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Devoted to

The Resources of the Pacific Northwest

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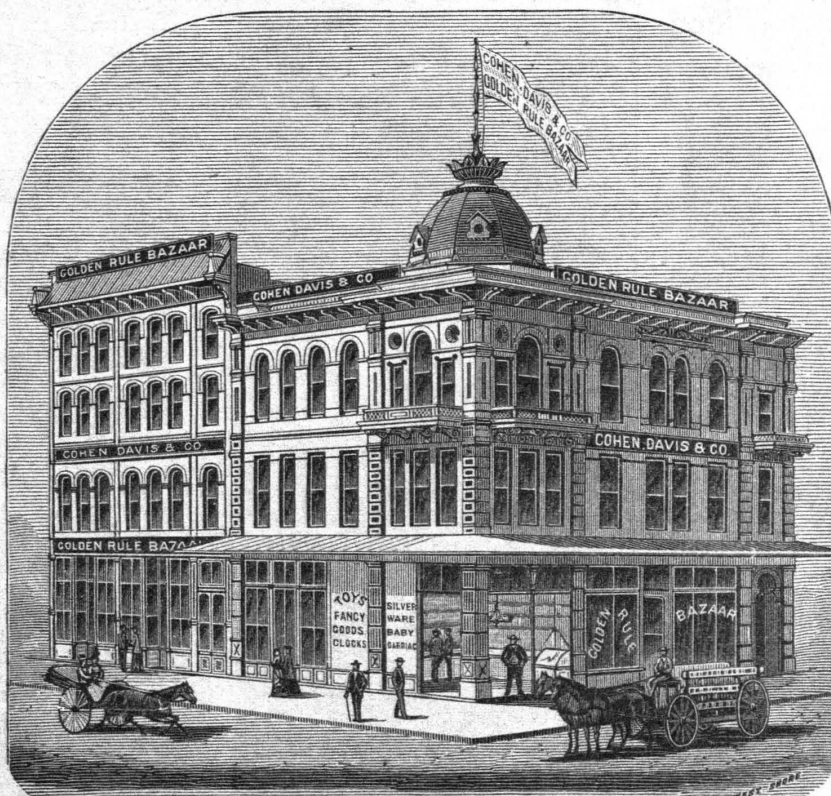
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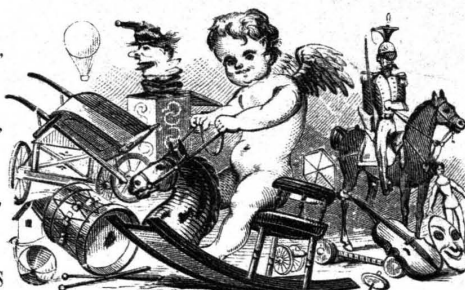
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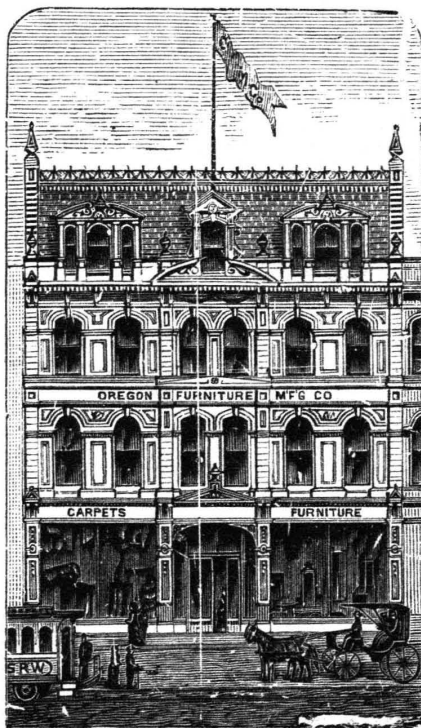
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FILES FOR 1883.

A limited number of complete files of THE WEST SHORE for the year 1883, all under one cover and indexed, can be obtained at the office of publication. Sent, postage paid, to any address upon the receipt of \$2.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

With the January number THE WEST SHORE will enter its tenth year. What progress it has made in the past is well known to all. The publisher is not accustomed to make empty promises, nor to announce anything until it is certain of accomplishment. It will, therefore, no doubt, please the many friends of THE WEST SHORE to learn that an entirely new dress has been purchased for the paper, including type a size larger and more easily read than that now being used, and a magnificently engraved cover. The January number will appear in its remodeled form, having eight pages added to its contents. The increased facilities will enable the publisher to produce a journal that will rank both typographically and artistically with the leading illustrated publications of the day.

THE WEST SHORE enjoys the undisputed honor of being the exponent of the resources of the Pacific Northwest. What it has done in the past year to entitle it to this distinction is amply shown by the long alphabetical list of topics and illustrations given in the present number as an index to the volume of 1883. An examination of this will demonstrate that THE WEST SHORE is a perfect encyclopædia of the Pacific Northwest. Not only will this be improved upon the coming year, but more attention will be paid to general literature, and many valuable features will be added, while its artistic department will keep fully abreast of the line of progress. It will be made especially valuable to the tourist and immigrant and rendered a welcome visitor to the fireside. It will be, in fact, a "Journal of Information and Literature." Though these improvements have been made and will be maintained at great expense, the subscription price has not been increased, they being warranted by the largely extended circulation, and it will continue to be sent, postage free, at the old price of \$2 per annum. Subscriptions can be made by mail direct to the office, either by postal order or registered letter.

The Coeur d'Alene excitement continues unabated. Many miners are in the mountains waiting for spring, and communication is nearly impossible except by the "snow shoe route." Besides the two camps in the mines a town called Coeur d'Alene City has been laid out on the lake shore as a supply point. Hotels, restaurants, wharves, warehouses, two steamboats and a saw mill are among the improvements either now being made or projected. Easy access to the mines can not be hoped for before May, and then a great rush of adventurers is expected.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

From Swedish of T. L. Runeberg

The moon shone white upon the down;
The hungry lynx cried in the hedge;
The dog's long howl came from the town,
When one walked at the forest edge,
Whose hut lay out upon the wold;
The Christmas Eve was drear and cold.

He quickened wearily his pace,
Upon the pathway drifted o'er,
To wife and children's sweet embrace;
To them some Christmas bread he bore,
Asked at a wealthy burgher's gate;
For they themselves long bark-bread ate.

It darkened more and more, when lo!
He saw a boy alone and still,
Who sat upon the drifted snow
And breathed within his fingers chill,
And by the night's light yet undimmed,
Already he half-frozen seemed.

"Ah, whither goest thou, poor son?
Come home with me and warm thee, pray,"
So said, he took the frozen one,
And reached ere long the garden way,
Which to his humble cottage led,
With his small guest and loaf of bread.

His day's trust by the mantel sat,
The youngest child upon her breast;
"You were so long in coming that
You must sit by the fire and rest,
And you come, too!"—so kind, so true,
The stranger near the hearth she drew.

And soon they found how by her care
The flames then livelier rose and sped;
Unmindful aye herself to spare,
She took with joy her husband's bread,
And forward for the feast it bore,
With a bowl of milk she had in store.

Already from the straw-strewn floor,
Unto the banquet spare arrayed,
The children gay had gone before,
But by the wall the stranger staid;
Then kindly she the little guest
Led to a place among the rest.

And when a grateful prayer was said,
That each might share, the loaf she broke,
"Let blessed be that gift of bread;"
So from the bench the strange lad spoke,
And tears his eyelids straight forsook,
When he the offered portion took.

When soon she would divide again,
The loaf had grown whole from the rest;
She fixed her eyes in wonder then
Upon the stranger, her young guest,
When still more marvelous than before
It seemed he was the same no more.

For clear as stars his eyes now gleamed;
A halo from his forehead shone;

The robe, fallen from his shoulders, seemed
Like mists upon the breezes blown;
And suddenly an angel, fair
As any in the skies, stood there.

There went up then a blissful light;
Each heart with hope and comfort fraught;
It was an forgotten night,
Within the good folks' humble cot;
No feast was fairer or more blest,
Because an angel was their guest.

FOLK SONG OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

And now is come our joyfult feast;
Let every man be jolly:
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lye;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And ever more be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call,
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depths have found,
And there they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddie.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other games boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore in these merry daies,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, while thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

THE PARTNER'S STRUGGLE.

BY HARRY L. WELLS.

One August evening in the year 1848, a traveler passing down the beautiful Willamette would have witnessed a quiet scene of rural life that strongly spoke of happiness and peace. In the valley the hazy brightness of an Indian summer day was turning to the deep blue tints that precede the gray of twilight, while the sun, just sinking behind the pine-covered ridges of the Coast Range, was tinging with carmine, purple and gold the summit peaks and snow-capped monarchs of the Cascades. A few rods back from the stream stood a log cabin, warmly chinked and banked up around its base with dirt and sod, and roofed securely with shakes. The neatly-kept door-yard, the flower plot where still bloomed the latest blossoms of the season, the clean-thatched stable and substantial fences, all gave assurance that thrift and industry were the watchwords of the household. From the clay chimney curled upward a thin wreath of smoke, while the savory odor of a cooking dinner issued from the wide-open door.

Within the domicile a little girl sat upon the floor, playing quietly with some rude toys carved by her father's knife, and near by an infant lay in a low, box cradle, gazing wonderingly with its large baby eyes at the chubby hands held before its face. The mother, still young and bearing upon her countenance a look of contentment that showed how lightly her domestic and maternal cares bore upon her, was busily preparing the evening meal, making frequent trips to the door to take a hasty glance down the river. At last she was rewarded by the sight of a skiff coming rapidly around a bend in the stream, propelled by the sturdy strokes of its only occupant, and snatching from the floor the little player, she held her aloft in her arms for papa to see as he glanced over his shoulder towards his home.

In a few moments the rower grounded his boat, threw the painter over a stake driven in the bank, and leaping lightly out hastened up to the cabin, where a warm welcome awaited him. While the wife was placing the steaming supper upon the table, the head of the happy family attended to the wants of his horses and cattle, which being finished, he washed his face and hands in the large trough that stood beneath the pump just without the cabin door, and sat down to the table with an appetite such as a good cook delights to see.

"Well, Mary," he said, as he heaped upon his plate a quantity of provender measured by his appetite rather than the capacity of his stomach. "Guess what that old Yankee captain wanted of so many tinpans and things?"

"Why, I don't know, Peter, unless it was to set out milk in; though what he is going to do with so many is more than I can imagine."

"You're wrong, little woman; guess again."

"O, I give it up; you know I can never guess anything. Please tell me. You always keep me so in suspense that I never relish anything when you do tell it."

"Well, I'll not keep you in suspense this time. It is very easy. He simply wants them to take to California to wash dirt in."

"There, Peter Warren, I knew you would serve me like that. It's too bad you can't tell me

anything when you know I want to hear so badly."

"But it's true, just as I tell you."

"Why, Peter, how absurd! How can they wash dirt? It will all dissolve in the water and run away."

"Exactly; I see your scientific attainments are considerable; that is just what they desire to have it do."

"But what good can it do that way?"

"Get gold out of it, my dear. They have discovered gold in California, and every pan on the coast is worth five dollars as quickly as it can be taken to the mines. Nearly every man I have seen is going to California, and I am too, just as soon as I can get things in shape for the winter."

It was an exciting time in Oregon when the news was spread among the settlements that gold had been discovered in almost unlimited quantities along the streams and gulches of the neighboring province so lately conquered from Mexico. The massacre of the lamented Dr. Whitman, less than a year before, and the war with the Cayuse Indians which followed, though they may have produced more temporary excitement, were far less potent and lasting in their effects upon Oregon than was Marshall's accidental discovery at Sutter's mill on the south fork of American river. There was at that time no regular communication between California and Oregon. An occasional vessel trading along the coast from Chili to Alaska, out to the Sandwich Islands and even across the Pacific to China, came up the Columbia to exchange commodities, and now and then a trader direct from the east around Cape Horn, or a vessel belonging to the great Hudson's Bay Company, put in an appearance. Annually, also, emigrants passed up and down the old trail made by the trappers years before, dissatisfied with the choice they had first made; but no emigrants left California that year—the mines absorbed them all—and thus for nearly nine months the settlers in Oregon worked quietly along subduing the wilderness, in utter ignorance of the intense fever of excitement raging in the neighboring province. How long this condition of affairs would have continued had it not been upset by the demands of trade is very uncertain. Sometime during the summer it occurred to the captain of one of these roving traders that there was a good chance to speculate in buying for almost nothing a cargo of such things needed in the mines as could be procured in Oregon, and selling them in San Francisco at the enormous prices current there. He put the idea into execution at once.

It was a quiet August morning when the vessel sailed up the Willamette and tied up to the bank where stood the little village that was then Oregon's metropolis. The population turned out en masse to receive the visitor, for the arrival of news from the outside world was an unusual event in the lives of these far western pioneers. They seized eagerly upon all papers the captain had to offer them, considering them far from stale if printed no longer than six months before. The skipper imparted what information he possessed on all subjects of interest to his questioners, except that of the discovery of gold. On this topic he preserved a judicious silence until he had secured a cargo of flour, vegetables, bacon and provisions of all kinds at the prevailing rates, and but little curiosity was aroused until he began

buying everything in the shape of a shovel or tin pan that he could lay his eyes upon. It was only when he could find no more and had his cargo completed that he unsealed his lips and informed the inquisitive people the meaning of these strange purchases, and offered to give passage to San Francisco to those who felt disposed to pay the price he demanded.

The intelligence that gold had been discovered in California spread rapidly from cabin to cabin up the Willamette valley, and the effect upon such a hardy and adventurous set as were the pioneers of this region can easily be imagined. Every man who was foot-loose, and many who were not, determined at once to seek their fortune in the mines. Some of them accepted the captain's offer and sailed in the ship, while others, in parties of twos and threes, on horseback and on foot, and one large company with wagons, started overland as rapidly as they could get ready. Oregon was suddenly drained of its young and able-bodied men, progress was checked, and the territory received a backset for which it was, a few years later, fully compensated by the trade which sprung up with the new state adjoining.

Peter Warren and Mary Sinclair had come to Oregon in the first large immigration of 1843. He was a sturdy young farmer from Illinois, intelligent and well educated for one brought up to labor from his early youth, while she was the only daughter of an elderly Missouri frontiersman, whose restless nature had led him to seek the beautiful valley so highly praised by hundreds of roving trappers. They first became acquainted one stormy night on the banks of the Platte, when Peter volunteered his services in caring for the cattle of the old gentleman, who had been taken ill on the journey. This acquaintance ripened into a closer relationship when the father died near Fort Hall, and the orphan girl was received into the family of her new friends. When they reached Oregon City the young couple were married, and taking up a section of land about a mile up the river from that place, began making for themselves a home. A year later they were made happy by the arrival of a baby girl whom they named Gracie, and about a year before our story opens little Georgie was born.

Peter Warren's announcement that he was going to California fell like a dark shadow upon that happy household. A nameless, indefinable dread took possession of the mother. She felt that if he went away she would never see him again.

"Don't go, Peter," she entreated; "We are so happy now, and have such a nice, pretty home. Why do you want to go away from us? We have all we need to eat and wear, and are getting in better circumstances every year, and why do you want to get rich so fast? You may die or get killed in those horrid mines. I fear if you go away you will never come back to us."

But he only laughed at her fears and said that women were always imagining something bad was about to happen. "I'll be back in the spring with all the gold my horse can carry, and we will take life easy the rest of our days."

The gold fever had a stronger hold upon him than his family, and so, early one morning in October, in spite of his wife's tears and entreaties, in spite of little Gracie's protest that she "did not want papa to go away to those nasty mines," and in spite of Georgie's crowing and scolding as

he tossed about his baby hands in the cradle, he mounted his horse and rode away from the cabin, turning every few yards to throw back a kiss to the little group at the door until intervening trees drew their green curtain before the scene.

The little party with which he united journeyed rapidly southward. Up the Willamette valley they passed, across the Calapooia mountains to the valley of the Umpqua, on through the rugged canyon to the lovely Rogue river valley, in which stood not a habitation, save the rude wickiups of hostile savages, over Si-kiyou mountain and across the swiftly-rolling Klamath, along the base of snow-crested Shasta, until they finally reached the Sacramento valley. At Nye's ranch, now Marysville, they learned that good diggings had been discovered on Yuba river, and turning up that stream followed it to Rose bar, in the foot hills, where now the great hydraulic mines of Smartsville wash down the auriferous hills. Here each man selected a claim and began his mining career.

More fortunate than some of his companions, Peter Warren found a very rich claim, but after working a few weeks, the river, swollen by heavy rains in the mountains, covered the bar so that all work had to be suspended. For three months he waited patiently for the water to recede, spending all the dust he had accumulated and even running into debt at Rose & Reynolds' trading post. He finally resumed work and soon had his score cleared and laid away a small bag of the scale gold his claim yielded, when he was stricken with that horrible malady, the scurvy, brought upon him by living continually upon bacon, without vegetables or acid food. Leaving his claim in the possession of a man who offered to work it on shares, he hastened to Sacramento for medical attendance. By the first of June he was so far recovered as to again seek the mines, having spent his last "pinch" of dust, though by no means capable of much physical exertion. Upon arriving at Rose bar he found a stranger was working his claim, having purchased it from the man in whose charge it had been left, and as possession in those days was all the title required, Warren was compelled to look elsewhere.

The mines were now rapidly filling up with that great army of argonauts from the east, pouring into California from around the stormy Horn, across the fever-haunted Isthmus, through Nicaragua, Mexico and Arizona, and over the bleak plains by the way of Salt Lake and down the mar by Humboldt. They made their way up into the mountains in search of new diggings, and Warren also pushed further into the canyons of the green-clad Sierra. He had postponed his departure for home until fall, expecting to be able to take with him the heavy sack of dust he had hoped to have in the spring. There was no mail to Oregon then, and as he had met with no one returning thither, he had been unable to send home a message of any kind. With a firm determination to win the coveted prize and return to them in the fall, he plunged deeper into the mountains. He prospected here and there, frequently finding what miners at the present time would consider a splendid claim; but his feverish anxiety to make a "home stake," and the memory of the richness of his old claim on Rose bar, led him to abandon them all and prospect for a better one. In this manner the summer and fall wore away without finding him ready to return.

He came down the South Yuba and crossed over to Deer creek, to spend the winter at the famous "pound diggings" on Gold run, and with what dust he had accumulated bought the claim of a man who had made enough and desired to return to his eastern home. There he worked all winter, making but little more than "grub money," as the best ground in the claim had been worked out before he purchased it.

It was now the spring of 1850, and though he had already been gone a year longer than he had promised, he had not yet secured the coveted bag of dust, and he was ashamed to return without it. Early in the spring rumors spread through the mine on Yuba and Feather rivers that a wonderful lake had been discovered away up among the mountain peaks at the headwaters of those streams, on whose shore gold could be picked up by the wagon load, and that Stoddard, the discoverer, would lead a select party to that spot as soon as the icy fingers of Jack Frost had been unclasped by the warm rays of the sun and the mountain passes freed from the huge drifts of snow. Preparations were made by hundreds to follow in the wake of Stoddard's party; and when the news was spread that search for Gold lake had really been commenced, there was a great rush from all sides in the direction the first party had taken. Thousands roamed through the mountain fastnesses of Sierra and Plumas counties, and though the golden lake was never found, scores of rich diggings in that region were discovered and quickly filled with miners.

Among this excited crowd of adventurers was Peter Warren, the last ounce he had being spent for an outfit. He accompanied the hurrying and incoherent crowd hither and thither, over high mountain summits, along rocky cliffs and the edge of yawning precipices, plunging through immense drifts of snow and forded the icy current of tumultuous mountain torrents, until he became separated from all the others and found himself alone among the mountain summits. His pack animal weakened by want of food, lost his footing on the steep side of a canyon, and rolled down upon the rocks a thousand feet below, scattering his pack of provisions and tools so completely and in such inaccessible places that it was impossible to recover them. Warren still struggled on until, footsore, discouraged and nearly famished for want of food, he sunk down beside the trail and abandoned himself to utter despair. For hours he lay in a half conscious state, his mind oblivious to his surroundings but painfully acute to its own agony.

"Hello, partner, what seems to be the matter?" said a hearty, cheerful voice as a hand was firmly but tenderly laid on the prostrate man's shoulder. "Nothing gone wrong with you, I hope? I reckon he's about played out. Here, take some of this," thrusting a flask into his hand, "It's genuine Bourbon and will do you good; you look powerful weak."

Instinctively Warren grasped the flask and conveyed it to his mouth, and as the spirits trickled down his throat he began gradually to realize his condition and that he had found a friend in his misery.

"If you always drink like that, partner, it would take a heap of spirits to keep you going. I reckon you are hungry, too?"

"Have had nothing to eat for two days."

"Sho! you don't tell me. Well you shall have some powerful quick. Jim Watson is the

last fellow on earth to see a man go hungry. I never miss a meal when I can help it, and I'm dogged if I like to see anyone else miss one either. Can you walk a little?"

"Yes."

"All right; come along to the creek ahead here and we'll go into camp for the night. I'll get you something hot to eat in a jiffy."

The new friend was as good as his word, and in half an hour the two sat down to a repast that many a man less famished than Peter Warren would have relished. After eating they reclined beside the blazing pile of faggots, and while smoking by turns the only pipe Watson possessed, related the story of their lives. When Warren spoke of his once happy home by the Willamette, where now his wife and little ones were no doubt mourning for him as dead, and how he had struggled and suffered in the mines in his efforts to get even a small sum to take home to them, Watson's eyes filled with tears, and seizing his companion by the hand the generous-hearted man vowed that half he possessed should be his and that henceforth they were partners.

"Cheer up, old fellow, I'm on my way now to the richest diggings in this whole country. Some friends of mine discovered them and sent me word. We'll take up two claims together and work them for all they are worth."

This arrangement was entirely satisfactory to Warren, who would have clutched eagerly at the least straw of hope. The next day they started out, and two days later descended the steep hill near Spanish peak to the east branch of the north fork of Feather river, and located two of the best claims on Rich bar. With the thought of his loved ones always in his mind and encouraged by the hope that at last he would be able to win a fortune and return to them, Warren worked with tireless energy until spring. The buoyant spirits of his companion aided in making the winter seem short and the labor less exhausting.

James Watson was one of those free-hearted, noble souls that do so much to redeem this world from utter greed and selfishness. He was a young man of ability, cheerful in adversity and brave and quick to act in times of danger; generous to a fault and honorable in every impulse, he was a worthy son of the grand old state of Kentucky, the last representative of an old and respected family. Like too many of his temperament who went to California, the excitement of the mines led him into many excesses of drinking and gambling, of which he was ashamed when sober, but which his convivial nature would not permit him to abandon. In his efforts to reform he found a tower of strength in Peter Warren, and soon after they had located on Rich bar he was by his friend's aid able to refrain entirely from drinking and even abjured the game of poker, which had been his favorite amusement since childhood and which had kept him constantly on the verge of bankruptcy.

One Sunday late in the spring, while reclining at full length beneath a huge pine enjoying their pipes, Warren said: "This will be my last week."

"Have you made enough?"

"Not as much as I would like, but my half will be quite a sum, and I am too anxious to stay any longer."

"How much do you reckon we've laid away?"

"About \$15,000."

"And you want to take only half? What becomes of your interest in the claim?"

"You can have that and welcome."

"I have a proposition that beats that to death."

"What is it?"

"I've been thinking over this matter a great deal, and I'll tell you what I think. If you go away and leave me here, I will get to drinking and gambling again, lose all I have and become a worthless sot. I am not fit to stay in the mines. Our claim is the richest and has the best water on the bar. It is not half worked out yet, and I can sell it for \$5,000. That will give us \$20,000. I will go to Oregon with you; we will still remain partners and will put our money into a good, steady business."

"Agreed; we'll sell out and start to-morrow," and they clasped hands to seal the compact.

The next day they divided their pile of dust into two equal heaps, each one stowing a portion in a belt and strapping it around his waist. They purchased two good saddle horses and a pack animal for their provisions and camping outfit. The second morning early they mounted and rode slowly along the trail that wound tortuously up the steep slope of Rich bar hill, turning at the summit to look down upon the scene of their labors and to bid a final farewell to the mines.

It was in the month of May, 1851, that Peter Warren again skirted the base of white-robed Shasta on his return to the home he had left two years and a half before. In Shasta valley they came upon the new mining camp of Shasta Butte City, now Yreka, a lively place but two months old; but they turned their backs upon the temptation to stake off a claim on the flats, camped but one night on the bank of Yreka creek, and then resumed their journey northward.

The next day they crossed Siskiyou mountain and descended into the edge of Rogue river valley, where they camped on the margin of Bear creek. They were now in the country of the hostile Rogue River Indians, and having been warned to be on their guard, decided to keep watch through the night by turns. Just before daylight, while Watson was sleeping soundly and Warren, having just returned from a short tour around the camp, was sitting by the fire, lost in thought about his family and wondering in what circumstances he would find them, a demoniacal yell burst from the darkness without, accompanied by a volley of arrows. Warren fell forward dead, while Watson sprang to his feet and discharged all the chambers of his revolver in rapid succession. The assailants were few in number and fell back before his fusillade. During the lull in the attack Watson hastened to the side of his fallen partner and endeavored to arouse him, only to find that he had ceased to breathe forever. He had just time to snatch a revolver from the dead man's belt when the attack was renewed, and springing upon the back of one of the horses, he cleared for himself a passage with the weapon and made his escape along the trail up the side of the mountain. He returned to Yreka with an arrow head sticking in his arm, to testify to his narrow escape.

The crowd that gathered round him to listen to his story of the night attack and the death of his companion was of the true miner stamp, and again and again was he taken to the slab bar of Sam Lockhart's shake and canvas saloon and treated by his sympathetic auditors. Having ab-

stained from liquor for nearly six months, these frequent guzzlings soon affected him strongly. Although in his flight he had taken with him only half of the gold belonging to them, the other moiety being on the person of his dead friend, yet his fine sense of honor led him to look upon the half of what he had saved as belonging to his partner's family. Exhilarated by the excitement and the whisky, and enticed by the sight of gambling on every side, the idea of winning enough at faro to make his partner's share as large as before entered his befogged brain. He began at once, alternately playing and drinking, and before morning he not only lost his last "pinch" of dust, but became so thoroughly intoxicated that when he came to his senses again the next day he could scarcely remember what he had been doing.

Gradually it all came back to him, and when he realized that the little store he held in trust for his dead friend's wife and little ones had been hopelessly lost, he was wild with grief and remorse. With uplifted hand he solemnly vowed to abjure whisky forever, and to rectify the wrong he had committed. He sent no word to the bereaved family, for they had no doubt believed Warren dead for at least a year, and no good could be accomplished by telling them how narrowly they had escaped a fortune; besides he was ashamed to tell the truth, and less than the truth he would not. He took up a claim on the flat and worked with energy to retrieve his lost ground; but his early habit of gambling had become too firmly fastened upon him, and with no true friend like Peter Warren to hold him back, he was unable to resist the temptation to try his luck at the table. Gaming became a mania with him, not on his own account, but to win a fortune for the helpless ones who might even then be suffering for the simple necessities of life. Regularly every Saturday night he took the few ounces he made in his claim and sat down to the table until the last stake was played. He worked early and late, denied himself even necessary food, that he might save more, and every ounce went into the hands of the gamblers.

He soon left Yreka and wandered through the mines, his thoughts constantly bent on the same object. Only once after that did he find a good claim; but one night in the excitement of a game, having lost all he had, he put up his claim as a stake against ten ounces and saw the card turn up against him. He cursed himself in his despair, and for the first time realized how insane he had been. From that day he never staked a dollar on cards. Yet, now that he had come to his senses, all good fortune seemed to desert him. Year after year he wandered through the mines, never again finding a paying claim, and making barely enough to live upon.

Every exciting stampede for new diggings or adventurous expedition that promised a golden reward, found an eager follower in James Watson. In 1854 he joined Walker's invasion of Lower California, and when the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny" met with disaster, found his way back on foot across the burning sands of San Diego and Los Angeles. In 1858 he was in the mad rush to Fraser river, traversing hundreds of miles of mountains and valleys, inhabited only by hostile savages, and plunging at last into the rocky wilderness of British Columbia only to find the good claims all located long before his arrival. He returned the next year just in time to be car-

ried on the crest of the mad wave rolling into the Washoe country to locate on the great Comstock lode. From there he went to Salmon river when the Idaho mines were discovered in 1861, and the next year passed south to the new mines about Boise City. A year later he hurried to Alder gulch in Montana, and later yet to Summit valley, near the Silver Bow.

Here he located a ledge in partnership with two others, and prospected it until they became convinced it was very rich. They worked with an arastra for a time and then put up a two-stamp mill; but soon after this was paid for the rock from lower down the ledge became very base and yielded almost nothing.

Watson's partners abandoned the mine in disgust, saying it was a "dead failure," a title the mine bore ever afterwards; but Watson decided to remain. He had wandered enough, and was determined to make his final stand in Summit valley and cling to the mine, convinced that at some time in the future a method of working the ore would be discovered. Annually for years he did the necessary amount of work on the ledge to hold his claim, living in the little cabin near by, and supporting himself by labor in the large mines being developed all around him.

Thus matters ran on for ten years. One evening late in the fall of 1876, he was returning from his work on the day shift of the Moulton, when he heard cries for help coming from the darkness a short distance ahead. Snatching up a stick that lay at his feet in the trail, he ran forward and came suddenly upon three men bending over a dark object on the ground. They jumped up and disappeared quickly in the darkness, while he stooped over to see what the object was, and was horrified to find a man apparently dead, with a warm current of blood flowing from a deep cut in his side. He raised the senseless form in his arms and bore it to his cabin, where he staunched the flow of blood and restored the wounded man to consciousness. All he could tell of the affair was that while on his way into Butte City he was attacked by three men, two of them holding him while the third took from his pocket a buckskin bag containing \$400 in double eagles. He struggled violently and called loudly for help until one of them plunged a knife into his side, and he knew no more until he regained consciousness on the cot in the miner's cabin.

The stranger was a comparatively young man, about thirty years of age, and though pale from the loss of blood his countenance showed that he led a life involving plenty of exercise in the open air. A few days later, as his patient began to gain in strength, the host said in his bluff, straightforward way, "Well, stranger, let us trot fair and introduce ourselves. I am Jim Watson. I've knocked about all the mines on the coast. I own a ledge here that everyone will tell you isn't worth a green persimmon, and I work in the mines for a living."

The other simply said, "My name is George Warren, and I came from Oregon with a band of cattle."

Never since that fatal night in Rogue river valley had Watson heard the name Warren without a start, and now he looked up quickly and asked, "What was your father's name?"

"Peter."

"Is he living?"

"No, he died in the mines when I was a baby."

Watson's head sunk into his hands, and with his elbows resting on his knees he sat for a long time gazing into the fire. Finally he said, "Tell me all you know about your father."

"I only know what sister Grace has told me. We lived in the Willamette valley near Oregon City when the gold mines in California were discovered. I was only a baby then, and Grace a little girl. Father went to the mines. He left us plenty to eat during the winter and wood to burn, but he did not come back in the spring as he said he would, and mother had a hard time supporting the family. In the fall some of the men who went to California with father returned, and said that he had been taken sick at Rose bar and went to Sacramento, but they never heard of him again and thought he died and was buried there."

"How did you get along after that?"

"Mother worried so much and worked so hard that at last she became sick and could do nothing. Soon our home was taken from us, and in a little while after that mother died and left us alone. A farmer took us into his family and kept us till we grew up, but he made us work hard and we were very unhappy. I stood it until sister Grace married a young school teacher from Indiana, and then I went to the mines at Canyon City. That was nearly ten years ago. Since then I have wandered around a great deal, but of late I have been working for stock men near Baker City."

"What became of your sister?"

"She lives in Portland. Two years ago her husband died leaving her with a little girl three years old. She supports herself by sewing for a dressmaker, and I have always sent her what little money I could save. When I came to Montana with a band of cattle I had a few steers of my own. I sold them for \$600 and was paid \$400 of it the day I was robbed. The rest I will get in a few days."

Watson asked no more questions but still sat gazing abstractedly into the fire. At last young Warren asked:

"Did you know father?"

"I knew a Peter Warren who died in the mines years ago," he answered as he arose and strode out of the cabin.

At Watson's earnest solicitation Warren remained his guest until he had recovered from his wound. "I owe more than that to the son of your father," he said, but for what reason he firmly and almost gruffly declined to say. Suddenly the host developed a literary streak that had lain dormant in his composition for years. Night after night as they sat together in the cabin, and often long after the younger man had resigned himself to slumber, the elder sat at the one table that did duty for all purposes such articles of furniture subserve in a poor man's habitation, and wrote with great diligence, yet so laboriously that he progressed but slowly.

"I'm just writing a few of my experiences," he answered when interrogated by Warren, but refused a request to be permitted to read them. When he had finished his task, the manuscript was put away out of sight.

One day a little later, while Watson was doing the annual assessment work on the "Dead Failure," he came up from the bottom of the shaft and found a man near the little dump critically examining a piece of rock with a pocket magni-

fier, and he at once classed him as a curiosity hunter.

Neither spoke until the stranger looked up and abruptly asked, as he put the glass away in his pocket, "How deep is your shaft?"

"One hundred and thirty feet."

"How far have you run on the ledge?"

"Seventy feet on the first level and twenty on the second."

"Where did this come from?"

"Lower level."

"How wide is the ledge there?"

"Seven feet."

"Just give me this piece for a sample, will you?"

"Take all you want."

The inquisitive stranger made a memorandum of the facts he had gathered, selected several samples of the rock, and departed without the formality of saying adieu.

"One of those curiosity hunters from the east," muttered Watson as he climbed back into the shaft, "He'll put that rock in a cabinet with a rattlesnake's tail, an Indian moccasin or two and a heap of other truck, and show 'em to his friends. He don't know whether it is soapstone or flint, and don't care, as long as he has it to prove that he has been a great traveler."

About two weeks later, when Watson returned home from work one night, he was informed by Warren that during the afternoon he happened to step out of the cabin and saw a man climbing out of the shaft of the "Dead Failure." The stranger came up to him and asked for Jim Watson, and when told that he was not at home, left his card, with the request for him to call that evening at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Watson took the card and read "W. H. Perkins, San Francisco," and after thinking a few moments said, "I don't know any one of that name. There's a powerful sight of Watson's in this country, and plenty of 'em are named Jim. I reckon he has made a mistake in the man."

"You had better go and see him. He seemed to be anxious to have you come."

After growling about having to take so much trouble for some old crank after working hard all day, Watson put on his hat and started. It was but half an hour's walk from his cabin to the heart of Butte City at the pace he naturally adopted that frosty December evening.

He entered the office of the St. Nicholas and saw the stranger whose inquisitiveness had so annoyed him a few days before, sitting by the fire, and who jumped up and said cordially:

"How are you?"

"Howdy," was the cool response.

"Are you Jim Watson?"

"That's my name. Do you want to see me?"

"Yes. Let's take something warm first, and then we'll sit by the fire and talk."

"Thank you; I quit drinking twenty-five years ago," Watson said, as he dropped into a chair.

"What do you want to talk about? Fire away."

"What is the name of the claim I saw you working on the other day?"

"Dead Failure."

"Is it yours?"

"Yes."

"What will you sell it for?"

This was a poser. There never had been a time during the past ten years when he would not have sold all right, title and interest he possessed

in the "Dead Failure" for a hundred dollars, and now that he was asked to set his price he was in a quandary. He thought of it an instant and concluded to name a big figure and come down if necessary, and so he said as unconcerned as he could, "Forty thousand dollars."

"I'll take it," was the quiet answer. "Come around to-morrow morning, prove your title to the claim good, and get your money."

Watson was thunderstruck. After long years of fruitless struggle for wealth, it was now showered upon him without an effort. It was enough to upset the nerves of any man, and he returned home in such an excited frame of mind that he sat all night by the fire thinking of his past troubles and present hopes, while his companion slumbered in ignorance of the sudden change in his host's affairs.

The next day he transferred title to the "Dead Failure" and received his money, with the understanding that the transaction was to remain secret. It then transpired that the stranger was a mining expert who had been sent to Butte City by San Francisco capitalists to purchase a copper mine, and in Watson's claim had found the largest ledge of high per cent. copper in the district. Many of the ledges that had been opened for the precious metals had turned to copper lower down, and this was what had been the matter with the "Dead Failure." He returned home earlier than usual that day, and answered Warren's look of surprise by simply remarking, "I've quit work for the winter."

One day a short time after this, Warren said, "I am pretty strong now, and I must return to Oregon."

"I'll go with you."

"What, to Oregon?"

"Yes. I am tired of the mines, and I think I will travel for a while."

"What about the 'Dead Failure'?"

"If anyone wants that they can jump it for all of me. It has cost me a heap of trouble, but I don't give a doggon for it any more."

Two days later they departed on the stage, but not until Jim had made a farewell visit to the bottom of the shaft and looked once more upon the green-hued rock that had brought him such sudden wealth.

"Good by, old friend," he said, as he climbed up the ladder. "I thought I was working on a dead horse, but you proved to be a powerful lively animal after all."

The morning of the twenty-fifth of December, 1876, in the city of Portland, was one of mingled sunshine and light rain so peculiar to the winter season in the Willamette valley.

In a darkened room on the third floor of a respectable loding house lay sleeping a woman, whose face plainly showed the lines of care even while softened by slumber, and a little girl whose smiling told that angels kept her company in her dreams. The mother slept like one overcome with fatigue. The dressmaking establishment where she earned the few dollars upon which they lived, had kept its force of sewers working until a late hour the night before upon garments ordered by its wealthy customers for Christmas presents, and even after her return she had worked until nearly morning dressing a doll for little Dora, all the present her slender means permitted her to make.

At last the little girl awoke, and sitting up in

bed, spied the doll propped against the bedstead at her feet. "Oh! mama, mama," she said, clapping her hands with glee. "See what Santa Claus brought me."

"Yes darling, I see. It is very pretty. Play with your dolly and let mama sleep; mama is tired."

All day long Dora played with her new treasure, as happy as a butterfly, while her mother, after she arose, spent the day in mending their neat but much-worn clothing; for to her a holiday meant simply an opportunity to do some much-needed work for herself. It was in the evening, while sitting quietly with the dolly in her arms, that a new idea suddenly entered little Dora's head, and running to her mother, who sat gazing from the window at the gathering darkness, she exclaimed, "Why, mama, Santa Claus didn't bring you anything, did he?"

"No, dear."

"We're poor, ain't we mama?"

"Yes dear."

"Santa Claus always takes lots of things to rich folks, don't he?"

"Most always."

"Don't he take things to poor folks, too?"

"Sometimes, dear, when they deserve them."

"Don't you deserve anything, mama?"

"I fear not," and tears gathered in the mother's eyes as she gently stroked Dora's hair.

"Well, I know you do, and if papa would only come back he would make Santa Claus bring my mama something."

"Papa can't come back, darling; but if we are good we can go where he is by and by."

"If naughty old Santa Claus don't bring my mama something I will tell him to take his dolly away, and I'll just—" but her burst of indignation was interrupted by a loud knock at the door, and her terrible threat was never finished.

Hastily wiping away the tears from her eyes, the mother opened the door, revealing the figures of two men standing in the dimly-lighted hallway.

"Hello, Gracie! Wish you a merry Christmas."

"Why, George Warren, is that you?" she exclaimed, and seizing him by the arm she dragged him into the room and nearly smothered him with kisses.

"I say, give a fellow a chance to breathe, will you," exclaimed George, as he disengaged himself from her embrace, "Here is a friend of mine you will be glad to see," and darting out into the hall he brought in Watson who had modestly remained outside the door. "Grace, this is Mr. Watson, who saved my life and has been a good friend to me."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Watson, and anyone who has been kind to George is doubly welcome."

"Why, bless your soul, madam, I never did anything except to keep him in my cabin a few weeks for company's sake."

"Yes, you did too," and he related how his life had been saved by his new friend.

"I would do that for anyone, and especially the son of Peter Warren," said Watson with much feeling.

"You knew father, then?" asked Grace quickly.

"Yes, I knew him in the California mines; but there will be time enough to talk about that to-morrow, you and your brother have a good

visit together to-night. Here, George, is what I was writing so long in the cabin. It tells all I know about your father. I would like to have you read it together to-night. Come here little one, and kiss me; that's right, you have your grandfather's honest blue eyes. Good-by and God bless you all," and he was gone.

George and Grace sat down together, and by the light of the small lamp standing on the only table the room contained, examined the package he had thrust into George's hand. On the outside was inscribed, "Merry Christmas, from James Watson to the children of Peter Warren." Upon opening it they found a lot of manuscript pages, each one fastened at the edge to the one beneath. It was a faithful history of events from the time their father and James Watson met in the rocky fastnesses of the Sierra, until the final sale of the "Dead Failure" for \$40,000. As they read, absorbed in these revelations, they detached the sheets one at a time, and when they reached the last one they found an endorsed certificate of deposit for \$20,000. To this was pinned a slip of paper, upon which was written "Peter Warren's half of the profits of Warren and Watson."

NEEDED LEGISLATION.

Several subjects of vital interest to the western coast are touched upon in the President's message, and in such a way as to show that he is awake to the necessities of the hour. If his ideas are adopted by congress we will have much reason for congratulation. The message speaks as follows on these topics.

"In my last annual message I called attention to the necessity of protecting by suitable legislation the forests situated upon the public domain. In many portions of the west the pursuit of general agriculture is only made profitable by resort to irrigation, while such useful irrigation would be impossible without aid afforded by forests in contributing to the regularity and constancy of a supply of water. During the past year severe suffering and great loss of property have been occasioned by periods of unusually low water in many of the great rivers of the country. These irregularities, in a great measure, are caused by the removal from about the source of the streams in question of timber by which the water supply has been nourished and protected. The preservation of such portions of the forest on the national domain is essential to the equitable flow of important water courses, and is of high consequence. Important tributaries of the Missouri and the Columbia rise in the mountains of Montana, near the northern boundary of the United States, between the Black-foot and Flathead Indian reservations. This region is unsuitable for settlement, but upon the rivers which flow from it depends the future agricultural development of vast tracts of country. The attention of congress is called to the necessity of withdrawing from public sale this part of the public domain.

"I again call your attention to the present condition of our extended sea coast, upon which are so many large cities whose wealth and importance to the country would, in time of war, invite attack from modern armored ships, from which our existing defensive works could give no adequate protection. Those works were built before the introduction of German heavy rifle guns into ma-

rine warfare, and if they are not put in an efficient condition we may be subjected to humiliation by a hostile power greatly inferior to ourselves. As germane to this subject, I call your attention to the importance of perfecting our submarine torpedo defense. The board authorized by the last congress to report on the method which should be adopted for the manufacture of heavy ordnance adapted to general warfare, has visited the principal iron and steel works in this country and Europe. It is hoped that its report will be soon made, and that congress will thereupon be disposed to provide suitable facilities and plans for the manufacture of such guns as are imperatively needed.

The secretary of the navy reports that under the authority of the acts of August 5, 1882, and March 3, 1883, the work of strengthening our navy by the construction of modern vessels, three cruisers are in progress of construction—the Chicago, of 4500 tons displacement, and the Boston and Atlanta, of 2500 tons. They are to be built of steel, with the strength and ductility prescribed by law, and in combination of speed, endurance and armament are expected to compare favorably with the best armed vessels of other nations. A fourth vessel, the Dishiris, to be constructed of similar material, is intended to serve as a fleet dispatch boat. The double-turreted monitors Puritan, Amphrodite and Terror have been launched on the Delaware river, and a contract has been made for the supply of their machinery. A similar monitor, the Monadnock, has been launched in California. The naval advisory board and the secretary recommend the completion of the monitors, the construction of four gunboats and also of three additional steel vessels, like the Chicago, Boston and Dolphin, as an important measure of national defense. I feel bound to impress upon the attention of congress the necessity of continued progress in the reconstruction of the navy. The condition of the public treasury, as I have already intimated, makes the present an auspicious time for putting this branch of service in a state of efficiency. It is no part of our policy to create and maintain a navy able to cope with those of the other great powers of the world. We have no wish for foreign conquest, and the peace which we have long enjoyed appears in no seeming danger of interruption. But that our naval strength should be made adequate for the defense of our harbors, the protection of our commercial interests and the maintenance of our national honor is a proposition from which no patriotic citizen can withhold his assent.

Notice of the termination of the fisheries articles of the treaty of Washington was duly given to the British government, and that the treaty will accordingly close on July 1, 1885. The fisheries industry, pursued by numerous class of our citizens on the northern coasts, both of the Atlantic and Pacific ocean, are worthy the fostering of congress. Whenever brought into competition with like industries of other countries our fishermen, as well as our manufacturers of fishing appliances and preparers of fish products, have maintained a foremost place. I suggest that congress create a commission to consider the question of our rights in the fisheries, and the means of opening to our citizens, under just and enduring conditions, the richly stocked waters of British and Russian North America.

I trust that congress will not fail at its present

session to put Alaska under the protection of law. Its people have repeatedly remonstrated against our neglect to afford them the maintenance and protection expressly guaranteed by the terms of the treaty whereof that territory was ceded to the United States. For sixteen years they have pleaded in vain for that which they should have received without the asking. They have no law for the collection of debt, the support of education, the conveyance of property, the administration of states or the enforcement of contracts. None, indeed, for the punishment of criminals, except such as are offered against certain customs, commerce and navigation acts. The resources of Alaska, especially in fur, minerals and lumber, are considerable in extent, and capable of large development, while its geographical situation is one of political and commercial importance. Considerations of honor and good faith demand the immediate establishment of civil government in that territory."

The improvement by the national government of our harbors and rivers is a matter of the utmost importance to the Pacific coast, and that congress shall make suitable appropriations for the continuance of work already begun but now suspended for lack of funds will be demanded by our representatives, and we hope not without success. Another demand made by the people of the west is, that the immense Indian reservations be cut down to a reasonable area and as many as possible of them abolished. On this subject Secretary Teller, in his report, recommends that the great reservations be thrown open to settlement and the Indians be allotted lands in severalty. He also calls the attention of congress to the fact that treaty stipulations with Indians have not been carried out by the government, because necessary appropriations have not been made; that the ability of the natives to fully support themselves by the chase has ceased, because of the rapid disappearance of the buffalo and other game, and that unless provision is made for their support and to fulfil treaty obligations serious trouble will ensue. History has repeatedly shown us that between starvation and war the Indian has always chosen the latter, even when he knew that certain defeat and the possible extermination of his tribe would be the final result. From any possible contingency of this character Oregon and Washington are happily free. On this subject the report says of the Crows and Blackfeet: "The Crow reservation is situated in the territory of Montana, and contains 7,364 square miles, or 4,713,000 acres of land. A large part of this is unfit for cultivation, but is the very best of grazing land. These Indians should be located on the Big Horn, with a suitable reservation for agricultural and pastoral purposes, and the balance sold. At least 3,000,000 acres might thus be disposed of, leaving the Indians sufficient agricultural lands to become self-supporting, if they desired to become agriculturists, and a sufficient amount of grazing lands should they prefer to become stock raisers. The 1,713,000 acres that would be left would give nearly, if not quite, 600 acres of land to each individual member of their tribe. The number of Crows has been estimated at 3,500; but it is quite certain the number is much less, and probably not over 2,500 or 3,000. A portion of the money realized for such sale should be at once invested in a herd for the tribes, and cared for by the government until such time as the In-

dians shall be prepared to accept and care for their stock themselves. The proceeds properly used would make the Crows self-supporting in a few years at the farthest.

"The number of Indians on the Blackfeet reservation is about 12,000. Until recently they have been able to support themselves largely by hunting, but the disappearance of the buffaloes is likely to cause great suffering among them during the coming winter and spring, if an additional appropriation is not made for them. Inspector Howard reports from Fort Belknap, on the 17th of October, 1883, that for the first time in the history of the agency the buffalo has failed to visit that region. Heretofore the buffalo meat and hides secured by the Indians have been sufficient, with the limited aid given by the government, to give them fair support. If the Indians fail to secure buffaloes, as it is now quite certain they will, there is great danger of starvation among them. They must certainly starve unless they live off the stock in the vicinity of the agency, but not on the reservation. If the Indians are driven by hunger to kill the cattle on the ranges belonging to herders who are rightfully in that section of the country, there will be great danger of a collision between the herders and the Indians, and if such collision does not occur there will be a great loss of property, for the Indians will doubtless destroy more than they use. These Indians have a fine grazing country and more good agricultural lands that can be utilized by irrigation. A suitable appropriation should be made for their immediate wants, and provision made for stocking the range with cattle, and they will become self-supporting from the growth of such herds."

The Secretary also advises the repeal of the pre-emption and timber-culture laws so fraudulently abused by land speculators, and calls the attention of congress to the existence of lapsed railroad grants in the following language:

"In my last report I called attention to the necessity for some legislation in reference to lapsed grants. It is difficult to make the people understand that the executive department of the government can not declare a grant forfeited when the corporation for whose benefit it was made has failed to comply with the conditions thereof. Petitions are presented to the executive demanding the forfeiture of grants for non-compliance with the conditions thereof. Individual claimants declare themselves outraged because the commissioner of the general land office refuses to allow filings on the odd sections of land within the unforfeited railroad grants. The government is derided as the government of the rich and opposed to the poor, because the executive department of the government does not do what the courts have repeatedly declared could be done only by the legislative branch of the government, that is, declare a forfeiture of a grant. Complaint is made that grants made more than a quarter of a century ago are still treated as valid, subsisting grants, and the settler forbidden to go thereon, although nothing has been done toward the building of the road, which must be built before the railroad company can receive the evidence of the title given to it by the government so many years ago. If the executive department of the government disregard the law and issue a patent to such settler, he takes nothing by the instrument, and is as much at the mercy of the corporation as if he had

not received the government patent. Congress alone can relieve the settler by declaring the grants forfeited. If the grants are not forfeited when there has not been a full compliance with the conditions of the grant, it seems to be just and proper that some provision should be made by which the settlers, who, through ignorance, or because they believed such grants had been or would be forfeited, have made settlement on such railroad lands, can secure a title, either through the railroad company or from the government. It is earnestly to be desired that some means of adjustment of these grants, as a whole, be provided, or some method be devised which shall, under cover of legislative authority, not only remedy the evil suggested, but enable this department to reach a finalty as to the titles to be conveyed to these corporations at the earliest practicable moment, and thus relieve an anxious and excited public feeling, already sufficiently aroused upon the various difficult and complicated questions connected with the administration of this momentous and important branch of public affairs. To this end I most urgently recommend that the prompt and serious attention of congress be invited to the foregoing suggestions."

This fully explains the position of the interior department in regard to a matter about which unthinking people have wrongfully blamed the secretary. That there are certain land grants that should be declared forfeited because not the slightest effort has been made to earn them and no definite promise exists that such will be made in the near future, is certain; but it is equally certain that other grants which have become technically forfeited because circumstances have prevented a completion of contemplated lines within the time limited in the grant, should not be too hastily revoked. Bills will no doubt be introduced in great numbers affecting land grants all through the west. If congress will take hold of this matter with the proper spirit of fairness, we have no doubt justice will be done and the spirit of the laws making these grants fairly carried out.

HOW TO GREASE A WAGON WHEEL.

The *Coach Makers' Magazine* endorses the statement that few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in other ways. A well-made wheel will endure constant wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, it will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spoke, thus spoiling the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axletrees, and castor oil for iron hubs, but many of the patent axle greases are also excellent, and have the merit of being cheaper and more convenient to handle. Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a slight coating. This is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulder bands and nut washer into the hub around the outside of the boxes. To oil an iron axletree, first wipe the spindle clean, wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In his, "The Birth of the Flowers," Moir gives us the beautiful thought that as flowers, the emblem of purity and happiness, bloom at all seasons, even mid the bleakness of winter, so every life, from childhood to the grave, be it apparently never so cheerless and harsh, has woven into it some blossoms of purity and sweetness.

The lines read—

"Never quite shall disappear
The glory of the circling year:—
Fade shall it never quite, if flowers
An emblem of existence be;
The golden rod shall flourish free,
And laurestini shall weave bowers
For Winter; while the Christmas rose
Shall blossom, though it be 'mid snows."

Our artist has happily caught the inspiration of the last two lines and presented in the face of one of our fairest flowers, to show that even 'mid the wintry snows of adversity or declining years, these sweet little blossoms come to cheer and gladden us.

Our Christmas tree is laden with substantial presents for all our many friends. Were it within the power of THE WEST SHORE, the actual, tangible substance would be given as freely as in our engraving we bestow the unsubstantial shadow. As it is, we can only offer our best wishes to all, with the hope that Father Time will attend to this matter with the greatest possible dispatch, and to aid him in his task we promise the hearty co-operation of THE WEST SHORE.

Who can look upon our engravings of "Winter Sports in Oregon" without being forcibly struck with the great contrast they present with the outdoor amusements of the people in the same latitude on the Atlantic side of our continent? Instead of the sleigh-ride in the frosty air, with its chinkling bells, muffling robes and wide landscape of snow, we skim over the smooth water in the white-winged boat. There the broad sheet of ice is the racing ground for thousands of swift skaters, while here, stripped for the contest, the nimble runners contend on the track for the prize of fleetness, the rowers test their speed, or opposing nines display their skill at the national game. Instead of the games played by the warm fire-side, the fisherman angles for the sporting trout in some sheltered nook, and the hunter seeks the haunt of the water-fowl, or rifle in hand, pursues the nobler game of the mountains. Even the artist, with his portable stool and little sketching block, wanders away to some solitude of nature and returns with a miniature reflection of some of the many inspiring scenes his eye rests upon. Such is the contrast—but are we happier by reason of our exemption from snow, ice and wintry blasts? As happiness is a condition of mind, having frequently but little relation to the condition of the body, we leave the query unanswered, except to say that we are decidedly more comfortable, and to the degree that comfort alone is conducive of happiness we must be certainly happier. "But it rains all the time," some one suggests. Ah, yes, so it does, but it has been so pleasant and sunny for the past two weeks that we had quite forgotten.

We can well imagine that no one will appreciate our "Christmas on the Overland Route" so much as the old pioneers who recently enjoyed the railroad excursion to the East. Though few emigrants were on the road in the old days at

Christmas time, yet such scenes as depicted by our artist were frequent enough to satisfy the most exacting. Many an emigrant has known what it is to cook and eat in the open air with snowflakes flying thickly about him. These, as they dined luxuriantly in the elegant hotel-car, speeding over the rails farther in an hour than the ox-team was wont to go in a day, must have been carried back in memory from the savory food and elegant table-ware to the bacon, coffee, water-biscuits and fingers of camp life. In truth, it is a wonderful change; so wonderful that we of the new generation utterly fail to realize its magnitude.

Like sunbeams fading in the West,
The year is closing fast;
Yet like those beams, may Christmas blest
Still cheer all at the last.

To one who has lived well this life, however humble his station, the dying year carries away with it into the unknown no sighs of regret. To him indeed it "smiles as it draws near its death." As the cumbrous record of the year is securely clasped and laid away in the vaults of time, he finds it unnecessary in the new volume spread out before him to inscribe upon its pure pages resolutions of reform. On the contrary, the new record, like the new ledger opened by the accountant, is but a continuation of the old volume. But to him who has failed in his duty the dying year is stern and reproachful. No smile plays around its lips nor ray of kindness beams from its fast-closing eye. Like the bankrupt merchant he lays aside the old volume in which is entered so sad an array of debits, and opens a new account with himself for the succeeding year, in which no balance is carried from the old tomb which he hopes will never again have its heavy clasp unfastened. To him the new year smiles and beckons with the finger of hope, while the old one grimly folds its mantle about its withered form and lies silently down to its death. To all its readers THE WEST SHORE wishes that the coming year may draw near to its death with a smile.

Cascades and falls are to be found along the course of every mountain brook and stream in the west, and so varied are they in form, and all of them so beautiful in their graceful outlines or imposing in their grandeur that it is difficult to award among them the first prize of merit. One or more of these has been presented in nearly every number of THE WEST SHORE, and this month is given an engraving of the Siuslaw, a stream, flowing through Lane county, Oregon, from the summit ridges of the Coast Range into the Pacific.

The practice of hanging mistletoe on the wall at Christmas time and the privilege it bestows of kissing anyone who may be inveigled into pausing beneath it, is one of the most tenacious of the holiday customs of our ancestors. The maid sauntering through the grove with her lover, is slyly conducted beneath the bunch depending from the branching limb of a tree, and is then compelled to yield the reward of his craftiness, though she generally accepts the situation with at "sweet resignation," nor can it be said that she always "goes blindly to her death." When this device fails the lover is by no means at the end of his resources. Mistletoe bows are suspended in every unlooked-for place, and he frequently wanders about with a small spray concealed in his hand, which he surreptitiously holds over his

victim's head and claims the forfeit. In our engraving we see how the little girl has in this manner captured a kiss from her gray-haired grandfather. It is a time-honored custom from which youth nor age, master nor servant, is exempt.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

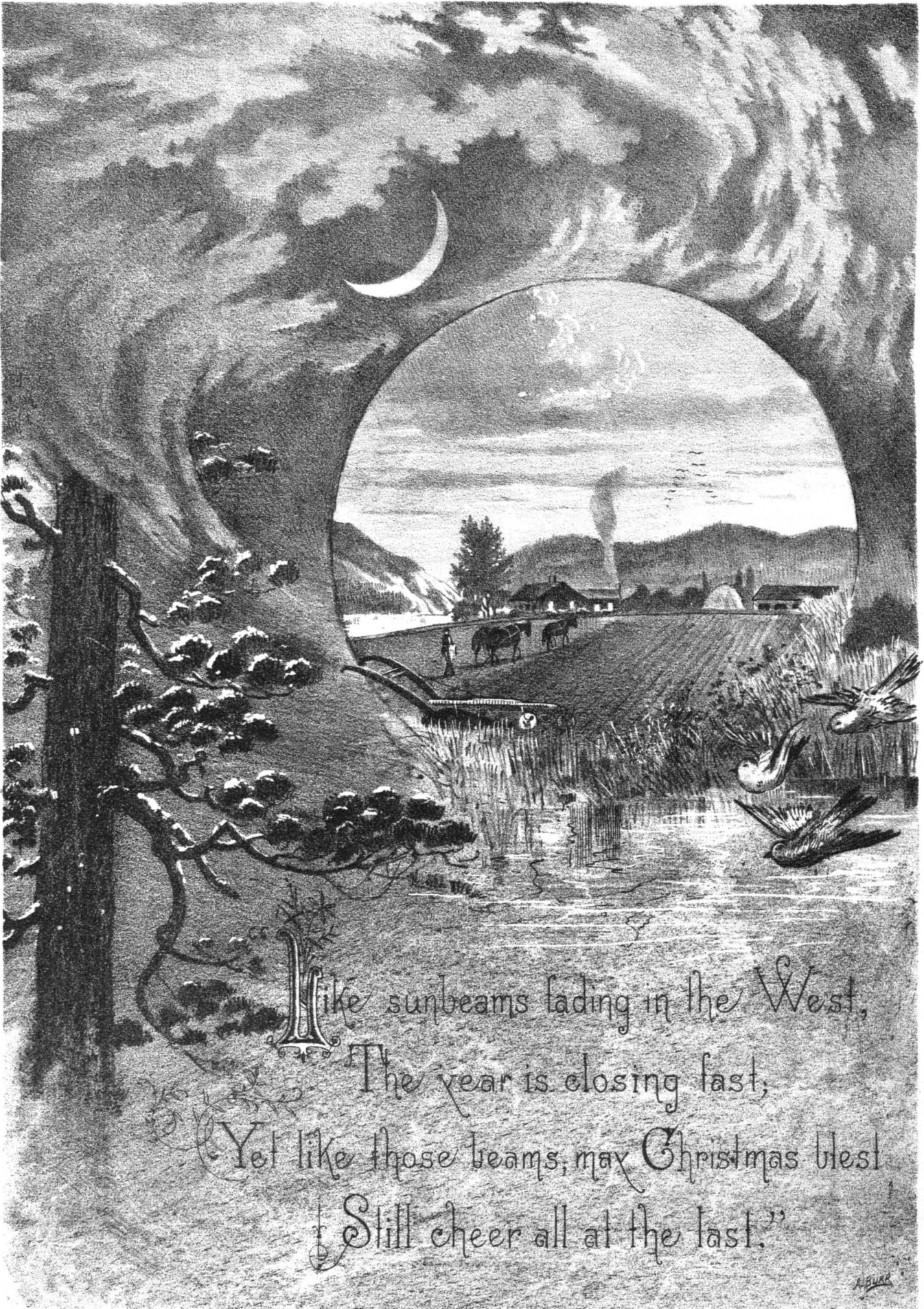
Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the well known publishing house of Boston, have recently issued another volume of the series of "American Commonwealths," edited by Horace F. Scudder. It is entitled "Oregon, The Struggle for Possession," and is from the pleasing pen of William Barrows, who brings to bear upon his work high literary culture and careful consideration of authorities. He has availed himself of many sources of information which have been overlooked by other writers upon the subject, and has held himself aloof from those bitter local controversies which have formed so prominent a portion of previous publications and detracted largely from their historical value. One of these questions, however, he puts at rest, we hope, and that is the oft-repeated assertion that Dr. Whitman prevented the trading off of Oregon for a codfishery. While he gives the heroic missionary full credit for what he accomplished, he shows conclusively that such a barter was never under consideration by the government, nor at the time Dr. Whitman made his memorable winter journey was there any treaty pending on the Oregon boundary question, though he gives the doctor credit for thinking so and making that his ruling object in undertaking his hazardous journey across the continent. As a history of the Oregon question it is complete, and is rendered especially valuable by its entertaining and graphic style of composition. The volume is neatly printed and bound in cloth. It contains 363 pages, is carefully indexed and is accompanied by necessary maps. For sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland, Oregon, at \$1.25.

COSSACK HORSEMANSHIP.

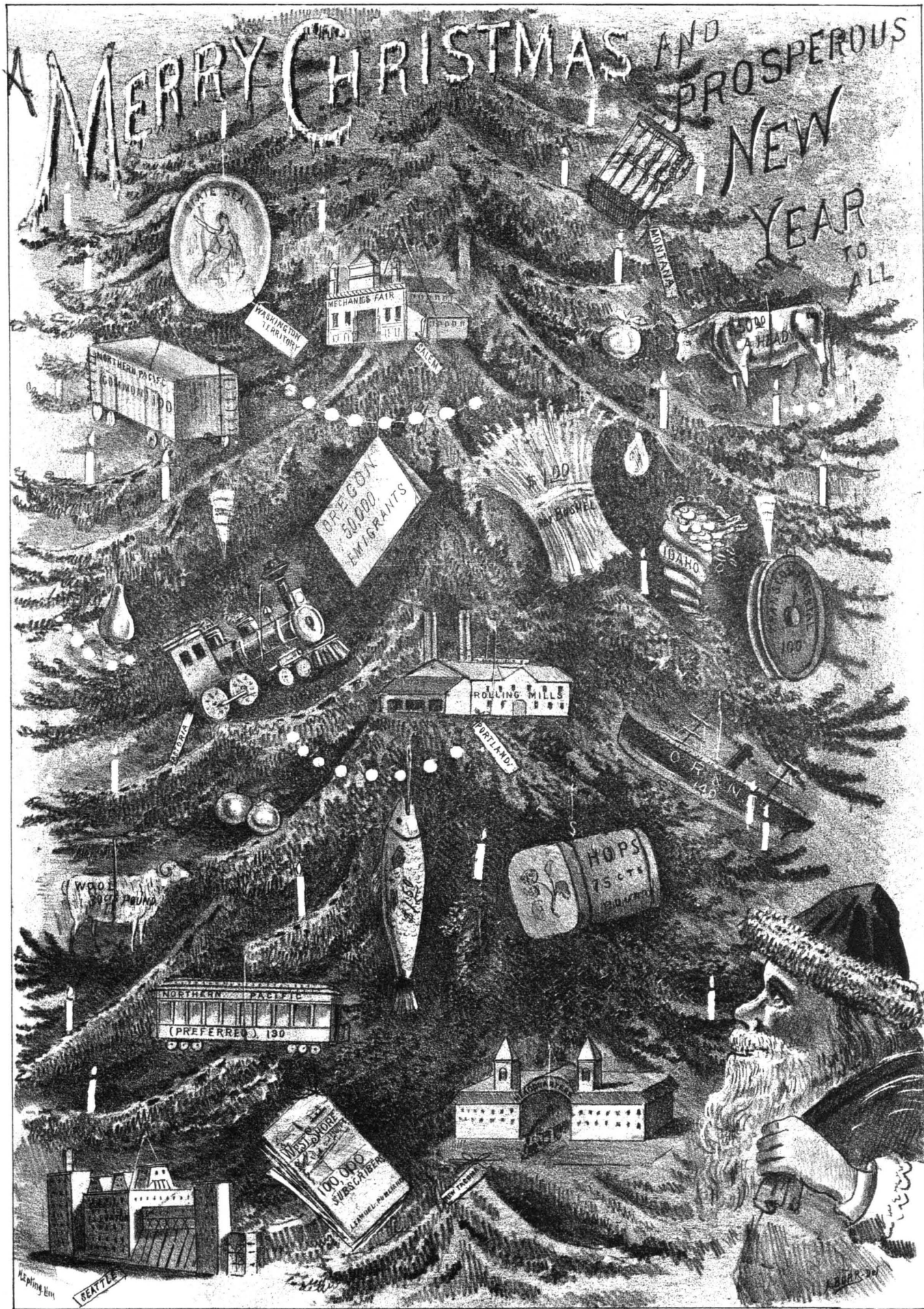
In the presence of Grand Duke Nicholas and many foreign officers and guests the regiment of Cossack Guards recently went through an extraordinary series of exercises, which throw the most daring feats of the circus into the shade. The entire regiment went past on full gallop in loose order, with many of the men standing upright on the saddle, others on their heads with legs in the air, many leaping on to the ground and then into the saddle again at full speed, some springing over their horses' heads and picking up stones from the ground and then regaining their seats.

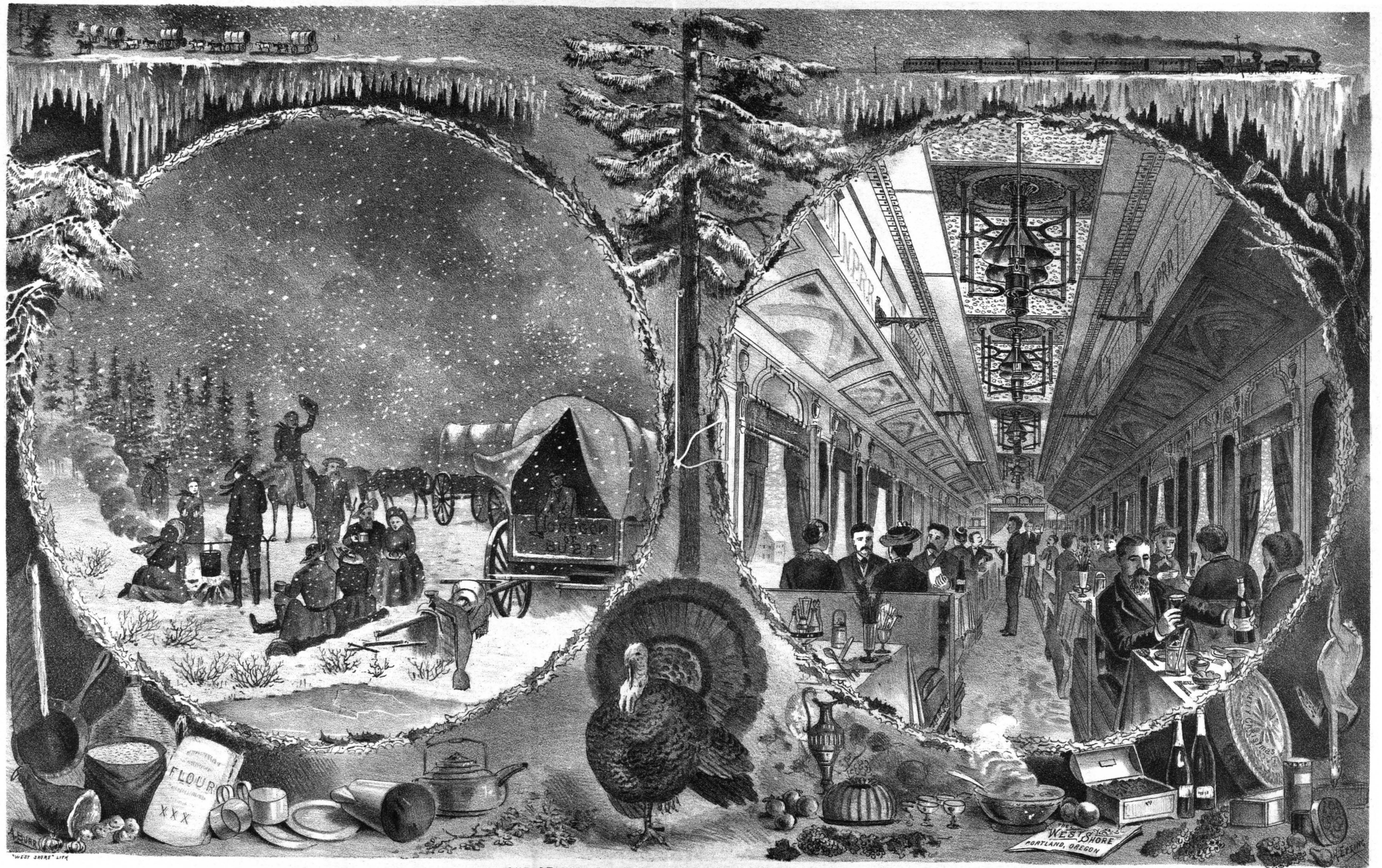
While performing these feats all were brandishing their sabers and firing pistols, throwing their carbines in the air and catching them again, and yelling like maniacs. Some men went past in pairs, standing with one leg on each other's horse. One fellow carried off another dressed as a woman. The effect of the scene was absolutely bewildering, and it seemed as if the whole regiment had gone mad. Upon a signal given the regiment divided into two parts. One rode off; the other halted and made their horses lie down on the ground while they lay beside them, waiting, as in war, the approach of an enemy. The other section of the regiment then charged down, and in an instant every horse was on its feet and every rider in his saddle, and with wild yells they rode at their supposed enemy. When the maneuvers were over the regiment rode past singing, and uncommonly well together, a military chorus.



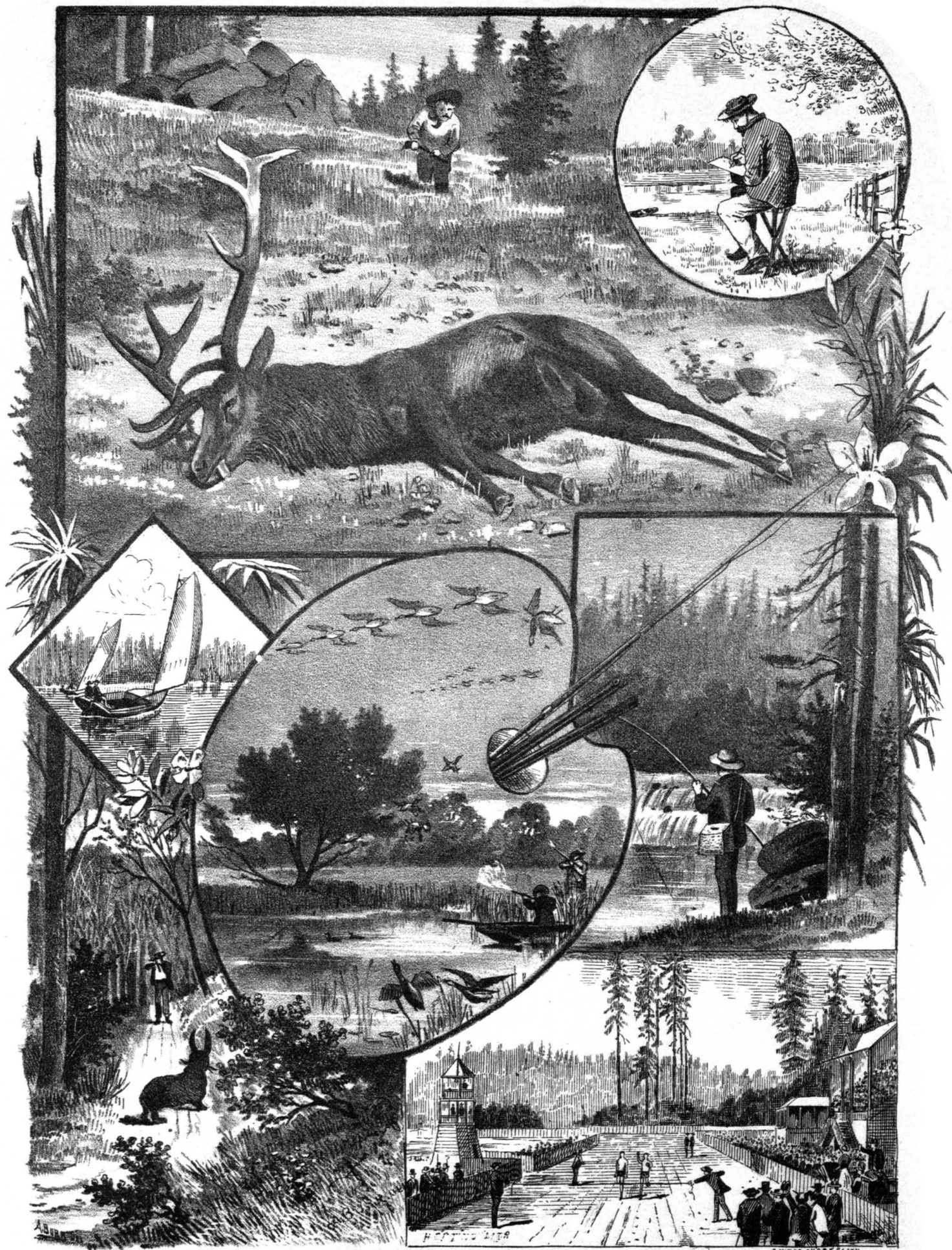


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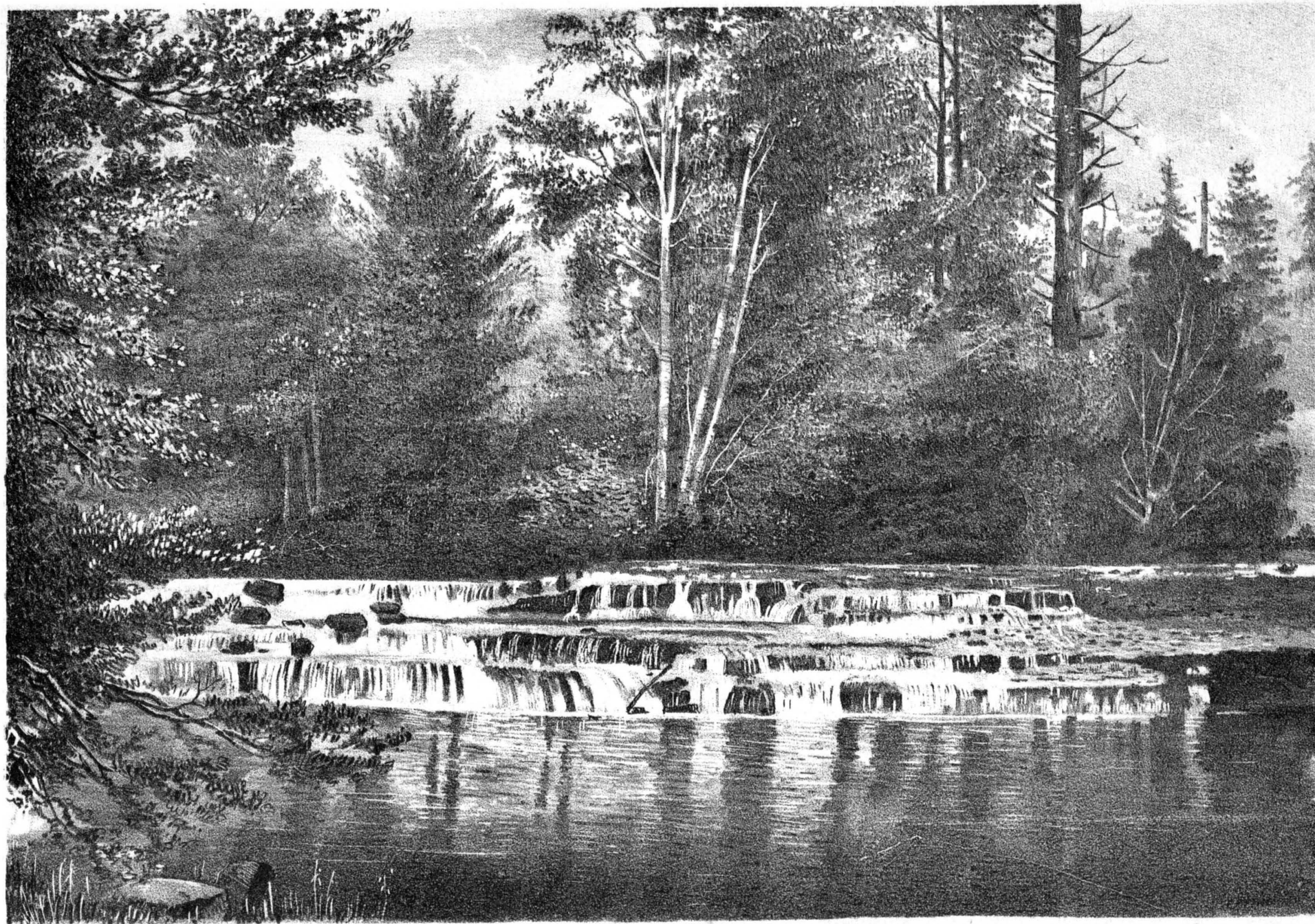


CHRISTMAS ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE.



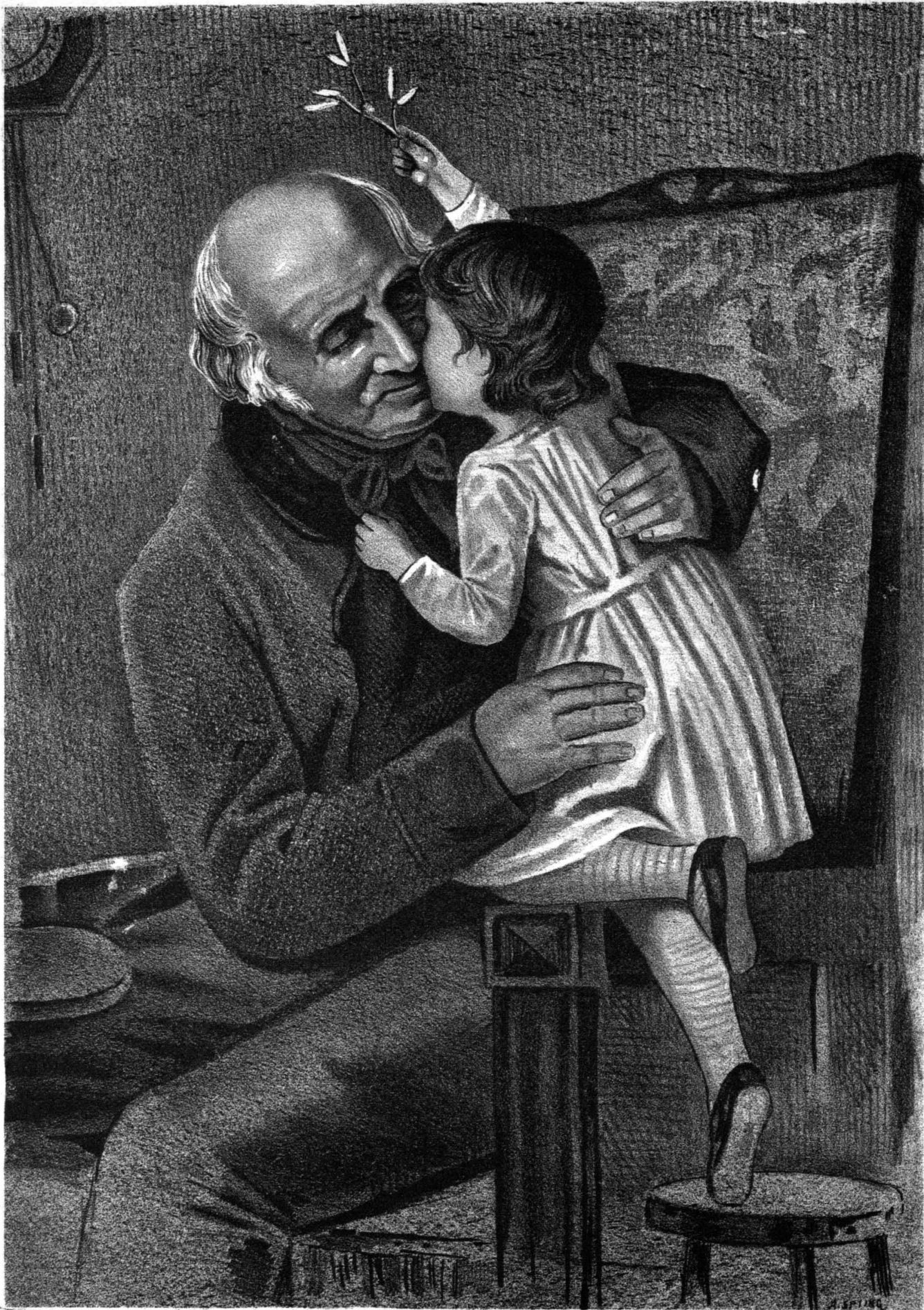
OREGON WINTER SPORTS

WEST SHORE LITH



WEST SHORE LITH

FALLS OF THE SIUSLAW, OREGON.



UNDER THE MISTLE TOE

NEW TIME AND NEW CLOCKS.

The term "Standard time" is now used to designate the new system of time adopted by the railroads and many municipalities in the east to obviate as much as possible the confusion arising from the differences between the time used as a standard by various roads. Fifty-three different standards of time have been in use on the railroads, leading to much trouble and uncertainty. When a line extends over several degrees of longitude, while the time upon which all trains are run is that of one of the termini of the roads or some of its divisions, there is necessarily a difference between that and the local time along the line. So relatively important is the railroad, that in practice its standard supersedes the local time to a large extent; but when two roads connect or cross each other, each having a different standard of time, there is a clash of authority that can not be adjusted, and the traveler is left to solve the problem as best he may.

The time in which the earth revolves upon its axis is divided into twenty-four equal parts, termed hours, and for convenience in measuring distances the earth's surface from east to west is divided into 360 parts, called degrees of longitude. The surface of the earth, therefore, travels as many degrees in one hour as twenty-four is contained times in 360, or fifteen. From this it is seen that there is a difference of one hour actual time between each succeeding fifteen degrees of longitude around the earth, faster going east and slower going west. The railroad officials decided to adopt as their standard of regulation the time of the Greenwich observatory, London, England; and as the longitude in which their roads were situated was so many times fifteen degrees westward from Greenwich, they made their standard of time that many hours slower than Greenwich time. The 60th degree of longitude is four hours slower than Greenwich time; the 75th, five hours slower; the 90th, six hours; the 105th, seven hours; and the 120th, eight hours—thus making five different standards between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. These five standards are named: Inter-colonial, Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific time. The 90th meridian, on which Central time is based, is nine minutes slower than Chicago solar time. The 75th meridian, which gives Eastern time, is one hour faster than Central time, or four minutes slower than New York City solar time. Inter-colonial time, being based upon the 60th meridian is two hours faster than the Central time. Mountain time, which is based upon the 105th meridian, is one hour slower than Central time. Pacific time, based upon the 120th meridian, is two hours slower than Central time and nine minutes and fifty seconds faster than solar time in Portland. All railroads centering in Portland and the large clock on the Odd Fellows' Temple, were changed to Pacific time on Sunday, December 16.

It was desirable that the new system make as little variation as possible from the actual local time, and in dividing the country into five great belts the standard was placed as nearly as possible in the center of each. The 75th, 90th, 105th and 120th meridians run down about the center of the respective belts to which they give time. The extent of the belt on each side of the meridian would properly be seven and one-half degrees, making the extreme variation of time within that

belt from the meridian only half an hour. But it was not practicable to make a rigid division of the country on astronomical lines. All cities and towns of 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants get their time from the railroads—have, in fact, usually no other means of getting it. It was necessary therefore to have regard to the convenience of railroads, which could not change their time within a few miles of a terminus, simply because a meridian crossed there. The division of the country just adopted is a railroad division and not an astronomical one.

Eastern time—or that of the seventy-fifth meridian, which runs a little east of Philadelphia—extends over all New England, and in the Middle States to Buffalo, Salamanca and Pittsburgh; and practically over the whole of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. In Canada occurs one of the inequalities of the new system compelled by the necessities of the railroads. There is no point there at which a change could well be made, and so Eastern time extends as far as Windsor, opposite Detroit. Detroit is included in the Central time belt, and between the two cities there will be a difference of an hour. The Central time belt, taking its time from the ninetieth meridian, which runs through New Orleans and a little east of St. Louis, covers all of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, with all the states north of them to the Canada line and south to the Gulf and the Rio Grande. The western boundary line of the Central time belt is an irregular line running west of the western border of Minnesota, crossing Nebraska and Kansas and Indian Territory, and touching the Rio Grande about half-way between the Gulf and El Paso. From this line begins the Mountain time belt, which takes its time from the one hundred and fifth meridian, running close to Denver, and has as its western border Montana, Wyoming, part of Utah and all of Arizona. The Pacific time belt, which takes its time from the one hundred and twentieth meridian, running near Santa Barbara, Cal., covers all from here to the ocean. Any-one taking the trouble to consult a map will see that the meridian in each of these belts occupies a position sufficiently central for all practical purposes.

This is by no means the only innovation, for connected with it is a change made by many roads in the method of reckoning time, abolishing the "A. M. and P. M." style of dividing the day and substituting a division of twenty-four hours.

The day begins at twelve o'clock, midnight, and continues up to twenty-four o'clock, the twelfth hour being noon and the twenty-fourth hour midnight. The time between midnight and one o'clock will be designated in minutes; say five minutes after midnight will be expressed thus :05, showing the day to be five minutes old; or :10, or :20, and so on, until the end of sixty minutes, when the time will be expressed thus; 1.00, 1.10, 1.30, and so continuing throughout the twenty-four hours. A peculiar clock adapted to the new system has recently been constructed in Wilmington, Del. The most conspicuous features of the new time-piece are the dial and new movement of the wheels which operate the hands. The minute hand, instead of making twelve revolutions to every revolution of the hour hand, as in the ordinary clock, makes twenty-four revolutions while the hour hand passes around once. The figures upon the dial are marked in Arabic instead

of Roman numerals. They are from one to twenty-four inclusive, the space between the figures thus being only half as great as those on the dial of ordinary twelve hour clocks. The minute hand therefore marks the half minutes as well as the minutes. The railroads adopting the new system and standards will prepare new time tables, upon which the distinction between trains marked a. m. and p. m., which is often overlooked by careless travelers, will no longer appear.

ANCIENT RUINS IN SONORA.

Ancient ruins have recently been discovered in Sonora, Mexico, which, if reports are true, surpass anything of the kind yet found on this continent. The ruins are said to be about four leagues southeast of Magdalena. There is one pyramid which has a base of 1,350 feet, and rises to a height of 750 feet; there is a winding roadway from the bottom leading up on an easy grade to the top, wide enough for carriages to pass over, said to be twenty-three miles in length; the outer walls of the roadway are laid in solid masonry, huge blocks of granite in rubble work, and the circles are as uniform and the grade as regular as they could be made at this date by our best engineers. The wall is only occasionally exposed, being covered over with debris and earth, and in many places the sahuaro and other indigenous plants and trees have grown up, giving the pyramid the appearance of a mountain. To the east of the pyramid a short distance is a small mountain, about the same size, which rises about the same height, and if reports are true, it will prove more interesting to the archaeologist than the pyramid.

There seems to be a heavy layer of a species of gypsum about half way up the mountain, which is as white as snow, and may be cut into any conceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to retain its shape after being cut. In this layer of stone a people of an unknown age have cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms from 6 x 10 to 16 x 18 feet square. These rooms are cut out of the solid stone, and so even and true are the walls, floor, and ceilings to plumb and level as to defy variation. There are no windows in the rooms and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are about eight feet high from floor to ceiling; the stone is so white that it seems almost transparent, and the rooms are not at all dark. On the walls of these rooms are numerous hieroglyphics, and representations of human forms with hands and feet of human beings cut in the stone in different places. But, strange to say, all the hands have five fingers and thumb, and the feet have six toes. Charcoal is found on the floors of many of the rooms, which would indicate that they built fires in their houses. Stone implements of every description are to be found in and about the rooms. The houses or rooms are one above the other to three or more stories high; but between each story there is a jog or recess the full width of the room below, so that they present the appearance of large steps leading up the mountain.

Who those people were, what age they lived in, must be answered, if answered at all "by the wise men of the east." Some say they were ancestors of the Mayas, a race of Indians who still inhabit southern Sonora, who have blue eyes, fair skin, and light hair, and are said to be a moral, industrious, and frugal race of people, who have a written language and know something of mathematics.—*Chihuahua Enterprise*.

THE DIGGERS AND THEIR DEMON.

The country around Bloomer Hill, just across the river, opposite Cherokee, was made hideous lately by the recurrence of that savage custom among the Indians known as their burning. To observe this ancient custom, which they regard with superstitious sanctity, about 50 dusky sons and daughters of the forest prepared their soup, gathered their wood and made all arrangements for the burning, which took place about 12 o'clock. This place, Bloomer Hill, has been for years the Indian burying ground, and it is estimated that thousands have been buried there. At sunset they sprinkled the graves with flour and yelled as none but an Indian can until exhausted. The next evening, after being refreshed with grasshopper, angleworm and acorn soup, they manufactured their demon. The materials used in constructing his satanic majesty were bones—any kind—and feathers promiscuously gathered. He was about four feet high, and looked as much like the "devil before day" as can be imagined. About dark they built a large fire and kept it burning until about midnight with wood gathered for that purpose. Then commenced the sacrificial offerings, which consisted of wearing apparel and provisions, which they suppose will be wafted by something like "presto change" to their friends in the happy hunting grounds. After burning about 500 pounds of flour, several squaw-loads of bacon, numerous red handkerchiefs, breeches and shirts, they listened to a long and, of course, eloquent harangue from a venerable buck. They then appointed a committee to escort their improvised demon into the circle, where he was given a warm reception. He was brought within reach of the fire, and amid the most terrific howling unceremoniously precipitated into the flames. This was the signal for the most unearthly mingling of whoops, groans, female shrieks and general uproar, which closed the barbaric scene.—*Enterprise, Chico, Cal.*

OUR HOLIDAY VISITOR.

From out impenetrable space there comes to us a brilliant guest for the holidays. It is the great comet of 1812, returned to keep the appointment made for it by astronomers at that time. It was discovered early in the fall by Professor Brooks, at the observatory in Rochester, N. Y., at which time it presented a nebulous mass with a starlike nucleus of the eleventh magnitude. Recently it suddenly blazed up into great brilliancy, as though some great internal commotion had occurred, or it had received a sudden addition from other bodies so far out in the realm of space as to be invisible even to our powerful telescopes. Its brilliancy was magnified fifteen times in two or three days. In a few weeks it will be visible to the naked eye at its present rate of approach, and will shine brightly in the evening sky during the holidays and for a few weeks thereafter, reaching perihelion on the twenty-fifth of January. It will be a spectacle seldom witnessed, for though not quite so large as the comet of 1882, its appearance in the evening instead of the morning sky will enable every one to see it. A few nights after the first one was discovered, Professor Swift observed another in the same neighborhood. The indications are that these two comets will cross each other's orbits in their progress toward the sun.

Their appearance so near together in the same field is considered something surprising and significant. It is thought by some that they may throw new light upon the origin of comets and the laws by which they are governed. Both comets are being observed with much interest at all the American observatories.

ADVANTAGES OF PRAIRIE LAND.

There is one advantage enjoyed by the farmers of eastern Washington which, it seems to us, has not been given the prominence it has deserved in presenting the claims of the country to people who are seeking homes in the new Northwest. And the advantage we allude to is that of being able to raise a crop of wheat or other cereal the first season of land breaking. If the settler can get located on his land early enough to break the prairie in April or May, he may raise a good crop of wheat or other grain that very first season, and thus save himself the great expense of purchasing these necessities through an additional twelve-month. And this is also true of all kinds of garden vegetables. In the prairie countries east of the mountains the raising of a very meager crop of "sod-corn" is the very best that a new settler can do the first year, the toughness of the fresh-turned sod making other seeding or cultivating utterly impracticable. And in those regions the settler on new prairie land is compelled to wait until the fall of the second season before realizing anything in the shape of crops for his labor. Instances are not wanting in this county of Spokane where twenty and twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre have been realized the first year of settlement and cultivation, and we may state that these instances are so common as to be passed without remark by the older settlers. The season of 1883 has been an extremely dry one for this section, but drouthy and unfavorable as it has been, the yield of wheat on spring turned sod has been fifteen bushels and upward to the acre, a yield not often exceeded on the best tilled lands of Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. It is possible that some of our really superior advantages are so common-place as to cause them to be known and enjoyed without remark, and we may sometimes forget to give them the prominence their merit entitles them to.—*Sprague Herald.*

THE SPIDER'S WONDERFUL WEB.

In a lecture at the Lowell Institute, Professor Wood dealt with the phenomena of spider life. The female is larger and much fiercer than the male, who while paying his addresses is in constant peril, frequently losing some of his legs. In one tribe the female is 1,300 times as large as the male. The spider's thread is made up of innumerable smaller threads or fibers, one of these threads being estimated to be one two-millionth of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of thread are spun. One is of great strength for the radiating or spoke lines of the web; the cross lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are tenacious, that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. These specks are put on with even interspaces. They are set quite thickly along the line, and are what, in the first instance, catch and hold the legs or wings of the fly. Once caught in this fashion the

prey is held secure by threads flung over it somewhat in the manner of a lasso. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass or flood, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is somewhat afraid, as, for example, a wasp. A scientific experiment once drew out from the body of a single spider 3,480 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.

TELEGRAPHING IN CHINESE.

Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese characters, each of which represents a word, not a letter, as in our western tongues, the Danish Telegraph Company (the Great Northern) working the new Chinese lines have adopted the following device. There are from five to six thousand characters or words in ordinary Chinese language, and the company have provided a wooden block or type for each of these. On one end of this block the character is cut or stamped out, and on the other end is a number representing the character. The clerk receives a message in numbers, and takes the block of each number transmitted and stamps with the opposite end the proper Chinese character on the message form. Thus a Chinese message sent in figures is translated into Chinese characters again and forwarded to its destination. The sending clerk, of course, requires to know the numerical equivalent of the characters or have them found for him.

THE BEST CLIMATE.

Mr. F. B. Foltz, of Indiana, after having spent six weeks traveling with his wife on the northwest coast has seen no place that compares with the Willamette valley. He contrasts the climate in this wise. He says in the East you have to feed your stock six months in the year; here scarcely any at all. There the cold is long and extreme in the winter; here the climate is very temperate, not having seen any ice here yet this season. He says our people tell him that in the summer the heat is not extreme, and that the nights are cool and pleasant so that people can spend them sleeping and resting. In the East such is not the case. There the nights are extremely sultry; and sleepless and restless in the heated season. Then he compared our beautiful timber to the treeless valleys of the middle States. He said he would rather own an acre of land in the Willamette valley than in Illinois, when it comes to a home. The soil is as good, the climate better, the timber and water unexcelled anywhere, and it's only a matter of a few years when an acre of land here will be worth as much as in Illinois. These large farms would be divided up into farms of one hundred and sixty to two hundred acres, and the productiveness of the land increased more than a hundred fold.—*Salem Statesman.*

The best photos, all styles and sizes, are taken by Abell. Gallery west side of First street, between Morrison and Yamhill.

To obtain the most artistic views of scenery in the Pacific Northwest, go to Davidson, southwest corner First and Yamhill. He has the only complete assortment in this state.

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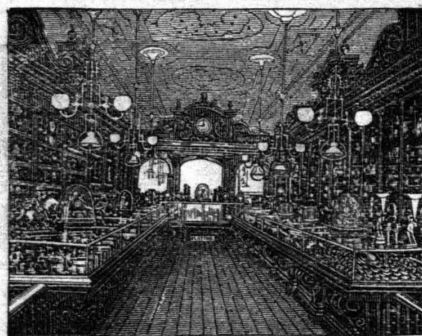


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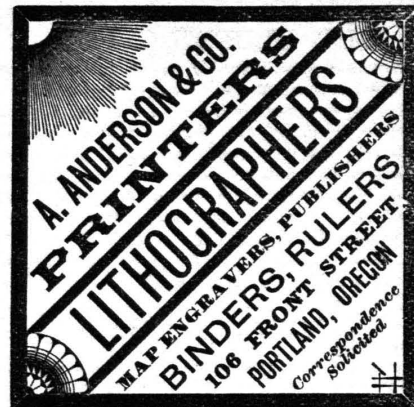
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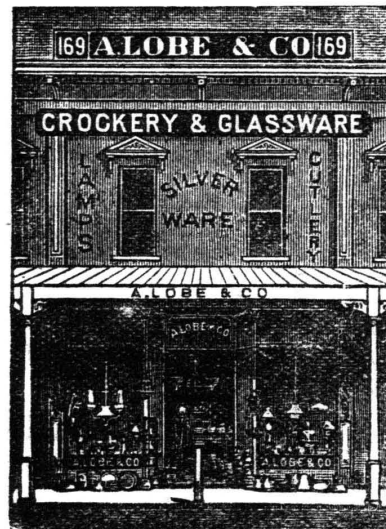


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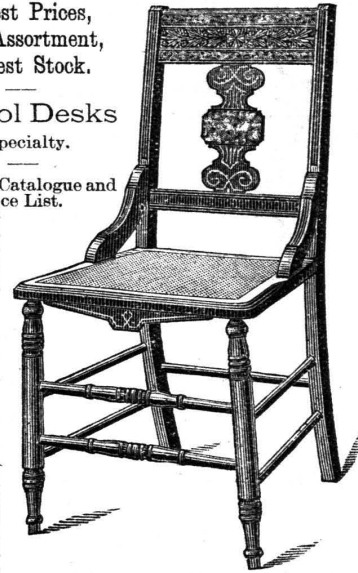
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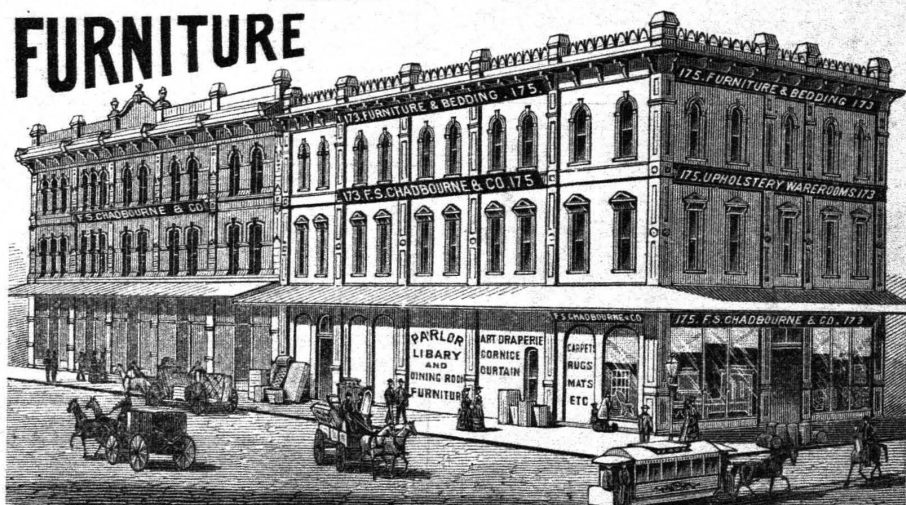
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