

# THE WEST SHORE.

Vol. 10.

Portland, Oregon, April, 1884.

No. 4.

ESTABLISHED 1875.

## THE WEST SHORE.

*An Illustrated Journal of General Information, devoted to the development of the Great West.*

Subscription price, per annum.....\$2 00  
To foreign countries, including postage..... 2 25  
Single copies..... 25

Subscription can be forwarded by registered letter or postal order at our risk. Postmasters and News Agents will receive subscriptions at above rates.

General Traveling Agents—Craigie Sharp, Jr., and George Sharp.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher, 122 Front St., cor. Washington, Portland, Or.

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
A Fable.....	106	Marking Things.....	106
Built Up Wood.....	106	Notes of the Northwest.....	100
Chronology of Events.....	100	No Wonder.....	99
Co'ofs or Buoys.....	99	Preparing Glassware.....	99
Editorial.....	93	Romance of Discovery Gulch.....	111
Fraser River Suspension Bridge.....	93	Spokane Falls and Surroundings.....	117
Gorge at Victoria.....	93	Sunken Irish Cities.....	104
Gray Hair at Washington.....	105	To Frighten Birds.....	105
Great Northwest, No. 4.....	97	Trade in Modern Antiquities.....	105
Henry's Lake.....	104	Trinidad Excitement of 1850.....	94
How Joe Lost a Bad Reputation.....	103	Woma's Work.....	124
Introduction of Carpets in Europe.....	103	Zuni Courtship.....	104

THE publisher has perfected arrangements with Mr. Newton H. Chittenden, a journalist who has spent several years in exploring the Pacific Coast and writing up its resources, to supply THE WEST SHORE with a series of letters upon the resources of British Columbia, and especially of Queen Charlotte's Island. These letters are to be the result of an extended tour of exploration in that region upon which he has just been dispatched by the Colonial Government, and will appear exclusively in the columns of this magazine.

REPORTS received from Walla Walla are to the effect that the "dry lands" in Umatilla and Walla Walla counties are being rapidly settled upon. These lands occupy a belt lying along the south and east bank of the Columbia, extending back from the stream a distance of from ten to twenty miles, which has until recently been considered as fit only for a sheep range. That the soil is good is evident from the excellent growth of bunch grass it sustains, but it was feared that the rainfall was inadequate for the maturing of cereals. How much of the unpopularity of this section can be charged to the willful misrepresentation of sheep men, who desired to preserve the ranges from invasion by pre-emptors and homesteaders, and how much can be charged to the ignorance of climatic conditions, it is impossible to state. One thing is certain, the men who have grazed large bands of sheep upon this bunch grass plain have been universal in their denial of its fitness for agricultural purposes. The scanty rainfall has served to give weight to their utterances. Within the past few years experiments on a large scale have been made in various places with the productive powers of these despised lands, and the result has been uniformly good, completely silencing the evil prophets. Even under the unfavorable conditions of last year, fields in that region yielded averages of twenty-five and thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. On the opposite side, in Klickitat and Yakima counties, are vast

stretches of arable land popularly supposed to require irrigation to render it productive. It is possible it will also be found ere long that this land has been slandered as much as that on the opposite side of the stream. Even if such is not the case, since much of it lies in a position favorable to irrigation on an extensive scale, the time will come when farms will make green these long reaches of monotonous gray.

### FRASER RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

THE scenery of British Columbia, so varied and so grand, supplies an exhaustless number of subjects for the pen and pencil. From time to time THE WEST SHORE has presented engravings of familiar scenes and objects, often where the work of man has combined with nature to produce still more striking effects. Such an illustration is that of the suspension bridge across Fraser River. This bridge was built by Hon. Joseph W. Trutch, in 1863, at an expense of about \$50,000, and crosses the Fraser twelve miles above the town of Yale. The suspension cables are supported on wooden towers, the bridge being 262 feet long in the clear, and are calculated to bear safely a load of forty tons. It is on the route of the Yale and Cariboo wagon road, which was built by the Colonial Government in 1862 at an expense of \$300,000, to accommodate the traffic and travel to the Cariboo mines. This road and the track of the Canadian Pacific Railroad run up the left bank of the river side by side, until the bridge is reached, when the wagon road crosses to the opposite side and continues up the right bank. The railroad remains on the left side, and just above the bridge runs around the face of Alexander Bluff, where the road bed is cut to a depth of 131 feet. The current of the river at this point is very swift and turbulent, and in the spring floods the waters rise to a great height and rush tumultuously through the narrow channel, often coming nearly to the bottom of the bridge, though this is seventy-five feet above low water mark.

### THE GORGE AT VICTORIA.

THE Gorge, which forms one of our illustrations, is a favorite place of resort on Vancouver Island, three miles from Victoria. It is a contraction in the channel of an arm of the sea which projects a number of miles inland, and is known as "The Arm." It is easily reached by a pleasant drive along the shore or by sail and row boat. The tide enters the gorge gently and passes through into a large basin several miles in extent. When it ebbs, the water rushes impetuously through the narrow gorge with a roar that can be heard at quite a distance. One feature is quite noticeable, and that is the figure of a lion formed by the rocks on the right hand bank. It is a distinct and almost perfect outline, and seems to be Nature's hand and seal to the grant of that fair island to the British Crown.

## THE TRINIDAD EXCITEMENT OF 1850.

A SEASONABLE REMINISCENCE.

**M**ORE far-reaching in its effects, more extended in length of time, and affecting a far greater number of people than even the Gold Lake craze, was the Trinidad excitement and the rush for the Trinity mines early in the year 1850. The crude ideas and extravagant expectations of those days led to many a wild goose chase, and none of them was wilder than the search for Trinidad Bay, where was to be founded a rival to San Francisco and an entrepot to the northern mines.

The gold discoveries in 1848 and 1849 were chiefly confined to the western slope of the Sierra, and hundreds crossed the northern mountains and passed the great white Shasta, with no idea that in its very shadow the precious metal could be found, and in the mountains where it stood a king were stored riches in keeping with its regal splendor. Klamath, Scott, Shasta, Salmon and Trinity rivers, with their gold-laden confluents, were passed by with scarcely a thought, while the emigrant hastened onward to the center of attraction. Yet Northern California was not even then an entirely unknown region. The trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company had visited every stream and set their traps along the banks for nearly twenty years. To the great mass of Argonauts, however, it was an unexplored wild. No map had been made of it and no published information was to be had. The knowledge of the trappers, who were scattered far and wide, availed but little to clear up the mystery of mountains and streams, and but little thought was bestowed upon them. Fremont had marked the Klamath River on his map, but had located it many miles north of its proper course. Beyond this all was blank. Added to this was the general belief that gold was only to be found on the western slope of the Sierra. Why, then, should the prospector turn his thoughts or his steps toward the northwest?

Major Pearson B. Reading, the old trapper and pioneer Californian, left Sutter's Fort in the spring of 1845 on a trapping expedition to the upper rivers, and in May crossed the ridge and came upon a large stream which he then christened Trinity River, supposing that it had its outlet in Trinidad Bay, as marked on the old Spanish charts. This bay had been discovered on the 11th of June, 1775, by an exploring expedition, consisting of a frigate, commanded by Bruno Haceta, and a sloop, by Juan de la Quadra y Bodega. This was the Sunday of the Holy Trinity, and the devout Spaniards named the bay Trinidad. This could not have been the present Humboldt Bay, for though the bay now called Trinidad is little more than an open roadstead, and lies but a few miles to the north of the other and better harbor, its outline was too plainly marked on the chart to admit of mistake. As early as March, 1848, a call was made in San Francisco for a public meeting to take steps for finding and exploring this old Spanish discovery, to see what kind of a harbor it presented, and what was the character of the country tributary to it; but the announcement of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill put an end

to the project for a time. Trinidad was forgotten and all California hastened to the mines.

In the summer of 1849 Major Reading started with a party of men from Fort Reading to prospect the Trinity. They returned in August and reported the discovery of very rich diggings on that stream. The effect of such a statement as this can well be imagined. Emigrants were then coming down from Oregon or entering the upper Sacramento Valley by the Lassen trail from across the plains, and while most of these preferred to continue on to the well-known mines farther south, a few were venturesome enough to cross the high mountains to Trinity River. In this way quite a number of miners gathered and worked along the banks of the Trinity in the fall of 1849. The reports of rich diggings sent out by these men created quite a fever of excitement, but the fear of the rigors of a winter in unknown mountains, cut off by snow-bound ridges from food and supplies, deterred the crowd from venturing into this wilderness until spring; and, indeed, all but a few of those who worked on the stream in the fall went back to the valley as winter set in for the same reason.

Hundreds gathered at the head of the Sacramento Valley to await the opening up of the mountain passes by the warm spring weather, while all through the mines were working men who had determined to abandon their claims and hasten to Trinity River at the earliest possible moment. The error made by Major Reading in supposing the Trinity to flow into Trinidad Bay was communicated to others, and this was the general opinion of all. It was then conceived that the best way to reach the mines was to go to Trinidad Bay and then follow up the course of the stream. All that was known of the bay was contained in the records of the Spanish explorers and the later observations of Captain Vancouver, while such a place was indicated on the maps at an indefinite point on the northern coast. To find Trinidad Bay became, then, the all-important object. In the month of November, 1849, two parties left the Trinity mines to find the desired harbor. One of these proceeded to San Francisco and commenced fitting out a sea expedition.

The second party, consisting of Josiah Gregg, L. K. Wood, D. A. Buck, Van Dusen, J. B. Truesdell, C. C. Southard, Isaac Wilson and T. Sebing, followed down the stream to find its mouth. When they came to the Bald Hills they crossed the summit to the coast, thus failing to discover the fact that the Trinity was but an affluent of the Klamath. They reached the coast at the mouth of Mad River, which then received its name because Gregg flew into a passion there when some of the party desired to abandon the search and not go up the coast to examine a bay, of the existence of which they had learned from the Indians. Gregg's passion prevailed; they followed up the coast and came upon a bay which they called the Trinidad, and is the one so known at the present day. Near the head of the bay they left an inscription on a tree as evidence of their presence. They then traveled south inland and soon came upon a stream which they named Eel River, continuing up its banks and crossing

the Coast Range Mountains to Sonoma, reaching that place some time in February.

Meanwhile the first party had sailed from San Francisco on the 9th of December in the brig *Cameo*. They searched several weeks for the mysterious bay in vain, and then returned to report the harbor a myth, only to be greeted by the appearance of Gregg's party, with the assurance that the bay really did exist. The news that Trinidad Bay had been discovered spread like wildfire, and a dozen expeditions began fitting out, some of them to go by land and some by sea; some of them having members of the Gregg party with them to serve as guides, and others "going it blind" on general principles. No sooner did the *Cameo* come into port and hear the news than away she sailed again, followed by the others as rapidly as they could make ready.

Up and down the coast they sailed, meeting with numerous adventures and mishaps, but failing utterly to find the bay. Some of them returned with doleful reports of their ill success, claiming the bay to be a phantom, while others still maintained the search. The return of the unsuccessful ones did not restrain others from making the attempt. Ships sailed loaded with adventurers, some of them going on the co-operative plan, while others charged from \$50 to \$100 for passengers. In this way the *Cameo*, *Sierra Nevada*, *James R. Whiting*, *Isabel*, *Arabian*, *General Morgan*, *Hector*, *California*, *Paragon*, *Laura Virginia*, *Jacob M. Ryerson*, *Malleroy*, *Galindo* and *Patapsco*, had all gone in search of the elusive bay by the 1st of April, at which time news of its final discovery reached San Francisco.

The *Cameo*, the pioneer of this fleet of prospectors, was the first to find the long sought harbor, but not to enter it. On the 16th of March, 1850, she rounded to off Trinidad heads and sent a boat's crew to examine a point that jutted out into the sea. The boat rounded the point and entered a harbor which they believed to be the one they were so desirous of finding. While they were making their explorations, the *Cameo* was compelled by the stormy weather to sail, not knowing that the harbor had been found, and thinking the men in the boat had been lost. She landed her passengers at Point St. George, some of whom were afterwards drowned in attempting to enter the mouth of Klamath River in a boat. Meanwhile the deserted boat's crew explored the bay and discovered the inscription Gregg had left upon the tree, thus demonstrating the truth of his story and the fact that they had at last found the object of their search. The inscription, carved with a jackknife, was as follows:

Lat. 41-3-32.  
Barometer 29-86.  
Ther. Fah. 48 at 12 M.  
Dec. 7, 1849, J. Gregg.

They were on shore eight days and were nearly starved, when the *Laura Virginia* appeared in the offing and was piloted in by the hungry explorers, being the first vessel to enter the harbor of Trinidad for nearly sixty years. The *James R. Whiting* and the *California* followed closely in the wake of the other, and cast their

anchors in the bay. On the 28th the *California* sailed for San Francisco with news that the long sought Trinidad Bay had been discovered, and the pioneer *Cameo* had been lost, as the deserted men believed her to be.

The excitement was intensified by this intelligence. A large number of vessels were at once advertised to sail for Trinidad with freight and passengers. Not only that point, but others were advertised as the place of debarkation and starting point for the mines, for it must be known that Trinidad had its rivals even at that early period of its existence. The day after the *California* sailed from Trinidad, Captain Douglass Ottinger, of the *Laura Virginia*, also sailed from the bay in search of another harbor. On the 5th of April he fell in with the schooner *General Morgan*, fitted out by Samuel Brannan and commanded by his brother John, off the mouth of Eel River. Brannan sent two boats and Ottinger one to explore the river, but the latter was swamped in the surf, and one of its occupants, Julius S. Rowan, was drowned. Ottinger then sailed north and found and entered Humboldt Bay, which he then named in honor of that renowned traveler. The Brannans explored Eel River, which they named Brannan River, a short distance from its mouth. The following day they dragged their boats across a neck of land at the foot of a high bluff, which they christened Brannan Bluff, and entered Humboldt Bay. Unaware that Ottinger had entered and named the bay but the day before, they called it Mendocino Bay, apparently forgetting to apply the name Brannan to this also. None of the names bestowed by them seem to have had any adhesive properties. This party rowed along the bay to its head, and then proceeded up the coast on foot to Trinidad, where they combined with the party headed by R. A. Parker, from the *James R. Whiting*, to lay out the city of Trinidad. Harmony prevailed until the question of a division of town lots was raised, and then there was trouble enough and to spare. Parker's company was much the smaller of the two, but demanded half of the lots, while Brannan insisted that they should be apportioned to all the men equally. The controversy ended in Brannan becoming angry, swearing considerably in his own artistic fashion, and taking his departure from the scene, and thus the only capitalist in both parties was driven away. He went to Point St. George and then to San Francisco in complete disgust. Members of his company decided to build a town near the southern end of Mendocino (Humboldt) Bay, and cut a canal through to Brannan (Eel) River, which was to be their highway to the mines. Still another party was interested in Eel River. Selim Franklin, with five companions, had been searching for Trinidad, coasting along the shore in a whale boat. Early in April, just after the Brannan party left, they came to Eel River, and in connection with a party from the schooner *Jacob M. Ryerson*, explored the river a distance of forty miles, supposing it to be the Trinity. As the mines were in the mountains, and as this stream flowed from the mountains, they at once assumed that it led direct to the mines. A town was therefore laid out, and Mr. Franklin returned to San

Francisco to advertise its advantages as a point for the unloading of freight and passengers, asserting that the river led direct to the Trinity mines, though the only foundation for the statement was his hope that it was true. It proved not to be true, and the town was never built. Humboldt, Eureka and Uniontown were laid out on Humboldt Bay, each a rival of the others, and all of them combined in rivalry with the city of Trinidad.

They vied with each other in their endeavors to secure trade and travel. Every issue of the San Francisco *Atta* contained letters from each locality, lauding its advantages to the sky and decriing its rivals. The Humboldt people said that Trinidad Bay was not a safe harbor, in fact was no harbor at all, while the proprietors of Trinidad asserted that a vessel could pass neither in nor out of Humboldt Bay in safety, because of the bar at the entrance. Both claimed to be the nearest to the mines, to have the best road to them and to be doing all the business. The fact was that neither of them was so situated as to be accessible to or do much business with the mines on Trinity River, because of the rugged mountains that separated them.

When communication was opened between the mines and the new towns on the coast, which was not effected until May, there were about two thousand miners on the river, while large companies were arriving daily. These had crossed over from the head of the Sacramento Valley or gone up by the way of Clear Lake and Russian River. A number had wintered on the river, and as early as February those who had been waiting all the winter for an opportunity to cross the mountains began to pour into the mines, generally settling on the north fork. The excitement spread throughout the State, and many wonderful stories were circulated in the mining camps and published in the San Francisco and Sacramento papers, about the fabulous richness of the new mines. One of these was to the effect that seven men and two boys had just came to Sacramento with \$150,000, the result of two months' labor on Trinity River. It did not take long for these restless spirits to straighten out the topography of the country. It was soon found that Eel River was by no means a highway to the mines, and the projected city at its mouth was abandoned even before there was anything to abandon. At the same time it was ascertained that both Trinidad and Humboldt Bays were of little use to the miners on Trinity River, who could communicate more easily and cheaply with the Sacramento Valley than with the sea. It was also found that the Trinity River, whose eccentric course had so deceived the early prospectors, did not flow into the ocean at all, but was simply a tributary of the Klamath. Supplies were taken into the mines from the valley, and the new fledged towns on the coast would have vanished had not the discovery of gold on Klamath, Salmon and Scott rivers given them a new field of operations. These discoveries were made within a few weeks after Trinidad City was founded.

When the passengers of the *Cameo* landed at Point St. George, near the present town of Crescent City, they explored the coast to the south on foot, reaching Klamath

River on the 10th of April, supposing that stream to be the Trinity. As it was then believed that the Trinity flowed to the ocean direct, it had been usual for every party that came upon a river of any magnitude discharging into the sea, to immediately lay out a town and send word to San Francisco that there was now a thriving city situated on the only highway to the mines. These were not behind the others in this respect, and the town of Klamath City was laid out a few miles above the river's mouth and on the south side of the stream. Five of the *Cameo's* crew had gone down the coast in a boat, and were upset at the mouth of Klamath River, and all but Eugene du Bertrand were drowned. The Klamath was at that time, owing to ignorance of the location of the different streams, variously called Rogue, Trinity, Klamath and Chester (meaning Shasta).

Klamath City had a brief and inglorious existence. It was soon discovered that the shifting sands at the river's mouth kept so incessantly altering and obstructing the channel that it was a matter of considerable uncertainty when a vessel could enter, and being once in it was just as uncertain when it could get out again. No sooner was this fact realized than the people quickly "slid out." Corner lots that were held without price were left without price indeed, and the beautiful metropolis, with its projected parks, boulevards and institutions of learning, became again a mountain wild, and so remains at the present time.

Early in June a party of men crossed the ridge from the north fork of Trinity and came upon the south fork of Salmon River, which they followed down to the forks and there struck rich diggings. Parties went up the Klamath also, and soon diggings were discovered on that stream, Beaver Creek, Scott River and other tributaries of the Klamath. To these mines Trinidad and Humboldt were accessible by a trail that was soon much traveled, and Trinidad found for a time that prosperity that it had expected to derive from the Trinity mines. The next year the Gold Bluff excitement revived the fortunes of Trinidad, which had begun already to wane. For two or three years supplies were taken to the mines by this route, but gradually the route by the way of Shasta and the Sacramento Valley was preferred, and poor Trinidad was allowed to die of starvation. Humboldt Bay having the elements of prosperity at its own door, survived the disappointment, and its principal town, Eureka, is now one of the most prosperous on the coast. In the search for Trinidad half a score of men lost their lives in the treacherous breakers of the coast. Among them were Lieutenants Bache and Browning, of the United States Navy, and John H. Peoples, who had so gallantly gone the fall before to the rescue of the suffering emigrants on the Lassen trail. Besides these disasters the *Paragon*, *Eclipse* and several other vessels ran aground on the bars at the entrance of Humboldt Bay and Klamath River or stranded in the surf off Trinidad, sacrificed in this mad race for gold. Such was the first great stampede in the mines—a type of every one which has followed in its train even to the present day.

HARRY L. WELLS.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

IV.

**E**ARTHQUAKES and volcanic eruptions are closely related to each other, like ice and snow. Each may be the effect of a different cause, or both may result from the same cause, as there is evidently more than one cause at work to produce these effects. This statement will enable the general reader to form a tolerably clear idea of my meaning, and yet I am not satisfied with it myself. Therefore, I will vary it by saying that a chain of causes seem to combine, the different effects of which are earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. I will illustrate:

The non-scientific reader would naturally suppose that two bodies, containing the same elements, combined in exactly the same proportion, would be identically the same, and convertible the one into the other. But the chemist has proved that such is not the case. He finds that certain volatile oils, such as oil of turpentine, oil of rosemary, oil of lemons, etc., are composed of the same elements, carbon and hydrogen, in the same proportions. (All such bodies are called "isomeric," from the Greek *isos*, equal, and *meros*, part.) These oils differ widely from each other in respect to odor, boiling point, specific gravity, medicinal effects, etc. The crystalized part of the oil of roses, the delicious fragrance of which is so highly appreciated, contains exactly the same elements, in the same proportion, as the gas used for lighting the streets of Portland. To make this clear to all requires a digression, which will be pardoned by those familiar with the subject, since these articles are written for the purpose of interesting the young in the study of Nature.

When I studied natural philosophy, nearly fifty years ago, I was taught that "indivisibility" was a property of matter, but I now accept the "atomic theory" as more rational. By this is meant that a body may be subdivided, or cut in two, until it is no longer possible, by any conceivable human means, to divide a molecule again. Under this theory there is a limit to the divisibility of matter, and when that limit has been reached the molecule becomes an "atom" (from *a*, Alpha, the first letter of the Greek alphabet, meaning no, not, without, etc., and *temno*, I cut; an atom, then, is something that cannot be cut in two or divided.) All matter is built up of atoms, more or less compact, having spaces or pores between them. We consider gold as a very solid body, yet experiments have proved that it is porous. Hence it is no exaggeration to say that with a microscope of sufficient power a piece of gold, highly polished, would appear like a sieve, or the picture of a snow storm, so much space would there seem to be between the atoms. And now, having explained an atom, I will explain the mysterious isomerics. Let the letter *c* represent an atom of carbon and *h* an atom of hydrogen. Suppose the proportion to be eight of carbon and one of hydrogen. (This is only hypothetical, for the proportions are different.) Then we must arrange a compound wherein the letter *c* will occur eight times as often as *h*. Thus all will depend upon the order of arrangement, whether the compound will be oil of turpentine, lemons, rosemary, etc. To

make the matter still plainer I will give three imaginary formulas:

				1				
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>							
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>

				2				
<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>							
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>

				3				
<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>						
<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>							
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>

Keeping in mind these explanations, we go back to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. We have seen in the isomerics that apparently the same cause produces different effects, but by pushing our inquiries to the ultimate have discovered that there was a difference of conditions. This is a fact very important to be remembered in the investigation of science, and by way of giving emphasis to its utterance I will cite a familiar illustration. You have two rolls of oleomargarine precisely the same; you place each in two covered dishes exactly alike; one is set in a refrigerator and the other in a hot oven. The difference in conditions will produce different results. Yet both heat and cold, strictly speaking, are causes, notwithstanding both are effects and appear to be conditions.

The most general cause of earthquakes is the tension and pressure of the crust, by which the oscillations and plications thereof have been produced. The tension and pressure have been caused by the shrinking and contracting of the crust, consequent upon its cooling. Plications are caused by a lateral, or side, pressure, in consequence of the contracting of the crust, whereby the strata, if of clay, loam, etc., are thrown into waves, or ridges, giving an appearance something like a fluted column. I will give a familiar example of the forces that produce slight earthquakes, in order that the young may have a clearer idea upon the subject.

On building a fire in a stove, when the pipe begins to heat it will expand. At first there is a tension so slight that the iron of the pipe is able to resist it, but as the heat increases the strain, or tension, overcomes the resistance suddenly, as a stick breaks when the strain is too great, and with a cracking sound. This is caused by expansion; but similar phenomena will result from contraction when the heat is subsiding. Thus it is with the earth's crust. The straining, by either contraction or expansion, causes some place to yield with a loud report, instead of a "cracking," as in the case of a stove pipe. If this event occurs near a volcano then an eruption ensues. Also, as there is a reflex action, terminating on the surface of the ocean of internal fire, an upheaval of the crust results, and if there is an ocean of water immediately above a tidal wave must be the consequence. Furthermore, should this slight shock of earthquake

open a fissure in the crust, from a fountain of water to the ocean of fire, then the water being suddenly converted into steam, with not room enough in which to expand, other shocks will follow, attended by upheavals, earthquake waves and volcanic disturbances. These will continue for a shorter or longer period, and be slight or heavy, according to the amount of water precipitated, the size of the fissure and other conditions.

There is another factor belonging to the chain of causes which produce earthquakes, in my opinion, which I do not find mentioned by scientists, and yet I think important. If I am in error no harm can result from alluding to it, whereas, if correct in my hypothesis, science may be benefited. Therefore, I will submit it for the consideration of those who are greatly my superiors.

Our present ideas of gravitation were suggested by Sir Isaac Newton, who maintained that every atom of matter in the universe was attracted by, and gravitated towards, every other atom of matter, in accordance with certain fixed laws. Kepler and Newton suggested the idea of centripetal and centrifugal forces, the latter force tending to propel the earth through space in a straight line, the former (the attraction of the sun) tending to propel, or draw, the earth away at a right angle from the direction of the latter. These two forces acting concurrently, the result is the earth moves in a curve, a sort of compromise direction, around the center, or sun.

It frequently happens that the superior planets of our solar system arrive near a conjunction with each other. In such a case all the force of this attraction is exerted to draw our earth out of her orbit towards them, but fail in consequence of being unable to overcome the centripetal force. Now, if gravitation is a truth, the conclusion is unavoidable that there is a powerful tension exerted upon the earth's crust. The next deduction is equally conclusive—namely, that a cracking of the crust, in some place where it is weak, is likely to occur. Finally, it is within the bounds of probability that this yielding of the crust may open a seam through which water can descend to the fire, and then an earthquake results. On several occasions I have observed that earthquakes have been coincident with the configurations of the planets, as before described, and have been successful in predicting earthquakes by calculating the times of their conjunctions. In January, 1871, I wrote to "Uncle Rufus" Hatch, predicting many events to occur in June and July, and among them an earthquake in the vicinity of New York city. I still have his letter, written after the time had elapsed, in which he states that the earthquake came off (but ten days too soon), and was the heaviest known for many years. Since then I have made similar predictions upon the same data, but they have proved total failures. I am now of the opinion that earthquakes may occur when there is no marked conjunctions of the planets. Also, that there may be a marked conjunction at a time when there does not happen to be a place in the earth's crust so weak as to be fractured, and then, of course, no earthquake will result. Still I have confidence

in my hypothesis that it is a factor in the great chain of causes that operate to produce earthquakes.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on earthquakes and volcanic disturbances, because without a general idea concerning them it is impossible for the non-scientific reader to have an intelligent understanding of the *modus operandi* by which the giant forces in Nature have been at work on the earth's crust, preparing it as an abode for man. And this evolution, so sublimely grand, is still going on.

I have been a teacher for more than forty years, and have learned that relaxation is of great advantage to students. So I will indulge in a little intellectual recreation, giving free scope to the wings of fancy, while I try to picture, in the poetry of prose, how this earth came into existence.

First, let us take the highway of science and travel back through the untold eons of time. We are poised in space near the Pleiades ("seven stars"), in the constellation Taurus. Robed in the brightest garments of imagination, with eyes that are telescopic, having the wings of an angel, we start from Taurus, fly at the rate of a million of miles a minute, and yet years must elapse before we can reach the boundaries of what is now our solar system. We arrive here. All is void. There is no sun, no moon, no earth nor sister planet. Gas and vapor are everywhere, but solids and liquids nowhere. Millions of ages before there had been a central orb and its train of worlds, a heavenly battalion wheeling through space with a speed that almost defies the power of thought. But the bounds of their existence had been fixed. One by one, as their hour of dissolution arrived, the planets returned to the central orb—the parent that gave them birth. As they impinged upon her disc there was a report, a flash, and in the wink of an eye each had been dissolved into its original primates, molecules, atoms and gas. Then, by the operation of an infinite force, a property of the parent planet, the great central orb was also dissolved, and we are gazing in imagination upon the empty void in boundless space.

What an awful space lies before us! Our eyes, though telescopic, cannot pierce it. No brain can comprehend its immensity. Silently reposing, like the storm forces before a cyclone, a sea of wasteful, gaseous matter, more than a hundred thousand million miles in diameter, floats in space. Intensely heated by the awful catastrophe which dissolved the old worlds, all the metals and minerals, all the fluids and solids, float lazily in clouds of vapor. They have been cooling for millions of years, yet their heat is still intense.

But now, while we are gazing upon this ruinous waste, the cooling process condenses a single atom. We see it not, nor can we without the aid of a microscope that magnifies hundreds of diameters. Condensation goes on. The atom, like a cell, begins to multiply. A nucleus is formed and slowly increases in size. The nebulous matter flows steadily towards it. Now we can see it—the smallest speck possible to perceive. It is revolving and has polarity. As the windmill revolves under the action

of a current of air, so this speck of liquid fire is made to turn under the force exerted by the flow of the "condensing gas." As we gaze in silent awe this little nucleus expands into a huge ball—into an immense globe! Millions of ages elapse, but this fiery globe continues its tireless revolutions. Like a sponge it has taken up the nebulous matter, and appropriated it as a part of itself, until it has expanded and fills all the space within the orbit of the most distant planet belonging to our present solar system. Its diameter is more than six thousand million of miles. A great force holds it in a solid mass, else the surface would fly off by force of the revolution on its imaginary axis. But the central attraction has its limit, and when that is attained, the accretion continuing, portions of its surface must be thrown off, like balls of mud from the wheels of a coach when rapidly driven.

Behold! even while we are watching, the limit of the central force has been reached and passed. See that huge mass of liquid fire as it is hurled into space! Mark how quickly it takes a globular form, polarity and revolution upon an imaginary axis, like its parent. We are catching the first glimpses of heredity. Neptune, the first born from our sun, wheels into his orbit and begins his planetary life. But as the offspring in turn becomes a parent, so Neptune threw off a portion of himself and moons were born to him. A child and grandchildren now trace their ancestry to our sun. But others are being born; we see Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter as they fly off and join the celestial train.

A wonderful catastrophe rivets our attention on the birth of the next (and fifth) planet. By the operation of some occult force, instead of wrapping its fiery garments into globular form, and taking its place in the train of worlds, like a well-bred planet, it bursts into hundreds of fragments, each becoming a little world, named by mortals of the present time "planetoids" (like planets, the Greek suffix, *oid*, meaning "like.") Fixing our gaze once more upon the parent plant, we behold the birth of Mars, of our own earth, of Venus and of Mercury.

As everything that our earth evolves must return to it again, so it seems, from the analogies in Nature, that the destiny of all the planets is to return to the sun, when they have accomplished the mission for which Infinite Intelligence called them into existence.

W. H. CHANEY.

THE Terminus Hotel at Tacoma, J. W. Woodard, proprietor, stands near the depot and car shops. That city has long needed adequate hotel accommodations, and these Mr. Woodard is now providing. The convenience of its location and the superior accommodations afforded render the Terminus Hotel a great favorite with the traveling public.

THE live real estate firm of Bowen & Daniels, at Tacoma, have on their list choice business and residence property in that city, and desirable farm and timber lands and manufacturing sites. They invite correspondence.

#### THE COLORS OF BUOYS.

WHEN you enter any harbor in the world, said a pilot to a *Sun* reporter, where the channel is marked by buoys, you will find that those on your right as you pass in are painted red and those on your left black. If you should see one painted in red and black horizontal bands the ship should run as close to it as possible, because that indicates the center of a narrow channel. Buoys with red and black vertical stripes always mark the ends of spits and the outer and inner ends of extensive reefs, where there is a channel on each side. When red and black checkers are painted on a buoy it marks either a rock in the open sea or an obstruction in the harbor of small extent, with a channel all around. If there are two such obstructions and a channel between them, the buoy on the right of you will have red and white checkers, and the one on your left will have black and white checkers. When a wreck obstructs the channel a green buoy will be placed on the sea side of the wreck, with the word "wreck" plainly painted on it in white letters, provided there is a clear channel all around it; otherwise, an even number will be painted in white above the word "wreck" when the buoy is on the right side of the channel, and an odd number if the buoy is on the left.

#### NO WONDER!

HOW very few of the thousands who complain of "hard times" realize that the chief causes of our business and financial distress consist in our toleration, as a people, of indiscreet and expensive habits. Statistics show that we pay for articles not only altogether unnecessary for our comfort, but positively injurious to health of body and mind, hundreds of millions of dollars; indeed, many times the absolute cost of proper food and clothing. Let us look at some of the items: Cost of tobacco and cigars during a year, \$610,000,000; importations of liquor, \$50,000,000; support of grog shops, \$1,500,000,000; cost of supporting criminals, made such by rum, \$12,000,000; fees in prosecuting the cases of such criminals, \$35,000,000; cost of keeping dogs, \$70,000,000. A people that can spend money in this profuse fashion ought not to complain of "hard times!" But we could enumerate a score of other ways in which money is squandered, which would double the above grand aggregate.

PREPARING GLASSWARE. It is ascertained from experience that it is always best to boil lamp chimneys and chinaware and ordinary glassware before using them. The glass is greatly toughened by the process, and the boiling of chinaware prevents it from subsequent cracking. Lamp chimneys and shades which are stained may be thoroughly cleaned by boiling them in soda water, using ordinary washing soda. The glass or china should be put in enough cold water to cover the articles, with a cloth or board in the bottom, and brought gently to the boiling point, when it may boil from one to six hours, according to convenience.

## NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

The Hecla Mining Company of Montana has reported the gross profit of operations during 1883 as \$685,396.83, of which \$360,000 were paid out in dividends. By gross profit is meant the excess above the actual operating expenses.

The bridge of the Oregon Short Line spanning Snake River, at the mouth of Burnt River, is over 700 feet long, and is elevated some eighty-five feet above low water mark. It is the largest and most costly on the line, and will be ready for use in a few weeks.

Two large saw mills and box factories are nearly finished in Astoria, and will be in operation in a few weeks. The canning season will soon open and boxes will be in great demand. Over 630,000 were used last year, and fully as many will be required the coming season.

The Columbia River Paper Company has been incorporated in Portland with a capital stock of \$100,000, to manufacture and deal in paper of all kinds. Mills will be erected at La Camas, in Clarke county, W. T., where superior facilities are offered. The work of construction will be commenced immediately.

The Olympia & Chehalis Valley Railroad Company is preparing to extend its narrow guage road from Tenino to the coal mines on Hanaford Creek; also to construct a track on piling to deep water in the harbor of Olympia. It is the intention to make Olympia a rival of Tacoma and Seattle in the shipment of coal. The Capital City has magnificent resources at her command, and with proper energy and enterprise can so develop them as to render Olympia one of the great commercial ports of Puget Sound.

The Helena & Benton Railroad Company was recently organized at Helena, with a capital stock of \$3,500,000. The object of the company is to construct a line of railway from Helena to Fort Benton. Popular interest in this movement is very great, and such a road would be of vast benefit to both cities. Fort Benton lies at the head of navigation on the Missouri, and is the center of the cattle and sheep interests of Northern Montana. Vast stretches of bunch grass ranges and large areas of agricultural land will be brought within the influence of the road. The great water power of the Missouri River Falls would be rendered accessible for manufacturing purposes. Men of wealth and energy are interested in the road, and it will doubtless be pushed to a completion.

The activity which is now being displayed in constructing the Oregon Pacific road from Yaquina Bay to Corvallis is causing great gratification in that region and throughout the Willamette Valley generally. The managers of the enterprise state that it is their ultimate intention to continue the road across the Cascade and Blue Mountains to Boise City or some other suitable terminus in Idaho, and that the surveying parties at work in Eastern Oregon are in their employ, and are not looking out a route for the Oregon Short Line, as has been

generally supposed. The work already accomplished by the Government engineers on the bar at Yaquina Bay has been of great benefit. The three channels have been reduced to one by the construction of a jetty; and though this is still incomplete the depth of water on the bar has been increased several feet. When the work is done there will be a depth of twenty feet at low tide.

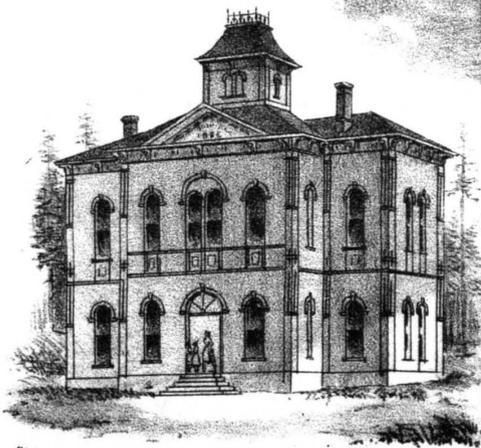
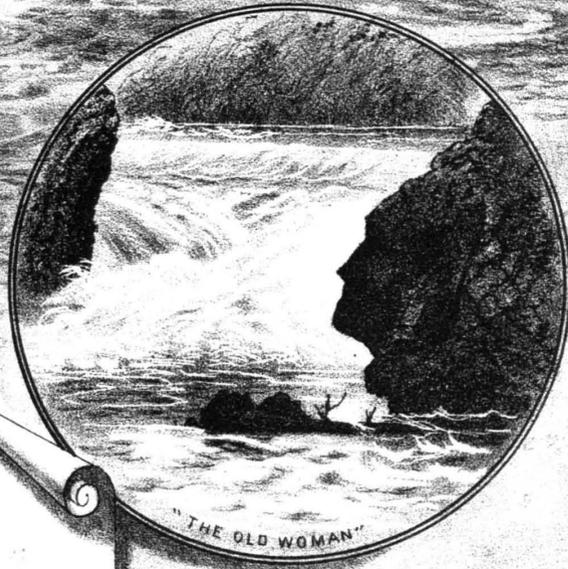
Construction on the Canadian Pacific will be pushed vigorously the present season, the managers of the road having succeeded in their efforts to provide the necessary means. The work ahead is thus outlined by James Ross, manager of construction. There will be some fifty contractors, employing about 10,000 men. No Chinamen will be employed, but the laborers will consist chiefly of men from the Western States, Ontario and Quebec, the majority of them being men specially engaged. Work will be commenced at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, at Kicking Horse Pass. The Canadian Pacific has finished 975 miles west of Winnipeg, leaving 300 miles to be built to meet the work of 200 miles on the west end from Port Moody to Kamloops, now being constructed by the Canadian Government. This 200 miles will be done before the mountain division work is completed, which latter will require, probably, till the summer of 1886. The Government has given the contractors two years in which to finish their 200 miles and the latter are making their plans accordingly. Last year 376 miles of iron rails were laid on the main line and 24 miles of sidings, of which 123 miles were in the mountains and foothills of the Rockies. The Canadian Pacific Company has contracted for steel rails to come out from England. The work on the east end, north of Lake Superior, has been going on all winter, principally in blasting rock, there being 7,000 men there now. On the western division work will be continued in the spring without interruption until finished and all through next winter, reserving rock blasting for that season. The outlook is so encouraging that by the summer of 1886 this great northern route will be opened for business.

## CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

## March.

- 1—Tokar captured from Egyptian rebels by the British.... Fire at Portland, Conn.; loss, \$400,000.... Iglesias inaugurated Provisional Government of Peru.
- 2—Fire at Utica, N. Y.; loss, \$475,000.
- 3—Judge Bunn appointed Governor of Idaho.
- 4—Accident on Northern Pacific, near Missoula; 2 killed and several wounded.
- 6—Opening of the German Reichstag.... Twenty men buried by a cave in a mining shaft, in Sonora, Mexico.
- 7—Much damage caused by a cloud burst at Florence, Arizona.
- 8—Last spike driven in the Mexican Central Railroad, connecting the United States with the City of Mexico.
- 10—Snow slide at Alta, Utah; works of Emma mine destroyed and 12 people killed.... Woodstock, Colo., buried by snow slide; 13 people killed.
- 11—Mexican Reciprocity Treaty ratified by the Senate.
- 12—Southern Immigration Convention met at Nashville.... Cyclone in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.... Bac Ninh, Anam, captured from the Chinese by the French.
- 13—Egyptian rebels defeated by British under General Graham.... One hundred and fifty miners killed by an explosion in a coal mine at Pocahontas, Va. Fitz John Porter bill passed the Senate.
- 15—Post office at Colfax, W. T., destroyed by fire.
- 16—Egyptians under General Gordon defeated by the rebels before Khartoum.
- 19—Earthquake in Newfoundland.
- 20—Train on P., F. W. & C. road wrecked near Salem, O., by explosion of locomotive boiler; 2 killed and many injured.
- 21—Fire in Chehalis, W. T.; loss, \$8,000.
- 25—Severe shock of earthquake in San Francisco.... Fire in Monroe; Or.; loss, \$17,000.... Cyclone in Ohio, Kentucky, South Carolina and Georgia.
- 26—Great damage in Mississippi and Louisiana by flood in Mississippi River.
- 27—Severe storm in Colorado and Missouri—Egyptian rebels defeated by General Graham near Tamanieb Wells.
- 28—Death of Duke of Albany, son of Queen Victoria, at Cannes, France.
- 29—Mob in Cincinnati for two days; much loss of life and property.
- 31—Fire at Ainsworth, W. T.; loss, \$10,000.

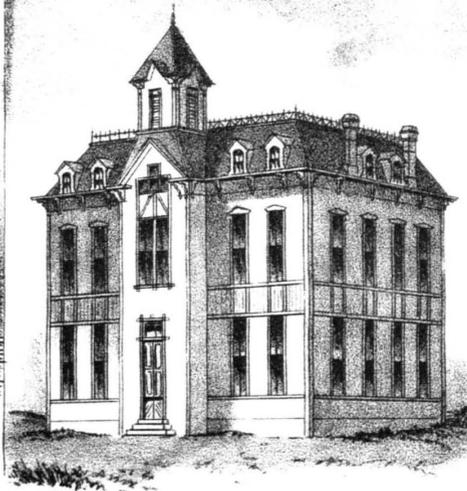
# SPOKANE FALLS



PUBLIC SCHOOL



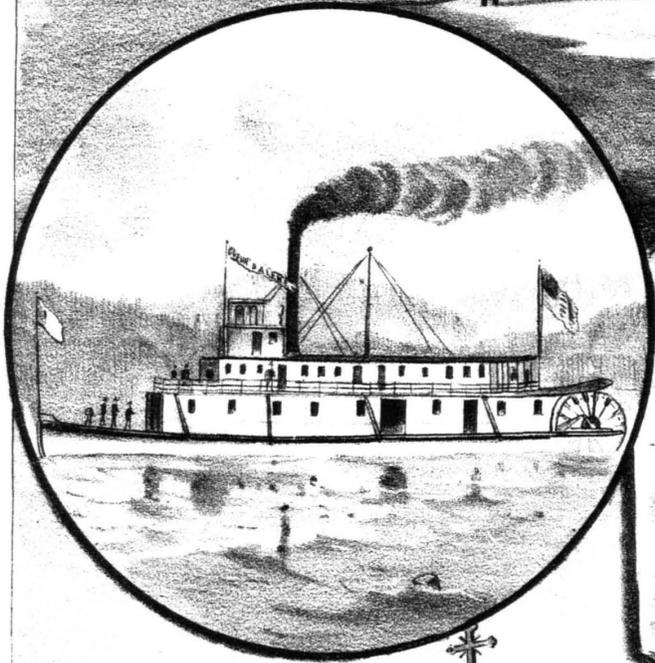
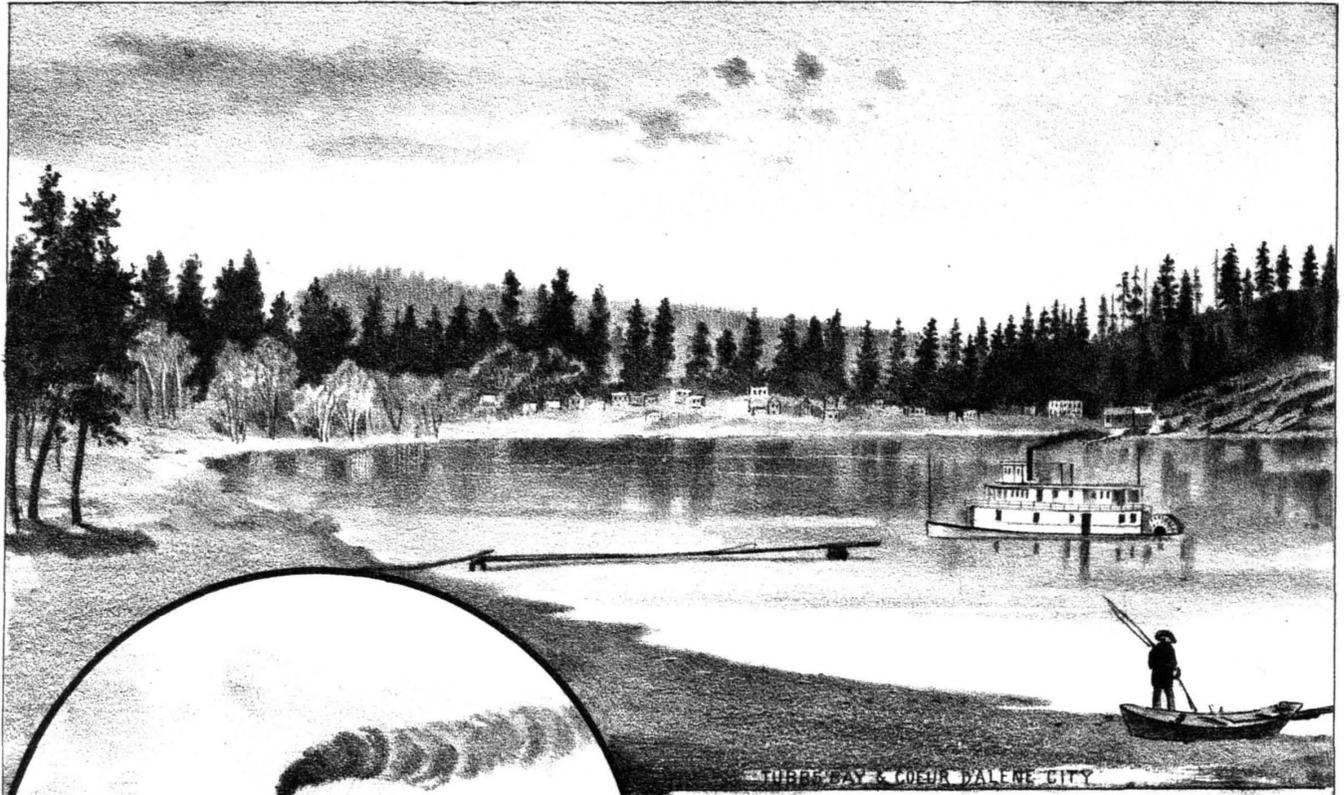
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



SPOKANE COLLEGE

K. BURR. D.

# THE WEST SHORE.



WEST SHORE LITH

COEUR D'ALENE MISSION

HOW JOE LOST A BAD REPUTATION.  
FOR OUR BOYS.

JOE THORNTON was the worst boy in school, and everybody said it. He was twelve years old now; a strong, good-looking lad, that could not read intelligibly, because his mind was bent on mischief the whole day through. With the winter teacher, a man, he just kept within bounds; but every summer he had a *brush*, as he called it, with the woman teacher, and kept her in an anxious, excited state throughout the term. This summer the presiding genius of the red school-house had a kind face, and so tender a heart that she had never once thought of its capabilities of becoming steely, when circumstances might cause it to harden. Joe always had a name for his teacher. The winter schoolmaster had been Long Shanks; the lady who had taught the summer previous was Maypole, and the little girl who smiled down upon them this summer was Rosebud. As this was her first school, Joe confided to the boys that he should postpone breaking her in for a while; so, for a few days, she was left to the illusion that the group of little children around her was made up of so many cherubs, and then he began to lay plans for a siege.

His base of operating at first always consisted in defying the rules; so his first offense was staying outside half an hour or so, after school had called at recess. Now, the summer before, he had not only remained outside, but he had pelted the school-house wall as well; so you see he meant to be a little forbearing, after all.

Well, what did Rosebud do but detain him as many minutes after the others were dismissed as he had remained absent.

Under ordinary circumstances Joe would have just marched out and paid no attention to the teacher's command. But the little schoolmistress stood quietly by the door and looked at him; and though he was well aware that, physically, he was much the stronger, there was in her eyes a look of power that he did not resist. But when once set free he gave a whoop upon the school-house steps, and told the boys when he joined them that Rosebud and he had got to have a brush, and that was just what it was coming to.

On his way to school Joe passed a little, grimy smithy, where the village horses were shod. The proprietor of this establishment, Jack Jones, and he were old acquaintances. The next morning, when Joe passed for school, Jack stood in the door, looking as sooty as his shop. He was a huge fellow, sinewy and powerful, and looked as though he might have been made at his own forge; and yet in this steely case throbbed a heart soft and warm and exceedingly tender. Rosebud, in passing that way once or twice, had looked into his shop with seeming interest, because it was work, and Jack had fancied that he caught the same look in her face that had belonged to a little daughter of his, who had rested now seven years under the daisies.

"Joe," said Jack, "John Town told me last night that you was goin' to lick the teacher."

Joe straightened up and looked important. "Wal,

yis, Jack, I do think of commencin' operations, a little, in that line. She's the delicatest little thing, and it won't do to be very savage, and it won't do to have her bossin' of a feller 'round, nuther, you know."

"See here, Joe," said Jack, "I don't believe you ever had a fust class whippin' in your life, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You tech a hair of that little gal's head and I'll give you a sound maulin', as sure's my name's Jack Jones," and Jack brought down his sledge hammer of a fist with emphasis on to his leathern apron.

Joe put his thumb up to his nose and marched on. He did not care much for Jack's threat; he felt so sure he could keep out of his way, and he *did* mean to give the young schoolmistress a scare, and this was the way he would do it: he would break rules again, and she would call him out, but he wouldn't go. He felt pretty sure she was gritty enough to undertake to whip him; then he would catch the stick, break it, throw it over her head, assume so offensive an attitude, in short, that she would be glad to retire to her desk and leave him master of the field. This was to be the programme. It was all to be done without bloodshed, and let Jack Jones catch him if he could.

So a little while after school had taken up that morning he commenced throwing spit-balls; but Rosebud, who was attending to a class, seemed entirely oblivious. When she had finished she walked up the aisle to do sums. She was at work a little back of his seat, when pop went a ball, and hit Tony Smith on the chin.

At the instant, from some mysterious fold of Rosebud's dress, flew a long, tough, willowy blue-beach, and gave several quick slashes around the shoulders of Joe's linen coat before he seemed to comprehend the position. Then he sprang up and caught at the stick. But the blows came thicker and faster, first at one point, then at another, until the whole stick was worn up, and he had not succeeded in catching it once. Joe was defeated, but not conquered, and he would get the better of her yet, as sure as fate he told the boys at recess. So all day long, while his wounds smarted, he pondered some new method of assault; and, no doubt, Rosebud would have been equal to the occasion had nothing supervened. But as Joe went home that night with head bent, still studying at his problem, he was caught by Jack, who held him as if in one of his own iron vises. He carried him into his shop and laid him across his anvil block.

"Hand me the hammer," said Jack to his man, who was at work at the bellows, that puffed and snorted, and threw the angry sparks up, snapping and crackling. Jack turned the boy over on the block, held both his hands in one of his, placed his knee upon him, and raised his free arm.

"Hold—hold on, Jack," blubbered Joe. "I—I didn't do it. I never teched 'er. But she gin me a awful wallupin'."

Jack hesitated.

"I've hearn long enough that Joe Thornton was the wust boy in school, and was travelin' on 's fast 's he could to the gallows. He'd better die a respectable death here,

at this present time, and not be 'lowed to walk the airth any longer, jest fer a skerge, never dewing any good whatsomever."

Jack looked like a grimy angel of retribution, firmly devoted to his work.

"O Jack, I won't, I never will ag'in! Jest lemme go this time and see ef I do. I'll do all I can for mother and try to be a good boy at school. Do, Jack, let me up."

Jack set him off the block and replaced his anvil.

"Ef you're sot on bein' a good boy, Joe, I hope you'll be a reg'lar Methusaler, and I'll be the last man that'll ever end yer days. But as yer present character stands, the whole community would be glad to git red on ye. Did ye ever think of that, my boy?"

"I never knowed how mean I was before, Jack. I ken see it now, and I'm goin' to change."

And really after this Joe went to work with a new set of faculties that his brain appeared to have in reserve somewhere; and that is the way it happened that he lost the reputation of being the worst boy in school.

MARIE S. LADD.

#### A ZUNI COURTSHIP.

THERE were two unmarried members of the house—a nephew and an adopted girl. The nephew was an overgrown, heavy-faced, thick-lipped, yellow-haired, blue-eyed blonde—a specimen of the Albino tribe, a dandy, and the darling of the white-haired "Old Ten." One day, after I had presented the latter with a pane of ruined negative glass, she ventured to compare her favorite with me. My flattering acknowledgment of this compliment made decided winnings of the old woman's hitherto restrained affections. The Governor spared his youth no more than the others. With characteristic irony he called him "The Family Milkman," or "The Night Bird," the latter referring to his eyes, which, the Governor usually added, "wiggled like those of an owl in strong sunlight." The maiden was jolly, pretty and coquettish—the belle of Riverside street. Her lovers were many, but soon of the long row who waited under the moonlit eaves, only one was admitted—the Governor's younger brother. There was but one room in the house where the two could hope to be left to themselves—mine. Here they came, night after night. They paid no attention to the lonely Me-lik in his hammock, but sat opposite in the darkness on the low bench hour after hour, stroking each other's hands, giggling and cooing in low tones, just like so many of my own people of the same age, only in a different language. An occasional smack, followed by feminine indignation, taught me the meaning of "Stop that" in Zuni, and the peculiarities of the Pueblo kiss. If the blissful pair remained too late the slab door would rumble on its wooden hinges, and the Governor, preceded by a lighted torch of cedar splints, would stalk in, and, as near as I could make out, rate the young man soundly for his want of respect to the Washingtona Me-likana, whereupon the pair would vanish—the maiden giggling and the young man cursing.

#### SUNKEN IRISH CITIES.

THERE are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered throughout Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the lake of Inchiguis is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath deep waters. The dark spirit of its king still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years, at midnight, he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake, a performance which he is to continue till the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed and the city reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now on a calm night one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his "History of Ireland." In Ulster is a lake of 30,000 paces long and 15,000 broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and there was a prophecy in every one's mouth that whenever a well which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great quantity of water would issue therefrom as would soon overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldame coming to fetch water heard her child cry; upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do it the land was so overrun that it was past her help; and at length she, her child and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains. One cannot help remarking the similarity between this and the old German legend of Undine.

#### HENRY'S LAKE.

PERHAPS one of the most beautiful and at the same time most neglected spots within the confines of Montana is the region about Henry's Lake. The country is romantic in all respects, is a delightful resort, and a paradise for sportsmen. The waters of the lake are alive with myriads of fish of different varieties, among them the grayling. This fish is found in few places in this country, other kinds being incorrectly given the name, but the peculiar dorsal fin marks the fish taken from the lake as the genuine grayling. The surface of the water is at all times remarkable for the number of wild fowl sporting about—ducks, geese, swans and other varieties making the place their home, laying their eggs and rearing their young on the islands which dot the surface of the lake. Its banks and the country surrounding are the home and feeding ground of countless numbers of wild animals. Their haunts have not been intruded on to a degree which renders them timid or afraid of man. No more desirable place to visit during an outing can be found on the continent. Let its beauties and attractiveness become known and the lake will become at once a popular resort.—*Ex.*

## THE TRADE IN MODERN ANTIQUITIES.

ONE of the chief delights of Continental travel, as every person of experience will admit, is the unlimited opportunities it affords for buying antiquities. The statuary, the coins and the pictures that may be purchased in Italy are a source of never-failing interest to English travelers and of never-failing profit to Italian dealers. Andalusia, again, is a huge curiosity shop. Being once upon a time in Seville we came across a retired British grocer or tailor, or something of that kind, who had just purchased a "Madonna and Child"—unhappily unsigned—which he had picked up for a few pounds in a dingy back street. He was going to send it to the Exhibition of Old Masters, and if he ever did so he probably found that it was worth only a pound or thirty shillings at the outside. It is the same, indeed, throughout Spain. The altar cloths, the broken fans, the inlaid tables and cabinets, as resplendent as anything in the convent of the Cartufe at Granda, the wonderful chairs and the still more extraordinary scraps of ancient lace, upon which all who have ever traveled in Spain have spent much money—these abound from Malaga to Irun, and naturally one is inclined to speculate a little on the odd circumstance that the supply is more abundant than ever, although the demand is fairly brisk. Tangiers is, we should say, a hotbed of modern antiquities, and even Mr. Chamberlain bought some of them when he was over there a year or so ago. He ought to have known something about this class of goods, being a Birmingham man, but the child-like faith of the President of the Board of Trade in all things ancient is notorious. America, oddly enough, has taken to this business of manufacturing the antique Dutch cabinets that, with bronze panels, dingy and marked with the cracks of fictitious centuries, are turned out every day from Chicago furniture stores, and for some purposes they are quite as useful as if they had indeed belonged to some departed burgher in the dead cities of the Zuyder-Zee. New York experts in this sort of forgery make a specialty of Queen Anne chairs and tables, and the imitation is so perfect as to deceive all but those who have studied such things minutely in Europe. The explorer of furniture stores may come upon magnificent specimens of English Gothic chamber pieces, or ancient looking Chippendale and Sheraton chairs, which might have belonged to Queen Elizabeth but for the fact that they did not. It must be puzzling at first to discover in New York shops stamped leather chairs of the time of Louis Treize, plentifully ornamented with brass nails, whose heads are fully an inch in diameter, and the citizens of that enterprising city are invited to become the happy possessors of as many of these treasures as they like on ridiculously low terms. If, however, the explorer is inquisitive, and the furniture venders are in a tolerably candid mood, the visitor may be conducted into some back yard where these gems of high art are produced. A Queen Anne's chair just made can, for instance, be supplied with worm holes by the simple process of tilting it bottom side up and firing a charge of pigeon shot into the bottom and front

of the seat. Old armor, too, is a good line in this business, the drawings required for the purpose being made from the collection in the Grand Opera House, in Paris. It is said that Birmingham knows something about this branch of the trade, and that helmets, shields, casques, breast plates and complete suits of mail are regularly manufactured for the gratification of credulous oil speculators and retired pill manufacturers. If a man starts a lot of ancestors he likes to have dummies of them in his hall rigged in their mediæval ironmongery. If Birmingham did not gratify him Germany would. It is astonishing how many tons of antiquities are annually sold along the Rhine, and it is even asserted that in Castle Colburg, where Martin Luther threw his inkstand at the devil—and, unhappily, missed him—the original splash was cut up and sold long ago; but that, as the timber is massive, the place is carefully reinked every night for the purposes of sale next day. We cannot say how much truth or falsehood there may be in this particular story. There might have been some excitement in seeing the original transaction if both the distinguished parties to it were present. There can be none in gazing on a patch of ink. The trade in modern antiquities, however, is a curious reality, as real as the sale of old clothes or tombstones.

## GRAY HAIR AT WASHINGTON.

A JADED, worn-out, anxious look appears on nine out of every ten countenances you meet. Why it is I do not know. Perhaps the life here has something to do with it. Many of the women—the majority of them—are away from home and family. Many of them have no homes. For living in a boarding house or hotel is not living at home, and it may be this lack of home life that shows itself in their faces. People here get old before their time, and notably so those people connected with the Government employ. Damocles, although dying with hunger, lost his appetite when, with a most bounteous table before him, he saw just over his head, hanging by a hair, a sharp, two-edged sword. Young women, old ladies, dependent on their situations for their bread, cannot live peacefully nor sleep soundly when they know that the next movement of the Government caprice may turn them from its employ. It is this uncertainty of office tenure which makes young ladies of twenty-five have the wrinkles of forty, which puts the anxious look into their eyes and silvers the black hair twenty years before its time. There are more young men and women in Washington with gray hair than in any city I have ever visited. This is a fact always noted by observant strangers. Faces fresh and blooming are crowned by locks of silver, and the gray-haired people of Washington are the finest looking of its population.

A BEAUTIFULLY executed picture of Bartholdi's great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," has been presented to us by the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., who have been among the most liberal contributors to the Fund. The picture, which is 26x36 inches in size, gives an excellent idea of the superb work of art which is to adorn the harbor of New York.

## INTRODUCTION OF CARPETS IN EUROPE.

THE first known carpets in modern Europe were brought into Spain by the Moors, who were great weavers, during their wanderings. When these Moorish carpets became known in Spain they were soon introduced into Italy by Venetian merchants, and thence they were supplied to Western Europe. Only three hundred years ago they were considered a great luxury in the mansions of wealthy Englishmen, and even in the palaces of royalty itself. Queen Elizabeth had one spread over rushes on the floor; her sister, who preceded her (the cruel Queen Mary), had only the rushes—not the common rushes, however, but sweet smelling reeds, which are still abundant in Norfolk. Some years before, their father, Henry VIII., had made an attempt to establish a carpet manufactory in England, but without success. During Elizabeth's reign, while Henry the Great—the well-known Protestant “King Henry of Navarre”—sat on the throne of France, the French learned the art of carpet weaving from the Persians. After James I. succeeded to the crown of England the art crossed the Channel, and this monarch contributed to the maintenance of carpet works at Mortlake. However, it was not until the latter half of the seventeenth century that much progress was made. In 1664, Colbert, the Prime Minister of Louis XIV. of France, established a large carpet manufactory at Beauvais, and a few years later the famous Gobelins' establishment was started. Brussels carpets were introduced into England from Tournay, in Belgium, rather more than a hundred years ago. The first of English manufacture were made at Wilton, but Kidderminster, Halifax and Glasgow supply most of the present day.

## BUILT UP WOOD.

SEVERAL thin sheets of wood—they are called veneers, though they are sometimes an eighth of an inch thick—are glued one upon another, with the grain of each sheet crossing the grain of the sheet next above or below it at right angles; and, when the whole complex fabric has lost all power of resistance through being almost saturated with steaming glue, it is pressed into an almost homogeneous board without any cleavage whatever, and so without possibility of splitting. Every sort of wood, of course, can be built up. The inside layers can be cheap and the outside choice. No matter whether or not the different sheets naturally swell and shrink evenly together. They are too thin to exert much force. Their separate identities are lost in the common and overmastering union. The advantages of economy, strength in every direction and immunity from cracking are enough to give the fabric the readiest possible acceptance for whatever uses it may be adapted. It is already in use for broad, flat surfaces in cabinet work, especially where strength or permanence is wanted. It already competes with canvas for the use of artists and with binders' board for book covers. Its availability for any purpose appears to be a matter of expense and skill—never of quality. That it will be adapted to many uses is as sure as the inventive fertility of our mechanics.

## A FABLE.

THERE were once four flies, and, as it happened, they were hungry one morning. The first settled upon a sausage of singularly appetizing appearance and made a hearty meal. But he speedily died of intestinal inflammation, for the sausage was adulterated with analine. The second fly breakfasted upon flour and forthwith succumbed to contraction of the stomach, owing to the inordinate quantity of alum with which the flour had been adulterated. The third fly was slaking his thirst with the contents of the milk jug, when violent cramps suddenly convulsed his frame, and he soon gave up the ghost, a victim to chalk adulteration. Seeing this the fourth fly, muttering to himself, “The sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,” lighted upon a moistened sheet of paper exhibiting the counterfeit presentment of a death's head and the inscription “Fly Poison.” Applying the tip of his proboscis to the device the fourth fly drank to his heart's content, growing more vigorous and cheerful at every mouthful, although expectant of his end. But he did not die. On the contrary, he thrived and waxed fat. You see, even the fly poison was adulterated.

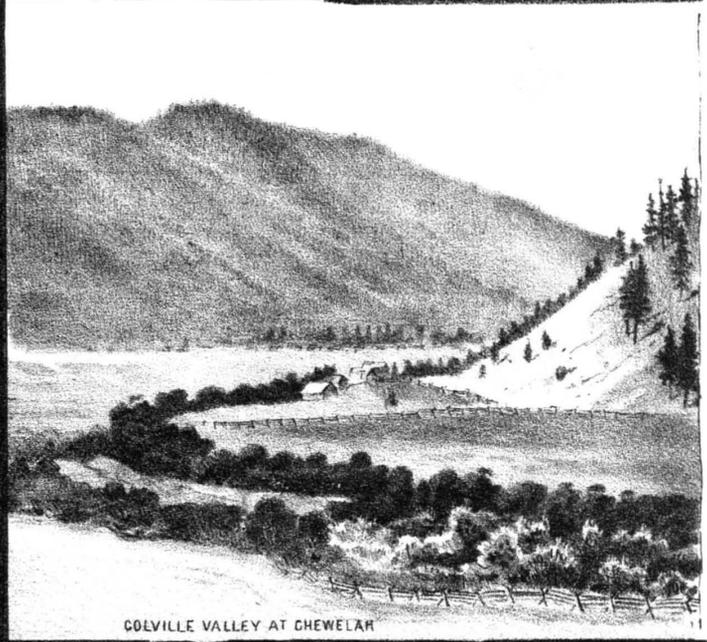
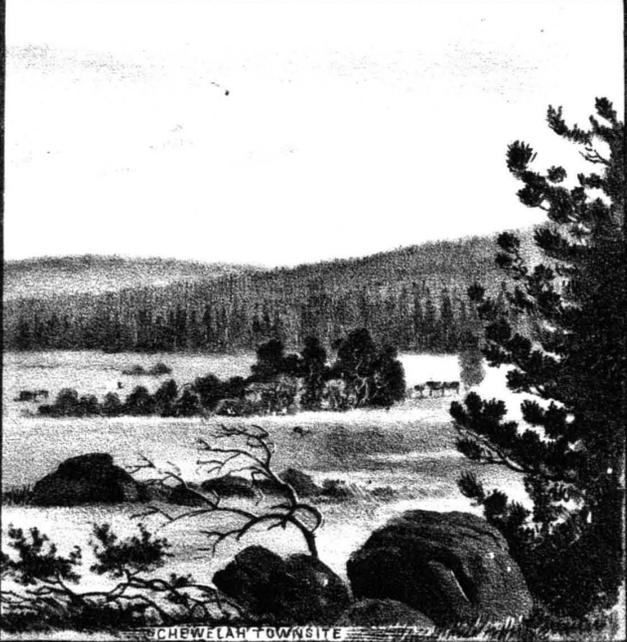
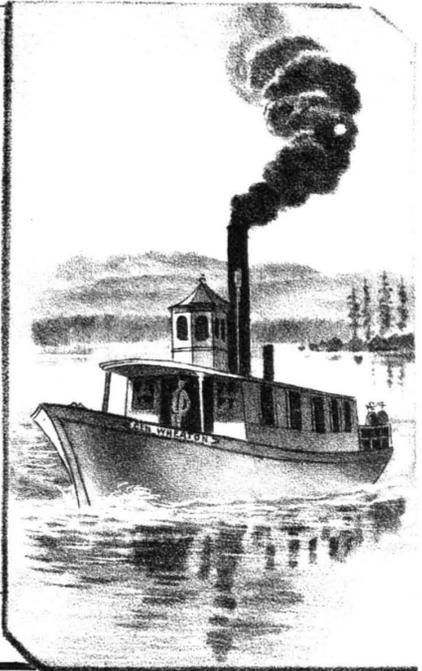
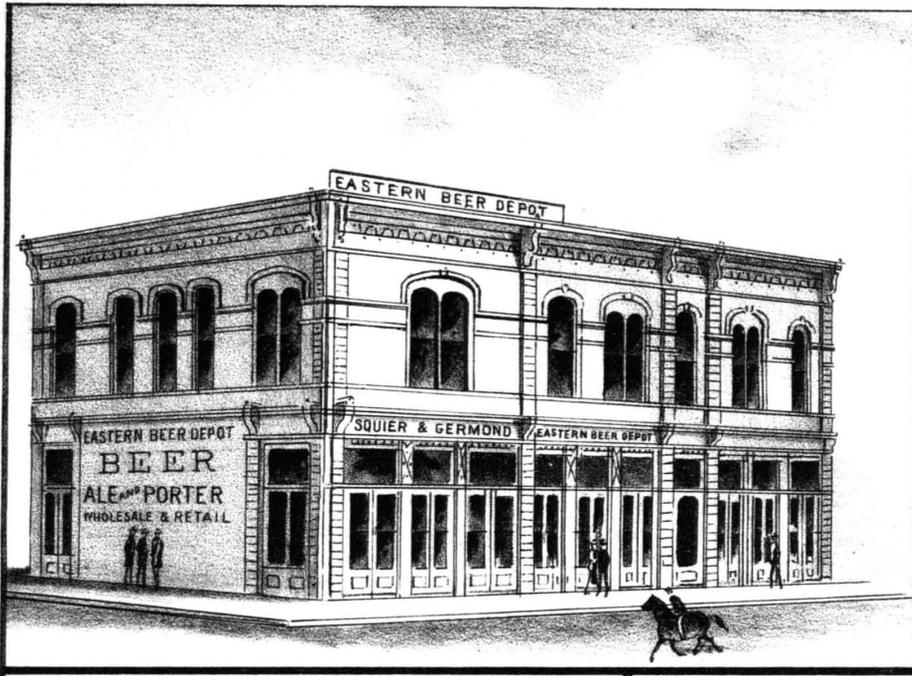
## MARKING THINGS.

THE owner's name put plainly on grain bags, hoes, rakes, spades, shovels, steelyards, etc., and on large implements, is very convenient, and will often save their wandering and loss. We have long kept a steel punch, a piece of iron one-half inch square, the corners rounded off a little, the lower end terminating in a flat piece of steel, three-fourths of an inch wide. On the bottom edge of this the letters of the surname and initials of the given name are cut in relief. With this, and a hammer blow on its head, the name is cut into every implement, large and small. It is beaten into very soft iron, if there is any, otherwise into the wood, and has doubtless saved twenty times its cost (twenty-five cents a letter) in keeping a great variety of things from straying off, or remaining in possession of borrowers, who are thus precluded from saying of them “they did not know whose they were.” These punches, made to order, can be got at moderate cost.

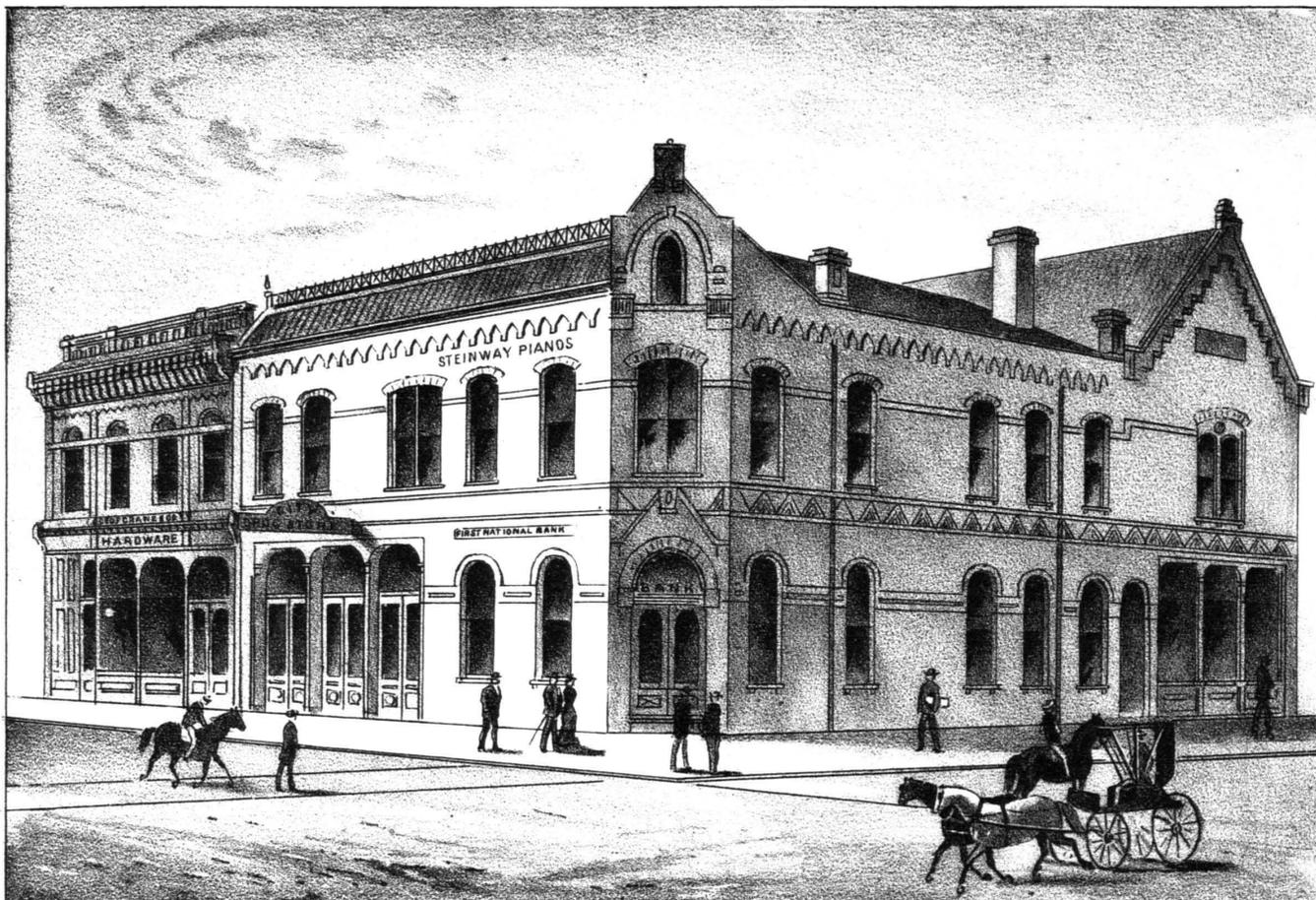
## TO FRIGHTEN BRIDS.

IN Cochin China, says a writer, birds are frightened away from grain fields and fruit trees, and foxes from poultry houses, by the following device: “Old bottles are taken, the mouths corked, through the cork a thread is passed with its end hanging down, where a small piece of board, slate or any other object presenting surface to the wind, is attached. At the height of the thickest part of the bottle a nail is fixed in a way that the thread agitated by the wind makes the nail beat against the bottle like sounding a bell. After preparing a number of bottles in this way strong wooden rods are placed in the soil, and on their top these bottles are put by means of a string fastened at the neck of the bottle. When the bottles are unlike in size and shape the concert of sounds on them is often a very pleasing one.”

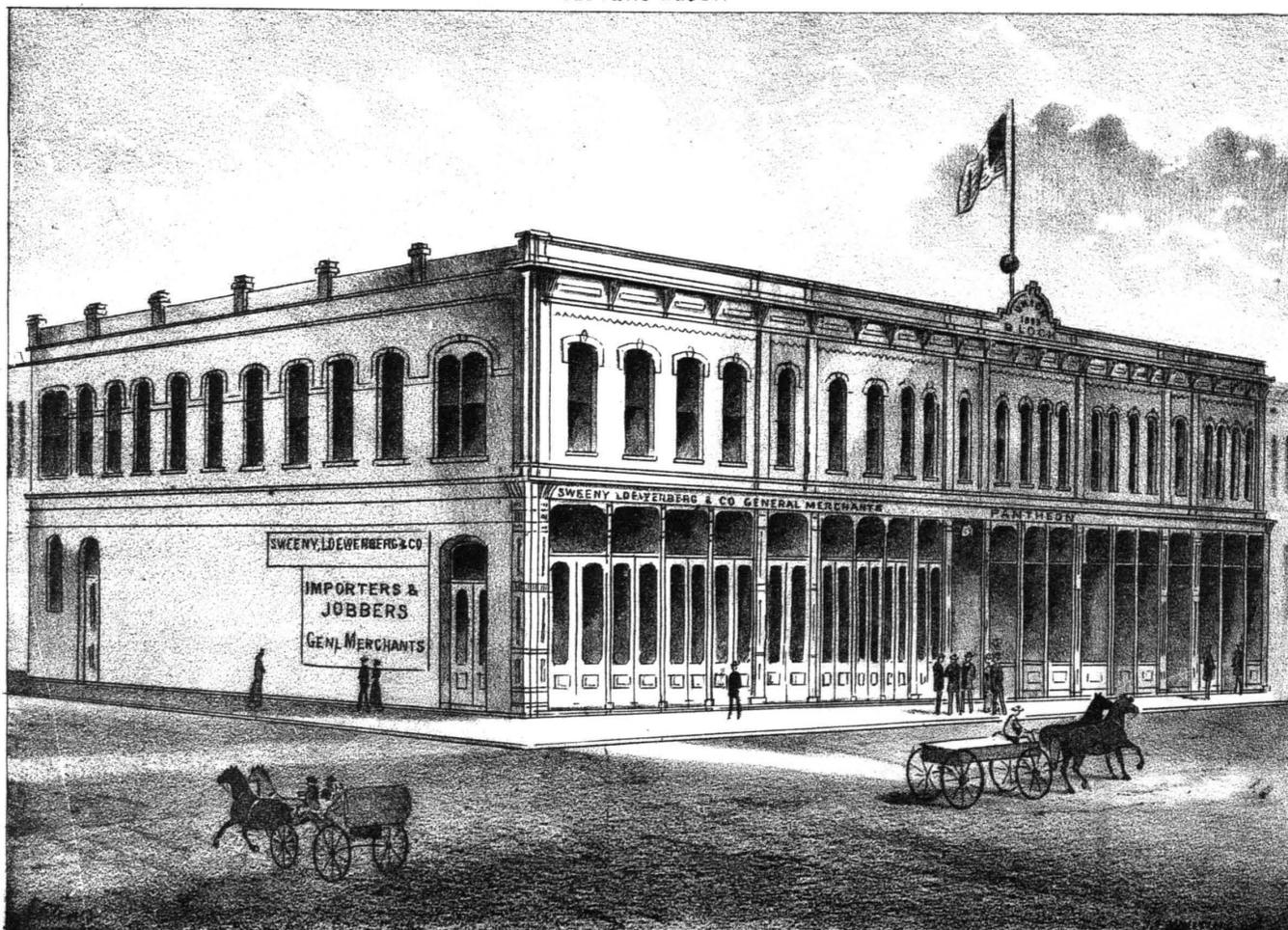
THE WEST SHORE.



THE WEST SHORE.

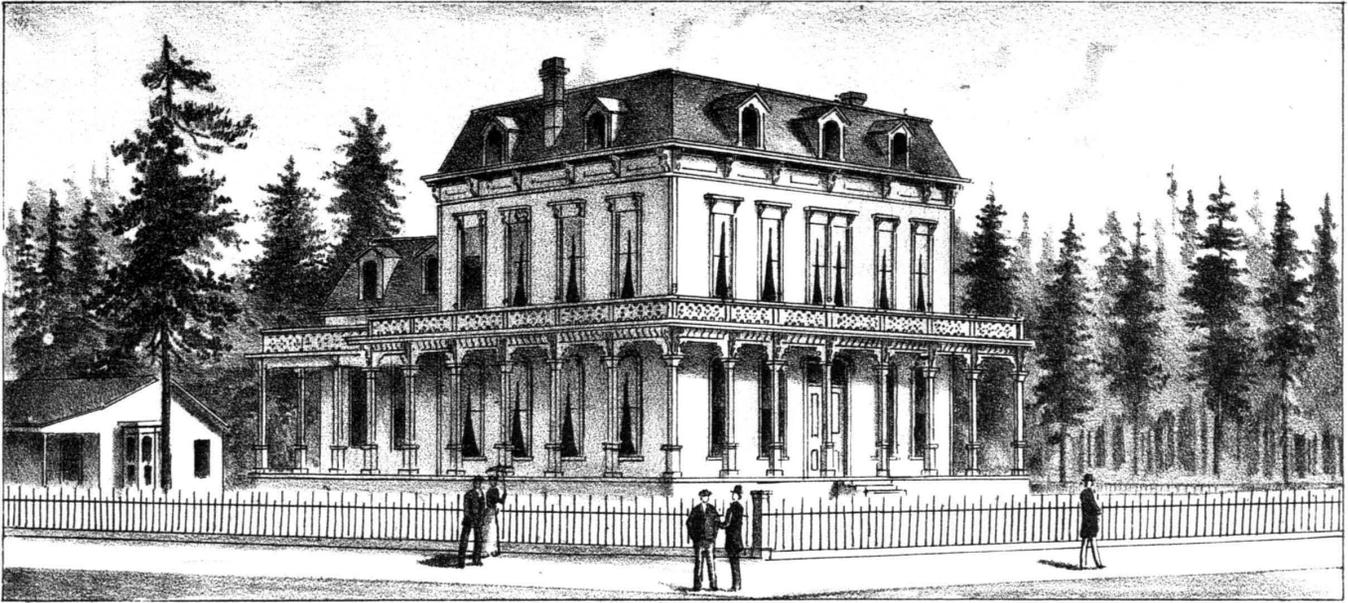


GLOVERS BLOCK

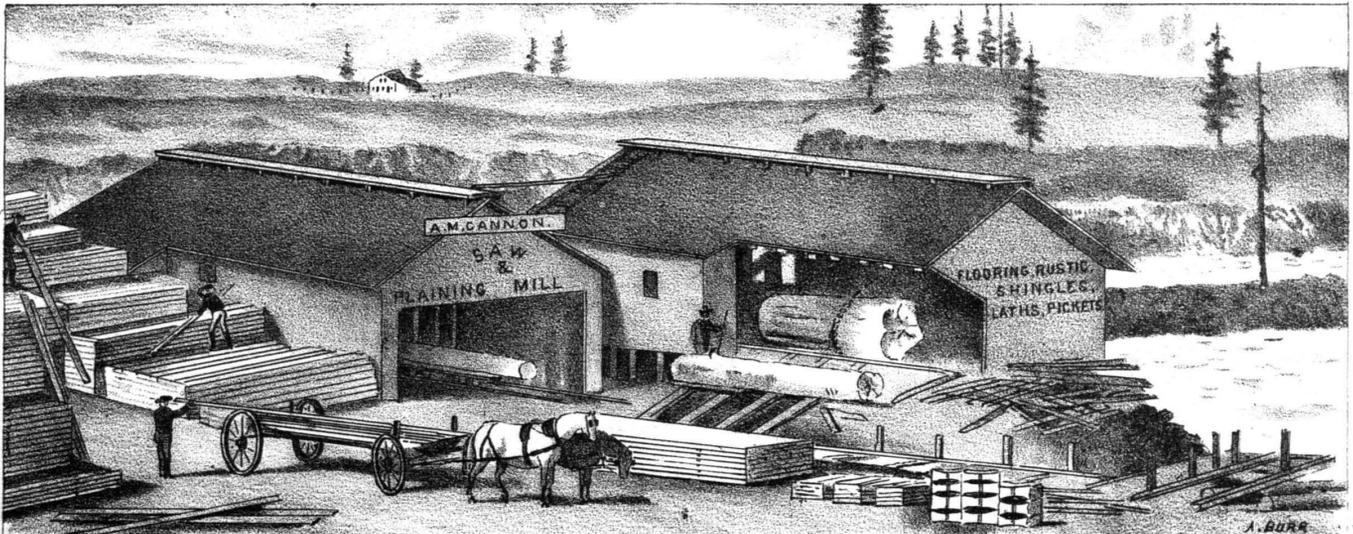


SPOKANE FALLS, W.T.

THE WEST SHORE.



RES OF A.M.CANNON, ESQ.

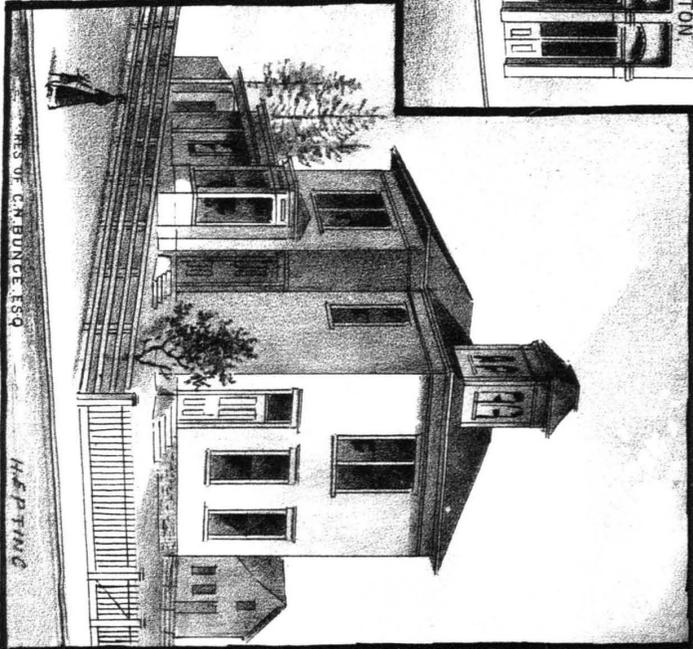
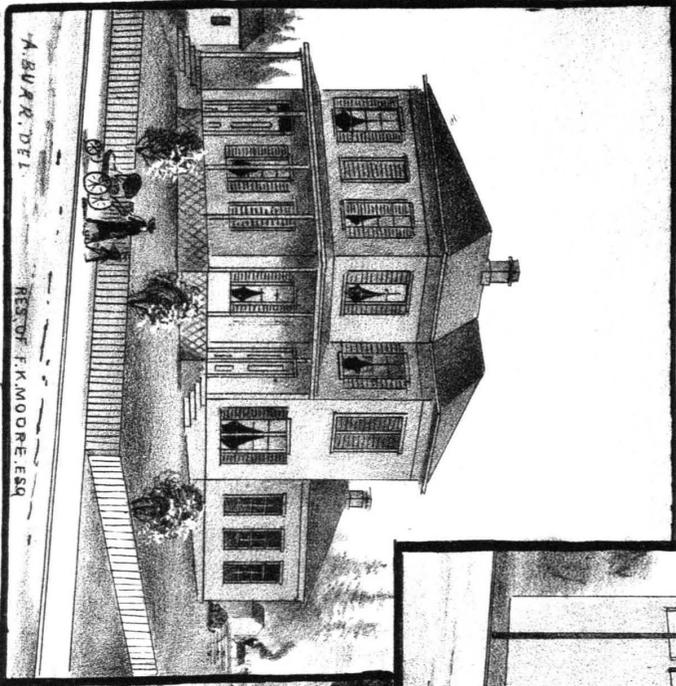
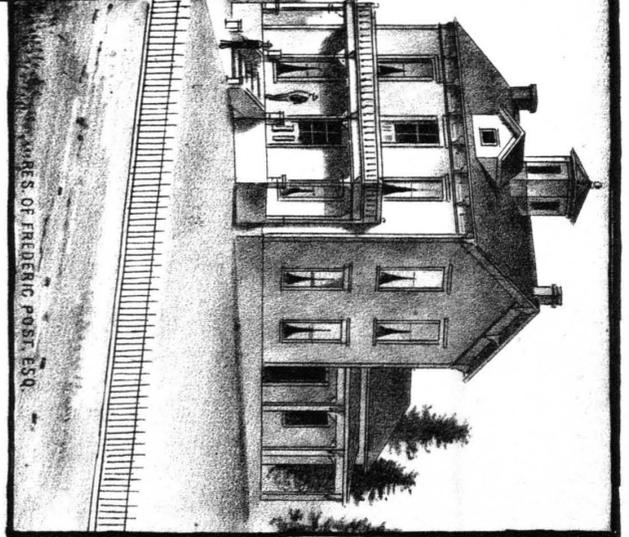
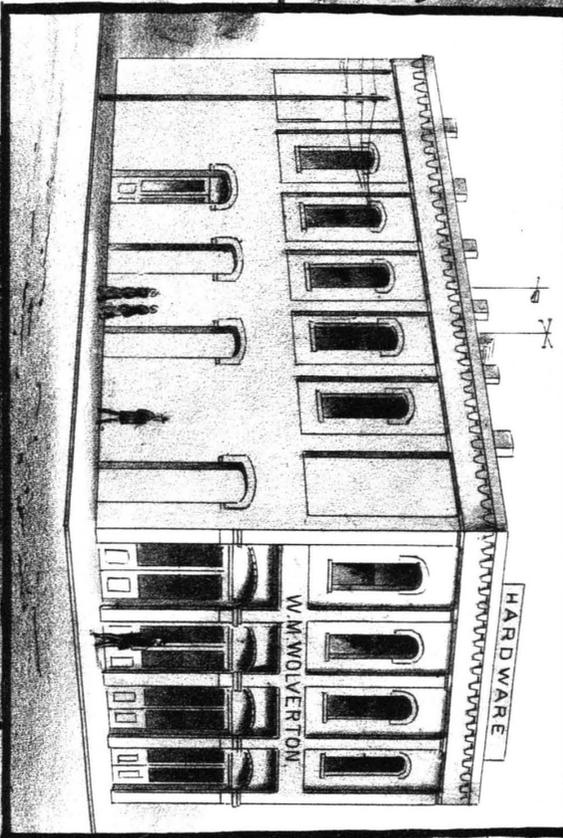
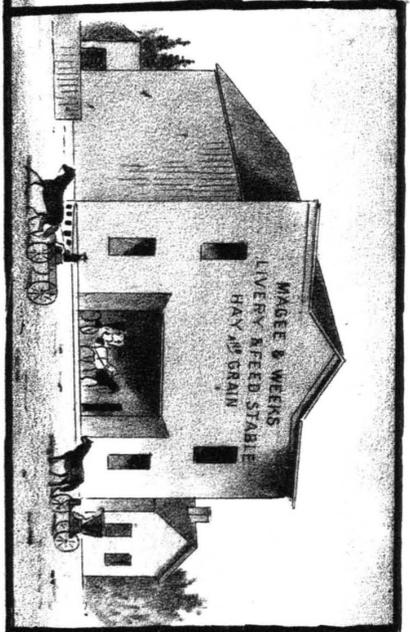


"WEST SHORE" 1174

SPOKANE FALLS, W.T.

A. BURR

THE WEST SHORE.



SPokane Falls, W.T.

## THE ROMANCE OF DISCOVERY GULCH.

THERE was a good deal of excitement on the play ground attached to the boys' seminary, presided over by Dr. Inman. Edward Hunter, a lad of perhaps seventeen, had just been seriously injured whilst playing leap frog. Just as he was bounding over Robert Hunter—cousin—the latter, in the language of the boys, “humped himself,” and, as a consequence, Edward was flung with tremendous violence upon a small pile of stones that lay near to the line of the game.

At that the game broke up, and the boys crowded around the inanimate form in great dismay, not knowing what to do, and too much frightened to reason upon the subject. Fortunately Dr. Inman had at that very moment been glancing at the game, and without waiting even to catch on his hat, ran down from the piazza where he had been standing. At the same time the janitor, alarmed by the cries of some of the smaller boys, came across from the garden. The two caught up Edward between them, and as tenderly as possible, carried him to the house. One of the larger boys was dispatched on a run for a doctor and another for water.

Robert Hunter remained on the play ground, surrounded by his school-fellows. They were all, with the exception of Robert and one or two of his particular friends, anxious enough to follow in procession to the house, but Dr. Inman sternly forbade it; and so they remained on the scene of the disaster.

Before long their tongues got to wagging furiously. There is a great deal of innate savagery about boys; and yet, after any mischief has been done, and it is too late for anything but pity, that wells out of their flinty little hearts in a great river. So Robert Hunter found that public opinion was setting against him in a great tide; and even his particular friend, Bracebridge Martin, was sulkily inclined, and but faint in his defense.

“Don't care, Bob Hunter,” exclaimed one of the larger boys, “I reckon such things don't happen for nothing, and it was a mighty mean way to take it out of him. I'd like to know what boy is going to risk his neck playing with you if that's the style you're going to follow. I tell you if he's killed, it will go mighty hard with you.”

Hunter was somewhat frightened over that view of the case, yet he hardly showed the amount of regret that an honest-hearted boy naturally would. He was more inclined to defend himself than confess and avoid.

“He ain't hurt, and I don't see any use making a fuss over him. He's just playing off, I'll bet you. He's just that kind of a fellow. He's behind with his algebra sums, and I know he hasn't his speech half written, let alone committed. So as he's not ready for to-morrow, he'll make the most he can out of this. If it don't save him lots of trouble, I don't know anything about Ned Hunter.”

“Well, you might say you were sorry, anyhow. If I had laid up my cousin like that, I know I should be, but I don't believe you care at all.”

“Oh, don't I? That's just the way. Didn't he tell the doctor who ran away and went to the circus, that

Saturday afternoon we got permission to go to Bayneville, and didn't he let the cat out and get us all caught in the melon patch. All the mean jobs ever done here were put up by him, and now you're just ugly enough to throw it up to me that he's my cousin. I can't help that, can I? And if his father chooses to waste his money sending him here, where he's got no business, instead of putting him out to a trade, that's something else I can't help. I wouldn't hurt him for anything, but if there was only some way of getting rid of him, you fellows would all be thankful enough to me.”

“Come now, Bob, you're going a little too far. We don't like him because he's mean and all that; but when it comes to lessons, he's as good as the best of us. It's mean for him to tell on us, but if it wasn't for that I wouldn't wonder at the doctor liking him. He gives him less trouble than any of us.”

Robert Hunter began an ugly rejoinder, but at that minute a boy came running up with intelligence about the victim, and the attention of everyone was at once turned to him.

“It might be worse, but its pretty bad as it is. The doctor says you're all to keep as quiet as you can to give him a chance, but it will be a couple of weeks before he gets out. He's jammed up awfully.”

“Are any bones broken?”

“A couple of ribs—and his arm is out of joint, and his head cut open. He's used up, I tell you.”

Hearing this, Robert Hunter, followed by his friend, Martin, strolled away, and he was a good deal more anxious to get out of earshot of his schoolmates than he would have been willing to admit, for he really was frightened.

That evening, when he heard that his cousin was easier and would not probably be permanently disabled or disfigured, his mind was a great deal easier, and for several days it was noticeable that he had lost his overbearing, domineering manner. So some little temporary good had come out of the affair.

At first none of the boys were allowed to see Edward. The doctor had provided an experienced nurse, and he was kept perfectly quiet. But by and by, when the danger seemed to be fairly over, they were admitted for a few moments, one or two at a time. Among the last to go were Bracebridge Martin and Robert Hunter.

They came in quietly enough, and by chance they were left alone with the patient, who had not been apprised of their coming.

He looked up in surprise, as they made their appearance, but at first seemed inclined to silence.

No doubt Robert would have willingly enough avoided this visit, but he knew that by many he had been looked upon with dislike, and remarks none too kind had been made about him, so that he felt forced not only to come into this room, but also to make some remark, and even, if possible, to secure forgiveness from one whom he felt was to all intents his victim, though of course he had not intended any such serious result.

“Well Ed,” he said, at length, “I hope you're not

going to bear me any ill will; you know it was an accident, and you can't think how badly I felt about it. Father would take the jacket off of me quick enough, when I get home, if he heard of it; can't we let bygones be, and begin a new deal?"

Edward remained silent. He was wide enough awake now, and his eyes were gleaming with a light that was not fever.

"Be a good fellow," added Bracebridge Martin. "Bob never meant to hurt you; and you know he's your cousin. He is going home in a day or two for the holidays, and he wants to straighten this up."

"A sweet, affectionate sort of a cousin he is. I want nothing to do with him—or you either. Go away, and let me alone!"

It seemed as though he was struggling to prevent an outburst of passion. He closed his lips firmly, and turned his face away. If they had been wise or tender hearted, they would have done as he said. Instead, they lingered, Robert Hunter never even moving in his chair, whilst Bracebridge stood by his side with a sullen look upon his face.

"I'm sure, Ed," continued Robert, "we came here as friends. If you want to cut up rough we can go out, but you needn't think I'm going to go round begging your pardon any more. If you don't want to be friends its all right, but all the boys will know that its not my fault."

"Friends!"

It seemed that Edward could stand it no longer. He turned, raised himself in the bed, and glared at the two visitors.

"*You* my friend! Ever since I came here I have had but one foe, and that was you, Robert Hunter. Bracebridge Martin would have treated me well enough if you had let him alone. You told tales against me and set the boys all against me; you misrepresented me to your father; a dozen times you have tried to ruin me with the doctor; and only this week you stole my questions and speech, so that I might fail at examination. To crown it all you have tried to murder me. No, we will never be friends. I hate you; I always will hate you, and I never will have anything more to do with you and yours until the day comes when I can have my revenge!"

His excitement triumphed over his weakness, so much that he actually thundered out these last words of defiance; and the boys cowered back, at last thoroughly dismayed. He might have gone on, but fortunately at this juncture the nurse came in, accompanied by the doctor.

"Ah! What is all this?" exclaimed the latter, and without waiting for an answer, he bundled the two boys out of the room, just as Edward fell back, white and trembling, from exhaustion.

This affair of course had an evil effect on Edward, but he was young and had a stout constitution. In a few weeks he crawled out into the sunlight, to find the vacation already far advanced. He had already received a cold letter from his uncle, who, after hearing Robert's account of the accident, seemed to be satisfied that there was no one specially to blame.

Dr. Inman was not so sure, but he was too busy to investigate at the close of the session, and contented himself with seeing that the injured boy had every attention. When the session closed he had his arrangements made, and left to attend his synod. When he returned, he found that Edward, who had been convalescing rapidly, had disappeared only the day before. Search was made, even a liberal reward was offered, but Dr. Inman never saw him again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years of a man's life represent a long time, after all. So much of success or failure can be crowded into that period that for some it has seemed almost an eternity. In ten years Robert Hunter had changed from a school-boy to a man of business, with a fund of experience and a fortune that was placed at a pretty high figure by those who had noted the almost invariable success that had attended his ventures. He had gone into business at an early age, and his father dying a few years later, he had gone his own gait, untrammelled by advice or lack of capital. To the surprise of some of his friends, he had stuck closely to business, and there seemed little danger now that he would go wrong, as they had once predicted. On the contrary, many of his old traits had faded away, and he seemed only intent on getting money, though he was not at all penurious, spite of his lonely life.

Certainly he had done better than his old schoolmate, Bracebridge Martin, who had cast ten years more or less recklessly away.

Some such idea even penetrated to the brain of Bracebridge one evening, as he halted for a moment at the door of the parlor, listening to the sounds of music that drifted out from the room beyond. Then he threw open the door and stalked into the presence of the musician, who was a fair young lady of twenty.

As he entered she ceased playing, and looked up with a gaze that might have been anxious, or only inquiring.

"Vida!" said he, "I've known Robert Hunter a great many years; I went to school with him; I've been in business with him, and we seemed to be friends. Let me tell you he was the worst enemy I ever had. If you ever hear that I have done anything desperate, you may know that he was more than half to blame. It seems to me that he has his eyes on you. I don't like to talk about men, but I can't see him looking at you without giving you a warning. Vida, I'd sooner see you dead and in your coffin than Robert Hunter's wife."

"Do not fear for me, Bracebridge. I will confide to you what I have told no one else. He proposed to me and I rejected him. I understand his nature and will keep him at arm's length, but, oh, beware of him yourself."

"Thank heaven for that! As for me I am lost already."

An so saying, Bracebridge rushed from her presence.

That evening Vida saw nothing of her brother; and was not surprised, though she pondered long and anxiously over his passionate exclamation. When he did not make his appearance the next morning, something of

alarm was mixed with her anxiety, and it was with difficulty that she refrained from instituting an inquiry.

The day passed without hearing anything of him, and that evening there was a ring at the door bell, and shortly thereafter Robert Hunter was ushered into her presence. He seemed somewhat excited, and almost his first words were :

"Miss Martin, where is Bracebridge?"

"You are wonderfully vehement, Mr. Hunter. My brother's actions are not held under my surveillance, and I certainly know nothing of his whereabouts. He is not at home; that is all I can tell you."

Hunter sprang from his chair and paced up and down the floor once or twice before speaking.

"I have reason to believe," he finally said, in a more composed tone, "that he has fled to the city to avoid the punishment of a crime, the evidence of which I hold in my hands. Poor fool, to think that he could escape, when the most practiced criminals rarely succeed in doing so. The officers of the law and the telegraph will check him the moment I extend my hand. And now, Vida, his fate rests with you."

She met his gaze, that suddenly became fervent, with a haughty stare.

"Pray, sir, do not speak in riddles. Enlighten me as to what Bracebridge has done, and what is expected of me. Then perhaps I may be able to give you an answer; which you evidently expect."

"If you assume that line of action my words will not be many, or very nicely chosen. He has committed forgery. I had a note for a thousand dollars, of which the endorsement was never written by the man whose name it purports to be, and Bracebridge altered this note. Under certain contingencies alone can I interfere with the course of the law. Change the 'no' you once gave me, into a 'yes,' and the note shall be burned in your presence."

Only momentarily did Vida waver. Then came the memory of her brother's warning—the very last words she had heard him utter, and at the same time she caught a glimpse of the fact, that compounding the felony in this way could never save her from a life of shame and self-disgrace—that it would be more apt to bring ultimate relief to do right and dare all. Her answer was no longer delayed.

"No, a thousand times no. Better to break my heart for my brother's faults than sorrow forever over my own disgrace. Do your worst, so that you keep within the limits of the law—but meanwhile, I believe the victim is beyond your reach. And even though he should be adjudged guilty of a crime, I shall believe either that he is innocent, or that he has been made the cat's-paw of yourself—the greater criminal. Be gone! From this hour I know you as you are and cease to recognize you, even as an acquaintance."

He strove to answer her, but she refused to listen to him, and rang the bell for the servant.

"Show this person out and see that he is never again admitted" was her contemptuous order, and then she swept through the door that led to the music parlor, leaving him to make his exit, grinding his teeth with baffled rage.

Well, the threats of Robert Hunter were not altogether idle words. The police were sure enough launched upon his track, the telegraph employed—but all that was apparently useless. Bracebridge Martin had got out into the world, and the world had swallowed him up.

Vida, however disconsolate she may have felt, gave no outward sign. Of the whereabouts of her brother she

knew absolutely nothing, and as yet the papers said nothing of his absence. Once or twice Robert Hunter tried to force himself into her presence, but as often she sternly repelled him. Yet he did at last get the chance for a few words with her, and this time he asked for no favors.

"You slighted my love when it was freely offered; you refused to reason, when reason would have saved one that was dear to you; now you will feel my revenge. I will soon have news of the fugitive; and I will go to the world's end to bring him back myself. Yes, I will bring him back, to his shame and your contempt. A few weeks more and you will see him an inmate of a felon's cell. And then my triumph will but have scarcely begun."

Since her brother had left her, Vida was alone, save for the aunt who had been with the children ever since the death of their parents. This aunt managed the household exceedingly well, but beyond that she was scarcely one to whom Vida could go for comfort or counsel. Practically to this emergency she was all alone. She could not confide to her social friends the story of shame that would have to be revealed before she could ask for advice.

Nevertheless, it seemed that the time was at hand when she must do something, and in default of anything better, she had Robert Hunter shadowed by a private detective—who turned out to be both shrewd and reliable. He asked no questions as to her motives and only required enough of her story to understand what he was expected to do; and very soon he came with a report.

"I think, Miss, that our man has got some information, and is getting ready for a start. If some one is not a deal sharper than I am, he's off for San Francisco next Monday. And the information he has locates your brother somewhere near Poverty Gulch. He is getting the papers ready, and I needn't tell you that he expects to bring him back. You've got three days to take the start of him, and if I can help you any I'll do it."

Vida considered. There was haunting her mind a fear that Bracebridge might fall even lower than Robert Hunter would seek to thrust him. If she had only dreamed that her last words to him were to be those of parting, how differently she would have spoken! and she did not know what to believe. She felt that she must have an interview with him.

There were three days yet, provided she could slip away unnoticed, in which she could get a start on Hunter—and those three days she determined to utilize. That very evening, in company with her aunt and Mr. Howard, the detective agent, she was steaming westward as fast as the Pacific Express could carry her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two men were sitting in front of a little cabin, away up the mountain side, above and beyond the mining camp known as Poverty Gulch. It was a lonesome, desolate spot, whither they had drifted not many days before, and the hut was the merest shell, hastily thrown together. But below, a few hundred yards, there was a canyon where, in mining parlance, they had "struck it rich," and from which, while it lasted, they were taking out the shining dust at a rate that satisfied their most ardent desires. This evening they were sitting smoking their pipes by the side of the fire at which they had but lately cooked their supper. They were tired from a hard day's work, and only now and then spoke a word or two for perhaps half an hour. Then the younger and slighter of the two, as he refilled his pipe, loosened his tongue.

"Its strange what luck there is in the world, after all. There's not another man in the next ten thousand that would have taken up with a perfect stranger and a thorough greenhorn like myself. Why, if I hadn't met

you, I'd have been mighty apt to have starved. I tell you I don't feel as though any of that claim belonged to me. If it wasn't too unutterably lonely to leave a man by himself, I'd pick up my duds and clear off until you had the claim worked out. There's only one consolation—it's not altogether a safe neighborhood, and maybe I'm going to do some good just by staying."

The other gave vent to a short laugh, and knocked the ashes out of his own pipe.

"Don't be nonsensical; Tom Thorne is a good enough name to go by. I knew you as soon as I saw you, and took you right into my camp. I'm glad I did, for you're a dozen times better fellow than I expected to find you. Don't you suppose I remember you, Brace Martin?"

"And who in thunder are you?" exclaimed Martin, leaping to his feet, and peering into the face of his companion.

"I'm Edward Hunter, at your service. You used to be Bob's friend, at Dr. Inman's, but from some little hints you've given, I fancy you've dropped to him as thoroughly as I did before I ran away."

"And you've kept this to yourself all these weeks? Well, I'll be hanged!"

"Don't mention such a contingency. It's so likely to happen to any one out here. But now that the murder is out, sit down and give me the news. I'm just dying to talk of old times and all that."

After a few more expressions of surprise, Bracebridge Martin did as he was bidden, and each told more or less of his story.

"A hard time? Well, yes, you might consider it such. I bolted because I couldn't stand the way I was treated; and, for a time, I thought I'd jumped from the frying pan into the fire. But I got out here and went to work. I've been rich two or three times already; and then, when Fate knocked me down, I jumped up and went at it again. I've got so used to my new name I have almost forgotten my old one. Now tell us about yourself. I know you must have got into a snarl somehow, and maybe I can show you the way through."

Martin, being taken somewhat off his guard, told the whole story of his wasted life, down to the time of his leaving; and the reason for the abrupt departure was that Robert Hunter had threatened him with ruin for uttering a check that he claimed was forged.

"How it could be I can't imagine, for I got the check from Hunter himself."

"Just like him. The boy that would try to break his cousin's neck because of envy would ruin a friend to serve his ends. He must have some reason for wishing to have you in his power."

"He did. I had used up everything I was worth, but Vida had a little fortune of her own, and he was after that. He couldn't do anything with her himself, and he wanted to reach her through me. To block that game I bolted."

It was just as well that the two had this conversation, for it made a still more thorough understanding between them. In addition, it prepared Edward Hunter for what happened the following day.

As they were taking their frugal supper, just as the dusky evening fell, both were startled by hearing the sound of some one approaching. More startling yet; when the new-comers came into sight Hunter saw that there were two ladies and a gentleman in the party. When one of these ladies exclaimed:

"Oh, Bracebridge!" and hastily threw herself from the saddle, he knew that, in all probability, this was the Vida Martin of whom his companion had been speaking the evening before.

He watched the meeting with real pleasure, and yet,

before long, his smile was turned into a frown, as he heard Vida saying:

"But oh, Bracebridge, you must fly once more. Even though you decide to go back to New York and brave the arrest, it would never do for him to drag you there. He is on your trail, and we only reached Poverty Gulch before him by a liberal use of money in procuring a private conveyance. The stage was only a few hours behind us; an accident cost me nearly three days. It is not safe to remain here even another night."

"If I do it will be for your sake, not mine," he answered.

And as they stood there arguing their cause a sudden interruption, in the shape of three men, who, having crawled up unheard, dashed into the circle. At their head came Robert Hunter, exclaiming:

"Bracebridge Martin, surrender! I arrest you in the name of the law."

In an instant Martin seized Howard's arm and dashed away down the secret trail that led to their claim in the gulch below. Robert Hunter glanced quickly around him and caught a glimpse of the retreating figures. As he dashed away in pursuit Edward Hunter uttered a cry of warning, but it was unheeded.

There was a path to be seen, narrow and dangerous, but Robert Hunter knew nothing of it. He had marked the spot where the men had disappeared, and leaping forwards, as he supposed, into the shadow, he bounded straight over the edge of the canyon, whose sheer wall went down and down for a straight two hundred feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Strangest of all, the man was not immediately killed.

Several projecting trees broke his fall, and they found him living and not altogether speechless.

When they gathered round him, lying prone under the full moonlight, he knew his cousin at once. He muttered, brokenly:

"This is your revenge. You remember?"

"Heaven knows, my poor fellow, that it was no act or fault of mine. I forgave you long ago."

"Revenge all the same. You will get all of mine and yours that I held you out of so long. Martin is right. I forged the endorsement and gave him. The true note is in my safe. Good-bye. I am going. It—is—right."

He said no more, but slowly drifted out into that other world, where such as he fare badly.

Sick to her very heart, Vida stood leaning upon her brother's shoulder, who fled no farther. The two guides his foe had brought with him washed their hands of the affair—they had dropped into something better since they knew the secret of Discovery Gulch.

Before a week was over there were a dozen cabins in sight from Martin's cabin, and every foot of pay dirt was claimed.

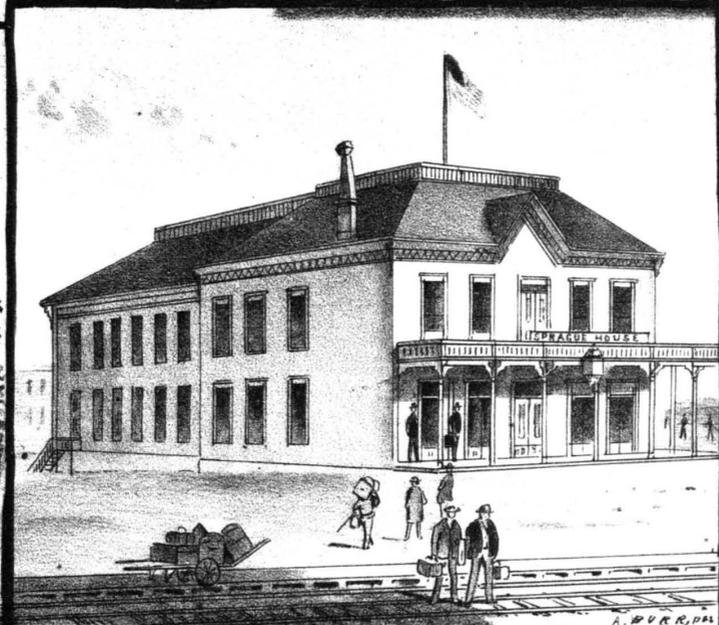
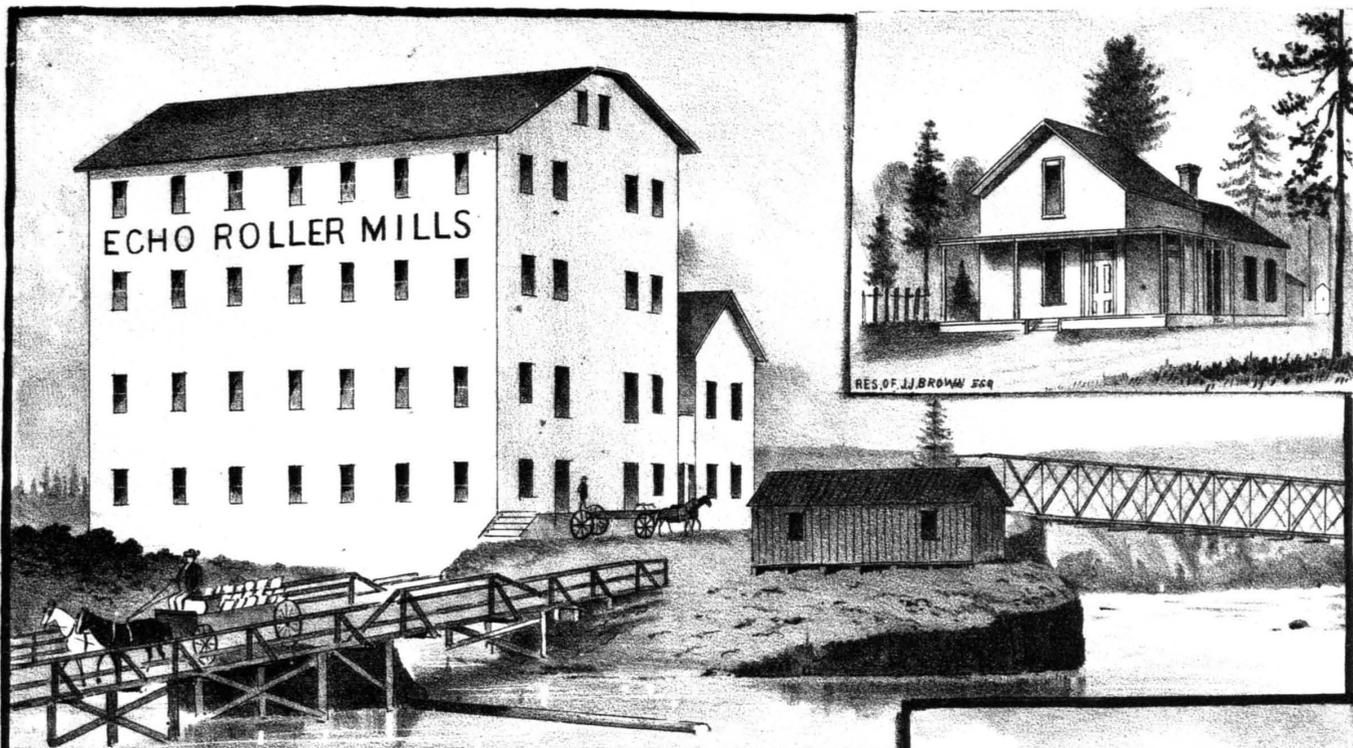
Yet this made but little difference now to the two friends, as they desired to sell out anyhow. They had no wish to linger there, nor did they. Their bonanzas had already turned out well, and they sold for much more, and then five persons wended their way eastward.

Not to impose a long story upon the reader, Bracebridge Martin's innocence was now susceptible of abundant proof, as was Edward Hunter's kinship to the deceased. He was the nearest of all, and to him came the inheritance, though much of it was really that fortune of his own of which, through so many years, he had been defrauded.

And do you ask, what of Vida? Ah, well. The true friend of her brother became her friend also—and after a time something nearer. She is still happy as the wife of him who ran away to win revenge, who failed, and yet was revenged after all.

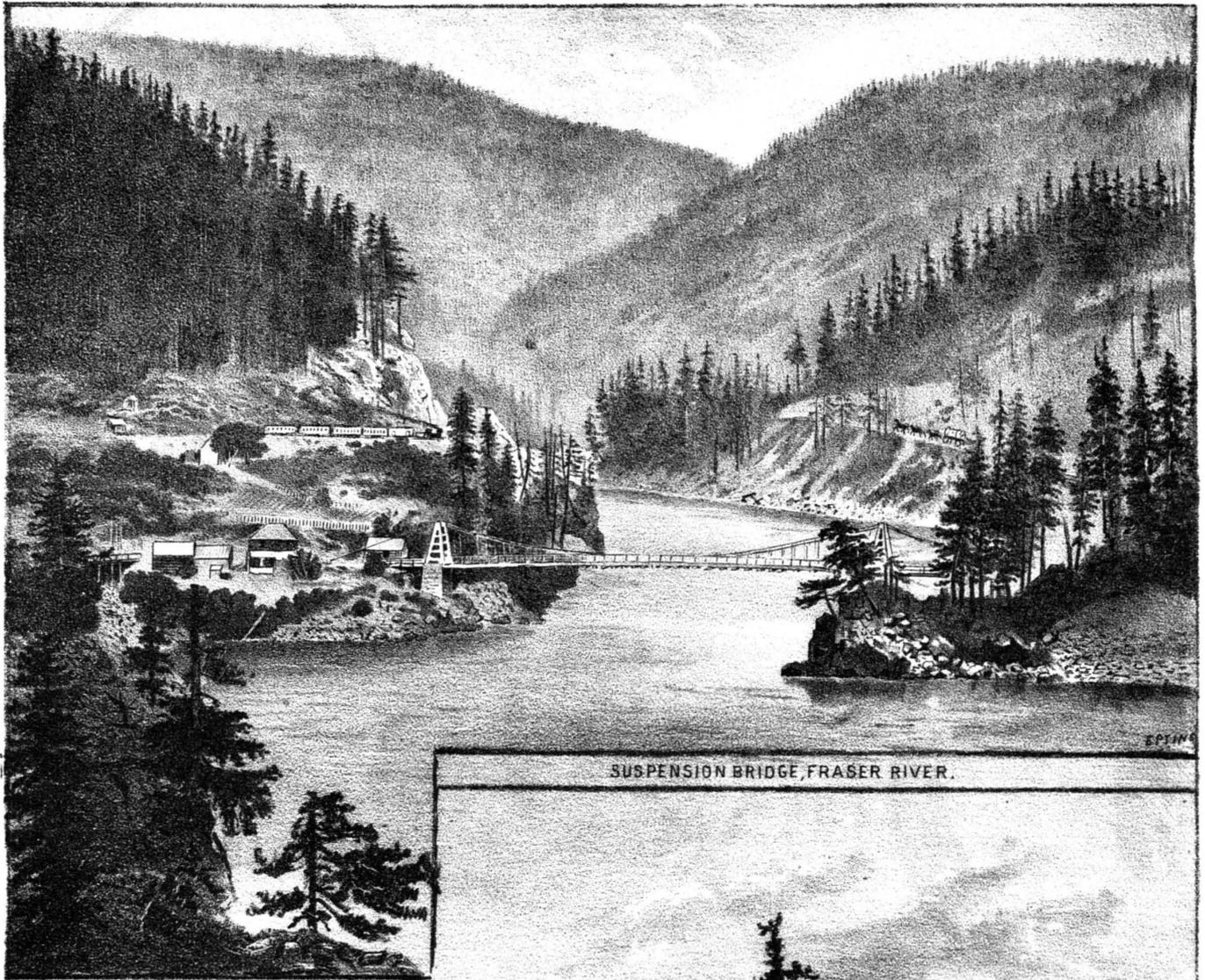
W. R. B.

THE WEST SHORE.

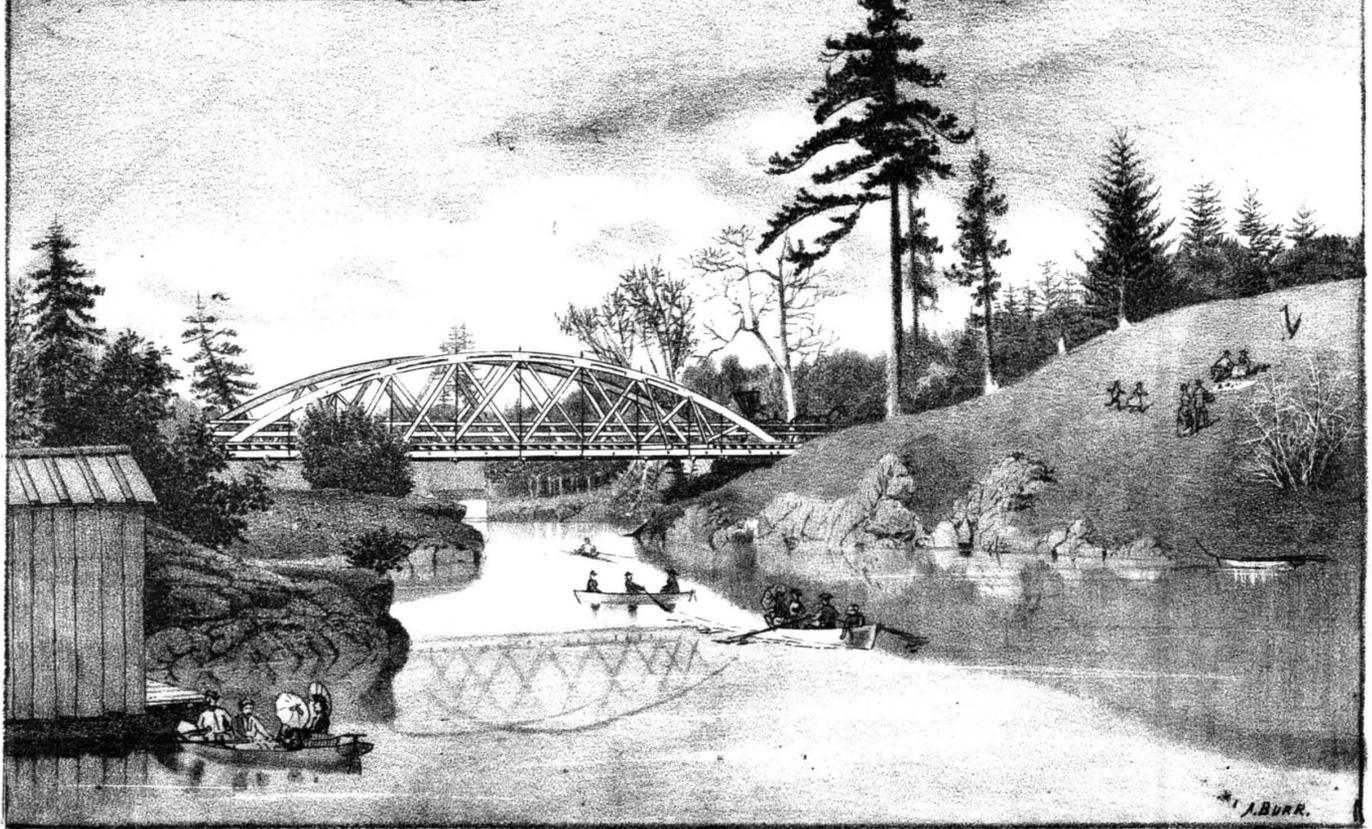


SPOKANE FALLS W.T.

THE WEST SHORE.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FRASER RIVER.



WEST SHORE LITH

"THE GORGE" VICTORIA, B.C.

J. BURR.  
MAYNARD. PHOTO.

## SPOKANE FALLS AND SURROUNDINGS.

THE marvelous growth of Western towns has passed into a proverb. Throughout this rapidly developing region spots specially favored by nature for salubrity and beauty, and situated so as to receive the united support of surrounding agricultural, mineral, timber and grazing sections, have been selected for town sites. Here have sprung up thriving business towns and cities with a magical rapidity, astonishing even to those whose energies and capital have been employed in the work. Especially is this true along the line of the Northern Pacific. That some of these enjoy a "mushroom" growth, and are inflated beyond their proper limits, is true; but all such have their bubble quickly punctured and collapse. A year's dependence upon its own resources invariably reveals the character of a town's growth, whether it is founded on a permanent basis or has only been inflated by an organized "boom." A town that in its second year grows still faster than in its first, whose trade increases, whose wooden buildings are supplanted by brick, whose situation renders tributary to it a vast extent of surrounding country, rich in natural resources that are rapidly undergoing development, such a town soon demonstrates that its growth possesses all the elements of stability. But when in its third and fourth years it continues to grow in the same or even greater ratio, when it possesses within itself unrivaled facilities for manufacturing, and when its relation to surrounding regions is such as to render it the natural railroad center for all the arteries of commerce by which the products of those regions are brought to the great trunk lines which span the continent, it is not only relieved of the imputation of being a "mushroom city," but becomes universally recognized as a natural metropolis, awaiting only the further development of its resources to become a large city. Such a town is Spokane Falls.

Though it is only within the last four years that Spokane Falls has come into prominence as a business and manufacturing city, its history extends over a much longer period; and it is many years since its advantages were considered by thoughtful men, who recognized the fact that the construction through it of the Northern Pacific Railroad was all that was necessary to start it upon its career as the metropolis of Eastern Washington. A brief resume of its history will be interesting to those who are familiar only with its present.

That portion of Eastern Washington lying north of Snake River and east of the Columbia, exclusive of the Colville region, is known as the "Great Plateau of the Columbia," and can be subdivided into three sections—the "Palouse," "Big Bend" and "Spokane." Through the last named runs the Spokane River, heading in Cœur d'Alene Lake and discharging into the Columbia. It is on this river this growing manufacturing city is situated, at a point where the stream foams and dashes over a series of cascades and falls, the most broken and beautiful to be found in the West. Not only is this point the natural center of the Spokane country, but it is so situated as to render tributary to it a large portion of

the Big Bend and Palouse regions, as well as the Colville country, and the vast Kootenai region lying still further to the north.

In the spring of 1873, when it was reported that the Northern Pacific would probably select the Spokane Valley as its route into Washington Territory, J. N. Glover hastened to the falls to secure control of the water power and adjacent land. He found a small saw-mill and several land claimants already in possession, but succeeded in purchasing their claims and improvements for the sum of \$4,000. He then formed a partnership with J. N. Matheny and C. F. Yeaton. At that time the resources of the surrounding country were not only undeveloped, but to a large extent unknown. In the whole Spokane country there were not more than one hundred people, nearly all of them new settlers in localities widely separated. There was nothing but the great possibilities of the future, which these men were far-sighted enough to recognize. The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. and the complete suspension of all work on the Northern Pacific was very discouraging to their hopes, yet they trusted in the future and persevered. New machinery was procured for the saw mill and a large stock of goods was taken up, for trading with the settlers and Indians.

Progress was slow for several years. In 1874 a public school was established. Several families were added to the population, among them that of Rev. S. G. Havermale, who in the fall of 1875 pre-empted what is now known as Havermale's Addition to Spokane Falls, and organized a Methodist Church. Frederick Post came in 1876, with the purpose of utilizing the water power for grinding wheat. The town proprietors sold him at cost 40 of the 120 acres they had pre-empted, and allowed him the use of the saw mill to aid in constructing his mill, which was not ready to manufacture flour until the spring of 1878. In 1877 the town site firm, whose business had not been profitable, dissolved partnership, Messrs. Matheny and Yeaton taking their departure. Mr. Glover's confidence was unshaken, and he held on to his interests. Quite a number of arrivals now increased the size of the town, and in the spring of 1878 Mr. Glover sold an interest in the town site to A. M. Cannon and J. J. Browne. A large stock of goods was then put in by Cannon, Warner & Co., and the place received a fresh impetus. Several of the most prominent citizens cast their fortunes with the future city about the same time. Mr. Cannon is a man of energetic character, keen perception and great liberality. He at once began to make known abroad the advantages possessed by Spokane Falls, and to induce capital to make investments. Not only this, but he erected buildings, engaged in manufacturing, and encouraged every enterprise calculated to benefit the city. In this work he was ably assisted by Mr. Browne, and to the energy and liberality of these gentlemen may safely be credited the rapid progress and great popularity of Spokane Falls.

In 1879 surveying parties heralded the coming of the railroad, and the effect was soon apparent. The great

advantages possessed by this budding city were so patent to all that it required but the assurance of an early completion of the railroad to draw many people towards it. In the fall the *Spokane Times* was founded by F. H. Cook, Mr. Cannon being the principal patron of the enterprise, and several large stores were erected. The railroad reached the city in 1881, on its way eastward from Wallula to unite with the main line being pushed westward from the Missouri. It was not until the fall of 1882 that the completion of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's line down the Columbia gave the city railroad connection with Portland, and not until September, 1883, that the union of the two ends of the track in Montana gave it a route to the East. Yet Spokane Falls did not sit in idleness, waiting for prosperity to be showered upon it. The enterprising citizens recognized the fact that the magnificent water power, the beautiful town site, the commanding commercial location, were not in themselves wealth, were not even a guarantee of a great city; they were but superb natural advantages, which, by proper handling, by the investment of capital and the expenditure of well-directed energy, could be made to develop here a great manufacturing and commercial city more easily and quickly than at any point not possessing such peculiar natural facilities. With this idea they have been at work for the past three years, have invested their money, and have made known the advantages and future prospects of the town to others, who have also invested in the city; and the result is that in this remarkably short period the little town which had struggled along for years, living upon the hope of the future, has developed into the city of Spokane Falls as we see it to-day.

Spokane Falls has now a population of about 2,500 people, when two years ago there were but 1,000; yet any statement of its population can be of temporary and approximate accuracy only, so rapidly are new families, chiefly new comers from the East, taking up their residence and embarking in business within its limits. Of the city itself the same is true as of its population, that any description can be of but temporary accuracy, so constantly are changes being made and new improvements added. The town site is laid off on a level, gravelly plain, on the south side of the river, immediately fronting the great falls. There are also nine additional plats laid off on the north side of the stream and ten on the south side. The principal street, Riverside avenue, is 100 feet wide and none of the others are less than 75 feet in width. The character of business structures, especially those erected in 1883 or now in process of construction, is very substantial. At first, as has been the universal rule, cheap buildings were hastily erected, the only material available being the lumber turned out by the saw mill; but now a superior quality of brick is being manufactured in the vicinity, and brick blocks are fast crowding out the temporary wooden structures, improving the appearance of the city, enhancing the value of property and reducing the risk from fire. Several new store buildings have just been completed and half a dozen more are in process of erection. The industrial

and business interests, as they exist at present, may be summarized as follows: Two large flouring mills, machine shop, saw mill, sash and door factory, carriage shop, two substantial banks, two wholesale and retail dry goods stores, which will soon be increased to five or six, four hardware stores, five grocery stores, three millinery stores, four gents' furnishing stores, two produce and commission houses, one forwarding and commission house, three drug stores, three saddlery and harness stores, three furniture stores, two shoe stores, four bakeries, four confectionery stores, five livery stables, nine hotels and restaurants, two breweries, ten saloons, four agricultural implement agencies, a photograph gallery, and a great number of shops and offices of various kinds.

The most prominent building in the city, and one that is a general landmark, is the Echo Roller Mills, built in 1883 by S. G. Havermale and George A. Davis. The mill is a large six story structure, fitted up with the most approved machinery and facilities, and is supplied with rollers and appliances for manufacturing flour by the gradual reduction process. The machinery now in use has a daily capacity of 150 barrels, but the mill is so planned that the capacity can be increased to 800 barrels per day. It is the largest mill between Portland and Minneapolis, and the day is probably not far distant when the wheels of several worthy associates will be turned by the roaring torrent now running to waste at its feet. The other mill is the property of Frederick Post. The saw mill is owned by A. M. Cannon & Co., and the sash and door factory by W. C. Johnson & Co. These, with the other industries mentioned, furnish labor to many men, and are the pioneers of the many mills and factories which will in time line the banks of the river and make Spokane Falls the "Minneapolis of the Pacific."

The magnitude of this water power can only be understood from a detailed description. Howard street runs north and south through the center of the town, and the foot of this street, where it strikes the river, seems to be the point from which to describe the power. The rapids, above the falls proper, begin about one-fourth of a mile above the Howard Street Bridge, and this is the beginning of the power. A few rods below these rapids the river is divided into three main channels by the Echo Mill Island and Big Island, and the north and largest channel of these three is again divided, lower down, into three sub-channels by two small islands. These several channels are cascaded between the islands. The greatest fall is below all the mills at present in operation, is about forty rods below our point of observation, and has a descent of sixty-five feet. The rapids and falls extend over a linear distance of nearly one-half mile, and the natural fall is 156 feet. The upper dam is substantially constructed of timbers and planking, and is thrown across the channel between the Echo Mill Island and Big Island. This deepens the south channel for floating logs to Cannon's saw mill and furnishes power to Echo Mill during seasons of low water. A solid and substantial dam is thrown across the south channel above the main fall, and supplies Cannon's saw mill and Post's grist mill with power. Above Big Island a dam six feet in height can be constructed at a cost not to exceed \$3,000, and from this water can be flumed down both main shores and along the islands, furnishing abundant power to a hundred great mills and factories before returning to the river channels above the main fall. A flume or flumes projected from the channel bed of the river at any point below the first of the cascades would furnish almost unlimited power all along the river for a mile or more.

There will never be a scarcity of water for power. The river never freezes and never floods, and the bed and islands and main shores are of basaltic rock and as solid as the continent. Governor Pillsbury, the Minneapolis miller, of world wide reputation, admired the water power chiefly because of the ease with which it can be controlled and the inexpensiveness of utilizing it, and this is the universal expression of all who have inspected it.

The amount of business handled by the two banks—the Bank of Spokane Falls and the First National Bank—aggregated in 1883 a total of \$10,000,000, much of which represents investments in real estate or in manufacturing and commercial enterprises, the balance being required to handle the great volume of trade transacted by the city. The most prominent buildings not already mentioned are the Union Block, Central Block, Browne's Block, Rima's Block and Glover's Block, all brick buildings, two stories in height, and generally very ornamental in design, and the large building known as Cannon's Block. A number of other brick structures will be erected this year, probably more than in 1883, among which will be the block of Squier & Germond, which forms one of our engravings.

The permanent population of Spokane Falls is of a highly intellectual and moral character, composed of the families of those enterprising men who have gathered here from our coast cities and the East to lend their energies to the work of building up the city. The handsome and commodious public school building, which has just been completed at an expense of \$7,000, is an indisputable evidence of this; and a further evidence is the edifice of Spokane College, an educational institution of a high order, under the auspices of Columbia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This building was erected in 1883 at an expense of \$8,000. The foundation is laid for a college by the Catholics, which is under the management of the Jesuits, and is designed by them to be an institution similar to their extensive one at Santa Clara, Cal. The structure will be an imposing one and will cost \$40,000. The Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Catholic and Presbyterian denominations have church organizations and nearly all of them good houses of worship. The Masons, Odd Fellows and Workmen have prosperous lodges. Two excellent weekly papers ably represent the city at home and abroad. The *Chronicle*, published by H. T. Crowley, was established by C. B. Carlisle in 1881, and the *Review* was founded in 1883, Frank M. Dallam, publisher. The Western Union Telegraph Company has an office in the city. There is also a Government telegraph line to Fort Cœur d'Alene, and extending south to Colfax and Dayton, a United States signal station being located in the city.

It is not in its water power only that Spokane Falls finds itself favored by Nature. The situation of the city with reference to the surrounding country has been a great factor in its growth, and will play a still more important part in the future. This region has a wealth of natural resources, vast expanses of fertile agricultural and grazing lands, and an abundance of the precious metals. To the south lies the celebrated Palouse country, of which a large portion is naturally tributary to this city. A branch line from the Northern Pacific has been projected to run southward to Rockford and Farmington, and offer that region the shipping facilities it requires. To the west lies a magnificent empire worthy a special description. First come the fields and cattle ranges of Lincoln county, a region but recently an unoccupied wilderness and now forming a county by itself, through which runs a good wagon road, giving easy communication with the city.

Beyond Lincoln county lies the famous Big Bend

country, another vast agricultural region tributary to Spokane Falls, from which hundreds of settlers start with their wagons loaded with supplies purchased there. A good road leads all the way to the Grand Coulee (Indian name for waterway), which was once a secondary channel of the Columbia, and marks the eastern boundary of the region under consideration. The Coulee commences on the present course of the Columbia River, between the Sinopel and Nespalem rivers, and extends in a southwesterly direction for fifty-five miles, when it merges into the boulder-covered sage brush plain once the bed of a prehistoric lake. It is a deep chasm, with vertical walls, averaging about 350 feet in height, and impassable throughout its extent, excepting at one point about midway in its course, where the walls are broken down so a good wagon pass is formed. Stretching away to the west for sixty miles, by ninety miles north and south, lies the largest area of good agricultural land in one body in Washington Territory. Spreading out in swell after swell of rolling prairie, to the bluffs on the banks of the Columbia on the west and north, and to the pre-historic lake before mentioned and the Badger Mountains, lies as fair a country as ever the sun shone upon, comprising an area of 3,000 square miles, which will make 9,000 farms of 160 acres each, and leave 500,000 acres in the belt of bluffs on the Columbia and in the Badger Mountains, nearly all of which is covered with timber and is fine grazing land. The whole prairie is covered with a tall rank growth of bunch grass, from the great abundance of which it has by many been called the bunch grass country, and the finest farming lands in Washington Territory are the bunch grass sections. The soil of this prairie is very rich and fertile, varying in depth from a few feet to hundreds of feet. This soil has been produced by the grinding action of the ice and drift of the Glacial epoch, by the water wearing of the Champlain epoch, and from the disintegration of the rocks during the last and present existing Terrace epoch, by the action of summer's rain and heat, winter's frost and cold, and the chemical decomposition arising from exposure to the atmosphere. Soil arising from the disintegration of volcanic rock is known to possess, in a high degree, the qualities and mineral constituents needed by plants. The most fertile soils of France, Italy, the Sandwich Islands and California, are of this nature, and the wonderful vegetables, in size equalling and in quality surpassing California itself, the prodigious grain crops, the luscious peaches, grapes and other fruits raised at the old Wenatchee crossing of the Columbia, point with unerring certainty to the fertility of the soil and its adaptation to the raising of all the grains, fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone. The volcanic rock underlying the whole country is well adapted to the storage of water falling upon it and percolating through its small fissures and interstices to the greater fissures and creeks below, to again reach the surface in numerous springs. Nowhere will wells have to be sunk more than twenty-five to thirty feet, while most of them will secure abundance of water at a much less depth—one well on Colonel Myers' claim being only eight feet deep and supplying an inexhaustible flow of pure water. In addition to all this the timber resources are practicably inexhaustible. The timber belt on the Columbia will furnish fuel for years to come, while the Badger Mountains have millions of feet of as fine pine timber as can be found this side of the Sound. This section would be called a mountain only in a country so flat as this, and does not deserve the name. It is a long rolling divide, whose sides are cut by gullies and ravines, in many of which are large springs forming little brooklets and streams. The soil of this mountain appears to be exceedingly rich. The vegetation is an indication of

its fertility, bearing, besides the pine forests and bunch grass, rose bushes, choke-cherry bushes, haws, willows, etc. The pine trees average two to three feet in diameter, tall and straight, and making fine lumber. Many of the trees are found that are five to six feet in diameter, which manufactured into lumber sells at the mills at from \$10 to \$25 per thousand. A shingle mill is now in operation in connection with the sawmill. Other wood-working machinery will be erected early this spring. Across the Columbia on spurs of the Cascade Mountains are immense forests, extending across the range to the Sound, giving inexhaustible lumber resources.

Of the Big Bend country J. A. Donaldson, who arrived on the coast several months since from Manitoba, writes from the Willamette Valley to his friends in Wisconsin as follows: "I have been pretty well over the State of Oregon, and have been as far south as the California line; have been all through the coast counties and all along the foothills of the Cascades, and up and down both sides of the beautiful Willamette Valley. A man with a few thousand dollars could fix himself very comfortably in this charming valley. But for the man of moderate means, like yourself and our Eastern friends, there lies a district 300 miles up the Columbia known as the Badger Mountain country. This beautiful stretch of country is bounded on the east by vast coulees, on the north, south and west by the Columbia. It covers an area of forty by sixty miles. Badger Mountain proper lies along the Columbia, and has on the northern end about 12,000 acres of magnificent timber. A sawmill is now in operation, and a Mr. Williams, of Manitoba, will have a saw and flouring mill ready for business by September. This will be on the east side, within an hour's haul of Okanogan. Douglas county has the coming city of the plain, Okanogan, for the county seat. Okanogan is beautifully situated. She has a grand sweep of country all around her. Looking away toward the east over a vast expanse of gently undulating prairie, the eye rests on the dark blue line of the now famous gold mountains of the Cœur d'Alene, 200 miles away. Turning toward the north you can track for 100 miles, through an equally rich mineral region, the silvery windings of the grand old Okanogan; looking toward the west you never tire of looking upon the snow-clad peaks of the beautiful Cascade range, the foothills bare and sides covered with towering Douglas firs, running up 300 feet without a limb. The grandest sight from the town is to the south, over a billowy prairie, the sunniest and richest I have ever seen, and you know I have seen a good part of the country both north and south of the boundary line. In regard to emigrating, I would unhesitatingly say, Come at once and bring all your friends with you, and try and induce others to come. There are hundreds here already, but there's room for millions more."

This region was erected into a separate county called "Douglas" by the last Legislature, with the county seat located at the new town of Okanogan. This word is of Indian origin and means "center of the circle," and while its orthography is unique, its meaning is wonderfully appropriate, as the town site is located in almost the exact center of the broad scope of prairie we have already described, and this prairie is nearly in the center of Washington Territory. There are some twenty-nine different ways of spelling this name as used by different writers, and its present orthography was adopted after a careful study of the various ways used by others, and after much thought and an inability to decide among the different modes of spelling. Okanogan was adopted, principally for the reason that it saved a decision on the question by spelling it a still different way from any of the authorities at hand. The bill creating the county

located the county seat at this point. As the title of the whole country was in the United States, it became necessary to secure the town site by some means, and to do this the services of Judge W. Abbott Lewis, the leading land lawyer of this section, was secured, and through him title obtained to forty acres, which have been platted into a town site, regularly laid out, with all streets 100 feet wide, and twenty feet alleys through every block. The site selected is on a gentle swell sloping to the southeast and overlooking the surrounding country. The plat has been surveyed, and already some fifty odd business lots sold to parties who will improve them at once. The owners of the town have adopted the policy of not selling lots in large numbers to speculators, but preferring to sell to those who intend improving and occupying them. Business openings of all kinds will be found here in the various branches of trade, the professions, and mechanics of all kinds will find room and demand for their services, and will be warmly welcomed to this new settlement, where they will find excellent opportunities to build up business for themselves.

The greater portion of this is Government land, and much of it has been taken up by actual settlers. The Northern Pacific Company's grant pushes out into the Big Bend and includes some very choice agricultural lands. Anticipating a rush to this locality during the coming year, the company, through its agent in Portland, Mr. Paul Schulze, has not only prepared for it in the latter city, but has located a representative at Spokane Falls, who will guide new-comers to this land of promise.

Across the Columbia to the west and northwest of the Big Bend is the Okanogan mineral region, whose rich ledges of quartz are attracting much attention, and where will be developed some of the greatest mining industries on this coast. A railroad running from Spokane Falls through the heart of Lincoln county to Okanogan, offering an easy outlet for the enormous bulk of grain and other products which the Badger Mountain country in a few years will produce, is one of the projects the energetic business men of Spokane Falls have in view. Such a road will be absolutely demanded by the necessities of commerce, and if not constructed by the Northern Pacific as a feeder to its main line, will be built by private capitalists as an independent road. Its ultimate extension through the vast timber, mineral and coal belt of the Cascades to some harbor on Puget Sound would be a natural sequence.

North of Spokane Falls is the county of Stevens, in which is the Colville region, already attracting much attention by reason of its fertile valley lands, magnificent timber and valuable ledges of quartz. Last year many immigrants settled in Colville Valley, and the indications are that this season will see a greater number still select homes in that beautiful region. Chewelah is the name of a town that has been laid out on a beautiful site at the head of Colville Valley. Its central and commanding position will make of it the largest town north of Spokane Falls. It is building up rapidly, and has a good saw mill already at work. To the northeast of Colville lies the great Kootenai country, chiefly in British Columbia, but partly in Idaho. The plans of the Columbia & Kootenai Railway & Transportation Company for developing this region have been given in previous issues of THE WEST SHORE. They embrace the construction of forty miles of railroad from the Upper Columbia to Lake Kootenai, by which a combination of rail and steamboat transportation will offer all the necessary facilities for taking in machinery to work its quartz ledges, its forests of timber and its acres of arable land, and for shipping to outside markets the products of the many industries that will be developed there. An act granting a charter and land

subsidy has been passed by the Legislature of British Columbia and awaits approval by the Dominion Government, and the project may be looked upon as certain of being carried out. The special advantage of this scheme to Spokane Falls lies in the proposed construction of a railroad from the city to Kettle Falls, on the Columbia, the point where the steamers of the company will be arrested in their progress down the river by natural obstructions in the channel. This will be the end of river navigation, and the easiest and most natural route for a railroad to connect with the Northern Pacific is to Spokane Falls. A company to build this road has been organized and is waiting only for the Kootenai project to be a little further advanced before commencing operations. The probabilities are that the whole route from the city to Kootenai will be under the management of one company.

Notwithstanding the great regions to the south, west and north, that find their natural outlet through this city, it is to the east that the chief attention of the business men is now being turned. Throughout the Great West all eyes are riveted on Cœur d'Alene. Much has been said for and against these new gold fields, and extreme statements have been made by both "boomers" and detractors, neither of which have sufficient evidence to support them. The plain facts are that in the mountains of Northern Idaho, between Cœur d'Alene Lake and the summit of the Bitter Root, or Cœur d'Alene, Mountains, there is a region about thirty miles square, which is deemed by many who have visited it to be the richest in placer and quartz gold now to be found in the United States. This belief is based upon the fact that good prospects have been found on all the creeks and gulches, that the only claim which has been worked to any considerable extent has proved to be an exceedingly rich one, and that samples of quartz ledges, which have been reported to exist in great numbers, have given very large assays. Of course a belief founded upon such evidence is only an opinion, since nothing but a practical working of the placers and ledges can settle the question beyond dispute; yet thousands, not waiting for this opinion to be verified, are crowding into the new mines, and reports received from points far and near are to the effect that the movement in this direction is general. The indications are that fully 20,000 people will visit that region during the spring and summer. Half a dozen new towns have been laid out in the mines, three newspapers have been started, stores have been opened, and all the preparations have been made for prosperous and permanent business.

The only town of any size within easy access of the mines, and the only place where goods of all kinds can be purchased at reasonable prices, is Spokane Falls. A splendid road leads from the city to the foot of Cœur d'Alene Lake, near the United States military post of that name, where has been founded Cœur d'Alene City, a town designed as a final starting point for the mines. Many buildings have been erected there, and preparations are being made to transact a large business. The Cœur d'Alene Transportation Company has constructed a steamer to take passengers from that point up the lake and Cœur d'Alene River as far as that stream is navigable. A daily stage runs from Spokane Falls to Cœur d'Alene City, and as soon as work can be done in the mountains a stage road will be completed into the mines, giving passengers a choice of routes. In either case the general and favorite starting point will be from Spokane Falls. A company has been organized to construct a railroad from the city into the mines, and a bill is now before Congress granting it a charter and right of way. Construction on this line will be commenced the present

season, since its projectors have sufficient confidence in the richness and permanence of the mines to begin work without any other delay than legal complications render necessary. With a railroad furnishing the only adequate outlet to the mines, with a line tapping the grain fields of the Upper Palouse, with another bringing to the city the vast products of the Big Bend, Okanogan and intervening country, and with still another draining the region to the north, Spokane Falls will be the most important railroad center on the line of the Northern Pacific between Portland and Minneapolis; and all these lines are demanded by the developments now going on.

The climate is always an important consideration to one selecting a home, and a few words on that subject will be of interest. Though, in a Pacific Coast sense, the winters are cold and the summers warm, still in the sense in which those terms are understood in Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, they are by no means so. By a native of those great interior States, the winter weather of the Great Plateau of the Columbia would be considered extremely mild, while in summer he would miss those oppressively hot days to which he was accustomed. The thermometer, also, is very deceptive, for even when it reaches the point generally supposed to indicate sweltering heat, the absence of oppressiveness is marked. The nights are always cool and refreshing, rendering light blankets necessary for comfort. Some seasons snow may lie a month or six weeks on the ground. Usually, however, it disappears within a few days. The speedy melting of the snow is due at times to a somewhat remarkable phenomenon. A periodical warm wind blows up the channel of the Columbia from the southwest throughout the year. This is called the "Chinook." Before it the snow melts so rapidly that often in the course of a few hours no vestige remains where it lay a foot in depth a day before. The "Chinook" wind is a great benefit to the country. Its warm, moist atmosphere is doubtless the result of its passage across the great thermal ocean stream, known as the Japan current, which operates so powerfully to mitigate the climate of the entire Northwest coast, that otherwise would be cold and rigorous in the extreme. Further, when it is cold, there are no razor-like winds, as in many localities east of the Rocky Mountains. Nothing could be more thoroughly delightful than the spring and fall months. Spring begins in March with warm, pleasant weather, and lasts until the middle of May. At this season rain falls in sufficient quantity to give life to vegetation and insure good crops, while during the summer months a shower is rare. The farmer can depend upon invariably clear skies in harvest time. There were in 1883 but fifty-six cloudy days reported by the United States Signal Sergeant, although all days with 10 per cent. of cloudy sky were classed as cloudy.

There is one element always present that renders a residence in the city delightful, and that is the beautiful falls from which the city derives its name. They are in some respects the most pleasing in the West, combining grace and grandeur. The river occupies several channels, and for a long distance flows tumultuously over a series of rapids, cascades and falls, the greatest being a single plunge of sixty-five feet. From different points of observation they present varying aspects, so that their novelty never wears away, and in this pleasing variety lies their greatest charm. The rocky banks of the river contain many curious formations, among them being two distinctly carved profiles, which have been christened the "Old Man" and "Old Woman." Our engravings faithfully reproduce these peculiar formations, and one cannot fail to remark the appropriateness of the titles. From its source in the beautiful Cœur d'Alene Lake to its union

with the mighty Columbia, Spokane River is a picturesque stream. Especially is this so below the falls. A short distance from the city the river enters a canyon and flows for fifty miles through gorges and high timbe-clad hills. About four miles below the city is a group of rock formations known as the "Barrel and Pitcher Rocks," from their close resemblance to those objects. In the Colville region to the north the scenery is sublime, and whichever way he turns the pleasure-seeker need not want for inspiring scenes to gaze upon.

Spokane Falls has an organized Board of Trade, composed of its intelligent and energetic business men, which is constantly engaged in promoting the welfare of the city. Its interest and influence covers a wide range and embraces the entire region tributary to the city. Immigrants and capitalists looking into the resources of the country are treated with courtesy and supplied with all necessary information. The United States Land Office, for all of Washington Territory north of Snake River and east of the Columbia, is located here, also a branch office of the Northern Pacific Land Department. These combine to render this an especially desirable place at which to secure information about the lands of Eastern Washington, and to be used as a base of operations while searching for a suitable location. The business men who are engaged in the work of building up the city and developing its resources are worthy of special mention:

The real estate firm of Boyer, Allen & Clarke is composed of some of the most energetic business men of the city. Their knowledge of the resources of the country, and the value of property in the city and surrounding region and its adaptability to certain purposes, is very intimate, rendering their judgment in selecting land, lots, mill sites, etc., extremely valuable. Some of the most desirable property now on the market has been placed in their hands for disposal upon favorable terms. They make a specialty of investments for non-residents, of negotiating loans upon ample real estate security, and of insurance.

One of the finest properties in Spokane Falls is the addition of J. J. Browne, which lies just west of the city proper. Mr. Browne is one of the early residents of the county, and had choice of the many fine locations in and around the city. His selections were made with judgment and care, and he has now some valuable business and residence property. The addition to Spokane Falls bearing his name is most beautifully located and desirable for business purposes. It lies in a triangle along Hangman Creek, adjoining the city on the west, and bordered on the north by Spokane River. It has a gentle slope toward the river, making drainage easy and cheaply effected. It is well laid out in lots suitable for business and residence and overlooks the picturesque falls, which viewed from this location present a grand sight. A wide avenue skirting the tract on the river side has been laid out, which is the boulevard leading from the center of the city to Spokane Heights, and extending the entire distance around the tract. Mr. Browne has spared no expense in improving this lovely tract and will make still greater improvements. The land lies high and level, and is considered by all who have seen it as choice building property. The addition is fast building up with fine residences, and should the present rate of improvements continue it will soon be one of the most fashionable residence districts. One great advantage of Mr. Browne's addition is that it is just adjoining the business portion of the city and will rapidly increase in value.

The flour produced by the Echo Roller Mills ranks first in the market of Eastern Washington and is eagerly sought after. Messrs. W. H. Taylor & Co. are the exclusive agents for this excellent flour. They are located at

the corner of Howard and Front streets, where all orders will receive prompt attention.

One of the best hotels in Spokane Falls is the Mozart House. The furniture is new and everything appertaining to the house is neat and clean. The table is supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and the prices charged are very moderate.

Cannon's Addition to Spokane Falls lies contiguous to the business portion of the city, and is a picturesque and beautiful building spot. Many of the most wealthy citizens are erecting residences there. Mr. Cannon has just completed a \$50,000 residence on this property, and many other fine buildings are being erected. Lots for residence and business are now offered in Cannon's Addition at rates which render them a good investment if only purchased for speculative purposes, but especially desirable as a permanent investment for a residence. On another page may be seen an engraving of Mr. Cannon's residence, which is located in the center of the tract. It overlooks the city and falls, and is a handsome residence, beautifully situated. Just as good property as that on which it stands is for sale to all who desire pleasant homes.

One of the most enterprising business men is Mr. James Roe, one of the proprietors of the Blackhawk Livery Stables, and who also owns the famous "Idle Wild" farm. This farm contains 240 acres, and is one of the richest in soil and most valuable farms in the vicinity of the falls. He is also proprietor of a valuable sawmill in the Cottonwood country, and is identified with many other enterprises in the Territory.

The Pantheon Billiard Parlors are fitted in elegant style and everything is managed in a first class manner. Messrs. C. H. Duncan & Co. are the proprietors. All Pacific Coast and Eastern papers are kept in the reading rooms.

Cœur d'Alene City, the point of embarkation on the lake for the mines, is most beautifully located on the lake, near the United States military post. It is rapidly building up with business houses and residences, and is expected to be the base of supplies for the Cœur d'Alene mines. The site selected for the city has a gentle slope from the lake shore, is free from rock or underbrush, and commands a beautiful view of the lake and mountains to the west and south. A fine open agricultural district lies to the north and east and also along the banks of the Spokane River, which flows from the lake at this point. On the St. Joseph River, which empties into the lake on the south, is one of the finest tracts of rich meadow land in the Northwest. Splendid timber belts skirt the lake, which will yield an inexhaustible supply of lumber for building up the surrounding prairie. A part of the town site is owned by C. B. King, the post trader at Fort Cœur d'Alene. Mr. King has two general merchandise stores, and can furnish miners' supplies right at the point of embarkation at living prices. He still has choice lots, which he will sell to parties desiring to utilize them for business or residence purposes. As a summer resort Cœur d'Alene City has attractions unsurpassed by any other point on the coast. Fishing, hunting, boating (sail, row or steam boat), driving, etc., are among the pastimes enjoyed there, in one of the most agreeable climates in the world.

The town site owned by Tony A. Tubbs, at Cœur d'Alene City, adjoins deep water on the lake, at the head of Tubbs' Bay, an engraving of which can be seen on another page. The steamer landing is in the center of the shore line of this tract. A sawmill is being erected on the southern extremity of the tract, which will soon be furnishing plenty of lumber, and then building will be more rapid than ever. Town lots in this tract are rapidly advancing in value.

## MISSION CITY.

Among the towns called into existence and prominence by the fabulously rich gold mines discovered last season in the Cœur d'Alene Mountains in Northern Idaho (a name which has already become synonymous with gold nuggets and untold wealth throughout every mining center on the coast, as well as in the more distant commercial centers of the Mississippi Valley and the far East) none have a brighter prospect before them for steady growth and permanent prosperity than Mission City. It has long been known by the hunter and prospector, that, lying between Lake Cœur d'Alene and the Cœur d'Alene Mountains on the north and the Bitter Root range on the east, there was a large body of fine agricultural and grazing lands, but up to last fall it had only been the eye of these hardy pioneers that had viewed the promised land.

To-day no part of the country is attracting so much attention or eliciting so many inquiries as the new gold fields in the panhandle of Idaho, and the whole country is wild with excitement over the vast and rich deposits of precious metal that are daily being found there, and thousands are on their way to the new El Dorado, while countless thousands will follow as the season advances, and many careful, conservative men, who are in a situation to know whereof they speak, estimate the number who will visit the new gold fields this season at 35,000 people.

Spokane Falls is the point on the Northern Pacific Railroad to which a majority of the people will come, and thence to the mines via the line of the Spokane & Cœur d'Alene Transportation Company's elegant coaches and by steamer down the lake and up the Cœur d'Alene River to the landing at Mission City, which is located at the head of permanent navigation, adjoining the Old Mission grounds on the east. Here, on a beautiful level plateau, overlooking the river, has been platted a town and very appropriately named Mission City, lying, as it does, almost in the shadow of the Old Mission church built half a century ago. This place is the natural entry port to the mines; to this point all travel will come, as it is at the head of navigation, and should it be found practicable to navigate the river farther, all freight and passengers will here have to be transferred to smaller boats than the lake steamers. At this point is located the Hayden Ferry, which crosses the Cœur d'Alene River where it intersects Main street, and immediately below the riffle, is situated the dock and steamboat landing, extending from Main to Center streets, on the river front. The old Mullan wagon road from Fort Cœur d'Alene to Fort Missoula also crosses the river at Main street crossing, making the town the center of travel for all routes to the mines and the upper Cœur d'Alene country.

Lots have already been engaged and arrangements made for erecting a large two story hotel. A saw mill will be erected at once, and other branches of business will follow as soon as buildings can be erected. There is much fine agricultural land in the vicinity of the town, and both up and down the Cœur d'Alene River and its two branches, the north and south forks, as well as many tributary streams. These bottom lands are natural timothy meadows and grow immense crops of hay. On the surrounding mountains are millions of feet of fine timber, pine, cedar, spruce, etc., which can be manufactured into lumber and rafted down the river to the lake, and then towed to within twelve miles of the railroad and an outside market. The lumber industries alone of this section will employ hundreds of hands in the woods, on the river and in the mills.

At Mission City the St. Joseph trail leaves the Mullan road, and is the most direct route to the upper St. Jo Valley, to which all indications point as being only less rich than the Eagle City mining country itself, in placer deposits and quartz. With the development of the mines in the whole semi-circular mountain chain extending around Mission City, the settlement of the surrounding agricultural lands, the utilization of the immense timber resources, the town is bound to grow into the commercial metropolis and business center of northern Idaho, as it is now the geographical center of the panhandle and the key to the whole upper country. Regardless of the spasmodic growth sure to come as a result of the mining excitement, this point is bound with the development of its other resources to have a permanent prosperity that no town wholly dependent on mining resources can have.

To all looking for business locations, no town in the Northwest offers more flattering inducements than is to be found at the present time at Mission City. It is proverbial that following the chain of missions in California, as well as in the Northwest, the foresight of the Catholic fathers have invariably been correct, and the sites selected in those early days for their missions have, in almost every instance, proven to be the natural points at which commerce centers, and necessitates a commercial city to accommodate the business centering around the points selected years ago by those who builded better than they knew.

We understand Judge W. Abbott Lewis, of Spokane Falls, is Secretary of the town company, and is prepared to answer correspondence and give any desired information in regard to the price of lots, etc.—*Spokane Falls Chronicle*.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth.

"What then?"

"Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then gets the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?"

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can walk and talk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get \$2 a week and father gets \$2 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother! Why she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for all of us she does; but there ain't no money in it."

The House Committee on Pacific Railroads has recommended the granting of the right of way across forty miles of the northern end of the National Park, to the Cinnabar & Clarke's Fork Railroad Company. The report says it would not be advisable to permit the construction of railroads or the establishment of private commercial enterprises of any character not requisite to the comfort and pleasure of the public in the portions of Yellowstone Park containing the objects of interest to visitors that would detract from their natural beauty and quiet. But the committee is advised that the present traveled wagon road between Clarke's Fork mining district, in which there are 300 mining claims, and Cinnabar, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, follows the Yellowstone River, the east fork of that river and Soda Butte Creek, and a railroad, if constructed upon the nearest practicable route, would necessarily follow substantially the same course. The principal objects of interest to tourists are in portions of the park remote from this route, and the operation of a railroad would not therefore detract from their beauty or grandeur, nor interfere with the game of the Park to a greater extent than the wagon teams by which communication is now kept up.

The Satass Ditch & Irrigating Company, which was incorporated in Washington Territory last fall, is preparing to commence the construction of a canal some twenty-five miles long in Yakima county this spring. The water is to be taken from Satass Creek, which empties into the Yakima River, forty-two miles from its mouth. The country to be irrigated is especially adapted for orchards, being free from extremely cold weather and winds. With proper irrigation this locality will become the finest fruit growing section in Washington Territory. It will be convenient to the local town markets, Yakima City, Prosser Falls and Kinneyton, and to those of a greater distance by means of the Cascades branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which has been surveyed through this tract. When the various projected irrigation canals are completed, Yakima will become one of the most populous and productive of the agricultural counties of the Territory.

## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

That "everybody worships success" is a fact that has been practically demonstrated in every day life. And, as this is the goal which we are all striving to reach, just *how* to reach it is a question which we are all trying to solve. Now, in this little article we propose to give the solution of this great problem, and thus enlighten those who are seeking after financial success.

The secret is just this: On the banks of the beautiful Spokane River is the picturesque city of Spokane Falls, a lively, thriving little city, and in this city the mystery is explained. The population rapidly increasing, Real Estate is surely but *not* slowly advancing, and *he who would be successful* should invest in Real Estate in Spokane Falls, the Minneapolis of the Northwest, or in land in that vicinity.

For any information about Town Lots, Lands, Water Power, Business or anything in that line, call on or address the Leading Real Estate and Loan Broker,

J. S. KAUFMAN,

Howard Street, near Post Office, Spokane Falls, W. T.

The Stover Wind Mill, the most popular of the many styles of that useful machine, is handled exclusively by Messrs. Chilberg & Macready, of Tacoma. They deal also in general hardware, guns and ammunition. For raising water to required levels for farm, house, garden and lawn uses the wind mill is coming into general use, experience proving it to be the cheapest and most efficient means of accomplishing this end.

## LAKE SIDE HOTEL,

CEUR D'ALENE CITY.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS.

HENDERSON BROS., Proprietors.

## BOWEN &amp; DANIELS,

## REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND BROKERS,

TACOMA, W. T.

We have at all times choice bargains in City and Farm Property, and offer special inducements in Timber and Coal Lands (timber accessible to water ways), Manufacturing Sites, Water Powers, &c.

Loans Negotiated, Rents Collected, Taxes Paid and Titles Examined.

Correspondence solicited from all parties intending to remove to the Pacific Slope. Letters of inquiry will receive prompt attention, and reliable detail information furnished.

REFERENCE: BANK OF NEW TACOMA, F. T. OLDS & CO. AND OTHERS.

Office, No. 2 Opera House Block,  
NEW TACOMA, W. T.