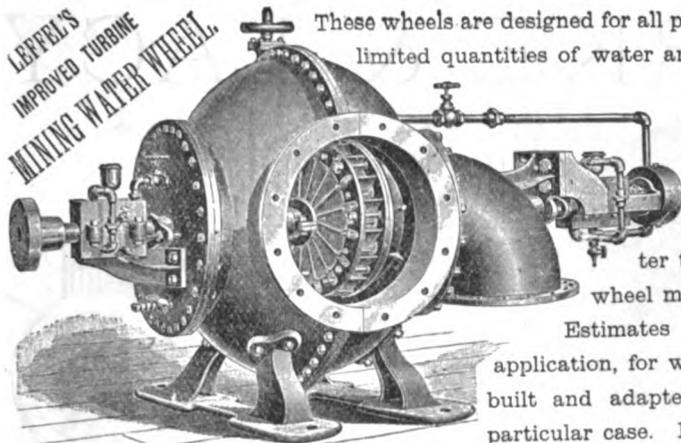
DAISY-DOTTED CRIB CURTAINS.—Dotted mull is a nice material for toilet sets, crib curtains or perambulator covers, and may be embroidered with daisies most effectively. Mull having the raised dots well separated should be selected; the larger the dots, the more showy the work will be. Cover each dot with a satin stitch of gold and yellow for the center, and add petals of white silk. The daisies may be made with brown centers and golden-yellow petals, if preferred. Mull embroidered in this style makes pretty toilet sets, comprising scarf, pin-cushion, and bottle covers, lined with silk, satin, or satine in pale yellow, pink, green, or blue, and ornamented with ribbons of the same color.

BOOK-COVERS.—Embroidered book-covers of plush or velvet are desirable for gift books or manuals of devotion. A small paper-knife and pencil may be attached by narrow ribbons which will serve for book-marks.

The **HOUSEKEEPER** for October will contain a full account of the wedding of the manageress of that paper, in the Minneapolis, Minn., Exposition, on the evening of September 28th, together with accurate descriptions and illustrations of the participants' wedding dresses and presents. A copy of this issue will be mailed free to any of our lady readers sending their address to **THE BUCKEYE PUB. CO.,**
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Eastern Oregon.....	Thur. Oct... 6	Wed. Oct... 12	12 m.
Yaquina City.....	Tues. Oct... 11	Sun. Oct... 16	10 a. m.
Willamette Valley...	Sat. Oct... 15	Sat. Oct... 22	11 a. m.
Eastern Oregon.....	Wed. Oct... 19	Tues. Oct... 25	12 m.
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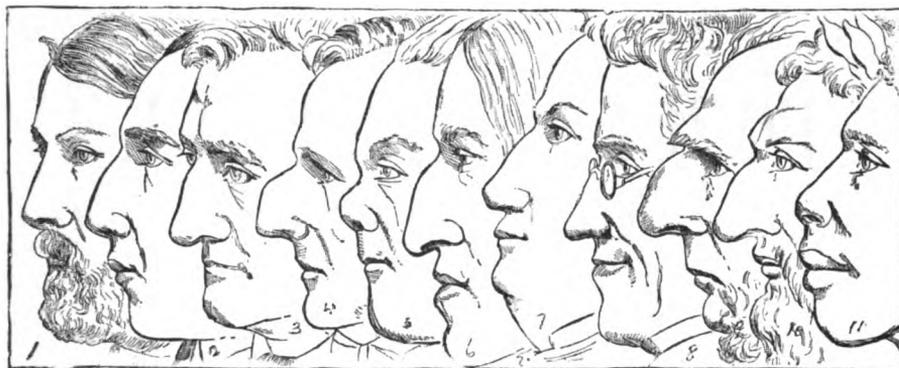
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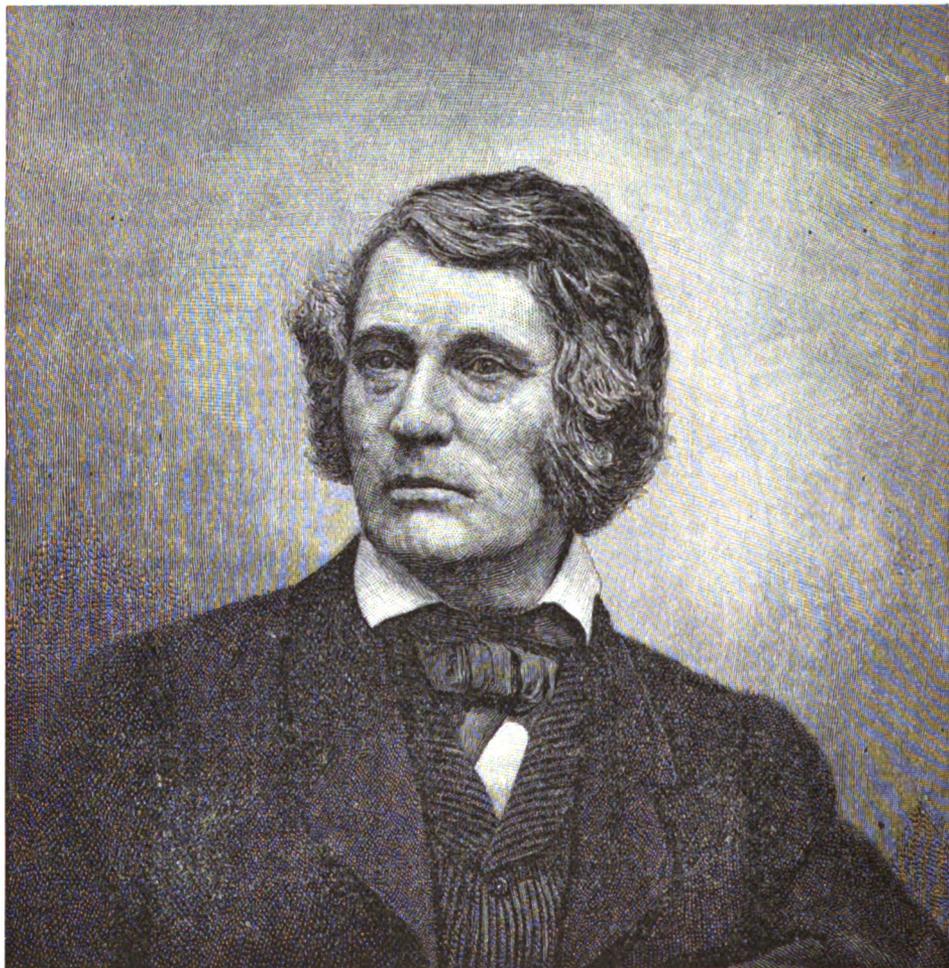
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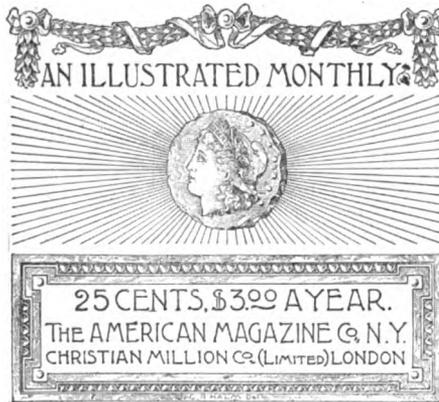
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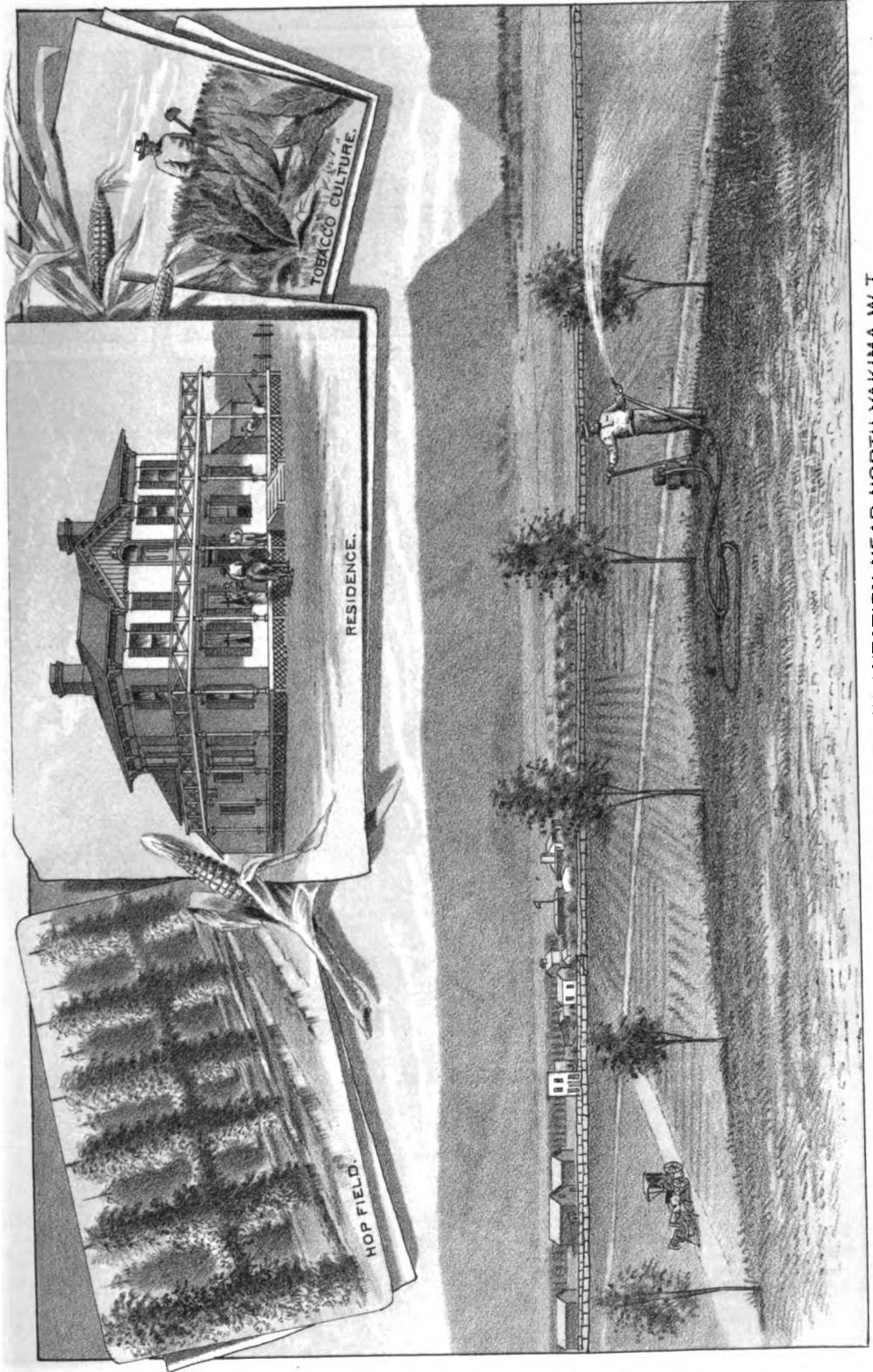
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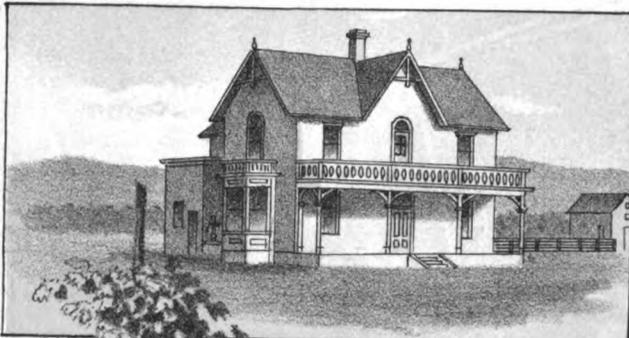
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HOME FARM OF THE MOXEE PLANTATION, NEAR NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.



C. CARPENTER.



JOSEPH S.

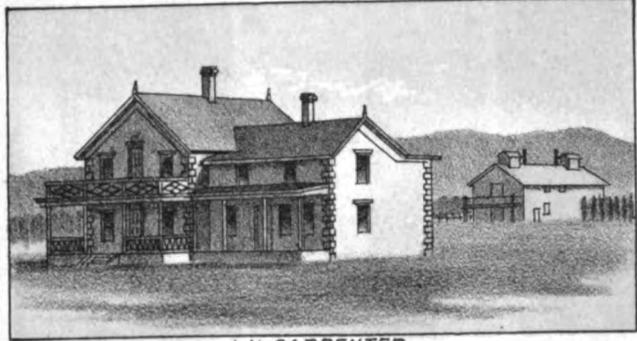


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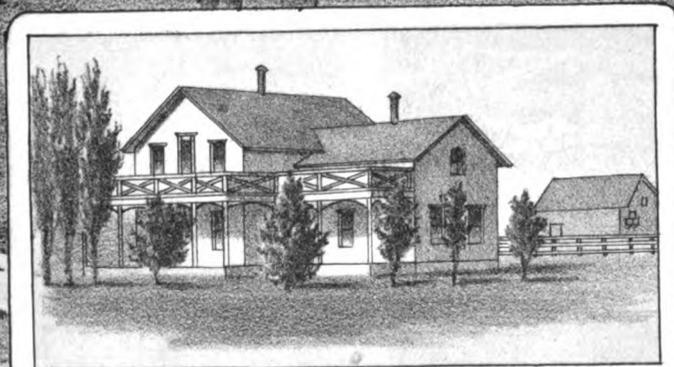
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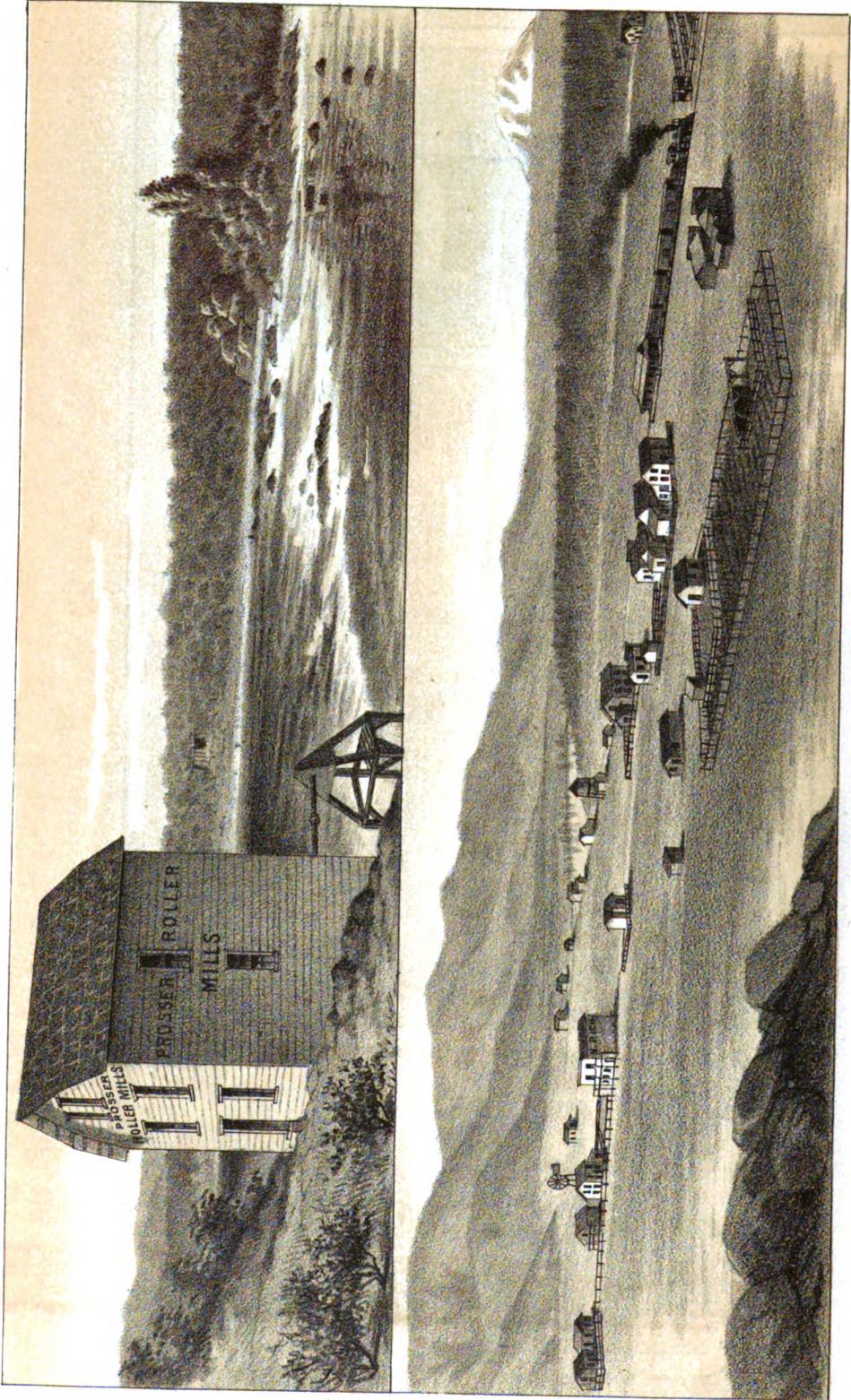


J. H. CARPENTER.



GEO. CARPENTER.

AKIMA VALLEY
W. T.



PROSSER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1887.

NUMBER 10.

YAKIMA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



GENERALLY speaking, the "Yakima country" embraces all that vast region lying between the Cascade mountains, on the west, and the Columbia river, on the east, and is a large belt of agricultural and grazing land which has for its business center the prosperous city of North Yakima. Until the past year this region has been so isolated from the routes of travel by rail and river, that its development has been exceedingly slow. It has been known for years as one of the best ranges for cattle in the entire West, but its agricultural possibilities were scarcely thought of until the near approach of the Northern Pacific drew attention to its fertile acres, its delightful climate and splendid situation as regards a permanent market for its products. No greater revolution in the conditions of trade and production was ever witnessed than that which followed the construction of the Cascades branch through the Yakima

country. A region which had formerly purchased much of its supplies abroad freighted them in on wagons, at great expense, suddenly found itself open to market, and began, not only to produce enough for its own support, including its rapidly increasing population, but for export to other localities. There suddenly sprang up as its commercial center, a town which now ranks among the leading cities of the territory.

The birth and growth of North Yakima is unparalleled in the West. Two years ago it was an unbroken sage brush plain; to-day it is a thriving business city, with three newspapers, a population of one thousand souls, and all the adjuncts of an important trade center. Mushroom towns have sprung up in a night all along the line of advancing railroads, and have almost as rapidly declined; but this was not a mushroom growth in any respect save its rapidity. From the time the first foundation was laid to the present, not an improvement has been made which was not intended to be permanent, or for occupation only until an opportunity could be had to build a better. Not a step has been taken by the citizens which has not had the future welfare of the city in view,

even more than that of the present. Business men, recognizing the advantages the townsite possessed, invested their means and settled down with the intention of making this their future home and field of activity. This spirit has wrought wonders, and is still working toward greater achievements. Aladdin's castle was created in a night, but the power which brought it into being removed it with equal celerity. Not so with this magical city. Its growth was almost as phenomenal, but even its creators have not the power to undo the work of their hands, and Yakima will be numbered among the leading cities of the West when the name of every man who gave it birth shall have been forgotten.

In the center of the great system of rivers and valleys which constitute the Yakima country, lies the city which will be the metropolis of the surrounding hills, valleys and mountains when they shall have become the homes of many thousands of people. Nature has opened the mountains that the waters of a vast region may unite their volumes here, and has provided passes through the mountains, by easy grades, for railroads to bear from this point to the sea the products of a great and rapidly developing region.

When the Northern Pacific decided to begin actual construction upon the Cascades division, the officials of the land department made a careful examination of the Yakima country. It was plainly evident that in this region there would spring up a large inland city, the center of trade for the great agricultural, mineral and timber district through which the road would run. Being also the geographical center of the territory, and, when the road was completed, the point most accessible from all portions of it, there seemed little doubt that a city, suitably located and properly laid

out, would receive the general preference for the state capital, when, in the wisdom of congress, the time should arrive for the admission of Washington into the sisterhood of states. Their examination resulted in the decision that the site described above was the natural commercial center of the country. In this valley they found the town of Yakima City, containing about five hundred people, and transacting the business for a large portion of this new and sparsely settled region. In several respects the town did not meet the requirements for a great inland metropolis, and the officials were compelled to decide between adopting it, with its imperfections, or founding a new one. The latter course was decided upon, as being the wisest one to pursue, and a site, in every way eligible, was selected, three and one-half miles north of the old town. This was surveyed and laid out in blocks, lots, streets and alleys, with plots reserved for public uses, state capitol and other buildings of a public and educational character. To compensate the people of the old town as much as possible, the company offered to donate to such of them as would remove their buildings to North Yakima, the name chosen for the town, or would erect new ones there, business and residence property equivalent in value to that occupied by them in the old town.

As soon as this decision was announced, there was a great rush of enterprising business men to the new town site. The company immediately began the construction of depot, side tracks, etc., and the work was commenced on two score of buildings almost in a day. Several business men of the old town, clearly appreciating the situation, immediately began the removal of their buildings, or the construction of new ones, upon lots accepted on the company's proposition. Others held back and

sought to maintain the prestige of the old town; but one by one they recognized the handwriting on the wall, and were wise enough to see a permanent advantage in what appeared to be a temporary calamity. More contracts were daily let to the house movers, until the movement northward became a continuous procession. Large buildings were in some instances cut in two and taken in sections, while others were moved in their entirety. Smaller buildings were mounted on wheels, and drawn across the prairie by twenty-mule teams. So quickly was this work done, and so general became the hegira, that the large Bartholet House was taken without interruption of its hotel traffic. Meals were cooked, and all the work of the hotel discharged, while the structure was in motion, the boarders eating and sleeping in the building continuously. In the same manner, the national bank building, with its stone vault and huge iron safes, made the four-mile journey without interruption of its business. The same spirit of energy and feverish activity was displayed by every one. Within six weeks one hundred and fifty buildings were erected, and the work of construction and removal continued without flagging. No one can comprehend this without a feeling of astonishment. Certainly no one can visit the scene of this wonderful transformation, without being profoundly impressed with the future possibilities of a region peopled with such energetic, intelligent and progressive men.

Within three months from the time when the mingled tufts of bunch grass and sage brush alone claimed possession of North Yakima, a thriving town, with railroad depot and side tracks, stores, residences, a church, and even thousands of shade trees, were to be seen. Only in the great West do conditions exist which render such things possible. Peo-

pled with an intelligent, enterprising and active class, constantly recruited from the best blood, brawn and brain of the East, it accomplishes feats of industry and enterprise that may well challenge the amazement of older communities. The West is rapidly filling up with wide-awake, active and ambitious young men, who find here a broader and more inviting field for the exhibition of their powers and energy than is possible in the older and more settled regions from which they come. The drones, the cripples, the easily contented, and those past the era of their greatest activity, remain at home, while the younger and more energetic, filled with ambition and a determination to conquer success by unflagging effort, are crowding into the newer West, and daily accomplishing things that may well make their old friends and neighbors open their eyes with astonishment. The most striking illustration of this is the city whose growth, situation and prospects we are now considering.

The company did everything possible for the public welfare, to introduce proper sanitary and fire regulations, and to preserve order and good government until the town was incorporated and began to enjoy the benefits of a legal and complete city government. Encouragement was given to every legitimate enterprise seeking a location, and several important industries were induced to establish themselves here. A large irrigating canal was constructed from the Natches river to the town, from which trenches now run down every street. Each householder was given the privilege of tapping the trenches, free of expense, for the purpose of conveying water upon his grounds. The streets have been lined with shade trees—thirty-five hundred cottonwood, birch, box elder and maple being set out during the first three months—which gratify the people

with their beauty and shade, and contribute largely to the public health by their effect upon the atmosphere. There are now twenty-two miles of ditches and shade trees, maintained at the expense of the city, the use of the water being free to every property holder.

Two years have accomplished much in the growth of the city, which may be better understood from a brief summary of its various constituents. It already possesses six good brick buildings. Two brick yards in the vicinity supply an excellent quality of material, and several more buildings of this substantial nature are now in process of erection. Many of the frame buildings are commodious and well built. Among the more prominent buildings is that of the Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence, a brick edifice fifty by sixty feet (see page 731), and three and one-half stories high, in which a school was opened the present year. Another is the North Yakima academy, founded by Prof. J. M. Denison, in 1886. A two-story brick school house is being erected for the public school, at an expense of \$10,000.00 (see page 732). It will be completed early in the spring, and will be a handsome structure. There are about two hundred and fifty children in the district, who can all find accommodation in the new building. The school is well graded, and is under the charge of four teachers. A Catholic college, two and one-half stories in height, and Christian, Presbyterian, Congregational and Catholic churches, all good buildings, complete the list of structures of a religious and educational character. The Methodists and Episcopalians have church organizations, but no houses of worship. Switzer's opera house, erected the present season (see page 733), is also an attractive brick structure. A large building, costing \$15,000, is about to be erected by the Yakima Hotel Co.

The necessity of first class hotel accommodations became so evident to the business men, that they recently incorporated a company, with a capital stock of \$12,000.00, and will at once erect the structure shown in the engraving on page 733. The promoters of this enterprise are Edward Whitson, A. B. Weed, L. S. Howlett, J. H. Thomas, E. M. Reed, A. F. Switzer, W. H. Chapman, Samuel Chappel, George Donald and J. M. Adams, all prominently identified with the growth of the city. The depot and warehouses of the Northern Pacific are also structures of considerable size. The court house is a two-story frame structure, with a brick jail beneath, standing near the center of the engraving on pages 732 and 733, giving a general view of the city. The business portion is shown on the right, and the chief residence locality on the left. Occupying, as it does, a level site, a view of this character can only give a general idea of its appearance, since some portions of the city obstruct the view of others. A better idea of the business portion can be obtained from the engraving of Yakima avenue, the chief thoroughfare from the depot, given on page 731, also from the smaller sketch of First street, on page 734. The large view is very comprehensive, embracing the city, valley, foot hills and distant mountains. In the foreground appears the North Yakima Roller Mill, which was erected last year at a cost of \$13,000.00. This enterprise is one of the leading evidences of the radical change effected by the railroad. In 1885, this region imported from outside sources, by wagon, flour to the value of \$45,000. The present season, the new mill has not only supplied the home demand, but has shipped much of its home product to outside markets on Puget sound. Although but two years have elapsed since the first house was built, there are

a number of tasteful, and even ornamental residences, surrounded by shade trees, which have grown to good proportions in that brief period. These shade trees, lining all the streets, and the flower gardens, both of which are constantly supplied with moisture from the ditches previously referred to, are a charming and refreshing feature, too often lacking in our Western towns of recent birth.

The business interests of the city are extensive, and embrace nearly every mercantile pursuit found in prosperous and enterprising communities. There are six large stores dealing in general merchandise, two hardware stores and agricultural implement warehouses, two grocery stores, three drug stores, one clothing store, one dry goods and notion store, one boot and shoe store, one jewelry store, one furniture store, two variety stores, one bank, one tailor shop, one millinery store, one dress making establishment, one bakery, one restaurant, two hotels, two livery stables, a photograph gallery, two blacksmith and wagon shops, a paint shop, flouring mill, planing mill, and sash and door factory. The professions are represented by three physicians and seven attorneys. Three weekly newspapers are published here. Two of them, the *Signal* and *Republic*, are local and political, and are among the leading journals of the territory. The third, the *Farmer*, is devoted chiefly to the agricultural and stock interests of this region, and has a wide circulation.

The city will lay a system of water works next year, by which pure, healthful water from the Naches river will be brought in iron pipes, giving a pressure of ninety feet, sufficient to throw a stream over any house in town. This will afford, by means of hose apparatus only, ample protection from fire, and will admit of running water in every business

block and residence. The supply of water from this source is ample, and affords an excellent and unfailing water power. This power is now being utilized by the roller mill. Its abundance, taken with the fact that a fall of ninety feet may be secured in three miles, and that it can be cheaply handled, renders this one of the most economical manufacturing points in the West. Other industries will soon avail themselves of this opportunity to secure cheap and reliable power at a point so favorably situated for reaching market. The United States land office for the Yakima district is located here, where all entries have to be made by settlers upon government lands in Yakima, Klickitat, Kittitas, Douglas, Lincoln and Stevens counties. This point was selected because it was the most central in the district, and, as well, the most accessible. The same position is occupied in relation to the whole territory, and will probably result in the choice of this city by the people for the seat of government. There is a large and growing sentiment in favor of removing the capital from Olympia to a more central location, where it may be reached with equal facility by residents from the thickly settled regions east of the Columbia and the centers of population on Puget sound. Though no steps have been taken to that end, yet Yakima seems to be looked upon by the majority of people as the most eligible site. Provision was made for this when the town was laid out, and ample grounds were set aside and dedicated for the use of the territory for capitol and other public buildings. It is not at all improbable that this growing, prosperous young giant will be selected as the capital of the future state of Washington. One thing is noticeable—and in this regard Yakima has no rival—the generous width of the streets. The standard width is eighty feet, but Yakima avenue, the

chief business thoroughfare, is one hundred and twenty feet wide, and Natches avenue, the principal residence street, is one hundred and forty feet in width. In laying out the city, the projectors thought of the future, and made these provisions for creating one of the most beautiful and attractive capital cities in the West, with wide streets lined with beautiful shade trees and handsome residences.

Topographically, Yakima county presents a series of hills, plateaus, low mountain ranges and long stretches of valley land lying along the streams. The hills and table lands are covered in part with sage brush, and in part with luxuriant bunch grass. With the intermediate valleys, they have for years constituted the best pasture lands on the Northwest coast. Thousands of cattle have grazed on the nutritious bunch grass, as thousands are still doing, and many of the rich men of Oregon and Washington owe not a little of their wealth to the grassy slopes of Yakima.

Owing to the lightness of the rainfall, and its almost total absence during late spring and early summer, the best results in agriculture are produced by irrigation. Happily, there is an abundant and never failing supply of water for this purpose, which may be easily utilized. Capital is required to accomplish this, but not in such large amounts as is necessary in many regions. Through the center of the county runs the Yakima river, carrying a large volume of water from the mountains, and receiving, within the county, the waters of the Ah-tanum, Wenas, Natches, Topinish, Satas and other tributaries. Along the course of the main river, and extending up these tributary streams, is a series of valleys, embracing many thousand acres of arable land, which can all be irrigated by water from the neighboring rivers. There is, among farmers who have had

no practical experience with irrigation, a prejudice against that method of farming; but an investigation of its merits can not but convert every intelligent, practical man. Its merits are briefly stated. The farmer who has his land well covered by irrigating ditches is independent of the caprices of nature. Neither drouth nor flood menace him. If his crops need moisture, he has it ready at any time, while at the same time he is exempt from the damage which follows too copious rains. He can, also, feel free from the mental burden which the farmer in the rain belt always bears, the fear that, at the last moment, an unlucky storm will ruin his harvest, and deprive him of the reward of his year of hard toil. A farmer in a dry country, with a good soil and an unfailing supply of water at his command, which he can, at will, turn upon any portion of his land which may require moisture, and shut off from other portions which may already have sufficient, comes as near being his own master as an agriculturist ever can. A comparison of what has been accomplished in California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington upon irrigated lands, with the results upon lands in any region dependent upon natural rainfall, is most flatteringly favorable to the former. The prejudice against irrigation will disappear so completely before the light of facts, that people will wonder that it ever existed. The greatest agricultural achievements of ancient civilizations were accomplished by this means, and in the "scientific farming" of the future there is no doubt that the proper manipulation of the irrigating ditch will be counted as one of the most essential features. There is another feature which must be considered. The water comes down from the mountains and plateaus freighted with the fertilizing materials

derived from the decaying vegetation and the rich soil of the higher regions, which are spread over the cultivated lands, thus annually enriching the soil and preserving its fertility. The benefits derived from this source alone fully compensate for the cost of the water, and the farmer is relieved of the expense and labor of applying fertilizers in the ordinary way. The chief difficulty encountered in handling water in this way is a lack of experience. Time will correct the errors occasionally resulting from permitting too great or too rapid a flow of water, and the farmer soon learns to flood his lands gently, evenly and economically.

A brief summary of the various valleys in the county, followed by a statement of what the soil will produce, will give a fairly correct idea of its agricultural possibilities. The Ahtanum valley is twenty-five miles long, with an average width of five miles, including Wide hollow. It is all arable land, but not yet completely under ditch. There are now two large ditches, both heading from the Natches, the Natches and Cowiche and the Broad Gauge, and a third one is contemplated. Numerous smaller ditches are taken from the Ahtanum. This is the principal hop-raising section of the county. Along Cowiche creek lies a considerable valley, supplied by water from the creek. Between the Cowiche and Natches lies a plateau, three by ten miles in extent, which is a splendid body of land. This is all covered by the proposed Natches and Cowiche ditch, which will head in the Natches, cross this plateau, be carried across Cowiche canyon on a flume, and cover considerable land in Yakima valley. It will serve fully thirty thousand acres of land. The Natches is a small valley, about one mile in width and ten long. It is well occupied by thrifty farms, and is irrigated by means of small ditches

from the Natches. Wenas valley is about one mile wide and twenty long, well filled with fine farms, chiefly producing hay, though considerable grain and fruits are cultivated. It is watered by small ditches from Wenas creek. Selah valley lies along the Yakima river, and contains five thousand acres, partly settled. It is irrigated by small ditches, and contains some good locations for settlers. Rising back from the valley is a large extent of excellent grazing land, too high to be reached by ditches which could be constructed at any reasonable cost. The Moxee valley lies opposite the Ahtanum. Here is a large body of land covered by the ditch of the Moxee Company, also a large tract gradually rising from the valley, so that irrigation of it becomes difficult.

An institution which forms a distinctive feature in Yakima, is the Moxee Company, an incorporated association, which is doing more to advance the cause of agriculture in the great Columbia region than any other society or individual. In 1886 this company made extensive investments in property, and began a systematic development, by means of an irrigating canal, and instituted a series of agricultural experiments, which are being productive of the greatest possible good. The company numbers among its promoters and stockholders Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, of Washington, D. C., and Professor Bell, of telephone fame. William Ker is president, and Samuel Hubbard, Jr., secretary and treasurer. The affairs of the company are managed on business principles, and all its undertakings are systematically conducted. Weekly meetings of the officers and superintendents are held for consultation. The company owns nearly five thousand acres of land, of which three thousand six hundred acres are arable, and the remainder suitable for grazing. At what

is known as the "Home Farm," six miles from Yakima, there are a postoffice, store, blacksmith shops and necessary farm buildings. A free library is maintained for the use of the men, of whom there are thirty, and some form of entertainment and refreshments are provided for them on Sundays. Religious services are held there every two weeks. The farm, which is illustrated on page 711, embraces one hundred and sixty acres, and is used chiefly for experimental purposes. These experiments cover a wide range, and are designed to test the adaptability of the soil and climate to the production of crops not ordinarily raised in this latitude, such as tobacco, cotton, sorghum, broom corn, sugar beets, etc. The result of all experiments is made public for the good of all, and every farmer in this region is as much benefited by them as if he had gone to the trouble and expense of making them himself; even more so, since the company conducts them in a more thorough and intelligent manner than nine-tenths of the farmers would do under ordinary circumstances. The products are mentioned elsewhere in this article. The Moxee Company has three hundred and fifty acres under cultivation, the remainder being used as a cattle range at present. The company has a ditch, fourteen miles long, from Yakima river, which covers the entire arable area. It proposes to divide the land into small farms of about fifty acres, and supply water at a low, permanent price to purchasers. It will sell fifty acres for \$750.00, and charge \$75.00 per year for water, or \$1.50 per acre. By cultivating hops, tobacco, fruit, berries and vegetables, a farmer on one of these tracts can make more money in a year than he could on three hundred acres of the best grain land in the West. The ditch, when completed for irrigation of these tracts, will cost \$30,000.00. The company has done

nothing prematurely, but has set about the proper development of its property, and, to this end, has invested \$200,000.00 in the past eighteen months. The farmer who purchases one of these tracts will find himself in an enviable situation, possessing a constant and ample supply of water for irrigation, and being in a position to benefit by all the costly experiments made by the company, and all the conveniences and market advantages it creates. The company has a home cattle ranch of eight hundred acres, where it conducts a large dairy business, the butter finding its chief market on Puget sound. It also has an auxiliary ranch of eleven hundred acres in Selah valley. The company has a large number of thoroughbred black Polled Angus and Hereford cattle. Settlers will be in position to benefit by these importations of blooded stock, as well as the valuable experiments mentioned above. The result of this company's efforts will be more apparent in a few years, as the contrast between the farms in this district and those in other localities will yearly become more marked and significant.

Parker bottom, or Piety flat, is on the main river, and is about one by six miles in area. It is well settled and cultivated. From this point the valley land continues down the river thirty miles, narrow in places, and in others widening out to fully eight miles. It is susceptible of irrigation from the river, by the outlay of capital. The soil is very deep and rich, and when some company takes hold of the matter and brings the land under ditch, thousands will find homes where now the sage brush holds undisputed sway. The finest body of land is the Simcoe valley, known as the Yakima Indian reservation. The river runs along one side for forty miles, back from which, for twenty miles, stretches a beautiful body of land. The Setas, To-

pinish and Simcoe creeks run through it. It is hoped that the larger portion of this will soon be open to settlement. The congressional committee visited the reservation last spring, and held a conference with the Indians on the subject of taking lands in severalty and throwing the remainder of the reservation open to settlement. That whole region is directly tributary to Yakima. The trade of the Indians amounts to considerable, and when thousands of white people have made their homes upon its fertile expanse, it will support a city of considerable size.

Below this point is a great stretch of arable and grazing land, of which the town of Prosser is the business point. Prosser is located at the falls of the Yakima river, on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, about fifty miles southeast of North Yakima. It is the center of business and trade for the surrounding country to the extent of twenty-five to forty miles in every direction. Considerable shipments of stock, wool and other products of the country are already made from this point, about fourteen hundred horses, among other things, having been forwarded eastwardly by rail during the present season. The place and country around it are noted for a climate remarkably salubrious, and this part of the Yakima valley is entirely free from malaria, having excellent drainage and no swamps or overflowed lands.

The altitude of Prosser is about six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The summer seasons are long and warm, affording a climate well adapted to the cultivation of peaches, grapes, tobacco, sorghum, sweet potatoes, tomatoes and other semi-tropical fruits and vegetables. The surrounding country promises to become one of the best localities on the Pacific slope for the successful cultivation of Indian corn. The air in summer

is tempered by the snow-capped peaks of the Cascade mountains, which are visible in the distance at all seasons of the year. The nights are always cool and pleasant, and the heat of the summer is never oppressive, owing to the dryness and purity of the atmosphere. The season of cold weather in the winter is usually short, and the climate during the fall and spring months is delightful.

The stock growing advantages of this part of the territory have long been known and used with profit by those engaged in that line of business. Its agricultural capacities are becoming equally well known, and the settlers who have located in the neighborhood, although they have suffered some from dry seasons, are satisfied that in the production of wheat and other cereals, they will be as successful as the stock men have been heretofore. Along the lower portion of the Yakima river, and parallel with the Northern Pacific railroad, there is a strip of sage brush land, rich and productive, from six to ten miles wide, which requires irrigation. To the north and south, however, there are extensive districts of high table land, covered chiefly with bunch grass, which do not require irrigation. It is a peculiarity of this region that the rains follow the highlands, and the result is that the precipitation of moisture thereupon is sufficient for the cultivation of crops without irrigation. To the south of Prosser, and tributary to that point, there is a section of this high table land, known as Horse Heaven, because of the excellent pasturage it affords, which is about seventy miles long from east to west, and from sixteen to twenty-five miles wide from north to south. It would be hard to find, in any part of the Western country, a more beautiful body of land than this consisting, as it does, of a rolling upland, rising gradually from an altitude of about one thousand feet, near Wallu-

la and Kennewick, to two thousand five hundred feet near Bickleton and Cleveland, in the direction of the Cascades. This Horse Heaven region is being settled up, but it still contains a large amount of vacant government and railroad land, which can be settled upon under the homestead and pre-emption laws or purchased at reasonable rates from the railroad company. The principal difficulty in the way of settlement is a scarcity of water for domestic purposes, but this is being gradually overcome, by digging wells and constructing cisterns. To the north of Prosser there is also an extensive bunch grass district, on what is known as Rattlesnake range. This promises to become a very productive region, and it is better supplied with springs and streams of water than the Horse Heaven country. Here, too, there is a large amount of vacant government and railroad land, which is open for settlers, or can be had at moderate prices from the railroad company.

A first-class grist mill, with all the modern improvements, has just been completed at Prosser, which will furnish a market for the wheat and corn of the neighboring settlers. This mill is operated by the water at the falls of the Yakima river, of which there is an abundant supply, easily and cheaply controlled and regulated, for a large number of additional mills and factories. Last winter twenty-five thousand sheep were kept in the vicinity of Prosser, and next winter, from present indications, there will be fifty thousand in that part of the county. These sheep are driven in the summer to the foothills of the Cascades, on the headwaters of the Yakima and its branches, and in the winter they are driven back to the lower portions of the Yakima and the Columbia rivers. The eastern slopes of the Cascades furnish the finest summer range to be found in the territory, and there

are now not less than two hundred thousand sheep pastured thereon.

The town of Prosser (see page 714), which is in the center of a region now in the course of successful development, is an excellent location for the hotel keeper, the blacksmith, the druggist, or for those who desire to engage in any of the industrial pursuits, incident to the inland town, but more particularly to those who wish to engage in milling or manufacturing woolen goods or agricultural implements. Abundant supplies of timber, lumber and coal are to be had from the mountains, either floated down the river or brought down by rail, whilst the completion of the railroad across the Cascades, affords easy access to Puget sound, about two hundred miles distant, and thence by water to all parts of the coast and the world. Within five hundred yards of the railway station are at least a dozen excellent millsites, which could be operated by water taken, at a slight cost, from the falls. These falls consist of one perpendicular fall of about ten feet, and rapids above and below, making, in all, a descent of about thirty feet in forty rods. The river at the falls is about six hundred feet wide, and there is an average depth of two feet of water throughout the year, so that the power available at this point is almost incalculable. A good bridge is contracted for, to be built across the river at Prosser, and it will be a great benefit to that place, as well as the whole of the southeastern part of the county. Public highways have already been established from Prosser to Bickleton, Umatilla, Wallula, up and down the river, and to the north sixteen miles in the direction of Priest rapids. For these, and many other points in the same section of country, Prosser will be found a convenient place of arrival and departure.

Though grain and hay can be raised in the Yakima valley, and on the irrigable

benches, previously described, equal to the best in the territory, there are a few crops for which the soil and climate are especially adapted. One of these is corn. It used to be said that corn could not be raised on the Pacific coast, and the earlier experiments with it in the region lying west of the Cascades and Sierra Nevada were practical failures. Later efforts in the dryer regions east of the Cascades have proved eminently successful, and both in quantity and quality the yield of corn in the Yakima valley is of a high order and the best in the territory. The yield of vegetables of all kinds is prolific. In nothing, perhaps, are the advantages of irrigation so marked as in the cultivation of vegetables. Turnips, cabbages, beets, squashes, etc., grow to enormous size and are of most excellent flavor. Potatoes are especially fine in quality and are of large size and yield enormously in quantity to the acre. Peanuts and sweet potatoes are good crops, and melons are especially large in size and fine in flavor. A good market for vegetables is found on Puget sound and in the mining districts. The farmers have united for the purpose of advancing their interests by superintending the packing and shipping of all produce. It is the intention of the Farmers' Alliance that all goods bearing the brand of the company shall be first class in every particular, and shall be in general demand for this reason. In the matter of fruits and berries, there is a great future before this region. The remarks made about vegetables are equally applicable to small fruits and berries. A cannery would find this an unequaled location. With an abundance of berries and vegetables of the best quality and an easy access to market, no better spot could be selected. The alliance also pays attention to the marketing of fruit. Special attention is called to the production

of peaches, to which both soil and climate are adapted. The trees do not winter-kill, and frosts seldom interfere with either buds or fruit. The quality of the fruit is unsurpassed. No better peaches are found in the world than those raised on the irrigated lands of the Yakima. The trees make a rapid and vigorous growth, and begin bearing early, their branches bending almost to the ground with their luscious burden. The engraving on page 734 is made from a sketch taken in the orchard of Professor Miller, near Yakima, and is a fair representative of the orchards of this region. This vigorous growth of trees and shrubbery of all kinds is one of the first peculiarities of this region remarked by the visitor. No better illustration of this can be had than that of the charming, tree-embowered residence of Captain W. D. Inverarity (see page 743), a gentleman who never ceases to congratulate himself upon his decision, a number of years ago, to make this his home. This luxuriance of vegetation is the more noticeable in this naturally treeless region, and demonstrates that only the magical power of water is required to cover this entire country with verdure. There are about a hundred acres of peach trees near the city, and more are constantly being set out. Some of these orchards are ten acres in extent, and one gentleman is preparing to plant an orchard of one hundred acres. The production of this fruit is rapidly becoming a specialty, and the markets of the Northwest will, in a few years, be supplied from the orchards of Yakima valley. Apples, plums, pears, prunes, etc., do equally well, and will soon become a prominent feature of the county's exports. Grapes also thrive, and new vines are constantly being planted.

Another crop in which this region excels all others is hops. Yakima hops

are pronounced to be the best on the Pacific coast, not even excepting those of the famous Puyallup valley. In size and color they are unsurpassed anywhere, and in strength they are superior. The yield per acre is enormous, averaging two thousand pounds. The engraving on pages 712 and 713 is from a sketch made in one of the yards near the city, and includes the residences of four of the leading hop raisers of the valley. It is a truthful representation, and conveys a better idea of the luxuriant growth of the vines than could be done otherwise. The hops are picked by Indians, who have proved themselves to be better and more reliable than either Chinese or white men. Fully fifteen hundred bales were harvested this season, and during the year about one hundred acres of new vines were set out.

A number of other special crops have been demonstrated to be adapted to this valley, such as broom corn, sorghum and sugar beets. The Moxee company has this season made a very careful and highly satisfactory experiment in the culture of tobacco. Ten acres were prepared, but only three and one-half acres were set out in plants. These have produced a large leaf of beautiful texture and superior quality, which cures in excellent flavor. The crop raised is equal in quality to the best produced in the United States, and averaged from eight hundred to one thousand pounds to the acre. The benefit of this experiment, made at considerable expense and trouble, enures to every settler in this region who has sufficient enterprise to avail himself of it. The company will next year make similar experiments with cotton, feeling confident that all the climatic conditions are favorable to a successful cultivation of that great staple. Alfalfa, also, on irrigated land, yields from two to four crops of hay each season, averaging six

tons to the acre. These facts suggest what an industrious, intelligent man can accomplish on a farm of fifty acres, with a sufficient supply of water. With a few acres each of fruit, berries, hops, vegetables, hay, tobacco, or other special crops, he can acquire a competency in a few years. In future years, when the success of the small farmers of Yakima has become marked, in comparison with that of the wheat growers of other localities, many a man will wonder why he did not have the prescience to foresee it, and instead of buying, or locating, a quarter section of prairie land, select one of these irrigable tracts when he was invited to do so, as he is now, by one who has examined into the matter and knows whereof he speaks.

On the fifteenth of October, the county commissioners contracted with the Pacific Bridge Company for the construction of three bridges. One of them is to be built across the Natches river, near its mouth; one across the Yakima river, between the town of North Yakima and the beautiful and fertile Moxee valley; and the third across the Yakima river at the new town of Prosser. The cost of these bridges, according to contract, is \$23,000.00, and they are to be completed by the first of March next. All of them are much needed, and they will be of immense service, not only in the development of Yakima county, but in opening up new routes of travel and new postal routes from points on the line of the Northern Pacific to the Big Bend country, and the new settlements springing up along the Columbia river above Priest rapids, in the direction of the Salmon river mines and the northern boundary of the territory. By way of the Moxee and Prosser bridges, good county roads can, and will soon, be opened up, both from Prosser and North Yakima to Priest rapids, on the Columbia river, which will be open at all sea-

sons of the year, whilst farther north the intervening mountains are frequently covered with too great a depth of snow to admit of travel.

A new era in the history of Yakima county is marked by the construction of these public works. It is universally conceded that a better investment could not possibly be made, than has been done in this instance, as it will facilitate new settlements, by affording easy access from the railroad to all parts of the surrounding country. The commissioners are also making preparations for the erection of a large and substantial brick court house, which will be an ornament to Yakima and the pride of every resident of the county.

It is impossible to even mention all of the resources and interesting features of this region in an article of this char-

acter, but space must be taken to speak of the Yakima soda springs, lying twenty-six miles west of the city. The water is pleasant in flavor, and a splendid tonic, as will be seen from the following analysis: Carbonate of sodium, carbonate of magnesium, carbonate of calcium, ferrous carbonate, chloride of sodium, silicic acid, carbonic acid gas. The water is bottled for market by the North Yakima Soda Springs Company. The springs have been improved and prepared for the entertainment of visitors. It is a beautiful and healthful resort, which is rapidly becoming popular. It is reached by a good road from the city. Mention should also be made of the Yakima County Agricultural Association, organized two years ago, which held a successful and highly beneficial fair the second week in October.

AN EPISODE OF THE KLAMATH.

THE pioneer miners of the Klamath country had not only to contend with obstacles offered by an unknown mountain wilderness, far from any source of supplies, but with a determined hostility of the native landlords. The diggings on Klamath, Salmon and Scott rivers were discovered in 1850, by prospectors from Trinidad and Trinity river; but it was not until the following year that they were filled with miners, the spring of 1851 bringing thousands by sea and land. It was then that gold was discovered on Yreka flats, and a town of over two thousand people sprang up in two weeks. The mines on Salmon river were supplied from Trinidad and Humboldt bays, and trails were opened between those points and Best-

ville, the nearest point on Salmon. An expressman made regular trips, and long lines of pack animals traversed the trail, while men were constantly passing on their way to the new diggings daily being discovered.

The first prospectors—those who landed at Trinidad and Klamath river—were treated kindly by the natives, some of them being saved from starvation, and others from a watery grave, by these lords of the soil. A few weeks wrought a change of heart. They saw the whites rush in by the hundreds, and appropriate to their own use anything they desired, without the formality of asking. They saw their hunting grounds overrun, the banks of streams dug up and their fisheries damaged by muddy wa-

ter; they saw that everything had to give way to this impetuous invader, who assumed to appropriate to himself what they and their fathers had possessed for centuries. From this moment they became hostile, and so remained until they were practically exterminated. The noble aborigine of these rugged mountains must not be confounded with the miserable specimen of humanity that occupied the Sacramento valley and foothills, and is contemptuously referred to as the "dirty Digger." Instead of being small, servile and peaceable, they were athletic, proud and warlike. Especially was this true of those living along the Klamath, from Salmon river to the Pacific, and designated by Powers as the Ka-rok and Yu-rok tribes.

One fruitful source of trouble, there and elsewhere, was the interference of the whites in the domestic affairs of the Indians. A squaw is a woman, and her love for finery is fully as intense as that of her white sister, though she is generally less artistic, and, I might add, expensive, in her tastes. How, then, could she resist the bewitching smile of a stalwart miner, when backed by the gift of a discarded shirt—once as red as the one then covering the donor's back? She could not. It would be asking too much of the sex. The addition of a faded shirt to her original costume of modesty, made her strut about like a shop girl in a sealskin cloak. And when calico of fantastic colors, and beads of every hue were added! Think of it! The squaw were less than human who could refuse these luxuries, simply to live with her own people, and be the slave of some lazy Siwash. Better bacon and coffee in the hut of the miner, than dried salmon in the wilderness, and blows therewith.

When the Indians determined not to fraternize with the intruders, they took their families to their retreats in the

mountains. Though no open warfare was carried on for a few years, a condition of "strained relations" existed—badly strained, at times. Bodies of prospectors were found here and there with arrows attached, while many who went out were never heard of again. On the other hand, an Indian was liable to become thoroughly impregnated with lead if he approached too near a party of miners. Many a noble red man was rendered useless for the active pursuits of life by not knowing that a rifle would carry farther than a bow.

The trail from Trinidad to Bestville was exceedingly unsafe for solitary travelers, and even small parties. An incident will illustrate: A. E. Raynes, now and for years a prosperous merchant of Yreka, was the first and only expressman on the route in 1851. His frequent trips had made him self reliant, and he often traveled alone, though keeping a vigilant eye and a ready rifle. One day, while plodding along with a pack mule, three Indians suddenly confronted him in the trail, and cheerfully said, "How?" That was just what he wanted to know himself—how he could get out of the scrape. One of them took the mule by the head and motioned to its owner to go on. Raynes pointed his rifle and motioned the Indian to go on himself.

Here was a conflict of authority at once, and there was no one with an appellate jurisdiction. The Indians realized that if they did not go off the gun would, and they disappeared up the hill. They returned several times, and the pantomime was repeated, but they never caught him off his guard. Raynes said to himself, "These fellows want mule steak, and they want hair, and they will try to surprise me in the night." He camped, ate his supper and lay down by the fire. After a while, he crawled out of his blankets and hid in the brush. A sleepless, shivering night, constantly watching,

with gun in hand, for the enemy to stick his roll of blankets full of arrows, left him in no good humor, and when he discovered, in the morning, that a large pack train had been in camp not far away, and that he could have slept by his fire in safety, he was mad enough to have shot one of his tormentors and taken his chances on the other two.

The massacre at Blackburn's ferry, a crossing of the Klamath, was but one of the many scenes of blood which marked the intercourse of the two races for several years. The ferry was established in the spring of 1851, and was under the charge of the man from it derived its name, who was living there with his wife and three assistants. The proprietors were Gwin R. Thompkins and Chas. McDermit. Blackburn and his wife occupied a small shake shanty not far from the river bank, while the three assistants slept in a tent near by. Between these was an open space, used for a kitchen and dining room. Mrs. Blackburn was a noble woman, of that pioneer class who have been led by love to follow the footsteps of their idol into the very heart of the wilderness. She noticed, one day, that the stock of bullets was nearly exhausted, and with the usual promptness of such people, at once molded a large quantity. The ferry had never been molested by the Indians, and they felt no unusual alarm, yet that very night had been fixed upon for the massacre of them all. As the evening shadows blended in a universal gloom, the Indians gathered in the forest about the abode of their intended victims, and waited until their eyes were closed in peaceful slumber and the place was wrapped in a mantle of silence.

When the night was so far advanced that they felt free from the interruption of belated travelers, the savages crept stealthily to the tent where the three men lay sleeping, and commenced the

work of death. Besides bows and arrows, these Indians were armed with long knives, guns not having yet fallen into their possession. Two of the men were instantly killed, while the third, badly wounded, sprang to his feet and rushed toward the cabin, crying loudly for help. He had taken but a few steps, when he fell, under the blows of a dozen Indians who had remained outside the tent. Aroused from their slumber by the cry and sounds of struggle, the inmates of the cabin hastily barricaded the door and prepared for defense. Their arms consisted of two rifles and a revolver, and, thanks to the woman's care, a plentiful supply of bullets. The night was dark, and the foe could not be seen, but their continued yells and volleys of arrows were even the more horrible on that account. Blackburn maintained an incessant fire in all directions, his wife reloading the weapons as fast as he discharged them. All that long and terrible night the defense was made, until the yells died out about daybreak, and the enemy departed.

Early in the morning, three men appeared on the opposite side of the river, and shouted to arouse the ferryman. Blackburn emerged from the house and walked down to the boat, saying—

"I'm glad to see you, boys. They're all killed but myself and wife."

As he ferried them over, he related the details of the attack and how the defense had been made.

"Did you kill any of the devils?" asked one.

"I don't know; the night was dark, I could not see."

"Well, let us take a shin around and see what we can find. They always carry off their dead and wounded, and you never can tell whether any are killed or not."

"Here is one they didn't cart off," said one, as he noticed a body only a

hundred yards from the house. "No," he added, "it is a white man."

They hastened to it, turned up the face to get a better view, and Blackburn exclaimed: "Great God! It is my father."

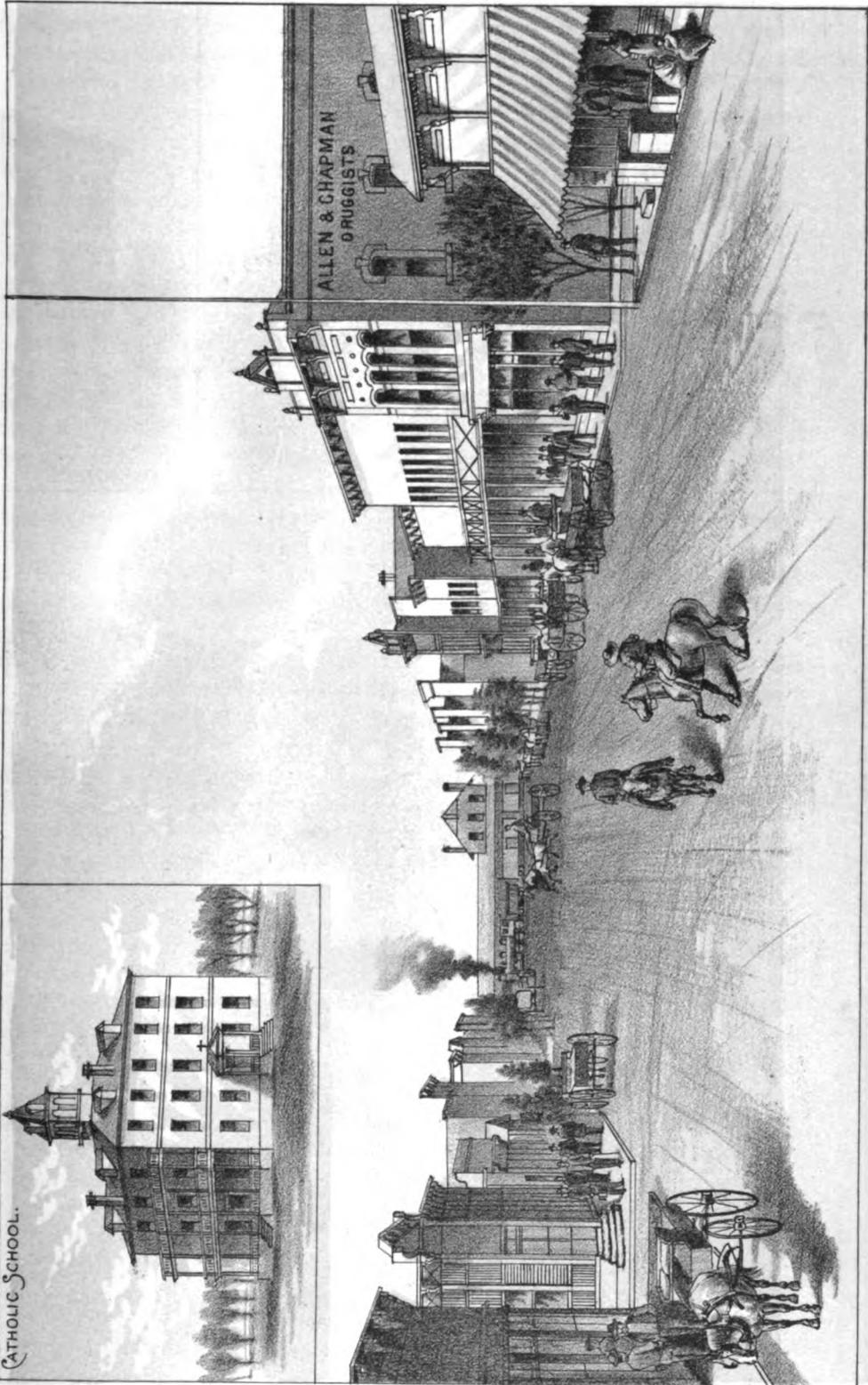
The old gentleman had not seen his son for ten years and had followed him to California. He started from Trinidad with a pack train, which camped that night some ten miles from the ferry. Too eager to wait, the anxious father pushed on alone and fell beneath savage knives in sight of his son's cabin.

The three men pushed on to Trinidad in haste, and the next day started back with ten volunteers to chastise the murderers—not only them, but any and all Indians they could find. A number of miles above Trinidad lies a body of water between the mountains and the sea, known as the Lagoon. Reaching this point they came upon a party of Redwood Creek Indians in canoes. Indians were Indians, and although these had nothing to do with the massacre, the men blazed away at them on general principles. It was one of the "strained relations." The savages jumped into the water and swam ashore, where a brisk battle was maintained for some time. Bows could not contend with guns, and the Indians soon fled, with the loss of two or three braves. That night the party encamped near a rancheria of Bald Hill Indians, which they felt justified in attacking for the same reasons as before. They intended to surprise them in the night, but the occupants of the rancheria became aware of their designs and silently imitated the Arabs. Foiled in this, the men pushed on the next day to Durkee's ferry, near the mouth of the Trinidad, where was a rancheria of the Klamath

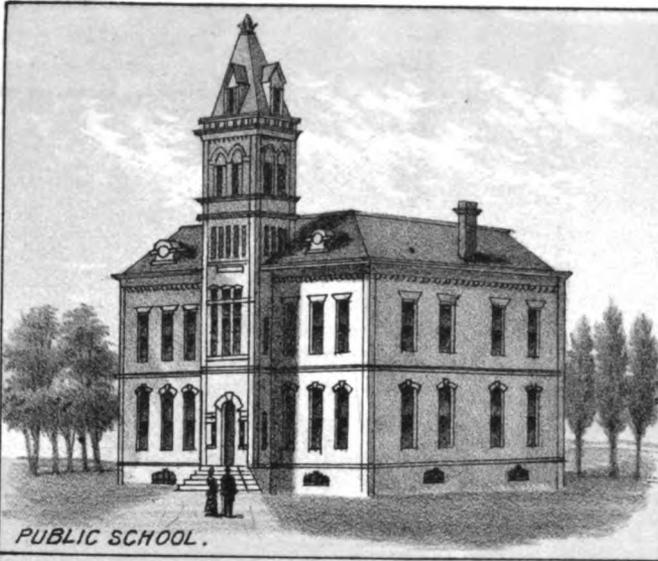
River Indians, the same who committed the massacre at Blackburn's. When night settled down upon the mountains they advanced to attack the camp, but found that the Indians had crossed the river. Durkee was one of those characters so common then, and by no means extinct now, known as "squaw men." The partner of his joys, and partaker of the luxuries of his cabin, was a squaw of this same band, and through her they received timely warning of the intended attack. A few had not yet crossed the Klamath, and the men sent them over the Styx instead. The party then disbanded and scattered through the mines.

As soon as the news of the massacre reached McDermit and Tompkins, proprietors of the ferry, they hastened to the scene with a party of friends, arriving in about three weeks. They found the place deserted, the ferry rope cut, and general ruin and desolation everywhere. While four of them were scouting along the river, they saw two Indians in a canoe, taking plunder away from the deserted cabin. They fired upon the canoe, killing one of the occupants, while the other swam to the opposite shore. He appeared not to know the range of a rifle, for he stopped when about three hundred yards away and leaned against a rock. Abisha Swain, now living in Etna, Cal., took careful aim at a bright red spot on his arm, where a bullet had struck him, and fired. That Indian never learned the range of a rifle. All efforts to punish the savages were now abandoned, as they had fled to their retreats in the mountains, and McDermit's party went up the Klamath and founded the town of Happy Camp, still one of the chief mining centers of that region.

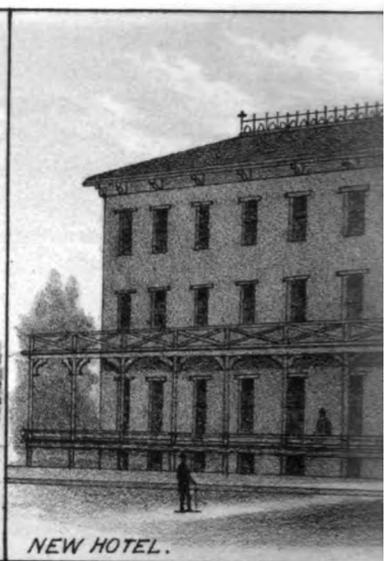
H. L. WELLS.



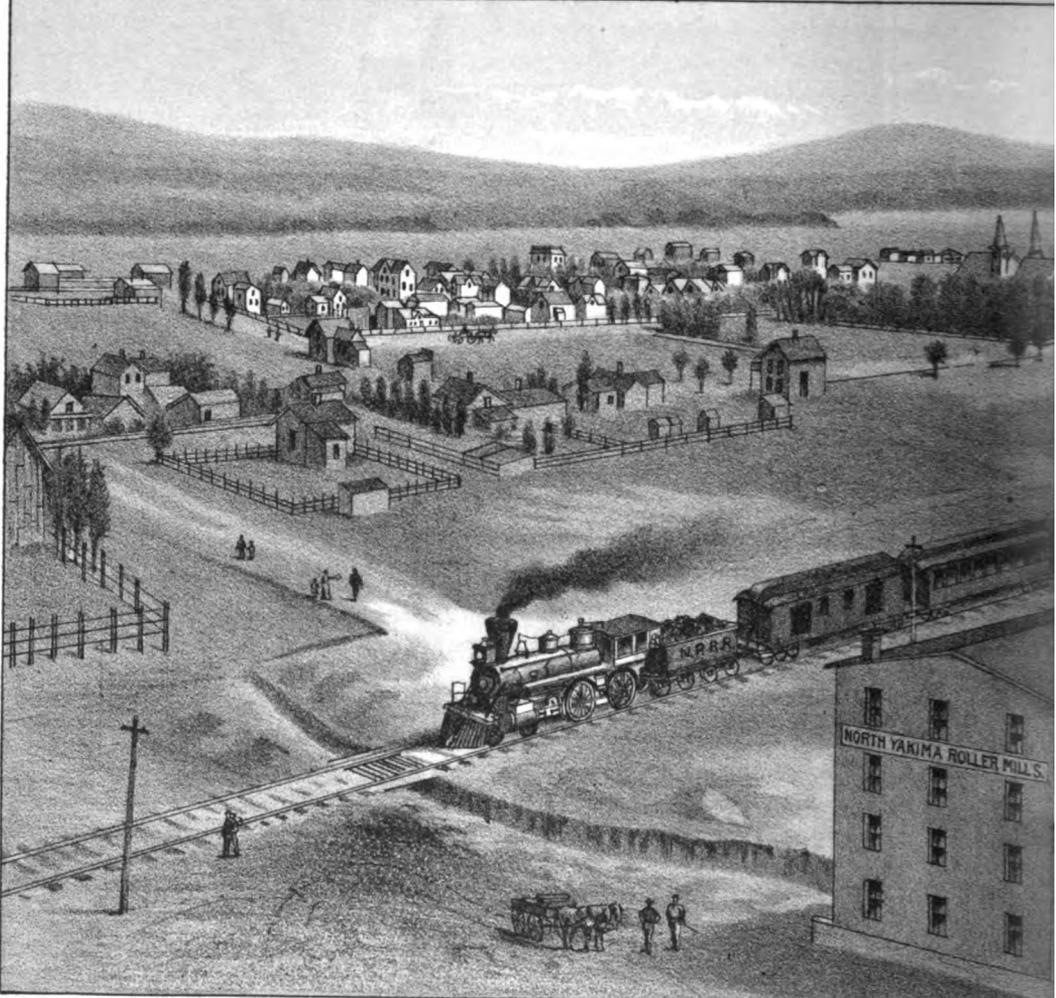
NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.—YAKIMA AVENUE, LOOKING WEST.



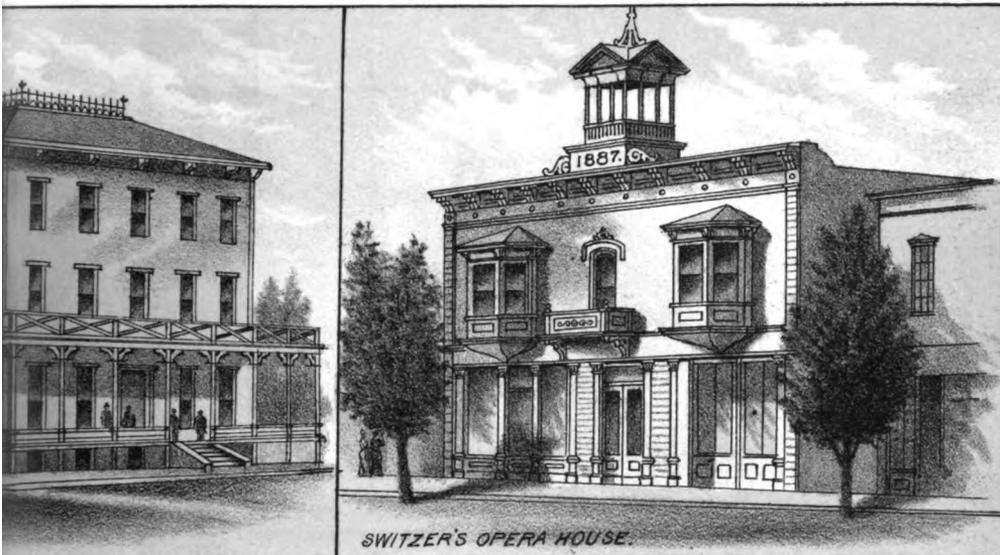
PUBLIC SCHOOL.

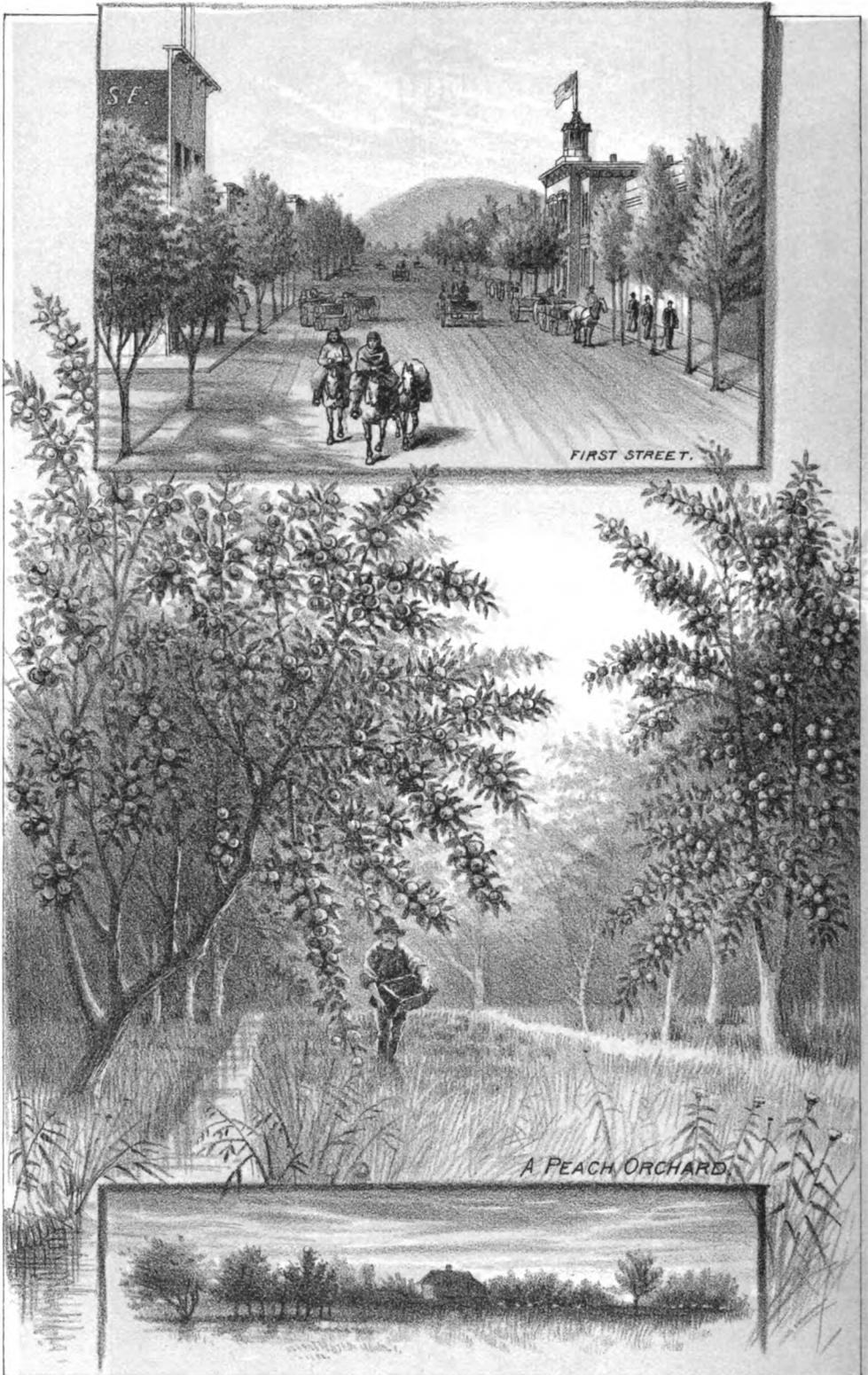


NEW HOTEL.



WASHINGTON-GENERAL V





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AUTUMN MUSINGS.

UNDER the inspiration of the sombre spirit of autumn, the famous author of "Evangeline" wrote the following lines:

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate lover,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
And silvery beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
When Autumn, like a faint old man sits down
By the wayside a-weary——

Every region has its peculiarities of season and scenery; every locality its elements of comfort and inconvenience, of sterile meagerness and of exuberant beauty. Oregon, like every other state, possesses all these conditions of climate, and distinctive characteristics of geographical and forest features. Each season has its own peculiar charms. There is a separate, individual glory of the winter, of the spring, the summer, and lastly, of the golden autumn. Bleak winter contributes to the pleasures of the dwellers in "Webfoot" in various ways. Snow and ice bring the exhilarating joys of skating, sleighing and coasting, while the long, gloomy days of clouds and lowering mists, and the rainy nights are so agreeably suggestive of cosy, well lighted parlors, with snugly drawn curtains and bright and cheerful fires. Spring brings its gorgeous greenery, its delicious, balmy air, its feathered vocalists and sweet flowers. The very thought is instinct with the incense of

dreamy, luxurious languor, of melody, fragrance and the glory of swelling verdure. Summer brings in her regal train no less radiant pleasures to the senses. Truly it is the season of early fruits, luscious berries, of the full ripeness of leaf and expanding bud; of soft, waving grasses and of rich hope and promise of the coming harvest. Glorious autumn has a grace and delicate charm peculiar to herself. Earth, air and sky bear tokens of the "melancholy days," and all nature dons a robe of costly and resplendent loveliness. Winter may have its rugged sports and healthful, athletic joys; spring days their tender, languid and sentimental reveries; summer its period of mellow beauty and unruffled repose, but to autumn, the queen of the waning year, is reserved the brightest and richest coronet which nature can bestow.

With the exception of the New England states, there is probably no region in the union whose forests present more variegated and brilliant hues during the fall months than those of Oregon and Washington Territory. No section in the western, southern or middle states can boast of more gorgeous beauties of foliage, or sweetness and purity of atmosphere than our own beloved Webfoot. The only drawback to the summer season on this part of the Pacific coast, is the smoke from burning forests during July, August, and for a few days in September, that frequently prevails and obscures the outlines of our grand mountains. But the autumn days are peerless in point of comparison.

Every feature of the landscape—river, mountain, plain and forest—stands in bold relief for a picture of harmonious beauty, as one gazes at it from the suburban hills of Portland. The perfect Indian summer air, the deep, cloudless sky, make the outlook simply glorious in these October days, when the dying sun gilds with ruby light the splendid snow clad mountain peaks. The hills about the city are covered with tall firs, whose slim spars fringe the crest, and make them look like a vast multitude of masts.

Almost at your feet the placid Willamette's floods flow tranquilly toward their home and grave—the mighty Pacific ocean; the eye falls first on the swelling foothills beyond the river, then on the blue, hazy line of the distant Cascades, rising majestically out of the misty shrouds that wrap their base, up to the great snow capped peaks of Mounts Hood, St. Helens and Adams, with the remote summit of Rainier just peeping over the everlasting shoulder of St. Helens. The first glimpse of these noble mountains makes a stranger understand the poetic enthusiasm of Lord Byron over "the snowy scalps and icy walls" of the eternal fastnesses of the Alps, and the reverent awe Coleridge experienced in the vale of Chamouni, at the sight of Mount Blanc.

In the immediate vicinity of Portland the trees are not of the kind that gleam with those brilliant gold, red and emerald hues that are the characteristic glory of the Eastern autumn; but those lovely dyes are not wanting in the woods at no remote distance. Passing up or down the Columbia one can see the purple hills in the distance, and the nearer slopes glowing with the fiery bushes of autumn. October has been justly styled a royal month. The forests are stained and flushed with crimson, amber, russet and gold. The sun early leaves, but

the weat glows with his passing warmth, and gleams of violet and regal purple flit about the hills. The genial firelight fills the windows with a rosy cheerfulness, and the sharp air impels to the comforts of the well arranged parlor. The season for midnight talks and moonlight rambles is over. Young men and sentimental maidens can no longer linger at the gate, nor whisper sweet nothings under the spreading boughs of lordly oaks. But the country is really more beautiful than ever, and the once fashionable summer resorts are even more attractive than during the sweltering days of midsummer, or early September. The lights are fled, the hotel doors are closed; the galleries are deserted, dreary vacancies; the pretty women who drifted about the grounds have silently vanished; the boats have disappeared, and the tennis lawns are tenantless. A plague might have stricken the once populous resorts, so abandoned and silent the scene.

Nature glows and is dying from excess of beauty. The water reflects the brightest blue of the skies and kaleidoscopic hues of the overhanging foliage. The atmosphere is winey and delicious. Old Sol's rays are tempered so that one can rest for hours upon grassy slopes without experiencing a sense of discomfort. Paths through the woods are firm and dry. Snakes, toads and insects are rapidly vanishing. The over-wrought body and nerves find better rest when the air has been washed pure by the early fall rains, and is crisp and wholesome and buoyant, with a lingering suspicion of frost. Walking during these days is a most healthful exercise to both body and mind. One feels shod with steel springs as he speeds over hills and through valleys, taking full breaths of the inspiring amber air, and pausing anon to absorb mentally an alluring view up some long misty vale, a silver stream rattling

over its pebbly bed, or a blue lake, rimmed like a royal drinking cup, with a border of crimson and gold. October has lights and shadows that can never be seen in spring or summer. There are things enjoyable in this month not known to the springtime dreamer, or summer saunterer.

During an Oregon autumn the morning air is rich and clear; the radiance of the noonday is as soft as it is in a perfect October day east of the Allegheny mountains. Along the mountains and water courses grow many trees whose foliage flames and blushes like a sunset sea, before they expire and yield to the sere brown and vesture of decay. The bright berries of wild forest vines spangle the trees in luxuriant profusion as they wind their trailing tendrils about the trunks with wreaths of scarlet or beads of puple. Queen Flora, during this month, is on the last mile of her earth's journey, and her ample basket is almost empty of its fragrant gifts. Autumn passes to its death like a magnificent Indian princess, who gaudily decks her raven tresses and hangs her richest jewels from her neck, while she wraps her tawny body in her most gorgeous drapery, as if determined to be a queen in her royalty of dress until death dis-crowned her.

No more fitting place to drink in the rare beauties of the expiring season can be found than the handsome city park, overlooking Portland from the wooded hills on the west. No more appropriate spot can be selected for observation and tranquil contemplation. Amid the cool, refreshing woods one seats himself and yields to pensive reveries. All around a sombre spirit broods over leaf and flower; on every side are the subtle, undefinable touches of the expiring season. Over all rests a mellow radiance; everything is steeped in a golden, hazy exhalation. Here, "October with her

varied robes, 'broidered with dust and dew, calmly sleeps." The yellow paths are untrodden, and across the dim woody aisles the industrious spider has spun her gray, gauzy trceries. Here are seen the scarlet berries of the dogwood, and the deep wine-tinted leaves; there, the bluish-green foliage of the cedar, blended with the russet berries of that evergreen; there the light and deep orange dyes of the leaves of the wild, aromatic cherry and the mountain maple; here peeps forth the fiery crimson of the little maple. Mingled in perfect harmony with all these semi-Tyrian colors, are the deeper and lighter shades of green displayed by the numerous members of the coniferous family. Flocks of small, bright-plumaged birds flit in their arrowy movements from bough to bough, and fugitive glances are caught of the brownish-yellow pine squirrel, that "sylvan harlequin," as he spryly darts from tree to tree. From out the depths of the thicket come the liquid notes of feathered throats, stirring the calm like the echo of a dream. Rural sounds harmoniously blend with the noisy commercial activities, and the distant and subdued roar of city life. Tiny insects sport in the sunlight, and chirp their happy measures beneath the sere and bronzed herbage. From afar is heard the lowing of cows and the plaintive bleating of the flocks. Anon the breeze sweeps past, toys caressingly with leaf and branch, softly frets the tops of lofty firs, pauses in its course, dies away, and again moves on in its viewless wanderings, sighing, singing and whispering to the pensive woods in its many mysterious tongues. Human life is symbolized here in every phase and aspect of nature. Fading foliage, withering flowers, the steps of decay visible in all the vegetable world; the very touch of the air and the softly bending heavens seem to speak warningly of the winter of death not far away.

How like the familiar lesson of our all the world is radiant with leafy lives! Beauty, fragrance, life and joy charms. All wither as the season speeds pervade the distant and shadowy avenues to its goal. Just like human existence of the wood. The herbage springs from Prattling infancy, innocent childhood, earth, the buds expand, dews fall, rain the pride and strength of maturity, age, descends, the skies smile serenely, and decrepitude, and then the common grave.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

WHY FALL THE LEAVES ?

Why fall the leaves ?
 The boughs that with such tender care
 Sustained them, rustling, in the air,
 Tho' still as strong, are stripped and bare ;
 The sun is bright ; the sky is fair ;

Why fall the leaves ?

The breezes through the forests moan
 And sob, to find their playmates gone ;
 The ravaged limbs, with creak and groan,
 Repine that they are left alone ;

Why fall the leaves ?

Their rustling music soothed the wold ;
 But, widely scattered, brown and gold,
 They lie, and, after Winter's cold,
 Will quickly turn to forest mold ;

Why fall the leaves ?

Their span is run, and Time has cast
 Their lot with millions in the past ;
 And millions more, still following fast,
 Will live, grow old, and die at last,

As died these leaves.

H. L. W.

THE FAIR CITY OF PERTH.

Hear Land o' Cakes, and brither Scotts,
Frae Maidenkirck to Johnny Groats,
A chiled's amang you taking notes
And faith, he'll prent it;
He's ta'en the *antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

PERTH is more attractive in its surroundings than in itself, though the town lays claim to some architectural elegance, and its prettiness, if not its healthfulness, is increased by the sinuosities of the Tay, the pride of Scotland, through its midst.

Great Tay, through Perth, through towns,
through country flies—
Perth the whole kingdom with her wealth
supplies.

It is a place of great antiquity, and according to tradition, it was near a spot beyond the wooded heights of the Cloven Crags, on which the Roman army, under Agricola, stood entranced with the matchless view, and exclaimed "Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!" (the Tay and its meadows, or inches). To this boast "Anonymous" thus responds in "The Fair Maid of Perth," with whose opinion I heartily coincide, having been able to compare the Roman and the Perthshire rivers—

"Behold the Tiber!" the vain Romans cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side,
But where the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay.

Scott was enraptured with this view early in life, and many years later declared he had had no reason to alter his opinion. He thus writes of it: "One of the most beautiful points of view which Britain, or perhaps the world, can afford, is, or rather we may say was, before the

alteration of the road, from a spot called 'The Wicks of Baiglie,' being a species of niche at which the traveler arrives after a long stage from Kinross, through a waste of uninteresting country, and from which, as forming a pass over the summit of a ridged eminence, he beholds, stretched beneath him, the valley of the Tay, traversed by its lordly and ample stream; the town of Perth, with its two large meadows, or inches, its steeples and its towers; the hills of Moncrieff and Kinnoull faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river, studded with elegant mansions; and the distant view of the huge Grampian mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape." The leveling spirit of the age has destroyed this view. Arriving by rail under the hill, we lose most of it.

The hill of Kinnoull rises in romantic majesty from the north side of the Tay, with Moredun, or Moncrieff, the glory of Scotland, on the opposite, or Southern, side. There is, of course, no end of traditions and legends connected with these localities, and report says that Kinnoull often served as a hiding place for Wallace when pursued by his enemies, and that some precious stones are actually to be found on Kinnoull hill—amethyst, of a pale sea-green color, or white, and occasionally beautiful

purple specimens occur. But that the rocks do positively contain fine agates, known as "Kinnoull stones," we had ocular evidence. The castle of Kinnoull formerly stood on the slope of the hill, though there are no traces of it now, but the "Castle of Kinfanus" may yet be seen, described by Smith of the Wynd, in "The Fair Maid," as "a goodly fortalice, indeed. A brave castle, the breast-plate and target of the bonnie course of the Tay."

The chivalrous and romantic history of its first settler, in connection with the origin of the knightly family of Charteris, Lords of Kinfanus, is interesting. The citizens of Perth had, for several generations, found a protector and provost in the family of Kinfanus, which was often necessary at the period when the strength of the feudal aristocracy frequently controlled their rights and insulted their privileges. When Sir William Wallace had expelled the English invaders from his native country, he sailed for France, in hopes to obtain assistance from the French monarch, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence. When near Dieppe, his vessel was boarded by the ship of a celebrated pirate, bearing the blood-red flag, called the "Red Rover," and commanded by Thomas de Longueville, who called himself a friend of the sea and an enemy to all who sailed upon it. His successful piracies, courage, wonderful power, etc., made him a terror to all, and the capture of the ship having Wallace on board was declared inevitable by the captain, as no vessel could escape the Red Rover.

Wallace smiled and sternly replied, "I will clear the seas of this rover." Calling all his men together, he directed them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon deck, so as to be out of sight. He then permitted the Red Rover to cast out his grappling irons, but received him

and his men on deck with a desperate and unexpected encounter. Wallace dashed the sword from the Rover's hand and they fell on deck, locked in each other's arms in a desperate grip. Wallace conquered; the Rover's men threw down their arms and begged for mercy. The victor granted them their lives, but took possession of their vessel and sailed into harbor with the flag of the Scottish lion on his shield of gold, raised above the piratical flag. At Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven by the French king, who offered to take him into his service, but the Rover had contracted so great a friendship for his generous conqueror, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace. He returned with him to Scotland, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was inferior to that of none, save of his heroic conqueror. His fate was more fortunate than that of his patron. Being distinguished for the beauty as well as strength of his person, he rendered himself acceptable to the heiress of the ancient family of Charteris, who bestowed on him, with her hand, the fair baronial castle of Kinfanus and the domains annexed to it.

The lordly place, or a more modern successor, upon which I looked from the hill of Kinnoull, while recalling the romance of chivalry of its origin, stands amid the fertile scenes adjoining it, overhanging the broad and winding Tay, the queen of the valley.

A pleasant incident is associated with my Kinnoull day. I accosted a benevolent looking Scotch lady in the street, inquired the direction, and was answered that she herself was going that way, as she lived on the slope of the hill, and if I would permit, would be pleased to join me in my walk. We entered into conversation, and I derived much intelli-

gent information from her concerning the city. I observed how frequently she was saluted by those whom we met, and judged her to be a person of consideration, from the evident respect shown to her. I told her I wished very much to see the view from the Wicks of Baiglie, so greatly admired by Scott in the opening chapter of "Fair Maid of Perth," and, of course, the house of the "Fair Maid" herself. She replied that if I would accompany her home, she could point out from the windows the route I must take the next day to reach the former, but added, smilingly, "I think I can give you a view equally fine and extensive without going so far in search of it."

On reaching her residence, a spacious and luxuriant one, she escorted me up stairs to the beautiful rooms which commanded the windings of the Tay, valley, city and hills, with the heights of Cloven Crags toward the south, and indicated the whole grand *coup d'oeil* from every point of view. "May I not know," said I, handing her my card, "to whom I am indebted for so much friendly courtesy?" Going to her armoire, she presented me with her card, from which I learned, afterward, that she was the widow of a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, recently deceased. On descending, she urged me to the drawing room, and introduced me to an old lady, her mother, who was entertaining visitors. In the course of conversation, some topic of Scottish history came up, and adjourning to the library for our references, we were soon cozily seated around the center table, consulting our several authorities as if we had been acquainted all our lives. On taking my leave of the interesting family, with this privileged peep at the domestic interior, my hostess insisted upon making a portion of the ascent with me, that I might not lose the nearest way, bidding me go "a

wee piece this way, and a wee bittie that." Was not this friendly? And there are those who talk of Scotch churlishness in their travels. We met universally with hospitable kindness and ready civility. Although alone on my climb, and with rain imminent, I determined to secure the glorious prospect from the top of Kinnoull, and occupied about an hour and a half in the gradual, though toilsome, ascent, only to catch one grand, comprehensive, whole, "*unum sed leonem*," when at once everything was obscured in mist, and I was wrapped about as with a wet blanket in descending. Notwithstanding my disappointment, that one glance will be "a joy forever," and was better than the traveler's record of his experience in the visitors' book at Rigi Kulm—"We have missed all the scene, but seen all the mist"—which *jeu d'esprit*, I am happy to say, was of an American clergyman.

The low altitude of the mountains in general, and the smallness of the rivers throughout the British Isles, always disappoint an American, accustomed to the grander features of his own country, and on viewing them for the first time, he finds himself drawn to parody the boast of "Anonymous" in his turn, thereby proving himself the greater boaster, perhaps, but with the greater reason.

Behold Helvellyn! the proud Scotchman cries,
Mighty to climb, majestic in size;
But where the Webfoot would the vaunt make good,
Remembering Rainier, Adams and Mt. Hood.

Perth was the ancient capital of Scotland, and enjoyed that dignity down to the year 1482. A short distance up the east bank of the Tay, stood the venerable abbey of Scone (Scoon) where so many monarchs were invested with the crown of sovereignty, while seated on the stone, afterward transferred by Edward I. to Westminster abbey, as mentioned in a previous article. The last

sovereign crowned at Scone was Charles II., in 1651.

The beautiful pleasure grounds of the the North and South inches, spacious public parks, are highly prized by the citizens. In the North inch, which is larger than the South, the Perthshire hunt meets annually, and the Caledonian hunt once in every four years. It has also its historic associations. The year 1396 witnessed there that desperate clan battle, so graphically described in the "Fair Maid," and here, at the west of the statue of Prince Albert, stood the summer house, called the "Gilten Armour," belonging to the grounds of Blackfriar's monastery, from which King Robert III. and his suite viewed the bloody scene. Here the Old Pretender reviewed his troops before and after the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715, and in 1745, the "Young Chevalier" reviewed his soldiers on the same ground. Asking information as to the locality, our hostess of Cuthbert cottage told me I should recognize the site of the old monastery as being that of "a self-contained" house, opposite the statue on the other side of Tay street, by which she meant, I presume, the house I saw by itself, within an enclosure.

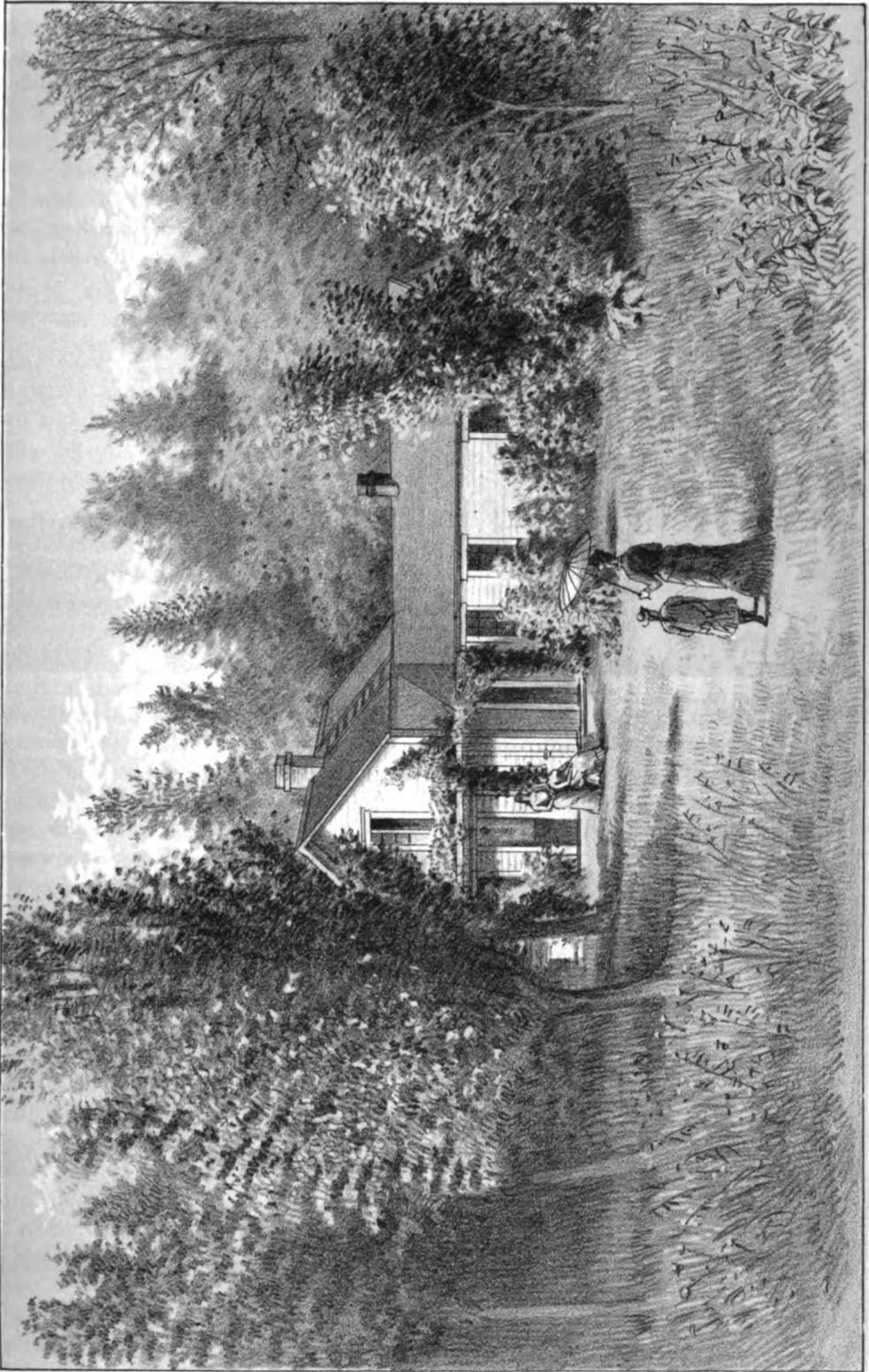
Under St. John's church there is a burial ground, which has belonged for many centuries to the Mercers of Aldie. It was obtained by the gift of the North and South inches to the city; hence the couplet—

Some say the Mercers tried the town to cheat,
When for two inches they did get six feet.

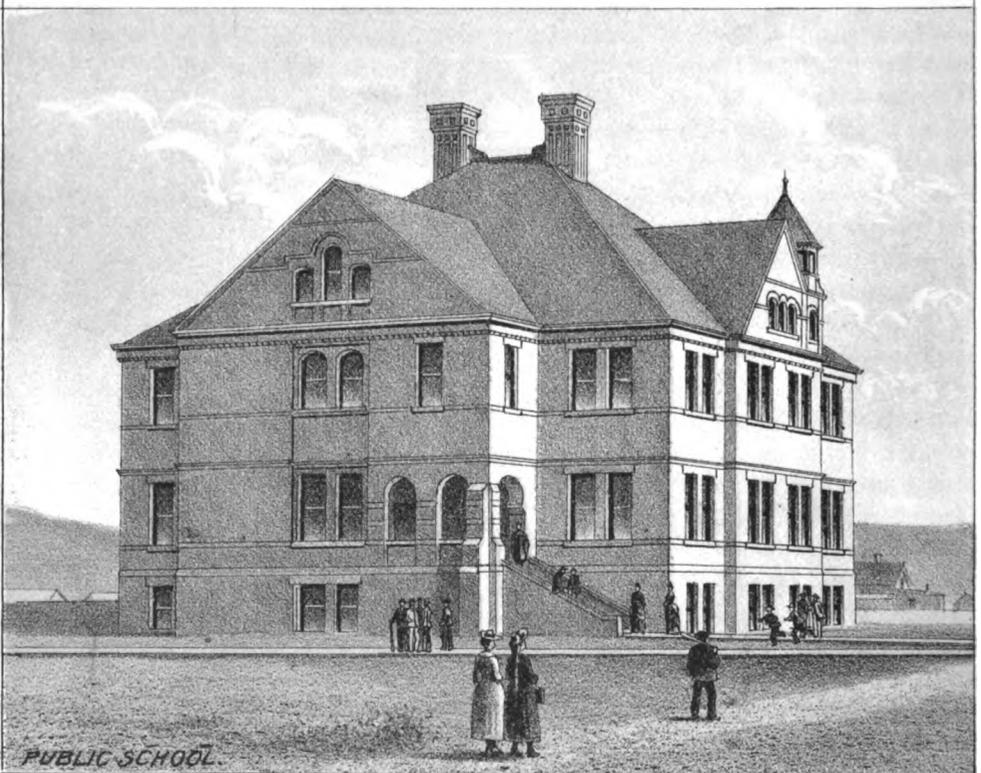
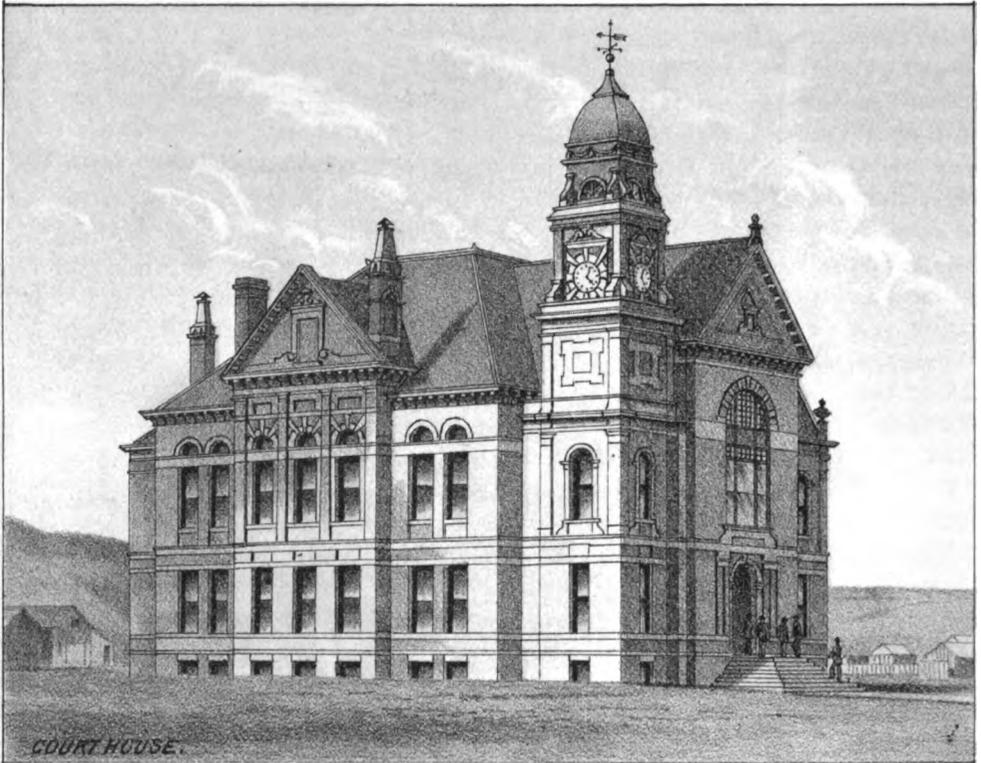
It was in St. John's church that, on the 11th of May, 1559, John Knox preached the sermon "vehement against idolatry," which led to the demolition of the monasteries. At the head of Blackfriar's wynd, through Curfew row, we come to an old tenement, the house of Samuel Glover, father of the Fair Maid of Perth, with a niche in the cor-

ner next the wynd, in which a small image of St. Bartholomew, the patron saint of the Glover incorporation, used to stand. We know this saint was flayed alive. Was he so honored for the value of his skin by those of his craft? The building is in a neglected condition, and having the advantage of not being modernized, looks, except for its latticed windows, very much as we may suppose it to have looked when occupied by Samuel Glover and his noble minded daughter. The parliament sometimes meets in the dominion monastery church, and here it was that James I., one of the wisest and best of the Scottish kings, was assassinated, in 1437, through the jealousy of the aristocracy. The monastery of Grayfriars was destroyed with the Dominican and the Carthusian, a great ornament to the city, and the only one the Carthusians had in Scotland at the time of the reformation. The statue of Sir Walter Scott, the work of a local sculptor, stands on the South inch.

The county buildings and jail occupy the far-famed Gowrie house, within which was enacted that dark tragedy of August 5th, 1600, familiar to all readers of Scottish history. I never passed a bronze tablet of the Gowrie house, by Sir John Steel, R. A., placed in a blank window of a building, without stopping to admire it. The Gowrie family were held in the highest esteem by the citizens, and the "conspiracy" with which the king charged the last earl, actuated by unfounded jealousy, was disbelieved at the time in the town, and is still viewed with suspicion. There were too many contradictions in the royal narrative for general belief, and Osburn, an English writer of the period, says, "No Scotchman you could meet beyond seas but laughed at it." That the memory and character of Gowrie, considered the "handsomest and properest" man of his time, were very dear, is a certain fact,



TREE-GROWTH NEAR NORTH YAKIMA.—RESIDENCE OF W.D. INVERARY.



FORT BENTON, MONTANA.

PHOTOS. BY DAN DUTRO.

and his name was a proverb used by those who did not know there ever existed such a man as Gowrie, half a century after his death. A mother, in caressing her infant, would say, "My braw earl o' Gowrie—my bonnie earl o' Gowrie," the antithesis of the threat with which mothers were wont to hush children to sleep.

Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
The black Douglas shall not catch ye.

The view from the bridge of Perth, embracing delightful prospects of the town and its romantic environs, of the river, the North Inch and the distant Grampians, possesses peculiar charms.

Northward glance thy raptured e'e,
On mountains piled to heaven's e'e—bree—
Our giant guards o' liberty,
The Grampian chain,
Like billows o' a stormy sea
Congealed to stane.

Before the erection of the present bridge, two previous ones had been successively swept away, the last in 1621, and the only mode of crossing the Tay at Perth, for one hundred and fifty years, was by ferry boats. That the Tay has always been an unmanageable river to cross, a more recent disaster at Dundee bears record.

A house, at the junction of Watergate with High street, bears on its front a marble tablet, with an inscription, "Here stood the Castle of the Green," which castle was said to have stood upon the site of an old British temple, which the Romans subsequently dedicated to Mars. "Hollinshed's Chronicle" repeats the ancient story, that, previous to the christian era, the son of Regan, second daughter of King Lear (made famous by Shakespeare), ruled over the whole island of Britain, and built three temples—one to Mars, at Perth; one to Mercury, at Bangor; and the third to Apollo, in Cornwall. About 1788 the pres-

ent building was built by the Golfers, on the site of the "House of the Green." Three feet below the level of the street, the workmen came upon two flat arches, which they broke through. Beneath each was an apartment, twenty-six by fourteen. The walls of large stones, strongly cemented, were three and one-half feet in thickness. In one apartment was a door to the north, and in the other one to the south. I leave to antiquarians to determine whether these were the remains of the temple.

Every tourist is expected to visit the spot, in the vicinity of Perth, rendered memorable by the affecting story of the two maidens, "Bessie Bell and Mary Grey." These two beautiful women were kinsfolk, and so strictly united in friendship, that even personal jealousy could not interrupt it. The narrative says that they were visited by a handsome and agreeable young man, who was so captivated with their charms, that while confident of a preference on the part of both of them, he was unable to make a choice between them. While this singular position of affairs among the three continued, the breaking out of the plague forced the two ladies to take refuge in the beautiful valley of Lymedoch, where they built for themselves a bower, in order to avoid the danger of infection from human intercourse. They did not, however, include the lover in their renunciation of society, and having visited them in their retirement, he carried with him the fatal disease. Unable to return to Perth, his residence, he was nursed by the fair friends with all the tenderness of affection. He died, however, having first communicated the infection to his devoted attendants. They followed him to the grave, lovely in their lives, and in their death undivided. Their burial place, near the bower they had built, is still visible in the romantic vicinity of Lord Lymedoch's mansion.

Two stanzas of the original ballad commemorating them, alone survive—

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lassies,
They bigged them a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it over wi' rashes.

—
They wadna rest in Methvin kirk,
Among their gentle kin,
But they wad lie in Lædnock braes
To beck against the sun.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Border Minstrelsy," says: "There is, to a Scottish ear, so much of tenderness and simplicity in these verses, as must induce us to regret that the rest should have been superseded by a pedantic modern song, turning upon the most unpoetic part of the legend; the hesitation, namely, of the lover, which of the ladies to prefer." To a Scottish ear, its "tenderness and simplicity" are undoubtedly pleasing, but to the general acceptance it can not compare with the unspeakable melancholy and pathos that lulls the heart and brings tears to the eyes, in the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," as sung in Scotland. After each verse there is a long reverie in vague notes without words, and each succeeding verse takes up the story weeping, regretting, yet resigned.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gude-man sleeps very sound by me.

Some one, I know not who, writes of it: "If the Greek strophes of Sappho are the very fire of love, these Scotch notes are the very life's blood and tears of a heart stricken to death by fate." With the writer, "I know not who wrote the music, but whoever he be, thanks to him for having found, in a few notes and in the mournful melody of a voice, the expression of infinite human sadness."

The season of the year did not favor a trip farther north, into the highlands of

Perthshire, and our disappointment was great at not seeing the lovely "Birks of Aberfeldy, sung by Burns, nor the pass of Killiecrankie, nor Birnam, with its wood of Shakespearean fame, the prophesy relating to Macbeth not to be fulfilled, as we know,

Till Birnam woods do come to Dunsinane,
with the accent on the last syllable, according to the requirement of Shakespearean rythm, but which should be pronounced *Dun-sin-an* by local authority. It is said that if an intelligent stranger were asked to describe the most varied and the most beautiful among the provinces of Scotland, he would name the county of Perth as that where most emphatically is

Beauty found lying in the lap of terror.

Half an hour by train to Dundee took us to the hospitable home of valued friends in the environs of that city, whose acquaintance we had made nearly two years before, during a tour to the lake district of the poets, in Westmoreland and Cumberland, where we had made delightful trips in company from Keswick to Buttermere, Patterdale and Troutbeck, halting at the Falls of Lodore and enjoying the scenery from the top of one of the coaches that ply in those romantic localities, with the seats specially arranged for easy riding and sight seeing. A long-to-be-remembered day, spent partly on the Ulleswater, witnessed our parting at Penrith, and we were now to pay a long promised visit to them in their Scottish home; but alas! not until its honored head, the devoted and revered husband and father, the beloved and respected citizen, and the entertaining friend, had left it. We found the widow cheerfully serene, faithfully fulfilling life's noblest duties in the responsible care of her family of five sons and as many daughters, who had cause, in the dual relation she sustained to

them, to "rise up and call her blessed." Their tender consideration for her, from the least to the greatest, had a touch of chivalry in it, and I always consider that privileged fireside interview, generously set apart from all other visitors, as sacred to friendship. In her I was constantly reminded of the description given of "Lady Christian," and felt that "to see the raiment of her life about her, one should see the way she has made the body and vesture of her home; the sweet attitude in which she stands with mother, children and friends; the moral and spiritual grouping, and all in the light of the shining of God's face upon his heaven; a heaven that lies here and there in hearts and households and societies, not only where the kingdom has begun to come," but wherever she may aid it to enter.

The tie which binds those who mourn the same dead is greater than that which unites those who love the same living. The family residence, one and one-half miles out from town, is approached by a long avenue, and is surrounded by extensive grounds. It is of gray stone, and in its solidity, its heraldic carvings, its arched passages and massive walls, four or five feet in thickness, looks like a house with a history; and it has one, in so far that it is over four hundred years old, and once harbored, for a time, Prince Charlie, who planted the gnarled and twisted oak tree, which one sees from the drawing-room windows.

The Tay assumes noble proportions at Dundee, and the house commands, diagonally opposite, the new railway bridge over the river, with its curve a mile and a half long, which was, at the time of our visit, in process of construction. We all remember the fearful disaster in connection with the railway train of the old bridge, and our hostess described to us, in vivid language, with that appealing and impressive intentness that comes

from personal narration of a catastrophe witnessed, or as having taken place in one's immediate vicinity, the events of that winter night, with that wild elemental strife. Almost within stone's throw of them, while the family were on their knees at evening prayer, amid the howling wind and the frenzied waves, that bridge went down, with its freight of human life, without a survivor to tell the tale, or the possibility of help or hope from either shore. In the morning, the first realization the family had of the mournful tragedy was the awful absence of the familiar structure spanning the Tay from shore to shore. A dread blank, that needed no words of explanation—of import too significant to require it.

Our invitation to our friend's home was for a week, but, to our regret, we had but a day to give, and of that we made the most. Dining early, after the seclusion of the forenoon, with the children and governess, contrary to the customary late dinner, we drove, in the afternoon, around the city and to the park and eastern necropolis. These grounds cover nearly forty acres in extent, and are tastefully laid out, with many handsome monuments, and with a greatly diversified landscape, commanding, at various points, extensive views of the Tay and the surrounding country. Dundee is the third town in Scotland in extent of population, and is the principal seat of the linen trade in Great Britain. The houses are many of them old, lofty and dark, and, with its gloomy streets, it bears some resemblance to a continental city. It is a place of great importance as a maritime town.

The Albert Institute, erected in honor of the late Prince Consort, contains, on the lower floor, the free library, being the first of its kind, I believe, established in any of the large towns of Scotland.

I learned of but one monument of architectural fame, the old steeple of St. Mary's church, which is pronounced a great curiosity. It is one hundred and fifty-six feet in height, and is said to have been founded by a brother of the Scottish monarch, William III., in gratitude for his deliverance from a shipwreck in the Tay. The round, green hill, "The Law," in the rear of the town, commands a fine panorama—the mouth of the Tay, the Bell Rock lighthouse, the bay and town of St. Andrews, and the German ocean. After an early tea, escorted by the eldest son and daughter to a near way-station, we took the 6:30 p. m. train for Perth, carrying with us the remembrance of our Dundee day as one of our most cherished European recollections.

C. L. HENDERSON.

TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

<p>Oh, beautiful Columbia! Thy waters dark and deep, Speak to my heart of mysteries so infinitely sweet, I fain would lave beneath the wave whose depths thy jewels keep.</p> <p>I yearn to pierce thy secret, the secret of thy power, That giveth thee such grandeur, and doth thy soul endower With strength to brave, undaunted, the storm king's darkest hour.</p> <p>I long to learn the lesson that floods thy soul with song, Until thy joyous cascades leap merrily along, All obstacles surmounting, so turbulent and strong.</p> <p>Anon, thy placid waters invite my soul to rest, Thy mirrored stars allure me to float upon thy breast, Heaven's choicest gifts seem hidden beneath thy wave's white crest.</p> <p>The cliffs, that tower above thee, look upward from thy heart; The sentinels that guard thee unbidden seem to start From out thy deeps, as of thy life they were with God a part.</p> <p>Oh, deep, mysterious waters! From whence thy source and life? Oh, darkly turbid waters, heaving in angry strife, Thy undertone proclaims thee freighted with human life.</p>	<p>Thou, grand and mighty river, art dowered with life divine, That from thy star-lit waters angelic faces shine, Proclaiming thee immortal, with the mystic sea of time.</p> <p>The human life above thee, from God's love draws its source, The hidden life within thee is from the same grand source— The infinite doth guide thee in all thy winding course</p> <p>From rock-bound mountain fastness, where, like a little child, With untried feet, thou glidest from deep springs undefiled, Through lonely gorge and deep ravine and forests dense and wild,</p> <p>Through peaceful vales and meadow lands, through pastures sweet and fair, By rural homes sequestered from all the world's sad care, Or racing with the iron horse, whose wild shrieks pierce the air.</p> <p>Where'er thy course God guides thee, until thy wandering's o'er, Thou reach'st the grand old ocean, thy home forever more, To mingle with its waters and kiss the immortal shore.</p> <p>Thus human life is guided, if like Queen Nature's child, We trust the light within us and know we're deified, Through Christ's divine humanity, love, pure and undefiled.</p>
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JULIA P. CHURCHILL.

FORT BENTON, MONTANA.

THE first business enterprise in the region about Fort Benton, was a trading post of the American Fur Company, which was established by Jas. Kipp, in 1831, at the confluence of the Marias and the Missouri, twelve miles below the site of the present city. It was soon ascertained that the location was not a desirable one, and the post was moved to Brule bottom, a few miles up the Missouri; but even this site did not satisfy Major Culbertson, who succeeded Mr. Kipp in charge of the post. He finally, in 1846, removed to one of the most beautiful bottoms of the Upper Missouri, where nature had made ways of entrance and exit at every point of the compass. Fort Benton was then built, the finest and most complete trading post in the western country, the ruins of which still stand as a monument to the heroic spirits of that period. Thus was laid the foundation, not only of a magnificent business on the part of the American Fur Company, but as well (what was never dreamed of then) the foundation of the future commercial center of the great territory of Montana, at the head of navigable waters of the Missouri river.

Fort Benton was the key to the situation in this vast region during the supremacy of the American Fur Company, and this is no less true of the succeeding period, when the gold hunters made their way to the mountains and the steamboats plied the waters of the Upper Missouri. In 1860 the first steamboat arrived in Fort Benton, carrying only supplies for the fur company. In 1862 there were four arrivals, and in

1865 there were eight, bringing the pioneers of the mountains and general supplies. In 1866 thirty-six steamboats came, and thirty-nine in 1867, with increased numbers in succeeding years, and Fort Benton ceased to be exclusively an Indian trading post. Independent traders located, and the commerce which has since grown to such vast proportions, had its beginning. The rush to the mines from every direction added to the importance of Fort Benton, it became the *entrepot* of the territory—the point to which all freight and supplies were shipped by the river, and thence distributed by wagon transportation to the various mining camps—and was the “liveliest” town in the West. Business houses were established and fortunes rapidly made. In a few years, all the freight for the Northwest Territory of Canada came by way of Fort Benton, and was thence distributed by freighting outfits to all parts of the country. This condition of affairs continued—the town meanwhile growing to goodly proportions, and upon a basis so substantial as to render it famous in that respect throughout the Northwest—until 1882–3, when the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad on the south, and the Canadian Pacific on the north, completely changed the condition of affairs.

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In the foregoing, the attempt is made to show that Fort Benton is the natural trading point in this whole Northwestern region, and that through the fur and placer periods it was the center of trade and business, the most important point

in the Upper Missouri country, or in the whole of Montana. In this connection it might be stated, that during the years of greatest activity in the fur business, scores of trading posts were established in this region, some of them on the Missouri river and others at important points on tributary streams, and today Fort Benton is the only town of consequence at any of these points to survive the extinction of the buffalo and other game. It is an illustration of the law of "survival of the fittest."

In 1883 the Northern Pacific was completed to Helena, and to the north of us the Canadian Pacific had forged its way through the prairie and wilderness to the Rocky mountains. These roads are nearly the same distance from Fort Benton, and they cut off on immense section of country, that, before that time, had been tributary to this city, in a greater or less degree. About the same time, or a little earlier, the buffalo "disappeared from the face of the earth," in a manner approaching the mysterious, and the lucrative trade in robes thus suddenly came to an end. But meantime other important changes were going on. The domestic herds and flocks were fast taking the place of the buffalo and deer, and thrifty settlers located in the valleys to engage in farming, combined with stock growing. If the railroads on either side of us cut off immense tributary country, they helped to people, and to some extent develop, what remained, and thus compensation was given and Fort Benton continued to be the trade center and chief supply point of Northern Montana, in which section a gradual growth in population and wealth was going forward. Having the Missouri river as an artery of commerce, upon which two or more lines of boats were constantly maintained during the season, our merchants were enabled to meet the competition of the railroad points, and

in some particulars had the advantage of them. A few figures from the assessment rolls will show how advancement was made during this period. We will take Choteau county, of which Fort Benton is the seat of government, to illustrate the case, although portions of other counties are, and have been, tributary to the river metropolis. In 1877 the assessed valuation of Choteau county was only a little over \$500,000.00, and this wealth, for the most part, was confined to the town of Fort Benton. In 1880, the assessed valuation of this county had increased to \$1,500,000.00, and in 1887, notwithstanding the severe stock losses of last winter, it will not be less than \$4,000,000.00. In 1880, the sheep industry in this county really had its beginning. As showing how this branch of the stock business has grown since that time, we quote the following extract from the statement of Mr. L. W. Peck, secretary of the Montana Wool Growers' Association, made at the banquet recently given by the Fort Benton board of trade, to the wool growers of Northern Montana: "Mr. Peck stated that he would confine his remarks principally to the business of the country tributary to Benton, or what is known as Northern Montana, and would simply state a few facts. From this section, after a hard winter, there would be marketed the fleeces of four hundred thousand sheep, aggregating two million two hundred and twenty thousand pounds. There will also be turned out forty thousand wethers for shipment and sale, as well as two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of pelts, which latter represents the serious loss of the past severe winter, the worst ever known in Montana. Upon the opening of the Milk river reservation, the territory tributary to Fort Benton will be doubled, and five million pounds of wool and eighty thousand wethers will be shipped from this point."

Last year one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of wool were shipped by the Missouri river from Fort Benton, and this year the shipments will reach two million pounds, which represents, in cash, about \$500,000.00, the greater portion of which will be left with our merchants for supplies necessary to carry on the business till the next "harvest time." The growth of the cattle business has been equally rapid. In 1880 there were but a few small herds in Choteau county, where now there are over one hundred thousand head, valued at \$3,000,000.00. In 1880 the number of farms in Choteau county was exceedingly limited, while in 1886, thirty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty-four acres of improved land were assessed, the same being valued at \$284,470.00.

* * * * *

We have now entered another and important period—one that will witness quicker and greater changes than have yet taken place—the railroad era. A miracle in railroad construction, almost, has been performed in the building of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad from the Red river valley west across the trackless prairies of Northern Montana, to the Rocky mountains. Although four hundred miles of this road are through an Indian reservation, and probably an equal distance through unsettled public lands, yet the completed track reached Fort Benton September 20th, upon which occasion, with imposing ceremony, and in the presence of Mr. J. J. Hill and a party of capitalists from New York, a silver spike was driven in honor of the event.

For a distance of nearly two hundred miles the railroad passes through the center of Choteau county, and its influence in promoting the development of the various resources of this section will be simply wonderful. It will inaugurate a complete revolution by the settle-

ment of the country, the building of new towns, etc. The Manitoba will not long have the field to itself; other roads are certain to enter, and branch lines will be constructed in every possible direction; the mines of the surrounding mountains and our immense coal fields will be fully developed and pay rich tribute to the railroads; the ranchman, wool grower and stock farmer will take possession of Northern Montana; the vast herds will be divided up, and the occupation of the cowboy will be gone. These are some of the changes that will take place, and under this new *regime*, Fort Benton will keep pace with the progress of events about her. Situated at the head of navigation of the Missouri river, her position is the strongest possible one. It has proved so in the past, and will in the future. Just as all railroads in the Northwestern states lead to St. Paul, so they will in the New Northwest to Fort Benton. They must come to the river. In time, the railroads will be distributors and feeders for our great water way, the Missouri river, and Fort Benton, the City of Destiny, will be the commercial center of the North Rocky Mountain region.

Fort Benton is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, on a large, high, gravel bottom. Its streets are broad and regularly laid out. It contains some of the heaviest and wealthiest mercantile firms in Montana, among which may be mentioned T. C. Power & Bro., who are also owners of the Block P line of steamers, plying between this city and Bismarck and way points. T. G. Baker & Co. are also well known, and are largely interested in business enterprises in the Canadian Northwest. Murphy, Maclay & Co., branch of John T. Murphy & Co., of Helena; Gans & Klein, of Helena, and many others, comprise the business houses of Fort Benton.

There are many fine public and pri-

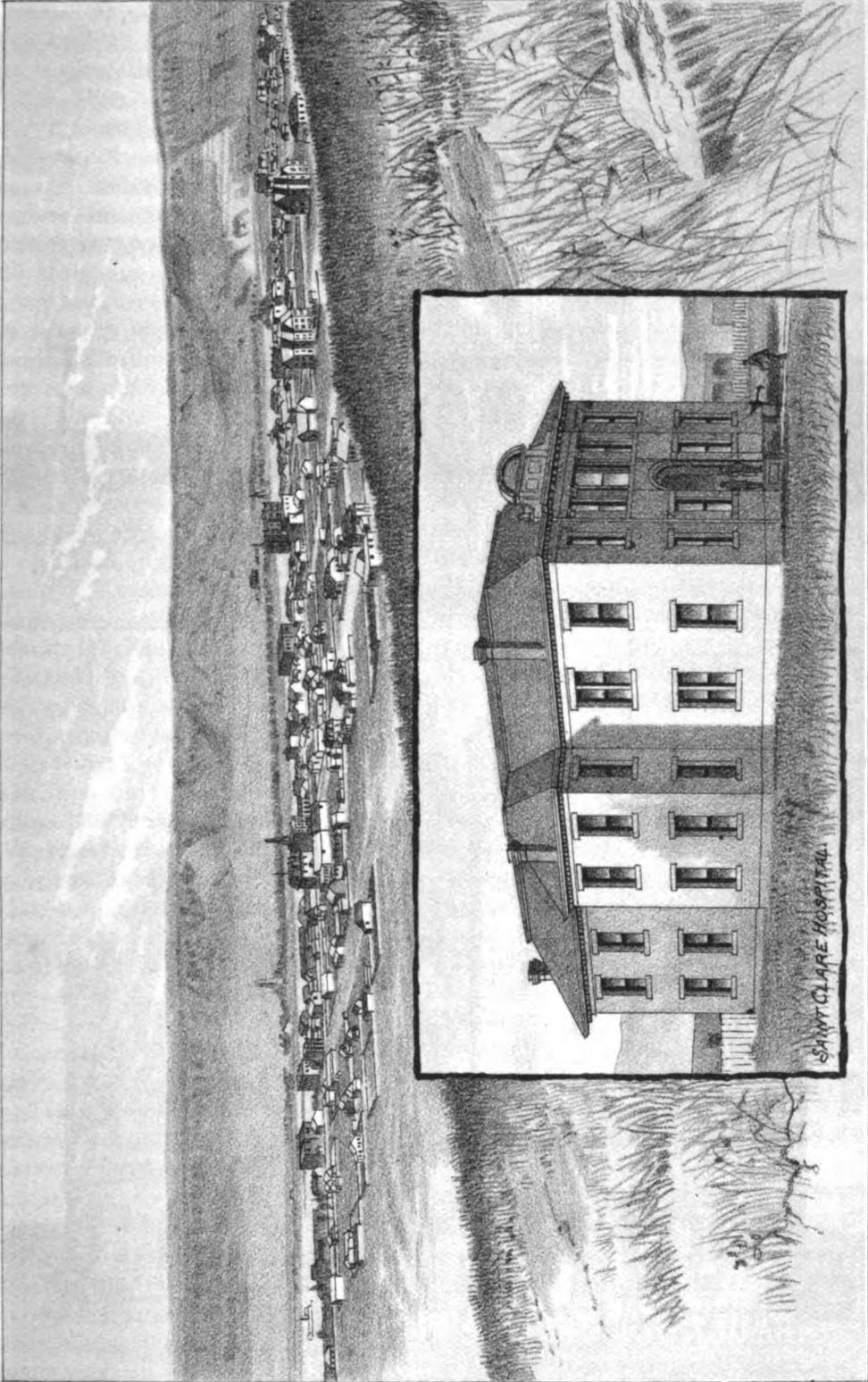
vate buildings, three churches—Catholic, Episcopal and Methodist—a fine hospital conducted by the sisters of charity, a splendid court house and jail, and one of the best public school buildings in Montana. The city was incorporated in 1883, and is conceded to be the most orderly in the territory. In no other city of its situation is life and property more safe. There has not been a murder trial in its courts for a period of more than ten years.

Two new enterprises have recently been inaugurated, viz. water works and a bridge. A Holly system of water works, to cost about \$75,000.00, for which the city council has recently granted a franchise to Geo. T. Woolston, of New York, is now being put in. This includes twenty-five double-nozzle fire hydrants, which are to have a pressure of seventy-five pounds to the square inch, for fire purposes, which will dispense with engines and will be a complete protection against fire. An iron truss bridge across the Missouri, for which negotiations are now pending between the city and the San Francisco Bridge Co. and others, will cost about \$40,000.00.

Fort Benton is well supplied with hotels, and is a most delightful summer resort, its climate being a great deal more salubrious than a person would naturally suppose in so high a latitude. It lies from eighty-five to one hundred and forty-five miles north of towns on the line of the Northern Pacific, but as its altitude is from five hundred to two thousand feet lower, it has, in reality, a climatic advantage over them to the extent of from four to twenty degrees of latitude. In other words, for agricultural purposes, the difference in altitude practically puts this section south of those points the number of degrees stated.

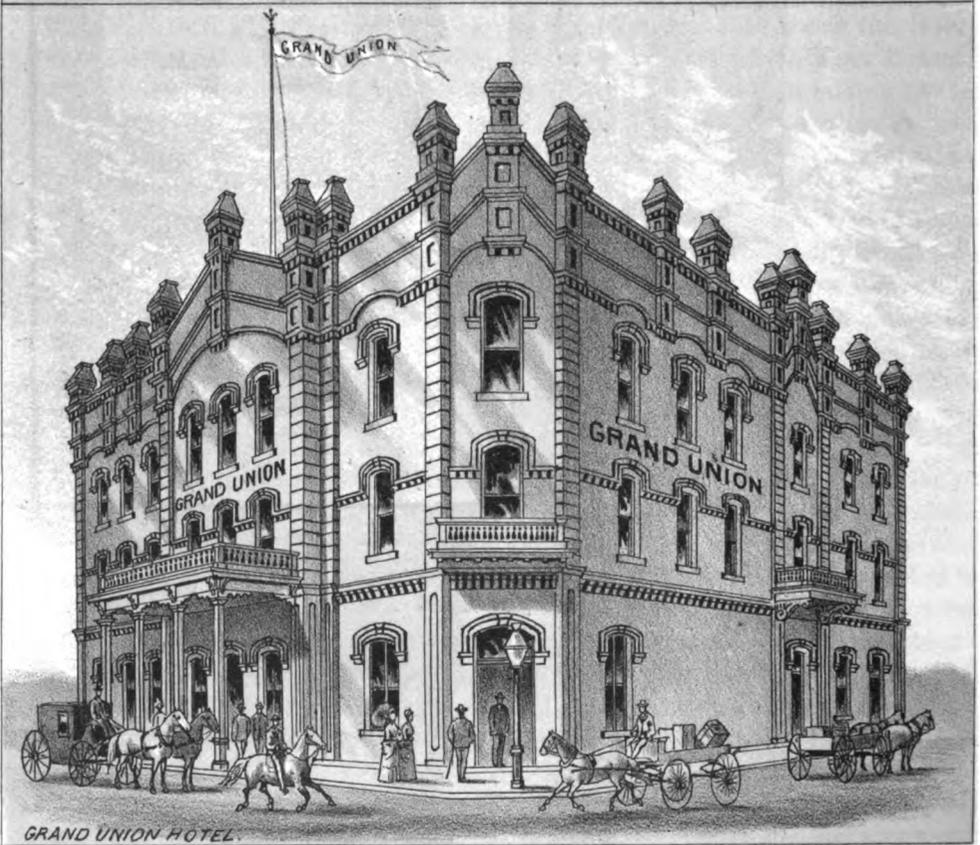
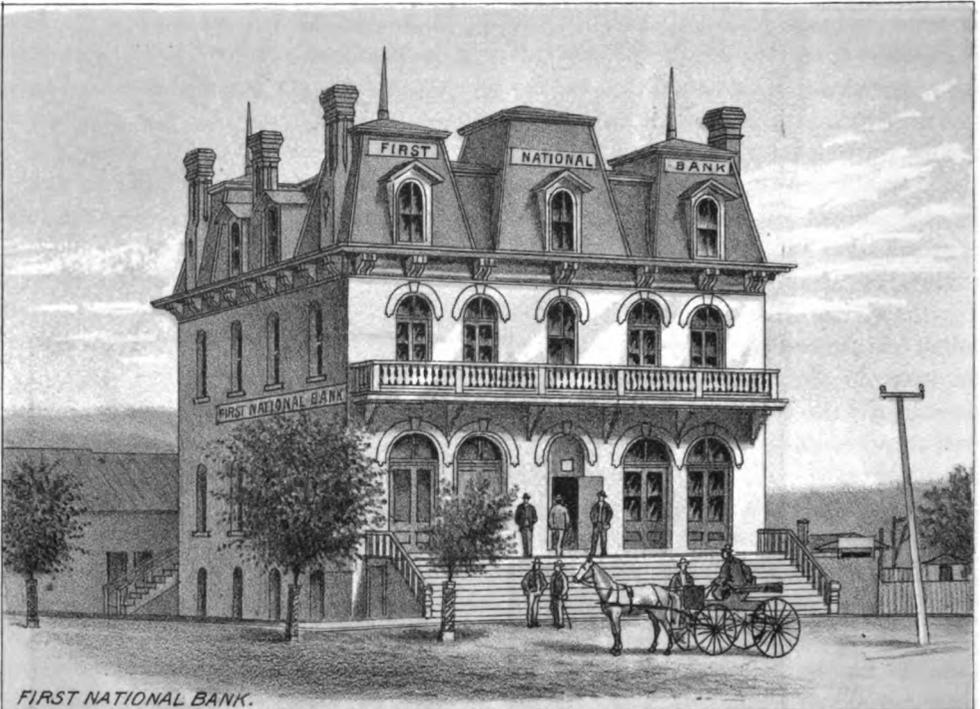
To parties contemplating a change, there is no place that offers a more in-

viting field than Fort Benton; more especially now, since we have railroad facilities and are assured low freight rates. There are many special lines of business that would prove remunerative. There is an urgent need for a flouring mill, and any one contemplating engaging in that business can find no better opening than here. There is also a grand opening for a woolen mill, to be operated by either water or steam power; and speaking of water power, while almost every town in the territories of Washington, Idaho and Montana seeks to boom itself on its water power facilities, right here in Fort Benton is the best available water power for manufacturing purposes to be found in any of them, available for the reason that it can be more easily and cheaply applied than at any of the water power towns that advertise as such. I allude to the Teton river, which is some seventy feet above the level of the bottom upon which Fort Benton is situated, and which can be brought into it at a comparatively trifling expense. In fact, there is a company organized now with that as its object. If steam power is preferred, we are in the midst of the greatest coal fields in all Montana. Choteau county is more abundantly supplied with coal than any other section of the same dimensions in any of the territories of the United States. Surrounding Fort Benton, at every point of the compass, fine veins of bituminous coal are found. Owing to the lack of railroad facilities in the past no effort has been made to develop the mines to any great extent. The only market was Fort Benton, which has heretofore been supplied by one or two veins situated on Belt creek, thirty miles distant. In the Milk river valley, in the vicinity of Fort Assinniboine and the Belknap Indian agency, northeast of Fort Benton seventy-five miles, coal of a superior quality is found in every coulee and along every



PHOTOS BY DAN DUTRO.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF FORT BENTON, MONTANA.



FORT BENTON, MONTANA.

PHOTO. BY DAN DUTRO.

stream. At the Belknap agency it has been used for years past, both for fuel and blacksmithing purposes.

This same vein crops out in coulees near the springs on the Assinniboine stage road, twenty-four miles from Benton, and has been used by freighters and hunters, in camp in the open air, for cooking purposes, so freely does it burn. The croppings of veins in the Milk river valley have been found in extent of country fifty by one hundred miles. The Manitoba railroad comes through the very center of this immense field. Directly west of Fort Benton, near the town of Dupuyer, coal has been found in abundance, and is used by the farmers and stockmen, as well as by the citizens of Dupuyer. All along the Teton river, which approaches to within three miles of Benton, float coal and croppings have also been found extending west to the Rocky mountains, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. South of Fort Benton, at Sand Coulee and Deep creek, points almost on the line of the Manitoba railroad, large veins of coal have been discovered and sufficiently developed to prove that it exists in large quantities and good quality. On the Dearborn, still farther to the south and west, is a large coal field, developed to some extent, through which the line of the Helena & Northern will run on its way to Benton.

The advent of railroads will provide the means to handle and distribute the product of these mines at reasonable figures. We will be brought in quick communication with the quartz mining districts, where unlimited quantities of the article are used. This will justify the opening and working of the measures on a large scale, for, in addition to the demands stated, the railroad will require an immense amount for its own use. Competition between rival coal companies and opposing railroad lines

will make the article cheap, and Northern Montana will step to the front as the great coal producing section of the territory.

The following table shows at a glance the relative average production of Montana farms as compared with the states:

PRODUCE.	IN THE STATES.	IN MONTANA.
Wheat.....	11 to 15 bus.	30 to 40 bus.
Barley.....	24 to 30 bus.	40 to 50 bus.
Oats.....	20 to 25 bus.	45 to 60 bus.
Hay.....	1 to 1¼ tons.	1½ to 2 tons.
Potatoes....	100 to 150 bus.	300 to 450 bus.
Onions.....	200 to 250 bus.	350 to 450 bus.
Cabbage....	7,000 to 9,000 lbs.
Sugar Beets.	1,000 bus.

A careful study of the above, which presents only a few of the leading articles, will give the thoughtful reader a clearer idea of our agricultural possibilities than whole pages of writing. From the enormous yield and easy cultivation of the sugar beet, this would be a splendid point for the erection of a refinery of beet sugar. Strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries and huckleberries are found growing wild throughout this section, in many places in abundance. There are, also, other native berries, peculiar to this section and climate, that grow everywhere along the streams in great profusion.

A few persons in this vicinity are now turning their attention to the production of small fruits, and are succeeding admirably. Our market is being supplied with home productions, that, for size and flavor, can not be excelled in any country. This industry is much more profitable here than in the states, for ready sale is always found, and better prices obtained.

Tomatoes, musk melons and water melons are successfully cultivated in all the valleys adjacent to Fort Benton. In the mining districts from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles south of us, melons and tomatoes can not be grown, owing to the fact that their table

and bench lands are too elevated, making the seasons between frosts too short.

The country is full of the wrecks of boom towns. Along the line of every railroad that has been built for years, real estate sharks have platted boom towns and sold their lots and customers at the same time. Like mushrooms, they sprung up in an hour and faded away. Many of the present citizens of Fort Benton have seen this town grow from a small collection of adobe huts, that marked the site of an Indian trading post, to a handsome, thriving city, whose buildings, public and private, are second to none in the territory. They came here before a railroad was surveyed in this whole section—before even the surrounding country was peopled, as it now is, with farmers and stockmen. Here they laid the foundation of the commercial center of all that vast country east of the Rocky mountains and south of the British line. The foundations were laid broad and deep, and time will prove that they are permanent. Here they established a business center and built up homes and accumulated fortunes, and established a name and credit in financial circles, of which many an older and more populous community might be justly proud. The business transactions of the leading firms of Fort Benton are not bounded by the lines of their own county, territory or country, but they extend across international boundaries, and even beyond the seas, and their

financial standing commands the respect and confidence of business men and bankers everywhere.

The business of the merchants of Fort Benton has been on an immense scale. They have supplied the growing demands of an empire in extent, they have filled the huge contracts for all the supplies needed by the military posts and Indian agencies of two governments throughout this great section; they have built and maintained lines of steamers to do this large business; and they have done this single handed and alone, and often in the face of strong opposition.

There are points in every county, that nature has made commercial centers. The trails of the first savage inhabitants here naturally met and diverged, and marked the lines of travel for coming civilization. These points are the first that lay in the path of infant commerce; here she erects the first rude structures and plants the germ of "empires yet to be." This law of nature is unchangeable, as her edicts always are. Fort Benton occupies that favored position. In the midst of a comparatively undeveloped country, rich in agricultural, pastoral and mineral resources, surrounded on all sides by veins of the finest coal, at the navigable head of the longest river and grandest system of inland navigation in the known world, Fort Benton has nothing to fear. She may well advertise these facts to the world; she can do so honestly and with great pride.

Northwestern News and Information.

ROCKY FORK ROAD.—Work has been begun on the branch of the Northern Pacific running from near Billings, Montana, up the Rocky Fork to the coal mines and the Clarke's Fork quartz mines, near Cooke City. It will be pushed to completion with great activity.

THE NORTH UMPQUA BRIDGE.—The county commissioners of Douglas county, Oregon, have contracted for the erection of a steel bridge across the North Umpqua, at Winchester. The structure will be five hundred and eighty-four feet long, with foundations of iron cylinders filled with concrete, and will cost \$45,000.00. This will be the largest and most expensive bridge in Oregon.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AT EUGENE.—The Eugene Electric Light Company is putting in a plant to supply Eugene City with a system of incandescent electric lights. This is one of the leading business towns of the Willamette valley, and this improvement is an indication of the spirit of enterprise which is pushing it rapidly to the front. It is a good business point, and is situated in one of the most fertile portions of the valley.

NEW SAW MILL AT SEATTLE.—The Windsor Brothers, two wealthy lumbermen from Michigan, have purchased a tract of land on Smith's cove, Seattle, and will at once erect a large saw mill, with a capacity of two hundred thousand feet per day, and which will give employment to about one hundred and seventy-five men. Much of the machinery is ready for shipment. The new mill will be advantageously located for shipment of lumber by both rail and water.

SEATTLE AND THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.—There is every probability that the line of the Columbia & Puget Sound road, leading up Cedar river from Seattle, will now be extended to a connection with the Northern Pacific, at what is known as the "common point," on Green river. It is only necessary to construct about seven miles of track to accomplish this, which will place Seattle in direct communication with

Eastern Washington, and fifteen miles nearer than any other point on Puget sound.

NEW RAILROADS IN WASHINGTON.—Estimates of construction of the first twenty miles of the LaCamas & Tacoma road have been completed, and the work of building may soon be commenced. The route of a railroad from Tacoma, running five miles into the timber southeast of the city, is being surveyed, and will be built at once. It is to be used for lumbering purposes, but will be so constructed that it may become a portion of a regular line, possibly of the one referred to above.

CALIFORNIA & OREGON R. R.—The long tunnel through Siskiyou mountain, on the line of the northward extension of the California & Oregon, was completed early in October, and the track laid beyond that point. Another tunnel, farther north, has just been finished. With the completion of this tunnel and the construction of thirteen miles of track north of it, the connection will be made. It is anticipated that through trains between Portland and San Francisco will be running by the first of December.

HELENA'S WEALTH.—The assessed valuation of city property in Helena, for the current year, is upwards of \$8,000,000.00, of which somewhat more than one-half is real estate. This is an increase of \$2,500,000.00 over last year, and shows a wonderful progress in the capital of Montana. In that time, the city has been reached by a second independent line to the East, and has had three branch roads constructed from it through tributary country. It is the great railroad and financial center of the territory.

THE DEPTH OF BUTTE MINES.—The deepest mine in the Butte City camp is the Lexington, which is eleven hundred and fifty feet deep. The Alice and Anaconda are both down to the one thousand foot level, and the latter is about to continue its shaft to the depth of two thousand feet. The Mountain View, now down three hundred feet, will continue sinking to two

thousand feet, stations being established every hundred feet. It will not be many years before the leading mines of Butte will be exploited to a depth of three thousand feet.

THE GUYE IRON MINES.—The much mooted question as to whether the Kirke Iron Company would purchase the iron mines of Snoqualmie pass, or those near Cle-Elum, is probably settled. It is definitely stated that Peter Kirke has purchased a two-thirds interest in the celebrated Guye mines, at Snoqualmie, and will at once begin the erection of iron and steel works on Salal prairie, on the line of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern. Seattle will be the chief shipping point of the product of the works, and will be vastly benefited by its association with so great an enterprise.

THE UPPER MISSOURI.—The two bars in the Upper Missouri, which have interfered with navigation to Fort Benton in seasons of low water, have been permanently removed by the government engineers. These are the Cracondunez and Shonkin bars. The work has been accomplished chiefly by closing up all side channels with substantial dams, and as the Missouri is gravel and rock bottom for three hundred miles below Fort Benton, the current will be able to keep the channel clear, and afford uninterrupted navigation, except during the winter season.

SEATTLE, L. S. & E. RAILROAD.—Contract has been let to G. W. Hunt for another section of forty miles of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, the first ten miles to be completed by April, and the remainder by September, 1888. This will carry it past the iron mines and through the Snoqualmie pass, to within forty miles of Ellensburg. The projectors announce that contracts for two hundred and fifty miles more will soon be let, to be completed by October, 1888, thus crossing the entire territory. It is generally supposed that this line will be met by the Manitoba, which is now practically as far west as Butte, and thus form a new overland route.

THE GRANITE MINE SOLD.—One of the best mines of the Cœur d'Alene, the Granite, situated on the divide between Canyon and Nine Mile creeks, about five miles from Wallace, has been purchased by Van B. DeLashmutt, of Portland, and H. M. Davenport and George B. McCauley, for \$38,500.00. The *Free Press* says:

"The property is considered one of the best

in this section. The Granite has been under bond to Mr. Goldsmith, of Portland, and it was generally supposed that he would be the purchaser. It is most gratifying to see capitalists investing such large sums in the mines of this region, and is conclusive evidence that Cœur d'Alene is destined to be the great mining center of America."

PUGET SOUND SHIPPING.—During the month of September forty-two cargoes of lumber, containing thirty-one million feet, were shipped from Puget sound ports, upwards of six million feet going from each of the ports of Blakely and Tacoma. During the same period Tacoma forwarded eight cargoes of coal, aggregating twenty-five thousand five hundred and fifty-nine tons, and Seattle shipped twenty cargoes, containing twenty-five thousand one hundred and seventy-one tons. The total tonnage sailing from the sound ports in September was seventy-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-two, and the total value of exports was \$972,200.00, being \$253,150.00 for coal, \$393,250.00 for lumber, and \$325,800.00 for produce.

THE BIG HORN DITCH.—The large canal of the Colorado Ditch Co., in Northern Wyoming, is finished. This ditch is twenty-six miles in length, and reaches from the mouth of the Nowater down the Big Horn river almost to the mouth of the Nowood. It carries a fine volume of water, and covers thirty thousand acres of splendid bottom and first bench land. A great many desert claims have been taken up on the first bench lands, and the work of entry still goes on. The bottom lands, including much valuable natural hay ground, are being homesteaded and pre-empted. The Colorado Ditch Co. has taken out this ditch for colonization purposes. Before an inch of ground had been broken, one hundred Colorado families were engaged as settlers. These families will, next spring, if not this fall, enter upon possession of the new and prosperous homes prepared for them on the rich lands of the Big Horn. The cost of this ditch is about \$70,000. Other settlers will find this a good location.

PORT TOWNSEND & SOUTHERN R. R.—The articles of incorporation for the proposed establishment of the Port Townsend & Southern railroad have been signed by the San Francisco capitalists interested and returned for approval. The line of the railroad will commence on the bay of Port Townsend, take a southward course through the counties of Jefferson, Mason, Che-

halis, Thurston, Lewis, Cowlitz and Clarke, to a point on the Columbia river where the most practicable connection with railroads in Oregon can be made. Steamships will be operated on the waters of Puget sound and the navigable rivers of Washington territory. The company will also buy, own, sell and operate mines containing mineral in Washington territory. The capital is placed at \$3,000,000.00, divided into thirty thousand shares, at a par value of \$100.00 each. A reconnaissance of a route for the Port Townsend & Southern is now in progress, along the western side of Puget sound.

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THE HIDDEN TREASURE BONDED.—The Hidden Treasure mine, situated on the South fork of the Little Blackfoot river, Montana, was on the 4th instant bonded by Messrs. Martin & Dixon, to L. D. Hawes & Company, of St. Paul, for \$40,000.00, \$5,000.00 being paid down and the balance to be paid in ninety days. The same company has already put a force of men to work grading a road from the mill site to the mine, over which machinery for a forty-ton plant can be hauled. It has not yet been decided whether or not the plant will be a pulverizer or a stamp mill. The mine is at present developed only by an open cut, but men are pushing work as fast as they can possibly do so. The cut is thirty feet in length and twenty feet deep, being all in ore of a gold bearing character, having no base rock whatever. Many samples of ore taken from this body assayed, on an average, \$32.00 per ton, though many pieces selected from the dump have run as high as \$8,000.00 or \$10,000.00 per ton. It is no uncommon occurrence to see free gold in the rock as it clings to the ledge. There is enough ore in sight to warrant the erection of the mill, but the depth of the ore body can not yet be determined.

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SOOKE COPPER MINE.—We are gratified to be able to announce that the Sooke copper mine will be developed immediately, and that a local company, with a sufficiency of capital, has been organized for that purpose. Arrangements were completed on Thursday between Mr. F. G. Richards and the other owners with the company, whereby active operations will begin tomorrow, and a thirty-ton smelter will be erected as soon as possible. The Sooke copper mine is about twenty miles from Victoria, on the straights. About twenty-four years ago it was owned and worked by an English company, when a shaft one hundred and forty-five feet deep, and drifts three hundred feet in length,

were excavated and the ore shipped to Swansea and smelted. The ore yields from twenty-two to sixty per cent. of metal, and is said to be very easily worked. The location of the mine is certainly everything that could be desired, as ships can be docked within a few feet of the works. When worked before, it failed for various reasons, but especially on account of the great expense attending mining operations in those days and the lack of proper appliances. The quantity is believed to be practically unlimited. The new company is composed of local men of means and enterprise, who have our best wishes in their praiseworthy endeavor to develop one of the latent resources of our province.—*Victoria Times.*

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MONTANA VEGETABLES.—Sometime since, Andrew Whitesides, the boss gardner at Harvey Creek (Bear Mouth), said: "When the crop ripens, I will send you up a specimen of my vegetables." They came last Monday, and if we were baching, the supply would carry us through a hard winter. The following are specimens with weight when pulled: one cabbage, thirty-three and one-half pounds; one rutabaga, thirty-one pounds; one long yellow turnip, nineteen pounds; one white egg turnip, eighteen pounds; one purple top turnip, sixteen pounds. Accompanying these were some monster onions, and a few standard apples, the latter being specimens from young trees. They are a fine variety, and next year a fine crop is anticipated. With these came also a lot of thrifty alfalfa, "the second cutting from the seed bought from the Deer Lodge Drug Co., to show people that it will pay to raise it." These specimens were placed on exhibition for a few days, and would have attracted attention at any agricultural fair not wholly given up to horse races. While these exceptionally fine specimens are not, probably, of as fine texture and quality as medium sizes, they are merely selected as fine specimens to show to what size they will grow. Mr. Whitesides has hundreds of tons of the marketable sizes, and is a most successful grower.—*Deer Lodge New Northwest.*

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THE GOLDEN CIRCLE SOLD.—L. C. Fyhrie, who had a bond on the Golden Circle group of mines, at Gibbonsville, Idaho, has effected their sale to J. F. Carter, of Philadelphia. The amount paid is \$30,000.00. The purchase includes eleven distinct mines, all more or less developed, a ten-stamp mill, a very valuable water power, chlorination works, and all the buildings formerly used as accommodations for

the men, and processes used in the past for the extracting of the gold. The improvements on the ground represent a value of \$20,000.00, but as the processes thus far used have proven failures, and allowed the gold to go to waste, their practical value is represented by a much less amount. The high grade ores have all been worked out, and though large amounts of gold have been saved, yet owing to imperfect methods, the tailings are of considerable value, both for the amount of gold contained and deposits of quicksilver wasted. The ore has run into iron pyrites, and has proven too refractory for the methods used. Mr. Carter is a thorough practical miner of wide experience, who has developed what he calls a desulphuring process, which took him six years to perfect, at a cost of \$100,000.00, which is just suited for the treatment of this class of ore. He has seventy thousand pounds of machinery in transit, and means to push the work to immediate completion. The first work will be an eleven hundred foot tunnel, which will tap the Sucker lode at a depth of eight hundred feet. This will represent an expense of \$10,000.00 on the start, and shows the confidence Mr. Carter has in his purchase, and he asserts his belief that, were it near a railroad, its value would run up in the hundreds of thousands.

MONTANA MINES.—A carefully compiled table of the dividends paid by United States mining properties, to October 1, 1887, credits Montana with \$9,263,286.00, as follows:

Alice	\$ 750,000.00
Amy and Silversmith	384,529.00
Boston and Montana	520,000.00
Elkhorn	180,000.00
Empire	33,000.00
Granite Mountain	3,000,000.00
Hecla Con.	1,047,000.00
Helena M. & R. Co.	197,970.00
Hope	183,252.00
Jay Gould	55,000.00
Lexington	565,000.00
Montana, Ld., (Drum Lummon) ..	1,736,535.00
Moulton	350,000.00
Original	123,000.00
Parrot	138,000.00
Total	\$9,263,286.00

It must be considered that the bulk of these dividends have been paid within the last four or five years, and that \$2,000,000.00, or nearly one-fourth, were paid during the first nine months of the current year. These are figures never equaled by the Comstock lode in its palm-

iest days; yet as these are all legitimate mining companies, and the stock is not used as a gambling foot ball, there is none of that demoralizing furore which San Francisco revealed in over the Comstock mines.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT SNOQUALMIE.—About four miles northeast of the famous Denny iron mines, in Snoqualmie pass, on the western slope of the Cascades, has been discovered a mountain of magnetic iron ore, also large ledges of marble and limestone, and three ledges of silver quartz. One of the discoverers says:

"There are three well defined ledges of silver, which assay all the way from \$22.00 to \$64.00 per ton. The largest ledge is thirty feet thick, and is of brown, porous quartz, and assays \$64.00 per ton. These ledges are on the south branch of the Middle fork of the Snoqualmie, and twelve miles from Salal prairie, with an easy route for a railroad within a mile of our claims. The locators are George A. Pratt, T. G. Wilson, Richard Jeff, Norman R. Kelly and Charles M. Sheafe. Each of these parties has located an iron, marble, limestone and silver claim, making twenty locations in all. The silver ledges have been named 'Silver Lake,' 'Mountain Goat' and 'Extension,' and the iron mountain has been named 'Chair Peak,' and the mine itself, 'Snoqualmie Lode.' Harry Whitworth, our engineer, named the mountain on account of its striking likeness to an old arm chair. In the spring, we are going to cut a road directly into the heart of our mines, going up the North Fork, and we are already to take steps to commence developing our silver, and expect to be well under way by midsummer. We will have no trouble in inducing either the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern or the Columbia & Puget Sound Company to build to our mines as soon as we are in a position to do so, and we expect to be in that position before a great while. Our iron assays fifty-seven per cent., pure magnetic iron, and we have enough in sight to furnish traffic for one road for twenty years."

CINNABAR COAL MINES.—Mr. H. F. Brown, an agent for Harry Horr, and representing both Helena and Butte capitalists, arrived in this city Tuesday last, and has since been making preliminary arrangements to begin work on the Horr coal mines, at Cinnabar. Mr. Brown is a thorough and experienced coal expert, and we had the pleasure of meeting him. He informed us that he intended at once to begin development work on these mines on an extensive

scale, with the chief aim of ascertaining the extent and quality of the deposit. Work for the present, and during the coming winter, will be confined to running tunnels and placing the mine in good running order. If, when this is done, there be a sufficient amount of coal in sight, a large number of coke ovens are to be erected for the purpose of converting into coke the entire coal output. The size of the coke plant will depend wholly upon the amount of coal there is to be had at this place. As to the coking quality of the coal, Mr. Brown said that he had made numerous tests of coal taken from this deposit, and that each test proved conclusively that it is of excellent quality for coking purposes. In the tests made, an average of seventy-one per cent. of the weight of the coal used was the weight of the coke obtained, and this, Mr. Brown stated, is a better average by six per cent. than is obtained at Connellsville, Pennsylvania. The coal taken out this fall and winter will be disposed of, as profitable sale can be found for it. As many men will be employed at once as can be worked to advantage on the mine, and this force will be increased as developments progress. Roadmaster Schofield went up to Cinnabar Thursday to locate and lay out a side track from the Park branch line to the mouth of the mine, the construction of which is now in progress. A telegraph office is also to be established at the mine forthwith.—*Livingston Enterprise*.

KOOTENAI LAKE COPPER.—The Kootenai region, both in Idaho and British Columbia, has been known for some time as having a number of very promising mining locations in gold and silver, but it has not been generally known that copper was to be found in paying quantities. Within the past few weeks, however, within half a dozen miles of Kootenai lake, have been located mines of gray copper ore, which promise to be the richest of the kind on the continent. A number of the principal owners clubbed together and made up a purse recently, with which the services of a noted mining expert of Chicago were secured to come out and investigate. He came and made a thorough examination and returned to Chicago. His full detailed report has not yet been received, but before boarding his home-bound train, he assured the mine owners that the prospect exceeded anything he had ever seen, and that it was no exaggeration to say that there was at least a million dollars worth of ore in sight. The locators are principally from this side of the line, but enough are from the Queen's do-

minions to make a strong effort to have the Kootenai lake district exempted from duties on supplies imported from the United States. This region is so remote and inaccessible from the Canadian Pacific railway, that its only hope of an early development lies through its accessibility from the Northern Pacific railroad. The only natural route to this region is from Sand Point, a station on the Northern Pacific railroad on the banks of lake Pend d'Oreille, on a good forty mile wagon road to Bonner's ferry, thence up the outlet to the lake by steamer. Rumors of these strikes have been spreading for several days past, and a big rush to the new mines is anticipated. Although this article treats principally of the copper prospects, the gold, silver and lead mines of that region are by no means to be overlooked, as they are already assured to be very rich.—*Spokane Falls Chronicle*.

BAKER COUNTY PLACERS SOLD.—The well known Nelson gravel mines, on Salmon creek, eight miles west of this city, have been sold to a California company, of which S. W. Blasdel is manager, for \$350,000.00 cash. The mines comprise eighty acres of patented mining land, and for the past fifteen years have been the property of Mr. L. W. Nelson, who has worked them constantly during that time, taking in the neighborhood of \$250,000.00 in gold from them. Although a large force of men have been employed on these mines for years, they are scarcely more than well opened up, they being of such magnitude and depth that it has taken almost an incalculable amount of work to put them in condition for working properly on an extensive scale. The new company is taking hold in a business-like way. They have already employed a large force of men, and are constructing reservoirs, building ditches, cuts, etc., preparatory to making a big run next summer. It is the intention to put two giants, throwing a six-inch stream, in operation, and in every respect the mines will be worked by the best means known to the practical mining men of our day.

For years the principal water supply for working the Salmon creek mines has been obtained from the Auburn canal, the first of its kind ever built in Eastern Oregon, being constructed in 1862-3. This canal has conveyed water for a distance of over twenty miles to Auburn, and kept that camp in water during the mining seasons for twenty-five years. Through its means, directly, we may say, \$3,000,000.00 or more have been taken from the treasure vaults of Auburn, and thrown on the world for circulation.

The recent purchasers of the Salmon creek mines, seeing the great necessity of owning the Auburn canal in conjunction with their mines, have bought it outright from the Marysville Mining Company, of California, for \$35,000.00.—*Baker City Democrat.*

PEACE AND MACKENZIE RIVERS.—There is a vast territory in the northeast section of this province, comprising many millions of acres, about which, as yet, positively, but little is known. This is outside the three million acres given by this province to the dominion in connection with the so-called Settlement Bill, of 1884. Those who have traversed portions of it give glowing accounts of the country tributary to Dunvegan, which at present is the most important trading post on the great Peace river. The soil is described to be exceedingly rich; the forest growth one of great value, for in it is to be found large quantities of white pine, cedar and many varieties of hard wood. The coal fields are of great extent, and from these there are flowing streams of crude oil petroleum. In the precious metals, the reported gold strikes indicate that there is to be found yellow dust in quantities which may rival Cariboo's palmiest days, California's bonanza fields or Australia's nuggets worth many thousands of dollars. That these valuable economics will not be allowed much longer to remain hidden or undeveloped, is almost a certainty. This summer, Mr. Wrigley, chief commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, left Winnipeg on an exploring expedition down the Mackenzie river to the Arctic circle. He did not venture to the mouth of that great stream, as did its discoverer, Mr. Mackenzie, after whom it was named. That gentleman's crew were so afraid to venture so far, that he was compelled to make prisoners of his boat's crew of Indians. They had a tradition that the evil Manitou dwelt on the banks of this mysterious river near its mouth, and that, like unto Gorgon, his very looks would kill. Since then, civilization, ever on the alert for new fields and pastures green wherein to work, has brought about wonderful changes. Even on that remote, solitary river, steaming in its grandeur, down the bosom of the almost unknown river, the pioneer steamer awakes the echoes. This steamer was built expressly for the trade of that river and the country tributary thereto. Mr. Wrigley's account of the trip across the country to Dunvegan, and thence down and up the Peace river, and thence to the great Mackenzie in its onward course to the Arctic ocean, is one of more than ordinary in-

terest. The pioneer steamer on the northern waters bears Mr. Wrigley's name. His trip on her extended down to the delta, where the river Peel joins the Mackenzie, and with the return voyage, made a distance of three thousand seven hundred miles sailed. The banks of the river are reported timbered all the way down to the Arctic circle. The scenery is grand. The snow capped summits of the Rockies are in plain sight to the west, while to the eastward other mountains are seen. Like the Danube, the Mackenzie has its iron gate, where, for the distance of a mile, it flows between perpendicular walls of limestone. It was nearly midsummer when the party made their most northern point, and then continuous daylight was enjoyed. Coal beds were found, and in one place a plenteous flow of natural gas was discovered, which was set on fire and left burning. Wild fowl and game in abundance add to the attractions of an outing on this Mississippi of the Arctic.

THE DRUM LUMMON BONANZA.—The Drum Lummon is now indisputably the greatest silver-gold mine in the world. It gets bigger every day. An undeveloped extension of it is valued at \$1,000,000, and when that shall be developed, its own extension will be worth as much more. The Englishmen who own the Drum Lummon do not appreciate the immensity of the property. The last report of the company contains some interesting figures on results so far achieved. It says that "during the first half of 1887, the gross bullion output was \$1,126,191.82, and the total cost of producing the same only \$349,201. From these profits two interim dividends were declared, each at the rate of thirty per cent. per annum, aggregating \$495,000. The bullion output shows an increase of nearly \$400,000 over the same period of last year, obtained at a cost of only \$90,687, expended in increasing the plant. The average yield per ton of ore crushed in the high grade mill was \$48.46. The new sixty stamp mill for low grade ore paid for itself and yielded a net profit of \$20,000.00 the first six months. The cost of working was \$2.83 per ton crushed. Since the formation of the company, in January, 1883, the total amount of dividends paid aggregate \$1,736,535, running at the rate of six and three-quarters per cent. per annum, at the start, to thirty per cent. at the present time. In working the mine, two thousand seven hundred and eighty-one linear feet were excavated, and the estimated amount of ore reserves on June 30 was two hundred and four thousand

five hundred and seventy-five tons." These are indeed eloquent figures, and yet, only seven or eight years ago, Tommy Cruse was hammering away in the tunnel which bears his name, and was often hard up for a grub stake. Yet he kept on and finally found a mine. But we doubt that, enthusiastic and visionary as he was accused of being, he ever thought the time would come when the dividend record of the Drum Lummon would be in the millions, when one hundred and twenty stamps would be hammering away on its product, and when its ore reserves should be calmly stated to measure two hundred thousand tons above the six hundred foot level.—*Butte Inter-Mountain.*

KLAMATH COUNTY, OREGON.—Klamath county, of late, is attracting considerable attention. It has an area of one hundred and sixty townships, five thousand seven hundred and sixty sections, three million six hundred and eighty-six thousand four hundred acres. Of this, forty-eight townships, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight sections, one million one hundred and five thousand nine hundred and twenty acres, are embraced in the Klamath Indian reservation. When the few hundred Indians shall have taken allotment in severalty, about a million acres of land will be open for settlers. The southern and eastern portions of the county are mostly agricultural land, producing, without irrigation, large yields of winter wheat, fruit and vegetables. The western and northern portions are somewhat mountainous, much of it covered with good pine. The county seat, Linkville, with its unsurpassed water power, fine country and beautiful lakes surrounding it, has prospects as promising as any of the many flourishing villages of the state, has now a population of some four hundred live, energetic, industrious and law-abiding citizens. A first-class hotel, Presbyterian church, a flouring mill with a capacity of forty barrels per day, about to be doubled; saw mill capable of cutting twenty-two thousand feet a day, a number of stores with good stocks, drug stores, agricultural implement houses, etc., etc. Daily (except Sunday) mail and four-horse coach leave for and arrive from Ager, a town on the Oregon & California railroad, a distance of fifty-seven miles. Tri-weekly stages and mail also run to Fort Klamath and Lakeview. Next month, when the railroad is completed between Ashland and Tunnel, a distance of twelve miles, the time between Portland and Linkville will be reduced to thirty hours. As we remarked, speaking of soil, most of the land in the eastern and

southern parts of the county is properly agricultural, though now occupied largely by stock men. In this county are three hundred and twenty sections of state (school) land, to be had at \$1.25 per acre, besides the government lands, subject to homestead, pre-emption and timber claim settlement; also large tracts of pine lands subject to purchase under act of congress of 1878, at \$1.25 per acre, affording ample room for thousands of settlers to obtain homes and lands. The people here are agitating the question of building a railroad down the valley of the Klamath, some fifty-seven miles, a feasible route, to Ager, a station on the Oregon & California road, near where it crosses that river on an iron bridge—a safe, solid structure. It is probably little known, outside of this immediate locality, that we have, at Linkville, one of the very best water powers on the Pacific coast. Link river, the connecting link between the Upper and Lower Klamath lakes, is a stream of an average width of about three hundred feet, and from the head of the river, which is the lower end of Upper Klamath lake, to where it passes under the bridge at the town of Linkville, a distance of a little more than a mile, it has a fall of between sixty and seventy feet, thus giving propelling power sufficient to turn the wheels of all the machinery that can be located along its banks. One of the most favorable features of this stream for motor power, is the constant and uniform flow of water, having for its source of supply the Big Klamath lake, which has an area of more than two hundred square miles. The difference between high and low water is seldom more than eighteen inches, and in this respect it probably has few, if any, equals on this coast. No expensive dams are required, which require an almost constant expenditure to keep them in repair; but with good locations, a constant, plentiful and even flow of water, this is one of the best and cheapest water powers on the continent, and only requires brains and capital to make it a source of immense revenue; and we confidently expect, at no distant day, to see the water of Link river furnish the motive power to turn the wheels of manufacturing establishments along its banks.—*Linkville Star.*

THE MANITOBA R. R.—The track of the Montana Central, as that portion of the Manitoba system west of Fort Benton is called, has reached Great Falls, and will be in Helena by the middle of November. When the track will reach Butte is uncertain, as much depends on the weather during the winter. It is the ex-

pectation to reach that city by the first of May. It may be that the snow will be so deep in Elk park by the time the train reaches there, as to seriously interfere with operations. This is the only delay anticipated. The grade now requires only a little additional work to complete it, then all will be ready for the tracklayers, except that the Wickes tunnel will not be completed, and the range will have to be crossed there by an overhead line. Work in the tunnels is going on satisfactorily. The Wickes tunnel is about a mile and a quarter long—between sixty-two hundred and sixty-three hundred feet. Of this, only about eleven hundred feet have been completed. In the Woodville tunnel, which is some twelve hundred or thirteen hundred feet long, about four hundred and forty feet of progress has been made. It will be done in ample time for the tracklayers the coming spring. The *Butte Miner* presents the following clear and sensible remarks about the proper route of the Manitoba system in seeking a Pacific terminus:

It is well known that the Manitoba people intend to push their line through to the west coast, but there is great uncertainty as to the route that will be adopted. The first proposed and warmly advocated by the press of Northern Montana, was to follow the Marias river to the Marias pass, thence by a devious course to the Kootenai, thence directly west to the Skagit pass, and down Skagit river to Bellingham bay. This route need not be seriously considered, for if the line ever reached the Kootenai it would stop there, the succession of mountain ranges between that river and the Pacific presenting a series of practically unsurmountable obstacles. The next scheme was to push the Manitoba west from Great Falls up Sun river, over a divide to the Dearborn, crossing the Rockies through Cadotte pass, down the Blackfoot to Missoula, down the Missoula river to the St. Regis Borgia, up the latter stream to its head, across Eastern Washington to the Wenatchee, through the terrible Wenatchee canyon and Snoqualmie pass to Seattle, on Puget sound. This route, though perhaps more feasible than the first, also presents a series of formidable obstacles in the Bitter Root mountains, the Grand Coulee, the bridging of the Columbia where it is sunk between high bluffs, and a three-mile tunnel through Snoqualmie pass. Though this pass is the lowest north of the Columbia, the mountains there rise so abruptly that they can not be crossed on a grade of one hundred and sixteen feet per mile, except by boring a tunnel three miles in length. By the third route, which seems to offer many and

great advantages over all others, the Montana Central would constitute a division of the main line, which would be extended west from Butte by the most practicable route to the Bitter Root valley, up the Lou Lou, through the Lou Lou pass to the Clearwater, down that river to Lewiston, across the bend of Snake river to the Columbia, and down its north bank to the coast, reaching, by the shortest possible route, Portland and Ilwaco—the latter a seaport opposite Astoria. Puget sound and Gray's Harbor could also be reached by a branch from the main line west of the Cascade mountains. It is believed that the practicability of building a railroad from Butte to the Bitter Root has been demonstrated by Union Pacific surveys. The Lou Lou and Clearwater were surveyed years ago by the Northern Pacific and Oregon & Transcontinental, and proved to offer great advantages in lightness of grades and inexpensive work. The surveys were not carried through the Lou Lou pass, as the engineers ran out of provisions about the time they reached the divide, and hurried over that part of the work. The pass is traversed by the old Nez Perce's trail, which has long been a thoroughfare for both Indians and whites passing back and forth between Montana and Idaho. It is the unanimous opinion of those who are acquainted with the pass, that it can be crossed by moderate grades without tunneling. By following down the Columbia, the formidable grades and enormously expensive tunneling that would be encountered in crossing the Cascade mountains farther north would be avoided. Should this route be adopted by the Manitoba road, it would shorten the distance from Butte to Portland, as compared with the Northern Pacific, by about two hundred miles. Butte should make a strong effort to influence the adoption of this route, the importance of which to her citizens is so obvious that it is needless to enlarge thereon. If the Manitoba surveyors are, as stated, surveying the Clearwater route, it is, to say the least, an encouraging sign.

CASTLE MOUNTAIN MINES.—Castle Mountain, the new carbonate camp, which is now attracting so much attention, is situated in Meagher county, Montana, about one hundred miles east of Helena. The mountain, in contour, is oval, its extreme length and breadth being about nine miles, and nearly equal. The central mass of this mountain is granite, while the limestone and other formations rest against the granite. The same formation encircles the mountain. The mineral belt, however, which has recently

come into such prominence, is confined to its eastern slope. This belt is approximately triangular, about eight miles long, and, at its southern end, not more than a mile wide, while the northerly end is fully six miles wide. Abutting against the latter, are the coal beds, where a four-foot vein of coal has been disclosed by the tunnels. This coal, it is claimed, is well adapted to coking, and will doubtless prove a very valuable adjunct to the camp.

The altitude of this mineral belt varies from six thousand to seven thousand feet. The general surface of the country, notably the northern portion, is smooth and accessible by wagon; therefore road making will cut a very small figure in this camp.

The ores are chiefly galena and carbonates, varying in assay value from \$40.00 to \$75.00 per ton, but the mode of their occurrence is not yet well understood. The country rock in which they occur is porphyry, blue and magnesian limestone and slate, while iron and magnesian limestone are found near or associated with the ore. The general character of the ore bodies can not be determined; whether they are deposits, segregated or in contact bodies, is as yet an unsolved problem. The opinion, however, of some of the most intelligent prospectors of the camp, favors the theory that they are true contact veins.

The history of the camp is brief. Only six months ago it was unknown. Before this year, there were but two men who had done any prospecting in this region. The pioneer who is entitled to the credit of making the first discovery, is Geo. P. Roberson, who, in the summer of 1885, discovered and located the Eclipse mine. The same season, Mr. Hensley, following up an affluent of the Musselshell, attracted by the iron float found in the bed of the shallow stream, found, upon the hillside and at the base of the granite formation, large float of carbonate ore. Here Lafayette Hensley, the second prospector in the camp, located the Morning Star, LaMar, Crown Point and Potosi lodes. Less than a dozen claims were located this same year, 1885.

These two worthy men, Messrs. Roberson and Hensley, were, so far as the territory is concerned, now masters of the situation, though sorely needing financial aid—a common complaint of the prospector. The following season Mr. Hensley, reinforced by his three brothers, making a very efficient quartette, located some of the most valuable properties in the camp, notably the Cumberland, Yellowstone and Great Western, while the Great Eastern was located

by other parties the same year. While these properties showed ore in quantity and at the outcrop, even then capitalists were still incredulous. Said Mr. Hensley to the writer, "I appealed to a mercantile firm, when I purchased my supplies, for aid, less than eight months ago. I offered them one-half interest in the Cumberland, Yellowstone or Morning Star lodes for \$500.00, payable in supplies, yet they declined to accept my proposition. This offer I made them was worth \$25,000.00, and cost only \$500.00. Not receiving any help, we worked the Cumberland only through the winter of 1886-7, and took out one hundred tons of ore, which, after careful sampling, yielded twenty ounces and forty-five per cent. lead—about \$45.00 ore. This property we then bonded, last April, for \$50,000.00, and at this date the confidence in the camp was first established, and has been since steadily increasing." Since the camp is scarcely six months old, the developments may be regarded, in general, as highly satisfactory.

The following properties have been bonded: Cumberland, owned by Hensley Bros., to Ash & King, for \$50,000.00; Morning Star, Belle of the Castles and Lamar, same owners, to Allen, Ferguson & Co., \$50,000.00; Yellowstone, owned by Hensley Bros., to Crouse & Co., \$75,000.00; Eclipse, Silver Belt and Gem, owned by Roberson and Hensley Bros., to Pease & Co., for \$50,000.00; Great Eastern and Elkhorn, owned by Lewis & Chapin, to Hamilton & Woolston, \$60,000.00; Hidden Treasure, Dunn & Donovan owners, to S. T. Hauser & Co., \$30,000.00.

A town—Castle Mountain—has been surveyed and is now growing rapidly. Last June there was one cabin; now sixty buildings are in progress of erection. What the camp greatly needs, is better transportation facilities. At present the only line of communication is via Sulphur Springs, thirty miles distant, thence to Townsend, forty miles, and over the Diamond range. Another route, it is claimed, will soon be opened via Livingston, the Livingston people having, with commendable enterprise, succeeded in raising \$2,000.00 to open up a road to Castle, upon which a stage line will be placed as soon as finished.—*Helena Herald*.

THE YUKON MINES.—The *Victoria Colonist* says: Yesterday morning a party of seven miners came down on the *Idaho* from the Yukon mines, among whom are the discoverers of Stewart river and Forty Mile creek, called at this office and said that they had read the account of the Yukon mines, published in Sunday

morning's issue, and it was their desire to correct the false impressions therein conveyed. They then dictated the following statement, and appended their signatures:

"We, the undersigned, wishing to describe the actual state of affairs in the Yukon, and to contradict the false reports which have evidently been published in the *Alaska Free Press*, in the interests of steamboat owners, saloon and hotel keepers, the said reports being calculated to create a false impression, and wishing to give a correct report of the business, make the following statement:

"The first trouble is in reaching the diggings. The route in is very difficult, being extremely rough and dangerous. In one place it is necessary to go over the Chilcoot summit, and climb to an altitude of thirty-five hundred feet. To pack provisions over this requires an immense amount of labor, and entails great expense, the Indians charging as high as \$13.00 per hundred weight for portage. Before reaching this range, about one hundred miles of inland sea has to be navigated. After the range is crossed, one hundred miles of lakes have to be gone over, then five hundred miles of river have to be overcome. The current of the river is very rapid, running at an average speed of five miles an hour. From this it will be seen that an enormous amount of labor is entailed in reaching the diggings.

"After arriving at the Forty Mile river, it is found that the diggings are not what they have been represented. A party of us boated up the Forty Mile river for over one hundred and fifty miles. We tried every available spot, but got very little encouragement. At the head we discovered a number of small lakes and extensive marshes. There was not the slightest indication of gold about here, but on the bars of Forty Mile river some few men made as high as \$1,000.00, but in most cases far below that, some making from \$200.00 to \$500.00. The highest amount being made was \$1,100.00. A great many of the miners made nothing whatever. About two hundred and fifty miners were on the river, and the man who made the \$1,100.00 was known as the "Bonanza King." All the diggings were very hard, the water being very cold, and back from the river but a few feet the ground was frozen solid, making it impossible to dig at all. The only way is to work where the water has thawed the ground. It is only for about ninety days in midsummer that it is possible to work. The remainder of the year the weather is frightfully cold, the temperature falling so low that for a period of seventeen

days last March our quicksilver froze solid. Brandy and other spirits also froze. An ether thermometer gave a reading of eighty degrees below zero.

"The gold is almost all taken from bar diggings, which are very small in area. In some places, as high as \$1.00 per pan has been obtained, but even then only from \$7.00 to \$8.00 per day could be made by each man, as this yield was in crevasse diggings, and was where the gold had collected. But taking the bar on an average, the yield was poor. The pay dirt had to be rocked and treated with the blanket process, causing a large amount of labor. It is also our firm belief that these diggings are completely worked out, and not enough could be made to even pay expenses.

"In Franklin gulch, about which such brilliant reports were made, it is impossible to work to an advantage, as the ground is so solidly frozen. Water is also very scarce, and the miners who were working there abandoned it. No very great finds of nuggets have ever been made there, the largest being but \$8.50, and it was more than half quartz. Mr. Steele bought one of the largest nuggets that was found on the Forty Mile river, and it was but a \$32.00 one. Steele has tried to represent that the whole creek is remarkably rich, claiming that a good miner could make a fortune. We, as miners, wish to contradict this most emphatically, as the opposite is the case. Mr. Moore, too, has said that the diggings beat the old Cassiar diggings, in their palmyest days. As a matter of fact, Mr. Moore was never within four hundred miles of the Forty Mile diggings.

"After undergoing all the difficulties of the season, it takes from thirty-five to forty days to get out of the diggings, or at least reach Juneau, causing much expense and hardship. In view of all this, we have made this statement, which is true in all particulars, as a wrong impression has been made by other reports."

W. R. HART,
FRED. EVANS,
J. W. McADAMS,
A. M. MULHERN,
FRANK MOFFAT,
M. DUVAL,
JOSEPH CAZELAIS.

The party of miners said that they did not wish to condemn the whole country. They only desired to state facts as far as they knew them. The country is large, and good finds might be made; still it is a hard country to prospect in. There is a lack of game, and transporting provisions is very expensive and

hard work, Miners who are determined to go should have at least \$400.00, as it would cost that to get through the season. Some of the above miners have been in the Yukon for two years—two of them for three. One of them was at the discovery of Forty Mile creek—a partner of Lambert's who stated that he made \$6,000.00. As a matter of fact, Lambert made but \$600.00. Moffat was one of the discoverers of the Stewart river diggings, and he is of the opinion that they are completely worked out. At all events, they have been abandoned. Frank Dunsmore, too, one of the very first miners who ever went to that region, has been there every season for the past five years, and he has never made expenses. With such strong testimony as this, there can be little doubt but what some interested parties have circulated reports, which have been exaggerated, to say the least.

In connection with this, the following extract from the *Free Press* is interesting: "Owing to a heavy matting of moss, that covers the ground on Forty Mile creek, and, in fact, nearly the entire Yukon country, back a few feet from run-

ning water the gravel is frozen, and although it is rich in gold, it can not be worked. During the summer months, this moss becomes dry to a depth of several inches, and the miners have taken advantage of this and are trying to burn it off, so as to expose the gravel underneath to the sun's rays. Thus, the first burning consumes it down to a certain depth, and when it is exposed to the sun and atmosphere for a few weeks it is again set on fire. By this method, it is thought that in a couple of seasons a vast amount of now frozen gravel will be thawed out sufficient for washing. All the gold so far taken out this season was from bars lying along the streams, and they could not be worked further back than four feet, where they encountered frozen ground, and so hard that it could not be picked out, and powder for blasting it was a thing not to be obtained in the country. It is, without the aid of powder, an impossibility to reach bedrock on the deeper and richer bars, with so much coarse gold on the surface, one wonders whether or not it can be shoveled out when bedrock is once reached."

Editorial Comment.

It is most gratifying to the directors of the Portland Mechanics' Fair that the exhibition just closed was the best in the history of the association, from a financial point of view, and this feeling of gratification is shared by the citizens generally, since it indicates renewed prosperity throughout the Northwest, and a disposition to visit the metropolis whenever we can offer a worthy attraction. Not a little was contributed towards the success of the fair by Dame Nature, who vouchsafed sunny days and beautiful, starry nights. More perfect weather for such an occasion could not be hoped for anywhere. That the attendance of our own citizens would have been much larger had there been greater seating accommodations, is a fact patent to all. Hundreds, even thousands, remained at home, rather than be compelled to stand and be jostled by the crowd. If ample provision is not made for seating no less than two thousand people, when the new pavilion is erected, a great mistake will be made. With

such excellent music as was provided this year, and with seats so arranged that the music can be heard to advantage and a good view be had of the main hall, thousands will attend who now remain away to avoid discomfort. Many now go but once, who would, under such circumstances, be almost nightly visitors. The new pavilion will also call out many who have become tired of the stereotyped appearance of the fair. There are, of course, minor changes in the display, but the general effect is the same, year after year, and not a few of the exhibits would be justified in shaking hands with each other on the score of old acquaintance. The managers might, in the past, have varied the monotony, by a change in the internal arrangements, to the great satisfaction of old visitors, and to the financial benefit of the association through the increased attendance; but in the new pavilion, this will necessarily be done, and the effect will be most beneficial.

The floral display was one of great beauty

and interest. The permanent exhibit of plants and beds was nightly admired by a throng of people who strolled through that portion of the pavilion, to escape from the glare and noise of the main hall, and to rest their eyes with the refreshing tints of the verdure; but the special exhibit of cut flowers was the one great feature of the fair to every lover of the beauties of nature. Such a magnificent floral display at this season of the year, speaks volumes for the soil and climate of this region. These were not hot house productions, but the natural bloom of our gardens at this season, such as may be seen in almost every door yard as one strolls about our residence streets. The designs were elegant, manifesting artistic taste and skillful handling, but the chief value of the display was its revelation to strangers of the climatic conditions which admit of such a display at this season of the year. To us who have become accustomed to this floral profusion, and who know, from long experience, that we will not be required to go to our hot house for flowers for several weeks longer, this display may have meant but little; but to strangers it had a deep significance which rendered it, not only the most attractive, but the most instructive, feature of the fair.

Not enough attention has been paid to securing outside exhibits. There is no better way to attract visitors from the entire Northwest, than to have exhibits from the entire Northwest. Whenever, by becoming exhibitors, the people of surrounding cities, towns and agricultural and mining districts, acquire a personal and proprietary interest in the fair, then they will attend by the thousands, and during its progress the city will be flooded with visitors. A fair of this kind should be a display of the resources and industries of the Northwest, and not simply an advertising show for Portland merchants. Patent medicines, Eastern machinery, ready-made clothing and pianos are not the bone and sinew of our growth. Strangers do not visit us to see such a display as that. They want to examine the product of our mines of gold, silver, copper, iron and coal, our

timbered hills and mountains, our fertile valleys, our broad and sweeping plains, our rivers of fish, our vine-clad hills, our orchards and farms, our many industries scattered throughout this entire region, pioneers of the greater ones which will some day line the banks of our numerous water powers. There was, this year, something accomplished in this direction, but it was only an indication of what might and should be done. The display of minerals, although not as extensive as it should have been, was magnificent in quality. Walla Walla came to the front with a splendid exhibit of fruit, vegetables, grain and grasses. Clackamas county, as usual, had a fine display, and the products of other portions of the valley were fairly represented. There was, also, a faint indication of the viticultural possibilities of Southern Oregon; but, in the main, the great region tributary to this city was unrepresented. There is but one way to accomplish this desired end, and that is by a systematic effort. Instead of employing a superintendent for only three months, the directors should have him twelve months, and give him an opportunity to get up a display that would be fairly representative of the Northwest. He should visit the different sections and interest people in the fair, both as exhibitors and prospective visitors. In this way, an interest may be created and a display provided for, which will pack this city to overflowing, and will nightly crowd the new and large pavilion to the limit of its capacity. That every citizen of Portland desires such a result is unquestionable, and that it can be accomplished is equally without doubt. To this end, it is the duty of our people to assist the association in providing its new pavilion, by subscriptions of stock, and to take such a personal interest in its management as shall result in giving Portland a fair which will be looked upon by the citizens of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana as the one great event of the year, and the only complete representation of the great region of which they form a part, and whose chief interest centers in this city. Then we will have a fair.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

And is it too late?

No, for time is a fiction and limits not fate;
Thought alone is eternal, time thralls it in vain,
For the thought that springs upward and strives to re-
gain

The pure source of spirit, there is no too late.

It is often a source of regret to middle-aged people, that their youth afforded so few opportunities for education and culture. Especially is this the case with women, whose environments have been confined and nonconductive to progress. Man's occupation takes him abroad, where he is edged by the contact of mind with mind, which is, in itself, a liberal education. Not so with women. But there comes a time in each woman's life when home responsibilities lighten; when the number of her family decreases, until she finds herself comparatively free for a chosen pursuit. It is then that we hear her lament the lack of preparation. To take up a new course of action is said to renew youth and add years to the allotted lifetime. It is as the pruning of the vine, which gives new growth and increased usefulness. It is never too late for growth toward that which is truer and better, so long as there is yearning for it, or true grieving because it is not possessed; for it is the bleeding which proves there is life in the heart. We allow many pleasures to be stolen from us by our own creeds, imagining that we are incapable of their reception, and forgetting the fact that "We live in thoughts, not breath; in deeds, not years." If resolution be strong enough, and courage fail not, time may be proven a fiction, by daring youthful endeavor and winning consequent success, even in maturer years.

There exist, all over Germany, *Sparcassen* (savings banks), which are something like our American assurance companies. At the birth of a girl, the parents insure her for as much as they are able to bestow upon her future. The money is given in annual payments, and is laid out at interest by the *casse*, in behalf of the insured, chiefly in real estate. Thus it accumulates until the girl is eighteen years of age, when she becomes possessor of the entire sum, which may be used as she desires, for either

learning, business or wedding tresseau. In Denmark, they have "Maiden Assurance Company," which is an association peculiarly for the noblemen. At the birth of a daughter, the father enrolls her name in a certain association of noblemen and pays a stipulated sum, which is increased thereafter by an annual payment. If the father should die before the daughter is considered of age, she is entitled to a suite of apartments in a large building of the association, with gardens and park about it, inhabited by others older or younger than herself, who have come into a like possession. Should the father live, at the age of twenty-one she becomes entitled to the suite of apartments, and after a fixed date, her income. At her death or marriage, all this right to income lapses, and the money paid in swells the endowment of the association. In Copenhagen, this plan for the financial protection of girls has worked well for generations. As business measures, certainly, the above are wise ones, and relieve the parents of much anxiety; yet, how about that wisdom which judges a girl incapable of caring for herself, simply because she is a girl? It certainly weakens the resolution and purpose, to feel that there will never be any need of depending upon one's own resources. Let parents make sure that their girls receive thoroughly trained ability to do well that for which they are best naturally adapted; then they may give their "fears to the winds," not only for before marriage, but oftener, in a more dire necessity, afterward.

Did you ever think what a pitiable thing it is to be a child in the city? As a rule, they are caged birds, else they develop into hoodlums. It is a relief to say there are some noble exceptions; but not so many as there should be. Enter some of the city homes. There is no want of elegance and refinement that should surround every child; but can we say as much about a spacious, sunny playground, with refreshing, invigorating air, and the broad sky overhead? Alas! do you see that the houses almost touch each other on either side? The back yard, not very generously laid out in the first place, is now occupied with out-door build-

ings, dry goods boxes and other storage; and the front yard—but here the hands come up in unfeigned horror—"You would not put children in the front yard to play!" Oh, no, I did not say so. Of course, they would tramp down the lawn, and they might pluck some of our choice blossoms, so much admired by our friends, yet I do pity the little immortal flowers, that are struggling so hard for growth and development. We are told, "They have their play room. It is just off the dining room, on the north side of the house. To be sure, there is not much sunshine there, but we must have the rooms in the south part of the house for our necessary living apartments."

Notice these children when in the common parlor. They walk about carefully, or if they should forget and be childish, they are immediately requested not to be so noisy. Every child should be a good animal; yet what think you of the physical development of the children so circumstanced? Children allowed to run on the streets are simply the other extreme of abused childhood. The delight in children is often that of the little girl for her doll—a something to be dressed, to look pretty, and please, while there is no room for a robust, developing, natural child.

Every mother should know something of the art of curing sickness. Not that mothers should be a class of quacks, and work the disastrous results of quackish practice in their own families, but no one better than the parent who is constantly with a child, can know the nature of its sufferings, and the probable cause. Were disease a natural condition of the human frame, it would be different. But it is not. It is an abnormal condition, and there is ever some cause back, which it is a mother's place to remove. Simple diseases have simple remedies, which are quite as effective as strong medicines. These may be learned by consulting a good family medical work, which should be in the possession of every mother. It is not an uncommon thing to learn of families where children have grown to adults without the aid of a physician; and, indeed, these professionals themselves say, that unless it be a severe or complicated case, the mother, if she have any tact in that direction, can better restore health.

Once begin relying upon the aid of a doctor, and each headache, each flash of fever, requires his services, when it may be that all he can do is to order a change of diet, or some other equally simple remedy, which the thoughtful mother should be able to do without dictation.

There can be found no excuse for plainness during the coming season because of want of variety in trimmings, for the caprices of fashion are as varied and beautiful in this direction as the most æsthetic could wish. Most admired of these are the jet and bead trimmings, which are massed as galloons, or wrought in the ordinary passementerie patterns. These are used with cashmere and faille, especially, yet all kinds of fashionable fabrics may be ornamented by them. Some of the colored bead trimmings are extremely delicate in their brilliancy. The newer colored passementeries are of gilt cord, with gay colored tinsels, woven in a *chine* effect. Separate pieces for waist garniture are found in both the old and the new passementeries, and there are collarettes in every variety of shape, and with every style of ornament. Bead yokes, for evening wear, are among the pieces which may change the appearance of a costume. Ribbon is also used as trimming in many ways. Moire ribbon, with picot edges, has achieved a great success for millinery purposes and dress garniture generally. The lace trimmings, for autumn and winter, are wider and heavier than hitherto worn. The usual width is from seven to ten inches, and is put on with rather scant fullness, either used as edging or flouncings. All styles of jet trimmings are used in profusion with black lace. Embroidered net is also used, as a kind of heavy lace, for flouncings and trimmings to match. Buttons, when worn on outside jackets, are large and showy. Those most liked are of bone or tortoise shell, with eyes in the center. Small, fancy buttons, ball shaped or hemispherical, are used for dress waists and the vests of jackets, but with the garniture already excessive, the buttons retire to a less prominent position. Braids are also used extensively, either the wide braid sewed on plainly, or the narrow sewed on in fancy patterns. The latter is especially popular on tailor made gowns of smooth faced cloth.

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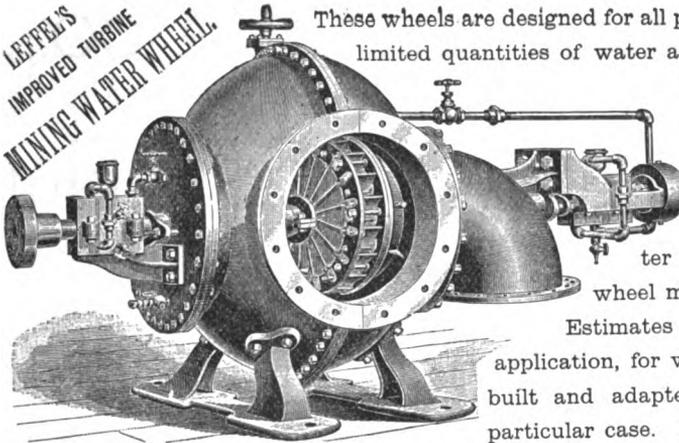
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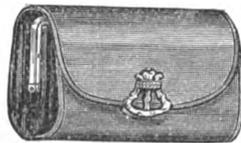
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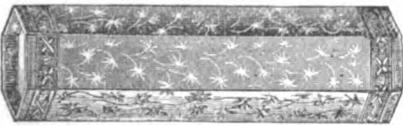
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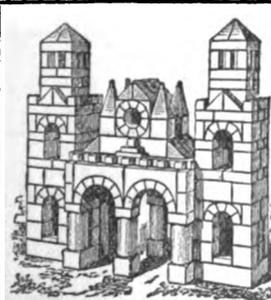
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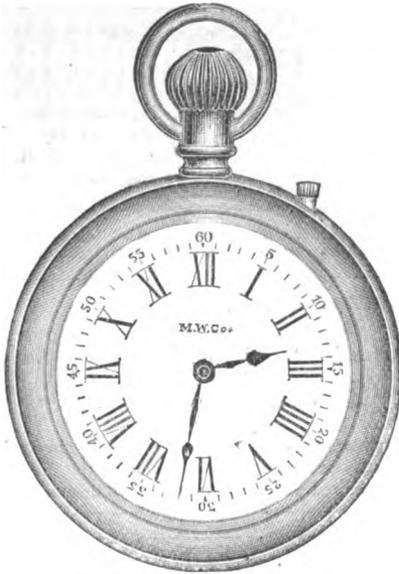
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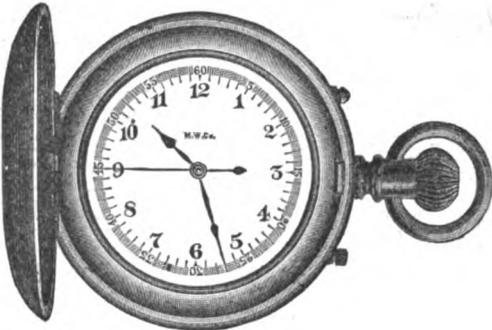
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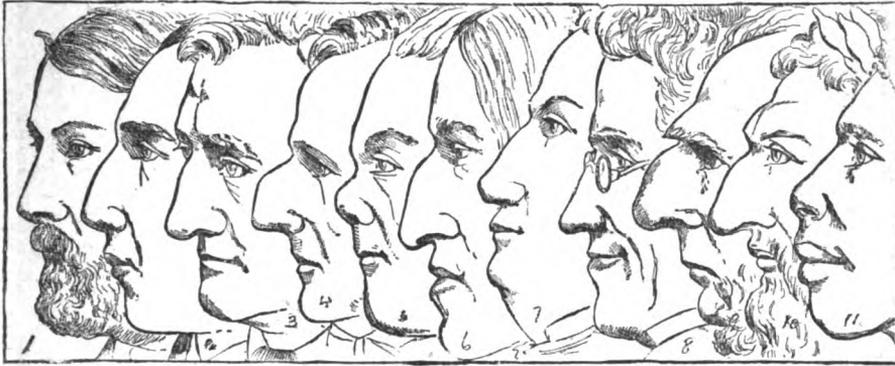
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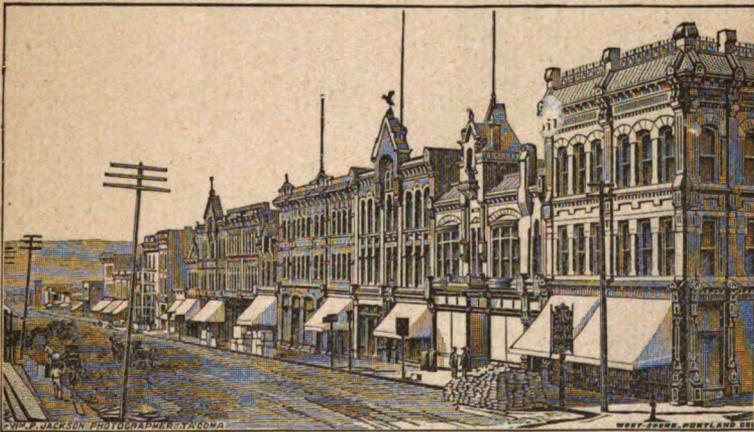
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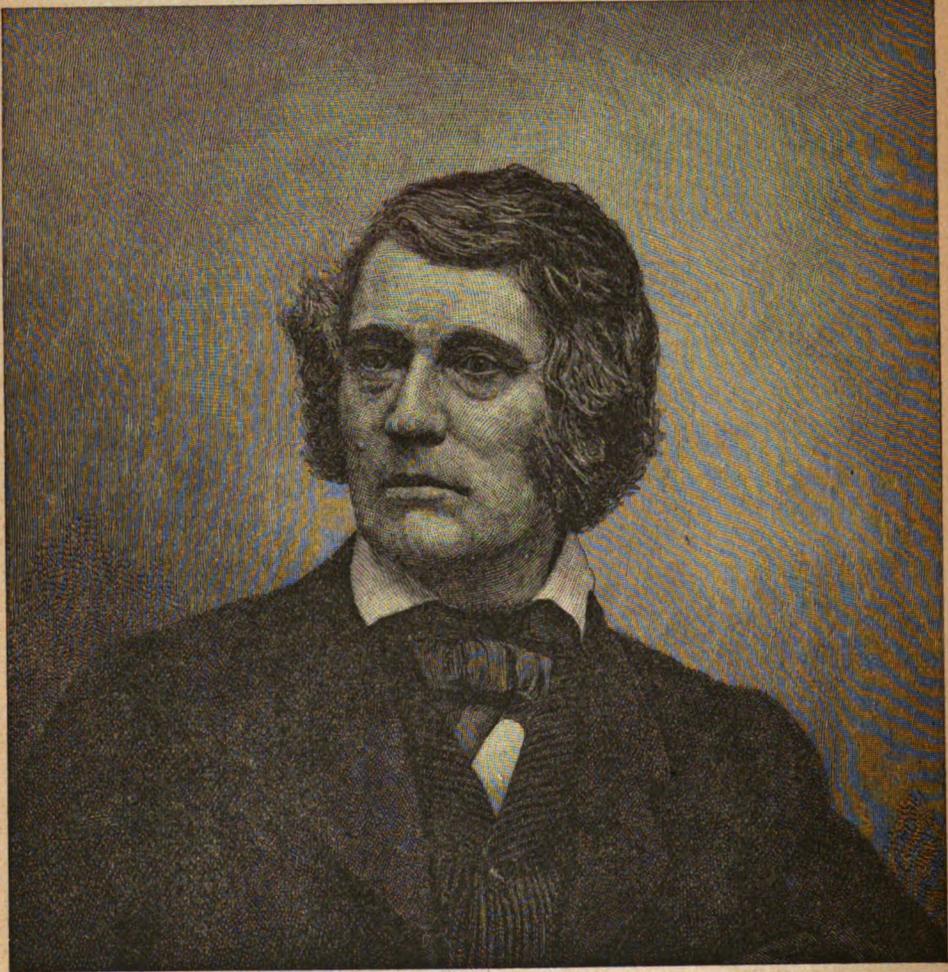
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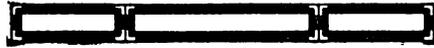
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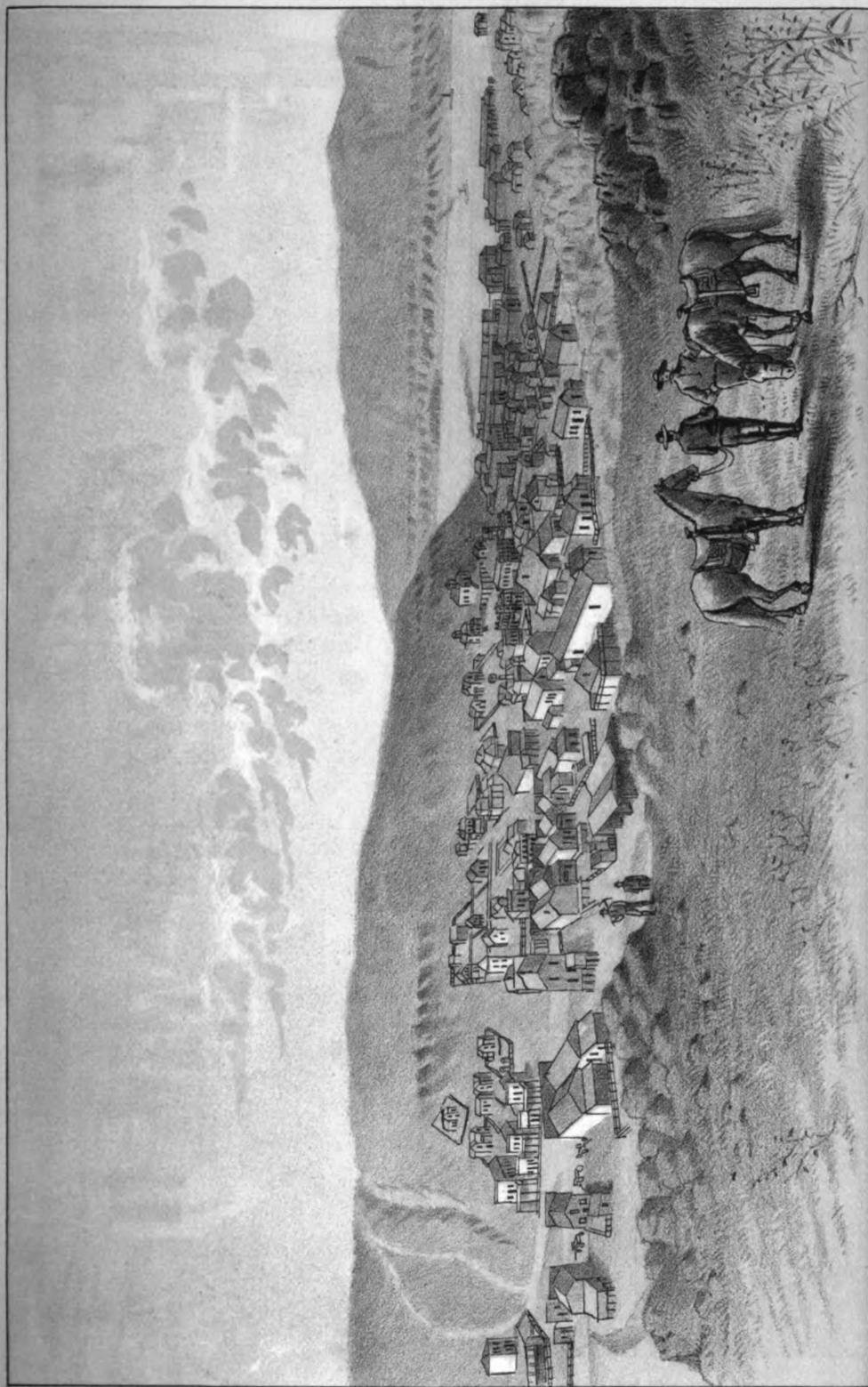
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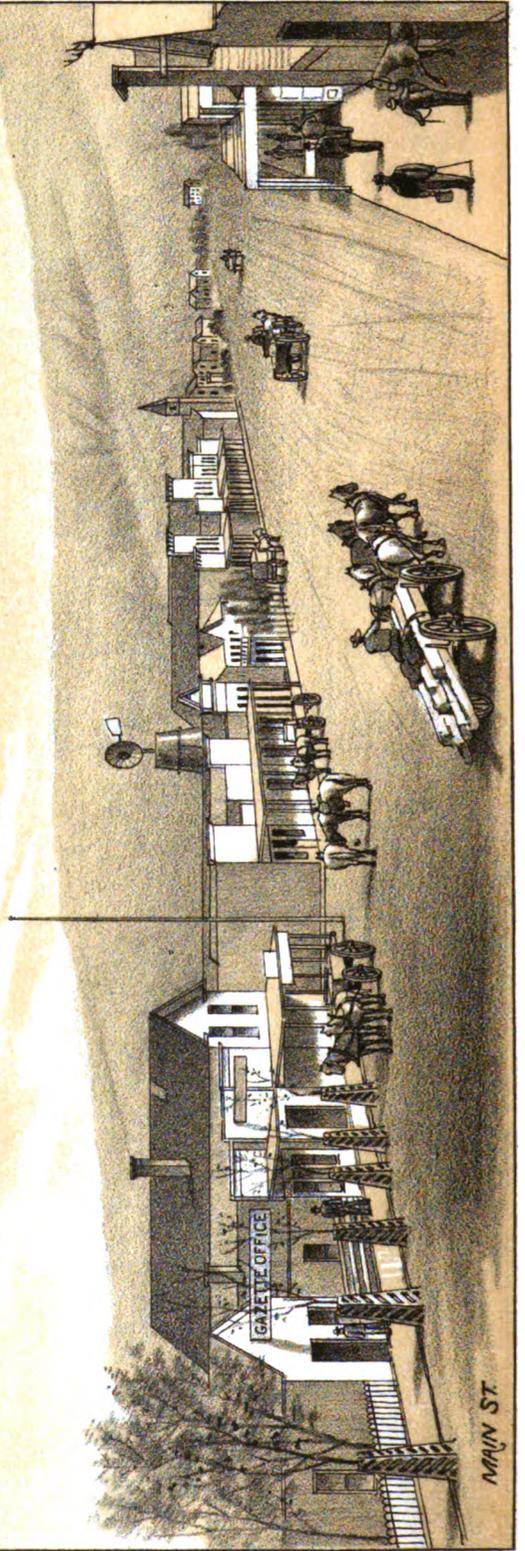
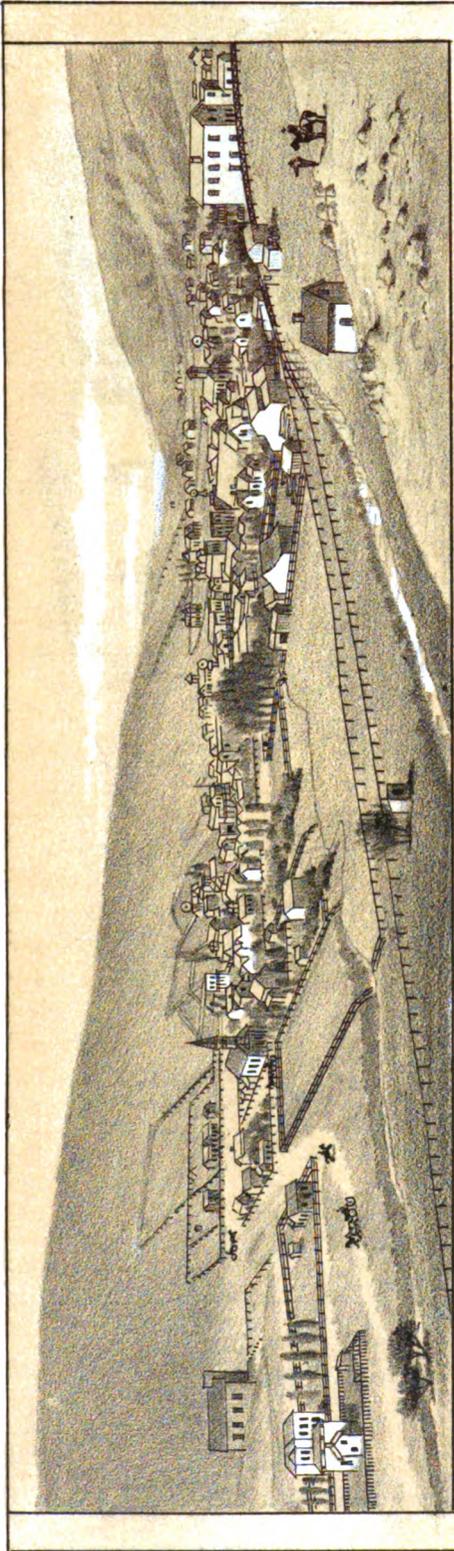


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OREGON—GENERAL VIEW OF ARLINGTON.



OREGON — GENERAL VIEW OF HEPPNER.

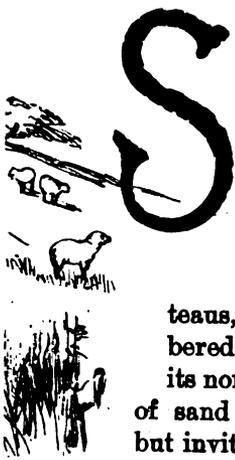
THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

NUMBER 11.

HEPPNER AND MORROW COUNTY.



STRETCHING away due south from the Heppner Hill region, one of the best Columbia river, is stock raising sections in the state. Here Morrow county, yet wool, beef and horse flesh are produced in its isolated in fancy, and embracing within its borders, sage brushflats, rolling prairies, plateaus, foothills and timbered mountains. Along its northern end is a stretch of sand and sage, anything but inviting, and yet forming a favorite range for cattle and horses, which seem to thrive and find grass where there is none in sight, although it does exist and keep green in the shelter of the sage and greasewood. Passing southward, you emerge from this desolate stretch and enter a gently undulating country, where the native bunch grass flourishes, and many farms have been, and are being, opened up. More or less wheat is being raised, and its yield depends much on how it is cultivated, local lay of the ground, etc. General agriculture may be said to be, as yet, experimental in the county. Along the water courses good crops are the rule, but the extent of the narrow bottoms is quite limited.

The center of the county embraces the Heppner Hill region, one of the best stock raising sections in the state. Here wool, beef and horse flesh are produced in profusion. The sheep industry of Morrow county is a very important one, and wool is the staple product. Most men engaged in the sheep business here have been moderately successful at it. The stock man was the pioneer of the county, and still holds his own as the leader in finance and forehanded prosperity. Of late years, sheep have superseded cattle to a large extent, fully two hundred thousand of them being now kept in the vicinity of Heppner. Owing to the rapid influx of immigrants, large areas of grazing land are being transformed into grain fields. Land formerly considered valuable only for grazing, is now producing from twenty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and from two to three tons of hay. There is much of this excellent land still open to settlement.

The southern scope of Morrow county embraces a large area of the western spur of the Blue mountains, and is destined to become a region of rich resources. It is well watered and timbered, and will soon be sought out by energetic people who are not afraid of a little

snow in winter. The timber will be a source of great wealth, and valuable mineral deposits will eventually be discovered in the mountains of Morrow county. The southern line of the county extends almost to the north fork of the John Day river, and good wagon roads will soon traverse the entire region.

Morrow county was named in honor of Hon. J. L. Morrow, one of its earliest pioneers, and still one of its leading and most respected citizens, ever prominent in advancing its interests. The county is, as yet, somewhat isolated from the transportation lines of the state, and this fact has been the great cause of its retarded growth. With a railroad through its agricultural portion, the thousands of acres of arable land, now vacant, would have been occupied and cultivated. As it is, immigrants are now taking up claims there without waiting for the railroad to show them the way. Among the branch lines projected by the O. R. & N. Co., is one from Pendleton to Heppner, and north to the main line at Arlington. This will be one of the first constructed by the company, and work will probably be commenced on it in the spring. This road will give Heppner and Morrow county transportation facilities equal to those of other regions, and lead to a more rapid development of the resources of that section.

The county seat, and the only town of importance in Morrow county, is Heppner, a prosperous and thriving business point on Willow creek. After passing through such an extent of partially occupied land as lies between the railroad and Heppner, one is surprised at finding here a town of such extent, neatness and general air of thrift as is presented by Heppner. It was founded in 1872, by those honored and honorable pioneers, J. L. Morrow and Henry Heppner, tak-

ing its name from the latter gentleman. This firm opened a country store at this point, and other adjuncts of a town soon gathered around them, and Heppner became a prosperous business community. In the years that have passed, and especially since it became the seat of justice of a new county, it has grown and flourished and developed into a substantial and prosperous business center. Its business structures are substantial, and the whole town presents a solid and permanent appearance. On pages 772, 829 and 830, are given engravings of the court house, school house, flouring mill—one of the best in the state—several business blocks and private residences, and a general view of the town. From these can be gathered a better idea of Heppner than from any description of its constituents. Nearly every line of business is represented, and the two houses of Heppner & Blackman and Minor & Dodson carry huge stocks of goods, and are among the leading business houses of Eastern Oregon. The public school house is a new and commodious structure, and the school is maintained at a high standard. Many of the residences are large and ornamental, and all new structures, of either a private or public nature, are first-class in every particular. Heppner will soon become the most important town on a branch line of the O. R. & N. Co., whose construction will give it a new impulse forward. There is no better business point in Oregon, and the town is steadily increasing its volume of trade. Its newspaper, the *Gazette*, is a live publication and an index of the spirit of enterprise pervading the whole community. Immigrants seeking land, and persons looking for a live business point in a rapidly developing region, are recommended to the grassy hills of Morrow county and the thriving town of Heppner.

J. W. REDINGTON.

THE LOCHS AND BENS OF SCOTLAND.

AT a more genial season of the year, during the bewitching month of June, we made a journey through the far-famed Trossachs, by one of the coaches of the much-frequented route, entering upon it at Callander, a small village of Western Perthshire, near the point where the Lochs Lubnaig and Venachar unite to form the Teith. The trip, coach and steamer alternating, passes through many of the scenes commemorated in "The Lady of the Lake," and we were hardly more than entered upon it before a hollow to the south was pointed out, by our communicative driver, as Coilantogle ford, the point where Roderick Dhu challenged Fitz-James to single combat, after having granted him, his enemy, life and protection—

See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand,
For this is Coilantogle Ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

Shortly beyond, we came in sight of Loch Venachar, and then followed Lanrich mead, the gathering ground of the Clan Alpine; the highland huts of Duncraggan; the opening of the deer forest of Glenfinlas; and the bridge renowned for the couplet—

And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Here we reach the gentle Loch Achray, and where, indeed,

Shall one find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?

Its peaceful character still perfectly preserves and answers to the description of the poem—

There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

Near Loch Acray, the road makes a sudden turn, disclosing the spur of the mountain which forms the entrance to the Trossachs proper, a wild scene of mountain, rock and wood, and near the entrance of the gorge, or defile, we are reminded of the spot where Fitz-James "lost his gallant gray."

King James V.'s ready participation in the popular amusements of archery, wrestling, hurling the bar, and other gymnastic exercises of the day, was one cause of his acquiring the title of "King of the Commons"—another, his attention to the interests of the lowest and most oppressed class of his subjects. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from a motive of gallantry, he used to travel in various disguises.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trossachs, except by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of the trees, which Fitz-James is represented as making use of.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid,

And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled.

To attempt any description of this combination of Swiss, Welch and Columbia river scenery, "were but wasteful and ridiculous excess," when Scott, himself, has, in the opening canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, given us so complete a picture of the whole, one so beautiful and true, that even at the risk of prolixity, I venture to insert the words of the great magician—

Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.

* * * * *

The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome or battlement,
* * * * *

Far from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs;

* * * * *

And, higher yet, the pine tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky;
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

At Loch Katrine, we dismounted from our lofty seats on the coach, the only desirable ones for viewing mountain and lake scenery, introducing us often, also, to genial and informal companionship, and embarked upon the steamer running close by Ellen's Isle,

Where for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower,

And soon after gained a fine sight of Ben Venue, which rises to the height of two thousand three hundred feet. At the west end of the lake at Stronachlachar, a most picturesque site, we disembarked and proceeded again by coach, through Glen Arklet, to Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, a distance of about five miles.

Loch Lomond is, without doubt, the finest of Scottish lakes, being about twenty-three miles long, with its greatest breadth five miles. The hotel, at which we concluded to stay the remainder of the day and night, is charmingly situated on the border of the lake, which my bed room windows on one side overlooked. On the other, and just above the house, the Falls of Arklet, with its narrow foot bridge, on which Wordsworth met his *Highland Girl*, and whom he thus introduces to us—

Sweet Highland Girl! A very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost beauty on thy head;
And these gray rocks, that household lawn,
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn,
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode.

All this, except the maiden, yet holds one's delighted vision, but with an effect more charming than the poet's prosaic words produce. The concluding lines of the poem, those to the "*Fair Creature*" herself, have a truer poetic merit. A beguiling path continues on and up beyond the falls, to a point overhanging and overlooking a magnificent sweep of the lake and surrounding shores. A pleasant and favorite row from the hotel is to Rob Roy's cave, an arch shaped cavern, at the base of Ben Lomond.

Yes! Slender aid from fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
' Mid glen and thicket dark to scan
The wild Mac Gregor's savage clan.

This famous mountain is about three thousand feet high, and the distance to the top, by pony, is reckoned four miles. The view from its summit is one of the finest in Scotland. The Frith of Clyde, with the islands of Arran and Bute to the southwest, with the counties of Ayr, Sterling, Renfrew, Dumbarton and the Lothians. To the east, the windings of the Forth, with the castles of Sterling and Edinboro.

From Inversnaid to Balloch pier required nearly three hours by steamer, a lovely sail, and from there we took rail to Sterling, in which ancient town we visited, of course, the old church in which Mary Queen of Scots and her son James were each crowned—the old castle with its Douglas room, so called from a well known incident in Scottish history—made the tour of its battlements, with its extensive view, including the distant fields of Bannockburn, over which rounds Mary was allowed to take her daily walk. Our attention was called to her initials, carved upon an opening in the wall, whence, and whence only, she was permitted an outlook. We admired the palace of stone, built by James V., with many grotesque figures and other ornamentations, beneath which we were introduced to the dungeon of Roderick Dhu, in which, according to history, this Highland chief, this brave Black Roderick, was imprisoned and starved to death—a base requital of the magnanimity that had spared his captor's life, but whom Scott more mercifully represents as yielding, by slow degrees, to fever, his parting spirit soothed by the strains of voice and harp of the bard, Allan Bane.

From Sterling, a day sufficed for a memorable trip, via the Devon railway, to Kinross, and thence by boat, propelled by a couple of oarsmen, over the Loch Leveer, to its lonely, ruined castle, where Mary was imprisoned for many

months, under the exasperatingly tyrannical vigilance of Lady Douglas, whose castle yet stands, the only other building on the island. We climbed to the window of Mary's room, from which she made her escape by boat, through the coöperation and devotion of young Douglas, who afterward gave his life in her defense, who had obtained the keys of Douglas castle, as well as of Queen Mary's, and by means of locking all doors, delayed pursuit until the fugitives had time to reach the opposite shore at Kinross, and to distance their pursuers. The keys thrown into the lake were fished up many years afterward. We have all had our sympathies enlisted for the beautiful and persecuted queen, in the thrilling tale of "The Abbot," and rejoice that her long captivity was solaced by the fidelity of her attached Maries.

Edinboro', Scotland's capital, several times visited, and with ever increasing admiration, has been so often written, that every foot of its territory has become historic ground, and so needs no commendation of mine.

Here, then, ends our Scottish tour, the delight of which, any attempt to portray I feel to be as unsatisfying as description must always fall short of reality. "Two and three died when five was born," is Carlyleish, but simple two and three are five is sometimes better, if its directness may lead the way to economize time and strength in travel.

We know that the fairy Thumbikins used to mark his way by flinging crumbs of bread and scattering stones as he went along; and if I shall have thrown a crumb now and then to refresh a wearied traveler, or a stone to indicate where food may be found for those who can not travel, my aim will have been accomplished.

C. L. HENDERSON.

HOOD RIVER VALLEY.

IT IS generally conceded, by those whose travels render their opinions valuable, that the mountains of the Pacific coast, from Alaska to Mexico, do not hold in their embrace a more beautiful, salubrious and fertile valley than that of Hood river. No more delightful or healthful place of residence could be hoped for, and none where nature more willingly lends her aid to the efforts of man to surround himself with the beauties, luxuries and food products of the vegetable world. The river is a stream of pure mountain water, flowing northward from its fountain head amid the melting snows and glaciers of Mt. Hood, and uniting with the Columbia about midway between the cascades and the dalles. Along its length, right through the heart of the Cascade mountains, lies a valley of remarkable beauty and fertility, one of the most charming, healthful and enjoyable summer resorts of the Pacific coast. The mountains abound in large and small game, and the river and its associate streams are noted for the excellence and abundance of their trout. Many an invalid has restored his health, and many a man infirm with age has almost renewed the vigor of his youth, by surrendering himself to the full enjoyment of the pleasures the mountains and streams afford, and by breathing the life-giving atmosphere.

The railroad crosses the river near its mouth, and a short distance above is the charming little town of Hood river. It is a thrifty village, whose general appearance is portrayed in the engravings on pages 781 and 782. This is the shipping and supply point for the many

prosperous settlers in the valley, and enjoys a good and increasing trade. The valley is renowned for its fertility, for the size and quality of its vegetables, and the superior excellence of its fruits; and in humidity is about midway between the moisture of the Willamette valley and the dryness of Eastern Oregon. Peaches are superior in flavor to those of California. Soft shell almonds are equal to the famous ones of Chili, and apples are of such superior size and flavor, that even the Willamette valley, that famous land of "big red apples," has to take a back seat.

Among the most beautiful homes in Oregon is that of Dr. W. L. Adams, at Hood River, which is the subject of one of the engravings. The Doctor is an old pioneer, having driven his own ox team across the plains in 1848. After nearly three years of travel, through North, Central and South America, taking in the Sandwich islands, he selected Hood river valley as the most desirable place for a home he had yet found. The air is of such a crystal clearness that Mount Hood, twenty-two miles southwest, and Mount Adams, forty miles to the north, both glistening with eternal snow, and both in plain view of the house, appear as though they were only a few miles distant.

The Doctor's place is located at the forks of four wagon roads, half a mile west of the railroad depot. A beautiful road, smooth and slightly ascending, lined with magnificent oaks and firs, leads to it. It contains three hundred and twenty acres of excellent land, mostly under fence, one hundred acres in

cultivation and one hundred and fifty in pasture, with a fine wagon road running on three sides of it. The whole surface has a gentle slope to the Columbia river, where steamboats, flat boats and pleasure boats, with Indian canoes, paddled by "Native Americans," after the swimming deer, or who fish for sturgeon, salmon and trout, all add to the interest of the view. To the north, across the Columbia, can be seen White Salmon river, heading among the snows of Mt. Adams, and winding through tortuous ways cut through the mountains, and lashing itself into foam over huge boulders, till it enters the Columbia. Here hundreds of Indians are often camped to catch and dry salmon for winter use, while as many as two thousand are busy gathering whortleberries at the foot of Mt. Adams. Besides what they dry, the squaws visit the white settlers for fifty miles around, selling whortleberries, cranberries, salmon and trout, and bear, elk and deer meat. On either side of White Salmon river, running up from the Columbia, are mountains rising from two to three thousand feet, with large patches of prairie, dotted with farms and pastured with stock. The scene is grand, and to a poet, simply indescribable. At the railroad depot, half a mile from the Doctor's home, Hood river empties into the Columbia. It rises in Mt. Hood snows, and goes roaring over the rocks with a voice that can be heard from the mountains above, till it finally sinks to rest in the bosom of the Columbia. Hood river is noted for its trout many of which are from twenty to twenty-eight inches long. The waters of Hood river and White Salmon river, fed by the snows of the mountains, are so pure and cold during the whole summer, that the fish taken from them are hard and delicious. During the sum-

mer, the wind comes in strong, mild breezes up the Columbia, direct from the ocean. Hot, relaxing weather is not known here. The country and climate seem to be fascinating. People sometimes settle here for a time, when their migratory instincts induce them to go somewhere else; but they almost invariably return. The Doctor has a large orchard, and will this fall set out over one thousand more trees. His place is supplied with numerous springs, two of which are strong enough to turn a small turbine wheel—all cold, sweet water. One spring gushes from the hillside about eighty rods back of the house, having a fall of about eighty feet, and serves, through iron pipes, to supply the house with water. It also furnishes abundant water for his carp pond and a sturgeon pond immediately below it. Besides this, there is left enough for irrigating purposes, and to supply the barn lot and all of the fifteen buildings on the place. No mineral can be detected by the taste, but it turns all wood with which it comes in contact to stone in a few years. In front of the house is a marble fountain, imported from France at a cost of \$2,500.00. To sum it all up, in the words of an intelligent lady artist just from Australia, "I have been all over the world, and I never saw as beautiful a place as Dr. Adams has in Hood river valley."

The tourist seeking a few days of rest in a paradise of nature, the overworked business man seeking a relaxation from mental toil, the sportsman and the invalid, will all find all that heart can desire in Hood river valley; while the immigrant, seeking a place where patient toil and intelligent industry may build a home for himself and family, will need to look no further for the golden opportunity.

ARLINGTON, OREGON.

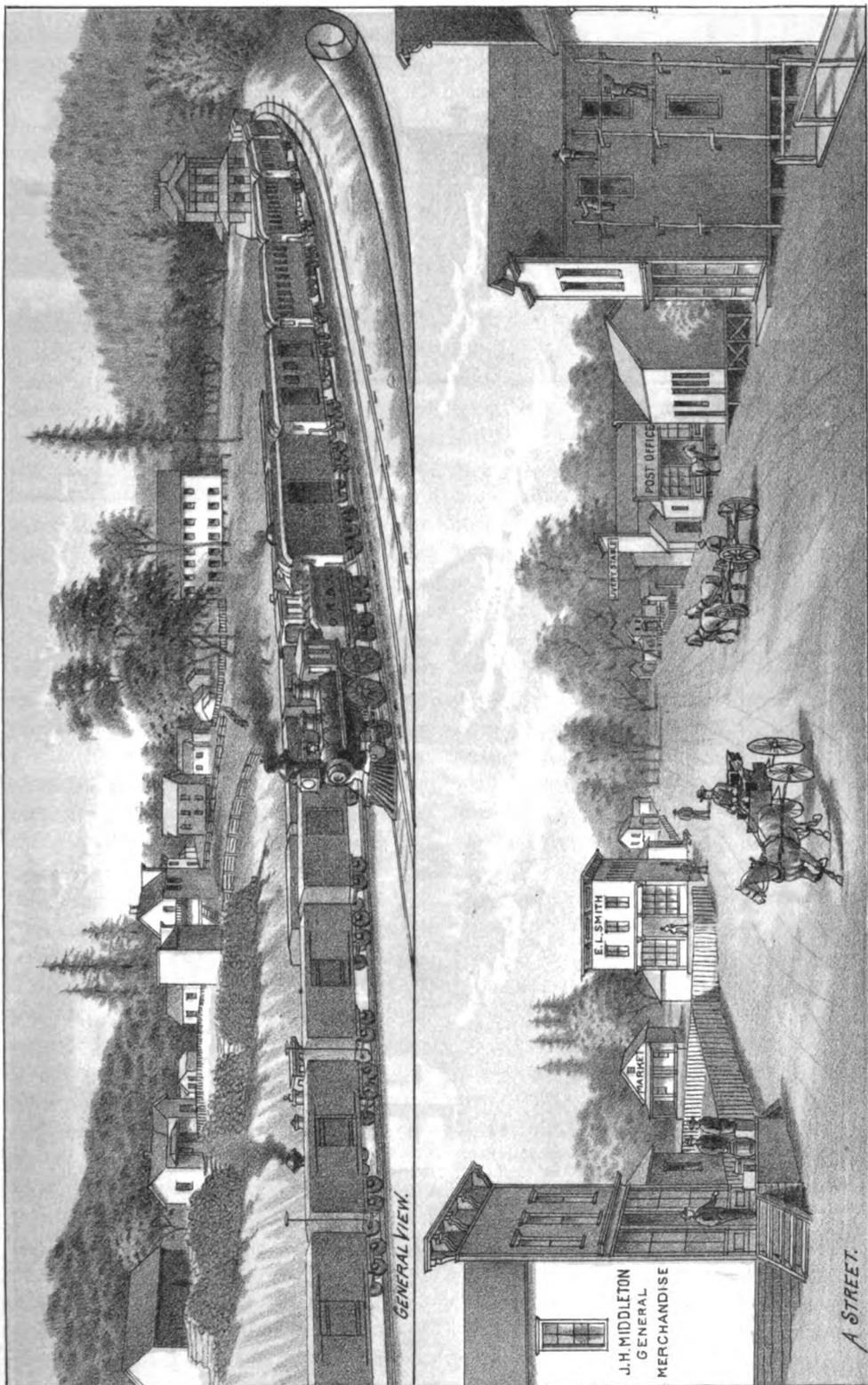
WHEN the line of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company was constructed along the south bank of the Columbia, a number of stations were established between Wallula and The Dalles for the shipment of the products of the vast area of grazing and agricultural lands lying back from the river, and to be the forwarding point for supplies destined for the interior towns. Of all these, the only one that has become a town of importance, and developed into a thriving commercial center, is Arlington, formerly Alkali.

Arlington lies at the mouth of the Alkali canyon, forty-six miles east of The Dalles, and seventy-three west of Wallula. Topography has much to do with the growth of towns, and it is the advantageous location of this one which has caused it to grow and flourish while others have not yet passed the age of infancy. Many square miles of rapidly developing agricultural land, and the grazing ranges for thousands of sheep, horses and cattle, find here the most advantageous point of shipment of products and supplies. Not only is this true of a large area in Oregon, but of the opposite side of the river, with which it communicates by means of a ferry. It lays claim to the trade of Gilliam county, and much of Crook, Morrow and Grant, as well as of Klickitat, across the river.

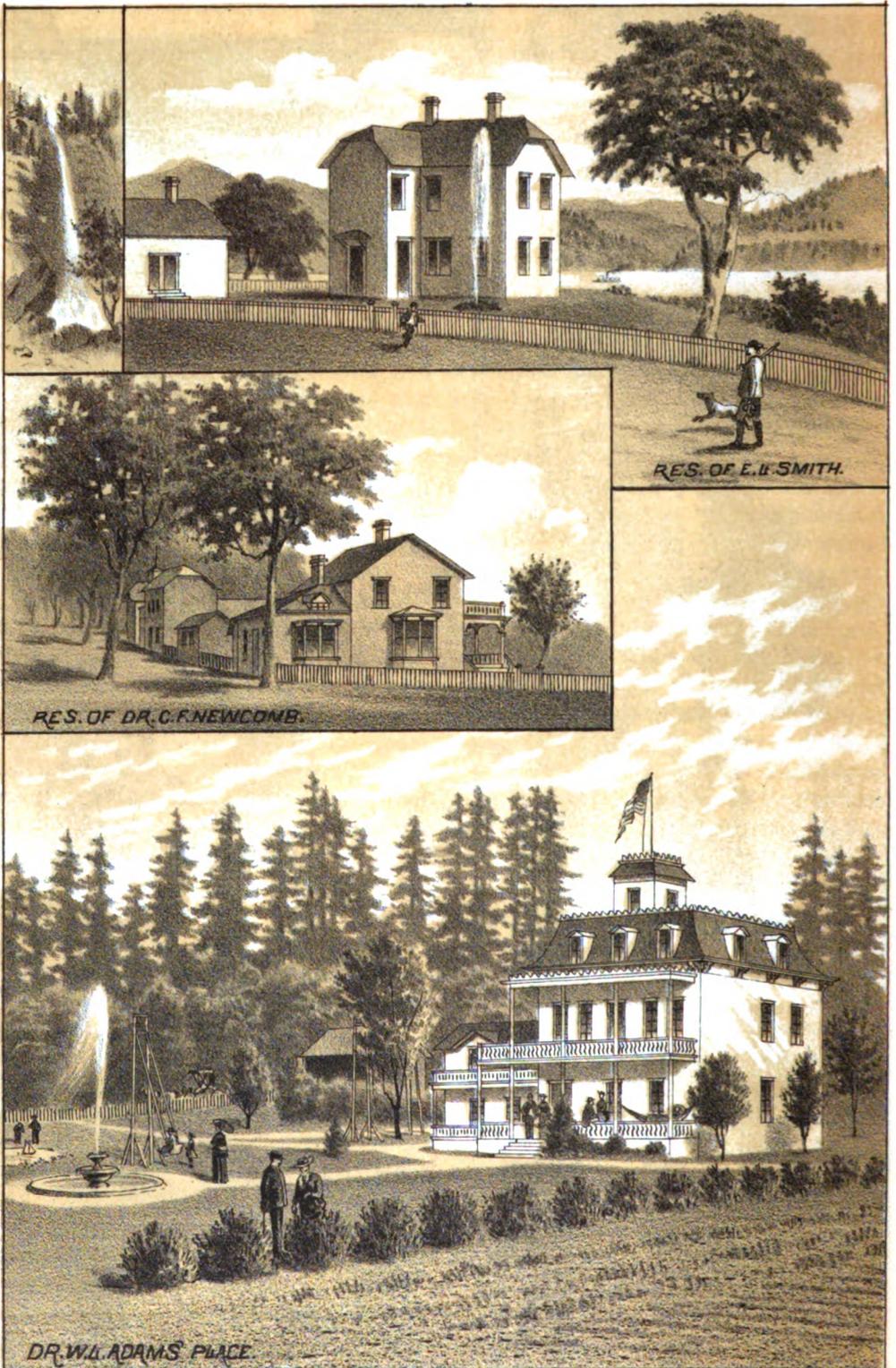
In the fall of 1881, J. W. Smith, who had been doing a general merchandise business at the Willows, about seven miles east of this place, removed to Alkali canyon and began building a store. He found one little house kept as a stopping place for the few people who

came here, built upon railroad land near the river, and beyond him the vast uncultivated hills of Gilliam county. Henry Heppner, M. V. Harrison and Hall and Comfort followed immediately, the first building being finished by Mr. Harrison. These gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Hall, are still residents. The little nucleus thus started gathered around itself other business houses. Coffin, McFarland & Co. came in the spring of 1883, E. N. Thomas & Son in the spring of 1884. These firms, together with J. W. Smith, comprise the leading mercantile houses, although there are three other dry goods, grocery, millinery store, etc., all doing a good business. To-day the town has between six hundred and seven hundred inhabitants. There is nothing lacking of the elements of a city. Building is being rapidly pushed forward. The one newspaper, the *Arlington Times*, is doing well. A new school house is nearly completed. There are two churches—Congregational and Methodist.

Two years of age, the town was incorporated by the legislature at its extra session, in the fall of 1883. At the same time the people voted to change the name of Alkali for the more euphonious, and less suggestive, one of Arlington. Six years have passed since the first business buildings were erected, and the site has been transformed from a dreary waste of sand, sage brush and alkali, to a bustling, prosperous, expanding town of seven hundred inhabitants, with side walks and shade trees, with two banks, a school house, churches, neat residences and substantial business blocks. Some idea of its stability and



HOOD RIVER, OREGON.



RES. OF E. H. SMITH.

RES. OF DR. C. F. NEWCOMB.

DR. W. L. ADAMS PLACE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON.

prosperous condition may be derived from the engravings on pages 711, 827 and 828, which give a general view of the town, and sketches of the ferry and several business blocks.

When the town was founded, the vast stretch of rolling hills to the south and southeast were considered valueless, except for grazing purposes. It was not long before it was discovered that a great portion was arable land of the finest quality; that its dryness was more apparent than real, and that it was capable of producing excellent crops of wheat, corn and other cereals, as well as vegetables, melons and fruits. It began to settle up rapidly, and in the past four years the gray vista of sage brush which stretched away from Arlington has been changed to one of golden grain. Thousands of acres of grazing land have been fenced in and brought under the plow. Where, a few years ago, the jack rabbit sported among the tufts of sage brush, are now happy homes and fields of grain, while the same breezes which then bore only the mournful howl of the cayote, now carry on their bosom the song of the reaper. The settlements have, in a measure, interfered with the stock interests, by cutting up the range, yet these are still quite large. Especially is sheep raising an important industry. There are more sheep grazed in the region tributary to Arlington than in any other in Oregon, and more wool is shipped from this point than from any other railroad station in the state.

Gilliam county, of which Arlington is the county seat by designation of the legislature, until definitely located by a vote of the people, lies between Wasco and Morrow, and stretches south from the Columbia to Crook and Grant counties. From all this vast territory, wagons loaded with wool and grain converge upon Arlington, in whose streets they form an almost continuous procession.

After leaving their burden at the large warehouses, they receive from the various stores or freight depot, loads of goods and supplies, which they convey into the interior.

There is no better opportunity to secure good prairie land, ready for the plow, than is to be found in Gilliam county. The flats along the creeks are all taken, but vast areas of uplands, which have been demonstrated to be the best wheat lands, and which receive the most moisture from the clouds, are yet open to settlement. Ascending the hill south of Arlington, a table land region opens out to view, and as far as the eye can reach, in every direction, are to be seen fields of grain and comfortable farm houses and buildings, all contributing to the wealth of the county, and especially to the prosperity of Arlington. Vast as is this area of farms, there is a still greater area of unclaimed land lying beyond, inviting the settler to make his home upon it. Mile after mile of this land, as good as any now occupied, is used only as a range for stock. This land, rising gradually from the river, and improving in quality as it approaches the mountains, has not been taken because other lands were more accessible to the railroad; but settlers are now rapidly coming in, and before many months it will all be occupied.

Settlers need have no fear of permanent isolation from railroads, as the O. R. & N. Co. has already projected two branch lines across Gilliam county, one of which, from Arlington to Heppner and Pendleton, will no doubt soon be built. The company has just negotiated a large sale of bonds. The money derived from these is to be devoted to the construction of branch lines, among which the one mentioned is one of the most important. Within a few years, Gilliam county will have as good rail-

road facilities as any in the state, andington in the transportation system of better than many which are much older the state, and will give new impetus to and more thickly settled. The con- a town which is already recognized as struction of the line mentioned will one of the most thriving and enterpris- much enhance the importance of Arl- ing in the state of Oregon.

TO THE ROCKIES.

Stern Rockies! Monarchs of the ground
Whose forms divide the heavens 'round,
Successive dwelling, day and night,
In tents of darkness and of light.

Or e'er the Indian pitched his tent
Beneath thy shadows' swift descent,
Or came with beast the leafy wood
To break thy barren solitude,
Or e'er the rise and fall of Rome,
This was thy solitary home.

What brought ye forth? Where rest the powers
That bade ye rise in living towers,
High o'er the low, descending vale,
And pathway where the lightnings trail?

Oh, rock-bound thoughts of Deity,
That lift to contemplation high
The heart of man! How tranquilly,
Deep in the ocean of the sky,
Close by where wander peaceful stars,
Ye hold your sway, and nothing mars
The joy of thy sublimity:
Save when the stirred hells beneath
(Deep-bounded gulfs, tempestuously
Upheaving) fire the hearts whose throes,
Like and enslaved nation's woes,
Panting for liberty's sweet breath,
Burst through thy rocky breasts in streams
Of flame!

LEE FAIRCHILD.

VIGILANTE TIMES IN WALLA WALLA.

THE great rush to the Idaho mines during the few years immediately following their discovery, in 1860, carried with it some of the most lawless and desperate characters which the peculiar conditions of the Pacific coast had drawn hither. There were murderers and desperadoes who had fled from justice in the Eastern states, outlawed "Greasers," from Mexico, and "Sidney Ducks," from the penal colonies of Australia, and, in fact, outcasts from nearly every land beneath the sun. Their naturally vicious characters had been developed almost abnormally by the disordered condition of society in the California mines, and emboldened by numbers and exemption from punishment, they carried things with a high hand wherever they went. Generally denominated "Sports," they were of all grades of humanity, from the well educated to the ignorant, from the most gentlemanly and honorable gambler, so far as honor can be said to appertain to so degrading a business, to the most depraved and vicious of the human species.

Walla Walla was on the route of travel to and from the mines, the last great supply point before reaching them, and was a favorable and favorite place for hundreds of them to spend the winter season, whose rigors in the mines they were anxious to escape. With such an element among its population, the repression of crime and enforcement of law were always difficult, and often impossible. Lawlessness was rampant, and the officers struggled against it in vain. Thousands of men roamed round the country embraced in Idaho and East-

ern Oregon and Washington Ter., having no permanent abiding place. Every town and mining camp was overrun with a transient element, of whom it was impossible for the officers to keep track. Miles of unsettled and unclaimed land stretched out in all directions, offering secure range upon which stolen cattle could be grazed; and strangers with bands of horses and cattle were constantly coming in, whose title to the property had to be assumed as good. Camped along the routes of travel and in the shanty hotels of towns and mining camps, were hundreds of men whose sole visible property was a roll of blankets. In such a condition of society there was little chance for the detection of criminals, and but little hope for their punishment when caught; for the migratory habits of the people generally carried the witnesses beyond the jurisdiction of the court long before the case came up for trial. Only when men were caught in the act of robbery, or when shooting occurred as the result of a sudden quarrel, and in the few cases where it was easily ascertained who were the guilty parties, was there any hope of inflicting punishment, and then it was but slight.

The plea of self defense was a very flexible one in those days, when men went armed and looked to themselves alone for protection. Disputes were settled with the revolver and knife, a custom not wholly dispensed with at the present day, and in the many quarrels that arose it was not difficult for the survivor to prove that he was defending his life. Sometimes there was no sur-

vivor, and in many instances this was a very satisfactory condition of affairs. Very little crape was worn by the community at such times, and so long as the sports confined themselves to mutual extermination, all bade them God-speed in their good work; but when good citizens suffered at their hands the case presented a different aspect.

During the winter of 1861-2 a gang of men made their headquarters on the Touchet, Whisky and Copei creeks. Their ostensible means of support was the precarious one of gambling and selling whisky to the Indians; but they were generally credited with much of the horse and cattle stealing so prevalent at that time. Among them were Brocky Jack, or Winter, George Ives, Clubfoot George, or George Lane, Bill Bunton, John Cooper, John Turner, Dave English, Peoples, and other well known desperate characters who inflicted their presence by turns upon Walla Walla, Auburn, Boise City, Lewiston, Oro Fino, Florence and all the old mining camps of this region. Nearly all of these met their death within a few years, many of them at the hands of vigilance committees in various places.

The vigilance movement was inaugurated in the fall of 1862, when the citizens of Auburn hanged two Spaniards and shot another, the latter for firing into the crowd during the ceremonies incident to the taking off of his two companions. Brocky Jack came to his death at the hands of A. I. Chapman, at Slate Creek, in December, 1862. He attacked Chapman with a knife, and received a blow from a hatchet that terminated his earthly career. The vigilante spirit first came to the surface at Walla Walla among the farmers and stockmen living near the city. In May, 1863, sixty-six of them signed a remonstrance because no effort had been made by the authorities to capture Bill Bun-

ton for a murder committed by him a few months before, and a month later offered a reward for the capture of Bunton, Clubfoot George and John Turner.

In February, 1864, a vigilance committee in the Bannack mines hanged thirteen men, some of them the most noted desperadoes of this region. They were George Ives, Henry Plummer, a desperate character from Nevada City, California, and at the time of his sudden taking-off sheriff of the county, Ned Ray, Buck Stinson, John Wagoner, or Dutch John, Spanish Frank, Jack Gallagher, Reed, Brown, George Lane, or Clubfoot George, Haze Lyons, Boon Helm and Frank Parish. A month later Bill Bunton was disposed of in the same manner at Beaver Head, and in July vigilantes near Burnt river hanged a halfbreed named Greenwood, a son of Old Greenwood, the trapper. These incidents show how universal was the feeling that citizens must rely upon themselves for protection, and that crime could only be suppressed by the concerted action of all, unhampered by the machinery of the courts.

A list of the willful murders committed in and near Walla Walla would be a long and black one, and yet the records fail to show that any punishment was inflicted, or, in many cases, that the least effort was made to bring the offenders to justice. Highway robberies and cattle stealings were so numerous that the officers paid no attention to them whatever. Added to this was the fact that the jail at Walla Walla was so poor a structure that the majority of prisoners broke out of it within a few days after being confined. With but little chance for a prisoner remaining until his trial came off, and with no secure place to confine him if convicted—for in the absence of a territorial penitentiary each county had to take charge of its own convicts—what encourage-

ment was there for the officers to arrest wrongdoers? The reader can not fail to appreciate the chaotic state of society. Robbery and murder were committed, and the perpetrators went unwhipped of justice; the pioneer farmer, laboring to establish himself in a wilderness as yet unsubdued to the yoke of the plow, saw his horses and cattle disappear and no one held responsible; teamsters and packers on the roads, passengers and expressmen on the stages, and travelers on the lonely mountain trails, were robbed, and often murdered, with but faint chance of punishment for the offenders; theft was committed in the streets of Walla Walla in broad day light; men were garroted in their own places of business; nothing seemed secure from the bands of plunderers who infested both city and country. In four years, but one man was convicted of murder, and the unexpected verdict so displeased him that he took an early opportunity to escape from the jail. The people found themselves overrun with thieves, gamblers and desperadoes, and no protection through the law was to be hoped for. Men began to say to each other that it was about time something was done to bring about a better condition of affairs and the idea of a vigilance committee became very popular, especially among the farmers.

This idea was made a living reality by the quiet circulation of a pledge for signatures. A month was consumed in perfecting the organization, and then the leaders announced themselves as ready to execute all business in their line with neatness and dispatch. It is claimed that at this time the organization numbered eight hundred men, and carried on its roll the names of a majority of the business men and honest citizens of Walla Walla, while the farmers joined it almost to a man. The sports and the few law abiding citizens who

were opposed to mob law in any form, were the only ones not connected with the organization or who did not approve its actions during the first few months of its existence.

The committee began its active career early in February, 1865, by requesting a number of characters who had no visible means of support, and who were suspected of horse stealing and other kindred eccentricities, to find a more congenial abiding place ere the week closed. Many of them complied with the request with an alacrity highly gratifying to the committee. Hearing that a few of these had gone to the ranch of a man named Gondon, on Mud creek, a select party paid that gentleman a nocturnal visit, but finding no one there but the man himself, gave him a week's time to settle up his affairs and find another abiding place. They then proceeded three miles up the Walla Walla, to the ranch of one Beauchemin, where they captured a halfbreed named Chas. Fancy. This man was conducted a mile down the stream, where a vote was taken upon the question of hanging him. By a majority of three votes his life was spared, but nine o'clock the next morning was fixed as the hour when his further presence would be exceedingly disagreeable. They then went home to bed.

A few days after this, Robert Waddingham and Six-toed Pete knocked a man down near the jail and robbed him of \$40.00. They were captured and lodged in the county jail, but friends of Waddingham aided them to escape from that frail institution a few nights later. As soon as this became known, the vigilantes scoured the country in search of the fugitives, and soon found them in a school house near Milton, busily employed in freeing their limbs from the irons with which they had been secured. Upon their return to Walla Walla, an

exciting time ensued. Many of the vigilantes wanted to hang them in a summary manner, while the friends of the prisoners, and the sporting class generally, insisted that they be turned over to the authorities again. Armed men of both parties promenaded the streets, and a bloody conflict was imminent; but after keeping the prisoners under guard a whole day, the committee finally turned them over to the officers. The men were tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for life, and in default of a territorial prison, were confined in the county jail. Waddingham was soon declared to have been innocent by his companion in misery, and was pardoned by Governor Evans. Unable to endure the loneliness of his lot after his fellow prisoner's departure, Pete took an early opportunity to make the usual nocturnal exodus, and was seen in the valley no more.

Early in April, 1865, a party of vigilantes paid a visit to Fred Swartz, commonly called Dutch Fred, on Walla Walla river, and hanged that gentleman to a tree for a brief time, to force him to disclose some information they desired. In this they were unsuccessful, and the next day the outraged man went to town and swore out warrants against five of the men, but was unable to have them punished. The demonstrations of their earnestness of spirit and their power to enforce their commands, had their effect, and great numbers of bad characters departed for a more inviting field of operations.

There existed, at this time, a band of cattle thieves, who were herding stolen beef cattle a few miles below the city. A couple of butchers were in the habit of slipping out "in the silent midnight watches," and procuring a supply of beef for their stalls, at rates much below the market price, to their great financial advantage, and the injury of their more honest competitors. These parties stole

sixty head of cattle from John Jeffries, on the Umatilla river just below the site of Pendleton, and the owner tracked them to this robbers' range, near Walla Walla. It was about the first of April when he came to the city and procured warrants, which the sheriff and a posse undertook to serve. One of the gang, called Doc Reed, who lived in the city, learned of the intended raid, and hastened to warn his comrades of their danger. When the posse arrived on the ground, they found the robbers in full flight, and gave instant chase. Doc Reed and Thomas Arnet were so closely pursued, that they hid in the brush along Mill creek, to let their pursuers pass by. Reed secreted himself beneath the overhanging bank, one of the posse passing directly over his head, the pursuer's life being spared because a pistol shot would have brought others to the spot. One of the gang, named McKenzie, or Reynolds, was captured near the old race track, three miles above the city, and immediately hanged, cursing his executioners with his last breath. A party of the vigilantes followed the cattle trail in the direction of Wallula, and soon found the stolen animals in charge of William Wills and Isaac Reed. They summarily hanged these two and took charge of the cattle. Of the gang of six, three were thus disposed of, and Doc Reed, Arnet and Sage Brush Jack escaped and never returned to the valley.

A few days later the committee executed a negro, known as Slim Jim. He was one of the hard characters whom they had requested to depart from the city, but who had failed to comply with their reasonable demand. At a secret meeting, a sentence of death was voted, and that same night he was taken from his bed, conducted nearly a mile south of town and hanged upon a tree, which is still called "hangman's tree." It is

claimed by some that Slim Jim did not deserve this fate, and that personal enmity was the cause of his delivery into the hands of his executioners. The committee met in secret, the accused not being present or allowed opportunity to make a defense; and upon what evidence the verdict of death was based, can never be fully known. It is certain that he was given ample warning and failed to heed it.

The next demonstration was made on the night of May 23, 1865, when an old man, named Saunders, was taken from his cabin by four of the committee, and in spite of the piteous appeals of himself and his aged wife, was perforated with bullet holes. His body was found next day near the mouth of the Tumulum. The reason assigned for this outrage was that Saunders had threatened the lives of some of the committee; but it soon transpired that the whole affair was the result of a family quarrel, and that the old man had done nothing to entitle him to punishment. A majority of the committee disapproved this hasty act of a few of their number, while many of them at once severed their connection with the organization, desiring to have nothing to do with a society whose members could use it to settle their personal or business quarrels. Men who did not belong to the committee were much excited and alarmed at the prospect of such a powerful secret organization summarily disposing of men who had committed no crime, and every one who had a personal enemy in the committee had fears that he, too, might receive an unwelcome midnight visit. Of course, the secrecy and mystery connected with the affair tended to exaggerate it in the minds of those not familiar with all the facts. The truth was, that members of the committee having done the act, the others felt obliged to sustain them; and though a number ceased thereafter to

act with the organization, others, just as good and substantial citizens, believing the object of the society not yet accomplished, still persevered in their efforts to rid the country of its horde of thieves.

July 21, 1865, a negro named Green had some difficulty about a land claim, with a man named Wells, whose arm he nearly lopped off with a drawing-knife. The vigilantes captured him after a long chase, and strung him up to the limb of a tree at the foot of the mountains. The result of this act was to discourage the prevailing idea that a man was justified in carving or shooting every one with whom he had a personal controversy.

In the fall of 1865, a stage was robbed near Burnt river, and a gold bar and quite a sum of money secured by the highwaymen. When one of the passengers arrived in Walla Walla, he claimed to recognize one of the robbers in the person of William H. Lamar, a plasterer, who had resided in the city for some time. A strict watch was kept upon the suspected man's movements, to see if he would not, in some way, furnish evidence that would convict him or give a clue to the hiding place of the treasure. Finally, the vigilantes were satisfied of his guilt, and decided that it was useless to delay action longer. Late in the evening of October 31, 1865, Lamar was decoyed to the edge of the city, near the brewery on Second street, upon the pretense of examining a job of plastering. Some of the vigilantes secreted themselves in the bushes along the stream flowing past the brewery. As the party came to the foot-board across the stream, Lamar's companions halted and allowed him to cross alone. As soon as he stepped out upon the board, six or seven shots were quickly fired from the bushes, and his dead body fell over into the water.

For several months thereafter, the committee confined itself to quietly noti-

fyng undesirable parties who came to the city, to take their departure again, and no overt act was committed.

In February, 1866, Ferd Patterson, for years one of the most noted desperadoes on the coast, came down from the Boise mines. He expressed great contempt for the committee, and publicly insulted the head of the organization. Thomas Donahue, one of the night police, had once arrested Patterson in Portland, for the crime of murder, and when the latter saw him here he expressed an intention of killing him. Donahue heard of this threat, and decided to do the killing himself. Early in the morning of the fifteenth, he entered Boyle's barber shop and shot Patterson, who was sitting in a chair and being shaved. The wounded man jumped up and ran into Welch's saloon, whither Donahue followed him and dispatched him with two more shots from the revolver. After Donahue's arrest, the excited sports threatened to take him from the jail and hang him. Because Patterson was on their black list, the vigilantes endorsed the act of Donahue, and declared their intention of protecting him. The excitement was great, but the committee was too powerful to be resisted, and four months later they aided the prisoner to escape. In September he was arrested in San Francisco, but the vigilantes again came to the rescue, and paid the expenses of releasing him from the toils of the law in that city.

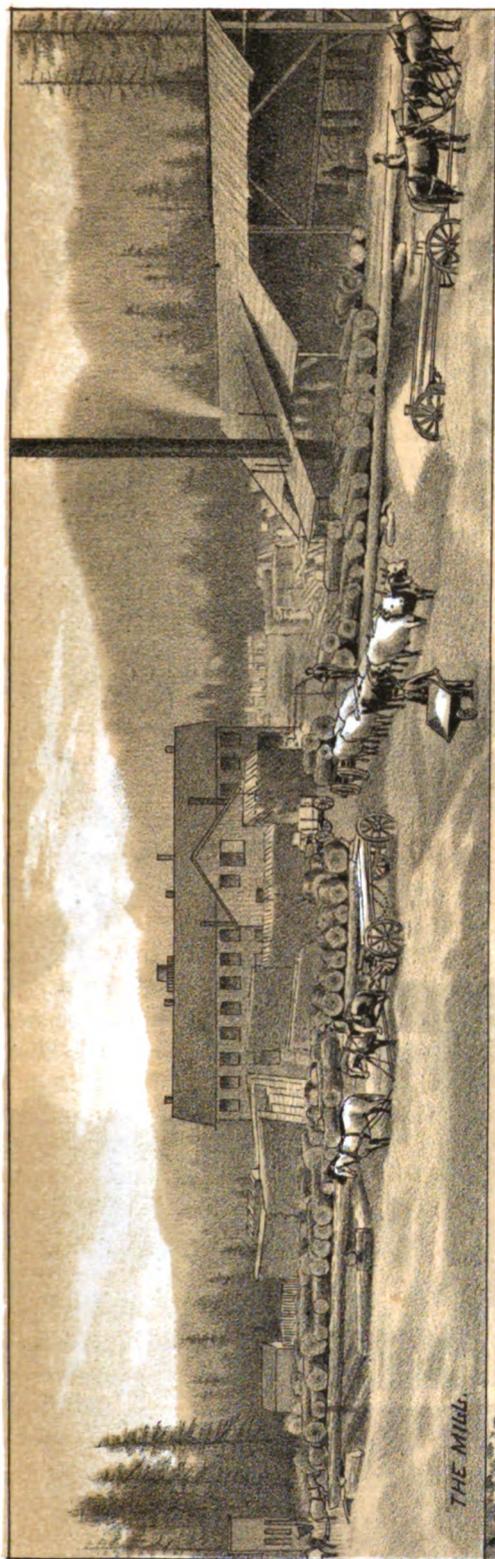
On the 9th of June, 1866, the committee published a manifesto, calling attention to the result of their efforts, and announcing that arrangements had been made whereby it would be rendered still more effective than in the past. A month later they made their last midnight raid. A man named Richa was accused of having attempted an outrage upon the person of a little girl, and he was seized by them and tried for the offense. The

family who were said to have suffered at his hands appeared at the trial and testified that he had done nothing beyond the making of an improper proposal to the young girl's mother. Richa was acquitted of the charge and released from custody by the committee, and for a time it was generally supposed he had taken his departure from the country; but on the morning of July 14th, 1866, his headless body was found under a tree on the bank of Walla Walla river, the head being still suspended from a rope secured to a limb of the tree above. It then transpired that four of the vigilantes, being displeased, for personal reasons, with the acquittal and release of Richa, had taken him from the farm house where he was employed, and hanged him, the body remaining suspended until it had been severed at the neck.

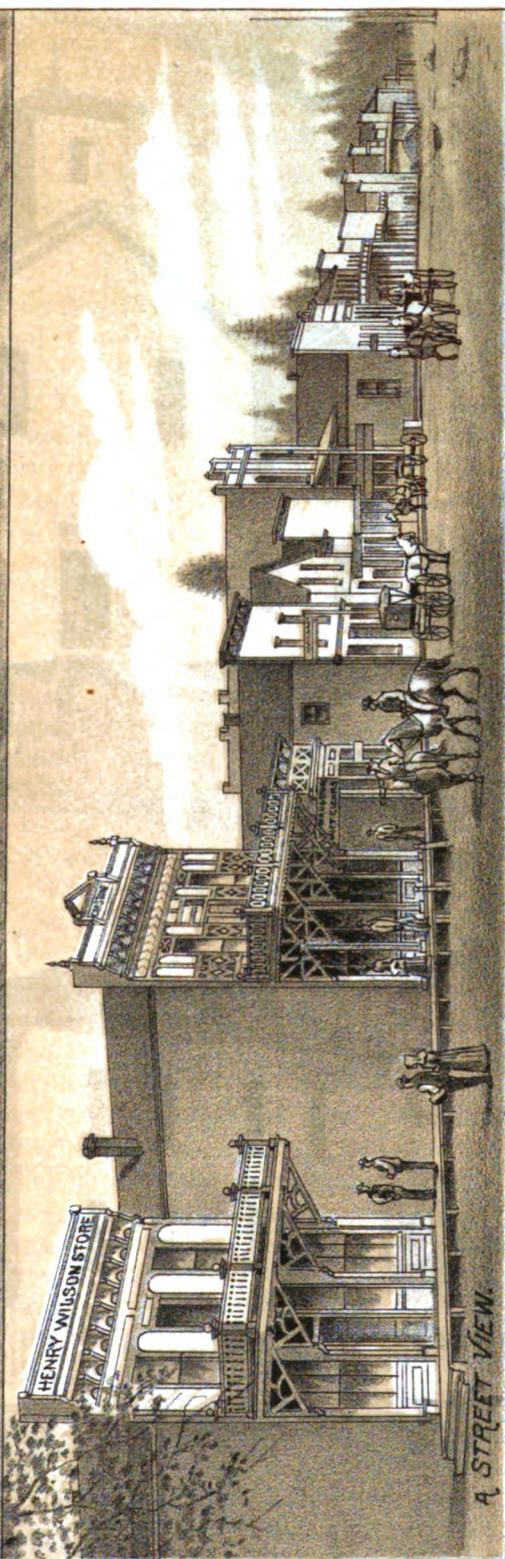
This was the last act of the committee, and it was fitting, that, when members could so take advantage of their connection with the organization to commit such outrages upon peaceful citizens with impunity, it should disband as having lived beyond the period of its usefulness. Thereafter the committee used its power only for the protection of its members, and to prevent any official investigation of its conduct. In the times of its greatest strength, both political parties had been brought under its complete control, and it dictated the election of county and city officers, and the selection of grand juries too blind to see these unlawful acts. It still maintained this political ascendancy, the people gradually arraying themselves into two factions, vigilante and anti-vigilante.

In 1867, the law and order citizens called a mass meeting, nominated an independent ticket, and succeeded in electing the sheriff. The district judge advised no investigation, and thus the matter ended.

H. L. WELLS.

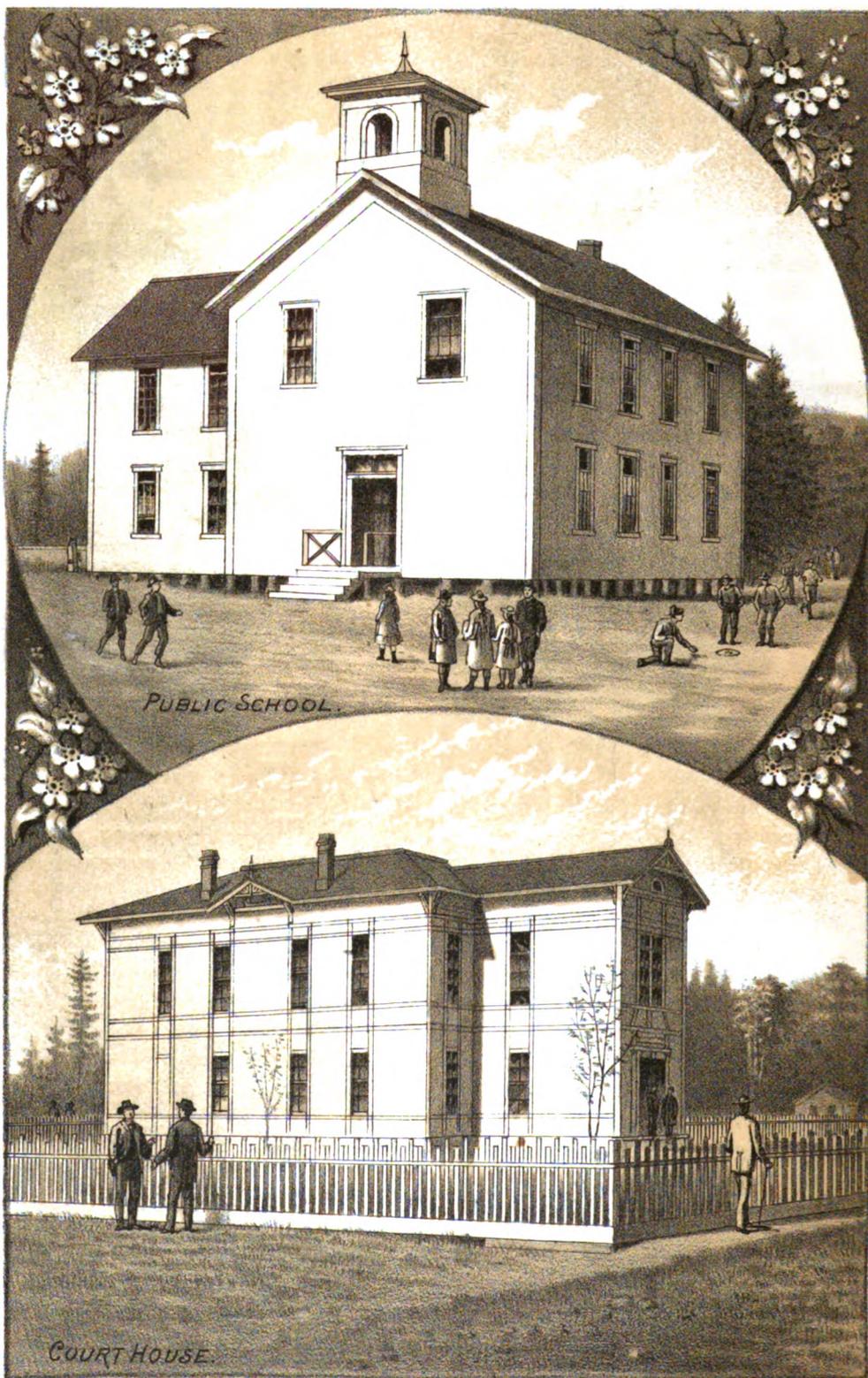


THE MILL.



A STREET VIEW.

OREGON — GRANT'S PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.

COURT HOUSE.

OREGON-GRANT'S PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY.

GRANT'S PASS AND VICINITY.

IN the days when the coaches of the Oregon & California Stage Company were the only public conveyance, by land, from San Francisco to Portland, there was a stage station at a point in the Rogue river valley where the road skirts the foot of the hills on one side of the valley. It was called Grant's Pass, for the reason that there is a pass of that name in the mountains a few miles beyond. When the Oregon & California railroad was extended from Roseburg to Ashland, this intervening stage station was, of course, abandoned, and, in the center of a beautiful and picturesque valley near at hand, a railroad station was located, and the town which suddenly sprang up around it retained, by common consent, the old name, although it is manifestly misleading as to the nature of the surrounding country.

Grant's Pass, now the thriving county seat of Josephine county, possesses that most desirable of all good qualities of a home, a mild, equable, healthful climate. Extremes of heat and cold are comparatively unknown. There are no severe winds, no tornadoes, no cyclones. What winds there are, come during the warm months of July and August, but are never severe enough to be even uncomfortable. There are no hot, sultry nights, and no sunstrokes. The rainfall is never excessive, yet droughts are unheard of. The following observations of a prominent and reliable physician sum up the characteristics of the climate very accurately:

"It can be confidently asserted, that the climate of Rogue river valley is bet-

ter than California, or the other portions of Oregon, can offer, being a happy medium between the dryness and droughts of Southern California and the long continued rains and drizzles of Northern Oregon. For all inflammatory diseases of the nose, throat and air passages, the mild, equable climate of the Rogue river valley stands unsurpassed. Nasal catarrh and chronic bronchial inflammations are very rare; and when people from other sections of the country come here thus afflicted, they are all relieved, and many are permanently cured. Asthma, that scourge which does not kill, but renders life not worth living, is almost invariably cured while the sufferer is in this climate."

Four years ago, when the town was first laid out, there was not a house of any kind in sight. It now has about a thousand inhabitants, a fine court house, a large, two story public school building, in which more than two hundred and fifty pupils are in daily attendance, under the tuition of four competent teachers. The course of study in the public school includes the academic branches, which prepare pupils for admission to colleges. Nearly all of the churches are well represented in membership, including the Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian and Catholic. The Methodists have a very neat church edifice, which at present is occupied by several denominations. The Baptists, Presbyterians and M. E. Church South are taking active steps toward building houses of worship, which will probably be com-

pleted before spring. The Episcopalians and Methodists have, in addition, large and prosperous Sunday schools.

The county paper, the *Rogue River Courier*, is ably edited and published by A. A. Allworth, who understands fully how to conduct a paper for the best interests of the community and for the edification of his readers.

The town has eight large stores, well stocked with groceries and general merchandise. There are two drug stores, which deserve more than a passing notice, for the reason that they are more elegant in their finish and appointments than are usually found in towns much larger and more pretentious than Grant's Pass. Both, on the inside, are finished in natural woods of native varieties, the work being done entirely in Grant's Pass. One is a fine brick building, and the other is a frame, whose front, especially, is a pleasing example of what can be done in ornamental wood work, when the architect is an artist in his profession. There are four excellent hotels, two large furniture stores, an extensive hardware store, two well stocked livery stables, a tin shop, blacksmith, wagon and cabinet shops, and all the trades ordinarily represented in towns of equal size.

Among the industries demanding especial notice, we find the Sugar Pine Door and Lumber Company, with its extensive saw mill and large sash and door factory. This enterprise was originated in 1885, by the organization of a joint stock company, with a paid up capital of \$50,000.00. Its officers are: President, Hon. J. C. Carson, of Portland; vice president and general manager, Hon. H. B. Miller; secretary and treasurer, H. C. Kinney. The output of lumber from their mill for the year ending December 31, 1886, was three million feet. The factory products for the same time aggregated \$40,000.00. The out-

put of lumber for this year will be about four million feet, while the business of the factory will be increased one-half. They employ in the neighborhood of one hundred men. Their lumber consists almost exclusively of sugar pine and yellow pine, the latter receiving especial attention on account of its beauty of finish. It is the firmest and hardest of soft woods, and is very similar, but superior, to the southern pine, so popular for finish in the natural wood in the Eastern cities. The architects of Portland are using it in large quantities for that purpose. Another prominent feature of this industry is the manufacture of boxes. This is the first year in which they have turned their attention to this work, yet they have already sold seventy thousand boxes, which have been used chiefly for the packing and shipment of Rogue river fruit.

The permanent prosperity of the mill and factory is assured by the fact that there are vast areas in Josephine county of sugar pine and yellow pine forests, while oak and laurel are also abundant, and as this is the only body of sugar pine or manufacturing pine in this state near enough to transportation to make it available, there is no limit to the possible growth of this splendid industry.

The machine shops and round-house of the Oregon & California railroad are located here, and give employment to a large number of men, who are among our best citizens. The location of Grant's Pass, at the foot of the heavy grades, makes it a prominent point for important railroad operations.

The center of the current of Rogue river is one of the corporate limits of the town, and the stream is a factor of no small importance in estimating her future prosperity. Rogue river is a pure, clear stream, which, at low water stage, has an average width of two hundred feet and an average depth of about

six feet. The progressive citizens are agitating the question of a large water ditch, for irrigating and manufacturing purposes. The preliminary surveys thus far made, with this object in view, indicate a fall of ten feet to the mile, and that a twenty-two mile ditch, with a fall of six feet to the mile, will put water over the entire town for purposes of irrigation, and furnish a fall of eighty feet for water power. The immense advantages to be derived from such a ditch can scarcely be realized. Those who have any knowledge of the almost magical increase in the values of land in portions of California, resulting from irrigating canals, can form some idea of the value of irrigation. It could be used over fifty thousand acres of land, now idle, which are tributary to the business of Grant's Pass, and would, judging by similar results elsewhere, become marvelously productive. It would also furnish cheap power to many new manufacturing, which would, undoubtedly, be promptly established.

A first-class grist mill, with improved appliances and machinery, would be an excellent investment here. The writer is informed by a prominent merchant, that the amount of flour handled in Grant's Pass, for home consumption and tributary points, amounts to about two car loads per week, and yet we have no grist mill. It is true, there is not a very large amount of wheat raised in the county, but the reason is manifest to all who know the situation. Were there a demand for a larger supply, such as would be created by a good mill, the production could, and would, be increased three or four times. Aside from the large amount of flour handled here, it is worthy of note that the price of mill feed is higher here than almost anywhere else, by reason of the large amount consumed by those engaged in lumbering and by those who are breaking new land.

There is an extensive brick yard in the town, where an excellent quality of brick is made, and, therefore, the frame buildings that were erected when the town was started, are gradually giving way, on the business streets, to more imposing brick structures, which are a strong indication of the faith of our business men in the permanent prosperity of the community. The woods of the Josephine county forests make Grant's Pass a peculiarly favorable point for the manufacture of almost every variety of wooden ware, and we expect soon to see factories established for the manufacture of tubs, brackets, fanning mills, threshing machines, bee hives, step ladders, agricultural implements, and many other things of a similar character. Broom corn is grown successfully in many places, and brooms are already placed on the market in small quantities. They are of excellent quality, and there is a fine opening here for a large broom factory.

For many years, those who settled in Southern Oregon imagined that the hill land was valueless, and, acting upon this theory, they devoted their attention exclusively to the low lands along the rivers and smaller streams. In so doing, they failed to discover what has been so effectually learned in California, that the red land of the foothills is of the very best that can be obtained for fruit raising. Owing to this blunder, arboriculture has not, until recently, received the attention which it merits. A large portion of this country, and especially the foothill region, has proved to be the natural home of the apple, pear, peach, prune, plum, nectarine, apricot and all the fruits that can be grown in a temperate climate. Apple trees begin to bear in four to six years. The peach will, in the second year after transplanting, yield sufficient fruit to pay the purchase price of the trees and the cost of

cultivation. Fruits on hill lands are grown without irrigation, and, in point of size and flavor, are equal, if not superior to the same class of fruits grown in California. A. H. Carson, of the "Red Land Fruit Farm," a short distance from Grant's Pass, has practically demonstrated the truth of the foregoing, by taking up one hundred and sixty acres of red land in the foothills, which he has cleared and devoted to fruit culture. His is now one of the best paying properties in the county, and at the same time is a blessing to the entire community, because its nursery department supplies vigorous, acclimated young trees of the best varieties to those who are planting new orchards. Mr. Carson informs the writer that grapes of all varieties, both native and foreign, do well on the red soil of the foothills. He has raised, in the past three years, that excellent raisin grape, the white Muscat of Alexandria, successfully, and will, this year, plant ten acres to that variety. An important fact not to be lost sight of, is the fact that the foothill land is not so liable to frosts as the river bottoms. A great many new orchards are being planted, and it will not be long until there will be a large fruit packing establishment at Grant's Pass.

The writer is informed that there are still open to homestead and pre-emption, large areas of red hill land, lightly covered with timber and brush, that can be easily cleared by people of energy and small means. It is, of course, to be remembered, that to clear land, plant an orchard and wait for returns, necessitates the possession of some resources for self support during that time; but then, energetic men with a small amount of money can thus acquire a permanent and prosperous home.

Hops are grown successfully, and of the very best quality, along the river-bottom lands. This industry is a new

one, but it is growing rapidly, and this year there will be a considerable output of fine hops. There is no better place in the state for raising corn, hence hogs are raised in abundance, and are very profitable. Timothy, red clover and alfalfa grow luxuriantly without irrigation, on the bottom lands, but require water when grown on uplands. Grain of all kinds does well throughout the county. Cattle find a good range the whole year, and need no protection in winter. Good lands can be bought here cheaper than elsewhere. Much land will soon be worth over \$100.00 an acre, which is now covered with brush and timber.

A very important factor in the present and future prosperity of Grant's Pass and the county of which it is the capital, is to be found in the mines and mineral resources. Careful prospecting has established the existence of a belt of gold-bearing quartz ledges, commencing near Canyonville, in the southern part of Douglas county, and running south through Josephine and Jackson counties, to the Siskiyou mountains. This belt is nearly fifty miles wide. No mines in this belt have ever been fully developed, but so far as prospected, the chimneys of paying ore have grown larger. The character of the work done thus far in ledge mining has been of the crudest and most primitive description. The result has been, that only high grade ore has been worked at all, and this very unsatisfactorily. The prospects show immense bodies of low grade ore, which can be worked profitably and bring fortunes to those who work them, whenever capital overcomes its abnormal timidity and places in them the proper machinery. Among the most noted of the ledges in Josephine county which give promise of large returns of gold in the near future, may be mentioned the St. Peter's mine, on the di-

vide between Grave creek and Coyote creek; the Jewett mine, just across the river from Grant's Pass, which in the past yielded vast quantities of gold; the Steamboat mine, from which \$250,000.00 have already been taken; and S. Coyle's mine, on Coyote creek, in which the ore already in sight is so promising that the speedy erection of a quartz mill is contemplated.

In the past, the chief interest has centered in placer diggings, on account of the more prompt returns and lighter expenditures. But even here, the work has been crude, and only the creek diggings have been worked to anything like their capacity. There are immense deposits of gravel in various parts of the county, which are rich in gold, and await only the magic wand of capital to yield up their treasures to the world. These gravel deposits are rendered a safer investment, for the reason that our creeks and rivers have so much fall, and are therefore so rapid, that they forever insure the miner against a conflict with the farmer over California's great problem, "slickins." A safe dump is readi-

ly found in our streams for all mining debris, without any injury to other industries.

Gold is not the only mineral which is found in paying quantities in Josephine county. Large deposits of chrome iron are found in all parts. Extensive deposits of coal are found a few miles down the river. Copper deposits are found on Illinois river and at the head of Grave creek. There are also large beds of the finest quality of limestone and marble on the Applegate river, which are now being developed. The mineral formation of our county is about thus: Commencing at the western extremity of the county, we find sandstone; then comes a belt of serpentine; then, for the rest, we find granite, porphyry and slate throughout the county.

Josephine county and its county seat are new to the outside world, but the advantages of this part of Oregon are so marked, that its future prosperity can be safely foretold, and it will soon be filled with live, energetic, progressive men, on the alert to take advantage of golden opportunities.

HENRY L. BENSON.

THE PHANTOM FLOWER.

DR. Paul Bernard determined to take a well earned rest, in a trip to the West, so he left his practice in the hands of his classmate and friend, Dr. Raymond, a physician of acknowledged ability, also a botanist of good reputation, becoming recognized in the scientific world.

Paul hastily packed a valise, and started on the first train after his friend arrived, almost afraid something might happen yet to detain him.

Once off, he made an effort to throw off all care and forget that sickness existed in the busy world he had left.

He succeeded so well that he gave his fellow travelers an idea that he was extremely lazy, as he listlessly watched the varied scenery from his lounging position.

The fact is, he was very tired, and was physician enough to prescribe for himself just what he would for a patient in his condition.

So, as the "iron horse" carried him swiftly over miles of territory, he allowed his mind to become almost a blank. It might have become quite so, had it not been for the frequent interruption in the shape of a polite official who requested his "Ticket, sir!" He did not plan his trip farther than to decide to make his first stop at Denver, where he found himself in about five days after leaving home.

He underwent all of the experiences common to tourists in the Queen City, and after about two weeks' rest and sight seeing, he planned a little further.

He made a trip to Leadville and mining camps in its vicinity. He visited

Colorado Springs and Pike's peak, and several localities noted for scenery, and was undecided whether to go to California, or up into Montana, when a chance acquaintance led him to choose the latter route.

So it came to pass that after a visit to Butte City, where he enjoyed a sight of the largest mining camp in the world, he "took in" several smaller camps of rising note, and found himself spending the national holiday in Helena, the attractive little capital of the territory.

He had letters of introduction to a prominent editor, who met him very cordially, and took him home to dinner, making him acquainted with his family, one member of which proved a strong magnet to attract him that way very often thereafter.

Indeed, Miss Gertrude Fenton was an acknowledged belle in the most select circle of Helena society, and accordingly had a number of admirers, more or less unexceptionable.

It was apparent after Dr. Bernard's arrival, that he was a favorite escort in all the little excursions planned for his entertainment, to show off the pretty spots which nature especially designed for picnics, in Montana.

The delightful atmosphere charmed and intoxicated him—he almost forgot the past in the present, and grew young and light hearted.

He had now been in Helena about a month, and had made up his mind that Gertrude must be his, or he must go away before he became more hopelessly entangled in her charms.

He met her that evening and walked

home with her, and as they sat on the piazza, enjoying the rosy sunset clouds, mountain zephyrs, and a glorious view, he mentioned his plan of starting for the Flathead reservation. If she seemed sorry for his departure, he would try his fate; if she was indifferent, he would go away at once—the sooner the better.

He could not discover her feelings thus easily, for she exclaimed at once—

“Going away—now, Dr. Bernard! Oh, no! You must go with us to Yellowstone park. No one should come to Montana and miss that. We are getting up a party to start in about two weeks. Do say you will go, Dr. Bernard!”

“I’ll go,” said he, promptly. “I am astonished that I had planned any other trip.”

Before he left, that evening, he had agreed to join them the day they were to leave home. Meanwhile, he would go, as he had planned, to Flathead lake. He wrote to Dr. Raymond that evening, informing him of his intended trip, and begged him to write at once.

Of the trip to Flathead lake, we have nothing to say.

Dr. Bernard found it very enjoyable, especially as he fell in with another tourist, from San Francisco.

He arrived in Helena the day before the Fenton party would start for the park, but did not see Miss Gertrude, as she was out when he called to announce his return.

The next morning the start was delayed long enough to get the early mail, and Paul received a letter addressed in Dr. Raymond’s handwriting. He did not stop to read it, but joined the others at the rendezvous, and did not think of it until they were several miles out on the road. He occupied a seat in the carriage with Gertrude and a young lady friend, and her cousin, Archie Grayson.

Another carriage held Mr. and Mrs.

Fenton, a gentleman friend, Mr. Atwood, and “the children,” as Grace and Harry Fenton were called.

Besides the carriages, there were two heavy wagons, one carrying the tents and bedding, the other the camp stove, food and cooks.

The road on which they started out was one over which they had often gone, on various little expeditions, and there was nothing new in the way of scenery to attract their attention, for the first day, so they chatted and joked incessantly—as merry a party as ever started out together.

In the midst of the fun, Gertrude suddenly remembered that an unread letter lay in her duster pocket, and drawing it out, was about to ask to be excused while she read it, when, to their great amusement, her three companions each produced letters to be read. Silence followed for about five minutes, broken only by the rustle of the letters and occasional exclamations.

“I have something here that will interest you all,” said Paul, as the others, having read their letters, returned them to their pockets.

“This letter is from Dr. Raymond,” he continued, “my friend who has my practice in charge this summer. I wrote him of my intended trip to the park, and this is what he says about it—”

Paul turned over the first page, found the place he wanted, and read.

* * And so you are really going to Yellowstone park! I congratulate you. I spent some time amidst its wonders, two years ago, and I can truly say I never enjoyed so much in the same length of time. I want to ask a favor of you—one that will greatly aid me, and at the same time give zest to your trip. When I was at the falls, in the park, I was one day wandering around the grove in which we were camped, and stumbled on the loveliest little glen imaginable. Of course, interested as I am in botany, every plant attracts my notice, but in this glen I found one I had never seen before—in fact, I believe it was not described. In my

haste and excitement, I gathered the flower and a few leaves, and hurried to the tent for my manual. As I had thought, I could not find it. I easily traced it to the Campanulacea, but could find no description of the plant. I sat down at once and wrote off a description, but wanted the root, both to describe and preserve, so I ran back to the glen and looked and looked—all in vain! I could not find that plant, nor any like it, either there or anywhere within a radius of a mile. I went back to the tent and glanced into my press to see the flower—it was not there! I searched everywhere to see if I had carelessly mislaid it. I asked my companions. No one had seen it but myself, and if I had not written its description—which I still have—I should have thought I had dreamed of it. We went, next day, to the geysers, and were unexpectedly hurried away, so I never had another chance to look for the plant. Now, I wish you and your companions would try to find that flower. Whoever finds it shall have it for a namesake. Do not forget that. The glen in which I found it was about quarter of a mile from the upper falls, in the grove through which you pass to reach the lower falls. It is to the left of a little rustic bridge, as you go to the lower falls. I will copy my description—

“Characteristics of the Campanulacea.—Plant nearly two feet high, graceful. Leaves linear and waxy in appearance. Beautiful bell shaped flower, of the rarest rose color, larger than most flowers which it resembles.”

You see, Paul, the flowers of this order are usually blue, sometimes white, so if it does belong there, it is a wonder. It is a beauty, at any rate, and if you do not find it, I shall make a special search for it next summer.

Paul folded his letter and glanced around.

“Won’t it be fun!” exclaimed lively Belle Shannon.

“I shall find it,” declared Gertrude, positively.

“Indeed you shall not,” cried Belle. “Doesn’t my name entitle me to the right of discovery?”

“If you do find it, all right,” responded Gertrude, gaily.

And so, in pleasant conversation and music, time passed rapidly, and brought them to their first night’s encampment.

To most of the party it was not a nov-

elty, for in the West it is not uncommon to make up a party, and camp out in some lovely spot for days and weeks, devoting much of their lazy leisure to fishing.

But to Paul Bernard, who had spent a busy life, and who had had but few “outings,” the scene had all the charm and fascination of novelty, as well as its own bewitching beauty, to bewilder and intoxicate him.

He wandered off alone, and when weary, seated himself on a huge rock, and looked dreamily at the dim outlines of the mountains, where patches of snow gleamed white through scattering fir trees, and the stars seemed to rest on their crests.

Seemingly almost at the foot of the range, but in reality several miles away, was the brilliant campfire, lighting up the circle of tents and vehicles, and the various groups, some seated on logs and stones, telling stories and singing songs, some quietly meditating. The cooks and drivers were bustling about their duties, and altogether it was a lively and beautiful panorama.

He gazed until he heard Archie Grayson call his name, and he realized that he was giving his friends a fright. He hastily joined the group at the fire, and excused himself by saying he was so interested in watching the pretty picture they made in the firelight.

His excuse was accepted amidst much fun, and they all prepared to retire.

Several days passed in a similar manner, and when thoroughly tired of riding, and satiated with mountain scenery, they entered the confines of the Yellowstone park.

It is not my purpose to describe minutely the beauties and wonders amid which they reveled for the next few weeks, although no more worthy theme could inspire a skillful pen.

Following the advice of a tourist

friend, they first visited Mammoth hot springs, then the various geyser basins and Yellowstone lake, and lastly, the falls and canyon, "for," said the friend, "in that way you reach a climax. The geysers are certainly wonders, but for grandeur, nothing equals the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone."

Our party found his statement correct.

The hot springs, seen at first, seem what they are—beautiful and wonderful—and were there no greater wonders, they would be considered worthy a visit from across the continent.

The geysers were all on their best behavior, and our party saw every one of the larger ones in eruption, and many smaller ones.

They camped about a week in the upper basin, and explored all the pretty spots within reasonable distance, between geyser eruptions.

The Grand seemed the most satisfactory in its display, although Old Faithful always takes precedence, on account of his reliability.

They had been in the upper basin four days, when, one evening, just at sunset, everybody heard the guide call—
"The Grand! The Grand!"

Every occupation was dropped, and all ran, as if for life, or fire, and found themselves a panting, promiscuous assemblage, on the rocks near the geyser.

The learned scientist, the mere pleasure-seeker, the lady and her maid, the Chinese cooks and Irish drivers, crowded close together to see the whole of it. Age, station and nationality faded away before that spectacle, and all united in an involuntary, unrestrained burst of admiration.

There first appeared a column of hot water and steam, about two hundred feet high, that played up and down in the sunset light, like a huge fountain, then suddenly sank into the crater.

Before the spectators had time to give expression to their disappointment, the water and steam again shot up, two hundred and fifty feet into the air, and stood, a solid, sparkling column, a full minute, then disappeared.

The people laughed and clapped their hands, and as if in response to their *encore*, again the column shot up, wavered, stood and glistened, and disappeared. This was repeated eight times, taking, in all, about twenty minutes.

Many of them had seen the rainbow in the spray. All were pleased, and declared that sight alone was worth a trip of three thousand miles.

"Grand! Grand!" they all cried, and agreed the geyser was most appropriately named.

No two geysers act at all alike, and each eruption is a wonder.

"No wonder this is called 'Wonderland!'" exclaimed Gertrude, the last evening of their stay in the basin. "Just think of all we have seen; and we are not through yet!"

"And tomorrow," said Mr. Fenton, "we start to see what the majority of tourists agree is the grandest of all."

They camped next night on the bank of the Firehole river, not far from the crossing opposite the Marshall house, in the lower basin, and started for the falls early the next morning. By hard driving and camping late, they made the trip in one day, although most parties prefer to take a day and a half.

They camped, as near as they could locate it, where Dr. Raymond did, and found it a charming spot. The young people had looked for the unknown flower, thinking it might grow anywhere in that altitude. They had not been successful, so far, but determined to find it in the glen Dr. Raymond had described. So, in the intervals of viewing the falls and canyon, they haunted the glen, all to no purpose, it seemed. They all

agreed that the beauty and grandeur of the canyon had not been exaggerated. under pain of her displeasure. I brave it to you—

"It couldn't be!" declared Belle, enthusiastically. One day she sat down at Point Lookout, on the cliffs, and attempted to write a description for a friend.

"Imagine—no, that is out of the question—try to imagine yourself with me, sitting at the edge of the cliffs, gazing down fifteen hundred feet to the turbid Yellowstone, seeming, at that depth, placid, motionless, noiseless, appearing like a lady's sash, more than a dashing, roaring river; then up to the falls, where the water comes pouring over a precipice of nearly four hundred feet. The greenish flood is lashed into a snowy foam, and in the spray is a brilliant rainbow.

"And now look at the coloring of the cliffs. Every shade and tint nature employs about such work is represented, blended as no artist could do it, and no artist can copy the Master here.

"I wish I could make you see it, but it is indescribable. You must see with your own eyes, to comprehend a fraction of the beauty, grandeur and solemnity of the place.

"On the opposite bank, evergreens supply the one color lacking on the cliffs. Below us, on this side, but detached, are sandstone pillars, on top of which eagles build their nests, and thus defy the depredations of man.

"I might look over one or more of our eloquently written guide books and quote for your benefit, but you can read them for yourself' As for me, I must confess, I lose ideas and words in this awe-inspiring spot.

"At my request, Gertrude gave me a peep into her portfolio a little while ago, and among the sketches, I came across a few verses she wrote last evening descriptive of the river and falls. I quote a few verses, although she forbade me,

'In maddened haste, the water falls
Down, down the rough and rocky height,
Its emerald sheet, by cruel walls,
Is dashed to foam of snowy white.

'Then, gathering up its shattered pearls,
It hastes away in reckless glee,
Until again its flood it hurls
Down awful depths, o'er bank and tree.

'And now the foaming, dashing spray
Boils up in rage at baffled race,
While sunbeams kiss the drops in play—
And lo! a rainbow takes their place.'

"Here Gertrude comes now; I must put up my writing and look innocent."

The party had been encamped at the falls several days, and decided one more day must suffice, although not one was ready to leave. No one had found the flower, and as Gertrude walked out of the tent that evening alone, she resolved to devote the little remaining daylight to one more search for the plant so ardently desired by Dr. Raymond. She was walking carelessly along the glen, gathering a fern here and there from the rocky crevices, taking deep breaths of fragrant and invigorating air of woods and mountain, and humming a favorite tune, when a gleam of rose color caught her eye. She jumped forward with more haste than grace in her excitement, and—yes, there it was; the rose-colored, bell-shaped flowers, with shining, waxy leaves. She caught her breath, and her eyes danced with triumphant joy. She remembered, even in her excitement, that the botanist wanted a whole plant, and, taking out her pen-knife, she dug down, and soon had it entire, in her hands. She looked around for more, but saw none, so she marked the spot where it grew and hastened back to camp. No one was there, but she heard voices of some of them near by, at a favorite fishing pool, so she laid her plant down and ran out to a spring close a

hand to get some water to put it in. She returned immediately, but the plant was gone and she could not find it high nor low. She knew no one had been in the tent, for she was in sight of it all the time. It was too vexing. No one would believe she had found it, and they would bother her unmercifully. She would not tell—she would— But here she broke down in her meditations and began to sob. She was so engaged that she did not hear a step outside, and Paul's dismayed "Why Miss Gertrude!" brought her, startled, indignant, blushing and disheveled, to her feet.

"What is it?" said Paul, tenderly.

"Nothing. I mean I shan't tell," stammered Gertrude.

Paul looked distressed, and Gertrude, peeping through her fingers, saw it and relented.

"It's that miserable flower Dr. Raymond wants. I found it and lost it," she cried.

"Found—and lost it!" echoed Paul, blankly.

"Yes," she responded, a little testily, "and you do not believe me. I did not believe any one would."

"Oh, yes," said Paul, "I believe you; but how was it?"

Gertrude related the whole affair, and Paul listened with a grave face.

"It's bewitching, isn't it?" laughed Gertrude, with her usual good nature.

"I guess so," said Paul, "but never worry over so small a thing. Why, do you know?" he added, "I feared you had met with real trouble, or an accident, and I was—well, frightened; for to tell the truth, Gertrude, I can't keep still any longer. I love you dearly, and all that concerns you concerns me. Can I hope that you return my love?" he added, drawing near.

Gertrude put up a detaining hand, and, blushing rosily, said in her coquettish manner—

"Wait, Dr. Bernard, you have taken me by surprise, you see."

"Have I?" queried honest Paul. "I supposed you could see—"

"Oh, it would never do to imagine every gentleman who was civil to me, to be in love with me," declared the girl. "Now, would it?"

"No, I presume not," agreed Paul, "but—"

"Wait," again commanded Gertrude. "Find that flower tomorrow, and bring it to me in the evening, and say again what you have just said—"

"And you'll say yes?" said Paul, eagerly.

"It will dispose me to be favorable," replied the girl. "No more now, please, find me the flower."

"I'll find the flower if it is on the earth," declared Paul.

Gertrude could not help shivering a little as she thought of her mysterious plant, and turning, met her mother and the children coming in.

Neither Paul nor Gertrude spoke of the flower to the others, but next morning, while the drivers and cooks were picking up, ready to start away, Mr. Fenton and Paul had a conversation, which resulted in another day's stay, so the gentlemen could take a last mountain ramble.

After they had gone, the ladies strolled about, wrote, sketched and lounged, but the day seemed intolerably long to Gertrude, and she walked out by herself toward evening, unconsciously rambling in a different direction from any she had ever taken before. Suddenly, in a most picturesque spot, she came upon a man—a stranger—sitting on a rock and cleaning a gun. His long hair, untrimmed beard and odd clothing proclaimed him to be a hermit. Indeed, his shy manners when he caught sight of Gertrude, standing, half frightened,

and transfixed with surprise, confirmed her impression of his recluse life.

He arose and bowed gravely, and when he spoke, his refined, well modulated tones and choice language discovered him to be a gentleman.

Gertrude was puzzled, but she returned his bow and said—

“I am afraid I am intruding; I have strayed from our camp just below.”

“Yes, I knew there was a party there,” replied the hermit, still standing. “Take this seat,” he added, pointing to the rock he had vacated.

She sat down, remarking, “We were to have gone today, but the gentlemen wanted one more tramp.”

Then it occurred to her to ask the man, apparently at home here, about the strange flower. So she told him of Dr. Raymond’s experience and her own, described the plant, and added, with a slight blush, “And Dr. Bernard’s mission today is to find that flower.”

The stranger listened attentively, and said—

“So you, too, are in search of the phantom flower.”

“Phantom flower!” repeated Gertrude. “Is it—that?”

He smiled. “I call it so. I, too, have had an experience with it. Three years ago I came with a party of friends to this spot. We were all gentlemen, and a merry crowd. Before I left home I asked the girl I loved to be mine, and she promised me an answer on my return. I felt confident what it would be, and was correspondingly happy. One day, in yonder glen, I found the flower you describe. It was so beautiful, I determined to press it and send it to my Margaret. I pressed it, but when I went to pack it I could find it nowhere. I determined to get another plant, and started out next day for that purpose, but searched in vain. At last, as I was about to give it up, my foot slipped, I

fell down a precipice, and knew no more. When I came to myself, I was in a tent belonging to a large party, lately camped. One of them had found me. My associates found out where I was, but, obliged to return home, I was left to the care of these kind strangers. I was ill a long time, and delayed the party, but was finally removed to the hotel at Mammoth springs. Then I had a relapse, and it was cold weather before, pale and thin, I left Livingston for the East. When I reached home, I found—”

He hesitated, and Gertrude struck in impatiently, “Well!”

“I found Margaret married.”

“Married!” echoed Gertrude, indignantly.

“Married!” repeated the man. “She had not heard from me. My companions had told her of my accident, and laughingly added that I was in luck, as there was a pretty girl in the party in whose care I had fallen. She concluded I had gone back on her, in expressive slang, and married an old, despairing lover.”

“Well!” said Gertrude. “Pardon me Mr. —”

“Weatherby is my name,” supplied the stranger.

“Thanks! I am Gertrude Fenton, of Helena,” replied the girl. “I was about to beg pardon for expressing my belief that she did not love you at all, or, at any rate, was not worthy of you, if she could not wait to know your fate.”

“That is my conclusion at last,” said Mr. Weatherby.

“And since then?” queried Gertrude.

“Since then—Well, I came west the next spring, and have lived as a recluse—hunting in the mountains around Henry lake, in the winter, and camping here, summers. There is my home.”

Gertrude looked very curiously at the weather beaten Δ tent in the shelter of

a rock, and the camp kitchen in the little grove.

"But about that flower," remarked the sylvan host, abruptly. "An old Indian told me a legend about it just a few days ago."

"A legend!" cried Gertrude. "Oh, that's delightful."

"Yes," he said, "long ago, in his tribe, there was a beautiful maiden, who was betrothed to the son of a neighboring chief, but she loved her playmate, an adopted son of her father. The old chief was determined to marry her to the young brave of the allied tribe, so one day, toward evening, the maiden stole away from camp and met her lover in that glen. In their despair they agreed to die together, so he shot her with a fatally poisoned arrow, and then cut his own throat. The maiden's friends discovered them. She was buried on the spot, but his body was thrown over the cliff into the river. Once every year this flower blooms straight out of the heart of the faithful Indian maiden. Whoever picks it will be happy in love, but the flower always vanishes the instant it leaves the hands of the one who gathered it."

"What a strange, weird story!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Of course it is not true, but the flower is an uncanny sort of a specimen, and I guess Dr. Raymond must solve the mystery if he wants it."

Mr. Weatherby smiled, and was about to reply, when they distinctly heard a voice calling—

"Gertrude!"

"That's Archie! Oh, dear! The gentlemen have come back, and I have alarmed them all. Good-bye! Thanks for your story. Call over this evening, won't you?" Gertrude called out over her shoulder, as she sped away in the direction of camp.

As she approached, she saw evidences

of agitation, and heard her father say—

"It is strange! But he may have come back and gone out with Gertrude. No, there she is, alone," he added, as she came up.

"What is it?" she demanded, faintly, as she rapidly noted Dr. Bernard's absence.

"Has Dr. Bernard been with you?" asked Archie.

"No, I haven't seen him since morning," replied Gertrude, tremblingly.

"He left us about noon to look for specimens, he said," explained Mr. Fenton.

"We must go at once and look him up," cried Archie.

Mrs. Fenton hurriedly ordered lunch, and just then a figure approached—Mr. Weatherby, as Gertrude knew at a glance.

"Pardon me," he said. "I judge something is wrong, can I assist you?"

"Mr. Weatherby, papa," said Gertrude, "I just met him, he is acquainted here." She glanced inquiringly at him.

"Yes, indeed," he responded.

"One of our party, Dr. Bernard, has disappeared. We fear he is lost or hurt," said Mr. Fenton, anxiously.

"I will join you. I know all the region here like a book," said Mr. Weatherby, reassuringly.

The search party set out in about ten minutes, and Gertrude ran into the tent and threw herself down in abject despair.

Belle followed her. "What is it, dear?" she asked, soothingly, laying her hand on Gertrude's heated brow.

"I've killed him," cried the wretched girl.

Belle stared at her friend in honest amazement, but she was quick, and intuitively guessed a good share of the truth.

"Probably he has only wandered off,"

she hastened to say, "and they will find him soon."

She wisely abstained from questions, and soothed her friend so well that at about midnight they all dozed a little.

About daybreak they heard a signal gun, and were in a fever of impatience, until, about an hour afterward, Mr. Weatherby appeared, leading Dr. Bernard, who looked pale and worn, and carried his arm in a sling.

Forgetful of everything and everybody, Gertrude answered his wan and pleading smile by rushing up to him and throwing her arms about his neck. He kissed her warmly, then both stood, he confused and she blushing rosily, while the others stared.

Gertrude recovered herself and said, prettily—

"Dr. Ber—Paul, I mean—asked me a question last evening I did not answer, but the accident proved to me how I should answer, and so—

She stopped, and they all laughed and congratulated the pair.

At last, Paul was able to tell how he got bewildered and lost, and wandered around until in the dark he fell and broke his arm. He lay where he fell, faint and exhausted, until Mr. Weath-

erby found him, signaled the others, and bound up his arm, and led him back to camp. Soon the others came in and general explanations followed.

Paul was petted and nursed, and they waited three days for him to rest and recruit, which they were advised to do by the physician who came over from a neighboring camp to set his arm.

"But I didn't find the flower," said Paul, that evening, as they sat quietly by the glowing camp fire.

"Hush! Never mention the subject to me again," said Gertrude, impatiently, and then, with feminine inconsistency, she told him Mr. Weatherby's story, and repeated the Indian legend.

Two weeks later, the party, increased by Mr. Weatherby, was back in Helena.

The recluse, attired in a fashionable suit, with hair and beard trimmed, was an addition to Helena society, and the belles were pleased with his attentions, but it was Belle Shannon who induced him to forget Margaret, and there is to be a double wedding at the holidays.

Dr. Raymond says he is going to the park next summer, and find that flower. "For," says he, "I've seen it and held it, and, of course, there is no such thing as a phantom flower."

F. A. REYNOLDS.

ALBANY AND LINN COUNTY.

AMONG the growing towns of Oregon, none occupy a more prominent position than Albany, the chief city of Linn county. Its selection by the Oregon Pacific as its point of junction with the Oregon & California, and the site for large round houses, which are in construction, has drawn much attention to its advantages as a business point. This distinction has not fallen upon Albany unearned, but is the result of the enterprising spirit of its citizens, who subscribed liberally to induce the Oregon Pacific to bridge the Willamette at that point and make the city its chief center of traffic on the east side of the river. This same spirit of enterprise is shown in other directions, and is bearing fruit in the prosperity and rapid growth of the community. The Oregon Pacific is now being operated fifteen miles east of Albany, and is under contract for construction beyond the summit of the Cascades. Another year will see it as far east as Snake river, and before a second shall roll around, it will meet, at Boise City, another road from the East, making one more trans-continental route. Albany will then be the place where freight and passengers by this new line will connect with lines reaching points both north and south, and will, of necessity, become of great importance in the transportation system of the coast. The city now has a population of three thousand, which will, by the time the road is completed, have increased fully twenty-five per cent.

Albany is well built up with substantial business structures, and many neat, and even handsome, residences. The

county buildings are brick structures, and cost about \$50,000.00. Business in all its branches is well represented, and is increasing yearly in volume. One of the best water powers in the West, the Santiam river, supplies an abundance of power for manufacturing, which is already utilized by a number of industries, chief among which is the large Red Crown Mills of Isom, Lanning & Co., a complete roller mill, manufacturing standard shipping brands of flour. As a manufacturing point, Albany possesses many advantages of location, because of its situation at the junction of two great railroad lines. It will have a direct outlet by rail to Eastern Oregon and beyond, to all points south and north, and to the two ocean shipping ports of Yaquina and Portland. Within easy reach are vast forests of fir and cedar, and groves of alder, oak, maple and cottonwood. Thousands of sheep are at hand to supply wool of the finest grade, while cereal, fruit and vegetable products are obtainable in unlimited quantities. From the very nature of things, Albany must become an important manufacturing and business community.

On pages 809 and 810 are presented engravings of several of the business and public structures of the city, including the school house and new bank building. These are evidences of business prosperity and enlightened enterprise, which speak volumes for the city and its people.

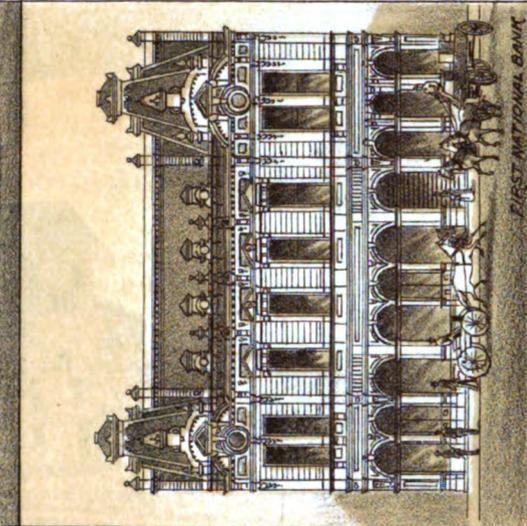
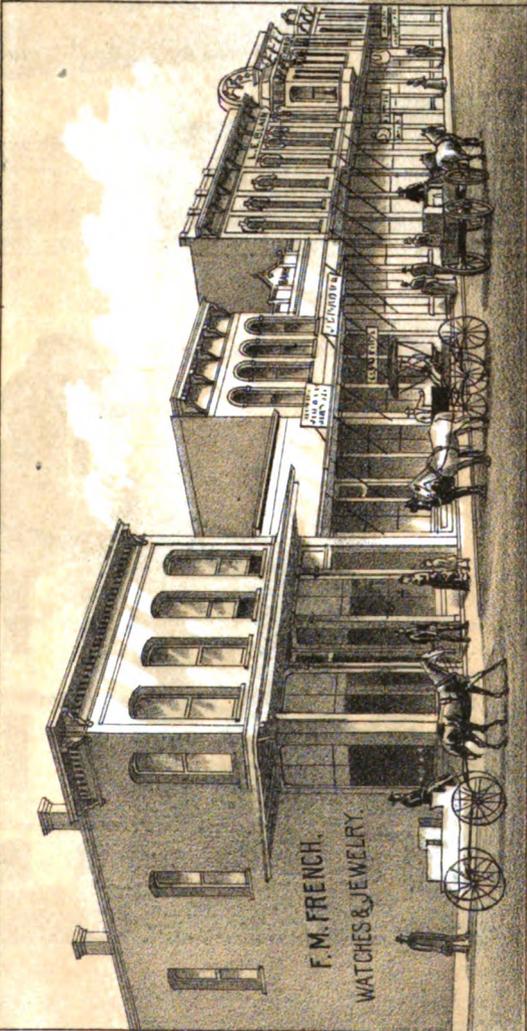
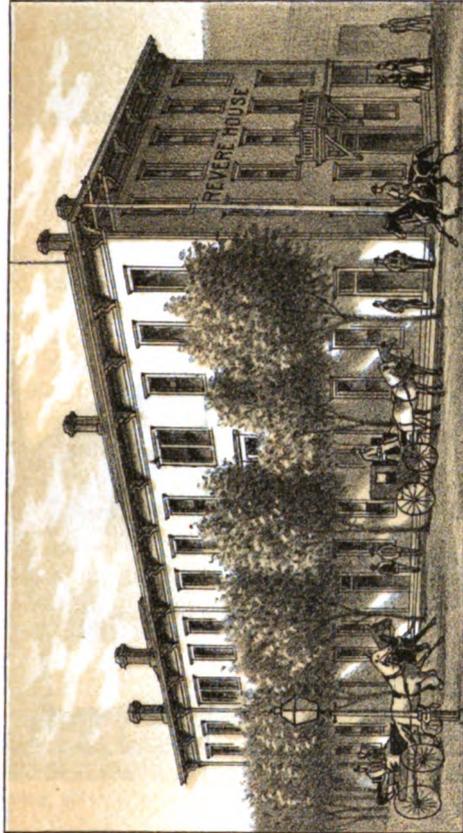
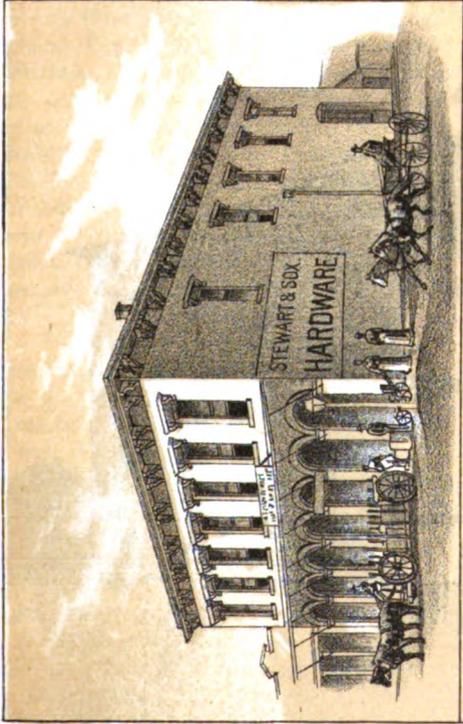
A glance at the surrounding and tributary country will give a good idea of the city's position. Much of the region

west of the Willamette is directly tributary to the city, by boat, rail and wagon; but its leading territory is the county of Linn, one of the largest, most prosperous and populous in the state.

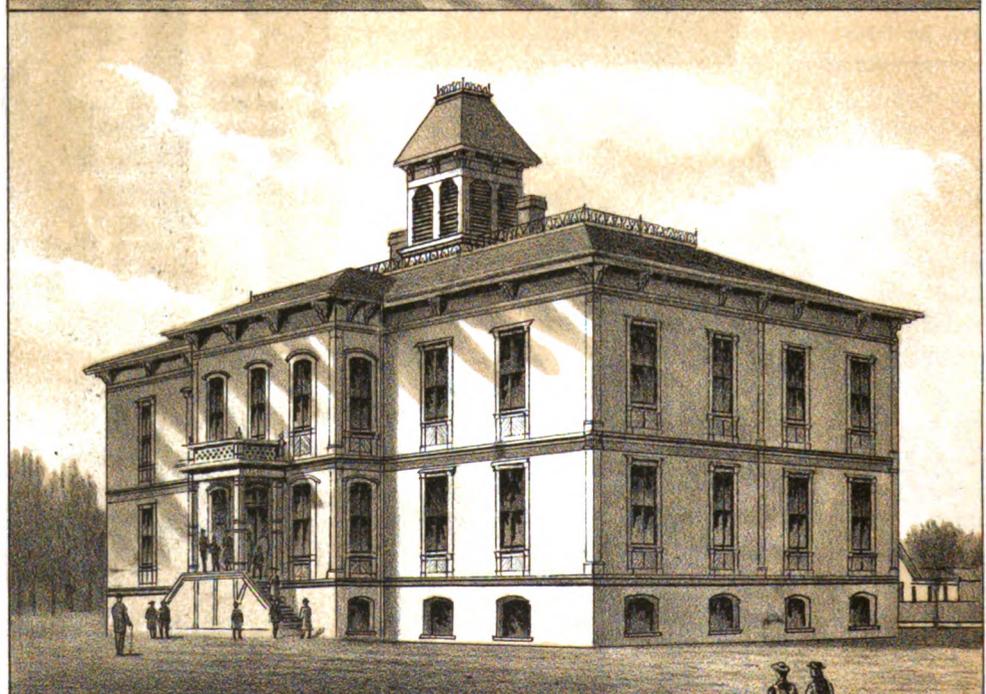
Linn county extends from the Willamette river to the summit of the Cascade mountains, and lies between Marion and Lane counties on the north and south, having Benton for its neighbor west of the river. In its area of about twenty-four hundred square miles, it embraces bottom lands, high prairies, foothills and mountains, having the most extensive prairies in the Willamette valley. The best agricultural part of the county is a strip, or belt, bordering on the Willamette river, an open, fertile prairie region, thickly settled with thrifty farmers. This belt is from twelve to twenty-five miles wide, and is one of the finest wheat and oat growing regions in the state. East of this is a belt from ten to twenty miles wide, which is hilly and undulating, diversified with small valleys, in which are many quiet, pleasant homes. The uncultivated lands are, for the most part, covered with brush and timber, such as oak, fir, ash and maple. The next belt, comprising the remainder of the county, and extending to the summit of the Cascade mountains, is a mountainous region, almost wholly unsettled, and, in fact, generally unfit for settlement. It is covered with large forests of fine timber, which, in time, will become extremely valuable. The entire county is finely watered by large streams, of which the principal ones are the Willamette river, North Santiam and South Santiam. Besides these, there are numerous small streams, all rising in the Cascade mountains, and emptying into the Willamette or its tributaries. The

water in these streams is clear and pure, and furnishes abundant water power for manufacturing purposes. The Oregon & California R. R. enters Linn county on the north, about six miles east of the Willamette river, and runs about ten miles southwest to Albany, and thence south and southwest about thirty-two miles to Harrisburg, a mile above which point it crosses the Willamette, and passes on south through Lane county. There is a branch road from Albany east to Lebanon, a distance of fifteen miles, where it connects with the narrow gauge road running west of, and parallel to, the Oregon & California. The Oregon Pacific is being constructed eastward through the mountains. These roads, with the Willamette river, afford transportation facilities both by rail and boat.

As in other counties in the valley, the vacant government land is confined almost exclusively to the foothills and mountains. Improved lands in the valley section can be purchased at prices varying from \$15.00 to \$40.00 per acre, though many farms would, if sold at all, command a higher figure. The desirable land in the foothills, and in sections more removed from market and transportation, can be purchased at from \$5.00 to \$25.00 per acre. There is considerable land well adapted to hop culture, and that industry has already taken a strong hold upon the county. The Oregon Pacific is opening up a strip of comparatively unsettled land, which will soon be occupied and rendered among the most valuable and productive in the county. Much of this is government and railroad land, to be had on easy terms, and all will be directly tributary to Albany when brought under cultivation.



BUSINESS BLOCKS, ALBANY, OREGON.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.

ALBANY, OREGON.

Northwestern News and Information.

THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN.—Preparations are being made to erect another mill on the famous Granite mountain mine, in Montana. The company has a cash surplus of \$350,000.00, which will be more than ample to put up a one hundred stamp mill of the best pattern. When this is done, it is estimated that the mine will earn \$400,000.00 a month for its stockholders, who are nearly all residents of St. Louis.

GOLD DISCOVERY ON WOOD RIVER.—A belt of gold bearing quartz has been discovered on the south side of Camas prairie, near what is called the fir grove, in the Wood river region, Idaho. The find is creating considerable excitement in that region, and also attracting a good deal of attention from prospectors. Already about twenty claims have been located, and lots of prospecting is being done. The ledges are said to be well defined and rich in gold. Assays showing \$500.00 to the ton have been made.

NEVADA CREEK PLACERS.—Some of the richest placer diggings found by the early miners of Montana, were on Nevada creek, in Deer Lodge county, but they were abandoned because no water could be obtained to work them profitably. A company of Helena men, of which Col. Broadwater is president, has been organized to work this ground by the hydraulic process. The company owns six hundred acres of land, and will bring water upon the ground by means of an expensive ditch from Blackfoot river.

QUARTZ DISCOVERY AT KATCHEZ LAKE.—A. G. Baker, J. A. Doll, E. J. Sharp and J. J. Snyder reached Ellensburg, W. T., a few days ago, from a prospecting trip on the headwaters of Katchez lake. They met with considerable success, and brought with them samples of ore from three different locations, known as the Last Chance, Hazel and Mountain Blossom. They report a thirty-inch vein on the Last Chance, assaying from \$160.00 to \$600.00 in silver, but quite base. Hazel is about the same, but no assay has been made of the ore taken from this vein. The Hazel is supposed to have been located twenty years ago by a prospector

named Casto, as an old pick with decayed handle was found near it. It is said that Casto took samples of his find to San Francisco, where it was assayed and found rich in silver, but the prospector never returned.

SALMON RIVER REDUCTION WORKS.—The Salmon River Mill & Mining Company has been incorporated at Tacoma. J. M. Buckley, assistant general manager of the Northern Pacific, ex-Lieut.-Gov. Chas. E. Lawton, B. R. Everett and E. M. Hunt, of Tacoma, and C. G. Higbee, of St. Paul, are named as trustees for the first six months. The capital stock is \$50,000.00, in one hundred shares. The company proposes to construct forty-ton reduction works one mile northwest of Salmon City, and have them in operation by early spring. They will also put in a saw mill of twenty-five thousand feet capacity, and will conduct a general miners' supply store. This enterprise is just what is needed to develop the wonderful wealth of the Salmon river country. Hundreds of claims are waiting to turn their treasures into bullion, and next year will, no doubt, witness great development in the Salmon river district.

LAKES UNION AND WASHINGTON.—The canal connecting Lakes Union and Washington, on the northern boundary of Seattle, has at last been completed. The canal is but a quarter of a mile in length, but has cost \$40,000.00. It will be enlarged and improved until the largest steamers plying on Lake Washington can pass through and come to the dock at Seattle. Its chief business will be the passage of logs from Lake Washington to the mills on the bay, and a boom of one hundred and fifty thousand feet was sent through the second day after the water was let in. On more than one occasion government engineers and high officials have recommended that the government secure Mercer's island, in Lake Washington, for a navy yard, and construct a ship canal from Salmon bay to Lake Union, and from Lake Union to Lake Washington, but up to this date the matter has rested in the recommendations, so far as the government is concerned. Speaking of the enterprise, one of the projectors remarked:

"This is the gimlet hole, which the government will bore out larger, and make a great ship canal in the near future."

IRRIGATION SCHEME IN YAKIMA.—Articles of incorporation of the Sunnyside Irrigating Canal and Land Company were filed this week with the territorial auditor and the auditor of Yakima county. The capitalization of the company is \$500,000.00, divided into five thousand shares, of \$100.00 each, and the objects named in the articles filed are briefly as follows: To build, maintain and operate an irrigating canal, which shall have its head at, or near, the present head of the Konnewock ditch, and to carry water onto the Sunnyside country; to build, maintain and operate canal or other freight boats on said stream; to do a general milling business; to locate townsites; and to transact a general real estate business. The canal is to be twenty feet wide on the bottom, and five feet in depth. The incorporators are I. N. Muncy, of Dayton; J. G. Evans, of Yakima; and Fred. C. Pittibone, of Whatcom. It is understood that the incorporators have business relations with capitalists, whereby subscriptions to the stock in the sum of \$200,000.00 are already guaranteed.

MONTANA'S GRAIN PRODUCT.—It is truly wonderful to note the increase of the grain product of our territory within the past few years. It is impossible to give a guess as to what the crop at the present time amounts to, as we have no accurate system of gathering statistics, yet we are safe in asserting that Gallatin valley alone grows more grain now than was produced by the entire territory before the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad. The entire yield at that date was set down at about five million bushels, but Gallatin county produces a great deal more than this now, while the rest of the territory has increased its yield in like proportion. But the end is not yet. The greatest increase of the grain crop has been along the lines of our several railroads, the Northern Pacific, the Montana Union, and the Utah & Northern. The facilities for reaching market by rail have been the chief cause of this, and now that we have the Manitoba and Montana Central, we may expect to see another grain belt stretch itself across the country. The agriculture of the country is, in reality, just in its infancy; but things are favorable for a rapid advance, and time is not far distant when the now sparsely settled valleys of these mountains will rival the productions of the finest grain regions of the continent.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman.*

MONTANA COAL FIELDS.—It is known, through the medium of geological surveys, that a coal field two hundred miles long exists in Montana, reaching from the Big Horn mountains, in Custer county, to the British line. The evidences of the vastness of this coal bed have been obtained by explorations and developments. These explorations and developments have been extensively made at Livingston, Timberline, Bozeman, Sand Coulee, Rocky Fork, Rock Creek and other places, from which large quantities of motive-power coal have been shipped, as well as the very best of gas coal, from some of these mines. It has, therefore, been practically demonstrated that Montana has, beneath her surface, as large a coal field as any state in the union; and one, too, that will be the great factor in developing other resources of the territory to that state of boundless riches that will be the envy and admiration of the world. With gold and silver as the staples, and coal and gas as the adjuncts, there is no earthly intelligence that can foresee the greatness of that future of Montana that shall supply the resources and attractions for a half dozen transcontinental railroads that will come within her borders for the long haul of bullion, concentrates, ores, supplies, etc.

BITTER ROOT VALLEY.—The grade of the Missoula & Bitter Root railroad will be completed to Corvallis by the 1st of December, and trains will begin running at once. At present the road is simply intended to handle the traffic of the Bitter Root valley, which is one of the richest and most beautiful valleys in Montana. The population of the valley is rapidly increasing through the influx of a most desirable class of settlers from the east. Farming is being opened up on a business-like scale not before known in the valley, and a great deal of attention is paid to fruit growing. Over one hundred thousand fruit trees were sold in the valley this year. A number of mines of known value are being developed, and it may be said that the mining industry is just about to start up in the Bitter Root country. Among the oldest and best known mines there, are the Elizabeth, Curlew and Sweatouse. All the laterals of the Bitter Root lead to large bodies of excellent timber, and lumbering will be an important industry there. The prospects are that the new railroad will handle a profitable traffic from the beginning. It will be a popular route for tourists and camping parties, as the game, fish, hot springs and magnificent scenery of that favored section will prove irresistible attractions.

MOUNTAIN HOME AND SOUTH BOISE CANAL.—Major Meacham, in charge of the survey of the Mountain Home and South Boise canal, states that the project is feasible, and will no doubt be completed. He thinks it will require not more than twelve or fourteen miles of ditching, fluming and tunneling to reach Canyon creek, and when that is accomplished, at least seventy-five thousand inches of water, at the driest season, can be made to flow over this valley and be utilized at the will of the husbandmen. It is estimated that fifty thousand inches of water will readily irrigate one hundred thousand acres of land of the character of that surrounding Mountain Home. There is another source from which great results to the county and profit to the canal company, other than irrigation, will follow the completion of this work. There are hundreds of bars along Snake river that will pay to mine when water can be obtained. The surplus water from the canal could be used for this purpose, thereby giving remunerative employment to thousands of men. Seventy-five thousand inches of water flowing over these rich lands, and large saw mills at the mouth of the canyon to cut the splendid timber floated down the canal from the mountains, simply means twenty thousand people in Mountain Home, inside of one decade.—*Range and Valley.*

THE CITY OF ROCKS.—Among the curious, out-of-the-way places in Idaho, few are more strange and weird than the City of Rocks. Few travelers have seen it. It is on a lonely trail between Camas prairie and Clover creek. The old-timers dubbed it "City" with their knack of hitting upon striking appellations, but it is far from being a city in the ordinary acceptance of that term. Its houses are huge masses of rocks, and its inhabitants, if it has any, bats and ghosts, elves and gnomes. The trail runs through the midst, winding back and forth at the foot of the gloomy masses, like some narrow passageway in ancient Thebes.

The architecture is a most unaccountable mixture. There are arches and cones, perpendicular walls and Chinese pagodas, and representations of all things upon the earth and beneath it. As the belated traveler sees these outlandish shapes closing in upon his path, and wonders what gloomy defile lies yet before him, he can hardly avoid a superstitious shiver of dread and a desire to be out of it. He is grateful when he finally comes out upon an opening and a spring, the only water for miles around. Below the spring winds a narrow, deep canyon

—merely a large crack in the lava—with jagged sides and full of shadows still more dismal than those of the "city." The place is well worth a visit from a photographer or an artist. Perhaps, in time, a hotel will be erected at the spring, and our caption, "The City of Rocks," will head a chapter in some tourists' guide.—*Inter-Idaho.*

A THOMPSON'S FALLS MINE BONDED.—Another big mining deal was closed to-day, between Samuel Allison, party of the first part, and Hubbard & Nelson, parties of the second part. The mine involved in the deal is known as the Joe Williams mine, in the Thompson's Falls district, located by Williams & Allison, of the Cœur d'Alene country, and named for the former, now deceased. Mr. Allison made good terms with the parties, the bond on the mine being \$64,000.00, with a heavy deposit of forfeit money, and runs until April 10th, the terms being that if three assays then made in San Francisco, Salt Lake and Denver, taking the lowest assay made, shall make as satisfactory a showing under development of the ledge as made by work already done, the San Francisco parties will take the property at the purchase price specified in the bond. Mr. Allison had had some experience in bonding the Winnemucca, which the parties abandoned, leaving the work in bad shape, so he exacted such conditions in this case as his experience taught him were safe. It is a matter of general gratification that San Francisco capital is coming into this country, because it is not timid, and those who advance it are practical men. They know what they are doing and are not afraid to push things. Mr. Allison also sets a good example to mine owners in not allowing parties to place a bond on a mere speculative venture, to sell if possible within the life of the bond, or failing in this leave it in bad condition.—*Spokane Chronicle.*

THE TUSCARORA MINE.—At Argenta, the nearest camp to Dillon, Montana, mining operations, in the way of extracting ore, smelting and mine developing, are being prosecuted with the most satisfactory results. The Tuscarora Mining and Smelting Company is scoring the best success ever attained by a company in that camp, or in the county, when the limited time it has been operating is taken into consideration. The Tuscarora Company was recently incorporated with a capital stock of \$400,000.00, in four hundred thousand shares, at \$1.00 per share. The incorporators are W. A. Clark, G.

E. Rockwood and J. G. Hammer, of Butte. The furnace of the company is rolling out large quantities of silver-lead base bullion daily, and at the rate the smelter is running now its yearly product will amount to \$1,000,000.00 in bullion, which for a small single furnace plant, is an extraordinary output. Manager Rockwood says the company has shipped to the railroad within the last ninety days, one million nine hundred and eighty thousand pounds of bullion and ore. A larger plant is necessary, and the company contemplates the erection next spring of large works, patterned after the works of the Grant Smelting Company, of Omaha. The apparently inexhaustible reserves of ore certainly justifies the contemplated movement of putting in large works, and the building of a branch line of railroad to Argenta, which would pass within a few miles of the dump piles of the New Departure, Kent, and other large producing mines of the Blue Wing district.—*Dillon Tribune*.

CLIMBING MT. STEPHEN.—Mount Stephen, the crowning mountain of British Columbia, and the second highest peak in the Rockies, is ten thousand five hundred and twenty-three feet above the sea level. It was scaled this summer by Mr. J. J. McArthur, of Aylmer, who for two seasons past has been engaged in making a topographical survey of the Rockies. On his venturesome journey, Mr. McArthur was accompanied by an assistant. A start was made at daybreak, the ascent occupying the best part of one day. Their outfit was trifling, consisting of a camera, weighing two pounds, and a transitory light, an astronomical instrument, and steel-pointed alpenstock. The climb proved difficult from the start, as the ascent was very abrupt. All vegetation ceased at the height of three thousand feet above the track. Once the snow line was reached, the greatest care had to be exercised, as a false step on the ice might have been followed by fatal results. Mr. McArthur led the way, and strapped around his waist was a thin rope connecting him with his assistant. This precaution had to be taken, as crevasses and corners in the ice existed at every turn. Proceeding along cautiously, an enormous glacier was successfully surmounted with the friendly aid of the alpenstock. Only a few minutes were spent at the summit in taking a few photographic views. A longer stay was out of the question, owing to the lateness of the hour and the necessity of getting down before nightfall. The descent was made without accident. Several of the views may appear in the

forthcoming departmental blue book. Mount Stephen is in plain view from the line of the Canadian Pacific, and is one of the great scenic attractions of that popular route.

HENRY'S LAKE.—Henry's lake is one of the wonders of the Rockies. Directly on the summit of the continental divide, in a depression, or gap, called Targee's pass, not far from the boundary line between Idaho and Montana, is Henry's lake, so named in honor of an old trapper, who made his home on its borders for several years in the enjoyment of sweet solitude. Henry's lake is oval in shape, and has an area of forty square miles. It is entirely surrounded by what appears to be solid land, and one really concludes that it has no outlet. On the west side lies a level meadow, which floats on the water, and the hidden outlet is beyond it. Near the rim of the basin, which at no distant day must have been the pebbly beach of the lake, is a shallow pool, out from which flows a creek—the source of the North fork of Snake river. A species of the blue joint grass, of luxuriant growth, floats upon the water and sends out a mass of large, hollow, white roots, which form a mat so thick and firm that a horse can walk with safety over the natural pontoon. The decayed vegetation adds to the thickness of the mat, and forms a mold in which weeds, willows and small trees take root and grow. Back from the new border, the land is firm and supports pine and aspen trees of small growth. An island of the same turf foundation floats about the lake. The floating body of land is circular, and measures three hundred feet in diameter. A willow thicket thrives in the center, interspersed with small aspen and dwarf pines. The little trees catch the breeze and are the sails that carry the island on its orbit.

BIG HORN OIL FIELDS.—The oil fields of the Big Horn basin, lie just south of the Montana line, and a short distance east of the Rocky Fork & Cooke City railroad, and will undoubtedly be penetrated by a branch of that road in the near future. The oil is known to exist throughout an area of forty by eighty miles, and there is good reason to believe that it extends to within a few miles of the Northern Pacific. In fact, the old settlers who came in by the Bozeman trail, between the Yellowstone and Pryor mountains, used to grease their wagons with a black, oily stuff that oozed out of the ground in the neighborhood of Pryor river. There is a great deal of petroleum in Wyoming, but that in the Big Horn basin is, by far, the

purest yet discovered—so pure, in fact, that the ranchers of that region burn it in their lamps, and say they have used worse stuff that was sold to them for refined oil. So far these oil fields have attracted but little attention from the outside world, and those who live in the basin seem more intent on raising big melons than in making fortunes out of oil. A few claims were located by the discoverers of the flowing oil springs, but from lack of means and cheap transportation, they have not attempted any development. The flowing oil springs lie from eighty to one hundred and forty miles south of Billings, which is the post office for the settlers in the basin. All sides of the basin, except the north, are shut in by precipitous ranges of mountains, and the whole of it is practically a portion of Montana—as much so as is the National park. The country between the Big Horn and Rocky Fork is one vast store house of minerals, including enormous beds of gypsum of all grades, that cut across the country from Pryor mountain to Clarke's Fork, inexhaustible deposits of kidney-shaped hematite iron, great ledges of marble and limestone, and beds of asphaltum. Natural gas escapes from the ground in various parts of the oil fields, and the precious metals exist all through the surrounding mountains. Probably no railroad in America has a more promising field in which to develop business than the Rocky Fork & Cooke City railroad.

QUARTZ DISCOVERIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Mr. T. M. Hamilton, of one-hundred-mile post, arrived from the interior yesterday. He reports the strike of an extraordinary rich quartz ledge on Cayuse creek, made by a man named Gould, and his partner. For a long time past, nuggets of gold have been found in pieces of quartz in that vicinity. Gould made up his mind that there must be rich ledges thereabouts, and prospected the country thoroughly. One day he came across some moss-covered rock, and scraping the moss away, knocked a piece off the rock with his hammer. The result was surprising, for on examination thin threads of native gold were to be seen running all through the stone. To make sure that there could be no mistake, a hole was drilled at hazard in the ledge, and the borings washed in a gold miner's pan. A line of gold, visible to the naked eye was left in the pan after the washing, and as this operation was performed in the presence of Mr. Bell, of Clinton, there can be little doubt as to the wealth of the ledge. There is much excitement in Clinton over this

find, and a rush has been made for Cayuse creek.

The Island Mountain mine is spoken of very favorably, and it is yet expected to yield its owners a handsome profit on their investment. Another rich discovery of gold quartz is reported from Black Jack gulch, in Cariboo, but full particulars of it had not come to hand when Mr. Hamilton left home. The Horse Fly mine, which has been closed down for a long time, is being opened up by Mr. Hooper, who has unbounded confidence in its ultimate success. He has now fourteen men building a saw mill, also a number of men working on the claim building wing dams and making other preparations for active operations in the spring. Hr. Hooper has shipped about eighty thousand pounds of machinery, etc., to his claim during the past summer, which shows he has every confidence his mine will pan out well. There is general activity in mining circles all through the interior, and the operations next spring promise to be on a much larger scale than ever before.—*British Columbian.*

LIVING MASTODONS IN ALASKA.—In conversation with Mr. D. H. Summers, formerly of Denver, Colorado, who came out this fall with the first party of miners from Forty Mile creek, we learn that the existence of living mastodons near the headwaters of White river was not the mere fabrication of Western friars, but that the Stick Indians had positively told him that not later than five years ago such an animal had been seen by them. One of the Indians said, that while hunting one day in that unknown section, he came across an immense track, sunk to a depth of several inches in the moss, and from the description, as the Indian marked it out to him in the sand, it much resembled an elephant's track, and was larger around than a barrel. Upon striking it, the Indian followed up this curious trail, which to all appearance was very fresh, and tracking from one immense stride to another for a distance of some miles, he came in full view of his game. And what game! The hunter gave one look, then turned and fled as though pursued by the evil one. He described it as being larger than Harper's (the post trader's) store, with great, shining, yellowish tusks and a mouth large enough to swallow him at a single gulp. He said the animal was undoubtedly the same as were the huge bones scattered over that section. If such an animal is now in existence, and Mr. Summers has no reason to doubt the veracity of the Indians, as other Indians, and

also Mr. Harper, had confirmed it, they inhabit a section very high in latitude, and one rarely visited by human beings, and these only Indians. We also have no reason to doubt the Indian's tale, for at no very recent period the Yukon country was inhabited by these animals, and hundreds of their massive skeletons found strewn along the creeks are the silent, but truthful, witnesses. On Forty Mile creek, bones can be found projecting partly from the sands and among the driftwood along the streams. On a creek below this, these skeletons are quite numerous. One ivory tusk projects nine feet out of a sand bank, and is larger around than a man's body. A single tooth would be a good load for a strong man to carry. This certainly would be a great field for the scientist, for, to all appearances, it is rich in nature's curiosities.

ISLAND RAILWAY.—Mr. H. Fry, C. E., who went out with Mr. Gray, C. E., for the purpose of making a preliminary survey for the extension of the Island railroad north to Fort Rupert, returned on Friday last, having run short of provisions. Mr. Fry's party left Albert bay on the 19th of August, and started up the valley of the Nimpkish river, and traveled southeast about four miles, through a hilly country, to Karmutsen, or Nimpkish, lake. This lake is a magnificent stretch of water, seventeen miles in length, and averaging a mile and a half in width, the shore on the west side being rocky and precipitous; the east shore an easy slope to the water. At the head of this lake a large river, the Kla-acha, comes in from the southeast, through a wide and fertile valley. Flats extend on either side for an average distance of one mile. The land is timbered, but easily cleared. Twenty miles up this river a large stream comes in from the south, and at the junction of the streams there is a very large area of good farming land. Proceeding up the valley of the Kla-acha, the country becomes more open, and the valley wider. Five large streams come into this river in the next twenty miles. These streams have valleys about two miles in width, of good farming land, and are fed by water collected in Lake Swan and beaver dams. The farming land is continuous, following the course of each stream, and settlements through this portion of the island will be more compact, and farms not so isolated as is at present the case in many of our settled districts. Connection was made with the north and east arms of Nootka sound. A very high divide separates the former from this system of valleys, but from

the mouth of the Nimpkish river to the east arm of Nootka sound, lies one continuous valley, containing a vast area of arable land, growing magnificent and valuable timber of fir and cedar. On connecting with the west coast at the point last mentioned, the party, being out of provisions, had to return home. Railway construction through this country will be very easy, the river having very little fall, and valleys wide, and easy passes connect this with the country west of Salmon river and Menzies bay, and without a railway it must forever remain a wilderness, as the rivers can not be utilized for traffic on account of numerous log jams, which, owing to the slow current in these streams, have accumulated for miles in length.—*Victoria Colonist*.

EXPLORING THE YUKON.—One section of the expedition sent out last spring by the Canadian government, to explore the headwaters of the Yukon, has returned to Victoria. Two parties, one headed by Mr. Ogilvie, and one by Dr. G. M. Dawson, started last May, and proceeded up the Stikeen from Fort Wrangel to Cassiar, and there they separated. The Dawson party continued up the Stikeen river till Dease lake was reached, where a halt was called till three boats were built. On the 28th of June the ice broke up, and, launching their boats, the party went down the river till the forks of the Laird and Dease were reached. Mr. McConnell here left them, to survey down the Laird and Mackenzie rivers. The doctor then went up the Laird and Francis rivers to Francis lake, and found that the lake drains into the Laird instead of the Pelley river, as shown by many of the maps published. After surveying the lake, they crossed a portage of fifty miles to the Pelley river. Discharging the Indian porters here, the party embarked on the river in a canvas boat.

At the junction of the Pelley and Lewis rivers, Mr. Ogilvie's party was met. Working together, sufficient lumber was whip-sawed out to build a boat to ascend the Lewis river, already surveyed by Mr. Ogilvie. The doctor geologically surveyed the country through which the river flows. The party then crossed the Chilcoot portage to the head of Lynn canal, and from there a canoe brought them on to Juneau, from which port the Ancon was taken, landing the weary wanderers at Port Townsend. The party under the charge of Mr. Ogilvie continued on down the Yukon, going on with survey work, and they will most likely winter on the river, and in the spring go on with the work of surveying the Mackenzie, proceeding to Winni-

peg by it, and the Hudson's Bay Company's route to Carlton and the Saskatchewan. The McConnell party will remain for the winter at Port Simpson, resuming their work in the spring.

The expedition will certainly be of great benefit, as a large amount of information concerning this unknown land, both geographically and geologically, has been obtained. It has been found that the country is not altogether frozen and snow, as when over a thousand miles north of Victoria, the flora was much the same as that in the interior of the province along the Fraser. An abundance of timber was also found, with much open and grass-grown country bordering the streams which empty into the Yukon. There was an absence of the frozen morass, which is found in the interior of Alaska. Not much of an Indian population was met with, but plenty of fur-bearing game was found, especially the smaller animals, such as the fox, beaver, etc.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.—A letter came to our excellent mayor, Mr. Dwight Harding, one day this week, from a Cleveland, Ohio, man, asking about Missoula—asking what advantages Missoula offers to give a willing worker all he can do.

A temperate man, who is an adept at any trade or profession, can get all the work he can do here, and be reasonably well paid for it. We have work here for carpenters, wood, stone and brick workers, for Missoula is prospering this year as never before. Buildings are going up all over the town, and almost any laboring man can find work if he is capable and industrious.

The Missoula Mercantile Company is building a three-story hotel, on the corner of Front street and Higgins avenue, which will compare favorably with anything in the territory. It is also building a stone warehouse of suitable dimensions to store some of the many shipments of goods in which it is a wholesale and retail dealer, doing a business that is only equaled in Chicago or New York. Old time frame buildings, of the one-story order, which have done service in the past, are fast fading away, and their places being filled by more substantial buildings of brick and stone. Our two-story Odd Fellows' hall, on Higgins avenue, is rapidly rising toward completion, and the new City hall, on Main street, is looming up in the air, soon to be an ornament to our growing young city. It has been difficult to find residing places for all the newcomers who come to join us, but as the demand comes more improvements

are showing up, and the time will soon come that a suitable place can be rented at a reasonable price.

The population of the town of Missoula is generally reported only two thousand, but the town commands a business from many outside people who live within a few miles of the actual limits. It is at present, and probably will continue to be, the outlet of the Bitter Root valley, a valley of over a hundred miles in extent, and one of the most fertile and productive in the territory. All the hardier fruits and berries are raised here, and their production by our thrifty gardeners is gradually becoming a paying one. We have an agreeable climate to live in, with pure air, and fresh, drinkable water from the grand mountains which surround us. We have good churches with able ministers, and good schools with competent teachers. Also able lawyers, number one physicians and dentists, a well-conducted bank, and numerous mercantile houses in all branches of trade.

We are on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, and have direct connection with the eastern and western centers of trade, and a branch of the Northern Pacific railway, known as the Bitter Root road, is now well under way up that valley, and in a few months will connect us with sixty or seventy miles of the fertile valley to the south. In fact, Missoula is a very pleasant place to live, and is a good place to stop and see for all persons looking for business or a home in the west.—*Missoulian*.

SCENERY OF THE ILLECILLEWAET.—Perhaps there is no more remarkable piece of railroad engineering, from the peculiarity of its construction, than the "loops," over which the Canadian Pacific railway passes into the valley of the Illecillewaet. The track forms a series of loops over trestle bridges of immense height, at the same time rapidly descending. In six miles of actual traveling, the train only advances two and a half miles, so numerous are the windings necessary to get through this canyon. After running over two miles, the distance from the lower section of the loop to that just above is less than five hundred feet. There are several very deep canyons, but the most notable of these is the Albert, where several platforms have been erected, and the trains stop to allow passengers a chance to see the great beauties of nature. A deep fissure opens in the rocks, and the Illecillewaet (swift current) river suddenly drops down a cataract of over two hundred feet, flowing nearly three hundred feet below the railway, a raging mass of water compressed into

a stream scarcely twenty feet wide. The strange chasm takes most fantastic shapes, the formation of the cliffs differing from anything hitherto seen. The Twin Butte, two mountains similar in appearance and height, is the next prominent feature, and wonders follow in rapid succession. Few have any conception of the great altitude to which the peaks to be observed from the car windows rise. In that great chain of everlastings are the following, with their altitude above the track and the sea level. The distance is given in each case in feet:

	Above the track.	Above sea level.
Mount Stephen.....	6,474	10,525
Cathedral Mountain.....	5,960	10,284
Mount Dennis.....	3,922	7,791
Mount Field.....	4,505	8,554
Mount Russell.....	5,272	9,321
Mount Carnarvon.....	4,827	8,876
Mount Macdonald.....	5,558	9,440
Mount Tupper.....	4,983	9,063
Mount Sir Donald.....	6,980	10,645
Ross' Peak.....	3,951	7,616
Mount Begbie.....	7,339	9,006
Mount Cartier.....	6,909	8,576
Mount Macpherson.....	6,390	8,057
Mount Mackenzie.....	5,896	7,563
Mount Tilley.....	6,109	7,776

THE IMNAHA COUNTRY.—The Imnaha country comprises a considerable portion of the eastern and southeastern portions of Wallowa county, and is the most diversified of any section of like size, we think, in the State of Oregon. It takes its name from its principal stream, the Imnaha river, which rises in the mountains in the southwest corner of the county, flows east some distance, then turns northward diagonally across a portion of the county, and empties into Snake river some twenty miles above the northeastern corner of the county. The river thus flows a distance of about seventy-five miles.

This Imnaha is a vast gorge through the mountains its entire length. The mountains range from two to three thousand feet in height, and are generally barren of timber, but are covered with a luxuriant growth of bunch grass, which affords abundant pasturage for stock the entire year. Big and Little Sheep creeks, together with other streams, flow into the Imnaha, and all have the same general characteristics.

Until a few years ago, there were no settlements upon these streams, but the country was held in common by the stock men of Wallowa valley as a safe retreat for their stock in the

winter. Mr. A. B. Findley was the first, or one of the first, to settle in the Imnaha country, but after his experience with garden vegetables, fruit trees, etc., many others were induced to settle in what is today the best portion of Wallowa county for fruits and vegetables.

Hundreds of fine locations can be secured along the streams above mentioned, principally along the Imnaha itself. The first place of note on this stream is called the "park," some twelve or fifteen miles from its source. This is a beautiful little valley, about four or five miles in length, and from one-fourth of a mile to one mile in width. There are only two or three settlers located there at present, but they are opening up good farms and have planted large orchards, which are doing splendidly.

The next place is the Findley settlement, some ten miles farther down the river, where there are a voting precinct, a postoffice and a school district, in which a four months' school was taught last winter, the teacher receiving \$40.00 per month. This settlement extends about ten miles down the river, and then some five miles farther is what is called the "Lower Imnaha," where the valley widens, and including the bench land, forms quite an extensive section, from one to two miles wide and perhaps twelve miles long. The only settlers on this portion of Imnaha are Messrs. Vance and Stubblefield. The Imnaha country has a delightful climate, with a mild and even temperature, and is thought to be one of the best localities for vineyards in the Northwest.

From Joseph toward this portion of the county, in a northeasterly direction, the road is over a rolling prairie country for some twenty miles, when the "breaks of the Imnaha" are reached. Across the Imnaha, eastward to Snake river, is a mountainous country, heavily covered with timber. Here may be found as fine hunting grounds as exist in America, with abundance of large game, that, perhaps, will never be exterminated.—*Wallowa Chieftain.*

LAND IN WALLOWA COUNTY.—Wallowa county, Oregon, will average sixty miles north and south, by forty-two miles east and west, making two thousand five hundred and twenty square miles. Of this, one thousand seven hundred and eighteen square miles have been surveyed—twice the area of Rhode Island, larger than Delaware by five hundred square miles, and half as large as New Jersey. There are one million six hundred and two thousand eight hundred acres, of which one million are surveyed. One thousand two hundred and sixty-

one claims, of one hundred and sixty acres each, have been taken; three hundred and sixty homesteads, six hundred and ninety-five pre-emptions, and two hundred timber cultures, making, in round numbers, two hundred and two thousand acres. About one-third of the homesteads and pre-emptions have been patented. The unsurveyed portions of the county are mountainous and broken, but among them are hundreds of very fine locations for farms and stock ranches.

There are eight hundred thousand acres of unsettled surveyed lands, or five thousand farms, of one hundred and sixty acres each, yet remaining, fully one-half of which is first class agricultural land, or still room for two thousand five hundred farmers; and while the other lands are, perhaps, too rough for farming, yet no better grass lands can be found in the West. There are five hundred and fifty thousand acres of prairie lands, which occupy the central portion of the county, and so shaped that no part of it is over ten miles from the timber. The soil of this county is of a mineral character, with a coating of from four to eight inches of vegetable mold, and is said to be the best and most durable land in the world; in fact, the longer it is farmed the better it becomes. Land of similar formation, that has been farmed for twenty years, raises better and surer crops now than ever before. Our land contains so much of the natural salts necessary for the growth and support of vegetation, that it is practically inexhaustible, and will never wear out. Our land is not "spotted" to any material extent, and the soil ranges from one foot to several feet in depth, and produces from twenty-five to fifty bushels of wheat per acre, and oats and barley range from forty to one hundred bushels per acre. Potatoes, beets, carrots and all the hardier vegetables are raised very easily and in great abundance. A great many fruit orchards have been planted and are growing nicely, while many of the older ones are producing a quality of fruit unsurpassed by all Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory. It is now settled beyond dispute, that the eastern portion of this county is a great fruit growing country.

The lands of this county are unoffered public lands, and are termed agricultural lands, though leagues of as fine timber lands as are in the state can be purchased under the act of June 3, 1878, for \$2.50 per acre. There are no land grants to corporations in the county, and all are minimum lands, or \$1.25 per acre, except what may be purchased for timber, besides about seventy surveyed sections of school land be-

longing to the state, and which is now priced at \$1.25 per acre. A great portion of this is as fine agricultural land as we have, and is exceedingly cheap. The terms of sale are cash down when deed from state issues at once, or one-third the purchase price down, with notes, each for one-third, due in one and two years, with interest at ten per cent. A purchaser must be a resident of the state, and is restricted to one hundred and sixty acres. But if a settler resides upon and cultivates the land, he is entitled to purchase three hundred and twenty acres.—*Wallowa Chieftain.*

THE YUKON MINES.—The most concise, conservative and reliable statement of the condition of mining on the Yukon, is the following summary in the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*:

"Harry Lambert, formerly one of the bonanza kings of the Neihart, returned Sunday last from the gold fields of Alaska. He went into the Yukon country in the spring of 1886 and spent the winter there. He left his camp, about eight hundred miles from Juneau, July 30th, on his homeward voyage, and navigated the river in a boat, pulling against the current and making about twenty-two miles per day. He does not speak particularly discouragingly of the country, but says it is a hard one to prospect in, owing to the short summers and difficulty of getting supplies. He was one of the discoverers of what is known as Forty Mile creek, but the real name of which is Leaf river. There were about three hundred men in the camp during the summer, but about one hundred and seventy-five of them came out. They found some diggings in one gulch which prospected twelve and one-half to fifty cents to the pan, but the water gave out before they got much done. There seems to be some gold all over the country, but owing to the ice and frozen earth it is hard to get. The most of the diggings are on river bars and are rocker diggings. His party were the only ones that set a string of sluices.

The Alaska Fur Company is making arrangements to put on a large steamer next year, and will take in a large store of supplies, which will render life more certain in that region. As it is now it is quite risky. The miners divide with each other and live on allowance, except in meats. Reindeer are plentiful and meat is not hard to get. Mr. Lambert's story of his thrilling adventures in this land of ice and snow is very interesting. The thermometer reached eighty-one degrees below zero last winter, but he did not suffer from the effects of it."

To a similar effect is the following, taken from the *Victoria Times*:

Mr. Michael Farraher, Lew Dennison, and other Yukon miners, arrived in the city to-day. Mr. Farraher brings with him a buckskin half filled with fine gold procured at Forty Mile creek, which is about one hundred and twenty miles below Fort Reliance, on the Yukon. The party of which Mr. Farraher was one left Juneau on the twenty-fourth of March, last, going via Chilcoot pass to the headwaters, and thence down the great river on the ice, to Lake Labarge, hauling a six months' supply of provisions on hand sleds. This portion of the journey occupied two months, and was a trip of extreme hardship, the snow being very deep. At the foot of Lake Labarge boats were built, and the balance of the journey was accomplished in nine days. The ice in the river was piled up on the shore to a height of twenty feet in places, but most of the floating ice had disappeared. Forty Mile creek was reached on the sixth of June, about three weeks after starting. On arriving at the mouth, about fifteen miners were found waiting to ascend the creek. The ascent was made in seven days, to a distance of forty miles, where the discovery was made last year. At that time there were fully two hundred miners on the creek, eighty of whom had wintered in the country. In spots for a dis-

tance of eighty miles, the bars were worked with more or less success. On the whole creek there were but five paying bars, the Bonanza, Howard Hamilton's, Franklin's, Lansing's and Tom Ashby's. Outside of those named the miners had poor success, few of them making more than grub stakes. The best paying claim on the Bonanza bar yielded about \$2,400.00 in all, or \$1,200.00 for each of the two owners. The others ran from \$1,000.00 down to \$600.00 per man. About one hundred men came out by Chilcoot pass, and sixty went down the river. On the whole, the success of the miners has not been what was expected, and with the exception of the claims named, the majority will come out as poor as they went in. Stewart river is worked out, and the same may be said of Forty Mile creek. No other diggings were discovered, and the miners who winter there will have to prospect for new ground for next summer. On the whole, Mr. Farraher is not favorably impressed with the Yukon. The only paying claims yet discovered have been on the bars, which have never paid much more than grub stakes. Were gulch diggings found the frost would prevent their being worked, as in several instances the bottoms of the creeks were found to be a solid mass of ice. To pay they would have to be of extraordinary richness, and none have yet been discovered."

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

Art is the witness of what there is behind this show. If this world's show were all, then were imitation all there were of art.

One reason there are not more devotees to art, is because there is not a proper conception of it. As Mrs. Browning says, were show, appearance, earthliness, all there were, then would art be mere imitation. But—

What is art,
But life upon the larger scale, the higher,
When graduating up a spiral line
Of still expanding and ascending gyres,
It pushes toward the intense significance
Of all things, hungry for the infinite?
Art's life—

To be a true artist, or to even have a just conception of art, there must be possessed an insight into that which lies back of the apparent. For this reason, all true works of art, all study of it, raise, refine and broaden the individual. The routine of the work-a-day world, the customary round of every day occurrences in any station in life has a tendency to pull down and hedge in. Art affords a peep over and out; and to love art is natural to the natural person. It may not be to the mentally and spiritually dwarfed or deformed; but to reach out after, to admire and love, that which is above and beyond us—that which is of the infinite or its true expression—is but the blooming out of the human soul. That this is true, is shown in the practice of affecting, where art is not cultivated or understood. Painting, music and poetry by no means compass the domain of art. These are but fixed expressions of it, and, perhaps, the highest; but there is little in life in which is not mingled something of the artful. The vascillations of fashion are the strugglings of true art to prevail. The school, the farm and the sanctum have their share. Every-day life is rounded out and flowered here and there with it, until it becomes a necessary part of the education of that one who would be successful in life, to himself and others. But let it be remembered, that true art comes not from the lips or the finger tips. Its source is in the soul, and mere affectation is but an untaught attempt to imitate it.

It is said, "Some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness

thrust upon them." It is true, we do find people of the first and last classes, but if the analysis were properly made, many who are supposed to belong to these classes, would be found among the ones who really have achieved the greatness which belongs to them. It may be through no superior genius, or even accomplishment, which may be noticed by the co-workers, but rather through the ability to take advantage of every opportunity offered for development and usefulness; through tact, which can grasp and secure the utmost development of "the next thing." Capacity for so-called great things, comes through a continued well doing of small ones, and the seemingly great things are no more great to the performer than are the preliminary ones. How often this fact is overlooked when a cursory glance is taken of a life's achievements! The striking points, the beginning and ending, stand out so prominently that the continued addition of strength is unnoticed, and luck seems to have sailed the barque of that life throughout. Greatness usually merits the honors it receives, and it is a significant indication to be able to comprehend the giving of such honors.

One of the very best habits that can be attained, for the purpose of health, is that of sleeping when tired, whether the sun be above or below us. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" is as effective in the daytime as in the night. A demand for rest, when not met, is one of the most fruitful causes of disease; yet, how often mothers, with a mistaken idea of family duties, pay no heed to such demands, then try to make amends by the use of drugs and nostrums, spending much more money, to say nothing of the suffering endured, than it would have taken to have procured relief from work. But physical effects are not the most serious ones resulting from a want of needed rest. The moral effects are even greater. Fatigue causes irritation; irritation is a moral disease, and belongs to the class of moral infections spreading swiftly as the black plague. An acute attack of it is almost sure to pass through an entire family. If you have not noticed it, when next you see a good case, make a memorandum, and should

you become a victim yourself, which will not be at all unlikely if you allow it in your presence, remember that Old Somnus holds the best antidote for all such poisonous infections.

It is a little thing to cultivate a pleasing demeanor, yet is one of the keys which unlock the portals to the highways of usefulness. It may be the person of long standing success can afford to be gruff and repellant, but such is not the case with the aspirant. He must attract and win, must inspire delight in that which he would promote, through whatever means he uses. If a speaker, he must be pleasing in voice, gesture and bearing; if a writer, he must attract through graceful, sprightly sentences and blooming periods. This element is stronger in woman than in man. In her it is as the gardener's flower, which has been cultivated into doubling its splendor. From the time her infant lips first lisp language, until, as grandparent, she teaches children's children, much of her life, all along, is an effort to please—to make not only her own person and manners attractive, but everything about her, as well. Her parlor is more entertaining if it allure the eye; for the same reason, her sitting room is more restful, and her dining room more healthful. So active, in practical ways, is this element in woman's nature, that she naturally looks for the same faculty in others. Failing to find it, she usually turns away to where it may be found. Then let the aspirant of success, where woman must give the laurels, cultivate his knightly *mein*; let him acquire of pleasing attributes all that his advantages permit: and would he influence woman in any special direction, let him do it by presenting its beauties, whether moral, intellectual or material.

Marriage in Bulgaria, though it is usually a very happy event for both bride and groom, is certainly a very tedious and wearisome one for the bride. The wedding trousseau is invariably one home-woven woolen gown, and a wreath of showy artificial flowers, with tinsel strings and ribbons, the length of which determines the magnificence of the wedding. Previous to her marriage day, the maiden wears patched and made-over dresses, and the one she wears for the first time at Hymen's altar lasts the remainder of her life time. The ceremony begins by the bride being led into a room in which are women only, where her eyes are sealed tightly with white wax. Then the priest and his train, dressed in a cloth of gold, enter, and the bride is led forward by two young girls, and the arti-

cial wreaths, with the tinsel strings and long ribbons, are handed to the priest. These he places upon the heads before him and passes through a ceremony which lasts an hour. After this religious rite is over, the bride, still blinded, is placed astride the keg of wine provided for the occasion, and there she must sit until the contents of the keg are emptied, which usually takes the day. She is then led to her room by the bridesmaids and undressed and her eyes unsealed, when she is left to herself. No eating or drinking must she indulge in during the day. The bridegroom passes through no such ordeal. If the bride should faint or be overcome with fatigue, it is considered a very bad omen; either she will not live long or she will have poor health. It would seem to American maidens that such a ceremony would not be the most desirable; but, perhaps, it is tainted with as much of the romantic as their poor, servile lives ever experience. For so oppressed are the Bulgarian people by the Turks that they seldom laugh, and their conversation is ever low and guarded, for fear of the unwelcome presence of the Turk, who, with his family and retinue, is stationed in their midst.

Every woman, certainly every philanthropic woman, is interested in the noble purpose of the Pundita Ramabai, a high caste Hindoo widow, who is giving her life to the bettering of woman's condition in her native land. She has been in America since 1886, working with the avowed purpose of founding a college for high caste Hindoo widows, whose only crime, as she tells us in her remarkable book, "The High Caste Hindoo Woman," is, that they were ever born at all, and who are all their lives cursed in the eyes of their kinsfolk, because death took away the boys to whom they were betrothed in their infancy, and they are held to be the cause of the loss and grief in their husbands' homes. This book tells of their bondage, from which suicide and shame are their only sources of deliverance. A thorough Christian education is, in the belief of the Pundita, the only means which can raise these women into a better condition. The Pundita herself is a woman of superior education, having been professor of Sanskrit in Cheltenham college, England, and having received from the learned Pundits, of Calcutta, the degree of *Saravati*, which was an honor never before received by a woman. She is now engaged in Philadelphia, in writing text books, to be used in the college, which she firmly believes she is divinely appointed to establish. The money

with which to build this college and set it in operation she expects to come from benevolent sources, along with the sale of her book. She organizes what are called "Ramabai bands," which are to work to this end also.

Pundita Bamabai is a woman of strong convictions and pronounced views, of a noble mind and heart, as her deeds amply testify.

There is nothing more disagreeable and harmful to intelligence, morality—yes, and sound physical health—than a quarrelsome, fault-finding family. Such a family is disagreeable because no one, however placid and even may be his temperament, can feel serene and happy in their presence. It is harmful to the intellect, because the natural quickening of thought, which comes through cheerful conversation, is wanting; the constant irritation caused by disputing directs the mind in this one morbid channel, and blights the birth of thought. Notice a family where the children are allowed to cultivate this bad habit, and however well naturally endowed, there is an apparent deficiency in quickness of comprehension. Morally, a quarrelsome habit increases the tendency to evil. The temper works riot with the other faculties, and makes a pandemonium of the senses. These conditions are in no way conducive to physical health, for merriment and a peaceful mind are never long separated from a robust body. Another very discouraging feature of a quarrelsome family, to one who is interested in such an one, is that a habit once formed among a number of children is scarcely ever broken. About the only thing that parents can do is to prevent its formation. However, there are some things which increase it, which, if they be removed, will weaken the habit immensely. The diet of a child affects its disposition to a large degree. Ferocious animals live upon quite different food from gentle, docile ones, and the bear or tiger, when fed upon such food as is usually given to domestic animals, perceptibly changes its disposition. It is the same with the animal nature of a child. If you wish it to become fashioned after the disposition of the tiger, feed it strong meat three times a day, to the filling of its capacity, as you would the tiger; but if you wish your child gentle and obedient, give it the food of the lamb—cereals and milk.

Another thing which increases this disposition in children is a similar one in parents. Some one has said that the child is the mirror in which parents may see themselves. No such inclination may be reflected from parents without the child receiving a part of it. Music is a

good sweetener of dispositions. It "hath charms to sooth the savage breast," the poet tells us, and certainly this disposition partakes of the savage. Even a roller organ has been known to be of good service in such circumstances. But let it be remembered, that to be wise is to prevent, not cure. The mother can not be too careful to remove all causes of such a disposition and keep sunshine in the minds and hearts of her children.

Marietta Holley (Josiah Allen's wife) is in middle life, of fine person and charming manners. Delighting in society, she cheerfully meets its requirements, and is ever a central figure in a social circle. Although this is true, she loves a domestic life. Miss Holley and her sister dwell together, at Adams, New York, where they own the cottage which their parents took possession of on their wedding day. She is also a lover of art, and at one time thought of making that her life work, and yet, as the shades of evening fall, she loves to sit in the old homestead and sing the songs that her mother loved.

One of the secrets of Miss Holley's success in her numerous literary works, is her intense enthusiasm and her broad and deep sympathies. With her uniqueness and humor, she interests all classes, while a deep, underlying purpose to better all is felt by every reader. She stands unrivaled, the woman humorist of America.

The Ramona Indian Girls' school, which is being erected at Santa Fe, N. M., is a memorial to Helen Hunt Jackson and her labors. The sum of \$30,000.00 is to be used in erecting the building, which will accommodate one hundred and fifty scholars. The pupils will be retained from two to five years. The design for the building, which is patterned, to some extent, after the old cliff dwellings of New Mexico and Arizona, is contributed by a New York architect. Government will meet the expenses of the building largely, but the furnishing will be done by contribution. A fine portrait of Mrs. Jackson has been given, and one lady has devoted her jewels to the furnishing of a memorial room. The professor who has charge of the old university at Santa Fe has undertaken the success of the building.

In one day in September over one hundred divorces were granted in Chicago alone, while the great number in other large places alarm us. This is a matter for grave consideration. The fall of a nation's homes drags down its cap-

itols. Good governments depend upon well-regulated households, and if government has any power at all to deal with divorces, it has power to deal well and rigidly, to use thorough investigation and demand good causes. It has farther right to deal with open vices, which cause, in great part, circumstances which make divorces necessary.

Miss Phœbe Couzins has been appointed to succeed her father as marshal of the United States court in St. Louis. She is the first woman ever appointed to fill such a place. It is thought that the president will make her tenure permanent.

Miss Winnaretta Singer, the daughter of the sewing machine millionaire, although worth more than a million dollars in her own right, very commendably cultivates her talent for painting as assiduously as though her livelihood depended upon her being successful in her chosen art. Evidently such occupation is to her a pleasure, as should be the occupation of every one, and would be, could it be wisely chosen and well followed.

It seems that from the plain coat sleeve, which everybody, both young and old, has been wearing for so long, that we are now going to the other extreme, and plunging into a bewildering world of sleeve designs. Sleeves are the principal features of this season's gowns, and there is certainly room for the exercise of individual tastes.

There is quite a movement among ladies at present to secure greater freedom in dress. The opinion is growing rapidly, though silently, among those who take time for thought and have courage to carry out their convictions, that in many respects, dress, as Dame Fashion now designs it, is embarrassing to physical ease.

Clothing worn so close about the body that a full, free breath is never taken; skirts worn so long that they are a continual hindrance in walking; boots and gloves which impair circulation; these things can be endured at present, and in time to come as they have been in the past. But is not dress rather to be enjoyed than endured? If such erroneous conceptions of female beauty, as generally prevail at present, were true—and they certainly are not—is physical beauty the *ne plus ultra* of feminine attainments? If not, then we must make dress subservient to a higher purpose, whatever that may be. To torture, restrict and weaken with

dress, is to say the least, very foolish, if we mean it to promote a nobler purpose than itself. A change in these things is not needed for one class of women more than another, but all need it. To what extent, there are few who realize, more than does the caged bird its imprisonment, yet the awakening is coming, and ladies of fashion and influence, who may brave public opinion in this respect, are among the first to make the change.

Now is the time for busy women, who do all their own housework and sewing, to purchase wash fabrics for the next summer season. The double purpose of securing more time for sewing during the winter, so being prepared for spring when it comes, and buying the goods at reduced rates, will be secured.

Nearly all costumes except the tailor-made suits are seen in a combination of color. This affords room for individuality in the exercise of taste. Bead decorations of all sorts are used as much as ever, while lace costumes are even more popular than they were last season. The round gored skirt and full drapery is much worn, while there is an effort among the belles of fashion to do away with draperies and substitute the flounced skirt. Basques of different color from the skirt are still worn. Serviceable autumn wraps are made long, somewhat after the redingote fashion. The shorter and more closely fitting wraps are seen for dressy occasions. Large felt hats trimmed in velvet are much in vogue, while the the slaughter of the innocents still goes on, and birds and plumes are worn more than ever. A favorite hat for street wear, is black felt, trimmed with black ostrich plumes. Lace bonnets and straw bonnets, so nearly hidden by the trimming as to be little seen, are also worn, while bead bonnets are much in favor. Walking hats are shown in many different styles, and it is thought they will supersede the bonnet for promenade.

Handsome door panels may be made by taking pasteboard and covering it neatly and smoothly with white silesia, and paste around the edges a binding, or border, of crimson or black velvet. In the center, fasten, with mucilage, boquets of pressed ferns and autumn leaves. Sew ribbons or cord to upper corner to hang up by, concealing ends by bows of ribbon.

To make a pretty handkerchief case, cut a square of bright blue satin, and in each corner paint a pretty spray of flowers. Line this with

crinoline, and over that a piece of quilted satin. Turn over the four corners evenly, making them meet in the center, and fasten with buttons and loops. Cover these with a bow of ribbon, matching in tint the blue satin of outside. Around the edge lay double box plaited ribbon over the gathered edge of some pretty lace.

An umbrella holder can be made with canvas. Cut a piece of unbleached linen canvas, a little longer than an umbrella, and ten inches wide. Cut another piece three inches shorter than the first, and two inches wider. Slope each piece slightly toward the bottom. Sew pieces together at sides and bottom, and bind seams with red braid. Stitch down through the center, making place for two umbrellas. Hang it by braid like the binding of the seams. This does up nicely, and will be found very convenient.

If you want a pretty satchel, use a fancy handkerchief, and fold it at right angles, so as to form four squares. In the center of one of these squares, which is to be used as the top, embroider a monogram. Take a sheet of fine cotton batting, the length and half the width of the handkerchief. Pull it open and sprinkle with satchel powder, then fold together again and lay lengthwise upon the handkerchief, folding the latter so as to conceal it. Baste the edges of the handkerchief, and fancy stitch it around and across the center the shortest way. Sew ribbons to corners and tie together so as to form a square.

For a sofa pillow, cut soft silk—if worn, it is quite as good—as you would carpet rags. Knit into strips and sew together. The pillow itself should be square and the case should be enough longer one way than the other to allow it to be tied with a gay ribbon after the style of a meal bag. Embroider some pretty design diagonally across that part of the case which will be fitted to the pillow and line the ends with silk of some contrasting color. This will be found very pretty and useful.

A very pretty hanging pin cushion may be fashioned like a work bag. Make an oblong cushion of the desired size out of unbleached Turkish toweling. Prepare the cover, one side of deep green velvet and the other of deep garnet material. Embroider upon the velvet some chosen design. Gather the open end into a frill and into it sew cream colored lace, wide enough to project above it. Slip cushion in and

fasten in place at gathering thread. Hang by long cords or ribbon.

A very convenient, as well as ornamental, bed room rack may be made in the following manner: Use a board eight inches wide and twelve inches long; cover this with plush, on which has been embroidered or painted a vine around the edge. In the center, nail with fancy-headed tacks a band an inch wide and three inches long, or just long enough to allow a whisk broom to be drawn through. Let the band be of satin of a contrasting color. This, too, should be embroidered or painted to harmonize with the foundation. On each side of this screw several small fancy hooks, upon which to hang scissors, keys, button hooks, etc.

A holder for brush brooms may be made from one of the straw cuffs which grocers wear; flatten it slightly, fasten a strip of black velvet one inch wide diagonally across the front, and fasten edges with fancy stitch in silk. Flower designs may be wrought above and below the velvet in a zephyr stitch. A plaiting of ribbons at the top and bottom, and a cord for hanging completes it.

A very pretty rug may be made by taking a coffee sack and drawing out every fourth thread, after which line it with the same material and place firmly in a frame. Use bright-colored rags, prepared as for carpet, and fill the square with the Java canvas stitch, forming some pretty design. Work a wide, bright border, and bind with red.

A pretty ornament for the center of a ceiling where one has no hanging lamp or chandelier, is an air castle, made of tiny Japanese parasols. Take three of them, cut a slit in the handles, and put through them a silk thread, suspending three of them below, then two above, then one. The least bit of air will sway them.

A large pampas plume, with five or six long peafowl feathers, using the plume as a background for the feathers, all tied with a bow of peacock blue or green ribbon, looks beautiful fastened on the wall in a corner, over the door, over or under a picture, or on the upper corners of an easel or high music stand.

BABY-CARRIAGE COVERS. — Madras muslin curtains, the real or imitation, can be made into dainty baby-carriage covers, by arranging the muslin in plaits over a square of yellow

satine and trimming with a plaiting around the edge, and a large bow of yellow French faille ribbon. The daisy embroidered mull, described above, would also be pretty made up in a carriage cover and finished with lace edging and blue ribbons.

WORK-BAGS.—Work-bags of every size afford ample scope for the exercise of individual taste. A good size is half a yard long and about thirteen inches wide. A handsome work-bag is of bronze plush with a bunch of fruits embroidered on one side in the natural tints. Fancy sash ribbons may be utilized as small work-bags, and every variety of dress-material, except prints, serves for the same purpose. Choice is divided between the reticule style—with a draw string at the top—and the “double-enders,” in purse shape held by large rings. Either is decorative when thrown over a table or chair back, or when carried. Still others have the bottom drawn in closely and finished with a bow or tassel, and the top distended by a whalebone or reed. This style is especially pretty made of strips of ribbon.

SPECTACLE-CLEANERS.—These are quite novel and easily made. Cut out two pieces of cloth, plush or velvet, by a previously prepared pattern of some animal; a cat or a dog is best. The material is joined together with button-hole stitching, and an opening left for a small chamois leather pocket in the back. Work the animal's nose in red or yellow silk, and add black beads or buttons for eyes. The animal should measure about three inches.

MEAT SALAD.—Chop one or two pounds of corned beef fine, then take two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, and one egg; beat all together, and pour in the spider and let it boil, then stir in the meat thoroughly and cook about three minutes, and put into a small vegetable dish to mold. It is nice sliced when cold.

CEMENT.—A good cement for mending almost anything, may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine, to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is good for mending coarse earthenware, tinware and ironware. It resists the action of either hot or cold water, acids and almost any degree

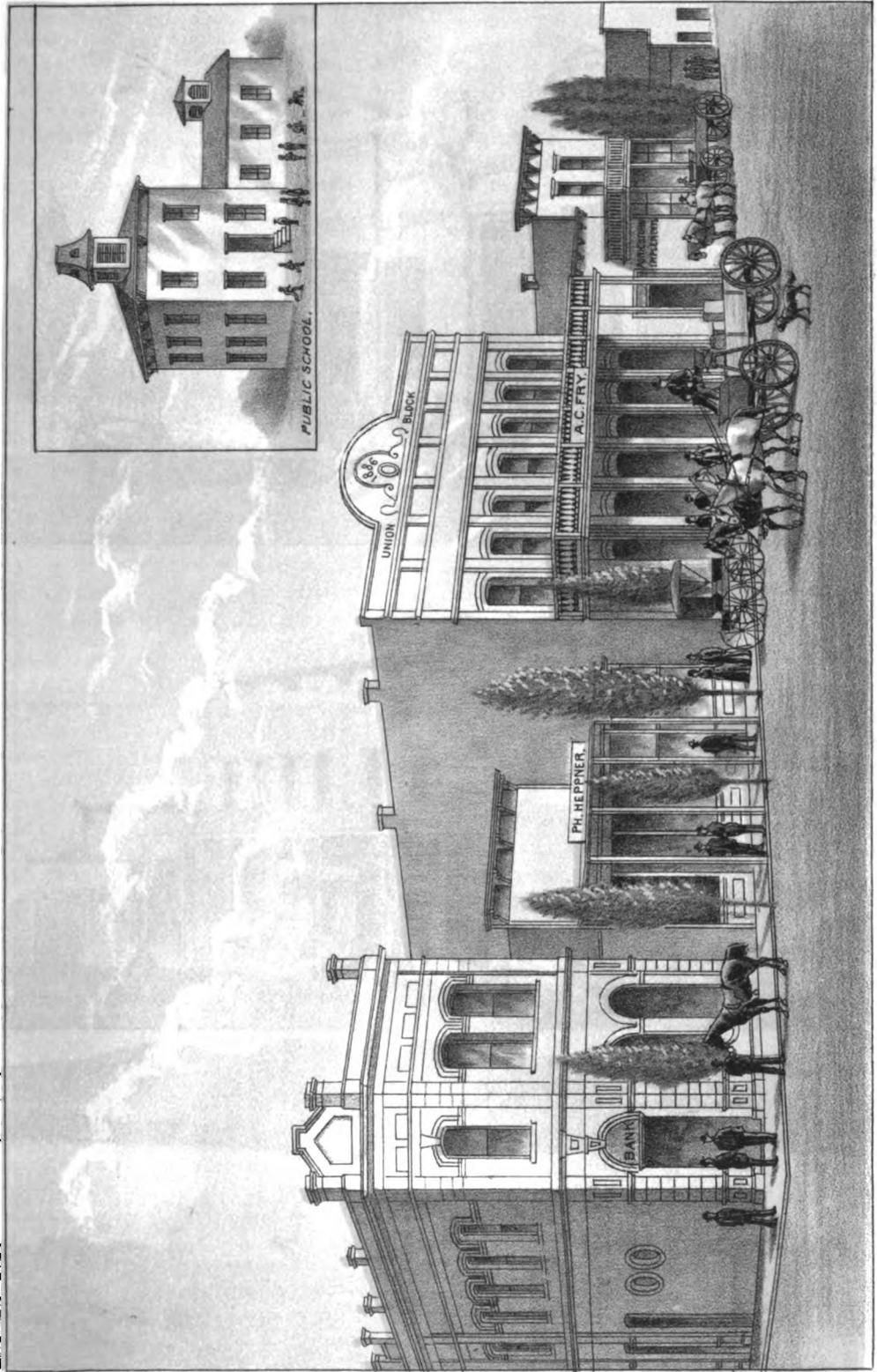
of heat. The article mended must not be used until the cement has hardened, which takes from one to seven days.

JELLY WITHOUT BOILING.—Press the juice from any fruit, put one pound of sugar to each pint of juice, and stir till all is dissolved. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, and it will be ready to put in glasses or jars. This will keep well.

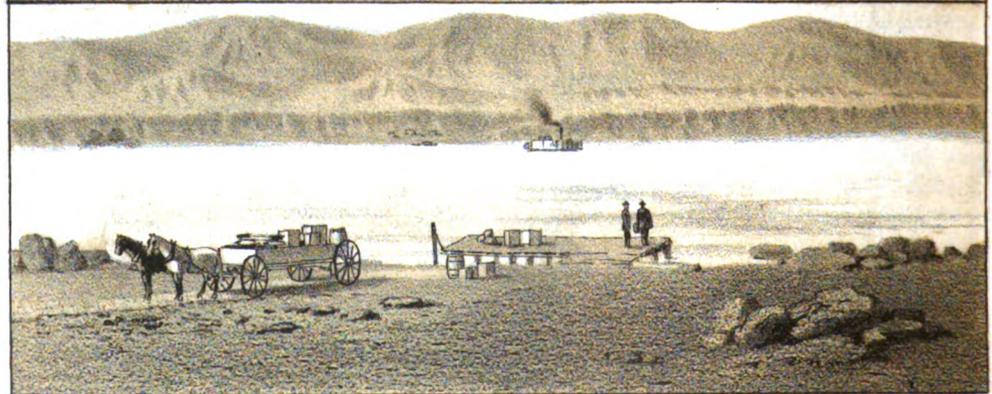
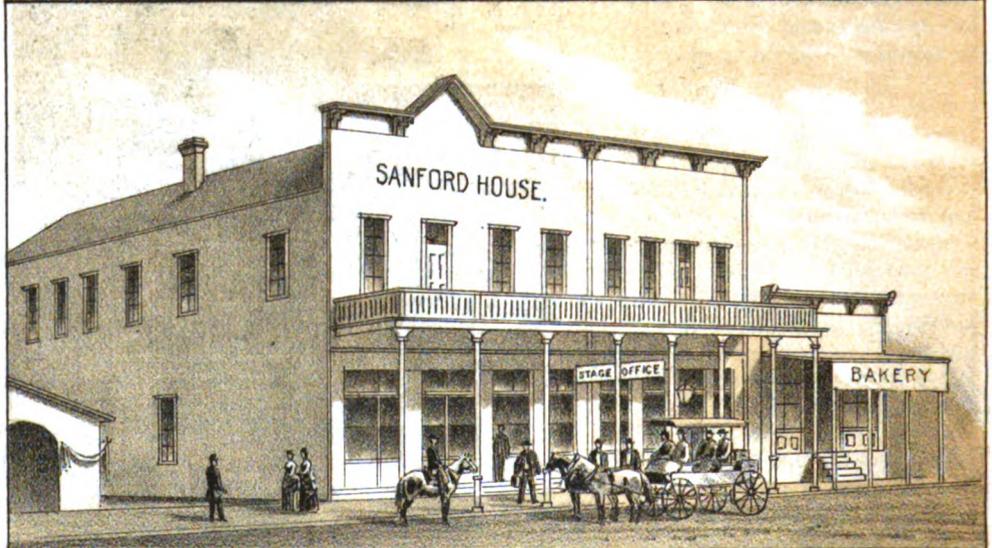
PLAYING APRON AND BIB.—A nice plying apron for children is made of strong linen, cut after any desired pattern, which completely covers the dress, and is tied at the back with strings, about two inches wide, of the same material. Across the front, just above their knees, put a deep pocket for pebbles, spools or any small plaything, having it wide enough to reach quite across the front of the apron. Bind the apron and pocket with red woolen braid, which has been previously shrunk. In making an oil-cloth bib for a baby that is just learning to eat, turn up a pocket about two inches deep at the bottom, for the purpose of catching crumbs or liquids.

GOOD COFFEE EASY TO MAKE.—Miss Corson, in a lecture, says: “It is one of the simplest things in the world to make a cup of good coffee, and this can easily be accomplished by applying a little common sense. If you put boiling water on coffee, and do not let it boil, you have all the good qualities preserved. One reason why dyspeptics can not drink coffee, is because it is boiled. The style of coffee pot is a matter of fancy. I have made as good coffee in an old tomato can as I have ever supped from the finest French coffee urn. We should take lessons in this matter from the Turks and Arabians, who grind their coffee to a fine powder. When the coffee is ground as fine as possible, put it in a little bag of unbleached muslin, which should be tied tightly enough to prevent the escape of the grounds. If you use a cupful of unground coffee, you can make a quart of very strong, black coffee. In making coffee, many people sacrifice flavor for strength. Bitterness comes from boiling. When boiling water is placed on the bag of ground coffee, it should stand at least three minutes before serving. Remember, the longer it stands the stronger it becomes.

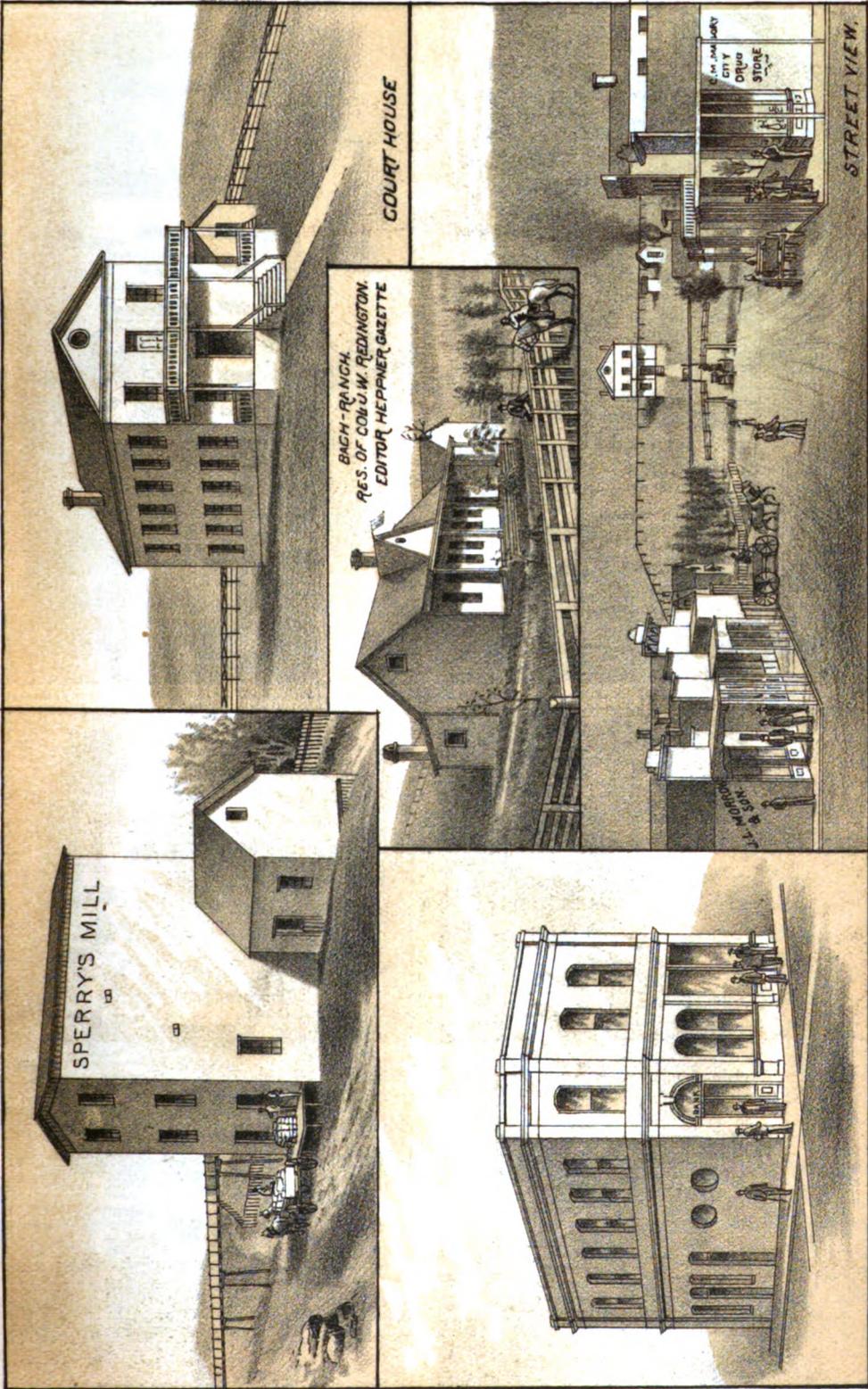
ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.



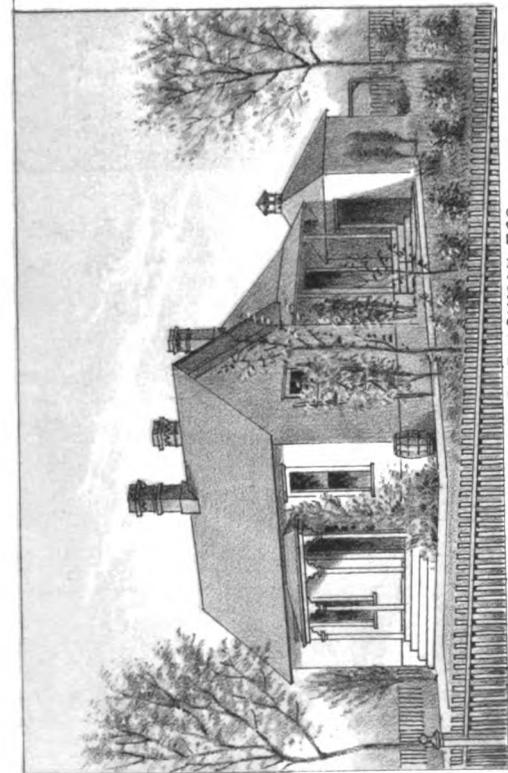
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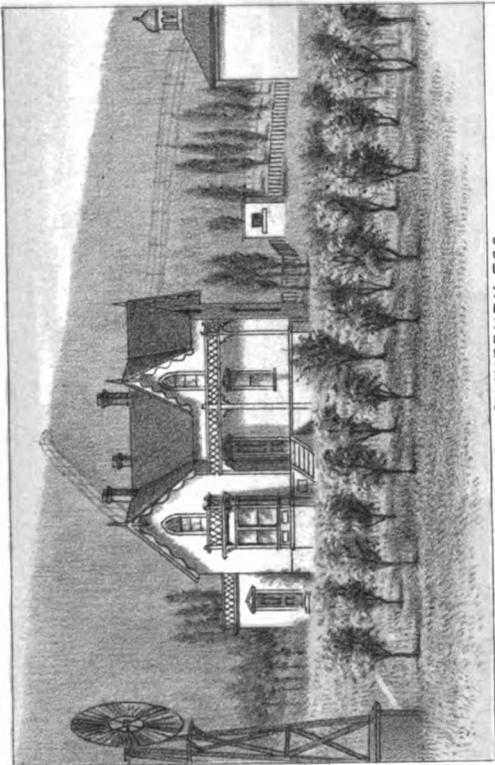
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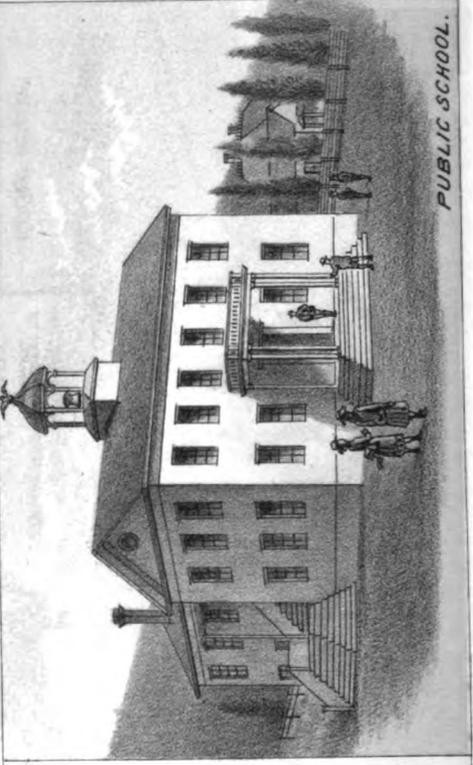
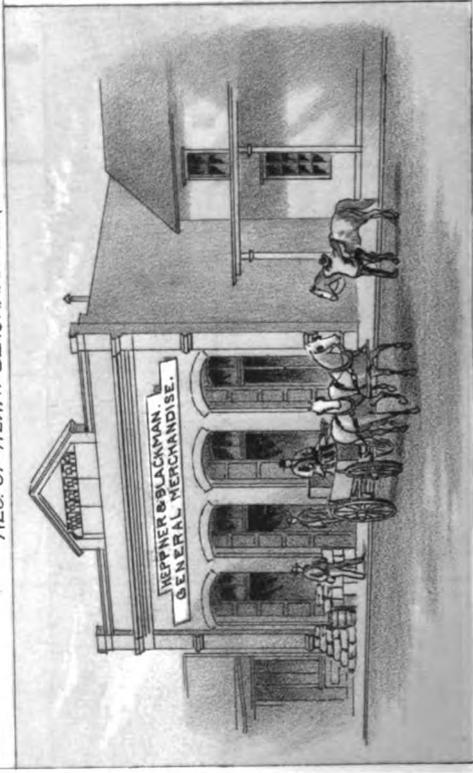
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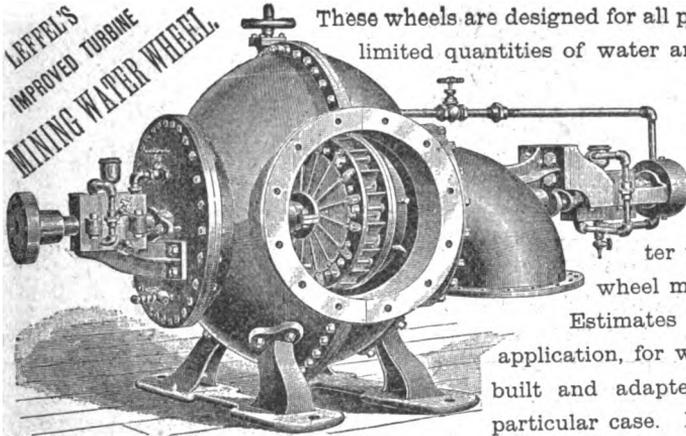
is better than any soap; handier, finer, more effective, more of it, more for the money, and in the form of a powder for your convenience. Takes, as it were, the fabric in one hand, the dirt in the other, and lays them apart—comparatively speaking, washing with little work.

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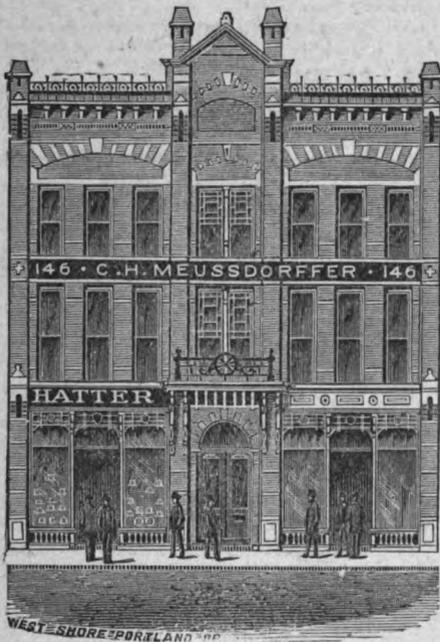
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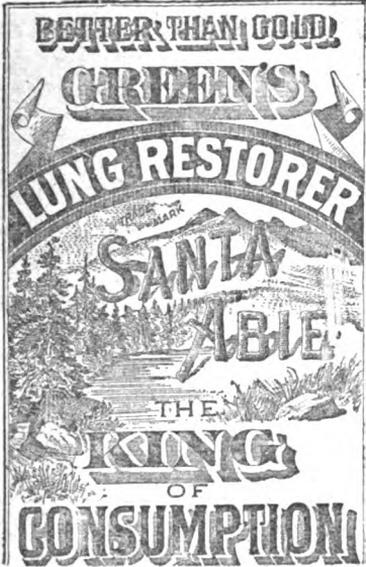
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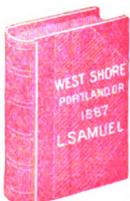
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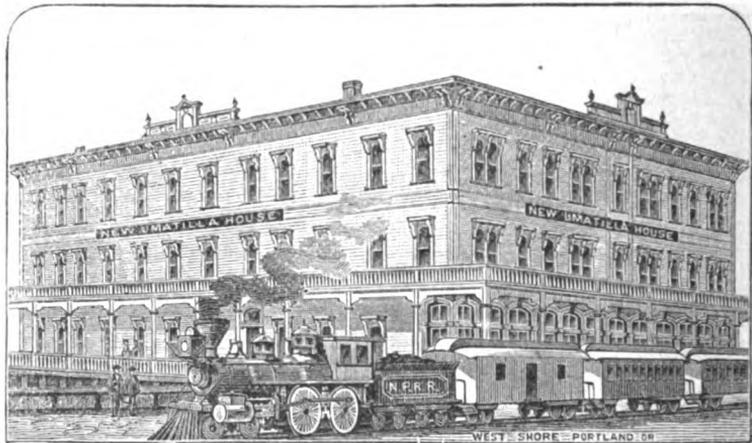
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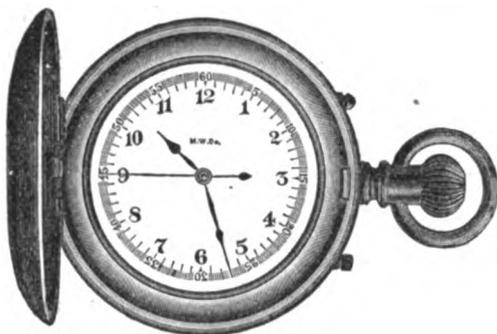
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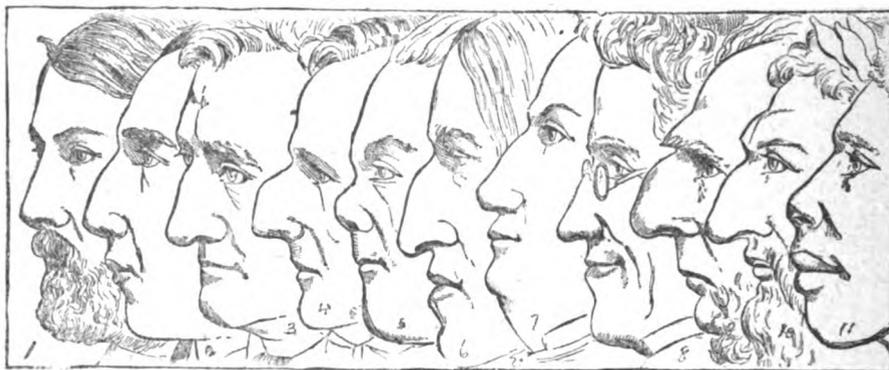
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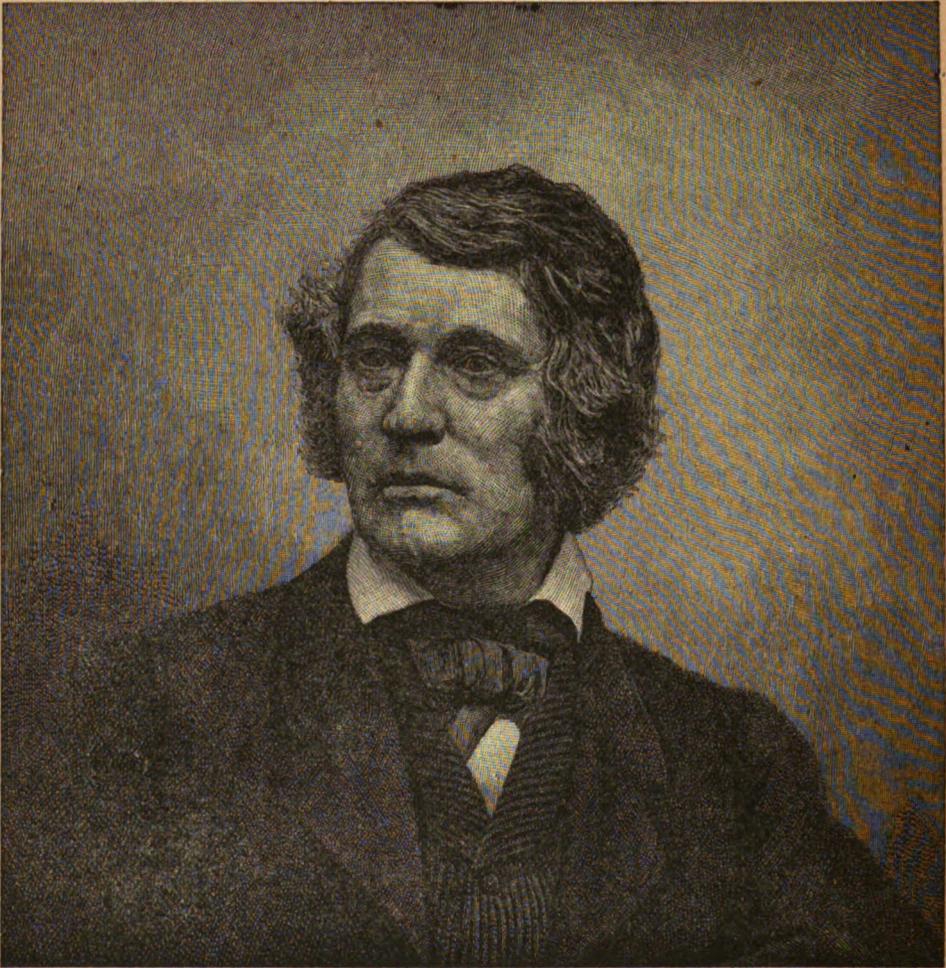
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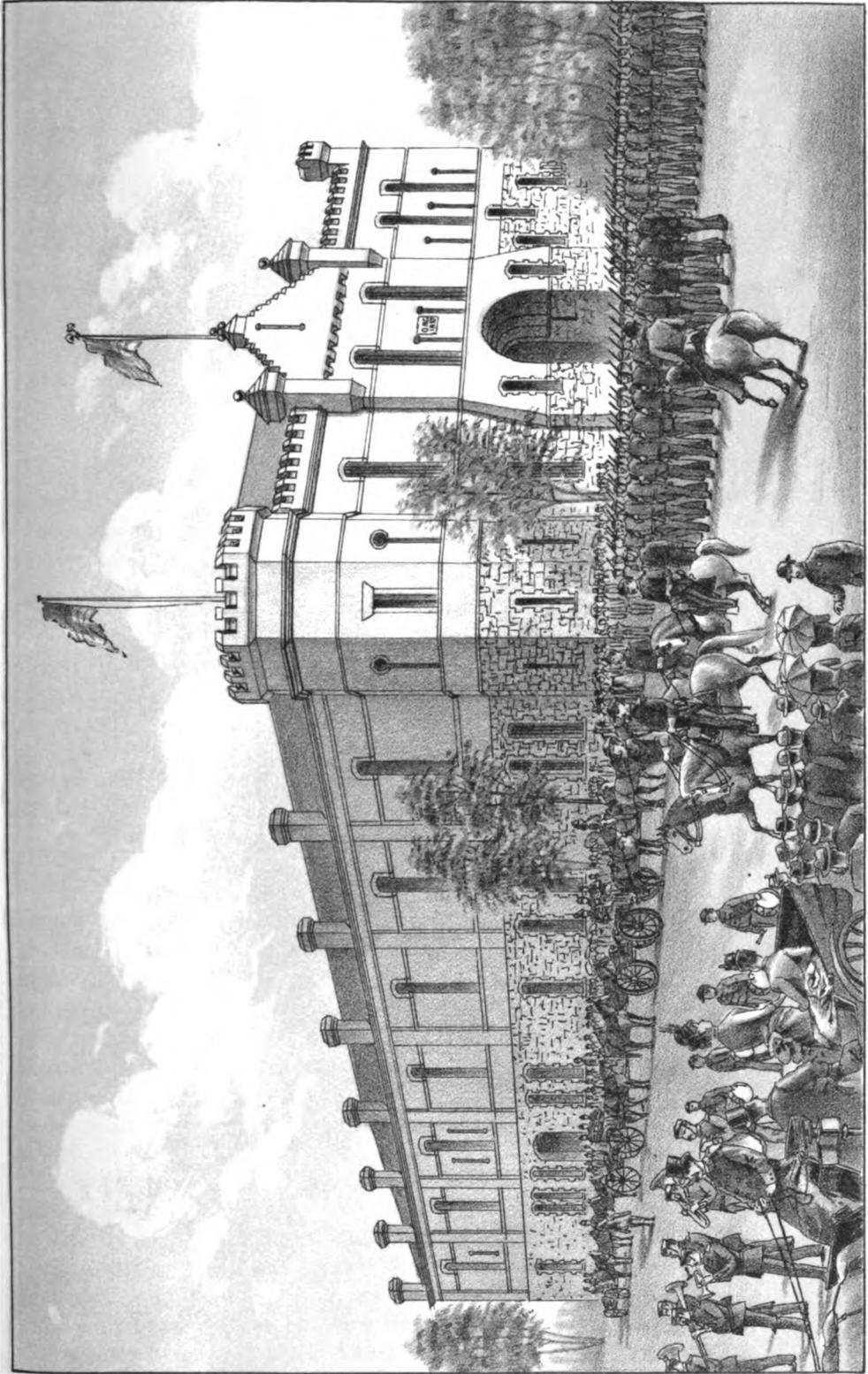
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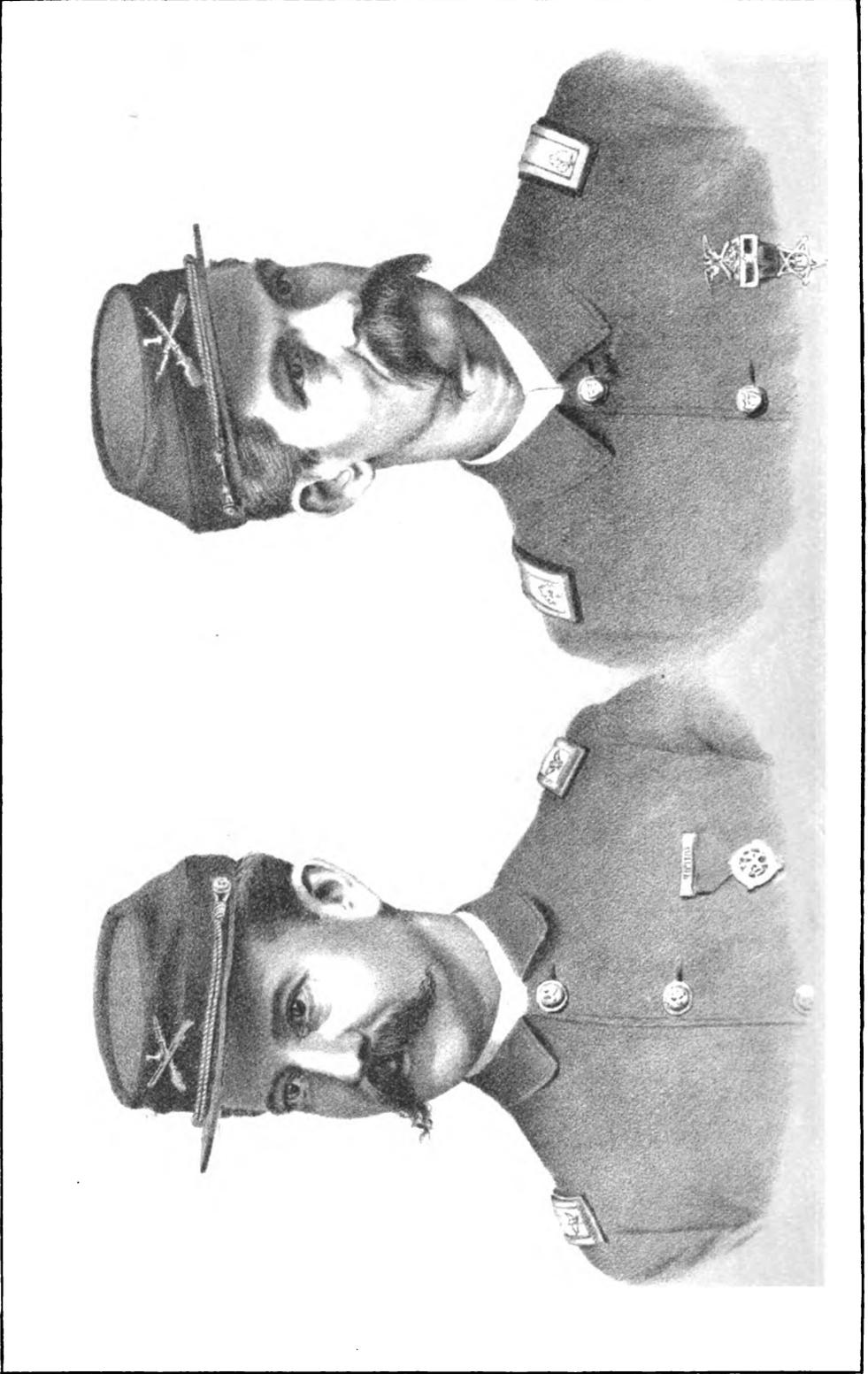
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THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1887.

NUMBER 12.

CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUNTAINS.



HORTEST and This was their first Christmas festivity, thickest of all too. Mining had been good the past year, and Gottlieb Dorsch had prospered. Heinrich, ruddy faced and this year, such as little sugar cakes, but brawny, and he they were struck dumb when Heinrich proposed a tree.

“Vere you keep dot leetle tree already?” said Gottlieb, contemptuously.
“Up on the peak, beyond Marvin’s,” said Heinrich.
“Yah! Yah!” laughed his father.
“Mine leetle poy, dot vas fife miles away, und how vas you git him haul?”
“I will myself—Heinrich Dorsch,” said Heinrich.

Whack, whack, whack! He was a true Dorsch. That was why he was cutting down the hemlock. In the old fatherland they had kept Christmas from time immemorial. Such Christmases, too! Heinrich was too young to remember much of them, but dreams of a happy home gathered round a Christmas tree, a veritable hemlock, with toys and dolls, and cakes and blood pudding. But the little Dorschies, that had been born since the family came to America and settled in this mining camp up in the Rocky mountains, they knew nothing, and Heinrich wanted to show them how Santa Claus came to them in the Old Country.

“Vell, you git ‘im,” and Gottlieb chuckled to himself at the thought of Heinrich carrying his tree five miles.

“You needn’t laugh, father Dorsch,” said Heinrich, “for I’ll start early, and get back in good time.”

And this is the reason Heinrich was chopping away among the hemlocks that raw December morning, with such a bright face and in such good spirits. His good Dutch mother had packed him his lunch, and he was feeling in excellent condition to tramp his five miles back, with his tree as a trophy of the expedition. But, to tell the truth, the tree was entirely too much for him to under-

take to haul so far, when the way was so rough. As it fell at his feet, and its glossy, dark boughs lay quivering like some living thing, it looked so very beautiful, that Heinrich felt he might carry it a hundred miles. How it stretched out as it lay there! Heinrich loved his home dearly, and as thoughts of how happy they would all be there when he came tramping up to the door with his prize, bringing sweet visions to his mother of her old home in the fatherland, he was inspired with new and fresh vigor. He fastened his axe securely in the branches, and merrily trudged his way around the mountain, as he must reach the other side before he could get home. This was finally accomplished, and he was down nearly to the canyon, and the three miles home he was pretty well acquainted with. But as he looked across, he more than ever before noticed how much more level it was. Several hills were on this side; on the other it was level and more easy to get home, were he once across. He knew there was no bridge, but then the canyon was only ten feet wide, and he might lay the tree across and go over on it. It looked almost close enough to jump across. At one time he had thought he *could* jump across, but had barely escaped falling to the bed below, a distance of several hundred feet.

He cleared away the snow from the edge, lay down on the ground, and cautiously drew himself toward the brink. My! How it made his head swim as he looked down into its innermost depths! And how dark it looked! But, perhaps, he said to himself, it is because I am tired, and probably it is not so very deep down after all, and his resolution, which for a moment was vascillating, by this later thought, was steadied.

"It will save an hour's walk," said Heinrich, aloud, "and I can almost jump across. Fudge! It is all right!"

He threw his axe over to the other side, dragged the hemlock to his crossing place, and lifting it with a Herculean effort, stood it almost straight up. It was not quite close enough. By a great pull, which sent the blood tingling to all parts of his frame, and puffed out his cheeks till he looked like a stuffed Dutchman, he managed to get it nearer without danger to himself, and let it drop—cautiously, however, measuring beforehand the distance and direction to let it fall. Crash! and it rested securely upon the opposite bank. He tugged at it, to be certain it was lodged well. It seemed so. Only a step or two now and he would be across.

What a splendid bridge! He took a step, then another, and still another. What need was there for fear? Yet, as he looked down into the awful abyss, and remembered how frail his structure was, he wished he were back and had gone the longer way. He stepped again. Horrors! Were the branches on the other side giving way? They had slipped just a little—enough to make color leave poor Heinrich's face, and to make him clutch desperately at the tree, as with the clutch of a last hope. Slipping still! and with a plunge, boy and tree went down in the darkness, a wail of distress rending the air of that silent dungeon. A sudden halt—they struck something. The tree was caught and wedged between the jutting banks half way down. Heinrich climbed to the upper side of the tree and lay among the soft boughs, trembling with fear, and almost senseless. He was safe from going farther now, as the tree was held fast, and he was too much exhausted to care what became of him. Minutes flew by in hours. The light above was leaving, and dusk was coming on, and Heinrich began, little by little, to collect himself. Was it probable that he should be compelled to stay all night in such a lonely place? Must

he find here a living grave: the hemlock to frame his coffin and resting place, with the canopy of heaven above as a shroud? "God can not be so cruel," thought he; yet, had he not been acting foolishly, in attempting to bridge the canyon with his tree, and knowing full well his heavy weight, to cross on it? The punishment did not seem unjust; he had richly deserved it. The miracle to him was how he had escaped being dashed to the rocks below, and at that moment being but a mass of quivering flesh. Perhaps he might get dizzy and fall yet; who could tell? His great, throbbing heart seemed to still and refuse to beat. And then thoughts of home flashed before his now thoroughly aroused imagination. How bright and joyous everything must be there! The supper must by this time be cleared away, and his father must be smoking in the chimney corner, now and then shifting uneasily in his chair, and saying to his wife: "I no can yust dell vot dot poy means. I fear him be lost already, and never back cooms."

And he could see the anxious look of his mother, as she went back and forth to the door and watched for him, and imagined she heard her son's cry on every wail of the wind. They would surely go and search for him; but would it occur to them to look in the canyon? How could he make them hear? His trail in the snow—they could see that. But what if a storm should come up and cover his tracks? As he looked at the matter, he became more and more convinced that it would be at least twenty-four hours until they should find him.

Suddenly he heard a noise; afar off at first, so faint that it seemed he must have been asleep and dreaming, and had awakened with a start. Again he heard it, more loudly. This time he thought it the echo of the noise caused by the fall, reverberating from the depths be-

neath. But no; it came stronger and louder and fuller. Oh, could it be possible! The wolves had found his tracks and are coming pell mell up the mountain to where he lies buried alive. "Oh, God!" he moaned. "And to meet death in this awful place!" He trembled as the aspen trembles when kissed by the summer's breeze, and his cheek was white as the snow that covered him in his fall. Nearer and nearer they approached, and their baying was more and more distinct. Summoning all the strength that was in him, Heinrich gave a cry for help which fairly deafened him, and for a moment stopped the dreadful beasts above him. Again it was renewed. He lifted his eyes toward the opening. There, on the brink, were innumerable eyes, seemingly balls of fire, and the blood-thirsty animals snapped their teeth, as if in very delight, at their prospective meal. Now they seemed to be fighting each other, and could it be, one of them more bold, and perhaps more hungry, than the rest, had leaped downward, or perhaps had been pushed in by the now insane pack. Heinrich offered a prayer to heaven, and calmly awaited the death which seemed inevitable. But, with a heart-rending yell, the poor beast swept on past him and was mangled to death on the sharp edges of the rocks below him.

Then there was a lull in the noise above him. Apparently realizing the utter impossibility of reaching their prey, they seemed to be quietly discussing as to a mode of procedure. Taking advantage of this, Heinrich halloed again for help. The tree shook beneath him and warned him to desist. But his cry was heard. Several gun shots reached his ear, two more dead wolves were hurled past him, and he heard the shouts of voices above. He was saved.

"Well, well, well!" came to him from above.

"Who are you down there, or what are you, anyhow?"

"Heinrich Dorsch," answered he, joyfully.

"Oh! the Dutchman's boy," said the hearty voice above, addressing his companions this time. "He's from down to the Thompson mine camp. We must get a rope and get him up."

In less than half an hour, poor Heinrich was on top, pale, weak and trembling, but alive and very happy, indeed. Indians had been disturbing the neighborhood, and these were a band of sturdy miners, who were after them, and hearing the wolves, had feared something was wrong. Heinrich related to them his experience, and the men expressed sorrow for him.

"Tomorrow is Christmas," said one of them, "and let us spend it in hunting for the Indians."

The men were of one mind. "But first," said one, "let us help the kid home. Here he has worked all day to get a Christmas tree, and old Gotlieb Dorsch is no doubt now up on the mountains looking for him."

"And must I lose my tree?" said poor Heinrich, aloud, for the first time realizing his loss. But he was only too glad to see a chance now to reach home.

"Just so, just so," said the good-natured miner, winking at his comrades, a brilliant idea striking him. "Jack Rabbitt, suppose you put the youngster on your horse and ride him 'long o' you. The rest of us have something else to do."

Jack Rabbitt did as he was bid, and, helping Heinrich on his horse, they rode home under the chill moonlight, for it was midnight, and the moon was rising. They arrived just in time to cut off a party who were starting on a search for him. There were a dozen or more, but they were glad enough to disband and yield the honor of finding him to their neighbors of the upper camp.

The pillow of Heinrich's bed never felt more downy than that night, and happy tears fell from the mother's face on that of her son.

"T'ank Got! T'ank Got!" she kept repeating o'er and o'er.

Heinrich was thankful to the Great Father who had so kindly watched over his life, and had snatched him, as it were, from the jaws of death; and, also, for teaching him a lesson, which he never forgot—a lesson of caution and prudence, which all must learn, soon or late; but not all, thank heaven, in so hard a way as poor Heinrich Dorsch.

"I'm sorry I lost the tree though, mother, after all," he said, just as she bade him a last long good-night. "The children will be disappointed when they awake."

"Better it is not tink about dot," said his mother. "It vas enough mine Heinrich vas safe und not eat up mit de volfes."

But such a clatter and stamping and grating as there was in the gray of the early Christmas morning, outside the cabin door of old Gotlieb Dorsch! What a noise it was! And who could sleep under it? Old Gotlieb sprang out of bed in dismay, and pulled his night-cap closer on than he had ever done before. All the little Dorsches lay shivering in fright, thinking Santa Claus was crazy, and intended carrying them off. Then there was a silence, and a chorus of miners sang these words, to the tune of "John Brown:"

Christmas joys return again,
 Christmas pies are baked again,
 Happy hearts will burst again,
 In chorus Christmas morning.

"Three cheers and a tiger" were then given, and the sound of retreating footsteps reached the ears of those inside the cabin doors. Then Gotlieb Dorsch drew back the bolt from his cabin door, and peered into the morning twilight,

with the whole Dorsch family peering over his shoulders. They saw nobody, but just outside there lay a splendid Christmas tree, with great bunches of scarlet berries scattered all over it. What a bright Christmas morning!

Good old Gotlieb did not rest till he had followed the miners up the canyon to their home, where he thanked them for restoring his son, and also for the kindly gift. You may be sure he invited them to a grand party the next day, to which they all came; an orderly one, too, and joyous, for did not gentle and kind Mrs. Dorsch preside? And no party could be noisy or rough where she presided.

Heinrich entered into it all with a full realization of what a debt of gratitude

he owed his preservers, and he did not feel just right when his father offered the toast of the day and they all stood up as if he was a hero. And how they laughed when old Gotlieb, the only German on the canyon, gave the toast in this language—

“Shentlemens, dis vas mine leetle Heinrich, as vas swallowed oop mit de volfes, already again, but is here; who dought him got some Grismus drees, und den he don't got 'em, as dey cooms valked in by his own self.”

The Christmas tree shone and sparkled as though dressed in diamonds, and joined in the merriment of the evening—such a happy one, high up in the Rockies, that Christmas day!

WILL M. MCCONNELL.

THE DALLES AND WASCO COUNTY.

ONE of the most familiar names of the entire Columbia basin is The Dalles, one of the four leading cities of Oregon. It is situated on the south bank of the river, ninety miles from Portland, and just below that famous cascade of the same name, which forms that almost unsurmountable obstacle to continuons navigation of the great “River of the West.”

From the earliest settlement of this country, the commercial importance of The Dalles was recognized; first, by the fur companies, and then by the pioneers. Owing to the obstructions to navigation, it was necessary that a portage of all goods going either up or down the river be made here, and the importance of the point was only a question of how much traffic the river had. Even before the advent of white men, this was a com-

mercial point, the Indians of various tribes congregating here for trade and barter. Here was the chief village of the Wascos, who lived on the south side of the stream, and who were one of the most powerful tribes of Oregon. The name has been perpetuated in that of the county of which The Dalles is the seat of justice. Here congregated the tribes from the Willamette valley, the Klickitats, Yakimas, Walla Wallas, Spokanes, Cœur d'Alenes, and others of Washington and Idaho, and the Umatillas, Cayuses, and others of Eastern Oregon. The river was the great highway, and canoes the medium of conveyance.

One thing has been noticeable in the settlement of the West—that the centers of Indian traffic and population have become the trade centers of our own peo-

ple. Nothing is more natural, since the laws of commerce are natural laws, and do not depend upon race or individual peculiarities. The position of The Dalles, midway between the two geographical divisions of the region west of the Rockies, and at the lower end of the greatest natural obstruction to navigation of the only waterway connecting them, is that of a natural commercial point, recognized alike by the aborigine and his Caucasian successor.

The first commercial enterprise established here was that of a fur trading post, built by the great Hudson's Bay Company (then the Northwest Company), in 1820. In 1838, the Methodist missionaries, who had settled near the site of Salem four years before, founded a branch mission here, the outlines of the foundation of the original log structure being still traceable near the site of the Wasco academy. In 1846, Catholics, whose headquarters were at Vancouver, also founded a mission here, and this has always remained an important point for that denomination. The Methodist mission was sold to Dr. Whitman in 1847, and after the sad death of that energetic missionary and his wife a few months later, when they and twelve others were killed by the Cayuse Indians, it ceased to be used for that purpose. In the war which followed the massacre, The Dalles was used as a base of military operations by the volunteers from the Willamette.

In 1850, a military post was established here, garrisoned by three companies of troops, and a sutler's store was opened, by John C. Bell, near the barracks. In 1851, he sold to William Gibson. The same year, A. McKinlay & Co., represented by Perrin Whitman, built a frame structure in the present business portion of the city, and opened a store. In the spring of 1853, they sold to Sims & Humason, and the same

year Mr. Gibson removed from the garrison to a better location near the river. In 1854, several settlers took up donation claims, and other stores were established. The Dalles was rapidly becoming a good business point, the trade with soldiers, Indians and immigrants being good. Several residences were built that year, and quite a town sprang up.

The first steamboat, the *Flint*, made her appearance in 1851. Until then, all goods, furs, etc., had been conveyed up and down the river in large, flat-bottomed bateaux, introduced by the fur companies, and it was several years after the appearance of steamers, before this means of transportation was entirely discontinued. With the discovery of gold in the Colville region, in 1855, and the large travel to and from the mines which followed, business in the new town increased rapidly. During the long Indian war which followed, The Dalles was the base of operations for both the regulars and the volunteers, a force, at times, of nearly two thousand men. Here were gathered all the quartermaster and commissary stores, which were brought up the river by boat, and forwarded, when needed, to the troops in the field, by wagons and pack animals. During this period, both business and population increased rapidly. Again in 1858-9, when thousands of men passed through this region to the mines of Fraser river, business received a great stimulus. It was not, however, until the mineral discoveries in Idaho, in 1861, followed quickly by others in Eastern Oregon, Southern Idaho and Montana, that The Dalles reaped the full measure of its advantages as a commercial point. Tens of thousands of people, and millions of pounds of freight, passed up and down the river in the next few years, every man and pound of which was unloaded from the steamer at The Dalles,

and transferred, by stage or wagon, to its final destination direct, or to other steamers above the obstructions. As the base of great freighting traffic, The Dalles became, next to Portland, the most important business point in Oregon. It was the center of trade. Long lines of freight wagons and pack animals left it daily for the interior. Every winter the city was thronged with miners, who freely spent the proceeds of their summer's toil. Money was plentiful, business brisk, and the city grew in size and population, rapidly assuming the substantial aspect lent by brick and mortar.

This period was followed by one of comparative quiet. Other routes of travel to the mines were opened up, and business at this point declined rapidly. But it was only a lull, for as soon as the grain producing qualities of the rolling, bunch grass hills of Eastern Oregon and Washington were discovered, that region began to be settled rapidly, and again an enormous traffic sprang up at The Dalles, increasing yearly, as wheat and flour became articles of export in ever enlarging quantities. Here, until the railroad was built, were hauled the thousands of tons of goods sent to the fast growing towns of the interior, and here, also, were handled the thousands of tons of wheat and flour sent out of the "Inland Empire" for shipment abroad.

The next business "boom" came in 1880, when the construction of the railroad along the south bank of the Columbia was begun by the O. R. & N. Co. For nearly three years this was the depot of supplies for this work, in which thousands of men were employed, and millions of dollars spent. Business became greatly inflated, so that the reaction which came upon the completion of the road, when the workmen were discharged and the great current of money

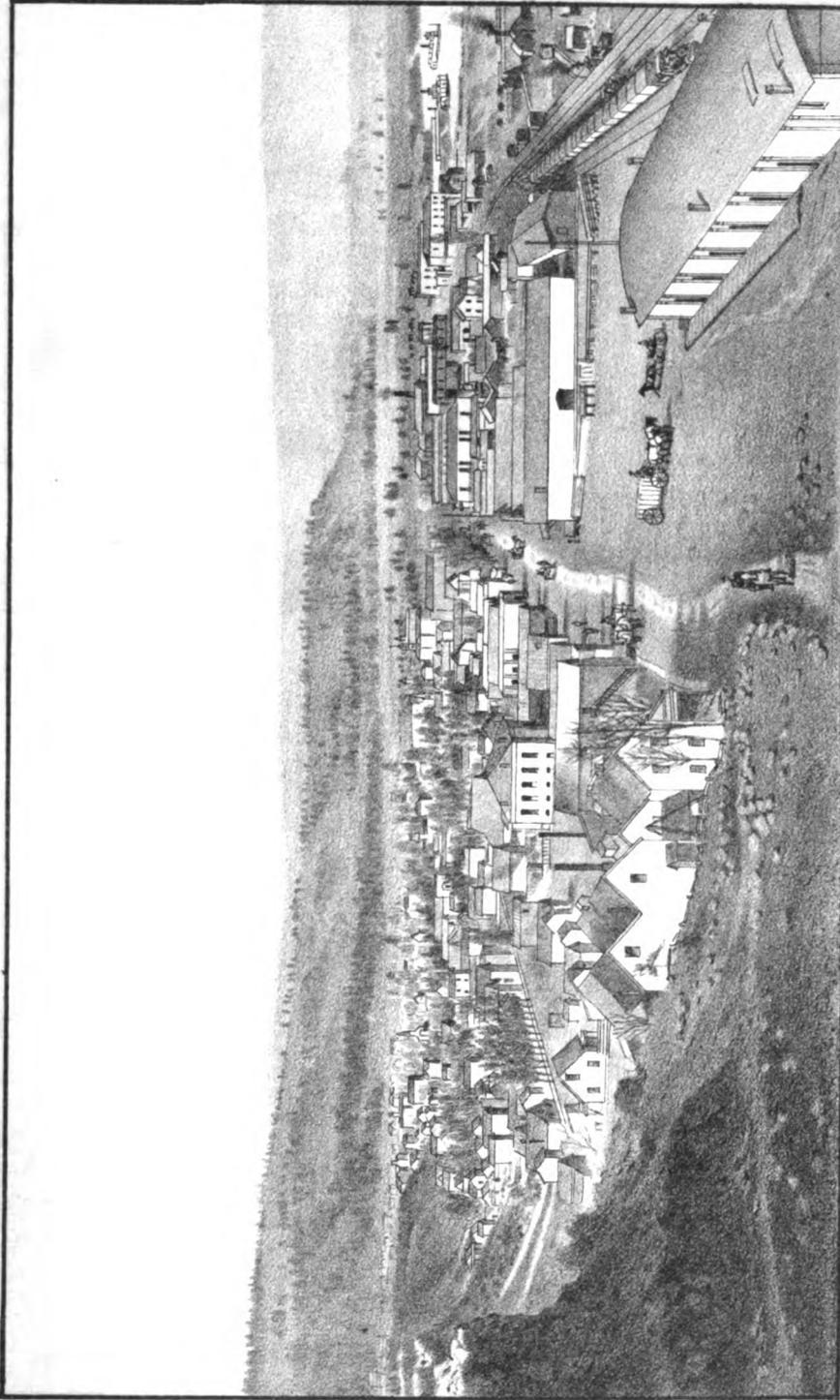
ceased to flow in from the railroad, was a severe blow, though but a temporary one. During all this period, and continuing till the present time, the agricultural lands of Wasco county were being settled upon by an industrious class of people, who began cultivating them, as well as engaging in the sheep and cattle business. The center of trade is The Dalles, and this local traffic, increasing largely with each passing year, soon began again to supply the business, based on a permanent and substantial foundation, which was lost with the completion of the railroad. The population of the county increased rapidly, and with it the local trade of the stores, while the shipments of products, both by river and rail, has reached enormous proportions. During the first ten and one-half months of 1887, one hundred carloads of sheep and horses have been shipped to Chicago, and three hundred carloads of sheep and cattle have been shipped to Portland, Seattle and Victoria. Ninety thousand pounds of sheep pelts and hides have been shipped to Portland and San Francisco, four million five hundred thousand pounds of wool to Portland, San Francisco and Boston, and three million pounds (fifty thousand bushels) of wheat to Portland and San Francisco. Before the close of the year all these items, especially wool and wheat, will be largely increased, as the warehouses are filled almost to bursting with them. During the season, fifty thousand watermelons and cantaloupes were shipped. There were received about twenty-five thousand tons of merchandise, chiefly from Portland and San Francisco, though much of it came from the East direct, by the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific, both of which pass through The Dalles over the line of the O. R. & N. Co.

This traffic means much more to The Dalles than did the kind formerly en-

joyed—the mere handling of goods in transit. It means the sale of the produce here and the expenditure of a large portion of the money in the city, in the purchase of supplies of all kinds. It affords the basis of a trade which supports two national banks and one substantial private bank. The levee does not present as bustling a scene as it did in the old steamboat days, nor are the streets as full of freight wagons as then; but the actual business of the city has increased. Transient population, which livened up the streets and gave business to the saloons, cigar stands and restaurants, has given place to permanent population, which gives business to the dealer in groceries, furniture, dry goods and hardware. The “good old times” of effervescence are gone, and those whose lines of trade depended largely on the conditions then existing, lament the fact and think the city has retrograded; but more substantial merchants know better, and recognize the fact that the city’s trade is founded now on a more solid and permanent foundation—one that is widening and deepening every year, as the county becomes more settled, and the productions increase in variety and quantity.

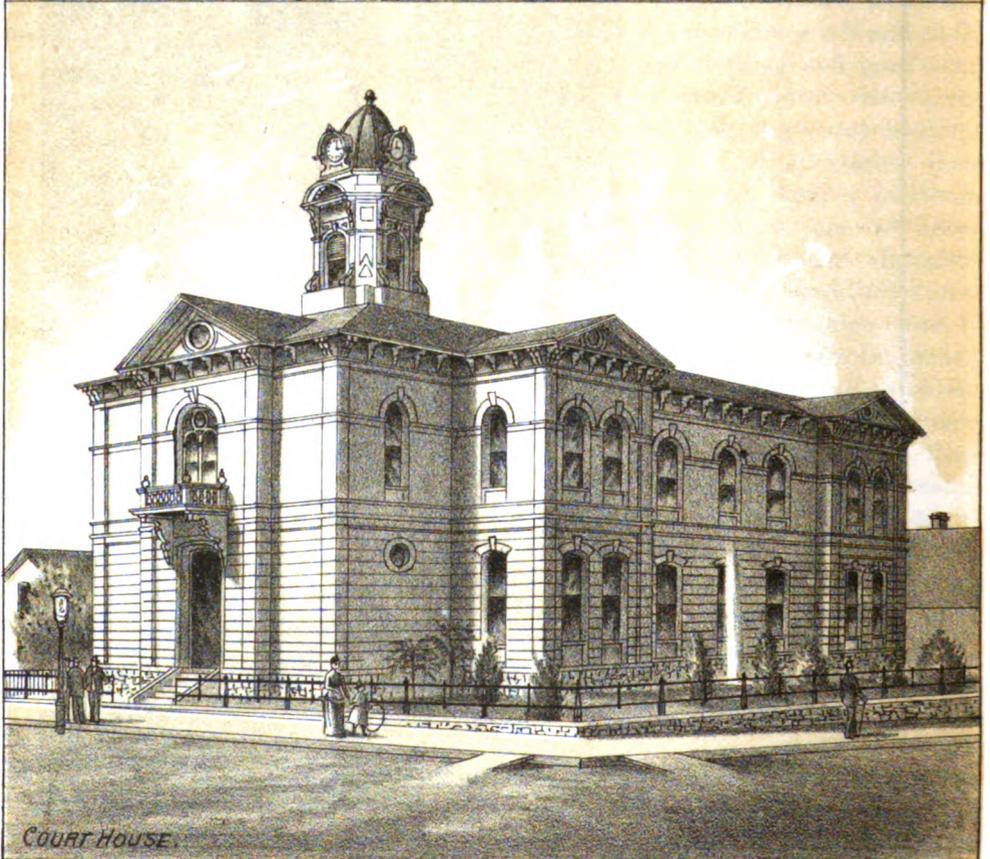
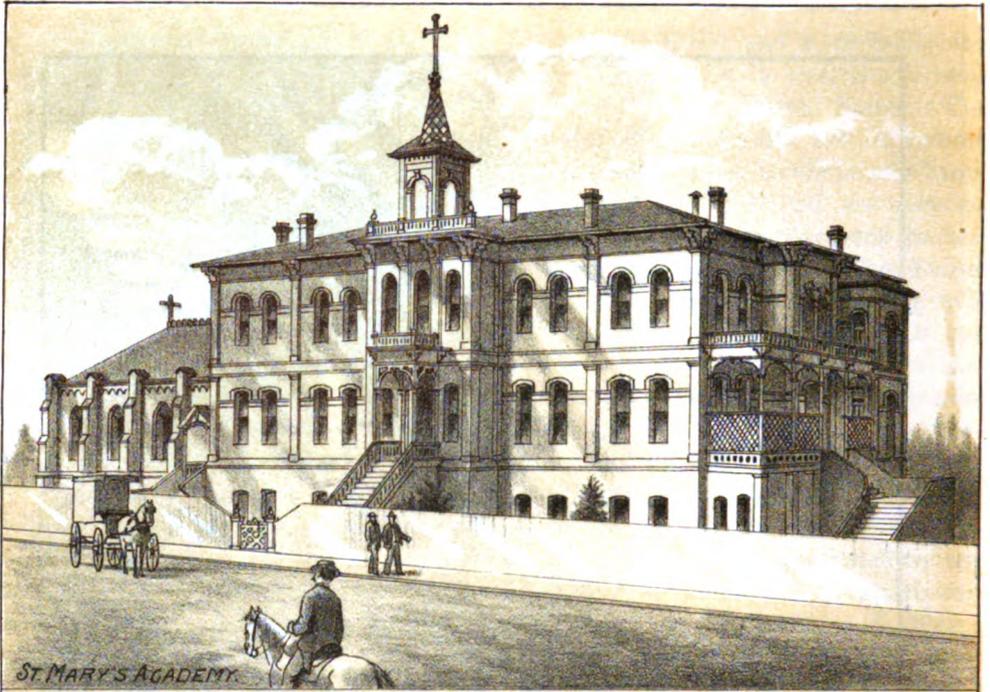
As an evidence of this improved condition of affairs, it is only necessary to enumerate the various industries and business enterprises. In the first place, there are three forwarding and commission merchants, Ex-Gov. Z. F. Moody, who has two large warehouses, J. C. Roberts, lessee of the large brick structure of the Wasco Warehouse Company, and J. H. Larsen. Governor Moody is exceeded by only one man in the world in the quantity of wool handled directly from the sheep’s back. Among the buildings used for storage, is the solid stone structure built by the government for a mint, in 1865, work upon which was stopped before the roof was put on.

It cost \$100,000.00, and is, probably, the most solid, and, for its size, most costly, warehouse in the United States. The manufacturing interests are important. The car shops, machine shops and foundry of the O. R. & N. Co. are very extensive, and give employment to one hundred and fifty men. The Dalles Lumber Company has a planing mill and box factory. The City Mill and Water Company has a large flour and feed mill, and Snipes & Smith also have a flour and feed mill. A. Buchler owns and operates a large brewery, and there are a foundry, three carriage and wagon shops and five blacksmith shops. The mercantile lines are represented by two large general stores, one of which carries a stock of \$75,000.00, and does a yearly business of \$200,000.00, six grocery stores, three hardware, stove and tinware stores, four dry goods and clothing stores, one clothing and gent’s furnishing store, two furniture stores, one paint, oil and sash store, one boot and shoe store, four jewelry stores, three drug stores, one of them a wholesale drug and liquor store, one wholesale liquor store, two book and stationery stores, two harness and saddlery stores, two variety stores, three cigar and tobacco stores, two large farm implement warehouses, two undertaking establishments, three markets, four general commission stores, two candy factories, three banks, four large hotels, four restaurants, one bakery, five livery stables, four barber shops, two photograph galleries, ten saloons, twelve attorneys, six physicians, three dentists, and two newspapers. This is the shipping point for the Tumwater fisheries, located across the river, thousands of pounds of fresh salmon being sent east every season. The United States land office for this district is located in The Dalles, and all settlers on public lands in Central Oregon make their filings here. Here, also,



FROM PHOTO BY PARTRIDGE.

OREGON - A GLIMPSE OF THE DALLES.



THE DALLES, OREGON.

come the residents of the county to attend court and transact official business.

The Dalles is the most substantially built of all the cities of Oregon, except Portland. This is fully shown by the engraving of Second street, on page 851. It has twenty-five brick and stone business buildings and six brick residences. The court house is a handsome brick structure, erected in 1882, at a cost of \$25,000.00. An engraving of the court house is given on page 842; also of the St. Mary's academy. The latter is a handsome brick building, with a chapel adjoining. Here the sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary maintain an excellent school for young ladies, which has an attendance of about one hundred. The buildings cost \$25,000.00. On page 852 are given views of the Wasco Independent Academy, an educational institution of great merit, having four instructors and seventy pupils, and the public school. The latter occupies one brick and two wooden buildings. It is a thoroughly graded school, under the charge of a principal and eight assistants, and has an attendance of about five hundred pupils. The Young Men's Christian Association has a library and free reading room. There is also a good library for the employes of the O. R. & N. Co., the gift of Mr. Henry Villard when he was president of the company. Among the educational features may be classed the two most excellent newspapers, the *Times-Mountaineer* and the *Wasco County Sun*. They are recognized as among the leading papers of Oregon, closely following the metropolitan papers in influence. The Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Episcopal and Congregational denominations all have church edifices, those of the first three being quite ornamental, and the last is about to erect a new building. Of secret and benevolent societies, there are several, such as the Masons, Odd Fel-

lows, Knights of Pythias, Workmen, Good Templars, Grand Army of the Republic, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and Knights of Labor.

The population of The Dalles is about four thousand, an increase of nearly twenty-five per cent. since the census of 1880. The city was originally incorporated in 1855, its last charter being granted in 1880. The corporate limits are nearly one mile square. Its location is most picturesque, being the apparent center of a vast amphitheatre, whose walls are mountain heights. On clear days, the white crest of Mt. Hood towers above the mountains to the southwest. The older portion of the city (see page 841) occupies a plateau, elevated above the river and gradually rising to the basaltic bluffs, which hem it in on three sides. During the past few years, the city's growth has carried it over the bluffs on the south, and many nice residences have been erected there. The streets are laid out at right angles, and are well lined with thrifty shade trees, while the greater number of residences have ample grounds, planted with fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and flowers.

The line of the O. R. & N. Co. passes along Front street, nearest the river. The company has no regular depot, but trains land passengers in front of the Umatilla House, in which its ticket office is located, and where meals are served. The business men have organized a board of trade, which does much to further the city's interests in all directions. It has taken a prominent part in the movement to open the Columbia to continuous navigation. Recognizing the fact that an open river would result in a material lowering of the rates of freight, and thus, by giving the producer greater returns for his products, greatly magnify the production and shipment

of wheat, wool, etc., the board has zealously worked to accomplish that end. When this is accomplished—as it will be some day—The Dalles will increase in size and commercial importance at a still greater rate than at present. At its last session, the legislature passed an act authorizing the city to issue bonds to the amount of \$25,000.00, for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the Columbia, and designated a commission of its citizens, of whom Gov. Moody is president, to carry out the provisions of the act. The commissioners have investigated the matter, and learned that a bridge can be built within the sum authorized, at a point some four miles up the river, but that at no suitable point near the city can one be built for that amount of money. The matter remains in abeyance, the commissioners not having yet come to a decision in the matter.

Although Wasco county was much cut up a few years ago, by the formation of Crook and Gilliam counties, it is still one of the largest in the state. Within its limits are vast tracts of land withdrawn from settlement, pending the confirmation of grants to The Dalles Military Road and the Northern Pacific. Recently a wide strip held as lieu lands for the latter was thrown open for settlement, and a large number of filings have been made by settlers, who had gone upon the lands and taken their chances of having such an opportunity as this given them of obtaining a title. It can scarcely be doubted that the lands within the regular grant limits will also be restored to the public domain, as the time of the grant has long since expired, and no attempt has been made by the Northern Pacific to build a line down the Columbia. In the grant to the military road, sixty-six thousand acres of lieu lands are being reserved

for the company to select therefrom only forty-one hundred acres. The remainder will undoubtedly be restored to the people. There is much of this supposed grant land yet unclaimed, which may be squatted upon by any one willing to wait for a little, and take his chances of never getting it without paying the company for it. There is, however, in the southern portion of the county, much desirable vacant land; also much on the lower slopes of the mountains. There are, also, many quarter sections claimed by persons who have not, and never can have, a legal title to them, which may be filed upon in the land office. These "smuggled" tracts are really public lands, and are open to the entry of any person who is legally entitled to enter lands under the government land laws.

The fertility of the lands of Wasco county may be judged from the figures, given on a previous page, of the shipment of products. On the uplands back from the river, where the soil is rich and deep, wheat is a good crop, averaging from twenty to thirty bushels per acre. Corn, of a most superior quality, grows to perfection, uninjured by frost. In fact, there is less frost on the ridges than on the low lands near the river. When winter sets in it is colder up there, but until then, it is exempt from injurious frosts. Thousands upon thousands of sheep and cattle are raised in Wasco and adjoining counties tributary to The Dalles, the sheep finding excellent summer pasturage in the mountain valleys, to which they are driven in the spring. Taken all together, Wasco offers many inducements to the agriculturist seeking a home in a new country, and The Dalles affords the business man who desires to settle in a thriving town, situated in the midst of a rapidly developing region, a good opening for the investment of his means.

AHEAD O' TIME.

IN a far, western, Pacific-washed state, lies the low, fertile Grande Ronde valley. Around it, jealously guarding it from the outside, busy world, circle the picturesque Blue mountains, whose sides are so softly dimpled by nature's tender touch, and over which lingers ever a soft, purplish haze.

Once, in years long dead, this was the Indians' summer home. Here, in the clear streams that, leaping down through the narrow canyons, from the mountain fastnesses, wind and glide away through the valley, they caught the speckled salmon-trout. In the deep, rank rye grass, growing there, waist-high, they chased to death the deer and antelope; and in the long, fragrant, summer evenings, the blue smoke from a hundred camp fires curled upward to the blue vault above.

One by one, the crickets sent out their shrill chirrup, and the frogs began their noisy croaking. The last red gleam died out of the western sky; the howls of a hungry wolf came down from some mountain recess; a night-hawk darted downward with its lonely, plaintive cry; and night closed over the "Happy valley."

Now, as then, the speckled trout leap and flash through the clear steams that glide away through the valley. But fields of waving grain have taken the place of the deep, rank grass, and towns are built where once the Indian wigwams stood. And over the mountains, and down through the canyons, and away over the fertile fields, like a shining serpent, climbs and falls, and winds the railroad. With it, came the stir and

business and discontent of the outer world, and vanished the idle, dreamy, happy days of the past.

In one short year everything was changed. In the shadow of the Blue mountains, just where the railroad entered the valley from the west, a new town sprang into life; a fast, noisy, jolly town, made up, chiefly, of railroad people—gay, good-hearted men, who worked hard all day, and treated their friends royally at night; men who had but one religion—their engines and their wives—and who would have shot a man dead for doubting the worth of the one, or the truth of the other. And merry, laughing women, who found life all sunshine, until, sometimes, a husband or lover was brought home dead, or crippled for life. Yet, even then, they found such tender sympathy, and so many strong arms ready to help, that they were still forced to see a little silver lining in their storm-clouds.

In a little hastily built, double-sided house two engineers lived all alone. One "run" to the West, the other to the East. When engineer Leavett came in late at night after a "hard run," he found a good, warm supper, prepared by engineer Haslyn, awaiting him. On the following evening he was the host, and his friend the guest; and many were the fancy dishes each tried to prepare for the surprise and pleasure of the other.

They had been firm friends for years. Leavett, although the elder, had "fired" for Haslyn, and had received many favors at his hands, so he said, in years gone by. They had been in wrecks and snow blockades together, and once Has-

lyn had saved his friend's life, thereby nearly losing his own; and Jack Leavett was one who could not soon forget such a proof of friendship.

Jim Haslyn was ten years younger than his companion, and lavishly spent his hard-earned money. Gay, light hearted, generous, he was a favorite on the road, and in both the towns where he had his "lay-overs," as railroad men say. "Handsome Haslyn" they called him, and he was, indeed, goodly to the eye. Tall, but slight, with clear-cut, regular features, and that natural, easy grace that makes one feel such a man has once had a refined home and a mother. Jack Leavett was also tall, but broad-shouldered and muscular, and his voice and manner lacked refinement and polish. He would never have thought to pick up a handkerchief that a lady had dropped, or offer to carry her shawl; but his rough voice softened if he spoke to a child, and his large hand sought his pocket at sight of poverty or distress. He was termed "close" by his brother engineers, because he saved his money and never spent a cent for cigars or drink. Sometimes, they "chaffed" him, not too kindly, but, though it cut him to the heart, he made no sign. Only, "for Lida's sake" he would mutter under his breath, as, with flushed brow, he turned away that he might not be led to resent the insult. Even Jim sometimes reproached him gently for not being more generous.

"If you were married, Jack, he would say, "or even goin' to be, there would be some excuse for you. But for an engineer—and especially a single one—to be stingy."

But, sometimes, a look would come from Leavett's deep-set eye that would stop the words on his friend's lips. Yet, even to Jim, he gave no excuse.

One sweet April evening, when the town and the railroad in Grande Ronde

valley were not more than twelve months old, the two friends sat upon their doorstep in the dusky twilight that lingers long after the sun has dropped behind the Blue mountains.

The western sky was one flame of changing scarlet and amber, deepening and fading with every passing cloud. Downward darted the night-hawk, with its mournful cry, while the frogs croaked unceasingly in the little pond at the side of the house.

Glancing through the open door, one could see the rough interior of the cabin. The unpapered walls, now blackened with smoke; the table, covered with dingy oil-cloth that had once been white, "set," ready for breakfast; the tarnished and not over-clean pots and kettles hanging behind the unpolished stove; the unscrubbed floor. Jack Leavett glanced within, and sighed. How cheerless and unhomelike it all was. And the two little bedrooms behind were as bad. How sadly they needed the touch of a woman's hand, and—

"Jim," he said, suddenly and unsteadily; and, as he spoke, he half turned aside, and laid his large hand upon the head of his Newfoundland dog, lying beside him. "Jim, it's near to seven years we've pulled together, now, ain't it?"

"Why, about that, Jack," was the cherry reply, accompanied by a puff of cigar smoke.

There was silence for a moment, and then—"If anything should happen, Jim," said Leavett, huskily, "that would make it best for us to live apart"—

Don't speak of it, old fellow," interrupted Jim, heartily. "Time enough to talk of that evil day when it comes—if it ever does," he added lightly, but puffing hard at his cigar, as he always did when moved.

"But, tell me, would you care?" persisted Leavett, and he pulled old Tip's

ear so sharply that the dog felt half inclined to resent it.

"Care!" repeated Jim; and an odd, thoughtful expression stole over his face. "Why, Jack, I don't believe I *could* live without you." Lovers may have uttered the same words more ardently; but I doubt if they were ever spoken with such unconscious pathos.

There was silence again. A cricket chirped, boldly, under the doorstep, and Tip made a rush for it, only to find it gone. A brother engineer strolled past with his young wife and baby. Then, Leavett spoke.

"Jim" he said, in a voice his friend had never heard before, "I hate to tell you, but—I'm goin' to be married."

The white ashes dropped, unheeded, from Jim's cigar. A deep flush crossed his face, but that was the only sign he gave that he had heard.

"It does seem ungrateful," said Jack, gaining courage, but still with a tremble in his voice, "after all you've done for me, Jim, to throw off on you in this way. I've been engaged for a year, now, and I've saved till I was almost ashamed—all for Lida. If"—hesitatingly—"I thought she would'nt care to let everything go on as it has been"—

But Jim interrupted him. The flush had quite died out of his face now. His hand met Leavett's and pressed it warmly. "And so it's *that*, is it, old fellow?" he said, in his cheeriest way. "And you thought I would be jealous of your wife. Not I. I rejoice in your happiness. I must confess that it is a surprise to me, but, all the same, a pleasant one, even though I shall be lonely for a while without you."

Then, the ice broken, they talked it all over, and laid many plans for the future.

"You shall come of evenings" said Jack, with happy eyes, "and help us fix up the place a bit. Lida says she would

rather find it just as we've lived in it, so we can fix it up together. And you must help her, Jim—You're so much handier than I am."

They sat there until the clock struck ten. Then Jim stood up. "You'll be wantin' to go to bed, Jack," he said. "You've had a rough run to day, doubling back from Umatilla. I'll just run down town and see the boys, before I go to bed. And Jack,"—for once he lost his easy grace of manner as he again wrung his friend's hand—"you may be asleep before I get back, so I'll just say now that I hope you'll never regret it, and that your wife will be as good as your engine—and old sixty-three's the best on the road, Jack—and as *true* as steel, and that all the boys in the 'brotherhood' will be proud of her because she's an engineer's wife."

"Regret it!" said Jack to himself, a few minutes later, as he put a red-fish to soak for breakfast. "*Regret* marryin' Lida!" And he smiled as he looked, through the open window, at the new moon, dropping toward the horizon.

* * *

A proud and happy man was Jack Leavett on the day he brought home his wife. Every engine in the "yard" was fancifully decorated with flowers, evergreens and flags. The boys knew now why Jack had been so "close," and were eager to make amends.

When he stepped down from his engine, and, walking back to one of the coaches, lifted down the slight girl-bride, and heard a subdued murmur of admiration, his heart swelled with pride and happiness.

Indeed, it was a wonder, not only to himself, but to all his friends, how so lovely and refined a girl ever came to marry bluff, unpolished Jack Leavett.

In the door of the little cabin stood Jim. He welcomed them in his graceful, hearty way, which put Mrs. Leavett

at her ease at once. And, presently, he led the way out into the back yard, and gave the bride a wedding-gift—a handsome chestnut horse, and saddle.

Tears of delight came to the girl's eyes; but she never knew how many little luxuries in the way of cigars, wine, etc., Jim had denied himself that he might give her a suitable present. Nor did she ever know how her husband reproached himself because it had never once entered his mind that it would be the correct thing to give her a wedding gift himself.

"Well," said Jim, after Mrs. Leavett had admired her horse and christened him "Zephyr," "well"—with a sigh—"I may as well say good bye, now, for a while. I will see you again tomorrow."

"Why, where are you going?" asked Mrs. Leavett, turning from the horse. "I thought you and Jack lived together."

"Why, so we did," returned Jim, dropping his eyes that she might not see the sudden, wild hope that leaped into them. "But, now, of course, that Jack's married, it's different."

"And so you think," said Mrs. Leavett, coming over to him, and slipping both her hands into his, "that I have not room in my house for Jack's friend?"

There was no more talk, after that, of his going away.

It was always Jim who assisted Lida in her household work, and in changing and decorating the little home. Not that Jack was not willing; but, simply, that he did not "know how." He was not envious because his friend anticipated Lida's every wish and whim. On the contrary, it pleased him very much. He would sit in his low, cane-seated rocker, and watch them with fond, trustful eyes, while they climbed up on all sorts of crazy chairs and ladders to hang their pictures on the walls, now covered with a soft, lavender paper. He thought Lida lovelier, and more charming than

ever, when she stood across the room in her pale, pink house dress, with a soft flush in her cheeks and a wild flower at her fair bosom, and watched Jim, trying, shakily, to balance himself, and hang a landscape to please her.

"A little higher," she would say, putting her head, critically, on one side. "Now a little lower," just a *trifle* to one side—ah! *now* you have it." And so on, until all the pictures were hung, and the carpets were down, and snowy curtains fell over the windows that were once shaded by newspapers. Then, when it grew too dark to work longer, Lida would bring a low stool and sit at her husband's feet in the gloaming, with one bare, white arm lying across his knee. And he would lay his rough, but trembling, hand upon her dark hair, while a happiness, so deep and tender that it was like a prayer, would fill his heart, and stop the words he was trying to utter.

At such times as these Jim would go out and sit, all alone, on the doorstep—so quietly, that only the red spark of his cigar told that he was there.

"Poor Jim!" Jack would say, "he is lonely, and does not care to see our happiness."

But Lida, though she turned her face toward the silent figure outside, answered not.

Spring stole softly into summer. Blossoms burst, lingered and fell in the Grande Ronde valley. The fresh, mountain air swept perfume with it. The blue sky arched over, and met the mountains on either side; while on the azure sides of the latter the shadows of the clouds ever came and went.

There was always a bunch of wild flowers, now, for Jim to carry home to Lida; and Jack's eyes always thanked him for remembering what he had forgotten.

Summer waned and died. The leaves

crimsoned, faded and fell. The wild cherries ripened and withered on the trees. Light frosts whitened the ground. Winter comes late in the Grande Ronde valley. All through December the nights are cool, but the days soft and delightful.

"We shall have no winter this year," Lida said, joyfully, on New Year's day. But when she looked out the following morning she found that winter was there. At the close of the third day snow lay six feet deep over the level ground. It was piled up over the windows, and Lida did not dare to open the doors, so she sat all day, shivering, before the little fire place, with her hands idly clasped in her lap. Jack fancied she was not quite so gay and joyous of late. His great heart ached for her lonely, uneventful life, and he longed—for her dear sake—for the opening of spring.

She was sitting, as usual, one evening in her low rattan chair, idly rocking back and forth, when he came in, cold and tired. A violent, west wind was drifting the snow, and piling it to the tops of all the houses. She looked up with a little smile that only lingered a second on her sweet lips. As he stooped down to kiss her, the door opened and Jim entered. He cast one glance at the tableau in the rosy firelight, and passed through the room without a word. He came back presently, and ate his supper in silence. When they arose from the table, Jack walked to the hearth, and rested one muscular arm upon the rude shelf that his wife had hidden with pretty embroidery.

"Jim," he said, while his eyes rested with deep tenderness upon the slight form of Lida. "I have to go to Telocaset tonight to meet the freight. Will you stay with 'Lida? I cannot get back before morning, and I fear she is not well." As he spoke, the girl's eyes

—wide open now—cast a quick glance at her husband, and she shivered a little beneath that tender, trustful gaze.

"No, no," she said, hurriedly, "I am quite well, *dear*."

An exacting lover might have questioned the hesitation over the last word; but to Jack it was sweetest music. She had never before used an endearing expression to him. That one little word gave him courage to face the terrible storm without, and he went, stumbling and fighting his way, through the drifted, drifting snow. When he reached the station he found that his orders had been changed, and he was not to take the snow plow out for an hour.

"You can go back if you like," said the dispatcher. "I will have the fireman whistle for you five minutes before starting-time, and if you hurry, you can get here. I 'spose," he added, with true railroad slang, "your wife 'kicks' terribly about your running the snow plow! They all do. It *is* dangerous work."

He went into the office and closed the door. Jack stood alone in the storm. He shivered. Was the wind colder, sharper? he asked himself. Or could it be that the man's careless words had sent that sudden, deep chill to his heart? Pshaw! how fanciful he was getting about her, all because she was growing more deeply into his heart every day. Had she not called him "*dear*?" Because she had not worried about the snow plow, was that any reason she did not love him? Besides, Lida was not one to borrow trouble.

So he argued with himself as he hastened home, caring nothing for the terrific storm, in his eager longing to have her call him by a tender name. When he came in sight of the house he was surprised to see a gleam of light across the snow. But, upon approaching nearer, he discovered that the latter had

been blown slightly away from one pane by the violent gale.

"I will surprise them," he said, softly and happily; and with a heart full of love and trust for his wife, and good will for his friend, he forced his way through the huge drift to the window.

His glance first took in the bright, home picture; the lavender walls, the pictures, the shaded lamp, the rosy glow of the firelight over all.

Lida was still sitting in her low chair, but her attitude was no longer listless. Before her stood her husband's friend. What he was saying could not be heard; but Jack Leavett did not need to hear. While he still looked, Jim bent suddenly, passionately, over the girl.

A terrible sound escaped the watcher's lips. His hands convulsively clenched; great veins stood out like iron ropes upon his forehead. He tried to reach his hip-pocket, but he was powerless to lift an arm. And in that moment Haslyn touched the girl's dark hair with passionate lips, and rushed from the room. As the door closed behind him, Lida slid down from her chair to the floor, and lay there, as quiet as any dead thing.

How long Jack Leavett stood there, looking in on what had once been his home, but would never be again, he never knew. He was suddenly aroused by four sharp, shrill whistles. The strong, stubborn sense of duty that had given him the reputation of being the best engineer on the road, pulled him through now. A sound, that was not a sigh, nor yet a groan, burst from him; and, tearing himself from the sight of all that was near to him on earth, he staggered forth into the blinding, freezing storm—a shipwrecked man.

Six hours later, at the top of the hill, near Telocaset, a snow plow jumped the track. The fireman happened to be looking out, and instantly jumped for

life, with a wild cry of warning. But, even at that awful moment, he distinctly saw the engineer shake his head.

Down the mountain side, plunging, tearing, rolling over and over, went the noble engine, "Sixty-three;" and with it, crushed beneath its iron weight, went the man who loved it, after his wife, better than anything else on earth.

He was still alive, when, an hour later, they found him; but horribly crushed and dying. His mind was quite clear.

"Never to let them know," he kept repeating to himself.

They asked, with tears in their voices, if they should try to get him home.

An awful shiver shook his powerful form.

"Home!" he repeated with a sob. "Home!" Then, knowing that the end was near, and finding now no anger in his great heart against those two who had, all unintentionally—he felt sure of *that*, from what he had seen—wronged him, he spoke, slowly and falteringly, to the one among them he trusted most.

"Tell her," he said, "that I died content, because I never could have made her happy. Not but what she was all that a true and tender wife should be, John—you all know that; but that she was too delicate and refined for a rough fellow like me. I have seen the tears start to her sweet eyes, John, all because I spoke harshly, or because I forgot her birthday."

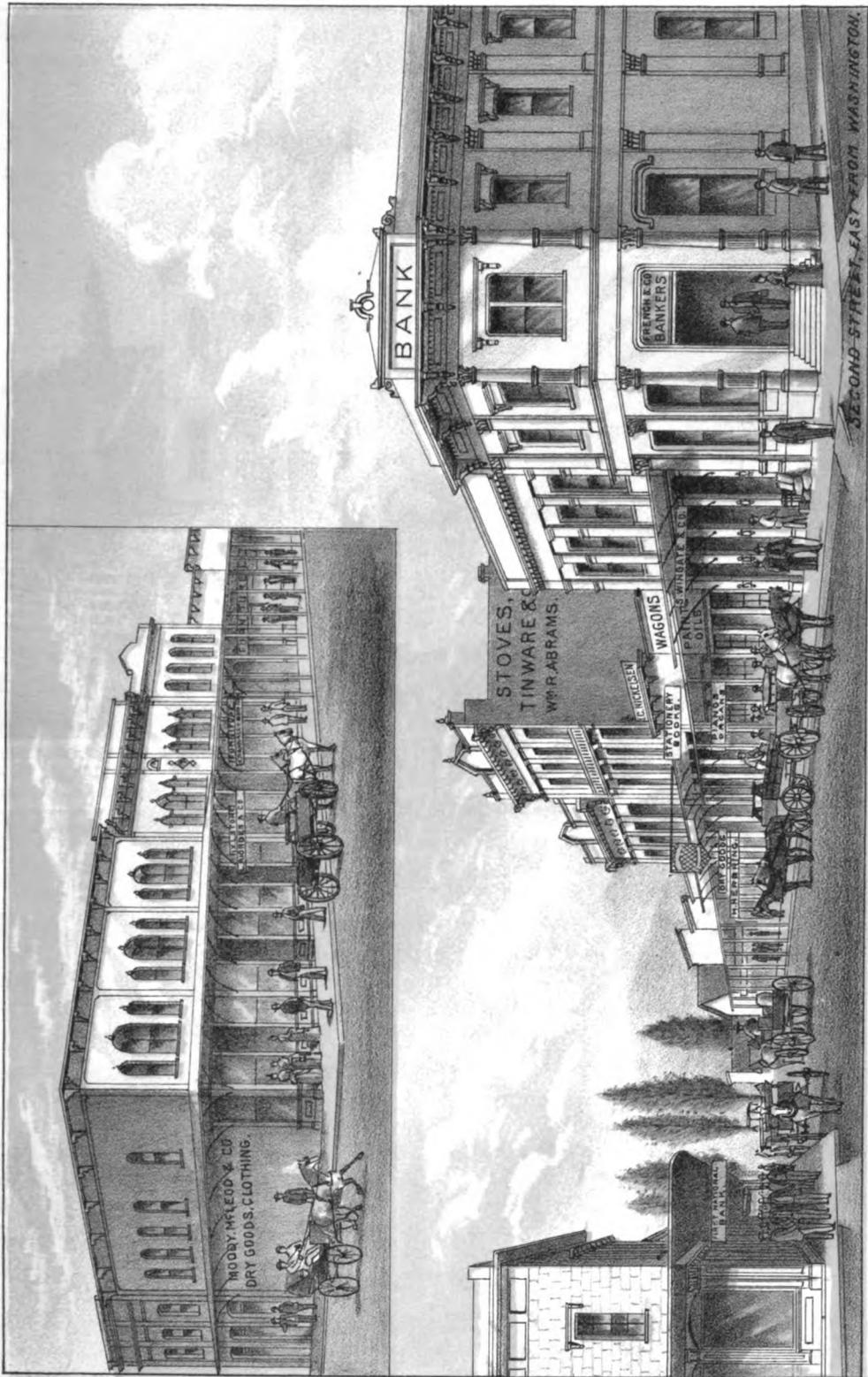
Once more he spoke.

"Tell Jim"—he spoke the name with an effort, and as the memory of that long tried friendship rushed over him, he broke down entirely—"to take care o' Lida. I was his true friend always; but he was more, for he saved my life. Tell him *that* cancels *all*."

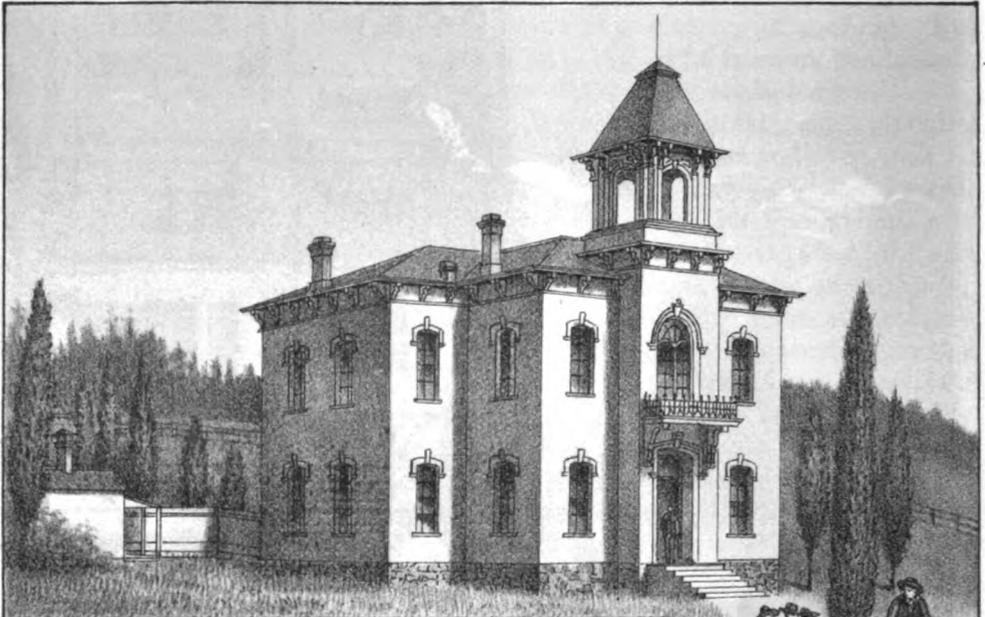
He fell back.

"I missed the way," he faltered, "but I'm comin' in ahead o' time!"

ELLA HIGGINSON.



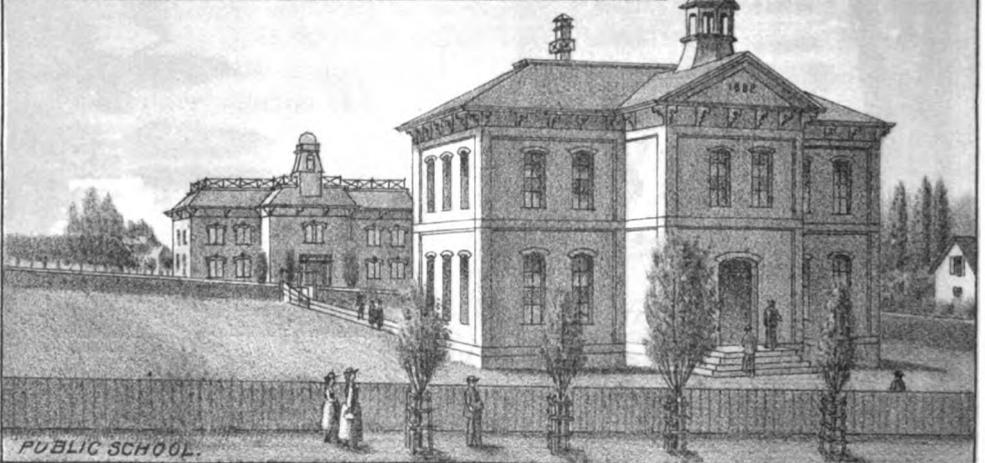
THE DALLES, OREGON.



WASCO ACADEMY

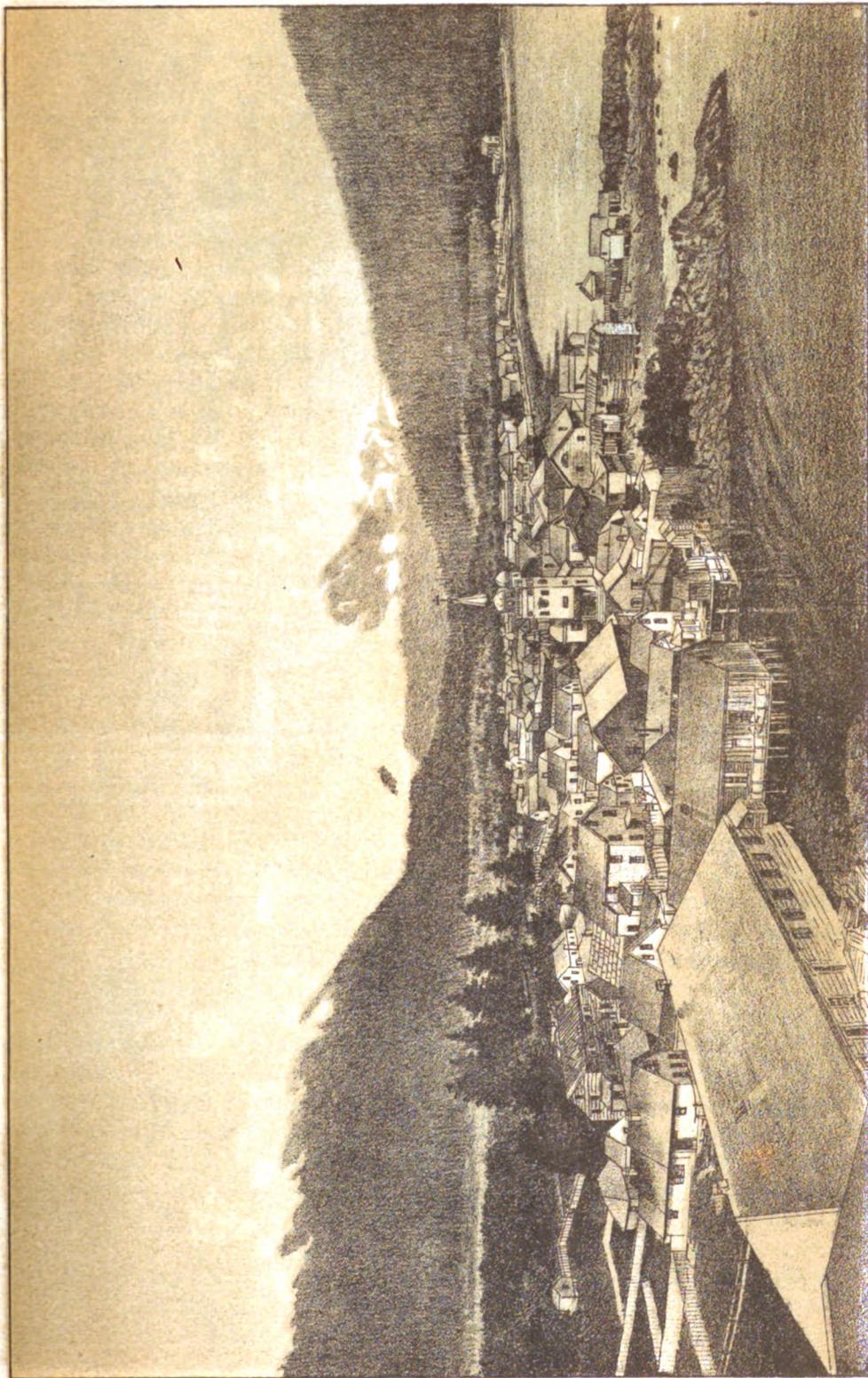


NEW UMATILLA HOUSE

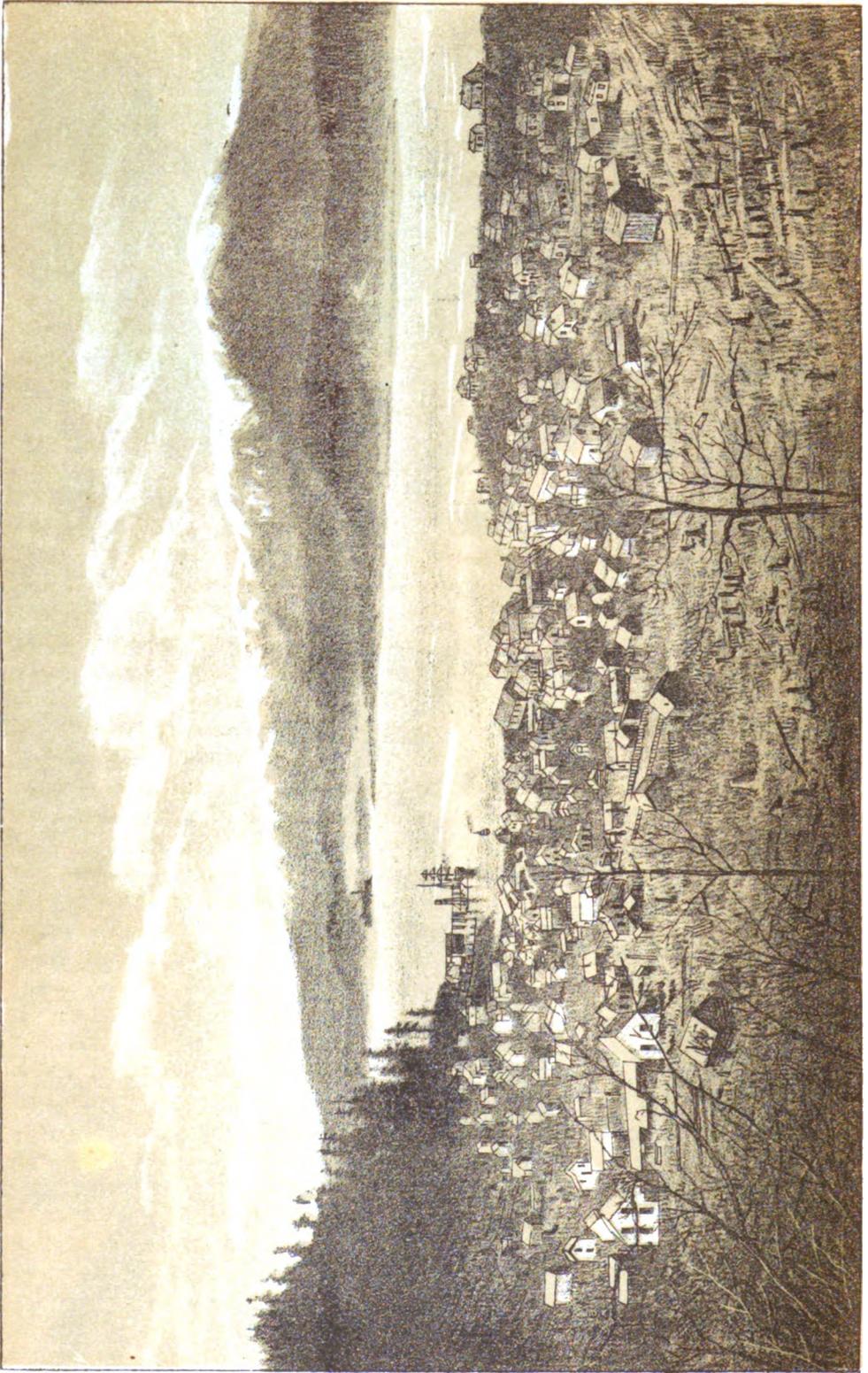


PUBLIC SCHOOL

THE DALLES, OREGON.



ALASKA — GENERAL VIEW OF SITKA.



ALASKA — GENERAL VIEW OF JUNEAU.

TWO CITIES OF ALASKA.

SITKA, the capital of Alaska, and Juneau, a mining town farther north, are the leading centers of white population in our far northern possessions. Fort Wrangell, on the extreme southern boundary, named in honor of a Russian governor of the province, is also a commercial point, but in a much less degree than the other two. The oldest of these two is Sitka, which has been given much prominence the past two years in connection with the seizure of vessels engaged in sealing in Behring's sea. Thither all the captured vessels were sent, though nearly two thousand miles from the scene of operations, because it was the nearest port where the courts of the United States held a sitting.

Sitka is the oldest settlement in Alaska—in fact, the oldest on the Pacific coast north of California—except a few stations previously established by Russian fur traders among the Aleutian islands and at Prince William's sound. In 1799, Baranoff, governor of the province for the Russian-American Trading Co., then in full possession of Alaska, built a fort on Baranoff, or Sitka, island and named it Fort Archangel Gabriel. This is one of the group lying off the coast in latitude fifty-seven degrees, and longitude one hundred and forty degrees west from Greenwich. It is a curious fact to one who has given the subject no thought, that the longitude of Sitka is the same as that of a point in the Pacific ocean twelve hundred miles west of San Francisco, and the longitude of the extreme western point of our Alaskan possessions is that of one hundred and eighty-seven

degrees west, or one hundred and seventy-three degrees east. Taking this as the extreme western limit of the United States, and parallel sixty-seven degrees, on the coast of Maine, as the eastern, Point Barrow, seventy-two degrees, as the northern, and the extremity of Florida, twenty-five degrees, as the southern, and projecting lines from these points to form a square, we find that the actual geographical center of the United States is in longitude one hundred and twenty-seven degrees west, and latitude forty-eight and one-half degrees north, which is a point in the Pacific ocean about one hundred and fifty miles west of Cape Flattery and the Straits of Fuca. It is certainly a paradoxical statement, that the geographical center of the landed possessions of the United States is in the ocean and outside of the limits of the republic. These speculations are indulged in simply to arouse the reader to a realization of the immensity of the region of which Sitka is the seat of government, and its distance from the great centers of our population.

Indians captured the fort at Sitka, in 1803, and massacred the garrison. Baranoff rebuilt it, and named it "New Archangel." The place soon became of importance as a ship building point, where the company constructed vessels for the transaction of its business. In 1832, Baron Wrangell, then governor of Alaska, transferred to Sitka, the capital of Russian America, which had previously been at St. Paul, far to the north-west. In 1834, it was made the seat of a bishopric of the Greek church, the established religion of Russia, whose mis-

sionary priests had been working for years among the natives, the half breeds, and the full blood Russian servants of the Company. In 1837, a school was established for the children of the Company's servants, and in 1841, an ecclesiastical school was founded, which soon rose to the grade of a seminary. These were succeeded, after the American occupation, by schools established by our missionaries of several denominations.

Sitka was a thriving town under the Russian rule; but it lost much of its importance, trade and population, when the Company departed, after the sale of Alaska to the United States, in 1867. Much of its population has been drawn away by mining excitements; but since the establishment of a territorial government two years ago, it is regaining its prestige and acquiring new life. It now supports a good weekly paper, the *Alaskan*, and a number of business houses which handle quite a large volume of trade. Its general appearance is shown in the engraving on page 853. The most conspicuous structure is the Greek church, built in the form of a Greek cross. The fittings and appliances are very rich, and were presented to it by the empress, Catherine, many years ago. Rivaling the church in interest to the visitor, is the old castle on the hill, once the home of the Russian governor, who ruled with almost despotic power. Signs of dilapidation are observable, but its massive walls will probably stand for generations. These objects of interest are visited by the hundreds of tourists who now make the famous "Alaska trip" during the summer season.

The liveliest town in the territory is Juneau (see page 854), near which is located the richest quartz mine in the world. Juneau is situated on a bay of the same name, some distance north of Sitka. It occupies a plateau, which rises gradually from the water, and extends back to the base of precipitous mountains, which rise, almost perpendicularly, to the height of four thousand feet. The town is the headquarters for miners scattered over an extensive area, and enjoys a most thriving trade. Among other adjuncts, it possesses a weekly paper, the *Free Press*, published nearer the north pole than any other newspaper in America. The chief reliance of the town is the Treadwell mine, on Douglass island, opposite the harbor. For more than three years this famous mine has been turning out from \$100,000.00 to \$200,000.00 in gold every month, from the largest quartz mill in the world, whose one hundred and twenty stamps are kept running constantly day and night. Another mill of one hundred and twenty stamps is now being erected on this mine, which will be in running order by spring, and will more than double the present output of the mine. Juneau has about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is well equipped with grocery and dry goods stores, drug stores, shops, etc. Other mines are being developed in that region, and this far northern city has as bright a prospect for growth and permanent prosperity as any other mining city in the United States. When the mining season opens next year, Juneau will be the scene of great activity, and will receive large accessions to its population.

THE SAWTOOTH CAVE.

THOSE who read "The Wild Man of Camas,"* in THE WEST SHORE for September, will remember that a cave was discovered in the Sawtooth mountains, containing bones of animals, bows and arrows, and immensely rich specimens of gold and silver ore. This discovery was made by an old prospector and adventurer, George Parody, a Frenchman, who had formerly spent many years trapping and hunting all through the Upper Columbia and Salmon river countries.

George was a thorough type of the rugged mountaineer—reckless and liked his toddy—but, for all, a man with a big heart, honest and industrious. His acquaintances admired his frankness, and credulous strangers would become deeply interested in his many strange stories of adventure, descriptions of the wilds of the forest, hunting yarns, and Indian fights. Those who knew his propensities for exaggerating truths and inventing stories of thrilling adventures, without a truth on which to found them, could not resist the inclination of listening to his narratives. After indulging in a few drinks, which brightened up his wits, and made more clear his vivid imagination, he could sit down and for hours entertain a company with stories that did not contain one spark of truth.

One evening at Galena, a little mining town near the head of Wood river, and only twenty or twenty-five miles from the Sawtooth cave, he related several thrilling adventures to the three or four

"tenderfeet" who had just arrived from the far East, and actually frightened two of them into starting on their return the next day, by his big weather stories and prognostications. To rehearse those exaggerations would occupy too much space in a short story. I will only give a synopsis of one, which was the cause of the two men leaving on the next day's stage, and forever bidding farewell to the mountains.

It was in January, 1869. George was then mail carrier between Galena to Sawtooth City, and, as the snow was from three to four feet deep between the two points, which are fifteen miles apart, he made his trip on snow shoes, going to Sawtooth one day and returning the next. In the evening, when he thus entertained the "tenderfeet," he arrived, with the mail bag strapped over his shoulders, at about 7:00 o'clock, and went into the hotel, where he drank three or four whisky toddies. It did not take him long to ascertain that the four men listening to the varied conversations of the old prospectors were not Western men, and as the night was a gloomy one, with the wind whistling and the snow falling thick and fast, and the occasional rumbling of snow slides, as they came down the mountain sides, many of them tumbling into the deep canyon but a few hundred yards above town, George felt like talking. Parody's relation of his experiences on the Yankee fork of Salmon river were about as follows:

"Gentlemen, this stormy night reminds me of the winter I carried mail on snow shoes between Ohallis and Bonanza. That was two years ago, and

* Many of these incidents, in both "The Wild Man of Camas," and "The Sawtooth Cave," are founded on actual occurrences.

I tell you I had a rough time of it, too. I remember that one day I left Challis very early, so that I could reach the summit, which was just half way, by four or five o'clock the same afternoon. Well, I did not get to the station there till after 5:00 o'clock, but from there it was down a very steep mountain to Bonanza; and the first three miles was, in fact, so steep, that to run down it on shoes, almost made a man think he was going straight down to the infernal regions below. Why, several times I could feel that my speed was being impeded by the air. It appeared as if a regular hurricane was blowing up from below, when, in fact, the air was perfectly still, and the heavy snowflakes were falling straight down from the clouds to the earth. Well, on the evening I was going to tell you about, a terrific storm was raging and the air was dark, and the heavy black clouds hung way down onto the sides of the mountains. After warming myself at the station, putting on my fur gloves and warm coat, and fixing the mail sack firmly on my back, I struck out. I had to go two or three hundred yards to get to the summit, and got lost on the way, as was soon discovered in descending. Making a mistake in the darkness and going too far to the right, I found myself descending one of the very steepest parts of that mountain range; but it was no use to try to stop or check the speed. All I could do was to look straight ahead, so as to dodge the trees that were in my way. It was three miles to the foot of that steep mountain, and before reaching it, I had considerable trouble to stay on the shoes, as it appeared that, from some cause, it was harder than usual to keep them in their course. Well, at last, I reached a point where the mountain was more gradual in its descent, and finally got myself halted by tumbling over after getting the speed checked. I looked at

my coat tail, and may I be hanged if it wasn't all in strings, caused by the friction on the air as I came down that mountain; and maybe you won't believe it, gentlemen, but the hind ends of my snow shoes were burned off to within a foot and a half of my feet, by the friction on the dry snow."

After relieving himself of this fabrication, George went on to say that he had been noticing weather signs, such as an unusual amount of moss on the trees for their protection, badgers not particular about burrowing very deep into the ground, and birds and squirrels stowing away an unusual amount of food for winter. He gave it as his candid opinion, that the snow would cover the ground to a depth of from fifteen to eighteen feet inside of four weeks, and perhaps sooner. The "tenderfeet" could not be induced to disbelieve Parody's weather prognostications, as all present admitted that he was a mountaineer of vast experience, and knew all the principal weather signs, and the outgoing stage next morning carried two of them.

One evening, in the fall of 1882, while Parody was sitting in Baxter's hotel, in Ketchum, on Wood river, the carrier of the *Ketchum Keystone* dropped a copy of that paper into the office, which he took up and scanned. In a moment his eye dropped upon a half-column local, headed "A Wonderful Discovery." This was enough to claim a few minutes of the old adventurer's time, and he read, with considerable interest, an account of the discovery of a cave in the Sawtooth mountains. Not having the files of that paper at hand, I can not give a copy of the article, but will state, in as few words as possible, the substance of what it contained.

A hunter, while ascending a very steep mountain, four or five miles above the town of Sawtooth, discovered a cave,

which he entered through a narrow and crooked passage, at the end of which was a large chamber, with smooth, dry walls and floor, brilliantly lighted by a flame which proceeded from the mouth of an image of a man in the center. This image was about three feet high, and the metal of which it was manufactured had the appearance of silver. On the head was a peculiarly shaped helmet, from which stood three imitation feathers, either made of copper or gold. It was the opinion of the discoverer, that the ancient, and, undoubtedly, very intelligent, race that had placed the image there, had discovered a natural gas jet, and that there was an opening through the leg and body of the image to the mouth, from which the flame proceeded. Other relics of the unknown people who placed the image there, were found, among which were gold and silver ore, cross-bows and arrows, spears, one human skeleton, and a petrified human hand. The article further stated that there was an entrance which led farther back into the depths of the mountain, but that the discoverer, being somewhat of a timid nature, did not venture farther, but was satisfied that there was more to find, and expressed a desire to form a party and make a thorough exploration. The party never was formed, however, and the discoverer, in time, lost interest in his find, and never returned.

In 1883, Parody, Jesus Maximilian, a Mexican, and Cornelius Dunks, spent the spring months prospecting in Western Montana and the Cœur d'Alene district. Parody's new comrades were entire strangers to him when they commenced prospecting together, and were very attentive and credulous listeners to his many stories of adventure and narrow escape. He told, over and over again, of the capture of a wild man, who

had occupied a cave in the Sawtooth mountains, and that the cave contained some immensely rich specimens of gold and silver ore. He told them of Danforth, whom the wild man proved to be, and that the captured man remembered nothing of gathering the specimens; that he had read an account, in a newspaper, of the discovery of a cave in the same neighborhood, the description of which did not correspond with the one occupied by Danforth. There was no doubt in his mind, when contemplating the account given by the newspaper, that the specimens were placed there at some very remote period—before the white man crossed the Rocky mountains in search of precious metals in the far distant West.

It is needless to say, that after many repetitions of the facts, and earnest solicitations for them to accompany him, they at last agreed, and began making preparations for the journey. As Maximilian was a good packer, being able to throw the "diamond hitch" to perfection, it was decided to go across the mountains to the south, strike Salmon river, and proceed up that, at places, very rugged stream, to the head, the location of the cave. Their destination, or the reason of their journey, they refused to inform inquirers, which caused some stir among old prospectors, believing that the party were possessed of information not generally known. Parody and his comrades, knowing that their movements were closely watched by others, succeeded, by several trips at night, in getting a large amount of supplies hid away in some timber, two or three miles from Eagle City. From this point they started, one dark night, on their hazardous trip, and it was not till the evening of the next day, that their absence from town was noticed by even those who were so intently watching their movements.

As soon as the departure of Parody and his two comrades became generally known, many old prospectors could be seen rushing around in groups of twos and threes, evidently making preparations to follow them. Stories of new discoveries of mines got into circulation. Some were that the mines were quartz, others that they were placer, and the location at every point of the compass. Whether the new mines were only a few miles, or hundreds, distant, no one knew. In two or three days, men, in parties of from two to half a dozen, could be seen leaving the town on foot and horseback, in every direction. It is just so with every mining excitement. There are always stories afloat of better mines being discovered at some other point, and I have seen men leave fortunes in search of the new El Dorado, only to return "broke," and ever afterward live poor men, and often in want of the necessities of life. Men like excitement, and spend fortunes for it. Their better judgment turns to naught when the excitement is general, especially in strictly mining localities.

Some of the excited prospectors became more cool and sensible after a day or two of tiresome climbing among the rugged mountains of the Cœur d'Alene country, and returned home, cursing Parody and the country, and almost willing to butt their own brains out for being such fools as to start off on a chase, they knew not where nor why. Others were more persistent, and for the next two weeks men could be seen returning, all cursing Parody, and blaming him for their own foolishness. As usual when such reports gain circulation in a mining country, men lost their best opportunities for securing good ground, by going off on the "wild goose chase;" but as they have nothing to do with this story, other than a little annoyance to Parody and his party, and some help

just in time, received from two of the fool-hardy followers, who saved their lives on the journey, I will not rehearse any of their subsequent fortunes or misfortunes.

Parody and comrades traveled only at night, for the first week after leaving Eagle City, knowing that they were sure to be followed by anxious gold seekers. The mountains through which they traveled were very rugged, and many difficulties were encountered before Salmon river was reached, six days after starting on the journey. When the first view of the river was gained, it could be seen winding its way through the deep canyon below, like a great serpent, in places foaming like a cauldron as it leaped from bowlder to bowlder. The descent of the mountain was a steep and dangerous one; but these were not men to turn back, so, selecting the best route they could find, they began winding their way down to the river, leading their pack mules and riding animals. Parody's horse lost his footing and rolled over a cliff, several hundred feet down to the river, where he was found dead on their reaching the bottom of the mountain. The unfortunate man was a hardy old mountaineer, and was not at all discouraged over the loss of the animal, saying that horses are of more trouble than service when traveling through a rough, mountainous country.

After toiling along ten days more, the mouth of the Middle Fork was reached, and they were attacked by a band of Indians, known as the "Sheep Eaters," which name was given them because of their subsisting almost entirely on the flesh of the mountain sheep, which are plentiful in the mountains of the Upper Salmon. The men who were on horseback escaped down the river, on the banks of which were bars two to three hundred yards wide, covered with

a thick growth of black pine. Parody, not being able to escape so easily, ran through some undergrowth and hid under the root of a fallen tree, in a good sized stream that emptied into the main river. Here he remained all that afternoon, and until after dark, up to his neck in the cold water. Indians passed back and forth, crossing the creek on the log above him, and at times, cold as he was, his cheeks would burn when the thought flashed through his mind that the object of their search was none other than himself, and that, should one of the blood-thirsty fiends think to look under the root, his scalp would in five minutes be dangling from the belt of a dusky savage, and his body ready to be devoured by wolves at night. He thought of his mother and sisters at their dear old home in Chicago, and, for the first time in many years, prayed earnestly to God for protection. He had been in many Indian fights, and had been driven through mountains by the savages, but never having before been so closely cornered, always gave vent to his feelings in strong oaths. But circumstances alter cases, and this was one instance.

It was some time after dark, and several hours after the savages had passed on down the river, before Parody summoned up sufficient courage to leave his hiding place; and when he did, was so cold and stiff, that to walk was a great effort; still, with his undaunted courage, he commenced to climb the high mountain in front, all the time thinking of his companions, and wondering whether the Indians had overtaken and murdered them. Before daylight, he had gained the summit, and commenced the descent into a canyon, which ended at the river below where the party had been attacked, but, at the time, he thought he was going straight ahead. The descent was very rugged, and the bottom of the canyon was not reached until daylight.

He passed cautiously down through the brush and rocks, sometimes starting bowlders down the hillside, or stepping on a small twig, causing a shudder to pass through his frame. It is astonishing how loud the breaking of a twig will sound, or the rumbling a small rock rolling down a hillside will make, under such circumstances. A man, when he thinks savages are skulking around hunting for him, imagines that his breathing could be heard a quarter of a mile. Parody had not traveled far, when he suddenly found himself in the camp of his companions, and was in high glee on seeing that the number was increased to six, by the addition of three old prospectors, and all armed with repeating rifles. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, the party resumed their journey up the Salmon, after ascertaining, by the tracks in the sand, that the Indians had passed on down the river, and seeing no signs of their return. They were another week in reaching the mouth of Valley creek, where they camped one night.

The journey of three weeks was an exceedingly rough one, as the party was continually passing over high and rugged mountains, or through deep and rocky canyons. But the scenery was grand, being varied by the foaming or tranquility of the river below, beautiful plateaus, covered with majestic pines and firs, in some places smooth mountains covered with evergreens of various shades, and in others perpendicular—or almost so—cliffs standing against the clear, blue sky, to the height of thousands of feet, with streaks of snow filling the ravines, or crevices, from which issue beautiful little creeks, clear as crystal. These were filled with speckled mountain trout, the most delicious food of the finny tribe.

Valley creek afforded a splendid place for a day's rest, fish and game being

plentiful, especially "fool chickens," a species of grouse, to which the name was given by prospectors, because of their stupidity in not making any effort to save themselves when hunted. Parody had often spoken of this species of grouse to his comrades, but they were not thoroughly convinced of the truthfulness of what he had told them, till he killed several of them with a willow pole, six or seven feet long. The "fool chicken" is brown in color, about the size of a pheasant, very plump, and splendid eating. The place of abode is among the willows and aspens of marshy places.

After a day's rest on Valley creek, the men felt in the best of spirits. The three men who had joined them on the Salmon, having been invited to unite fortunes, or misfortunes, as Providence might direct, in the search for the Sawtooth cave, were camped with the party. This just suited Parody, as they were strangers to him, and his credulous audience was increased by three. As usual, he told many unreasonable stories in the most earnest manner, at times impressing upon the minds of his hearers their truthfulness, by the strongest oaths in his vocabulary. Late in the evening, he sat for some time gazing up and down the raging Salmon, when Cornelius Dunks asked—

"Say, George, what makes you so quiet this evening? Are you contemplating the trip before us, or are you meditating over the fact that the cave is a mystical one?"

"No," said George, "I visited one cave myself, and it contained some rich gold and silver specimens. But," he continued, "I was just thinking of what happened right here, where we are, on the first wagon road we have seen for nearly three weeks."

The men were always ready to listen to George, and urged him to relate the

circumstance, which he did, after remarking that he did not expect to be believed, but was not particular about that, as he knew it was a fact, and that was sufficient for his satisfaction.

"There is a town some twenty or twenty-five miles to the southeast of us, over that high mountain, called Bonanza. It is on the Yankee fork of the Salmon, which we passed day before yesterday. There was an old man lived there, who had a daughter—I forget her name—who was terribly in love with a friend of mine, named Phillips. Well, as I was going to say, the old man put his foot down on the marriage, and I concluded to help the two young ones out, and outwit the old man. So, one day there was a team leaving town with an amalgamating pan for the Vienna mill, which is about eighty miles above here, on Smiley creek. We hid the couple in the pan, by covering it over with wheelbarrows and such truck, and the team started. Next day we reached this place, and right out there the wagon turned over. The traps on the pan fell off first and rolled down that mountain, into the river, but when the pan fell it turned upside down, with the lovers inside, and lodged against that big rock right yonder. Of course, the driver and I could not help Phillips and his girl, because the pan weighed a thousand pounds, and we didn't have any crowbars to turn it over with. So we struck out for Sawtooth, a town this side of Vienna, for help. We had to foot it, and did not get back till about 4:00 o'clock the next afternoon. When we started back, the relief party consisted of eight or ten men, and fearing that the girl's father might get onto the racket, we brought a justice of the peace with us to perform the marriage ceremony. Well, the most singular part of the whole affair was, that when we got back, the young fellow and his girl were sitting

by the side of the road, she leaning on his breast, and both looked just as contented as could be. The officer married them right there, and Phillips told me how they got out from under that pan. Cape Horn mosquitoes did it. Maybe you never saw a Cape Horn mosquito? Well, they are birds! While they were in the pan, they heard something commence boring through the iron. Pretty soon the bills of the mosquitoes protruded, and Phillips kept clinching them with a claw hammer. When he had a large number of them clinched, he tapped on the pan, and they rose with it, flew a little ways and had to come down, as the load was too much for them to carry away. When they fell, pan and mosquitoes went rolling into the river. Phillips ever afterward maintained that the 'birds' had been made by the All Wise Being for use, and when one would commence boring into his hand or face, would not cruelly slap it, but gently rub it away, saying that it may be useful to some poor fellow in time yet to come."

The mosquito story caused the men to doubt Parody's veracity to some extent, but it did not interfere with the continuance of the journey to the Sawtooth mountains, as there was a wagon road a portion of the way from Valley creek, and the rest was through a timbered valley to the foot of those bare and picturesque granite peaks. Even should the caves be a myth, it was a good country to prospect in for the precious metals. The trip up the valley consumed two days' time, but nothing of consequence happened on that part of the journey. After remaining one night at the foot of the rugged mountain on which "The Wild Man of Camas" was captured, the men staked out their horses in the valley and proceeded up the cold and almost obliterated trail over the slide rock to the cave. Several

times the trail was lost and much difficulty was experienced in reaching the cave, which would have been impossible had it not been for Parody's mountain experience and good judgment. He was also assisted a great deal by remembrances of his former visit. When the mouth of the cave was reached, all turned to view the beautiful scenery. The sun had risen just high enough to shine brightly on the valley, hundreds of feet below, with its tall, wild hay waving, as it yielded gently to the refreshing breeze that passed across it and up the mountain side, fanning the tired and overheated men, and reducing their boiling blood to a normal condition. About one-third of the way up, the Sawtooth range is covered with a heavy growth of pines, above which, from iron and other minerals, the majestic granite peaks present many rich hues. Several hundred feet below, and to the left of them, was a beautiful lake in a deep gorge. This lake is about three miles long and a half a mile across. In the valley below the atmosphere was hot, the heat running from eighty to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, while on the crags, two or three thousand feet above, there was perpetual snow. The contrast was magnificent, and the varied scenes of the range and valley made up a great panorama that can only be appreciated when seen. I do not think there is a descriptive writer in existence who could portray clearly the beauties of that section, or the imagination of the most fertile mind invent a more beautiful and fascinating scene.

After remaining half an hour outside for a rest, and viewing the beauties of nature, so finely devised by the Great Being who rules over all things, the men entered the cave. Everything was just as left by Parody in the year 1870. The bed of wild hay, bones of animals,

bows and arrows, specimens of very rich gold and silver ore—all were, as near as he could remember, in the same places. There was nothing found to indicate the place from which the specimens had been taken, or by whom they had been collected. Parody had had several conversations with Danforth on the subject and the latter, who could not recall the slightest recollection of ever gathering any specimens, could not be induced to believe that they were the product of his labors. His opinion was that they had been placed there by some one who had previously occupied the cave. They searched the apartment thoroughly, but could find nothing which would be likely to lead to any further discoveries, and became a little discouraged. Maximilian, being a practical underground miner from boyhood, could be seen tapping the walls and floor of the cave with his pick. At last, he stopped at the back wall, tapped three or four times and listened. The tapping and listening were several times repeated, when he remarked—

“Gentlemen, there is another cave ahead of us.” As he tapped again, he called their attention to the hollow sound saying, “That sound tells me that the wall is not over two feet thick. We will drill a hole in about a foot, put in one of those sticks of giant we brought up and make a connection.”

The men went to work, the Mexican turning drill, the others striking it with a heavy hammer; and, after two or three hours of hard work, the hole was drilled to the desired depth into the tough, blue granite; the giant was inserted, and the fuse lighted. The men retired to a safe place outside, and in a few seconds the explosion took place, with a heavy, dull sound, which was reëchoed from mountain top to valley. After waiting a few minutes for the unhealthful smoke of the giant to clear away, the men reëntered,

and to their joy, discerned that the Mexican was right. A good sized opening was made by the blast into another cave, the extent of which every man was eager to ascertain as soon as possible. Procuring a torch from the slivers of a pitch pine log which lay on a crag near the mouth of the cave, the men lighted it and entered. They found themselves, after winding through a short, crooked passage, in the one found and described by the hunter in the *Keystone*.

The image from which the flame proceeded was removed to the apartment first entered, as they thought it to be constructed of silver, which was afterwards proved, by an assay, to be the case. A match was touched to a small hole in the granite, on which one foot of the strange image had stood, and a beautiful clear flame relighted the apartment, which it is not necessary to describe, the hunter's account being correct in every detail. The petrified human hand was found and given to Maximilian, as the men owed the success of the search to his skill as a miner, and judge of formation by sound. Parody and the other men took the cross-bows, arrow-heads, spears, etc., as relics for themselves.

At this point a little light was thrown upon the mysteries of the cave, when it was discovered that the spear heads and a hammer were not made of stone, but copper, and in a neat and workman-like manner. There now remained no doubts but that the cave had been occupied by either the lost American mound builders, of whom so many relics have been found throughtout the Middle and Eastern States, or the Aztecs, of Mexico and the Pacific slope. This discovery was not very encouraging, as the remoteness of the occupancy would serve to make the mystery of the ore specimens still greater. There was no doubt but that all traces of the locality of the mines had been ages ago obliterated.

The preservation of the bows and arrows and all other articles of wood, was only after drilling two sloping holes into it, and forming a handle by tying a rope through the extreme dryness of the cave, onto the drills. The slab was only about probably assisted by gasses, escaping three inches thick, but being of blue up through the minute crevices in the granite floor. granite was very heavy, and when pulled out of the position it had undoubtedly occupied for centuries, fell to the rock floor with a thud, breaking in two pieces by falling across the hammer, which had been carelessly left in front of it.

The men were bewildered, and all except Maximilian sat down, filled their pipes, smoked and speculated on the probable result of their labors in trying to discover the mines, which they were satisfied would be an immense fortune for all. Maximilian, however, simply rolled a cigarette and went prowling around the walls of this cavern, as he had at the first one, striking the walls with his pick, each time listening to the sound made with great interest. Not a slight change in the color or grain of the granite escaped his observation. He was evidently in hopes of finding still another apartment, and, instead of sitting down as the others did and speculating, worked steadily and with great interest, only stopping once to remark that he believed the Aztecs had at some very remote period occupied the place, basing his opinion on the fact that the walls contained hieroglyphics exactly like some he had seen on a cliff in North-ern Mexico.

The labors of Maximilian were again rewarded, as his ear was greeted with a hollow sound as he tapped the wall to the right of the entrance formed by the blast, and opposite the entrance discovered by the hunter in 1882, the year previous. On close examination, it was discovered that the wall had been cut through by the ancient inhabitants. From the small crack between the slab that had been inserted and the solid granite, it was discovered that by removing the slab, a door two and a half by six feet would afford an entrance into another apartment, no doubt.

The labor of removing the slab was light, as it was easily worked forward

The apartment revealed was dark, but the torches were soon brought again into use, and the men, growing more and more anxious to unravel the mysteries, hastily entered. Three stone mortars with pestles lying by their sides, were found near the center of the room, also a small pile of exceedingly rich gold ore, and a piece of silver glance, which was afterwards found to weigh between nine and ten ounces. In their search the men now became extremely anxious; in fact, so much so, that every one shook with nervousness. A mummy was discovered in a sitting posture in one corner of the apartment, which was found to be a very rugged cave, and, on close examination, from twenty to thirty feet wide. Its height could not be ascertained, as the ceiling could only be indistinctly seen by the dim light of the torch, but guessed at from twenty to thirty feet. The first two apartments being uniform in shape, and having regular, smooth walls, must have been hewn out of the granite by the prehistoric race, while the third was a natural cave. The men examined the mummy closely, but it threw no new light on the mystery. It was of a man about the usual height—five feet, eight inches, as nearly as could be judged. With the exception of a few copper hammers and wedges, nothing more was found. While the men were examining these, Maximilian kept himself busy examining the walls, and at last called to them. On going to him he showed them an image

of a man carved on a projecting point of the wall. This image faced the back part of the cave, to which one hand was pointing. Maximilian, calling particular attention to the hand, said—

“Gentlemen, that is the ancient Aztec manner of directing each other courses to take in travels, and that man was undoubtedly carved to direct some of their race to go ahead. Come on and we will see where this thing ends yet.”

Pushing ahead, the men were soon stopped in their progress by a crack some ten or twelve feet, which ran cross wise of the cave. No top or bottom could be seen. Becoming somewhat curious to learn the depth of the crack, Dunks and Parody went outside of the cave, and soon returned with several large bowlders, which they hurled one by one, into it. As they descended, the sounds of their striking against the sides could be heard for two or three minutes, growing fainter and fainter till they died out. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon, and the men concluded to return to camp, and to make further investigations the next day.

After a sleepless night, with their nerves strung up to the highest pitch of curiosity and no little excitement, the men again went to the crevice in the cave, at seven o'clock A. M., with ropes and tools for a fair exploration. Parody, being the most venturesome, tied the rope firmly around his body under the arms, took a torch in his hands and said he was ready to be let down. Before descending, he told the men that a circular motion of the torch would be the signal for letting him down lower, and a quick movement sideways, to raise. When he held it still he was to be held in the position then occupied.

Sixty feet of rope was all they had, and the signals for letting out rope were continued till only enough to hold on to

was left. After pecking away for some time at the wall, and swinging himself occasionally to the opposite one and making hasty observations, he signaled to be raised, and was soon again in the cave.

On throwing out the contents of a sack, which was swung under his right arm, they were found to be pieces of gold ore, just like that found in the chambers and cave. The mine was now found, and all were frantic with excitement, and resolved to go to Salmon City—where they were not known—for tools with which to procure the precious metal. As it had leaked out in the Cœur d'Alene that they were in possession of some knowledge of some rich mines, it would not do to go there for them, as they would be followed by many anxious prospectors, who might cause them some trouble, as excited men are apt to claim and contest in many a dishonorable way, another's just rights; and it too often happens that the rightful owners are cheated out of property they have worked long, at many times risked their lives, as in this instance, to obtain. The next day, the men left for Salmon City, where they arrived one week afterward, and purchased a good supply of tools, provisions, ammunition for fire arms, etc.

After leaving Salmon City, the men were not again seen until the December snows came, and they were obliged to seek winter quarters. They took a fancy to Salmon City, and returned there for the winter. What success they had is not known. All that was visible to the public eye was an arastra below the cave, on Lake creek, and an unlimited credit at the Salmon City bank.

Parody did not tarry long, but soon left for Chicago to visit his aged father and mother, the former of whom had driven him away from home on account his reckless ways and irreligious con-

duct forty years before. Parody was, at heart, one of the best men in the mountains, and his careless and reckless disposition was only a natural failing. It is too often the case that men are blamed for a disposition in which there is no particular harm or dishonor, and their virtues and better traits entirely lost sight of. When George took the stage for Blackfoot, a town on the Utah & Northern railroad, he was about the happiest man in Idaho. An old tin-type picture of his mother was often taken out of his pocket-book, on which he would gaze with the most intent interest. After bidding his partners good-bye and cautioning them to go to the "Cave"—as the mine was named—as soon as possible in the spring, and shaking hands with many acquaintances he had formed during the short stay in Salmon City, he departed.

One week from the day of the departure, George Parody arrived in Chicago, which place he left forty years before, for, to him, the great unknown West. He had left with a heavy heart and suppressed grief, but now he had passed through many vicissitudes and trials, and was fifty-six years of age, but he had a light heart and was quick and active. Chicago had grown wonderfully in the past forty years, but Parody was a man of perseverance, and was confident that by consulting the city directory—knowing that his father was an extensive pork dealer—the residence could be found. But before searching for them, he concluded to wander around the city a few hours, in order to get rid of a peculiar nervousness, which he could easily account for.

Noticing a large crowd in front of the court house door, he approached, that irresistible desire to know everything going on asserting itself. It was nothing more than a sheriff's sale, and when

the deputy, who was to do the selling, went upon the stand and offered a fine residence, that had cost the bankrupt owner \$50,000.00, Parody was determined to purchase it for his mother.

"How much am I offered?" called out the officer.

"Thirty thousand!" yelled Parody, at the top of his voice.

"Thirty-five!" called out another.

"Forty!" yelled Parody, in his loud voice.

After calling for some time for a higher bid, and not getting any, the officer asked: "Who is the gentleman who bid the forty thousand?"

"George Parody, of Idaho!" yelled George.

The officer, not knowing any man of that name, of course requested that the money be deposited before the sale of other property proceeded. George advanced to the stand and handed to the officer a draft on one of the strongest banks in the city, when the sale went on. A large number of hogs were next offered, and Parody, knowing that to be his father's business, bought them to offer his aged sire as a present. He was an excitable man, and, as the sale progressed, bought everything offered. His investments amounted to nearly \$200,000.00, but his draft more than covered the amount.

When the deed to the property was completed, George was called into the sheriff's office to receive it. After receiving the document, his natural propensity for wanting to know everything again asserted itself, and he asked the officer who it was that had failed in business, how he came to fail, and where he lived.

Without looking up, the deputy gruffly replied: "All I know about him is that he was a pork dealer, named Paul Parody."

George's countenance changed to a sadness, but after meditating a moment, he rushed into a lawyer's office, and everything was deeded over from him to Paul Parody, and properly entered on the recorder's books, and the papers sent to the old, financially stricken man, with a small card, on which was written—

"Compliments of George Parody, your truant son, who left Chicago just forty years ago, under circumstances you will undoubtedly remember."

The next day was the happiest of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Parody, as George called very early in the forenoon, and jokingly sent in a card by the servant girl, asking if he might go in.

It was not until late in the following summer, that he returned to the "Cave" mine, but when he did, he found his partners hard at work, and glad to see him and listen to his narratives of the trip and winter in Chicago.

Since that time, George has always spent his winters with the old folks at home; and it is whispered by Cornelius Dunks, who made one trip with him, that he never recovered from that natural propensity for unwarranted exaggerations, and takes advantage of the credulity of his aged parents, entertaining them with thrilling descriptions of events that never happened.

E. W. JONES.

INDIANS OF ALASKA.

IN many respects, the native inhabitants of Alaska differ from the usual type of the American aborigine. Their physical appearance, and, to some extent, their customs, lend support to the theory that they are the mixed blood descendants of Mongolians, who, how many centuries ago no one can even form an opinion, reached the coast of America. Following the biblical theory of the the creation of man, which makes the whole human race spring from Adam, and locating the Garden of Eden in Western Asia, as seems to be the prevailing opinion of theological scientists, it has been for centuries taught that the continent of America was peopled by Asiatics, who crossed Behring's straits, either on the ice or by some crude vessel sufficiently strong to navigate the sea. This theory was adhered to in spite of the fact that the American Indian is

classed by ethnologists as a distinct race from the Mongolian, which would naturally suggest a different origin.

We all remember reading, with closest attention, and with a feeling of introduction to a subject almost new to our thoughts, that carefully written work of Ignatius Donnelly, "Atlantis," in which the gifted author seeks to prove the actual existence and destruction of the wonderful island which Plato located in the Atlantic, peopled with a race highly civilized and skilled in the mechanical arts. In this volume a strong effort is made to prove that Atlantis was the birthplace of civilization, and that before it sank beneath the sea, it sent out colonies to Europe, Asia, Africa and America, founders of the high civilizations of which more authentic history speaks, such as the Egyptians, Phoenicians, Aztecs, Incas and others. In this

manner, he accounts for the tradition of a great flood, which seems to be common to nearly all of the older civilizations, by the complete submersion of their native land. He, also, thus accounts for the almost uniform custom among the ancients of these various peoples, of building pyramids; also for the many remarkable similarities in customs, religious belief and hieroglyphic signs. Even the Garden of Eden itself, he interprets to be the fruitful island of Atlantis, where he claims that agriculture was carried to a higher degree of scientific perfection than ever since attained, and where the happy people lived amid perennial flowers and fruits. It is a strong effort in opposition to the usually accepted theory of the manner in which America was peopled, but is equally inadequate to account for the American aborigine, who differs as radically from the Atlantean descendants of Donnelly as from their putative Mongolian ancestors. The land from which the American Indian came, if, indeed, he be not "indigenous to the soil," is a question for anthropologists yet to decide.

There seems little doubt that, whatever may have been the origin of the Aztecs and the Cliff-dwellers of Mexico, or the noble red man of Cooper, some of the Indians now living on the coast of Alaska and British Columbia, are of Mongolian descent, though probably not of pure blood. The Haidas of Queen Charlotte islands show these characteristics more distinctly than other tribes, both in their customs and lighter complexion, though they also have characteristics which seem to associate them with the Aztecs, and traditions much similar to the Algonquins and Iroquois of the Atlantic slope. The Indians of the Alaskan coast, though not so advanced in mechanics as the Haidas, are far ahead of the Indian tribes with which we have been acquainted for years. Es-

pecially in the manufacture of clothing, canoes and domestic and cooking utensils, they show a much higher stage of development. On pages 871 and 872 are represented two of these large canoes. Many of them are large enough to hold twenty warriors, and in them, like the Norsemen of old, these tribes used to make predatory excursions along the coast to the southward, terrorizing and plundering the natives of Puget sound.

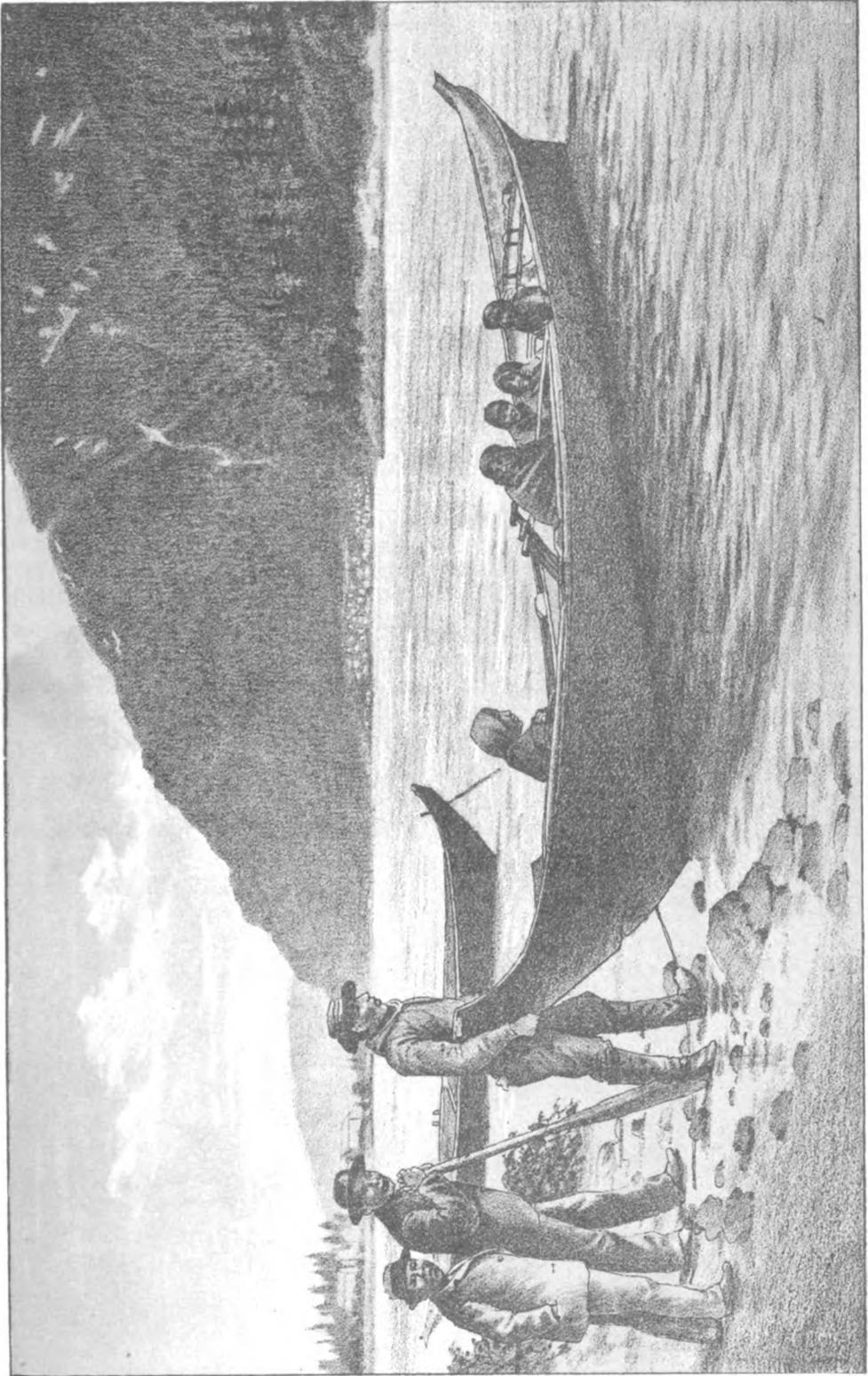
One such invasion, which ended most disastrously to the marauders, occurred in November, 1856. A fleet of these war canoes entered the sound and penetrated as far as Steilacoom, where a battle occurred between the invaders and the reservation Indians, in which the former were defeated. They then retreated down the sound, pursued by a United States war vessel, under the command of Captain S. Swartwout, accompanied by the steamer *Traveler*. The pursuers found the northern Indians encamped in force at Port Gamble, who would not permit a party to land for a "peace talk." During the night the ship and steamer moved in shore, near the camp, where their howitzers and field pieces could rake the camp from two directions, and Lieutenants Semmes and Forest landed with twenty-nine men, wading waist deep in the water, and carrying a howitzer in their arms. In the morning, the Indians took shelter behind logs and trees, and fired upon the party on the beach. Instantly the guns of both vessels and the attacking party opened on them, and then the marines charged, driving the Indians into the woods, where the density of underbrush and fallen timber rendered pursuit impossible. The camp and property of the marauders, including their canoes, were destroyed, and a steady fire of cannon and musketry into the woods was maintained. The next day, the Indians begged for mercy. They said they had lost twenty-seven of their

number, were without food and clothing, with no means to return to their country, and offered to surrender unconditionally. They were supplied with food, and conveyed in the vessels to Victoria, where they procured canoes and returned home, promising never to come back. Since then, the white settlements of the sound have never been molested by these marauders of the north, though the Indians have occasionally suffered from similar hostile incursions. Now everything is changed. Yearly, scores of these long war canoes enter the sound, but on a mission of peace, the tribes of British Columbia and Alaska gathering there to pick the hops of the Puyallup valley.

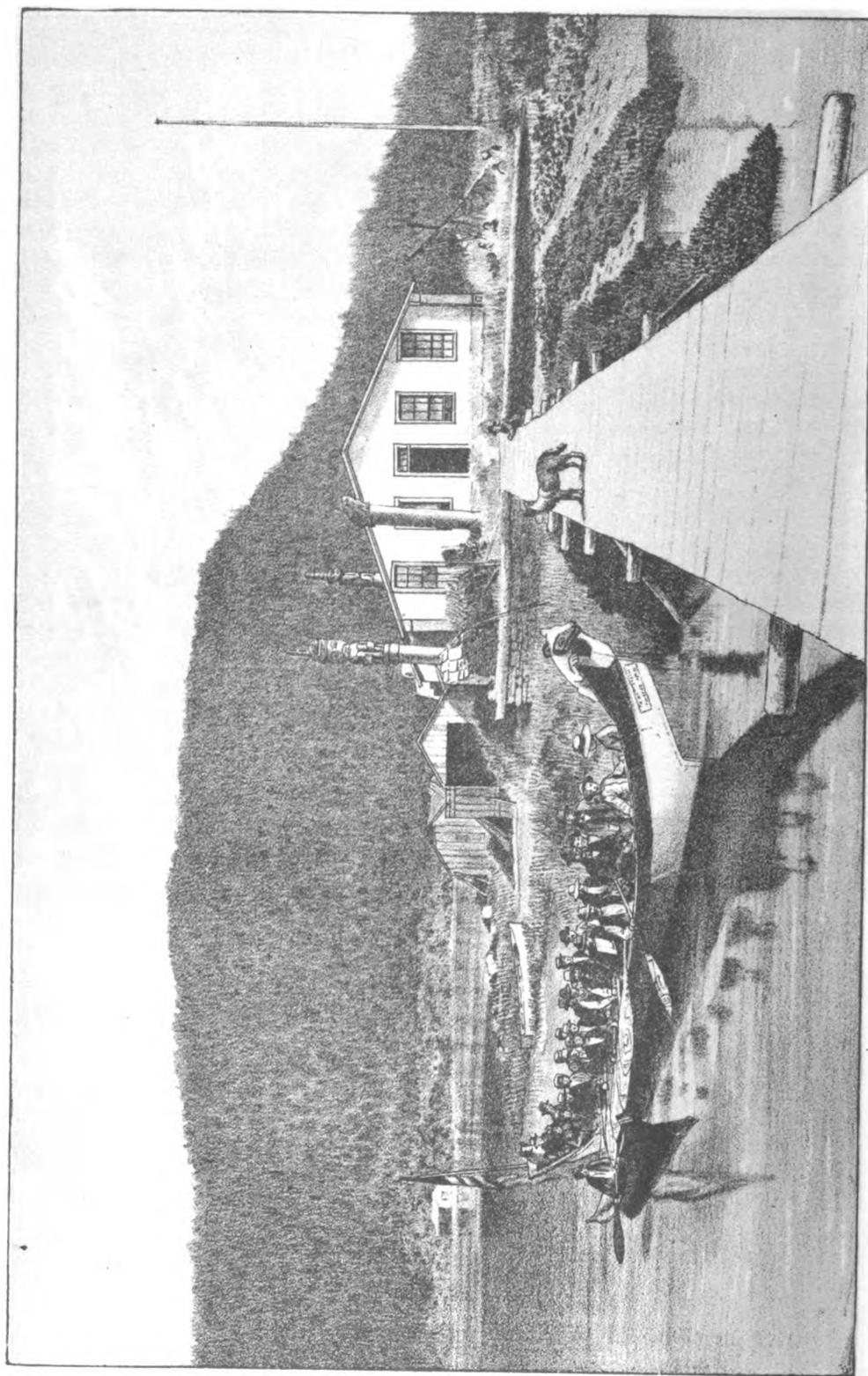
The skill of these tribes is also shown in the carving of numerous objects. For this purpose they generally use the handsome red cedar of those high latitudes. A multitude of utensils and appliances are fashioned by them, but their greatest work is the carving of heraldic columns, or totem sticks, which stand in front of their houses, as is shown in the engraving on page 872. The Haidas are the most advanced in this art, carving, also, in stone, silver, gold, copper and

iron. These heraldic columns have great significance. The Alaskan tribes are divided into families, and each has a totem stick, erected in front of the habitation of the head of the family. The size of the stick and the amount of carving thereon indicate the wealth and importance of the possessor. They vary from two to five feet in thickness, and are often sixty feet high. Each family has its symbol, or crest, and when the families intermarry, these symbols are blended, or independently carved on the same stick, causing many curious combinations and interminglings of devices. These totem sticks often cost \$2,000.00, and a chief who has asserted his importance by having one made, generally gives a "potlatch," in which blankets, arms, and valuables of all kinds are lavishly bestowed upon the assembled multitude, the donor not infrequently impoverishing himself by his liberality. Miniatures of these wooden totems are carved in stone by the Haidas, the work being most delicate and beautiful, and many Alaska tourists bring them, or the cheaper wooden carvings, away with them as curious and interesting souvenirs of their trip.

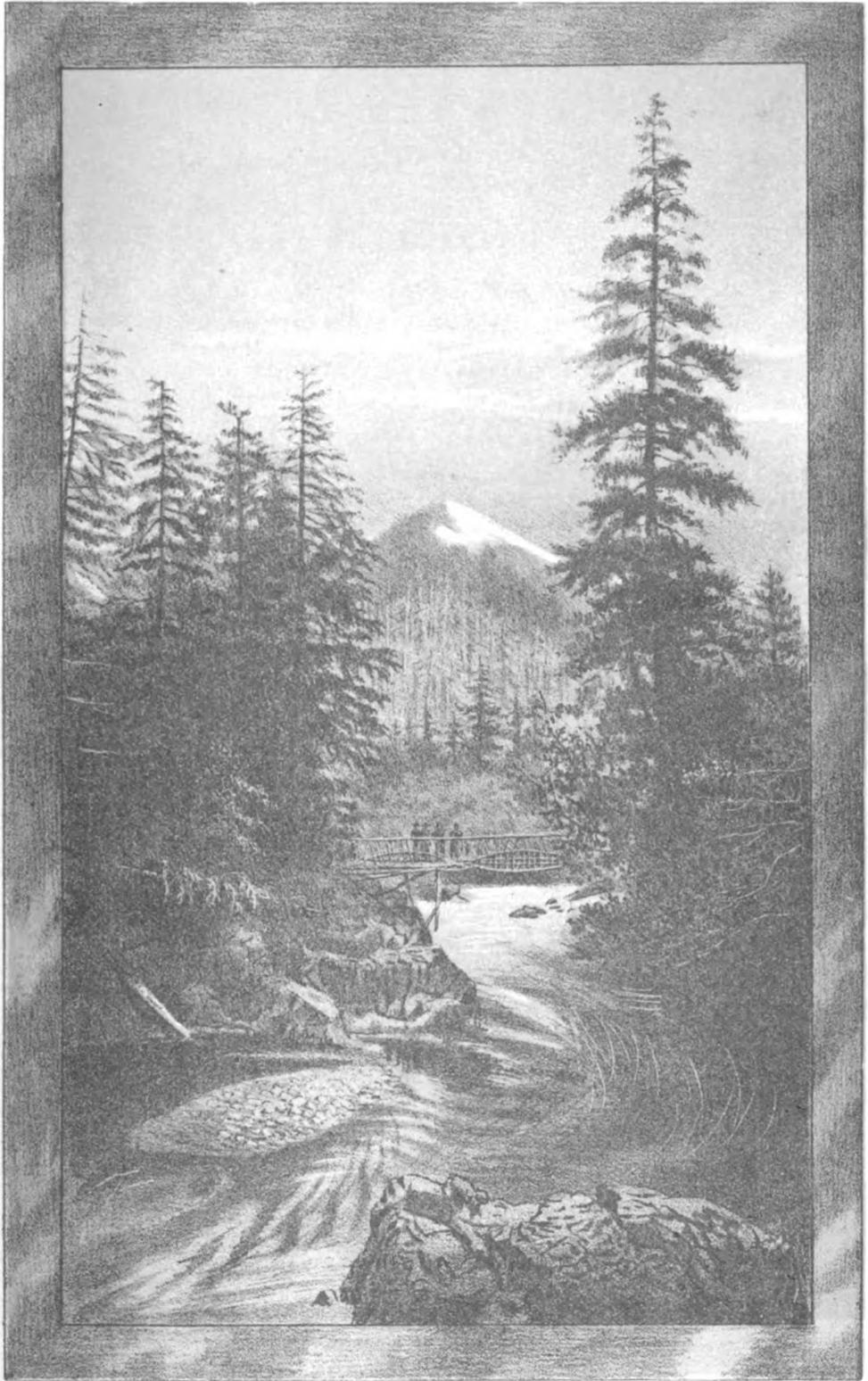
HENRY LAURENZ.



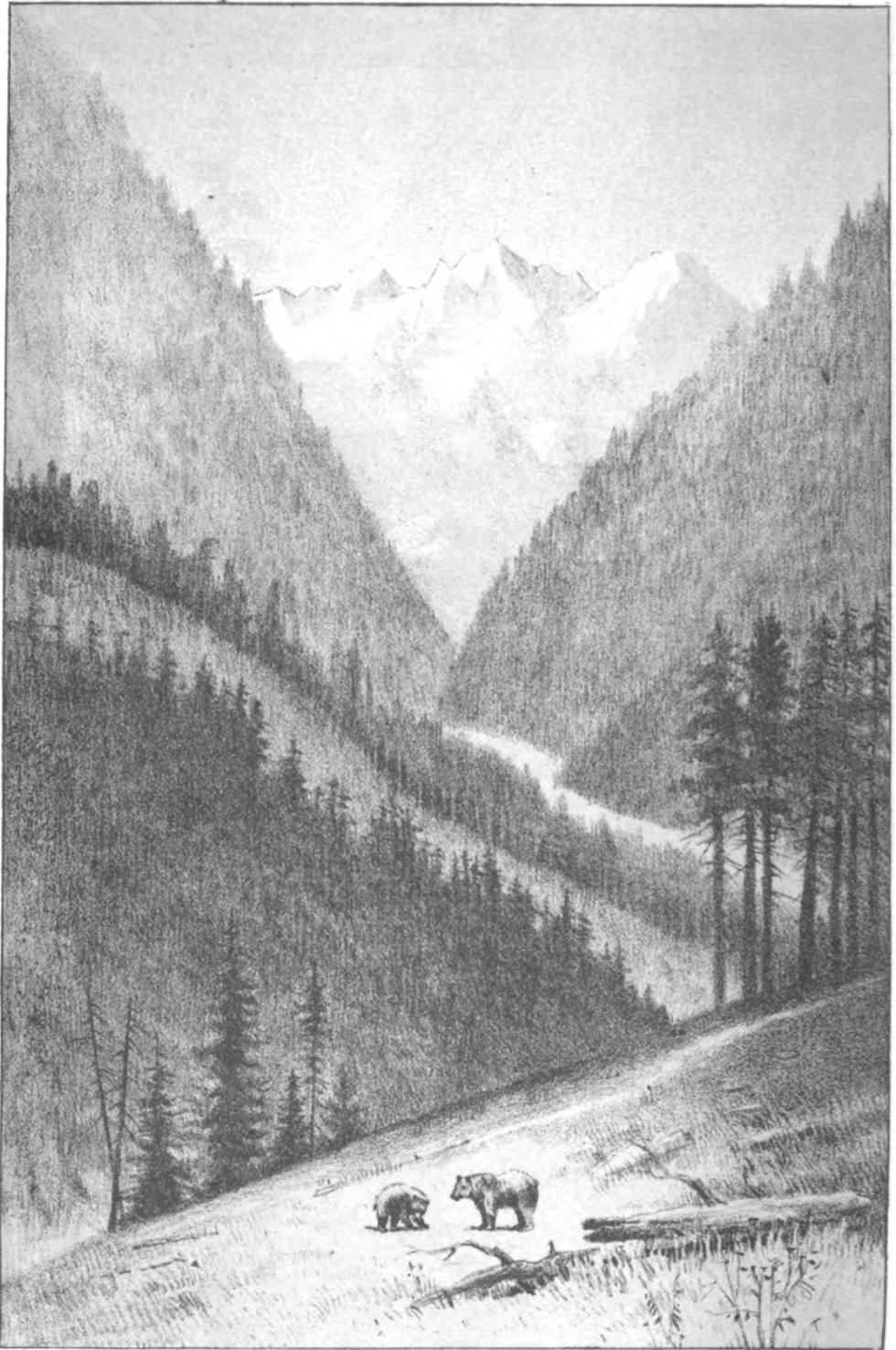
ALASKA INDIANS AND CANOE.



ALASKA — HOUSE OF CHEIF SHOKES AT FORT WRANGLE.



ALASKA — INDIAN RIVER, NEAR SITKA.



Where mountains pierce empyrean blue
Through gorge and vale of Siskiyou,
The Klamath pours its floods.

THE KLAMATH.

Where mountains pierce empyrean blue,
And valleys green enchant the view,
Where Autumn paints with richest hue
Mount Shasta's leafy woods,
Through gorge and vale of Siskiyou
The Klamath pours its floods.

In silvery Tlamat's* dual lakes,
Deep margined, green, with tule brakes,
Where cayote's howl the echo wakes
At earliest break of morn,
And feathers float in snowy flakes,
A quiet stream is born.

Scarce springs it from the lake's embrace,
With many a sweeping curve of grace,
'Till mountains high their masses place
Athwart its sluggish way,
And dashing now around their base
The singing waters play.

From valley wide and canyon deep,
From rivulet on mountain steep,
From rocky gorge where cataracts leap,
Its rushing tributes come;
The floods of many mountains keep
One pathway to their home.

Resistless now, it surges on,
And cleaves the mountain's heart of stone,
A mighty power, whose roars alone
The deepest silence break,
With thunder answering thunder tone
The voiceless echoes wake.

Such is the stream, a turgid tide,
Gathered from mountain summits wide,
And rushing on with mighty stride,
To seek the boundless sea,
Whose rolling billows ceaseless ride,
From granite fetters free.

When evening falls on Klamath's tide,
Through dark'ning shades the waters glide
Yet swiftly on; in valleys wide
The gathering gloam hangs low;
While on the mountain's terraced side,
The Indian camp fires glow.

Yet, far above the valley's gloam,
As if to 'scape the threatened doom
Of day, Mount Shasta's towers loom
With twice annointed head,†
And on his marble brows the bloom
Of sunset hues is shed.

Still, must Sierra's monarch bow
His lofty head and ice crowned brow
To Night's decree. Her mantle now
She gently spreads o'er all,
To thus all things alike endow
With universal pall.

Thus fades the day, and comes the night,
As flit anticipations bright
We form in the rose tinted light
Of youth's expectant days,
To fade from age's weakening sight
In death's obscuring haze.

H. L. WELLS.

* The original name, of which "Klamath" is a corruption.

† The two peaks of Shasta are clearly shown in the engraving on page 894.

FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY, O. N. G.

UNTIL recently, the National Guard had its inception May 21, 1883, when organization was unknown in Oregon. There have always been a number of militia companies in Portland and other cities, supplied with arms by the state, but not sworn into the state service, and wearing independent uniforms, when uniformed at all. These companies had no organized connection with each other, though the militia law of the state provided for the formation of regiments and brigades. Every company regularly organized by authority of the county judge, received from the county in which it was located the sum of \$50.00 per month for armory rent, and was supplied with muskets, belts, cartridge boxes and bayonet scabbards by the state. The members did not, however, take the oath of service to the state, and it was found, when their services were required two years ago, that they could not be compelled to render that service for which they had drawn the people's money for a series of years. This was during the anti-Chinese agitation, in February, 1886, when the state authorities required the companies to take the oath to support the constitutions of the United States and Oregon. At that time, one company, the Emmett Guard, refused to do so, though a few members signified their individual willingness to do their duty. Accordingly, the state took away their arms, the county withdrew their monthly allowance, and the company disbanded. All the other companies responded promptly to the call of duty.

The organization of the militia of Portland, and, practically, of Oregon,

the members of the Grand Army of the Republic organized the Veteran Guard, with the membership confined to comrades of the G. A. R. The company consisted of fifty-three men, commanded by Capt. N. S. Pierce, First Lieut. O. Summers, and Second Lieut. Scott Phillips. On the following Fourth of July, a grand encampment of the G. A. R. was held in Portland, and on that occasion the Veteran Guard acted as an escort to visiting posts, and participated in the sham battle, which was one of the features of the occasion.

There existed, at that time, two other companies in Portland, and one in Astoria. One of the Portland companies was the Emmett Guard, and the other the Washington Guard, the oldest military organization in the city, to which, during the years of its service, many of the best citizens of Portland had belonged. It was then, and had for a long time been, under the command of Captain Horatio Cook, who had devoted much time and money to it. In the fall of 1883, these companies met and organized a battalion, as contemplated by the militia law of the state, by the election of M. E. Freeman, Major, being the only field officer a battalion of only four companies is entitled to. It was known as the First Regiment, Second Brigade, Oregon State Militia, and was composed of Companies A (Washington Guard), B (Emmett Guard), E (Veteran Guard), and H (Astoria).

On the fifteenth of November, 1883, a number of the leading young men of the city, among them being some who

had seen militia service in other states, organized an independent company, which they called "G" company. The officers for the first two years were L. C. Farrar, Captain; A. J. Coffee, First Lieutenant, and H. C. Johnson, Second Lieutenant. Soon afterwards, Company F was organized in East Portland, and in the spring of 1884, these two companies joined the regiment. By the addition of F and G companies, the battalion became entitled to a Lieutenant Colonel, and J. K. Phillips, an old veteran of honorable service, who was then serving as a corporal in the Veteran Guard, was elected to that position. Lieutenant M. J. McMahan was appointed adjutant.

No radical change was made for two years, until the agitation against the Chinese became so alarming, in February, 1886, that the city, county and state authorities, began to investigate the condition of the militia, to see if it could be relied upon to quell the threatened riots. It was then that the oath of service was administered to all except Company B, which, as before stated, was disbanded. The other companies responded to the call of duty, and their conduct did much to reassure the citizens. Company G's armory was made the headquarters, and a strong guard was constantly maintained there, the men cheerfully rendering the service for which they had voluntarily obligated themselves. Few people are aware of the full measure of this service, extending to daily and nightly calls to duty over a period of many weeks. It was such as to entitle them to a warm place in the affections of our people.

The situation was so threatening that it was deemed necessary to increase the effective force of the militia, and a petition for the formation of several companies for ninety days' service, was circulated, and received the signatures of

some three hundred young business men and employees of business houses. Out of these, two companies were organized, I and K. Company I failed to complete its organization, for various reasons, but Company K, composed of about one hundred of the best young men of the city, became a tangible organization, commanded by Captain E. H. Merrill, a graduate of West Point, First Lieutenant C. F. Beebe, a gentleman long connected with the militia of New York, and Second Lieutenant E. R. Adams. By frequent drills the company was soon placed in a condition for active service. E company reorganized by throwing its membership open to all suitable persons, and electing Captain C. E. Morgan, First Lieutenant D. C. Southworth and Second Lieutenant Jay C. Olds. Lieutenant McMahan was elected Captain of F Company, and Lieutenant Summers was appointed Adjutant. The commissions of Lieutenant Colonel Phillips and Major Freeman expired in July, 1886, and the battalion elected Captain E. H. Merrill, of K company, Lieutenant Colonel, and Lieutenant H. M. Taylor, of A company, Major. Lieutenant E. R. Adams, of K company, was appointed Adjutant; Lieutenant W. B. Ayer, Quartermaster, and Captain A. D. Bevan, Surgeon. Just prior to this election, K company veteranized, its ninety days' service having expired, and was mustered in for three years. C. F. Beebe was elected Captain; W. M. Ladd, First Lieutenant, and C. K. Cranston, Second Lieutenant.

It was during this period of the regiment's history that G Company, which had reached a high state of perfection in drill, and had won the first prize on the Fourth of July, 1885, competed with the Seattle Rifles, a splendidly drilled organization from Seattle, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, December 11, 1886, and won the prize by a score of seventy-six

points in a possible ninety. The company was commanded by Captain L. C. Farrar, First Lieutenant A. J. Coffee, and Second Lieutenant E. W. Moore. The competing companies were entertained after the contest by K Company, in a most hospitable manner, the eatables, cigars and good fellowship of the occasion, doing much to remove the sting of defeat from the feelings of the visitors. Much interest was taken in this contest, and it had a most beneficial effect upon the entire regiment. Company G won the first prize in the drill at Tacoma on the fifth of July, 1887.

The crudities of the militia law had been rendered quite apparent by the attempt at regimental organization under it, and a strong effort was made in the legislature last winter to have it amended. A militia bill was prepared by Colonel Summers, then a member of the house, with the advice and assistance of others, who had a deep interest in the welfare of the organization, and by his persistent effort, was passed. This bill went into effect July 1, 1887, and provides for the organization of the Oregon National Guard, composed, at present, of one brigade of three regiments, of which the Portland regiment is the first. It also provides for a Military Board for the administration of military affairs, levies a tax for the equipment and maintenance of the militia, and provides for an annual encampment. The governor appointed J. C. Schofner, a graduate of West Point, Adjutant General, and J. M. Siglin, Brigadier General.

Two new companies were organized in the spring before the new law went into effect. Company D was mustered in at Albina, with its present officers, and Company I, composed of pupils of the Portland High School, with Prof. R. K. Warren, Captain; Adam S. Collins, First Lieutenant, and Frank Drake,

Second Lieutenant. In June, all the companies elected officers under the new law, resulting in a few changes. A Company was completely reorganized, Frank G. Abell being elected Captain, A. B. McAlpin, First Lieutenant, and H. R. Alden, Second Lieutenant. In E, F and H companies the present officers were elected. In G company, W. F. Kean was chosen Second Lieutenant. I and D companies elected the officers named above, and in K company H. L. Wells was elected Second Lieutenant.

Being now composed of eight companies, the regiment held an election in July for a full field of officers, resulting in the choice of Captain C. F. Beebe, Colonel; Lieutenant O. Summers, Lieutenant Colonel, and Lieutenant E. B. Adams, Major. Colonel Beebe constituted his staff as shown in the accompanying roster, with the exception of Quartermaster. Lieutenant W. B. Ayer was appointed to that position, but resigned, being succeeded by Lieutenant W. N. Dimmick. The promotion of Captain Beebe from K company, was followed by the election of the officers named in the accompanying roster. In November, the officers of I company resigned, and its present officers were elected. To fill vacancies caused by the promotion of Lieutenant Coffee and the removal from the city of Lieutenant Kean, the present lieutenants of G Company were elected. In September, Company B was mustered in at Hillsboro, making the ninth company in the regiment, which is now composed as shown in the appended roster. Having special quarters in the new armory, though not attached to the regiment, is Battery A, Portland Light Artillery. This battery was organized September 24, 1881, and reorganized June 8, 1887, under the new law. The men carry side arms and sabres, and the battery has two brass twelve pounders, of an obsolete pattern.

It should be provided with modern guns, or gatlings, and the authorities owe it to the people and the members of the battery, to properly equip them for the service they may be called upon to render.

To the added interest in military affairs at the time of the organization of K Company is due the present high state of efficiency of the regiment. To this company belongs the credit of securing the splendid armory building illustrated on page 831. In the summer of 1886, seven members of the company, Captain Beebe, Lieutenant Ladd, John C. Lewis, W. B. Ayer, H. J. Corbett, F. R. Strong and F. K. Arnold were appointed a committee on armory. The committee prepared a petition to the county court, which was presented by Messrs. Strong and Arnold, and supported by Mr. Strong in a brief argument, showing that it was cheaper for the county to build an armory than to pay monthly allowances, besides placing the militia in a better condition for service. Judge Catlin held that the county had no authority to purchase property and build an armory. A bill to accomplish this end was drawn up, and passed the legislature early in 1887, authorizing counties to build armories in towns of more than ten thousand people. Under this law, the county commissioners, Judge John Catlin, Hon. H. W. Corbett and J. A. Newell purchased the half block on C street, between Ninth and Tenth, and let the contract for the present building at \$30,000. The work of the committee in securing this result was indefatigable, overcoming the most formidable obstacles and discouraging delays, the final arrangements with the court being perfected by Captain Beebe, Captain Farrar, Lieutenant Arnold and Mr. H. J. Corbett.

The armory is a compactly built brick structure, with a solid foundation of stone. It is two hundred feet long and

one hundred feet wide, with bastions on opposite corners. The roof is supported from the sides by heavy cross beams and iron rods, giving a drill room on the second floor the entire size of the building, free from posts or other obstructions. The lower floor is divided into two sections by a wide assembly hall, running two-thirds of the way back from the entrance on Ninth street. The remaining third is partitioned off for the Portland Light Battery, with a large entrance on C street. On the left of the assembly hall are a large room for the Board of Officers, and five company rooms, occupied respectively by A, E, G, I and K companies. On the right are the library, headquarters room, non-commissioned staff room, two company rooms, band room and a large drill room for squads. In the center of the building is the magazine for storing ammunition. The rooms are all suitably furnished, at the expense of the regiment, some of the companies having gone to considerable expense in furnishing and decorating their quarters, which present an appearance of elegance and comfort which is extremely inviting to the visitor. The citizens expect much from a regiment so elaborately provided for, and they will not be disappointed, as it is composed of as fine a body of men as can be found in the National Guard of any state. It is in most excellent hands, its field officers (see portraits on page 832) being men of large and varied experience.

The commandant, Colonel Charles F. Beebe, is a native of New York City, where he was born in 1849, and where he entered into business upon completing his education. In February, 1871, he enlisted in the famous Seventh Regiment, National Guard, State of New York, from which he was honorably discharged in August, 1878, after nearly eight years of service. November 25, 1878, he was appointed Aide de Camp,

with rank of First Lieutenant, on the staff of Brigadier General J. M. Varian, Third Brigade, N. G., S. N. Y., and was promoted to Commissary of Subsistence, with rank of Captain, October 11, 1880, and Quartermaster, March 16, 1881. January 16, 1882, he was appointed Aide de Camp, rank of Captain, on the staff of the Second Brigade, and was promoted to inspector of Rifle Practice, rank of Major, May 26, 1882. He resigned in May, 1883, and June 12, 1883, was appointed assistant in the Department of Rifle Practice, State of New York, having the rank of Major. In the following December he resigned, and came to this city to engage in business. When K company was organized, April 5, 1886, Major Beebe enlisted for ninety days, and was elected First Lieutenant. Upon the promotion of Colonel Merrill, he was unanimously elected Captain, in August, 1886, and during the year he commanded the company, he brought it to a high state of efficiency as a military organization. In July, 1887, the commissioned officers of the regiment elected Captain Beebe to the position of Colonel, the first full rank commander the battalion ever had. Since then, he has devoted his energies to the unification of the battalion, and the creation of a regiment out of what has heretofore been, practically, but an association of independent companies. He has a task before him of great difficulty, but one which his zeal, long experience and intimate knowledge of military affairs eminently fit him to perform.

Lieutenant Colonel O. Summers has a record in the military service of the country, of which any man might justly be proud. He was born in Brockville, Canada, June 13, 1850, and two years later moved to Chicago, where both of his parents died, leaving him to his own resources at the tender age of seven years. Three times during the course

of the civil war he attempted to enlist, but was declined because too young. Finally, though but fourteen years of age, he succeeded, and enlisted in the Third Illinois Cavalry, at Dixon, February 21, 1865. He was assigned to Company H, and within a week had been sent to the front, and was in the saddle in active service, the youngest trooper, no doubt, in Uncle Sam's service. That summer was one of almost daily conflict with the guerrillas in Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky. In the fall of 1865, the regiment was sent to Dakota, and made a campaign against the Sioux Indians. They then went to Fort Snelling, Minn., and finally to Springfield, Ill., where they were mustered out, in December, 1865. Colonel Summers, still a lad of fifteen, then started out to make his way in the world. In 1875 he came to California and Oregon, and returned to Chicago. In 1879, he again came to Portland and founded the extensive crockery and glassware business now carried on by Olds & Summers. In 1883 Colonel Summers was instrumental in organizing the Veteran Guard, thus laying the foundation of the regiment of which he is now the second in command. He was elected First Lieutenant of the company, was subsequently appointed Adjutant of the battalion, and in July, 1887, was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, which is now profiting by his zealous efforts and military experience. Colonel Summers was elected one of the representatives of Multnomah county in the Oregon legislature, in June, 1886. He was an active member of that body, and to him is chiefly due the passage of the militia law. He has been a prominent member and officer of the Grand Army of the Republic since 1880, and at present represents Oregon in the National Council of Administration of that organization, composed of one member from each state.

ROSTER OF FIRST REGIMENT, FIRST BRIGADE, OREGON NATIONAL GUARD.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel, - - - - -	Charles F. Beebe.	Adjutant, - - -	E. W. Moore, First Lieut.
Lieut. Colonel, - - -	O. Summers.	Quar. Master, -	W. N. Dimmick, First Lieut.
Major, - - - - -	E. R. Adams.	Commissary, -	F. K. Arnold, First Lieut.
Surgeon, - - - - -	A. D. Bevan, Captain.	Asst. Surgeon, -	J. A. Fulton, First Lieut.
Chaplain, - - - - -	G. W. Foote, Captain.	Signal Officer, -	F. B. Eaton, First Lieut.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major, - - - - -	J. H. Loyd.	Hospital Steward, - - - - -	L. G. Clarke.
Quarter Master Sergeant, -	C. C. Fisher.	Color Sergeant, - - - - -	W. A. Wilcox.
Commissary Sergeant, - - -	G. F. Telfer.	Right General Guide, - - - -	Ed. Bernheim.
Ordnance Sergeant, - - - -	F. N. Pendleton.	Left General Guide, - - - - -	C. H. McIsaac.
	Signal Sergeant, - - - - -		K. J. L. Ross.

COMPANY A.

Captain, - - - - -	Frank G. Abell.	Second Lieutenant, - - -	John A. Ahlstedt.
First Lieutenant, - - - - -	A. B. McAlpin.	First Sergeant, - - - - -	Chas. H. Williamson.

SERGEANTS.

Geo. A. Wolfe, Q. M. Ed. Goldsmith. Chas. A. Powell. H. F. McKay. B. E. Smith.

CORPORALS.

Chas. E. Rumelin.	M. A. M. Ashley.	Wm. Lussier.	E. Caywood.
	H. H. Menges.	J. Hertzman.	

PRIVATES.

Bronson, Geo. C.	Graves, James L.	Isaacson, I.	Pilger, G. C.
Bowles, C. D.	Hansen, Geo.	Kane, T. F.	Rogers, J.
Brown, S. D.	Hutchins, Ray.	Litherland, F.	Spear, H.
Coleman, C. D.	Hayes, Joe.	Mills, E.	Sutherland, C. J.
Casey, T. F.	Hutchins, D. S.	Marye, W. B.	Taylor, S.
Friedenthal, J.	Hunsaker, E.	McGrew, J. W.	Tibbetts, J. E.
Gloss, F.	Happersett, C. E.	Newman, Geo.	West, W.
Gowanlock, J. A.	Hill, C. E.	Powell, A.	

COMPANY B. (HILLSBORO).

Captain, - - - - -	A. M. Collins.	Second Lieutenant, - - -	M. Collins.
First Lieutenant, - - - - -	P. M. Dennis.	First Sergeant, - - - - -	W. L. Weathered.

SERGEANTS.

F. J. Bailey, Q. M. J. C. Lamkins. Max Crandall. S. T. Linklater. E. J. Lyons.

CORPORALS.

E. L. McEldowney. Chas. Crocker. J. J. Morgan. John Magruder.

PRIVATES.

Adams, C. A.	Ennis, J. R.	Malone, M. H.	Prosser, W. E.
Butler, C. A.	Flippin, W. L.	Moore, R. A.	Pointer, S. V.
Blaser, C.	Gosney, L. J.	Moore, John.	Patterson, G. W.
Boscow, W.	Garrison, W.	Morgan, J. W.	Ransome, C. W.
Brown, J. N.	Gibson, J. W.	Mead, V. R.	Reed, J. A.
Billings, Geo.	Gordon, W. S.	Mitchell, John.	Sigler, A.
Clow, W. C.	Humphreys, Thos.	McEldowney, F. E.	Shute, L. E.
Crandall, R.	Handley, C. B.	McKinney, J. N.	Wehrung, G. A.
Crandall, A. B.	Hay, B. S.	Mintor, J. A.	Wehrung, W. H.
Emrick, William.	Jobe, L. A.	Northup, J.	Williams, Frank.
Ennis, Isaac.	Jobe, M. E.	Newport, James.	Wilson, T. J.
Ennis, Louis.	Kindt, C. E.	Nelson, Wm.	

THE WEST SHORE.

COMPANY D. (ALBINA).

Captain, - - - - -	L. T. Vinnigerholz.	Second Lieutenant, - - - - -	C. Hallowell.
First Lieutenant, - - - - -	L. E. Simmons.	First Sergeant, - - - - -	Geo. H. Ennis.

SERGEANTS.

J. M. Pittenger, Q. M.	A. C. Kraeft.	A. B. Manley.	P. Hill.
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CORPORALS.

E. O. Magoon.	J. A. Deeds.	Lee Strauss.	W. Anderson.	T. B. Masters.
	E. H. Hyrestay.		C. W. Oliver.	

PRIVATES.

Allen, C.	Chambers, Frank.	Keniston, F. P.	Rogers, J. H.
Allen, L. G.	Cole, Oscar.	Lowrie, F. A.	Schreiber, Peter.
Anderson, J. H.	Donivan, B. F.	Lowrie, E.	Scott, J. H.
Armbrrecht, Jacob.	Francis, W. C.	Ladd, Wm.	White, F. S.
Bacon, Frank.	Fraser, J. A.	Mallory, R. F.	Wilhelm, J.
Behrens, J.	Hill, E.	McKenzie, T.	Wilson, Joe.
Bigelow, Frank.	Hill, C.	Orton, J.	Winans, A.
Brill, John.	Hillier, G.	Patterson, W. W.	Winans, E.
Burkhardt, Daniel.	Jensen, O. A.	Pittenger, J.	Winans, L.

MUSICIANS.

Ross, L.	Wilson, H.
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COMPANY E.

Captain, - - - - -	D. C. Southworth.	Second Lieutenant, - - - - -	H. A. Moser.
First Lieutenant, - - - - -	J. C. Olds.	First Sergeant, - - - - -	A. C. Mack.

SERGEANTS.

H. Schade, Q. M.	C. W. Richie.	J. W. Wray.	G. A. Beavis.
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CORPORALS.

R. Martin.	H. Sawyer.	W. D. Porter.	J. H. McKay.	J. T. Moore.
	W. A. Gould.	R. A. Hirsch.	C. Sheidow.	

PRIVATES.

Butler, L. A.	Evans, P. H.	Kelley, J. W.	Park, Ed.
Byrd, W. M.	Friese, F. A.	Lauritzen, L. J.	Rooke, W. C.
Bryant, C. C.	Fitzsimmons, J.	Lurvey, R. S.	Summers, J.
Brown, W. J.	Godley, F. C.	Moser, W. R.	Turner, W. B.
Black, Geo.	Haddock, Wm.	McGrath, J.	Turner, J. G.
Dodge, L. O.	Krupke, F. C. S.	Parrish, L. C.	Wetzler, G. P.
Daly, F. A.	Kruse, L. O.	Protzman, L.	White, F. E.

COMPANY F. (EAST PORTLAND).

Captain, - - - - -	M. J. McMahan.	Second Lieutenant, - - - - -	T. H. Dupuy.
First Lieutenant, - - - - -	J. O'Brion.	First Sergeant, - - - - -	J. A. Dryden.

SERGEANTS.

J. F. Kennydy, Q. M.	W. Campbell.	W. H. McMonies.	A. L. Austin.
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CORPORALS.

G. E. Howell.	T. Campbell.	T. P. Randall.	W. K. Benvie.
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PRIVATES.

Arnspeiger, E.	Day, J. C.	King, P.	Rooke, W. C.
Austin, E. L.	Diel, W. L.	Lang, E.	Smetzer, A. H.
Aylsworth, C. R.	George, M. D.	Lang, J.	Stansberry, E.
Beers, W. H.	Hembree, H.	Linville, R.	Thronson, T.
Busby, J.	Howe, R.	Pangburn, W.	Underhill, W. F.
Cahill, J.	Johnson, G. F.	Radovitch, T.	West, T.
Campbell, L.	Kellogg, C.	Rathburn, J.	
Cothrell, G.	King, B.	Rhodes, W. F.	

COMPANY G.

Captain, - - - - - L. C. Farrar. | Second Lieutenant, - - - - G. F. Willett.
 First Lieutenant, - - - - R. E. Davis. | First Sergeant, - - - - B. F. Jones.

SERGEANTS.

P. VanFridagh, Q. M. C. D. Lowndale. B. C. Towne.

CORPORALS.

D. L. Williams. A. S. Heintz. E. Kemera. J. W. Newkirk.
 F. A. Newton. F. F. Pittock. G. F. Himmers.

PRIVATES.

Beechy, H.	Holcomb, C.	McLean, C. F.	Wallace, R. H.
Burkhardt, C. A.	Harris, J. C.	Potter, W. E.	Wallace, M.
Cake, H. M.	Idleman, C. M.	Panton, J. J.	Weston, S. P.
Cookingham, A.	Johnson, H. C.	Prael, R. F.	Webber, G. W.
Davision, H. W.	Lee, W. A.	Rosenberger, E. B.	Wheat, P.
Dudley, W. L.	Miller, B. E.	Sears, J. F.	Wagner, H.
Dunbar, T. N.	McFall, O. P.	Sheldon, R. W.	Wagner, A.
Doesch, E. P.	Mulhollen, W. E.	Story, H.	Walker, S. W.
Gorman, M. H.	Manning, E. R.	Sanford, H. D.	Watson, B. P.
Hogue, H. W.	Monell, C. A.	Taylor, G. M.	

MUSICIANS.

Hoyt, R. W. Hoyt, G. W.

COMPANY H. (ASTORIA).

Captain, - - - - - A. E. Shaw. | Second Lieutenant, - - - G. H. Tarbell.
 First Lieutenant, - - - - F. E. Shute. | First Sergeant, - - - - Harry J. Wherity.

SERGEANTS.

F. S. Jewett, Q. M. F. I. Dunbar. W. C. Logan. F. A. Cook. F. H. Supernant.

CORPORALS.

A. Dunbar. O. Heilborn. Edward Hallick. W. A. Sherman.

PRIVATES.

Bain, C. E.	Goodell, Geo. T.	Meany, A. W.	Thing, Horace.
Bailey, L. N.	Gibbs, C. W.	McCormick, John.	Tallant, W. E.
Cooper, C. H.	Hartwig, F. L.	McKean, W. H.	Trullinger, J. H.
Collier, Robert.	Higgins, C. K.	Prael, Fred.	Trullinger, P. A.
Davis, Chas.	Johansen, J. H.	Ross, J. C.	Wherry, W. W.
Fox, C. W.	Levings, L. L.	Stokes, W. S.	Warren, W. E.
Grant, Peter.	Middlebrook, Harry.	Thompson, H. C.	Young, F. P.

THE WEST SHORE.

COMPANY I.

Captain, - - - - - A. J. Coffee. | Second Lieutenant, - - - F. B. Sommerville.
 First Lieutenant, - - - - - Oscar Thayer. | First Sergeant, - - - - - A. S. Collins.

SERGEANTS.

F. Drake, Q. M. R. E. Sewell. O. J. West. H. Denlinger. F. A. Wells.

CORPORALS.

F. Cooper. J. Mendenhall. R. Wilson. W. Holman.

PRIVATES.

Albright, E.	Dudley, A.	Little, C.	Reisacher, J.
Bronaugh, J.	Francis, I. J.	Lewis, F.	Smith, J.
Bennett, J.	Farrell, B.	Lewis, E.	Stowell, F.
Biles, W.	Gardner, H.	McDonald, C.	Scoggin, E.
Bohlman, W.	Henrichsen, O.	Munger, E.	Weidler, C.
Burckhardt, O.	Jubitz, J.	Morse, R.	Wallace, W.
Ball, B.	Koshland, F.	Milliard, A.	Wells, F. M.
Cronne, E.	Koshland, J.	Peeples, B.	Wells, J.
Dickson, R.	Kapus, W.	Pomeroy, W.	
Daly, E.	Lawrence, W.	Rosenberg, F.	

MUSICIANS.

Misner, E. Morgan, C.

COMPANY K.

Captain, - - - - - W. M. Ladd. | Second Lieutenant, - - - W. E. Thomas.
 First Lieutenant, - - - - - H. L. Wells. | First Sergeant, - - - - - W. L. Garretson.

SERGEANTS.

F. C. Savage, Q. M. W. R. Wygant. J. P. Carson. C. J. Wheeler. N. C. Strong.

CORPORALS.

S. R. Stott. D. W. Burnside. C. F. Drake. John Effinger.
 H. C. Stratton. L. A. Llewellyn. A. L. Lewis.

PRIVATES.

Arthur, E. M.	Emmons, R. W.	McEwan, A. H.	Werlein, Albert.
Atwood, J. R.	Espey, W. G.	Mercer, C. D.	Werlein, Edward.
Birmingham, J. M.	Frazer, A. L.	Moore, D. J.	Webber, H. C.
Boise, W. L.	Guerin, J. H.	Phelan, J. J.	Wetzel, W. A.
Boyd, H. C.	Hall, J. H.	Seal, C. F.	Winter, E. J.
Corbett, H. J.	Harris, Aaron.	Strong, F. R.	Wolfe, E. M.
Cranston, C. K.	Harrison, Randolph.	Strong, T. N.	Woodward, B. S.
Crocker, A. M.	Hill, C. E.	Thompson, R. W.	Woodward, W. F.
Culver, P. D.	Jones, H. D.	Trevett, T. B.	Woolsey, Frank.
Durham, R. L.	King, S. L.	Wallace, W. M.	
Emmons, H. H.	Lewis, J. C.	Warren, W. H.	

PORTLAND LIGHT BATTERY, A. (UNATTACHED).

Captain, - - - - - W. J. Riley. | Second Lieutenant, - - - - - E. Mosher.
 First Lieutenant, - - - - - J. Williams. | First Sergeant, - - - - - R. Leslies.

SERGEANTS.

J. B. Halliwell, Q. M. W. C. Cloyes. D. H. Rickerts. J. H. Hyzer. A. Edgar.

CORPORALS.

P. Neimes. B. Cloyes. C. Neimes. A. Allen.

PRIVATES.

Adams, T.	Gorsline, M. W.	Nauratil, A.	Saltzman, E.
Allison, E.	Grant, W. M.	Nauratil, J. E.	Salzer, G.
Baldwin, J.	Howe, D.	Otis, E.	Stuart, E. J.
Behrens, H.	Jones, F. D.	Obert, C.	Tallman, W. A.
Bowman, S.	Judkins, Elmer.	Pennington, J. T.	Salisbury, C. T.
Cox, J. A.	Keith, M.	Rutherford, G.	Unrath, E.
Dodson, M. S.	Luhrs, H. W.	Russler, H.	Uhlman, T. J.
Donnerberg, H.	Love, J.	Rath, J.	Worley, J. W.
Gans, M. E.	Morony, M.	Riley, J. E.	York, H. C.
Grauf, M.	Neimes, Nic.	Storey, W. A.	

PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA.

WHEN Philip Deidescheimer, the celebrated expert of the Comstock, and the first superintendent of the Hope Mining Company, inspected the great mineral ledges of the Flint creek mining district, in Deer Lodge county, Montana, he was so favorably impressed with their extent and value, that he unhesitatingly predicted, that, with the growth and development of the territory, a prominent and powerful factor in her prosperity would be found in the exploitation of ores out of the silver and copper fissures in the lime and granite country of the Flint creek section.

In honor of this gentleman, the cluster of little, dirt-roofed log cabins, that lined either side of Camp creek, below the present mill site of the Hope Mining Company, was, in the fall of 1866, dignifiedly, enthusiastically, christened Philipsburg. The large and thriving city of today, whose substantial structures of brick and stone have replaced the crude and primitive efforts of the earlier pioneers, has grown into wealth and importance through the productions of mines, whose permanency and fruitfulness were

predicted by its namesake twenty-one years ago.

Philipsburg is situated in a gentle depression of the foothills, that form the base of the massive range constituting the eastern watershed of the beautiful and productive valley of Flint creek. It has a population of nearly two thousand, with constant accessions being made thereto. It has many large and well established business houses; a well conducted and patronized weekly newspaper, the *Philipsburg Mail*, a well appointed opera house, churches, schools, in fact, all of the accessories of advanced civilization. As a business center, it also controls a valuable and extensive trade with the adjoining towns of Granite, Tower, Hasmark and Black Pine. It also has that of the surrounding country, and largely controls the marketable productions of the large and fertile valley from which the district takes its name.

The history of Philipsburg, for the past four years, has been a constant succession of agreeable surprises. During that time, her career has been one of continuous advancement and develop-

ment. Her mines, in both formations, are producing grandly. The bullion productions of the Granite alone have justified the payment of dividends to an amount the aggregate of which is greater than that paid out for like purposes by all of the paying mines of the territory, the Drum Lummon, alone, excepted. It may be truthfully said, that the development and mill production of this mine has raised the most important industry of this district from absolute insignificance, and comparative obscurity, into national importance and distinction. Perched airily upon the rugged and precipitous mountain that overlooks the charming and diversified scenery encompassed within a circuit of sixty-five miles, the extensive works of the Granite company send trailing columns of mineral-tinted smoke loftily up into the pure, clear atmosphere, where, reaching some of the currents ever moving in high altitudes, it drifts slowly away.

It has been the privilege of the writer to make himself familiar with the past history of the Granite mine, its discovery, its successful and marvelous development; and while it is not possible, within the limits of the present article, to more than briefly refer to its present, it would be an act of unpardonable ingratitude on the part of the writer of today, or the historian of the future, if the name of Eli D. Holland was omitted from the list of those to whom the world is indebted for this magnificent property. To him, alone, is due the honor of its discovery. Through long years, he toilingly climbed to the crest of the towering mountain, and, alone and unaided, performed the annual representation required by law. The Granite Mountain and San Francisco Consolidated mining companies, have paid the veteran prospector well for the troubles he has undergone, and now past the meridian of life, he enjoys its afternoon in ease and

comfort, never caring that others are seeking to wear honors that belong to him alone. The residents of this section congratulate themselves that one of the most honorable, kind hearted and generous men that ever came into the district, has acquired deserved competence, the actual and practical result of his own energy and industry.

The Flint creek mining district is comprised within a parallelogram containing about ten square miles. Its mineral resources are varied and extensive. Gold, silver and copper may be considered the dominant metals. The district is divided, the mineral veins lying in the lime and granite formations. The strike of the fissures being at right angles to the line of contact, are of the class known as cross country veins, have a general northeast by southwest strike, with a variable dip to the south.

The ores of the district are worked by crushing and pan amalgamation. As the proportion of base metals varies in the gangue of the quartz exploited out of the different formations, the treatment is governed accordingly; that is to say, by the wet or fire process. As the older formation of this district is now attracting widespread attention, it is proper that it should take precedence, and form the subject matter of this paper.

The fissures of the granite country are wide and strong. As a rule, the surface ores are low grade, with their precious contents well leached out. This financial defect is remedied, however, by deep working, for while with depth there is no noticeable change in the structural conditions of the ledges, as exposed at the surface, there is a marvelous transformation in the texture and mineral bearing values of the ores taken out below water level. These, from an unproductive state at the surface, have filled; in fact, in many instances have become so saturated with precious and base min-

erals, that the gangue is hardly discernable. Notably is this the case in the metaliferous deposits of the Granite Mountain Extension claim, of the Granite Company; the James G. Blaine lode claim, of the Bi-Metalic Company; and the E. D. Holland claim, of the San Francisco Consolidated Company. The ores of the granite country are altogether base, and require treatment by fire chlorinization. They are extremely difficult to work, the Howell and White process being the most feasible method of reduction in modern machinery, although not saving as high a percentage as could be obtained by intelligent and systematic handling in a reverberatory furnace. As base ores, the associated metals are antimony, zinc, arsenic, and the various irons. Lead occurs, but not in sufficient quantities to justify treatment by smelting. The granite ores also carry a small percentage of gold, and abound in beautiful specimens of native and ruby silver.

The Granite Mountain Mining Company is a corporation of St. Louis capitalists. No means are at hand, or available, to determine the bullion production to date, but the following brief review will give the interested reader some idea of the magnitude of the mining and milling operations. The principal mineral claims of this corporation are the Granite Mountain and Granite Mountain Extension, both of which were located by Eli D. Holland and others, in the fall of 1872. No work of importance was performed on either of the lodes, other than yearly representations, in the years intervening between 1872 and 1880. In the latter year, it went into the hands of the present company, who expended, that and the year ensuing, about \$50,000.00 in development work. Since then, its bullion productions have exceeded the sum of \$4,000,000.00. Of this immense sum, \$2,700,000.00 have been paid

out in dividends. The reduction works of the company consist of two dry-crushing chloridizing mills, of thirty and forty stamps each, respectively fitted with all the appliances and paraphernalia of the best modern machinery. The capitalization of the company is \$10,000,000.00, divided into shares of the par value of \$25.00 each. The stock is held very stiff, recent quotations going as high as \$69.00 to the share. The Montana management of this company is all that could be desired. The resident officer and general manager, John W. Plummer, is one of the most expert mine and mill men in the Western territories. He is also preëminently a disciplinarian, is possessed of great executive ability, and has brought the financial and business affairs of his trust up to a high standard of excellence.

On the west, and adjoining the possessions of the Granite Company, is the Fraction claim, of the West Granite Mining Company. To the south and west of the Fraction, is the famous Rattlesnake claim, also the property of the same company. As either of these two claims lies conveniently near the strike of the great Bonanza ledge to suggest the possibility of its penetrating them, it has caused the West Granite to be heartily supported by the mining element at home and abroad. Particularly have the capitalists of Helena and Butte interested themselves in the development of these properties. All of the means necessary for systematic and thorough exploration have been furnished when needed, and today no incorporation in the territory is more cordially assisted by the investing masses than the West Granite. The work of development has been largely placed upon the Rattlesnake claim. The ledge in this ground has been explored by a tunnel to the Fraction line. The ores found in this working, although limited as to

quantity, was most excellent as to quality, assaying from one hundred and fifty to one thousand ounces. While the indications were extremely favorable that the great ledge, in its southwesterly sweep, was in the West Granite ground (this supposition being predicated upon the marked similarity of ores, vein matter, etc.), it was evident to the management that deeper development must be resorted to, if the mine was ever to be made an ore producer. With this idea in view, there was no unnecessary delay in preparing to sink a three-department shaft. This work was started in 1886, on the line of the ledge and immediately south of the tunnel. A very complete hoisting work was erected and supplied with machinery adequate to sink to a depth of one thousand feet. At the two hundred-foot station of this shaft, a cross cut was started and driven north one hundred and twenty-five feet, at this point intersecting the ledge one hundred feet below the floor of the tunnel. In the progress of the levels, driven east and west in the vein, there was a noticeable and gratifying change for the better in the character and quantity of the ores exposed. The fissure was found to have expanded, being fully seven feet in width, the cleavage was perfectly defined, the vein filling had changed from the porphyritic matter altogether to an admixture of broken quartz, manganese and porphyry. A ribbon of good milling rock, from one to two feet in thickness, lay to the foot wall casing. As a whole, the developments on the two hundred foot level gave additional strength to the very generally expressed opinion of competent mining men, that deep working would eventually place the mine on a paying basis. Such satisfactory results decided the management to continue sinking. Contracts were at once let to sink to the five hundred foot station, the shaft being carried down in two

compartments, with the timbers suitably arranged for the third, if it should ever be found necessary to use it. From the five hundred-foot station, a cross cut is now in seventy-four feet, and will probably catch the vein on its dip, within the next thirty feet. It is to be hoped that such persistent endeavor to find a good paying mine may reward the efforts of all concerned in the past and present of this promising property, by the exposure of pay rock, in milling quantities, in the levels to be opened out by the five hundred-foot cross cut.

Immediately west, and adjoining the Rattlesnake, is the Alameda. To the south and north, adjoining this claim, lie the Butte and Elizabeth, respectively. These properties are also included in the mining plant of the West Granite, and occupy a most strategic position as in reference to the demonstrated strike of the Granite ledge in its westerly sweep. The Elizabeth squarely adjoins the James G. Blaine lode claim, of the Bi-Metallic Company, on the west. As the Blaine is in ore, and as it is asserted by the management, that in the Blaine ground the great ledge has been uncovered, then in the natural order of developments, and events, the Elizabeth will receive the ledge as it passes through the end lines of the Blaine. The Elizabeth is now undergoing development through a tunnel driven directly on the vein. This adit is now in seven hundred feet, and will shortly reach a point near the Blaine's end line, where, two hundred feet under cover, it will await connection with the cross cut to the north, now being driven through the Butte and Alameda claims. A shaft sunk at the mouth of the tunnel penetrated the Elizabeth vein to a depth of fifty feet, ore of excellent quality being found all the way down.

The Elizabeth ledge is of the same general order found in the Granite and

Blaine claims on the east. It is as perfectly defined, carries the same width, has precisely the character of low grade ores near the surface, and is saturated with water. But what is better than all, it is known to be on an ore producing vein, and within a short distance of stopes filled with high grade rock. It is conceded by every one familiar with the position of the Granite ledge, that it must penetrate northerly property of the West Granite. The cross cut tunnel, previously referred to, is a work of utmost importance. This adit will traverse, in its northerly course, twelve hundred feet of pronouncedly mineral ground. A section of country will be explored, that will cut the strike of the numerous veins known to exist in the Granite and Blaine, and it is within the limits of probability, that important and valuable deposits of mineral will be uncovered in this working before connection is made with the Elizabeth tunnel.

The West Granite is excellently officered throughout. In its directory are to be found names eminent in the various business channels of the territory. The resident officer and general manager, James K. Pardee, is an astute, capable business man, and an expert underground quartz miner. Under his supervision, the exploratory work of his company has been, and is being, well and faithfully conducted; and it is pleasant to believe that if the expectations of the stockholders are ever realized, it will be owing to, and largely the result of, the meritorious services and well directed labors of this gentleman.

It is proper to state that the support of the West Granite has come, principally, from the most reputable and wealthy business men in the capital city of Montana, such as Gov. S. T. Hauser, Hon. Samuel Word, E. I. Zimmerman, Henry Klein, R. M. Holter, C. K. Wells and others.

The Bi-Metallic Mining Company is the name of the corporation operating the James G. Blaine, and other mines on Granite hill. The Blaine is worked through a vertical, three-compartment shaft, five hundred feet deep. Over the shaft have been built superbly-equipped hoisting works, with capacity to sink to the one thousand-foot station. Out of the two hundred-foot level of this mine, somewhere between three hundred and four hundred tons of shipping ore have been extracted, and transported for treatment outside of the territory. A large amount of low grade rock is piled upon the dump, awaiting reduction in the contemplated works of the company, to be erected at some point convenient to Philipsburg during the ensuing year. As the management of this company is practically the same as that of the Granite Mountain, personal reference of the directory will be omitted. The general manager, J. B. Risque, is accredited with being a good miner, and is held in high esteem by his superiors. Personally, he is a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, enjoying the confidence and respect of all with whom he comes in contact, either in business or social life.

The Belle group of mines, now under development by a syndicate of St. Louis capitalists, lies immediately north of the Granite. The Fraction claim, the most important of the group, is now undergoing the process of development through a vertical shaft, with a present depth of two hundred feet. The hoisting works are supplied with suitable machinery to sink one thousand feet. This ground is held under a bond of \$50,000.00, the owners and locators, Messrs. Alex. Porter and James Vallyelly, also coming in for a large share of stock, provided the property is purchased by the present holders.

The North Granite Mining Company is the name of a syndicate operating the

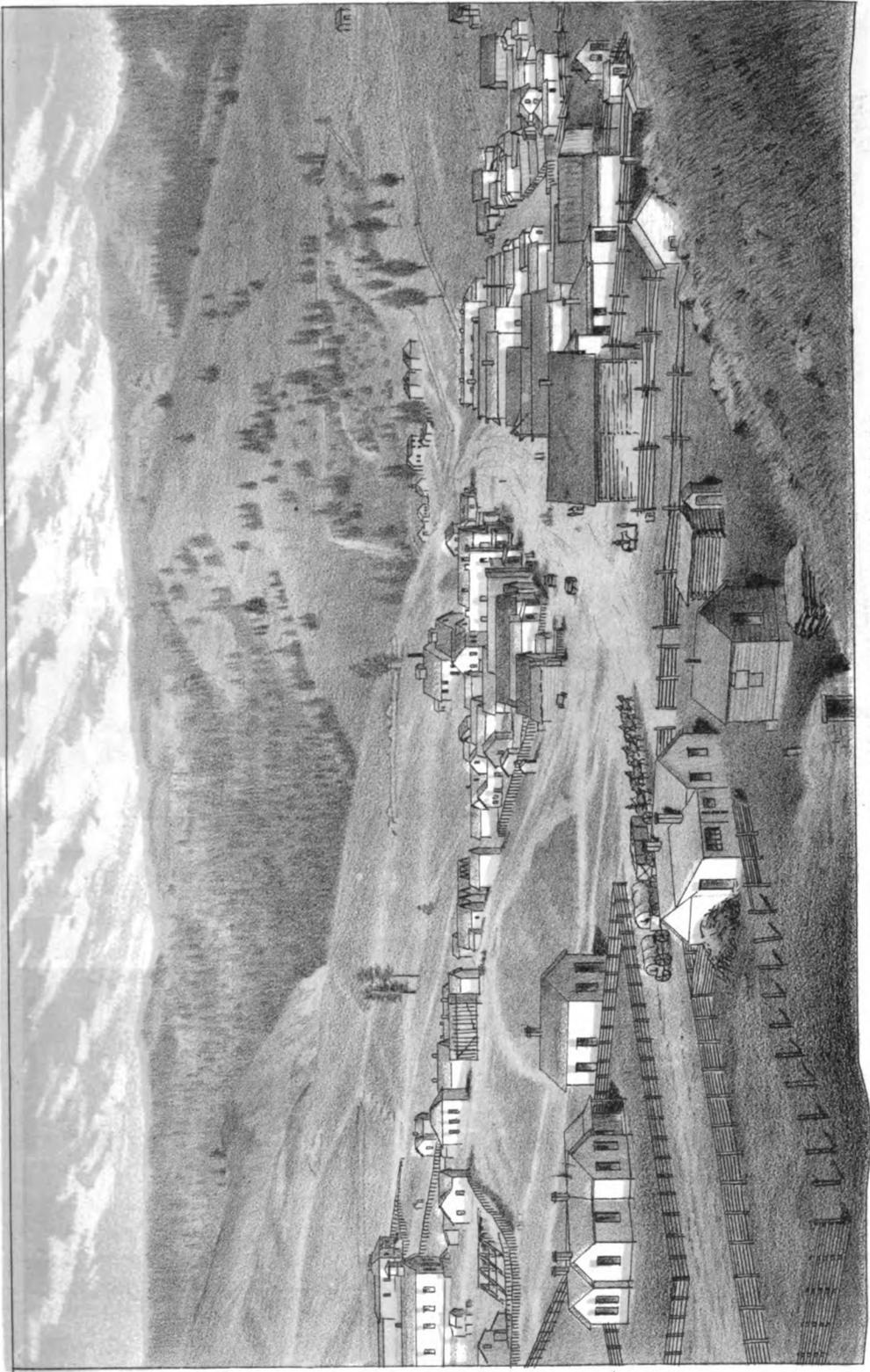
Katy and Old Chief lodes, mineral claims lying about one mile northwest of the Belle. The development consists of a tunnel run in, directly on the vein, a distance of eight hundred feet. The ledge exposed by this working has the same general appearance noted in the large, well-defined fissure veins in the Granite country of this district. The ores, as a rule, have a general average width of twenty inches, are uniformly low grade, and lay to the casing of either wall, the vein filling being the usual porphyritic matter interspersed with broken quartz, heavily stained with manganese. Occasional chutes of good ore were met with in driving the tunnel. This, together with other indications of a favorable nature, has led the syndicate to entertain proposals for purchasing the property at once. If this is done, a heavy hoist will be at once constructed, and a three-compartment shaft on the Katy driven to a depth of five hundred feet. This property will unquestionably develop well, as in many respects it bears the same marked structural conditions noticeable in the lower workings of its distinguished neighbor adjoining, the Granite Mountain. Richard Penny is the resident officer in charge of the mining plant. As an underground miner, competent and faithful employe, he enjoys the fullest confidence of his superiors.

The E. D. Holland and Little Tom lode claims are the property of the San Francisco Consolidated Mining Company. The capitalization of this company is \$5,000,000.00, divided into five hundred thousand shares, of the par value of \$10.00 each. The market value of the stock is not quotable, for the reason that the board of directors, by a full vote, determined not to place any of the treasury stock upon the market. It may be said of this corporation, that its promoters, like those of the Granite and Bi-

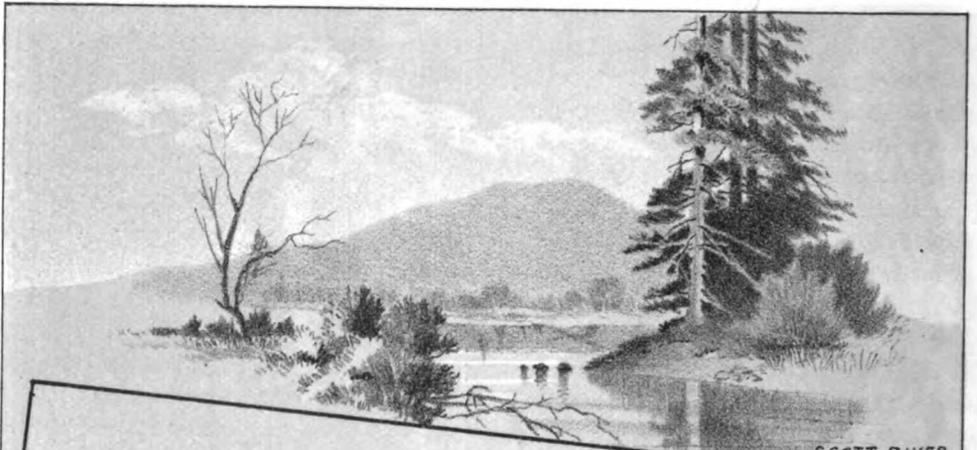
Metalic, are St. Louis capitalists. The purchase price of the property was \$40,000.00 cash and twenty thousand shares of the treasury stock of the company.

The location of this mining property is on the line of contact, one-fourth of a mile northeast of the town of Tower, where are situated the dismantled works of the Northwest Mining Company, and within easy reaching distance of Philipsburg, one mile distant. The E. D. Holland claim extends from the lime contact fifteen hundred feet to the west end line of the adjoining, or Little Tom, claim. The ledge traverses the claim centrally. No development has been done at the point of contact to determine whether the fissure enters the lime; it is fair to assume, however, that it does not, as there is no instance on record in this district of the fissures of the lime and granite connecting.

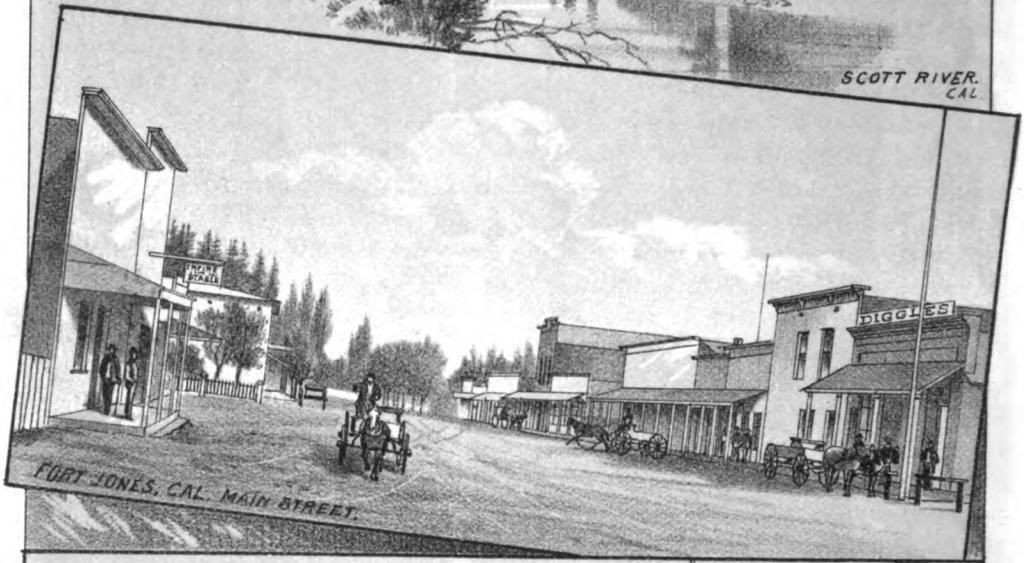
The Frisco ledge, as it is generally designated, is a perfect fissure vein, of the ore producing type. The walls stand well apart and are compactly filled with quartz assaying from fifteen to five hundred ounces. Here and there along the line of the tunnel, chutes of extremely rich ore are encountered, several of which are sufficiently large to justify stopping. The developments upon the property consist of a tunnel, driven in directly on the vein, and a two-compartment shaft, following the vein on an incline, sunk to the depth of two hundred and twenty-five feet. A station was placed at two hundred feet, and levels run east and west, seventy and eighty-five feet respectively. Both of these workings are in ore better in every respect than any found in the upper, or tunnel level. The tunnel is now in one thousand feet. Eight hundred feet of this distance are in the Holland and two hundred feet in the Little Tom. The face of this adit stands four hundred and fifty feet under cover, and one hun-



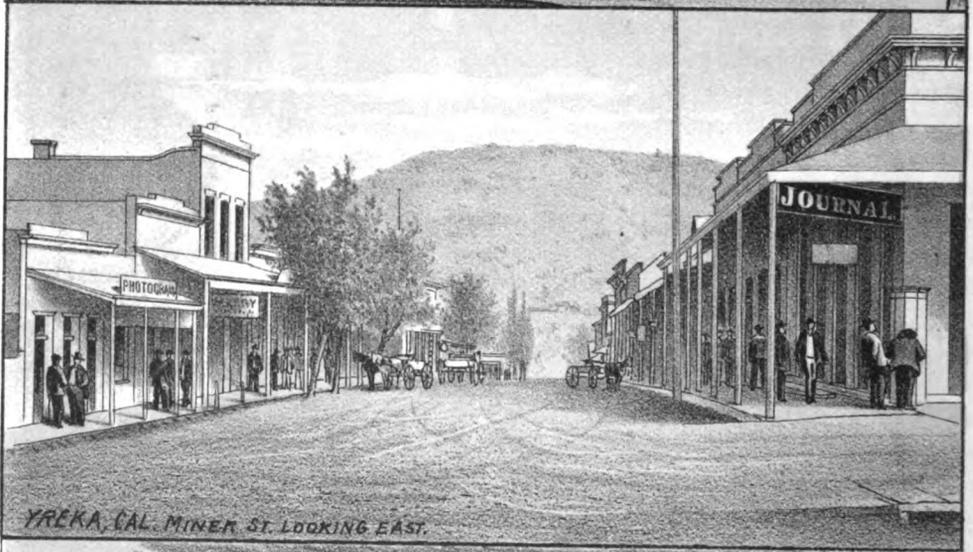
MONTANA - GENERAL VIEW OF PHILLIPSBURG.



SCOTT RIVER.
CAL.



FORT JONES, CAL. MAIN STREET.



YREKA, CAL. MINER ST. LOOKING EAST.



MINER STREET, LOOKING WEST.



COURT HOUSE.

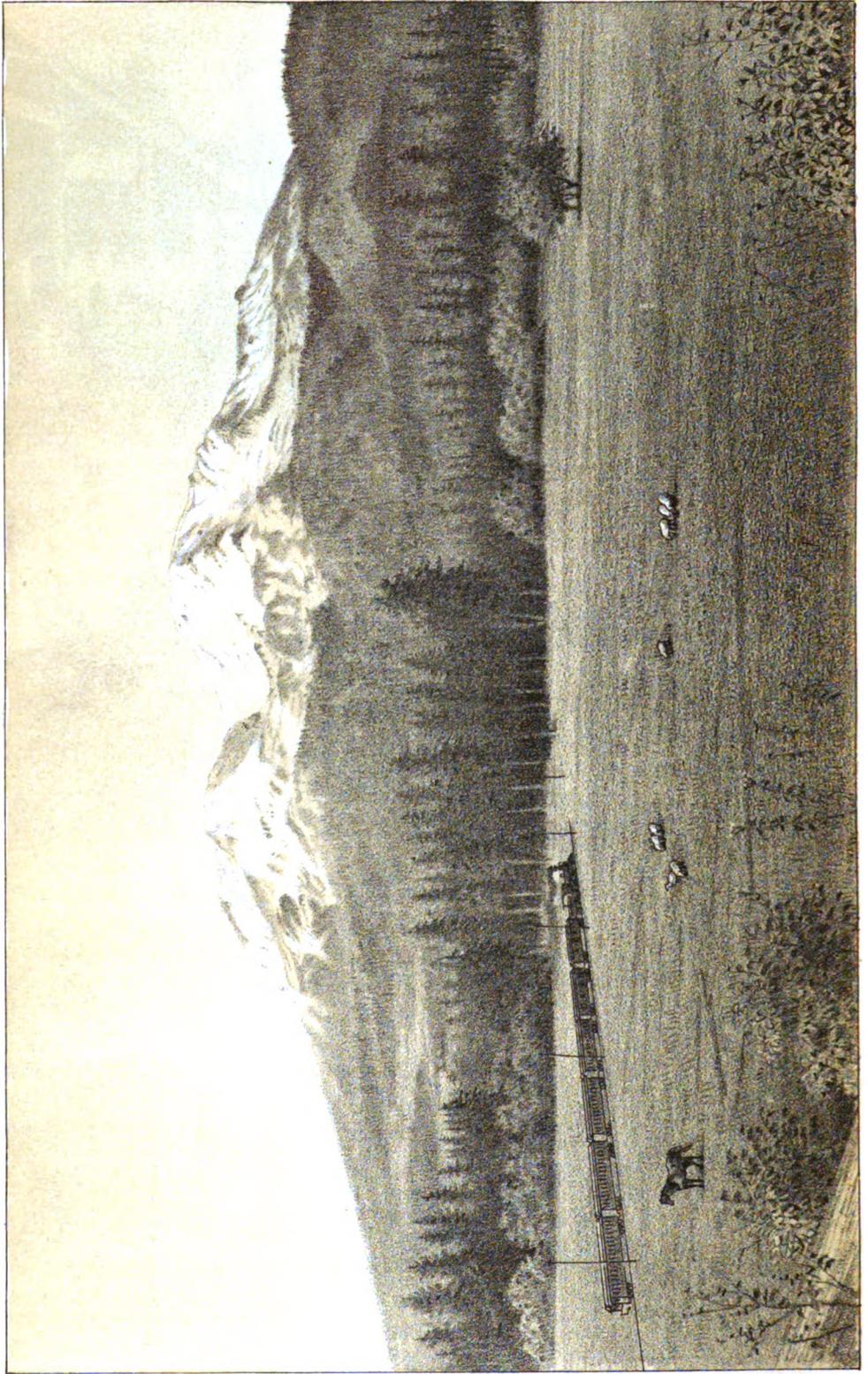


SCHOOL HOUSE.



CHINATOWN

YREKA, CALIFORNIA.



MT. SHASTA, FROM THE WEST.

dred and thirty feet from a vertical position under the discovery shaft of the latter claim. There is a fine body of lead ore in the face of this heading, lying against twenty inches of medium grade quartz, to the hanging wall side. Since the purchase of the mine, in September last, the company has ordered heavy hoisting machinery to replace that at present in use on the property. When the new works are in position, development will be pushed in shaft and levels, and the tunnel driven ahead to thoroughly explore the Little Tom ground. The management has wisely concluded to leave the ore reserves untouched until such time as development may determine it necessary to establish reduction works, or make continuous shipments of ore to those already established. This determination not only shows the excellent business sense of the executive officers, but will perpetuate the confidence, always expressed, that the mine would never be gutted to influence and promote stock sales. It may, therefore, be safely considered that the era of extraction will date from the time when the various stopes and levels can produce graded ores in sufficient quantities to insure uninterrupted shipment and exploitation.

Philip M. Saunders occupies the dual position of general manager and vice-president of the company. His selection for either position would have met the approval of the mining element generally. The tender, and his acceptance, of both is but an assurance that the interest of every stockholder will be observed and protected. Mr. Saunders is one of the old-timers in the camp, in whose early history was erected the corporations, now nearly forgotten, known as the Imperial Gold and Silver Mining Company, the Northwest, and Northwestern Company, with all of which this gentleman held responsible official posi-

tions. He has also supervised many other extensive plants devoted to the extraction and reduction of base and free milling ores situated elsewhere in the territory. It is proper here to state that he is not only an accurate and reliable expert in the treatment of gold and silver ores, but is accredited with being particularly exact in determining the status of undeveloped mining properties. To this officer may be placed the credit of bringing the properties of the San Francisco Consolidated and the North Granite to the attention of the moneyed interests now controlling them. In the person of Eugene Smith, the resident officer and superintendent, the Frisco company have an underground officer of unquestioned ability and superior intelligence. He has had varied and extensive experience in deep mining, is an expert timberman, mining engineer and accountant.

Leaving the interesting field of practical mining, and the possibilities and probabilities which attend the future of a mine, that, in its almost undeveloped condition, divides the honors of the Granite, the writer enters the domain of romance, and introduces to the countless readers of *THE WEST SHORE* the "Mascot of the Frisco."

Over the buried treasures of the great ledge, daily trips the lovely, merry little girl, so generally known under the above caption. Rain or shine, the sunlight of her smile greets the miner as he hurries away to hours of toil in the wet and dripping depths. Hither and thither now on the dumps gathering glittering specimens of ruby and native silver, or peering into the darksome places, whose gruesome monotony is never broken, save by the ceaseless drip of falling waters, then hurrying away to some convenient crag, from whose rugged peak, amidst the profound silence of undisturbed nature, her dark robed form will

soon stand out, a silhouette whose lines are drawn against a background of timber line and cloudless sky. Whatever may be the mysterious influences which surround and protect the unlocked future of the San Francisco Consolidated, the rugged miners will lovingly ascribe much of its present good fortune to the constant presence of this gentle child, and every one, from the millionaire president down to the humblest laborer, exhibits a tender and solicitous interest in her welfare.

As the extensive developments of twenty-one years in the lime formation of this district should not be overlooked, an interesting review of the exploratory work performed by the Hope, Northwest, Northwestern, Imperial and Algonquin mining companies must be reserved as the subject matter of some future letter from this district to THE WEST SHORE. It may be stated, incidentally, that the secondary formation has been a constant ore producer since the discovery of the camp, and there is no more inviting field to the prospector and capitalist in the territory today, than the lime country of the Flint creek valley.

In conclusion, it has not been the object of the writer to pass by, unnoticed any deserving mining ventures in the granite country of the district. There are others deserving of especial mention; but the intention of this paper was to cover the domain occupied by the more important mines, through whose instrumentality the Flint creek mining district has been lifted from obscurity into the proud position it at present occupies. Among the pioneers who, surviving its earlier struggles and adversities, are now reaping the reward of patience and industry, are the names of Henry Imkamp, William Weinstein, M. Kaiser, F. I. Wilson, Charles Kroger, A. A. McDonald, W. C. Bradshaw, and G. V. Sherman.

With this incomplete review of Philipsburg and the fissure veins at present undergoing development in the granite country of the Flint creek mining district, the generous reader must be satisfied, and out of his abundant generosity bestow charitable thoughts upon the crude efforts of the writer, for he has done his "level best."

EASTERN COMANCHE.

ROMANCE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

WE were to have a lady boarder at Mrs. Tasselton's, and our bachelor circle was in a state of expectancy. Our landlady had swept and garnished her pleasantest chamber, and informed us, at the supper table, that the new "school ma'am" would arrive on the stage the next day and take up her abode with us. An enthusiastic and persistent fusilade of questions from the six of us developed the facts that she was an orphan, poor, pretty, twenty-one years of age, and that her name was Rachel Elinor Lynn. Mrs. Tasselton gave this information authoritatively, having been the young lady's nurse at her christening, and having kept an eye on her ever since, until coming to Washington Territory four years before.

The advent of a young lady in our midst was an event of no small importance, and each of the boys expressed himself characteristically thereupon.

"Speak a good word to her for me, won't you, Mrs. Tasselton?" said that vain, good-natured idiot, Tony Maxwell, head salesman in the general merchandise store of Messrs. Shrink & Shortweight. "Haven't made a mash for two months, and I'm getting all rusty," and he craned his neck to peer in the glass opposite, and curled his moustache.

"Introduce me first!" "Tell her about Sallie Robinson!" "That'll cook Tony's goose!" cried his fellow clerks in a chorus.

"Is she very pious? Will I have to go into the woodshed to swear?" asked old Joe Jeffrey, the proprietor of the stage line, who sometimes exploded into profanity at the table when excited.

I remarked, loftily, that she would probably see enough of little boys in the school room, and would naturally prefer the society of men elsewhere; members of the medical fraternity, for instance.

Tony shied a cracker at me, while Mrs. Tasselton's back was turned, and said, "Pretty good, old stick-in-the-mud, I'll bet you don't find out she has come until she has been here a month," and so on, with more chaff of the same kind.

Being called to attend a patient a long distance out in the country the next day, I was late at supper time, and having forgotten all about our expected guest, I was surprised, as I entered the hall, at the unusual decorum prevailing in the dining room, but discovered the cause when I entered and was presented to Miss Lynn.

She was rather above medium height, with a clear, dark face, brown eyes, and abundant hair of the glossiest black. Her hands, though brown, were soft and beautiful. Her dress, both then and always, was simple, plain and perfect, and reminded me, somehow, of the plumage of a robin redbreast. She had nearly finished eating when I entered, and soon after left the table, with a slight bow to us all. Something in her decorous and ladylike manner restrained even young Maxwell from making a remark after she was gone, and Mrs. Tasselton observed that if she had known what an effect a young lady would have upon our manners, she would have introduced one long ago.

Time passed on, as it has a habit of doing, and Miss Lynn had been an inmate of Mrs. Tasselton's family for over

two months. To be candid, I think all of us were more or less in love with her before she had been there a week. Had she been ever so ugly and forbidding, her womanly presence would have been a benediction to us, in the dearth of feminine society, which Eagleville, at that time, shared in common with most towns in a mining region. But this girl, with her sweet, intelligent face, her genuine refinement of manner, her ready wit, and unobtrusive self-reliance, was one whom not to have worshiped would have seemed to me utter stupidity. She encouraged none of us, however, or rather, all of us impartially. If she played or sang for Tony in the parlor of an evening, she allowed Old Joe to beat her at backgammon afterward, and she always accepted the bunches of wild flowers which I gathered for her in my rides, and which were all I dared to offer her. If she showed any partiality, it was toward homely, tow-headed little George Maxwell, Tony's sixteen-year-old brother, who was sometimes allowed to post a letter for her, or do an errand about town. She simply came and went about the drudgery of her school, with always a pleasant word for every one, and spent most of her evenings in her own cozy room, where I often heard the three little Tasseltons romping, while their overworked mother toiled and sang in the kitchen and pantry below. I knew she was a pious girl, for on Sundays I sometimes heard her teaching the catechism and commandments, and reading bible stories to the three luckless children, whose wardrobes were seldom presentable at Sunday school; yet she always seemed totally oblivious, else on the brink of a laugh, when Old Joe smothered an oath over a fly in his coffee, or some startling news in his daily paper. Thus it was until Harry Winstead returned.

Harry was a young lawyer, having

wealthy parents in San Francisco, who had lavishly educated him at some Eastern school, and then, as he showed no inclination to settle down to anything but sport, had set him adrift for a while to try his mettle. Harry was really bright, and had some good stuff in him, had he been allowed to develop it. I had reason, however, to know that his fond mother kept him secretly supplied with funds. He had now been on a visit to his parents, and the boys welcomed him back uproarously.

It fell to me to present him to Miss Lynn. That they had ever met before, seemed impossible, as neither showed any sign of recognition, yet at the mention of his name, a look almost of hatred flamed into her face. It lasted but an instant, and he did not even see it, but I lay awake until midnight trying to analyze that look.

After that, a change seemed to have come over Miss Lynn. She spent more of her evenings in the parlor, sang for every body, and especially for Harry, was more talkative and bright at the table, and every way less distant than before he came. Harry, flattered and elated by her preference, followed her everywhere, brought her music, read poems to her, called at the little school house with his umbrella for her when it rained; and, so far as she would permit it, was openly and avowedly devoted to her. Even little George Maxwell was supplanted, while Tony dressed and sang and curled his moustache in vain. I ceased to bring her wild flowers—they were dying now, anyway—and withdrew myself from the house as much as possible, with a secret, dreary sense of disappointment, that she could be content in the society of the aimless Harry.

I came home late one dismal December evening, tired, drenched by a long ride on horseback through a pouring rain, and feeling chilled, hungry and

miserable. Entering Mrs. Tasselton's back gate, which was nearest the stable where I left my horse, I was passing around to the front entrance, when I found myself in a broad stream of light from the parlor lamp. The thick curtain of vines which heretofore covered this side window had been swept away by the storm, and every movement of the two occupants of the room was plainly visible to me. They were Miss Lynn and Harry Winstead. Without a thought that I was playing the spy, I stood there in the driving rain and watched them, feeling a kind of savage pleasure in my own misery. They were sitting in rather close proximity, Harry leaning upon the arm of her chair. In her hand she held a photograph of him, which he had evidently just given her. I could not hear their voices, but I saw her blush and smile at something he said. He tried to take her hand, but she smilingly evaded him, and when he rose to go, she, whether purposely or not, kept the width of the table between them. Harry passed out of the door, ducked his head to the storm, and ran briskly down the street to his office, where he slept. Still I stood and watched her, rooted to the spot by the sudden change in her demeanor. Her last look at him had been one of angelic sweetness that stabbed me to the heart, but the door had no sooner closed upon his dainty figure, than she clinched her pretty fist and shook it after him, with a fierceness of which I had never thought her capable. She picked up his photograph from where it had fallen, and mimicked the languishing expression which it wore, then sent it spinning to the floor with a snap of her thumb and finger, and spurned it daintily with her foot. Then, unlocking a little cabinet of her own, which stood on the whatnot, she took therefrom a picture of a lovely young girl, and placing the two side by side on the table,

sat down and hid her face in her hands. My heart had grown strangely light as I watched her. My lovely saint was suddenly transformed into a wingless, and charmingly wicked little mortal, yet I need hardly say that I was depraved enough to worship her a thousand times more in the new guise.

My first impulse was to steal quietly up to my room. My second, which I obeyed, was to walk boldly into her presence, and deliberately turn and pull down the blind of the window through which I had been peeping. How I dared to do it is more than I can tell, but the fact remains. She started wildly to her feet at my entrance, tried to collect herself, but as she realized the full significance of my action, she flushed scarlet, and sinking back into her chair, again buried her face in her hands. For two whole minutes I stood there, speechless, and feeling that hanging would be a punishment quite inadequate to the enormity of my offense. At last, I could endure it no longer, and blurted out awkwardly, "Don't cry, Miss Lynn—don't mind me."

"I'm not crying," she said, taking her hands from her crimson face, "but," putting them up again, "Oh! Dr Merritt, what must you think of me?"

If she had been her composed, dignified self, I should never have had courage to do what I did, but her confusion, and the blissful certainty that she did not care for Harry Winstead, inspired me. I flung away my wet garments, took the chair Harry had vacated, took both of her hands from her face, and said, "Miss Lynn—Rachael—may I tell you what I think of you?" Her manner did not discourage me, and I *did* tell her; but the precise language of my confession, and of her reply, reader, I hope you will not persist in my telling you. Suffice it is to say that I forgot I had been chilled, hungry and

miserable, and it was a full half hour before it occurred to my beatified senses to ask for an explanation of the strange scene I had witnessed, and this was the story she told me.

When Harry had been a student in college he became engaged to Rachel's young cousin, Grace Garland, the original of the photograph she had taken from the cabinet. Grace being still a school girl, her parents had thought best to defer the wedding and even the public announcement of the engagement, until after her graduation. Harry had returned to the West and seemed deliberately to have deserted her. Grace's eighteenth birthday, the day agreed upon between them as their wedding day, had gone by without a word from him, and the poor, fond girl had nearly wept her heart out with grief and mortification. Having never seen Rachel, of course Harry never suspected her connection with Grace, and she had deliberately undertaken to punish him for his treatment of her cousin, never letting that infatuated girl know of her plan, or even the whereabouts of her fickle lover.

"The conceited little flirt," cried Rachel, in conclusion, "I can't help liking him a little, yet I despise him, and myself, too. I wish I had left him alone. If I had suspected you could care for me, Mark"—but here I beg to draw the curtain again. The clock struck eleven, before Rachel remembered that I had had no supper, and that she had promised Mrs. T. to make me a cup of tea, on my return, that lady having retired early with a headache.

We had agreed not to announce our engagement immediately, I having too much sympathy for Harry to mortify him by my triumph, but before another night, fortune had interfered in his behalf. The arrival of the stage brought no less a personage upon the scene than Miss Grace Garland herself.

It transpired that romantic little George Maxwell, smitten by the pretty name upon the envelopes he sometimes posted for Miss Lynn had opened a correspondence with the equally romantic Grace, "for mutual improvement, etc.," and when the inevitable change of photographs took place, he, by some mysterious prank of the fates—had enclosed, not his own ugly, honest physiognomy, but the handsome, *insonciant* face of Harry Winstead, with the card of a local artist underneath. The devoted girl, certain of finding her cousin and Mrs. Tasselton in Eagleville, had left her home on pretense of visiting a school mate in Colorado, and here she was. All this the sweet, voluble butterfly had confessed to her cousin before she had been with her an hour.

Rachel managed to steal away while her cousin was taking a nap in her room (being Saturday, it was a holiday with Rachel), and had a long conference with Harry at his office before he met Grace. I always said there was some manhood about the young man, and he proved it by greeting Grace with a display of affection, which I believe was two-thirds genuine, his apparent desertion of her having been caused, in part, by a mysterious interception of their letters, upon which I think his mother could have enlightened them. At all events, his manner, when he led the pretty creature into the dining room that evening, and introduced her as his affianced wife, was fond and proud enough to have satisfied the most exacting of women. They were married in the parlor the very next day, Tony Maxwell acting as best man, and going nearly distracted over the radiant beauty and becoming toilet of the bride. To this day, the boys all believe the wedding to have been the result of a long concerted arrangement.

The parents of both Harry and Grace were highly offended at the unconven-

tional marriage, and left the young couple to their own resources for a time. This fact, together with the devotion of his pretty wife, aroused Harry to his best exertions, and he developed an amount of capability for which I had never given him credit. Doting Mamma Winstead, however, could not hold out against her boy, especially as his bride was of an aristocratic family, which, to her mind, was better than wealth; and at the expiration of a year she paid them a visit, and went home in raptures with her pretty daughter.

Rachel and I were married at Easter-tide. Her engagement with the school officials had been for a year, but the old bachelor principal, understanding the case, took a prearranged trip to Oregon during the Christmas holidays, and brought back a lady assistant, whom he

laughingly declared he had placed under bonds never to desert him, and Rachel was released from her engagement, the professor's stately bride taking her position.

I can say, without fear of successful contradiction, that I have the cosiest home and most adorable wife in the territory, or, in fact, in the world.

Good Mrs. Tasselton has married a wealthy mine owner, lives in the finest house in our now flourishing town, and sends her little daughters to Sunday school clad in satins and laces. She, with old Joe Jeffrey, the Maxwell brothers, and our other old friends, often spend an evening at our fireside; and it is plain to be seen that they are as much in love with my wife as ever, and for my part, I do not see how they can help it.

E. BARNARD FOOTE.

SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

EXTENDING from the mountain center of the county, runs a mountain ridge between the Salmon and Trinity rivers on the west, to the famous Modoc lava beds on the east, and from the Sacramento divide on the south, to the Siskiyou mountains, which form the Oregon line, on the north, the county has an average length of one hundred and twenty miles and a width of fifty-seven miles, the superficial area being about seven thousand square miles. This is essentially a region of mountains and valleys. The entire western end is mountainous, while the southern and northern borders are mountain ridges, occupying, on the south, considerable of the county's area, and embracing Mt. Shasta, the great snow peak of the Sierra Nevada. Northerly, almost through the

center of the county, runs a mountain ridge, on either side of which lies a broad and fertile valley, through each of which flows a considerable river. Across the eastern end stretch the Butte Creek mountains, beyond which, for a number of miles, the county breaks in gentle hills to the lava beds, through which runs the line separating it from Modoc county. Through that section it has easy communication with the great interior basin between the Cascades and the Blue mountains, extending clear to Walla Walla and Snake river, in Washington Territory. It is by this route that the Southern Pacific proposes to reach the famous grain fields of Walla Walla.

This region has a system of water courses distinct from the remainder of

California, as well as from that portion of Oregon immediately adjoining it on the north. The great Klamath river rises in the larger of the two lakes bearing the same name, and in its windings through the mountains, takes a generally western course, until it pours into the ocean, near Crescent City, the combined waters of the lakes and the Shasta, Scott, Salmon and Trinity rivers, besides a multitude of smaller tributaries. The volume of water which surges through its rocky gorges and precipitous canyons in the winter season, is enormous, and the stream is kept a rushing torrent until late in the summer, by the melting snows of the mountain summits. This great river, as well as its first important tributary, the Shasta, was well known to the early trappers and pioneers of the Pacific coast, who made frequent journeys between the Willamette and Sacramento valleys. The Shasta has for its fountain heads the glaciers and snows of the great mountain peak, and flows northerly, through the valley of the same name, uniting with the Klamath a few miles below the point where the Oregon & California railroad crosses that stream. Scott river, the next large tributary, rises in Scott mountain and the giant ridge which lies between Shasta and Scott valleys, and flows northerly through the latter till it pierces the mountains which hedge the Klamath, and empties into that turbulent stream. Beyond the summit of the mountains which form the western boundary of Scott valley, flows Salmon river, in forks, which unite just before joining the Klamath. This stream, unlike the other two, traverses no large valley, but flows through an unbroken series of mountains. The next, and greatest, tributary of the Klamath is Trinity river, lying wholly within the limits of Humboldt and Trinity counties. The Klamath river drains a large area, and carries a volume of water truly

wonderful for so narrow a stream. Between its precipitous banks (see page 874), the waters, augmented by the rains of winter, or the melting snows of spring and early summer, which flow down from the mountain summits, rush and tumble and foam, falling, in places, ten feet to the mile. At times, so much water comes down from the mountains, that the flats and lower levels of the valleys are flooded until the water can force itself through the Klamath's canyons. This suggests the manner in which the fertile alluvial soil of the valleys was formed.

The rainfall in Scott and Shasta valleys is not as great as on the foothills of the mountains enclosing the Sacramento valley. In the mountains, the snow falls to the depth of from five to twenty feet, and, on the higher summits, remains until late in the summer, constantly feeding the streams and keeping them supplied with an abundance of clear, cold water. To the miners, this constant supply of water is a necessity, and the more snow in the mountains in winter, the better the mining season the following summer. The rainfall is ample for all the purposes of agriculture, ranging from thirteen to forty inches, the average for twenty-one consecutive years being twenty-two inches. The rains are light in June, July August and September, and heavy in November, December, January, February and March. The ground is thus thoroughly moistened in winter, and crops receive ample rain in the spring, while the summer and early fall offer ample opportunity for leisure harvesting under cloudless skies. But little snow falls in the valleys, and it is seldom that sleighing lasts more than a week. The temperature is slightly lower than in either the Sacramento or Willamette valley, though seldom falling to ten degrees above zero. In the summer it ascends, at times, as high as ninety-

six degrees, though it rarely exceeds ninety degrees. For a region having an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, the climate of these valleys is remarkably mild and equable. It has the most salubrious and invigorating climate in California, one calculated to encourage and sustain the greatest amount of physical activity.

In times past, and even to the present day, the leading resource of the county was its auriferous deposits, both quartz and placer. Gold was found on both the Salmon and Scott rivers, by prospecting parties, in 1850, and the following year a great crowd of miners flocked into this region and began work on the bars, flats and gulches from Salmon to Shasta rivers. Mining was the sole industry for years, with the exception of such agriculture as was developed to supply the home market. It was confined to placer diggings almost exclusively, until recent years, when quartz mining began to assume prominence. Placer mining is carried on in four distinct ways. The first is surface working, by means of sluices, in shallow diggings on flats and in gulches, where water is brought to the claim in ditches, or flows in the channels of adjacent streams. Next to these are the drift claims, where the pay dirt near the bed rock is taken out by means of tunnels, or shafts, connecting with drifts, and then washed by means of sluices. In a number of places, the hydraulic process is extensively used, and along the Klamath expensive wing-dams are built, to lay bare the bed of the stream.

The following detailed summary of the mining interests of the county is gleaned from the columns of that reliable paper, the *Yreka Journal*:

Commencing at our northern boundary, are the mining districts bordering on the southern base of Siskiyou mountain, known as the Hungry creek, Beaver

creek and Cottonwood creek districts, on the north side of the Klamath river, all of which contain rich quartz, placer and river gold mines; also cinnabar and silver, together with finest quarries of sandstone. The largest piece of gold ever found on the coast, which contained very little quartz, was taken out at Cottonwood district several years ago, and weighed nineteen pounds. The Klamath river, from Cottonwood southward, contains rich bar and channel diggings, now being worked by wing-damming and water-wheel power.

Next south come the Virginia bar and Honolulu districts, along the Klamath river, where more extensive wing-damming is required, on account of the larger stream, by the addition of several tributaries. These claims are worked day and night, when the river is low enough, or between the middle of May and the first of December, working at night by all sorts of lighting apparatus, including electric lights. The pits of the several claims vary in depth from thirty to fifty feet to bed rock. As high as four hundred ounces in a single week have been taken out of some of the claims. In this district good quartz mines have been found; also fine leads of limestone and coal. Farther down the river, and all the way to the lower corner of the county, joining Del Norte and Humboldt counties, are the Oak bar, Hamburg bar, Sciad valley and Happy Camp districts, containing numerous rich river, hydraulic, quartz and placer claims, while the Scott river district, near the junction of the Scott and Klamath rivers, is one of the camps where gold was first discovered, and still retains its reputation of being about the richest mining district in the county, in quartz, placer and hydraulic mining. From Happy Camp southward there are many good claims and mining grounds, along Klamath river, still dormant from

lack of wagon road communication, or even a safe trail to reach them.

On the south side of the Klamath river, are the Humbug creek, Yreka creek, Greenhorn creek and Willow creek districts, all containing rich quartz, hydraulic, drift and placer claims. Humbug creek contains many good ledges of quartz, which prospect exceedingly well. At Willow creek and the mouth of the Shasta river, good placer diggings have lately been discovered. Good coal mines also exist on Willow creek. The Yreka basin, in which Yreka is located, extending from Shasta river to Greenhorn, is a vast placer mining field, six miles in length, by two or three miles wide, and would pay well if drained by a bed rock flume of large carrying capacity. The Humbug range, on the west side of Yreka basin, also contains numerous quartz ledges. Greenhorn district, along Greenhorn creek, has paid immensely in years past, with gold of the purest quality, while the quartz mines now being developed are of similar richness, a couple of miners having lately pounded out some \$400.00 from a piece of quartz weighing about one hundred pounds. Good limestone has also been found on Greenhorn, and good sandstone exists just north of Yreka.

In the Scott valley neighborhood are the famous Deadwood, McAdams creek, Indian creek, Rattlesnake creek, Kidder creek, Patterson creek, French creek, Shackelford creek, Oro Fino, Mugginsville, Pinery, Quartz valley, South Fork of Scott river, and other mining districts. At Deadwood creek, some rich quartz mines are now being worked with good success; also placer and gulch claims, while lower down along McAdams creek, deep drifting is carried on by means of pumping machinery, to afford drainage. At Indian creek, good success in hydraulic placer and quartz mining is accomplished, some of the best paying quartz

in the county having been found on this stream. Excellent quartz and placer mines have also been found on Patterson, Rattlesnake, Kidder and Shackelford creeks. At Oro Fino and Quartz valley, hydraulic mining is carried on more extensively than elsewhere in the county, the annual yield being over \$100,000.00, from hydraulic mining alone, with a season of about six or seven months of sufficient water, in which district several good paying quartz ledges are also worked. Some good placer mines exist at Pinery, and at French creek, south of Etna, quartz ledges and placer claims also prospect well. At South Fork of Scott river, and its tributaries, river, creek and quartz claims are being worked with the greatest success, and new discoveries are constantly being made.

In the Salmon river section are the Black Bear, Klamath, Liberty, South Fork of Salmon, Methodist creek, Plummer creek, Know Nothing creek, Yocumville, Summerville, Dillon and other mining districts, a vast mining field but little prospected, yet containing several rich paying quartz, placer, river and hydraulic mines. The noted Black Bear quartz mine is one of the historical mines of California, having been continuously worked since its discovery in 1860, producing \$3,000,000.00, returning \$1,000,000.00 in dividends, besides paying for its extensive plant of thirty-two-stamp water and steam mill combined, chlorine works, hoisting works, wagon roads, etc., which cost about a quarter of a million more. The Klamath quartz mine has yielded \$650,000.00, with its thirty-two-stamp mill, the Live Yankee over \$50,000.00, the Evening Star \$65,000.00, and the Uncle Sam and others, considerable more. These latter mines are clustered in the head of Eddy's gulch, a stream credited with a product of \$2,000,000.00, with paying claims still

operated upon it. Eddy's gulch is a tributary of the north fork of Salmon river, which latter stream has yielded between \$8,000,000.00 and \$10,000,000.00, according to well posted authorities, with several good bank and river claims still left. The south fork of Salmon river was once a good field for the miner, and has a number of good hydraulic claims still in operation, including the Spooner, Campbell & Smith claim at Summer-ville, Messrs. Bennett & Co's. claims at Niggerville and Oliver's flat, the McNeal claim at Crappo creek, besides a large scope of ground awaiting development. Know Nothing creek is a newly discovered quartz field, in the ridge of mountains between the Salmon river section on southern border of this county, and the New river quartz mines of Trinity county, which created so much excitement two years ago. Loftus and Morrison are deriving good profit from their claim on this creek, and Radelfinger & Funk's Gold Run, and other localities, show good ore. All the streams and gulches leading from the Salmon and New river mountains into the Salmon river, in the above named districts, pay well wherever prospected, and only time and capital are needed to prove their great value. A large extent of this country is yet unexplored, especially at the head of Independence creek, south of Marble mountain, where elk trails only are visible through the thick brush. This is a good place, no doubt, for finding rich gold deposits, or by clearing off brush and timber, to make good dairy ranches.

In the Salmon range of mountains between Scott valley and Salmon river, is the noted Marble mountain, which furnishes superior marble in endless quantity, or for use in making good lime.

In the Mount Shasta neighborhood quartz ledges have been found, and at Soda creek and other creeks near the

Shasta county boundary, where the railroad reaches us from the south, the placer claims have been worked with good success. It is believed that good ledges will yet be found in the mountain ranges dividing Shasta and Scott valleys, in which good prospects of both gold and silver have been found at various times. On McCloud river good marble abounds, capable of a high polish, and fine specimens of onyx have been discovered in the vicinity of Mount Shasta. Rich gold ledges have lately been discovered in Squaw valley, south of McCloud river, and considerable prospecting has been carried on in hunting for silver along the Shasta and Siskiyou boundary line in the same vicinity.

From the preceding review, it will be seen that the mining interests of the county are quite extensive. There are, however, large tracts of good placer ground which have remained unworked, because capital is necessary to provide the means of working them profitably, and on a large scale. The same is true of the quartz lodes. Of the hundreds of locations, but a few have been developed into mines, owing to a lack of the necessary means by the owners, and the difficulty of interesting capital in a region so isolated from railroad communication as this has been until recently. Now, however, things wear a different aspect. A railroad has been constructed through the heart of the county, connecting it with both San Francisco and Portland, the two financial centers of the Pacific coast, and uniting it with the great railroad system of the United States. A more rapid development of its valuable ledges of quartz and placer deposits may now be reasonably expected. In fact, this county offers the most inducements of any in the gold region of California, since it has hundreds of located claims of undoubted value, as well as vast areas whose mineral bear-

ing character is well known, but which are, practically, unprospected.

To the agriculturist, also, Siskiyou county has much to offer. The two large valleys, Scott and Shasta, lying in the center of the county, contain many as fine farms as are to be found in the state. The demand for food products created by the mining industry, early led to the development of these fertile valleys. Scott valley is about twenty-five miles long and from three to five wide. Through its length winds Scott river, whose waters are used in some portions of the valley for irrigating purposes, and in other places as an adjunct of mining operations. Grain, fruit and vegetables produce most prolifically, as do, also, the native and cultivated grasses, including clover and alfalfa. Apples and potatoes, two products which are of an inferior quality in the Sacramento valley, are here grown in their highest perfection. The cost of transportation has prevented them from reaching outside markets, but now the potatoes and apples of Siskiyou must soon become well known in the markets of San Francisco. Shasta valley is the largest in the county, and is used chiefly as a stock range. Little Shasta valley is one of the most fruitful agricultural sections of the state, and has many splendid farms. Across the Butte creek mountains is Butte creek valley, a splendid dairying country. Beyond this, towards the lava beds, is a stock region, where thousands of cattle have been grazed for years, but which is now being rapidly settled upon by agriculturists, who are demonstrating its great productive capacity. Willow creek and Cottonwood creek, near the Klamath, have many good farms and orchards, and good vineyards are being reared in the gulches and on the hill sides. Strawberry valley lies about the base of Mount Shasta, and is a splendid dairying region, as is, also,

Squaw valley, on McCloud river, further to the southeast. Along the entire course of the Klamath are frequent flats, where are many fine farms, gardens and orchards. In the Salmon river region are many agricultural spots along the course of the streams, while Quartz valley, Crystal creek, and other smaller outlying valleys, add their quota to the arable area of the county.

The county seat and chief business point is Yreka, lying in an arm of Shasta valley, approximately near the center of the county. Gold was discovered on the extensive flats along Yreka creek early in 1851, and in four months a town of more than two thousand people was built, which became, and has always continued to be, the financial and business center of the entire Klamath region. It has always been the most important point on the California and Oregon stage line, and is the repeating station on the telegraph line from San Francisco to Portland. Yreka supports half a dozen large general stores, besides a score of other stores, shops, etc. The city is lighted by gas, and has a good water supply brought in by a large ditch. It has three churches, a fine, public school building, (see engraving on page 893), Masonic Hall, Red Men's hall, Odd Fellows' hall, two breweries, a court house and jail (see page 893), in the center of a block well provided with shade trees, a bank, a school for girls maintained by the Sisters of Mercy, dentists, physicians, attorneys and two newspapers. The *Journal* is published semi-weekly, by Robert Nixon, who began, in 1861, to publish what has continued to be the leading republican paper of Northern California. The *Union*, published by R. Beers Loos, is a bright, newsy weekly, of the democratic faith, and is the lineal descendant of the first paper published in the county.

An engraving of Miner street, looking

west, is given on page 893, and on page 892 is given a view of the same street looking east, the two embracing a total of three blocks. This is the chief thoroughfare, and it is safe to say that the business which has been transacted there aggregates many millions of dollars. Good wagon roads radiate from Yreka to every portion of the county, offering facilities for the people to visit the county seat for purposes of business and trade, or to attend the fair, which is annually held there. The line of the California & Oregon railroad passes through Shasta valley, at a distance of six miles from Yreka, and a project is on foot to build a branch line from the town. The number of Chinese living in a town is a good index of its business importance. Yreka is the headquarters for the Chinese of Northern California, many of whom are engaged in mining, and their stores and habitations (see page 893) form a little town by themselves. Yreka has a population of nearly fifteen hundred, exclusive of Chinese.

The leading town of Scott valley is Fort Jones, which has a population of about eight hundred. It has one good business street (see page 892), on which are a number of stores, several of them carrying large stocks of goods. It derives much support from the mines along McAdams, Indian and other creeks. It has a good roller process, flouring mill (see page 912), a church, a commodious brick school house (see page 912), a bank, and all the other adjuncts of a thriving town. A good newspaper, the *Scott Valley News*, is published by L. D. Clark. Fort Jones was originally a military post established in 1852, at which were stationed a number of officers who subsequently won distinction in the Union and Confederate armies. It is a good business point, and will thrive under the increase of business, mining, agriculture and population

the new railroad will bring to the county.

In Scott valley are, also, the towns of Etna, with a population of six hundred, Callahan's, connected with the railroad by a good wagon road, and Oro Fino, a mining town near Fort Jones. Near the mouth of Scott river is the old mining town of Scott Bar, and down the Klamath are Happy Camp, a town of considerable size, Sciad and Hamburg. Above the mouth of Scott river is Oak Bar, where the Klamath is being mined by wing dams, and where a number of good ranches help to support a prosperous town and a large saw mill. Farther up the Klamath are Honolulu, Virginia Bar and Henley, or Cottonwood. On the line of the railroad are the towns of Hornbrook, Willow Creek, Montague, the point where connection is made for Yreka, Gazelle, Edgewood, Sisson, Mott, Soda Springs and Dunsmuir. Of these, the most important are Montague, Edgewood and Sisson, the last two being business points of long standing. To the east of the railroad lies the town of Little Shasta, where a good flowering mill is located.

The advent of the railroad is changing the conditions of business and removing the causes which have retarded the growth of Siskiyou county. Goods and machinery can now be imported at a reasonable expense, and many products of the soil and the magnificent forests be sent to outside markets. Immigrants may now come conveniently and cheaply, from either the northern or southern trans-continental routes. Hundreds of families can find homes on fertile lands, where they can surround themselves with comforts and live upon the products of the field, garden, tree and vine. The next ten years will see great accessions to the agricultural population of this region. In its mining interests, also, Siskiyou is destined to make great

advancement. Its ledges of gold bearing quartz will now attract more attention and receive greater development, while its vast areas of placer ground, yet practically untouched, will pass into the hands of men with the necessary capital to introduce the hydraulic system of mining, which has, as yet, but little foot-hold. The swift current of the Klamath and tributary streams carries away the detritus, which the sluggish streams of the Sacramento valley are unable to remove, and for this reason, capital need never fear the opposition from farmers which has interfered with the hydraulic industry in the Sierra.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA UNITED.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago the first through stage line was established between the cities of Portland and Sacramento, by the California Stage Co., which then had a monopoly of all the important stage lines on the coast. Passengers for San Francisco reached that city by steamer from Sacramento. For ten years these two seaports had been connected by a line of ocean steamers, yet the new stage line, being a daily one, had much through traffic, while its local travel was very large. It was the longest stage line ever operated, except the celebrated overland line put on by Ben Holladay, about a year later. It is doubtful if a more pleasant, or rather, less disagreeable, stage route ever existed. Staging, at its best, is far from agreeable, when continued day after day, even during pleasant weather, and during stormy days it becomes a positive mortification of the flesh. Yet, on this route, the evils were more subdued than on many others. Much of it was among beautiful mountain scenery, where cool breezes and dense forests contributed to the comfort of passengers, and the noble Shasta, the turbid Klamath, the rugged Siskiyou and frowning Umpqua canyon appealed to the poetic and artistic instincts.

All this has now passed away forever. Gradually, for fifteen years, the railroads extending north from San Francisco and south from Portland, have been creeping closer and closer together, shortening the stage route at every step, but leaving the mountain region undisturbed until the very last. Finally, on the seventeenth of December, 1887, the last spike uniting the two roads was driven on the north slope of the Siskiyou mountains, and the stage disappeared from the scene forever. This was the last stronghold of the Concord, the only remaining stage line of consequence in the West, and with its overthrow the old era may be declared at an end, and the new triumphantly established. In commemoration of this most important event, THE WEST SHORE issues with this number a large supplemental picture, representing the old and the new, the alpha and omega of the familiar overland route from Portland to San Francisco. In it the "old timers" will find much to remind them of those days, now gone forever, when the Concord, with its six galloping horses, was the greatest center of attraction, and the only dependence for conveyance of persons and intelligence from one community to another. It will find its place on

the walls in thousands of places, because of the memories of the past and the promises for the future.

The superb scenery of this route, once but a partial alleviation of the ills of staging, will now become a resistless attraction, drawing thousands of tourists annually, and making this the most noted scenic route to be found among the

railroads of the United States. Nowhere else can the traveler, comfortably seated in his warm, softly-cushioned Pullman, be carried to the very base of such a mountain as the noble Shasta, the cooling breezes from its snowy sides stealing into the window and filling his lungs with the pure air of the high altitude from which they come.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTLAND.

THERE never was a more complete verification of the old adage, "It never rains but it pours," than in the building of bridges across the Willamette. For years the citizens of Portland have tried to span that navigable stream with a bridge, but injunctions have defeated them in the courts, and lobbies blocked them in the legislature. At last, a year ago, the Morrison street bridge was thrown across the stream, followed by one at Salem and Albany; now a fourth is under construction, and the plans for a fifth are in the hands of its projectors, at Oregon City. Four bridges in one year, with a fifth in embryo, are enough to convince the most doubting of Oregon Thomases, that Stephen Maybell was gifted with a prophetic tongue, when, in tuneful cadence, he sang that well-known couplet:

They're going to build, I feel it, yet,
A bridge across the Willamette.

The bridge now under construction, an engraving of which is given on page 911, is being erected by the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., and will answer the triple purpose of a railroad, wagon road and foot bridge. The view taken by the artist shows the bridge as

seen from the east side of the river a few hundred feet down the stream. In the distance may be seen the eastern end of the Morrison street bridge, the western end being hidden by the bend in the river between the two structures. Its solid framework of iron and steel, as well as its ample proportions, are plainly shown in the engraving, from which it will be easy to understand the detailed description of its constituent parts which follows.

In total length, the bridge proper is six hundred and sixty feet, and consists of two spans, one fixed and the other a draw. The draw span is three hundred and forty feet long, and begins on the west bank, extending to a pier near the center of the stream. It rests on a pivotal pier, and when open, swings over a protection of piling built at right angles to the bridge, and extending one hundred and ninety feet each way from the center, or twenty feet beyond either end of the bridge. The pier upon which the draw rests, was made by driving a solid body of piles into the bed of the stream, which were sawed off evenly at a depth of forty feet below low water mark. Upon this was laid a grillage of twelve by twelve timbers, alternately crossing at

right angles, to a height of twenty-four feet, upon which was erected a pier of solid masonry to the top, which forms a rest for the turn table. This pier is thirty-one feet in diameter at the top, and has upon it a track, upon which the steel wheels of the bridge, fifty-six in number, move. The draw will be operated by a small steam engine, located on one side of the draw span.

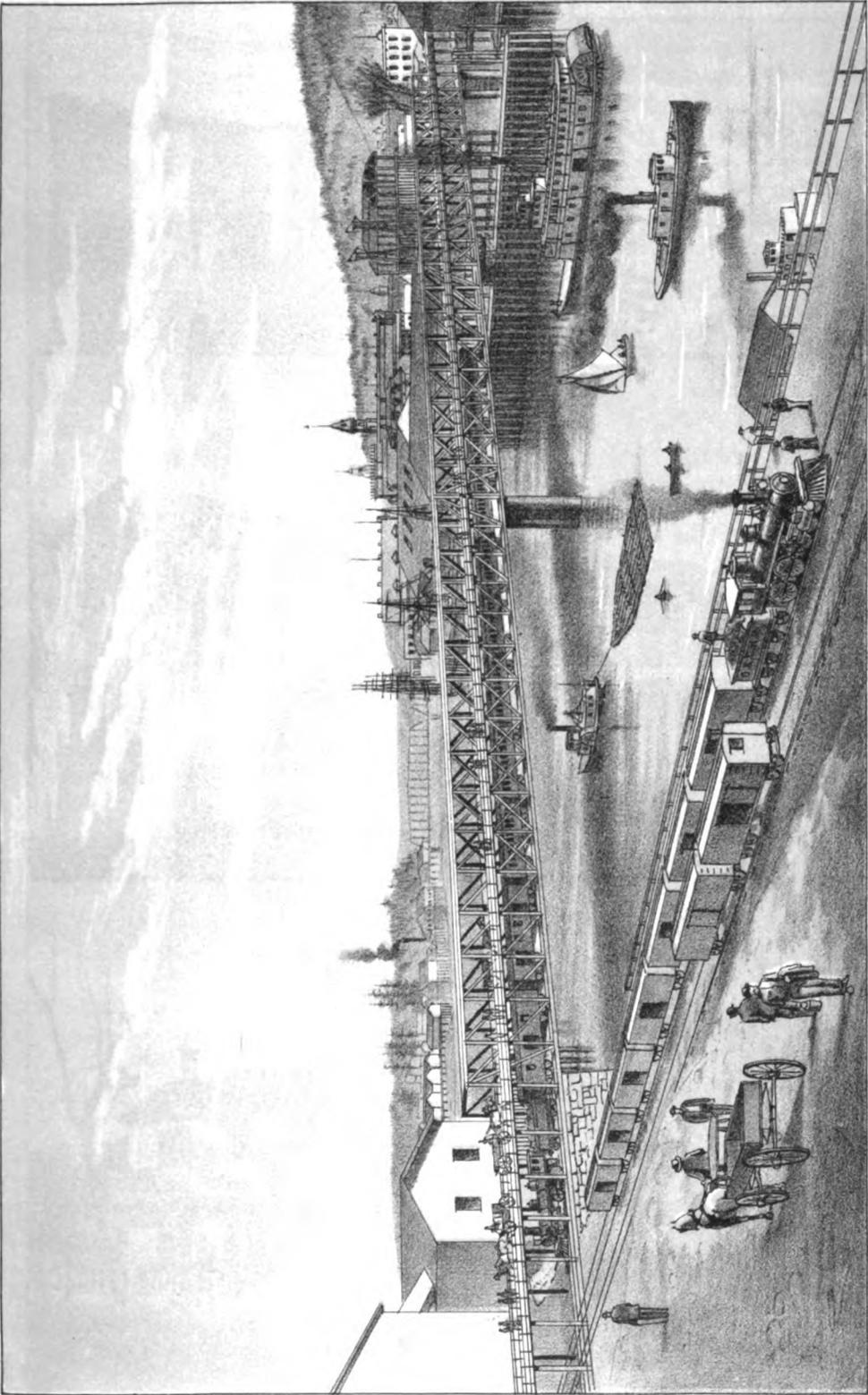
The pier upon which the connecting ends of the two spans rest, was made by driving two clusters of piles, fourteen feet in diameter, side by side, around each of which was sunk a heavy iron cylinder, the spaces inside being solidly filled with concrete. The cylinders are ninety-six feet high, and extend seventy feet below low water mark. The fixed span, extending from the cylinder pier to the east bank of the river, is three hundred and twenty feet long. The bottom of this span is thirty feet above low water mark, a distance sufficient to permit tugs and small steamers to pass under at all stages of the water, except the highest.

As before stated, the bridge is designed for the triple use of trains, wagons and foot passengers, and for this purpose is divided into four compartments. Upon the bottom of the bridge, which is twenty feet wide between the trusses, will be laid a single railroad track, twenty feet in the clear, above the track, being allowed to the solid plank floor of the wagon roadway above. The upper half is the same width as the lower, giving ample room for trains to pass. The space in the clear above the planks is fourteen feet, the remainder of the forty feet of total height of the structure being filled with angle-iron braces. On a level with the roadway, outside the trusses, on each side, is a foot-way six feet wide, protected by ample railings and guards.

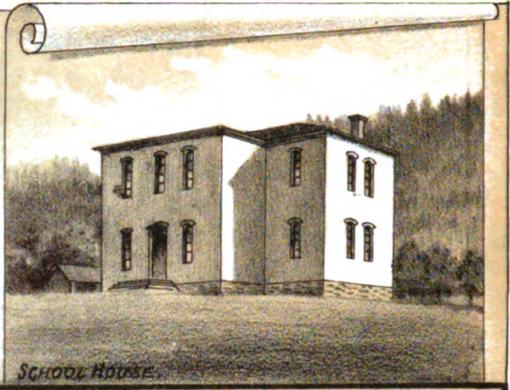
The structure is being erected by the O. R. & N. Co., on its own account, and not by contract, so that its exact cost is yet unknown. It will approximate \$350,000.00. The frame is of solid iron and steel, chiefly the latter, the draw span weighing five hundred tons, and the fixed span three hundred and eighty tons. The bridge is being made by the Union Bridge Co., of Athens, Penn., and will arrive in perfectly matched parts, ready to be joined and placed in position. The best of material is being used, and every effort will be made to secure the best structure possible. The chief engineer is George S. Morison, of New York City, who is represented here by George A. Lederle, the engineer in immediate charge of the work.

On the west side the approach to the wagon-way is seven hundred feet long, beginning at the corner of Third and G streets, and forming a viaduct over the tracks of the Northern Pacific and the Oregon and California roads. The railroad track from the bridge will connect immediately with tracks now on Front street. On the east side, the roadway connects with Holladay avenue by an approach of one hundred and fifty feet, and the track joins the tracks of the O. & C. through a deep cut being made in the high bank south of the bridge.

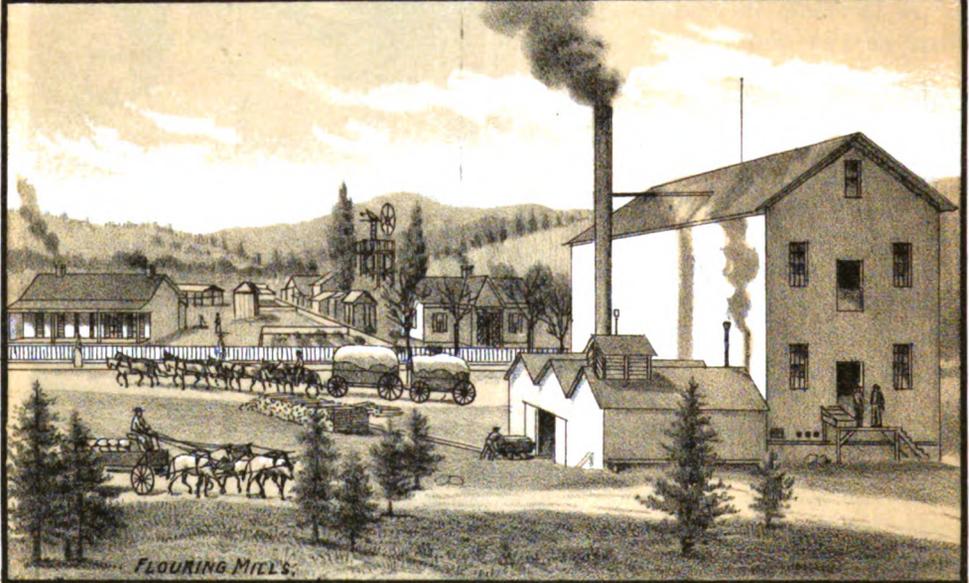
The structure will be completed about the first of April, when trains from the East may come across the river. What plans are being matured for terminal facilities on this side of the river, it is impossible to ascertain; nor can it be learned what temporary conveniences will be provided until the expected grand union depot will be completed. It is probable that these details have not yet been arranged by the officers of the several roads interested, and will not be until the bridge is ready for use.



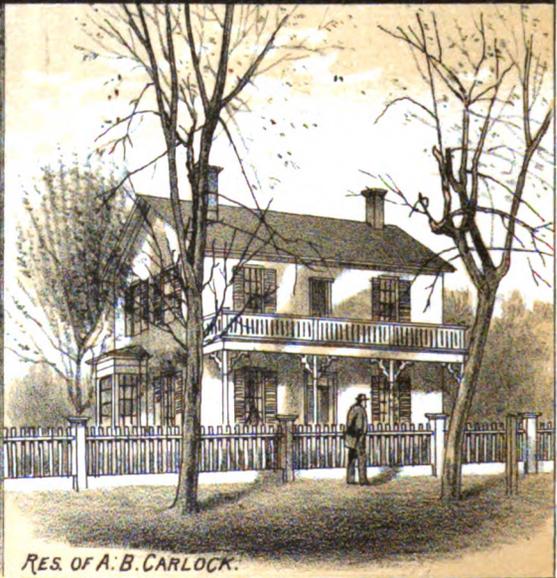
OREGON—THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTLAND.



SCHOOL HOUSE.



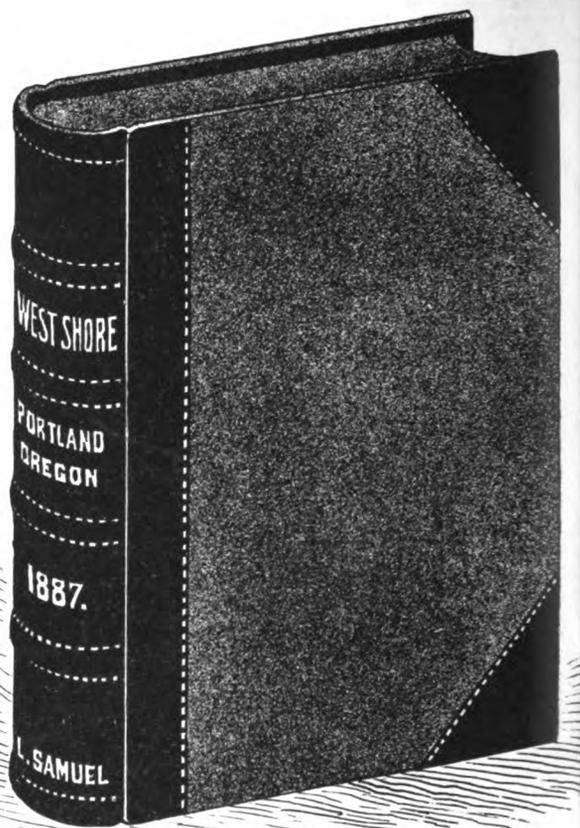
FLOURING MILLS.



RES. OF A. B. CARLOCK.

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Northwestern News and Information.

THE BELL MINE SOLD. The final payment of \$55,000.00 for the Bell mine was made by the Chambers syndicate a few days ago, a previous one of \$20,000.00 having been made. The Bell is one of the earliest and best known properties in Butte, and has had a somewhat checkered career. It is thought that it will soon join the group of regular dividend payers.

SEATTLE & WEST COAST R. R.—Contract has been let to Messrs. Sinclair & Co., heavy contractors on the Canadian Pacific, for the completion of the entire line of the Seattle & West Coast, from Seattle to the international boundary. The grade is finished as far as Snohomish, and the new contractors lay the rails to that point and do the entire work beyond. Sinclair & Co. own the franchise for the branch from the Canadian Pacific to connect with this line, and the placing of the entire work in their hands guarantees the completion of a line from Seattle to the Canadian Pacific by the end of 1888. Seattle will then become the American terminus of that great overland road, with all the advantages of such a commanding position.

WATERVILLE, W. T.—Waterville, the new county seat of Douglas county, W. T. is making a rapid growth. A few months ago it contained not to exceed six houses and now it has upwards of thirty, and six or eight others in contemplation, to be put up this winter. The original site contained forty acres, and was a government town site, so called because every person who desired to do so, could go and select his lot and build on it, and the ground, to the extent of one lot was his. Thus the lots cost nothing and no one can get a corner on the forty acres. As the town grows, the owners of the ground contiguous will be called on to make additions to this nucleus, around which a flourishing village will soon cluster. A new paper, the *Big Bend Empire*, will soon be issued there by L. E. Kellogg, formerly of the *Colfax Gazette*.

MEN, PLACES AND THINGS.—Under this title, that gifted writer, Professor William Matthews, L. L. D., has published a collection of charming and instructive essays on subjects of much

interest, including short biographical reviews. The manner in which Professor Matthews has handled other topics is sufficient to convince the thousands who have read his "Getting on in the World," "Hours with Men and Books," and other volumes, of the pleasure to be derived from perusing his latest work. A few of the titles, such as "Character of Napoleon," "Bulwer," "The Weaknesses of Great Men" "Courage," "Illusions About the Past," suggest the wide range and the valuable and interesting nature of its contents. A topical index, without which no book intended to be used at any time as a work of reference is complete, enables the reader to find at once any particular portion of any essay. Price \$1.50; neatly bound in cloth. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, and for sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland, Oregon.

THE WALLOWA MINES.—A good showing has been made on the mineral ledges of the Wallowa mountains this season. In fact, more work has been done since last July than has been done all together before. But the development work is only just begun, and next season will witness increased activity. Let our prospectors here, and those who contemplate coming here, remember that only a fractional part of the accessible ground has yet been "scratched" by the miner's pick, and that in all probability the best properties remain undiscovered. There is scarcely a canyon in the Wallowa mountains where float can not be found, and, as a rule, the ledges have prominent outcroppings, so that there is comparatively little trouble to the experienced prospector in making locations. The necessities of life are very reasonable here, and the climate is such that Wallowa county offers every inducement to miners who care to spend their summer in the mountains searching for mineral. We want to see thorough prospecting and legitimate development work done here next summer.—*Wallowa Chieftain*.

NEW FOUNDLANDERS TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.—J. H. Whitely, who was sent to the Pacific coast in July last, by fishermen and smack owners of New Foundland, to examine

the possible advantage that might ensue to people whom he represented, by migrating from their homes in New Foundland and Labrador to the Pacific coast, has completed his examination and makes the following statement: "I visited Victoria, Vancouver island, and thence went to every point of advantage by steamer and sailing craft. The points which I have selected for the location of future villages are the Queen Charlotte islands. The group consists of Graham, Moresby and Provost islands. Their coast line has numerous inlets which afford abundant shelter, and I consider the group a splendid place for our men. The main point which engaged my attention was the fishing prospects, and I was fairly astonished at the quantity of fish; the waters fairly teem with them, and although my investigations were confined to the east side of Queen Charlotte islands, I am informed that on their west coast the fish are just as abundant."

NEW GEYSERS IN THE NATIONAL PARK.—Stopping to eat a lunch and feed our horses at a point about midway between the canyon and the lower geyser basin, our party started, lunch in hand, to visit a place seldom seen by tourists. It has been named Glen Africa on account of the intense heat felt in passing through the glen on a hot summer day. Mrs. Smith thought the glen looked like a rift in a great cloud with a clear sky beyond, the cloud being a range of hills through which a multitude of active geysers had gnawed their way to an open valley, leaving the ragged rocks half consumed on each side of the narrow valley. The creek that flows through Glen Africa is boiling hot, and in many places the falls and cascades are surprisingly beautiful, the walls and bottom being colored with those superb yellow and brown tints that accompany geyser action. There are numerous small creeks flowing into the main one from either side. At the head of each one of these there is an active geyser at work widening and deepening the glen with a persistence and vigor that is truly amazing. One named Bomb Shell geyser is well worth a paragraph or two. It is situated on the west side of African creek and at the north end of the glen and is at work in the heart of a huge, boulder-like mass of black, basaltic rock, that presents the appearance of a mammoth exploded shell. A portion of the circle of rock with ragged edges overhangs the basin in which two fierce torrid waves dash against each other like wild beasts leaping and tearing and gnashing their teeth with demonic fury. The crater

is over fifteen feet in diameter and is circular, very much resembling the Brimstone Bowl at Sulphur mountain in all but the color, which in this one is jet black, with ragged edges, while the Brimstone Bowl has a polished golden wall of crystalized sulphur.—G. L. Henderson in *Bozeman Chronicle*.

MONTANA ASSESSMENT ROLL.—The property assessment in Montana approximates \$60,000,000.00, an increase during the year of about \$5,000,000.00. In view of the fact that the loss on cattle during the year amounted to \$4,000,000.00, the increased assessment is a most creditable showing of the growing wealth of the territory. The heaviest loss in cattle was in Custer county, the returns showing the number of cattle assessed this year to be ninety thousand six hundred and seventy-one, with a valuation of \$1,815,440.05, a decrease from last year of ninety-seven thousand twenty-four head, with a valuation of \$1,101,486.00. Dawson county comes next, the returns this year showing twenty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-seven head of cattle, having a value of \$569,000.00, the decrease from last year being thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight head, having a value of \$534,003.00. In Choteau county there are ten thousand nine hundred and twenty-two fewer cattle than last year, worth \$542,011.00, or at least the assessment is that much less. The total number of cattle in the territory is four hundred and seventy-one thousand one hundred and seventy-eight, worth \$9,491,807.00, the decrease from last year being one hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight, valued at \$3,846,008.00. The sheep in the territory, on the contrary, have increased, the number at present being one million sixty-two thousand one hundred and forty-one, with a valuation of \$2,148,551.00, the increase over last year being ninety-three thousand eight hundred and forty-three, worth \$195,823.00.

IDAHO'S RESOURCES.—The following extract is from Gov. Stevenson's exhaustive report on the condition of Idaho:—The great natural resources of Idaho are today practically undeveloped. Within her boundaries are large amounts of good agricultural and grazing lands belonging to the government that are now open to settlement, and particularly in the counties of Alturas, Ada, Washington, Bingham, Boise, Idaho and Cassia, besides more or less in all the other counties. The great mineral belt of Idaho is hardly prospected, and our mining enterprises

are yet in their infancy. Thousand of good and valuable quartz mines of gold, silver, copper and lead are yet unoccupied and unlocated. The finest water powers in the world, capable of running all kinds of machinery, are open to location and are unused and unappropriated. Splendid locations for grazing, and manufacturing butter and cheese on a large scale, can be had in almost any county, and the products would find a ready sale in our mining counties; good, fresh butter by reliable makers, sells here for from thirty to forty cents per pound. No better place in the world could be found for erecting mills, quartz mills, factories, tanneries, and woolen mills than our water powers, now unappropriated and adapted for such industries. Building irrigation ditches to supply farmers with water on the desert lands, is one of the most safe and certain investments for capitalists. Immense forests of pine and fir timber are yet held by the government, but are allowed to be used honestly for domestic purposes.

QUARTZ IN SNOHOMISH COUNTY.—Mr. T. B. Lockwood, an old and experienced miner, arrived in Seattle on Friday from a summer's cruise in the Cascade mountains, where he has been at work since last July. Mr. Lockwood, some five years ago, while prospecting in the Cascade mountains, found some very rich float silver ore, and every summer since that time has been prospecting for the ledge. Last July he succeeded in finding it, and has put in several months developing his find. The ledge is well defined, and has been tapped from the top for a distance of three thousand feet. It is forty-two inches wide. He has sunk a shaft eight feet down on the ledge, and driven a tunnel in fifteen feet. He brought a sack of the ore to this city, and will send it off for assay. Several tests were made by parties in this city, who understand working up ores, and they declare that it will go from \$500.00 to \$700.00 per ton. This is one of the richest finds yet made in the Cascades. This ledge is located on a branch of the Skikomish river, about fifty miles northeast of Seattle, and can be made easily accessible by a good road. This is probably only a forerunner of rich discoveries soon to be made in the Cascade mountains. Mr. Lockwood took up a claim on his ledge, had it recorded in the county auditor's office at Snohomish City, and did the necessary work to hold his claim for a year. He states that the rains drove him out, and that he will return in the early spring to still further open up his mine.—*Post-Intelligencer*.

MONTANA STOCK SHIPMENTS.—The widely circulated reports of the loss of cattle in Montana last winter were such as to convey the idea that there would be a heavy falling off in the live stock traffic this fall. The conclusion, however, is not warranted by the facts, as the figures will show. The Northern Pacific has hauled east from Montana and Western Dakota this season, seventy-two thousand four hundred and fifty head of beef cattle, against eighty thousand nine hundred and thirty in 1886, a decrease of only eight thousand five hundred head. Last year two thousand two hundred and eighty head of cattle were shipped east from Washington Territory, but on account of the coast demand being greater this year, none were shipped, so that the shortage from Montana and Western Dakota is only six thousand two hundred and twenty head. The number of sheep sent to market this year by the Northern Pacific road was ninety-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-three head, against one hundred and ten thousand five hundred and twenty-five head last year, a decrease of ten thousand eight hundred and ninety-five. These figures show a decrease in the stock movement of only ten per cent., whereas conservative judges had estimated at least fifty per cent., as whole flocks of sheep were literally wiped out last winter. In spite of the losses of last winter, and the decline in the market stock, men are now planning to replenish their ranges, and next year will see large numbers of cattle driven into Montana and Western Dakota.

CROPS IN GALLATIN VALLEY, M. T.—Twenty-seven steam threshers have been at work, averaging sixty thousand bushels each, making a total of say one million six hundred thousand bushels. Of this, probably three-fourths are oats, one-fourth wheat and barley. The value of this crop is about as follows:

One million, two hundred thousand bushels (machine measure) oats; fifty million pounds at one cent per pound, \$500,000; four hundred thousand bushels wheat at sixty-two and one-half cents per bushel, \$250,000; total, \$750,000; add to this amount the value of the hay, potatoes, and dairy products, and we find that the farm products of Gallatin valley are this year worth, in round numbers, \$1,000,000. And yet, this is only a beginning. Look at the following figures: One million two hundred thousand bushels oats, sixty bushels per acre, twenty thousand acres—thirty sections; four hundred thousand bushels wheat at forty bushels per acre, ten thousand acres—fifteen sections. Altogether then, only thirty thousand acres, or

forty-five sections, or one and one-quarter townships, have been under cultivation this year to produce the above stated amount of grain. The area in the valley fit for cultivation, is, at a low estimate, eight townships. If half of that area, or four townships, were cultivated each year, it would be three times the area in crops this year, and if the market will justify it a very few years will see such an increased average. By utilizing the waters of the West Gallatin, every acre in the valley may be irrigated, and, except a small gravelly section in the middle of the valley, it will nearly all produce as big crops as the lands now cultivated.

I have no comments to make on the above statement. The figures are far more eloquent than any words from my pen.—P. Koch in *Helena Independent*.

SNOW SHEDS ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.—The snow sheds in the Selkirk mountains have been completed, seven miles and a half of sheds having been built. The question of snow sheds is a very interesting one, and presents one of the difficulties of the transcontinental lines. Snow sheds to cover the railroad track have been built at points on the Cental Pacific road, where it crosses the Sierra Nevada mountains. As the trains bound east leave Emigrant Gap, they run through one continuous snow shed for thirty-five miles. They secure their end, but are themselves the occasion of great inconveniences, such as the noise, the loss of view and the confining of the smoke to the train. There is nothing peculiar in the construction of these sheds, which have to support only the burden of the snow. But on the line of the Canadian Pacific, where the road crosses the mountains, sheds of a different construction are needed. Before the road was completed observations in the mountains showed that avalanches must be provided against. A single avalanche covered the track for a distance of thirteen hundred feet, and to the depth of fifty feet. The results of these observations were that the company built four and one-half miles of snow sheds at an enormous expense. The sheds are constructed as follows: On the high side of the mountain slope a crib filled with stones is constructed. Along the entire length of the shed and on the opposite side of the track a timber trestle is erected; strong timber beams are laid from the top of the crib work to the top of the trestle, four feet apart, and at an angle representing the slope of the mountain as nearly as possible. These are covered with four-inch planking, and the beams are braced on either side from the

trestle and from the crib. The covering is placed at such a height as to give twenty-one feet headway from the other side of the beam to the center of the track. The longest of these sheds is thirty-seven hundred feet.

MINES ABOUT MISSOULA. The branch railroad extending south from Missoula, up the beautiful, fertile Bitter Root valley, has track laid as far south as Corvallis, forty-five miles from Missoula. The rich Sweat House mineral district, in the high Bitter Root range of mountains, on the west of the valley, will be tapped at a point about thirty-five miles south of the city. On the opposite side of the valley is the Welcome district, where are several good placer claims and a number of good gold quartz showings. Surveys are being made up the south fork of the Bitter Root river, with the intention of pushing the line on southwest eighty miles further, through the Bitter Root mountains, to the recently discovered huge veins of lead and silver in the Mineral Hill district. Down the Missoula river, off to the west of the city, are the many cultivated farms in Grass valley, and further on, fifteen miles from town, is the claimed oldest town in the territory—Frenchtown. Further on down the Missoula, to the St. Regis river, are more recently discovered good mineral finds; in the two new districts there are established the towns of Salomon and Superior. The district at Superior City, just below the confluence of the St. Regis with the Missoula river, on the south side of the last named, is an immense surface showing of high grade silver and lead ores. About forty miles northwest of this district again, just four miles north of the Northern Pacific railroad, are the rich Bell and Mattie Stow mines, which have been under development for the last two years. West of this is the Vermilion district, where has recently been done a large amount of development work on very promising veins of gold quartz and silver, lead and copper ores. Forty miles north of Vermilion are the old and new Libby creek placer diggings, where much placer washing has been going on all summer with very favorable results. At Wallace, on the Northern Pacific, fifteen miles east of Missoula, are a number of very good silver and copper locations, on which no small amount of work has been done in the last three years.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, the only one of the transcontinental lines running dining cars through to the Pacific coast, announced a new

time schedule taking effect Nov. 20, 1887. The principal features of the new schedule are:

First. Twelve hours quicker time from St. Paul to Helena and Butte, Montana, and twenty-four hours shorter time to Portland, Or., Tacoma, W. T., and all North Pacific coast points, by the limited express leaving St. Paul at 4 p. m. daily. The time of No. 2, the corresponding train east bound, will be shortened seventeen hours.

Second. An additional through express train, to which will be attached Pullman sleepers, dining cars and emigrant sleepers, leaving St. Paul at 8 a. m. daily, for Helena, Butte, Missoula, Spokane Falls and Eastern Washington points; this train making the through time five hours quicker than the former Pacific coast express, giving the intended Pacific coast settler fourteen hours quicker than heretofore.

Third. Three express trains daily from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Moorhead, Minn., Fargo and Jamestown, D. T., through Pullman

sleepers to Grand Forks, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton and principal points in North Dakota.

The Northern Pacific not only offers to the traveling public the best train service, including its famous dining cars, Pullman palace drawing room and sleeping cars, emigrant sleepers and splendid day coaches, but from Chicago and all eastern cities to Portland, Or., as quick time as by any other route, while to Butte and Helena, Mont., it is the shortest line by one hundred and seventy-six and three hundred and sixty-six miles respectively, actually saving the traveler to Butte six hours, and to Helena, eighteen hours, as against any other line.

The great reduction in time will be of particular interest to all classes of travel, especially Yellowstone Park and Pacific coast excursionists contemplating a return trip by the all-rail line—the "Mt. Shasta" Route—between San Francisco and Portland, and a trip along the Columbia River or over the famous Cascade mountains via the Northern Pacific.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

If I were asked what I considered to be the greatest needs of humanity at present, my answer would certainly be, greater depth of heart for man and greater breadth of mind for women. If it be true, as we have been taught in the past, that man represents the head and woman the heart of the human family, then it must be true that they have not influenced or developed each other as they should have done for their mutual best good, since there should be a balancing of intellect and heart. But ask man's opinion as to what he considers to be the *summum bonum* to mankind and he will answer you without hesitation, the possession of reason. Let him speak of the attributes of the Deity, and he graduates them upward, with reason crowning all. As a result, cold calculation is, with many men, their ideal method of making decisions. How often does this go so far as to exclude all sympathy for others and to center in the peculiar business of the individual, and its interests, even though the best welfare of his family and the community may not be so served. Ask woman what she considers the *summum bonum* to humanity, and she will

probably answer you, that she supposes to be able to use the reasoning powers perfectly is the highest good. She has always been taught so, and has received it among the truths which have been handed her. But watch her actions, and she will live this answer to you:

"Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness,
It's second life; it grows into the soul;
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse."

As a result, we often find her contracted to the simple size of her own family. Her affections bound her interests and endeavors. And in making her decisions all must revolve about the polar star of her affections. Ask her to take part in some effort for the public welfare, and she will stop to consider, will it effect my family; if my family are not standing in need of it I think I don't care to do anything. So often is this found to be the case that one is almost tempted to lose faith in woman, herself. Yet, the reason why we find her so deciding, is not of an evil motive, nor is it a cool calculation to a certain end, but it is want of thought, want of outlook and mental breadth. She has sim-

ply allowed herself to be narrowed by circumstances. However, the result proves quite as bad for all concerned as though it were otherwise. The world will be bettered when she takes on more breadth of mind—yes, and the world will be bettered when man takes on more depth of heart; each taking of the other they shall dwarf not, but develop a perfect human being.

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The following is a paper prepared by Mrs. W. W. Parker, of Astoria, Or., and read before the district convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in that city, Nov. 15, 16, 17, 1887. It is upon the subject, "What course shall a woman pursue to remain the equal of her husband after marriage?" It is bristling with points, and contains much that may be made practical, with profit in increased happiness and a larger development of women and their families.

This question, given me to consider on this occasion, presupposes that the husband and wife are equal at the time of marriage, which I believe to be measurably true. That a large number of women, after ten, fifteen or twenty years of married life, instead of intellectual improvement, show positive deterioration, is a fact supported by daily observation, though, by reason of the increasing opportunities offered for the development of the talents of women, and the decreasing apprehension honestly felt by many as to the result of so much freedom of action upon them, that number is, happily, lessening day by day. Still, many women are to-day painfully conscious of their own lack of power to understand subjects with which their husbands are familiar, such as the national, state and county finance, the attitude and policy of the several governments of the world toward each other, the various phases of the labor question, and other living issues, which exercise the minds of men.

To be sure, they know something of these subjects—everybody must, nowadays, at least have heard their names—but not enough to discuss them with their husbands so sensibly as to command respect from them, which is far more precious to the true woman than all the admiration mere personal beauty can procure; and they sometimes say to themselves: "If I only had time, I would read the papers and keep up with John, but the children and the house take all my attention." So they go on, letting the consciousness of their waning attractiveness, and the hopelessness of any change for the better eat into their hearts, fortunate if

they have not the pang of seeing the intelligent comprehensiveness of some bright, earnest woman, winning, perhaps unconsciously, the reverent regard which in their souls they can not blame their husbands for bestowing, but for the want of which they themselves are slowly starving. Such suffering sisters need our sympathy and help, if help is to be had, and their cases seem to me not always incurable. Especially in the beginning of wedded life it should be comparatively easy to start rightly, and if, as the proverb says, "Well begun is half done," a good commencement is of the very gravest importance. Young wives too often think of themselves, their looks, their position, their clothes, how they should be treated, instead of studying, for his highest good, the disposition of the husband. To the wife who studies her husband's nature—as, I blush to say, some do—that she may learn to manage him so as to gain her own selfish wishes, nothing need be said here. She deserves the contempt she so often earns.

But to the sincere wife who would do better if she but knew how, very much may be spoken, and let her remember that it is "never too late to mend," while life lasts. True, there is almost endless difference in men, but some rules can be made of almost universal application, notwithstanding. Presuming, then, that the wife is sincerely anxious to do her best toward being a worthy mate for her husband, and is willing to make some effort to continue capable of being his intelligent companion, one of the first things she should know is that she must read a good newspaper. The time required for this need not discourage her, for both our daily and weekly journals are now so concisely and uniformly arranged, that but little time is needed to get the gist of all the important thought and action of the day. This, however, will not be found in the part of the paper which women generally read, which is, for the purpose in hand, the least valuable portion, but in the very part women usually neglect. I mean the editorial columns, in which, in a standard newspaper, is constantly to be found the completest statement of the present situation of public affairs in the smallest possible space. If women would be able to talk interestingly to their husbands, they must read what their husbands read. Men read the editorial columns, the prices current, judicial decisions, and the dispatches; especially those relating to political actions and business doings. Women read stories, poetry and fashion notes. This is not saying that men would not be the better for read-

ing stories and poetry, or that women should read none, but simply that a woman should read what men read, and learn to be interested in it, too, if she does not wish to be shut out from the circle of her husband's interest. Let her also cultivate her sense of humor, if it be not already keen. If it is, she has at least one attraction, which, if amiably used, will never grow stale. Most men love a joke, and enjoy it far more for sharing it. If a man's wife can sympathize with him, and particularly if she encourages his own efforts at being funny, it will form a strong bond between them. I know a wife of more than twenty years standing, who, in all that time, has never once failed to laugh heartily at her husband's least attempt at a witticism, until, from being a very serious person, rather lacking in humor, he has become quite a joker, and a really genial man. His wife pursued this course intentionally, and with the end she has so well accomplished in view from the beginning, and is now doubly rewarded in the fact that her husband considers her one of the wittiest and wisest of women.

It is better to read one article thoroughly, and learn all there is to be known on that subject, than to skim superficially over many. Men are usually exact in what they know, and they feel a profound contempt for indefiniteness in a man, while they tolerate it in a woman as something to be expected. When they find a woman exact in her information, and able to express her ideas clearly and succinctly, it appears to them more admirable than the same capacity in one of their own sex, partly because it is more rare, but more because she does not lose her womanly charm while gaining intellectually. The true womanly woman delights to honor a worthy man. She rejoices more in it than in herself receiving honor, and is always pleased to learn from him; no matter how well informed she may be, she never shows that she feels herself competent to teach him. Indeed, she knows that there are few from whom she can not learn something. Should the husband be interested in any special scientific pursuit in which the wife is unable to join, she can show her intelligent sympathy in his work, and recollect that to be able to appreciate the value of any work is next to being able to do the work.

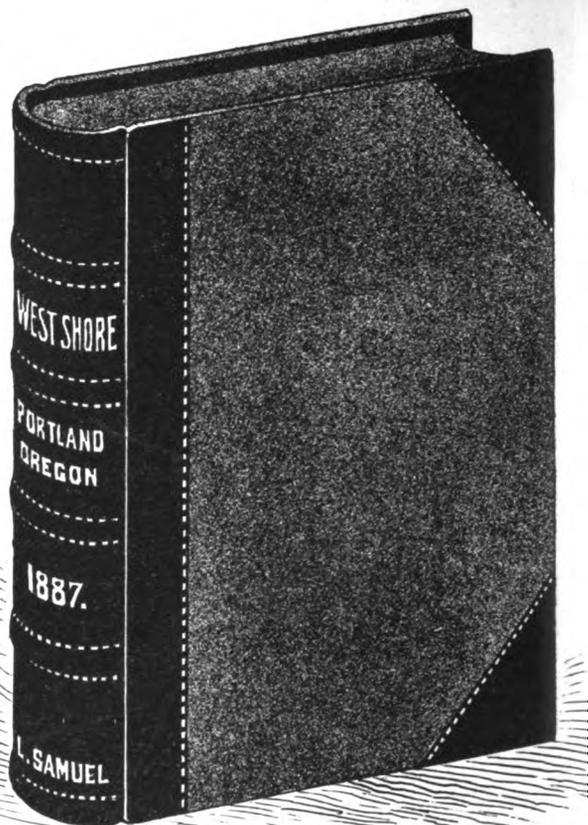
It is not necessary that a woman shall always know exactly the same things her husband does, in order to be his equal. She needs, rather, to be connected and clear and sure in what she does know, and, above all, to be perfectly honorable and truthful in even the smallest things. Anything like deceit in a wife destroys

this respect of her husband, and most deservedly, too. Better endure anything rather than employ it.

Society may not be entirely neglected by her who would not sink below her husband's level. By society, I do not mean that fashionably so called, but the moderate mingling with friends outside one's own family circle. To the true wife, the happiness of her own home is, and should be, her first and far dearest object. But she may destroy her power to bless that home by shutting herself too much inside its doors. No person can remain mentally healthy who does not come in contact with a variety of people, and one can not learn one's true value so as to maintain due self respect, except by measuring powers with others. The recluse will surely think either too much or too little of himself. I have observed that travel always takes the conceit out of a vain person, and gives more confidence to the over modest; therefore, I conclude that every one is the better for some travel. Even if it is a great undertaking, which it always is to the busy wife and mother, let her take a trip somewhere once in the year, if but for a short time. She will be vastly benefited in every way by it, and will be more highly valued on her return by those who had not fully realized her worth until her absence. The habit of attending church regularly, and lectures and other public meetings occasionally, is not so difficult to maintain as many suppose, if adhered to firmly in the first years of married life. One can not go everywhere, it is true, but it is almost as bad to take the opposite extreme and go nowhere. The husband goes out among people, and is freshened and stirred by it. The wife would gain similarly by the same means, which she must use in some degree if she would be an intelligent companion for her husband and sons. A woman deprived of the blessed air of heaven by any means whatever, be it by furnace, air-tight stove, or close-drawn corset, can not be the equal of her husband, who breathes, as God meant we should, plenty of pure air with the whole of his lungs. Out of door exercise and fresh air are absolutely necessary, since the atmosphere in most dwellings is not pure enough to sustain healthy human life, and every woman ought to get out at least fifteen minutes each day; an hour would be none too much. After taking it a few times, this daily airing will not be easily relinquished. It will save many a dollar that would otherwise have gone for drugs or to the doctor.

I have so far aimed to mention only what the average wife can do if she be determined. It

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Northwestern News and Information.

THE BELL MINE SOLD. The final payment of \$55,000.00 for the Bell mine was made by the Chambers syndicate a few days ago, a previous one of \$20,000.00 having been made. The Bell is one of the earliest and best known properties in Butte, and has had a somewhat checkered career. It is thought that it will soon join the group of regular dividend payers.

SEATTLE & WEST COAST R. R.—Contract has been let to Messrs. Sinclair & Co., heavy contractors on the Canadian Pacific, for the completion of the entire line of the Seattle & West Coast, from Seattle to the international boundary. The grade is finished as far as Snohomish, and the new contractors lay the rails to that point and do the entire work beyond. Sinclair & Co. own the franchise for the branch from the Canadian Pacific to connect with this line, and the placing of the entire work in their hands guarantees the completion of a line from Seattle to the Canadian Pacific by the end of 1888. Seattle will then become the American terminus of that great overland road, with all the advantages of such a commanding position.

WATERVILLE, W. T.—Waterville, the new county seat of Douglas county, W. T. is making a rapid growth. A few months ago it contained not to exceed six houses and now it has upwards of thirty, and six or eight others in contemplation, to be put up this winter. The original site contained forty acres, and was a government town site, so called because every person who desired to do so, could go and select his lot and build on it, and the ground, to the extent of one lot was his. Thus the lots cost nothing and no one can get a corner on the forty acres. As the town grows, the owners of the ground contiguous will be called on to make additions to this nucleus, around which a flourishing village will soon cluster. A new paper, the *Big Bend Empire*, will soon be issued there by L. E. Kellogg, formerly of the *Colfax Gazette*.

MEN, PLACES AND THINGS.—Under this title, that gifted writer, Professor William Matthews, L. L. D., has published a collection of charming and instructive essays on subjects of much

interest, including short biographical reviews. The manner in which Professor Matthews has handled other topics is sufficient to convince the thousands who have read his "Getting on in the World," "Hours with Men and Books," and other volumes, of the pleasure to be derived from perusing his latest work. A few of the titles, such as "Character of Napoleon," "Bulwer," "The Weaknesses of Great Men" "Courage," "Illusions About the Past," suggest the wide range and the valuable and interesting nature of its contents. A topical index, without which no book intended to be used at any time as a work of reference is complete, enables the reader to find at once any particular portion of any essay. Price \$1.50; neatly bound in cloth. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, and for sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland, Oregon.

THE WALLOWA MINES.—A good showing has been made on the mineral ledges of the Wallowa mountains this season. In fact, more work has been done since last July than has been done all together before. But the development work is only just begun, and next season will witness increased activity. Let our prospectors here, and those who contemplate coming here, remember that only a fractional part of the accessible ground has yet been "scratched" by the miner's pick, and that in all probability the best properties remain undiscovered. There is scarcely a canyon in the Wallowa mountains where float can not be found, and, as a rule, the ledges have prominent outcroppings, so that there is comparatively little trouble to the experienced prospector in making locations. The necessities of life are very reasonable here, and the climate is such that Wallowa county offers every inducement to miners who care to spend their summer in the mountains searching for mineral. We want to see thorough prospecting and legitimate development work done here next summer.—*Wallowa Chieftain*.

NEW FOUNDLANDERS TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.—J. H. Whitely, who was sent to the Pacific coast in July last, by fishermen and smack owners of New Foundland, to examine

the possible advantage that might ensue to people whom he represented, by migrating from their homes in New Foundland and Labrador to the Pacific coast, has completed his examination and makes the following statement: "I visited Victoria, Vancouver island, and thence went to every point of advantage by steamer and sailing craft. The points which I have selected for the location of future villages are the Queen Charlotte islands. The group consists of Graham, Moresby and Provost islands. Their coast line has numerous inlets which afford abundant shelter, and I consider the group a splendid place for our men. The main point which engaged my attention was the fishing prospects, and I was fairly astonished at the quantity of fish; the waters fairly teem with them, and although my investigations were confined to the east side of Queen Charlotte islands, I am informed that on their west coast the fish are just as abundant."

NEW GEYSERS IN THE NATIONAL PARK.—Stopping to eat a lunch and feed our horses at a point about midway between the canyon and the lower geyser basin, our party started, lunch in hand, to visit a place seldom seen by tourists. It has been named Glen Africa on account of the intense heat felt in passing through the glen on a hot summer day. Mrs. Smith thought the glen looked like a rift in a great cloud with a clear sky beyond, the cloud being a range of hills through which a multitude of active geysers had gnawed their way to an open valley, leaving the ragged rocks half consumed on each side of the narrow valley. The creek that flows through Glen Africa is boiling hot, and in many places the falls and cascades are surprisingly beautiful, the walls and bottom being colored with those superb yellow and brown tints that accompany geyser action. There are numerous small creeks flowing into the main one from either side. At the head of each one of these there is an active geyser at work widening and deepening the glen with a persistence and vigor that is truly amazing. One named Bomb Shell geyser is well worth a paragraph or two. It is situated on the west side of African creek and at the north end of the glen and is at work in the heart of a huge, boulder-like mass of black, basaltic rock, that presents the appearance of a mammoth exploded shell. A portion of the circle of rock with ragged edges overhangs the basin in which two fierce torrid waves dash against each other like wild beasts leaping and tearing and gnashing their teeth with demoniac fury. The crater

is over fifteen feet in diameter and is circular, very much resembling the Brimstone Bowl at Sulphur mountain in all but the color, which in this one is jet black, with ragged edges, while the Brimstone Bowl has a polished golden wall of crystalized sulphur.—G. L. Henderson in *Bozeman Chronicle*.

MONTANA ASSESSMENT ROLL.—The property assessment in Montana approximates \$60,000,000.00, an increase during the year of about \$5,000,000.00. In view of the fact that the loss on cattle during the year amounted to \$4,000,000.00, the increased assessment is a most creditable showing of the growing wealth of the territory. The heaviest loss in cattle was in Custer county, the returns showing the number of cattle assessed this year to be ninety thousand six hundred and seventy-one, with a valuation of \$1,815,440.05, a decrease from last year of ninety-seven thousand twenty-four head, with a valuation of \$1,101,486.00. Dawson county comes next, the returns this year showing twenty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-seven head of cattle, having a value of \$569,000.00, the decrease from last year being thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight head, having a value of \$534,003.00. In Choteau county there are ten thousand nine hundred and twenty-two fewer cattle than last year, worth \$542,011.00, or at least the assessment is that much less. The total number of cattle in the territory is four hundred and seventy-one thousand one hundred and seventy-eight, worth \$9,491,807.00, the decrease from last year being one hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight, valued at \$3,846,008.00. The sheep in the territory, on the contrary, have increased, the number at present being one million sixty-two thousand one hundred and forty-one, with a valuation of \$2,148,551.00, the increase over last year being ninety-three thousand eight hundred and forty-three, worth \$195,823.00.

IDAHO'S RESOURCES.—The following extract is from Gov. Stevenson's exhaustive report on the condition of Idaho:—The great natural resources of Idaho are today practically undeveloped. Within her boundaries are large amounts of good agricultural and grazing lands belonging to the government that are now open to settlement, and particularly in the counties of Alturas, Ada, Washington, Bingham, Boise, Idaho and Cassia, besides more or less in all the other counties. The great mineral belt of Idaho is hardly prospected, and our mining enterprises

are yet in their infancy. Thousand of good and valuable quartz mines of gold, silver, copper and lead are yet unoccupied and unlocated. The finest water powers in the world, capable of running all kinds of machinery, are open to location and are unused and unappropriated. Splendid locations for grazing, and manufacturing butter and cheese on a large scale, can be had in almost any county, and the products would find a ready sale in our mining counties; good, fresh butter by reliable makers, sells here for from thirty to forty cents per pound. No better place in the world could be found for erecting mills, quartz mills, factories, tanneries, and woolen mills than our water powers, now unappropriated and adapted for such industries. Building irrigation ditches to supply farmers with water on the desert lands, is one of the most safe and certain investments for capitalists. Immense forests of pine and fir timber are yet held by the government, but are allowed to be used honestly for domestic purposes.

MONTANA STOCK SHIPMENTS.—The widely circulated reports of the loss of cattle in Montana last winter were such as to convey the idea that there would be a heavy falling off in the live stock traffic this fall. The conclusion, however, is not warranted by the facts, as the figures will show. The Northern Pacific has hauled east from Montana and Western Dakota this season, seventy-two thousand four hundred and fifty head of beef cattle, against eighty thousand nine hundred and thirty in 1886, a decrease of only eight thousand five hundred head. Last year two thousand two hundred and eighty head of cattle were shipped east from Washington Territory, but on account of the coast demand being greater this year, none were shipped, so that the shortage from Montana and Western Dakota is only six thousand two hundred and twenty head. The number of sheep sent to market this year by the Northern Pacific road was ninety-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-three head, against one hundred and ten thousand five hundred and twenty-five head last year, a decrease of ten thousand eight hundred and ninety-five. These figures show a decrease in the stock movement of only ten per cent., whereas conservative judges had estimated at least fifty per cent., as whole flocks of sheep were literally wiped out last winter. In spite of the losses of last winter, and the decline in the market stock, men are now planning to replenish their ranges, and next year will see large numbers of cattle driven into Montana and Western Dakota.

QUARTZ IN SNOHOMISH COUNTY.—Mr. T. B. Lockwood, an old and experienced miner, arrived in Seattle on Friday from a summer's cruise in the Cascade mountains, where he has been at work since last July. Mr. Lockwood, some five years ago, while prospecting in the Cascade mountains, found some very rich float silver ore, and every summer since that time has been prospecting for the ledge. Last July he succeeded in finding it, and has put in several months developing his find. The ledge is well defined, and has been tapped from the top for a distance of three thousand feet. It is forty-two inches wide. He has sunk a shaft eight feet down on the ledge, and driven a tunnel in fifteen feet. He brought a sack of the ore to this city, and will send it off for assay. Several tests were made by parties in this city, who understand working up ores, and they declare that it will go from \$500.00 to \$700.00 per ton. This is one of the richest finds yet made in the Cascades. This ledge is located on a branch of the Skikomish river, about fifty miles northeast of Seattle, and can be made easily accessible by a good road. This is probably only a forerunner of rich discoveries soon to be made in the Cascade mountains. Mr. Lockwood took up a claim on his ledge, had it recorded in the county auditor's office at Snohomish City, and did the necessary work to hold his claim for a year. He states that the rains drove him out, and that he will return in the early spring to still further open up his mine.—*Post-Intelligencer*.

CROPS IN GALLATIN VALLEY, M. T.—Twenty-seven steam threshers have been at work, averaging sixty thousand bushels each, making a total of say one million six hundred thousand bushels. Of this, probably three-fourths are oats, one-fourth wheat and barley. The value of this crop is about as follows:

One million, two hundred thousand bushels (machine measure) oats; fifty million pounds at one cent per pound, \$500,000; four hundred thousand bushels wheat at sixty-two and one-half cents per bushel, \$250,000; total, \$750,000; add to this amount the value of the hay, potatoes, and dairy products, and we find that the farm products of Gallatin valley are this year worth, in round numbers, \$1,000,000. And yet, this is only a beginning. Look at the following figures: One million two hundred thousand bushels oats, sixty bushels per acre, twenty thousand acres—thirty sections; four hundred thousand bushels wheat at forty bushels per acre, ten thousand acres—fifteen sections. Altogether then, only thirty thousand acres, or

forty-five sections, or one and one-quarter townships, have been under cultivation this year to produce the above stated amount of grain. The area in the valley fit for cultivation, is, at a low estimate, eight townships. If half of that area, or four townships, were cultivated each year, it would be three times the area in crops this year, and if the market will justify it a very few years will see such an increased average. By utilizing the waters of the West Gallatin, every acre in the valley may be irrigated, and, except a small gravelly section in the middle of the valley, it will nearly all produce as big crops as the lands now cultivated.

I have no comments to make on the above statement. The figures are far more eloquent than any words from my pen.—P. Koch in *Helena Independent*.

SNOW SHEDS ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.—The snow sheds in the Selkirk mountains have been completed, seven miles and a half of sheds having been built. The question of snow sheds is a very interesting one, and presents one of the difficulties of the transcontinental lines. Snow sheds to cover the railroad track have been built at points on the Cental Pacific road, where it crosses the Sierra Nevada mountains. As the trains bound east leave Emigrant Gap, they run through one continuous snow shed for thirty-five miles. They secure their end, but are themselves the occasion of great inconveniences, such as the noise, the loss of view and the confining of the smoke to the train. There is nothing peculiar in the construction of these sheds, which have to support only the burden of the snow. But on the line of the Canadian Pacific, where the road crosses the mountains, sheds of a different construction are needed. Before the road was completed observations in the mountains showed that avalanches must be provided against. A single avalanche covered the track for a distance of thirteen hundred feet, and to the depth of fifty feet. The results of these observations were that the company built four and one-half miles of snow sheds at an enormous expense. The sheds are constructed as follows: On the high side of the mountain slope a crib filled with stones is constructed. Along the entire length of the shed and on the opposite side of the track a timber trestle is erected; strong timber beams are laid from the top of the crib work to the top of the trestle, four feet apart, and at an angle representing the slope of the mountain as nearly as possible. These are covered with four-inch planking, and the beams are braced on either side from the

trestle and from the crib. The covering is placed at such a height as to give twenty-one feet headway from the other side of the beam to the center of the track. The longest of these sheds is thirty-seven hundred feet.

MINES ABOUT MISSOULA. The branch railroad extending south from Missoula, up the beautiful, fertile Bitter Root valley, has track laid as far south as Corvallis, forty-five miles from Missoula. The rich Sweet House mineral district, in the high Bitter Root range of mountains, on the west of the valley, will be tapped at a point about thirty-five miles south of the city. On the opposite side of the valley is the Welcome district, where are several good placer claims and a number of good gold quartz showings. Surveys are being made up the south fork of the Bitter Root river, with the intention of pushing the line on southwest eighty miles further, through the Bitter Root mountains, to the recently discovered huge veins of lead and silver in the Mineral Hill district. Down the Missoula river, off to the west of the city, are the many cultivated farms in Grass valley, and further on, fifteen miles from town, is the claimed oldest town in the territory—Frenchtown. Further on down the Missoula, to the St. Regis river, are more recently discovered good mineral finds; in the two new districts there are established the towns of Salomon and Superior. The district at Superior City, just below the confluence of the St. Regis with the Missoula river, on the south side of the last named, is an immense surface showing of high grade silver and lead ores. About forty miles northwest of this district again, just four miles north of the Northern Pacific railroad, are the rich Bell and Mattie Stow mines, which have been under development for the last two years. West of this is the Vermilion district, where has recently been done a large amount of development work on very promising veins of gold quartz and silver, lead and copper ores. Forty miles north of Vermilion are the old and new Libby creek placer diggings, where much placer washing has been going on all summer with very favorable results. At Wallace, on the Northern Pacific, fifteen miles east of Missoula, are a number of very good silver and copper locations, on which no small amount of work has been done in the last three years.

A DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, the only one of the transcontinental lines running dining cars through to the Pacific coast, announced a new

time schedule taking effect Nov. 20, 1887. The principal features of the new schedule are:

First. Twelve hours quicker time from St. Paul to Helena and Butte, Montana, and twenty-four hours shorter time to Portland, Or., Tacoma, W. T., and all North Pacific coast points, by the limited express leaving St. Paul at 4 p. m. daily. The time of No. 2, the corresponding train east bound, will be shortened seventeen hours.

Second. An additional through express train, to which will be attached Pullman sleepers, dining cars and emigrant sleepers, leaving St. Paul at 8 a. m. daily, for Helena, Butte, Missoula, Spokane Falls and Eastern Washington points; this train making the through time five hours quicker than the former Pacific coast express, giving the intended Pacific coast settler fourteen hours quicker than heretofore.

Third. Three express trains daily from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Moorhead, Minn., Fargo and Jamestown, D. T., through Pullman

sleepers to Grand Forks, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton and principal points in North Dakota.

The Northern Pacific not only offers to the traveling public the best train service, including its famous dining cars, Pullman palace drawing room and sleeping cars, emigrant sleepers and splendid day coaches, but from Chicago and all eastern cities to Portland, Or., as quick time as by any other route, while to Butte and Helena, Mont., it is the shortest line by one hundred and seventy-six and three hundred and sixty-six miles respectively, actually saving the traveler to Butte six hours, and to Helena, eighteen hours, as against any other line.

The great reduction in time will be of particular interest to all classes of travel, especially Yellowstone Park and Pacific coast excursionists contemplating a return trip by the all-rail line—the "Mt. Shasta" Route—between San Francisco and Portland, and a trip along the Columbia River or over the famous Cascade mountains via the Northern Pacific.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

If I were asked what I considered to be the greatest needs of humanity at present, my answer would certainly be, greater depth of heart for man and greater breadth of mind for women. If it be true, as we have been taught in the past, that man represents the head and woman the heart of the human family, then it must be true that they have not influenced or developed each other as they should have done for their mutual best good, since there should be a balancing of intellect and heart. But ask man's opinion as to what he considers to be the *summum bonum* to mankind and he will answer you without hesitation, the possession of reason. Let him speak of the attributes of the Deity, and he graduates them upward, with reason crowning all. As a result, cold calculation is, with many men, their ideal method of making decisions. How often does this go so far as to exclude all sympathy for others and to center in the peculiar business of the individual, and its interests, even though the best welfare of his family and the community may not be so served. Ask woman what she considers the *summum bonum* to humanity, and she will

probably answer you, that she supposes to be able to use the reasoning powers perfectly is the highest good. She has always been taught so, and has received it among the truths which have been handed her. But watch her actions, and she will live this answer to you:

"Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness,
It's second life; it grows into the soul;
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse."

As a result, we often find her contracted to the simple size of her own family. Her affections bound her interests and endeavors. And in making her decisions all must revolve about the polar star of her affections. Ask her to take part in some effort for the public welfare, and she will stop to consider, will it effect my family; if my family are not standing in need of it I think I don't care to do anything. So often is this found to be the case that one is almost tempted to lose faith in woman, herself. Yet, the reason why we find her so deciding, is not of an evil motive, nor is it a cool calculation to a certain end, but it is want of thought, want of outlook and mental breadth. She has sim-

ply allowed herself to be narrowed by circumstances. However, the result proves quite as bad for all concerned as though it were otherwise. The world will be bettered when she takes on more breadth of mind—yes, and the world will be bettered when man takes on more depth of heart; each taking of the other they shall dwarf not, but develop a perfect human being.

The following is a paper prepared by Mrs. W. W. Parker, of Astoria, Or., and read before the district convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in that city, Nov. 15, 16, 17, 1887. It is upon the subject, "What course shall a woman pursue to remain the equal of her husband after marriage?" It is bristling with points, and contains much that may be made practical, with profit in increased happiness and a larger development of women and their families.

This question, given me to consider on this occasion, presupposes that the husband and wife are equal at the time of marriage, which I believe to be measurably true. That a large number of women, after ten, fifteen or twenty years of married life, instead of intellectual improvement, show positive deterioration, is a fact supported by daily observation, though, by reason of the increasing opportunities offered for the development of the talents of women, and the decreasing apprehension honestly felt by many as to the result of so much freedom of action upon them, that number is, happily, lessening day by day. Still, many women are to-day painfully conscious of their own lack of power to understand subjects with which their husbands are familiar, such as the national, state and county finance, the attitude and policy of the several governments of the world toward each other, the various phases of the labor question, and other living issues, which exercise the minds of men.

To be sure, they know something of these subjects—everybody must, nowadays, at least have heard their names—but not enough to discuss them with their husbands so sensibly as to command respect from them, which is far more precious to the true woman than all the admiration mere personal beauty can procure; and they sometimes say to themselves: "If I only had time, I would read the papers and keep up with John, but the children and the house take all my attention." So they go on, letting the consciousness of their waning attractiveness, and the hopelessness of any change for the better eat into their hearts, fortunate if

they have not the pang of seeing the intelligent comprehensiveness of some bright, earnest woman, winning, perhaps unconsciously, the reverent regard which in their souls they can not blame their husbands for bestowing, but for the want of which they themselves are slowly starving. Such suffering sisters need our sympathy and help, if help is to be had, and their cases seem to me not always incurable. Especially in the beginning of wedded life it should be comparatively easy to start rightly, and if, as the proverb says, "Well begun is half done," a good commencement is of the very gravest importance. Young wives too often think of themselves, their looks, their position, their clothes, how they should be treated, instead of studying, for his highest good, the disposition of the husband. To the wife who studies her husband's nature—as, I blush to say, some do—that she may learn to manage him so as to gain her own selfish wishes, nothing need be said here. She deserves the contempt she so often earns.

But to the sincere wife who would do better if she but knew how, very much may be spoken, and let her remember that it is "never too late to mend," while life lasts. True, there is almost endless difference in men, but some rules can be made of almost universal application, notwithstanding. Presuming, then, that the wife is sincerely anxious to do her best toward being a worthy mate for her husband, and is willing to make some effort to continue capable of being his intelligent companion, one of the first things she should know is that she must read a good newspaper. The time required for this need not discourage her, for both our daily and weekly journals are now so concisely and uniformly arranged, that but little time is needed to get the gist of all the important thought and action of the day. This, however, will not be found in the part of the paper which women generally read, which is, for the purpose in hand, the least valuable portion, but in the very part women usually neglect. I mean the editorial columns, in which, in a standard newspaper, is constantly to be found the completest statement of the present situation of public affairs in the smallest possible space. If women would be able to talk interestingly to their husbands, they must read what their husbands read. Men read the editorial columns, the prices current, judicial decisions, and the dispatches; especially those relating to political actions and business doings. Women read stories, poetry and fashion notes. This is not saying that men would not be the better for read-

ing stories and poetry, or that women should read none, but simply that a woman should read what men read, and learn to be interested in it, too, if she does not wish to be shut out from the circle of her husband's interest. Let her also cultivate her sense of humor, if it be not already keen. If it is, she has at least one attraction, which, if amiably used, will never grow stale. Most men love a joke, and enjoy it far more for sharing it. If a man's wife can sympathize with him, and particularly if she encourages his own efforts at being funny, it will form a strong bond between them. I know a wife of more than twenty years standing, who, in all that time, has never once failed to laugh heartily at her husband's least attempt at a witticism, until, from being a very serious person, rather lacking in humor, he has become quite a joker, and a really genial man. His wife pursued this course intentionally, and with the end she has so well accomplished in view from the beginning, and is now doubly rewarded in the fact that her husband considers her one of the wittiest and wisest of women.

It is better to read one article thoroughly, and learn all there is to be known on that subject, than to skim superficially over many. Men are usually exact in what they know, and they feel a profound contempt for indefiniteness in a man, while they tolerate it in a woman as something to be expected. When they find a woman exact in her information, and able to express her ideas clearly and succinctly, it appears to them more admirable than the same capacity in one of their own sex, partly because it is more rare, but more because she does not lose her womanly charm while gaining intellectually. The true womanly woman delights to honor a worthy man. She rejoices more in it than in herself receiving honor, and is always pleased to learn from him; no matter how well informed she may be, she never shows that she feels herself competent to teach him. Indeed, she knows that there are few from whom she can not learn something. Should the husband be interested in any special scientific pursuit in which the wife is unable to join, she can show her intelligent sympathy in his work, and recollect that to be able to appreciate the value of any work is next to being able to do the work.

It is not necessary that a woman shall always know exactly the same things her husband does, in order to be his equal. She needs, rather, to be connected and clear and sure in what she does know, and, above all, to be perfectly honorable and truthful in even the smallest things. Anything like deceit in a wife destroys

this respect of her husband, and most deservedly, too. Better endure anything rather than employ it.

Society may not be entirely neglected by her who would not sink below her husband's level. By society, I do not mean that fashionably so called, but the moderate mingling with friends outside one's own family circle. To the true wife, the happiness of her own home is, and should be, her first and far dearest object. But she may destroy her power to bless that home by shutting herself too much inside its doors. No person can remain mentally healthy who does not come in contact with a variety of people, and one can not learn one's true value so as to maintain due self respect, except by measuring powers with others. The recluse will surely think either too much or too little of himself. I have observed that travel always takes the conceit out of a vain person, and gives more confidence to the over modest; therefore, I conclude that every one is the better for some travel. Even if it is a great undertaking, which it always is to the busy wife and mother, let her take a trip somewhere once in the year, if but for a short time. She will be vastly benefited in every way by it, and will be more highly valued on her return by those who had not fully realized her worth until her absence. The habit of attending church regularly, and lectures and other public meetings occasionally, is not so difficult to maintain as many suppose, if adhered to firmly in the first years of married life. One can not go everywhere, it is true, but it is almost as bad to take the opposite extreme and go nowhere. The husband goes out among people, and is freshened and stirred by it. The wife would gain similarly by the same means, which she must use in some degree if she would be an intelligent companion for her husband and sons. A woman deprived of the blessed air of heaven by any means whatever, be it by furnace, air-tight stove, or close-drawn corset, can not be the equal of her husband, who breathes, as God meant we should, plenty of pure air with the whole of his lungs. Out of door exercise and fresh air are absolutely necessary, since the atmosphere in most dwellings is not pure enough to sustain healthy human life, and every woman ought to get out at least fifteen minutes each day; an hour would be none too much. After taking it a few times, this daily airing will not be easily relinquished. It will save many a dollar that would otherwise have gone for drugs or to the doctor.

I have so far aimed to mention only what the average wife can do if she be determined. It

is no more than I have seen mothers of large families do, who had no hired help, and whose husbands were by no means models. Much more might be recommended to women of easy circumstances who have time for more. But enough has been said to furnish food for reflection. If, in carrying out these suggestions, any wife shall find herself getting beyond the mark and leaving the good man behind, there is little danger that she will not eventually draw him after her with the persistent force of her own courage, faith, hope and love.

In conclusion, I will say that my own experience has been such as to convince me that human strength, unsupported by the divine, is not sufficient for these things; and I solemnly believe, that only in reliance upon Almighty God can any wife and mother hope to so live, that "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed; husband also; and he praiseth her."

Fraulein Sohr gives an interesting account of Irene Astrom, a Finnish woman of distinction, who has received the first diploma as Doctor of Philosophy ever given to her sex in her country. When a girl, she tended her father's cattle in that "land of a thousand lakes," and dreamed of the pleasures which attend a knowledge of the truth. But her parents were very poor, and it all seemed so far away and impossible to her, that she despaired of ever attaining any of these, in comparison with which all other delights dwindled into insignificance. So disheartened was she, that she prayed to die, for she thought that after death she might reach a sphere where her longings might be realized. Her secret was learned by a humane pastor, who sent her to a good school. While there, she worked very hard, often using the whole night for study, while her companions slept about her, and sometimes during the day, when a day pupil and depending upon herself for the preparation of her meals, she would eat nothing but the fresh snow which fell by the wayside. As a result, despite the self help she was obliged to give herself, she stood fourth in her class of forty-six. But she found herself obliged to teach, and assist her father, who was utterly ruined financially. This she did, until, by dint of hard work and self sacrifice, she had saved \$20.00. With this she again started to school, with the purpose of gaining her long coveted goal—matriculation. Having reached this, she still went on perfecting herself, until she now lives, honored and appreciated, a proof of what may be accomplished by woman when she is determined to succeed.

It is with more of curiosity than of sincere interest, that we pass the little Chinese ladies on the streets of our Western cities. It is said that there but fourteen of them in New York. Our eyes, however, are accustomed to seeing them, for in Portland alone there are three hundred, and almost any day they may be passed upon the street, as they go quietly about their own affairs. It is seldom that the wealthier ones are seen. They retain more of their Chinese customs, and have less liberty than their poorer sisters, and, consequently, are less affected by American ways. I wonder, as our American ladies pass these Chinese women with the feeling that

"The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone,"

and that there is no bond between us and them, if it often occurs to those ladies that

"The Christian in his wisdom,
Bows down to gold alone,"

and that their condition might be vastly improved if the expense of some of our needless vanity were used for that purpose. There is much of intense interest about these women. They are patient and loving beyond the comprehension of the daughters of liberty in America, when their treatment and circumstances are considered. The moment she marries, the Mongolian damsel becomes the property of her husband, although she may never have seen him before, and he may be the personification of ugliness to her. She expects to be punished, and rates the love of her lord in proportion to the chastisement he inflicts, which may be anything from a scolding and a bread and water diet to killing, in case of a grave offense. If, in any case, the wife should be so far unfortunate as to be relieved from corporal punishment, she at once considers it a sure evidence of the loss of her husband's affections. What an incitement to cruelty is this to the husband and lord. The size of the world of the wife of a wealthy Chinaman varies from one to three rooms, according to the amount of wealth possessed. She practically never goes from these rooms, receives but few callers, and none from the other sex, except in rare cases, when her husband presents an intimate friend. On such an occasion, the visitor bows repeatedly, shakes his own hand vigorously for a minute or two, asks after herself and relatives, and departs without once looking upon her face. With what indignation would an American woman receive such a call as that; yet the Chinese woman is resigned and apparently happy. The shop

windows have no attractions for her. Servants do all her buying. But she can keep her house tidy, can cook wonderfully, and is generally an adept at anything that pertains to the inside of a house. Here are a couple of her prepared dishes. She will take a dozen eggs, pierce them at either end, blow out the contents, refill them with rari-colored and rari-flavored custards and jellies, seal the apertures, and then, when cooked, paint the shells till they are a confusion of dragons, flying griffins and impossible trees and men. She will open and steam a fish until the skin can be removed without losing a scale, and the bones without breaking the flesh. It is stuffed with a fragrant and pungent mixture of meats and spices, then the skin is put back, the eyes retouched and the head brightened until it is half natural, half grotesque. Withal, the Chinese woman has energies and capabilities as well as women more favored. These she uses as her circumstances will allow, much as do her sisters everywhere.

The mothers' meetings, which are being held in many places by wide-awake women, are of great assistance to mothers in training their children. Many an earnest, conscientious woman feels that the greatest impediment between her and her ideal mother lies in want of thought and the right kind of stimulus to such an end. It is in this as in any other pursuit of man or woman, "want of thought more than want of heart," causes error and misdeeds. To meet this evident need of women, mothers' meetings have arisen. They are usually held once a month, in some central place for the women interested in them. A very good plan is to hold them in the homes of women who may invite them. Of course, in these meetings, there must not be permitted even a hint of a distinction between the women because of social caste, but everything must be lost in the one purpose, the better preparation of mothers for their work. A good programme for the meeting is the following, which is frequently used:

1. Prayer.
2. Reading, by the presiding officer, of some timely and interesting article on the general care and management of children.
3. Questions from the mothers.
4. Reading, by the presiding officer, of a second article on the general management of children.
5. Question box, the contents of which are to be handed by the presiding officer to the ladies present, to be answered at the next meeting.
6. Adjournment.

There is nothing that will create a love for home and a pride in its results, as does a mothers' meeting if successfully conducted. One thing that the presiding officer should be very watchful about, is that the meetings should open and close promptly, as mothers have usually to be punctual in going and coming, that they may fulfill their promises to the little folks at home, and perhaps older ones, also, who have them in charge.

The holiday season is upon us again, with its many festivities. To those who have been in the midst of the care and hurried work of active life, how brief has been the lapse of time since the last holidays! But to childhood it has been a long year since Santa Claus made his appearance with his budget of presents. At this time, more than any other of the year, is care generally thrown off and recreation thoroughly enjoyed. This is one of the reasons why careful pains-taking should accompany preparations for its festivities. As Christmas commemorates the coming of the Savior, who brought peace and happiness to mankind, let our celebrations partake of the same spirit, and as at this season of the year Old Sol returns to begin anew his unceasing revolutions, and as nature's life bounds upward in new birth, so let each family renew together its youth for a new year of usefulness. Every household should pay some attention to Christmas celebrations, no matter how poor it may be. There is always some way in which ingenuity may manufacture little surprises which will brighten hearts and faces. And who does not know that a gift, however common and homely in itself, if it represent thought and pains-taking by those we love, gives more real pleasure than a costly gift, requiring but little thought, which has been purchased from one of the shops. It is the sacrifice made for love's sake, which lies back of the gift, which pleases. Home decorations always add gayety to the holiday season and their novelty is restful and pleasing. These, too, may be suited to the circumstances of the family, but should never be overlooked. If to "eat and be merry" is an injunction to be obeyed at any time during the year, it certainly is during the holiday season. Whether elegant or simple the meals, be sure of one thing—that they please the eye—and the greatest end is gained. One of the secrets of success in this is originality; especially if you have ever cultivated your artistic inclinations. Give to everything an air of novelty and freshness, and you will be sure to please the eye. Then, if you outdo all former

efforts to please the palate, you may well consider your effort a success.

A beautiful hand is one of the most attractive features of an admirable person. No other part of the body more certainly bespeaks good breeding than it. Whatever may be the tint of the hands, whether they be delicate, pinkish white, a creamy white, or that tint which is beautiful because useful, they can be well kept. They need not be uselessly exposed to hardships which will make them unsightly, simply because they are useful. It is true that many kinds of work are not beautifying, yet it is also true that neglect to take proper care of the hands has more to do with their appearance than work. Almost any stain may be removed by using freely of lemon juice and salt. Buttermilk is an old and well-tried remedy. Sweet milk, also, if used instead of water, keeps the hands smooth, and is said to prevent wrinkles. A simple application, to be used upon retiring at night, is one part camphor and two parts glycerine. Many persons who can not use the pure glycerine, can use the glycerine and camphor with satisfactory results. An oat meal wash is good, or even dry meal powdered on the hands immediately after bathing. But let the hands be ever so soft, smooth, and white, and the finger nails neglected, and they lose their chief beauty. The ideal finger nail is rounded at the top, extending slightly beyond the finger, of a pinkish color, with a well developed onyx at the base. To keep the nails in this condition, daily care must be given them. A brush, pumice stone and knife are the assistants, which must be carefully used as often as the nails become soiled. Thoughtful care for the hands is the secret of their beauty in nine cases out of ten. Let the skeptic follow carefully the above directions, and prove for herself.

The best way to cure the ills of woman's education, is to begin with the girls, by giving them an education devoid of defects. If they be started rightly, womanhood will realize that "well begun is half done." Miss Louisa Alcott gives the following advice to girls. It is a whole volume. She says: "Girls, don't be in haste to wed. Build up healthy bodies by good food, plenty of exercise and sleep. Learn all the useful household arts before you attempt to make a home. Cultivate your minds with the best books, that you may be able to teach your children much that school training alone will never give you. Choose your amusements wise-

ly, for youth must have pleasure, but need not waste itself in harmful frivolity. Above all, select your friends with care. Avoid girls who live only for fashion, flirtation and enjoyment, and use the privilege, which all women may claim, to decline the acquaintance of young men whose lives will not bear inspection by the innocent eyes of women. Let no delusion of wealth, rank, comeliness or love tempt you to trust your happiness to such an one. Watch and wait till the true lover comes, even if it be all your life, for single blessedness is far better than double misery and wrong. Spinsters are a very useful, happy, independent race, never more so than when all professions are open to them; and honor, fame and fortune are bravely won by many gifted members of the sisterhood. Set your standard high and live up to it, sure that the reward will come here or hereafter, and in the form best suited to your real needs."

Perhaps there is some mother who finds it difficult to teach her ten year old daughter the art of dish washing; for there are many burdened women who find it necessary to require such assistance. Every wise mother finds it most conducive to good results, in such a case, to attract attention to the beautiful part of her work, instead of the drudgery, so winning a child to delight in a proper amount of labor that must otherwise be forced upon it. Sparkling glasses, shining china and bright silver are pleasing to any one, and especially so to a child. If the mother take proper care in the teaching, the means may be forgotten in the delight of a beautifying result. Here are some simple directions set to verse which may be pasted up before the sink where the dishes are cleansed:

"First a pan of boiling water,
With a foamy, soapy top,
Then the glasses one by one
Being careful not to drop;
Then the teaspoons and the knives,
With a tablespoon or two;
Then the china and the tins;
Nothing now is left to do."

Of course, the mother's presence is necessary to do the "picking up" and "setting to rights" which follow a full meal. The kettles and skillets, too, are too heavy for young wrists, and the work too hard to be given over to a child. The best time to clean these is immediately after they are emptied of their contents. A scrub brush and dish mop easily and quickly do the work then, which would take twice as long afterward.

ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

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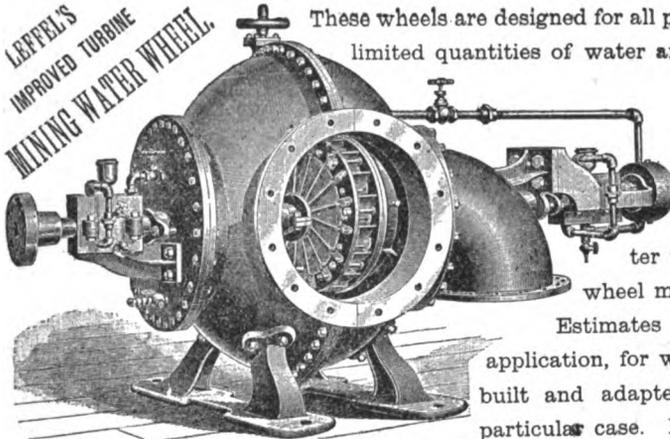
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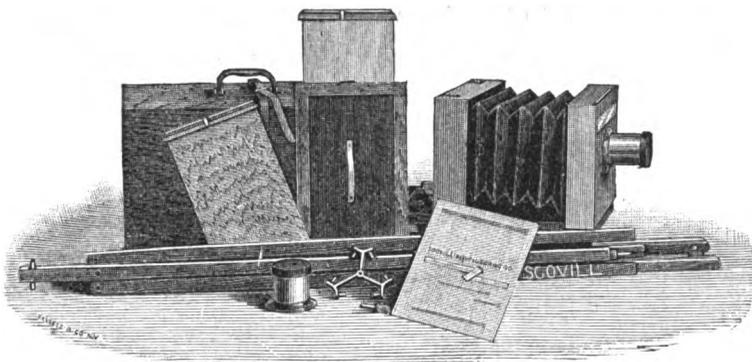
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1888.

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By a special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for \$6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, \$7.50.

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The Editor, Mary Mapes Dodge,

author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks—and for grown-up folks, too—has a remarkable faculty for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, *St. Nicholas* brings to thousands of homes, on both sides of the water knowledge and delight.

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Why not try *St. Nicholas* this year for the Young People in the house? Begin with the November number. Send us \$3.00, or subscribe through booksellers and newsdealers. *The Century Co.*, 33 East 17th St., N. Y.

1888.

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1888.

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THE WEST SHORE.

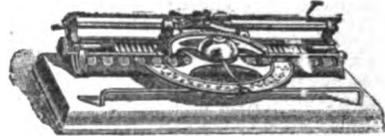
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