

THE WEST SHORE.

Vol. 10.

Portland, Oregon, December, 1884.

No. 12.

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

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

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REFERENCE to the index given in the current number of THE WEST SHORE will show what a multitude of topics have been described and illustrated during the year. Complete volumes for 1884 or 1883, bound with paper cover, are now ready. Upon receipt of \$2, either will be sent to any address, postage free, or both for \$3. One desiring information of this region will find the money well invested.

THE large saw mills on Puget Sound are again running on full time and being worked up to their full capacity for ten hours daily. Hanson's Mill, at Tacoma, is turning out 225,000 feet daily, the Berkeley Mill 212,000, and others in proportion. More vessels have been chartered during the past two months than ever before during the same period. Sixteen vessels cleared at Port Townsend for foreign ports in October, carrying cargoes of lumber aggregating \$109,559 in value. Revival of activity in the lumber trade will make times easier on the Sound, and must have a beneficial influence throughout the whole Northwest.

THE WEST SHORE will enter its eleventh year with the January number. Its history has been one of steady progress toward greater excellence, and at no period have the improvements been so marked as during the year just closed. The volume for 1885 will be far superior to its predecessors in every particular. As an illustrated journal, giving valuable information about the Great West, and original engravings of its scenery, cities and industries, THE WEST SHORE occupies the field unchallenged; and as a clean, wholesome illustrated family magazine, it has no equal at the same low subscription price. Special attention is called to the index for 1884 in this number.

"EASY COME, EASY GO."

So often has it been used in that connection, and so expressive is it, that the mind instinctively associates this trite aphorism with some homily on the subject of economy; but, urgent as is the need of impressing upon our people the advantages of frugality, temperance and moderation in expenditures during these times of financial depression, it serves, in this instance, to introduce a few thoughts on an entirely different topic—the subject of divorce. Our laws are too flexible, and our courts construe them too liberally. It has of late become the tendency to look upon marriage simply as a contract, to be entered into lightly, and to be nullified for any of a score of general causes, each of which has many subdivisions; and it is to be regretted that such it is rapidly becoming in the popular estimation. Contracts are agreements between parties for the performance of some specific act, which may at any time be annulled by the mutual consent of the contracting parties, except in certain instances where the rights of others are affected; not so with marriage; and this constitutes its chief distinction from a civil contract. The institution of marriage is the foundation of society. Were it but a contract, to be entered into carelessly by any one, no matter how unfit to sustain the married relation, and dissolvable at pleasure by the contracting parties or by the simple formal application to the courts, it would certainly be an unstable foundation upon which to build. To hold otherwise would be to subscribe at once to the doctrine of "natural selection" as advocated by certain free love communities which have established themselves in some of our great commonwealths. Good government has its seat in the virtue of the people governed. There can be no moral government for an immoral people, no honest administration of laws for a people who are dishonest, and who choose from their own number those who shall make and execute them. Therefore, for the protection of society, for the preservation of that social morality which forms the essence of good government, it is necessary that the institution of marriage be considered as higher than a mere contract, and that it shall be regulated by law; that unfit persons should be denied its privileges; and that once entered into voluntarily, it should be difficult to shake off the responsibilities and duties thus assumed. Yet the same consideration for the general morality of the people which makes it necessary to elevate and protect the marriage relation, equally requires that the marriage be set aside when either party is guilty of such conduct as to render the continuance of the relation an unendurable burden upon the other, or a provocation of the very immorality which it is primarily supposed to prevent. That one of average moral nature and refinement should be chained to another whose every thought

is impure, whose conduct is that of a beast, and whose daily life inflicts upon his enforced associate almost unendurable mental and physical tortures, is contrary to our most feeble sense of justice. That the courts should instantly grant a divorce in such a case is freely admitted; but should they leave the offender, thus judicially decided to be an unfit person to sustain the marriage relation, free to enter it again? Should he be permitted to thrust his vileness upon another—a vileness all the more revolting because, perhaps, unknown to the victim until too late to retreat—and plunge her into a state of misery from which she, in turn, must apply to the same courts for relief? Does the well being of society demand that such a man be permitted to enter the married state at will? Does it not rather require that he be forever debarred from again debasing that relation, the purity and honor of which should be jealously guarded by the law?

Let us point, as an example, to an aggravated case recently occurring in this city—one which, it is safe to say, has had but few parallels in the world, though differing only in degree from thousands of others. A certain man had been married four times. Two of his former wives had been released from their revolting connection with him by decrees of divorce, and the third by a merciful death. The fourth was married for the all-sufficient reason that she was the possessor of twenty-five dollars, which she was willing to spend in a disgustingly convivial celebration of the event. It was not long before his beastly nature rendered his conduct unendurable even by one who was as unrefined as the circumstances attending the marriage proved her to be, and she also applied for a divorce, alleging conduct on his part too indecent for publication. A decree was granted, and the very next day this man, who had been three times judicially decided to be too degraded and vile to continue in the married status, was married for the fifth time. If there is anything sacred and noble in the social relations of mankind it is the institution of marriage, and our better natures revolt at the thought of our courts of justice thus becoming the accessories of its degradation. It is not contended that no divorces should be granted, for it is evident that such an extreme would be provocative of as much evil as that complained of, but that they be not granted upon trivial and technical grounds. The remedy lies not so much in lessening the number of divorces as in guarding more closely the pathways leading to marriage; not in closing the exits, but in contracting the too expansive entrances. A person who has so demonstrated an unfitness for sustaining the marriage relation that it has been necessary for a court to so decree, should be forever debarred from entering it again.

It is surprising, in view of the continued high price of dairy products, that more dairying is not done by the settlers on the meadows of Puget Sound. With abundance of good water, grass perennially green, and facilities for reaching market good, there seems to be nothing lacking to make the business highly profitable. Com-

bination is the secret of large and successful dairy operations. Let the settlers of a neighborhood form an association for the manufacture of butter and cheese; let them select a central or convenient location offering all the requirements of a good manufacturing and shipping point; let each one keep as many milch cows as he can attend to properly or has good grazing for, and every day take his milk to the factory and receive credit for it; let the factory be under the management of a competent dairyman, and the business affairs under control of members of the association selected by the contributors; then let each month's business be kept separate, and as soon after the expiration of the month as possible let each man be paid his *pro rata* of the profits, based upon the amount of milk turned in by him during the month. This is the method of conducting those successful mutual dairies so numerous in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and other Eastern States. Some of those dairies consume from thirty to forty thousand pounds of milk per day, and have an established brand of butter well known in the trade. Other factories are owned by private individuals, who, previous to building them, secured the promise of a sufficient daily supply of milk from the surrounding farmers. There is a market for all the good butter—well worked and put up in marketable shape—that can be produced; and beyond question there is large profit in the business when properly conducted. Factory butter rules several cents per pound higher than the home-made product, for the simple reason that it is better, of a uniform quality, and the same brand can be had in any quantity to suit. Not only should such enterprises be inaugurated on Puget Sound, but throughout the whole region west of the Cascades, where the conditions are uniformly favorable. There is little danger of producing too much butter in a region that annually imports tons of it.

It is a matter of common acceptance that the stock interests of the United States, such as are represented by the great ranges of the West, are very great, but the totals indicated by the great convention which has just been in session at St. Louis must astonish even those largely engaged in the industry. Delegates were present from Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, Wyoming, Dakota, Indian Territory, Louisiana and other States, as well as from Mexico and Canada, representing upwards of five million cattle, vast bands of horses and countless thousands of sheep, property aggregating in value some three hundred million dollars. Many questions affecting the stock interests were discussed, the most important being a national cattle trail crossing the country from Mexico to Canada, to be forever kept open to the free passage of stock. This was especially desired by the delegates of Texas and other southern ranges, and as they were in a large majority, the resolution to Congress to that effect was easily passed, though opposed by representatives from associations further north. The growth of the stock industry has been marvelous, but it is maintained

by intelligent dealers that it has not been in excess of the rapidly increasing demand for meat food, but, on the contrary, has been in a smaller ratio. There must be a limit reached before long, for ranges have limits, and overcrowding them causes serious deterioration of their value and capabilities for grazing. Settlement is making great inroads upon them, and it seems as though grave complications were imminent. Thousands of miles of wire fence hedge in the plains, much of it encompassing millions of acres to which the owners of the fence have no equitable claim. Already fence cutting has become common, and is repressed by the stockmen in the same summary manner in which they deal with the older offence of cattle and horse stealing. What will be the condition of the industry ten years from now it is impossible to foresee, but it is easy to predict some most radical changes.

THE Board of Trade of this city has at last inaugurated a movement which should have been in good working order a year ago. When the Northern Pacific was thrown open to traffic there should have been a bureau of immigration organized and prepared to take the field in the interest of Oregon and Washington. This fact was recognized by observing men, was frequently spoken of by men interested in the development of this region, and received occasional prominence in the press; but no steps were taken to accomplish that end. There should be a State board of immigration, supplied with the means to properly collect and collate information—reliable facts—in regard to the resources of every section, and especially plats showing the location of every desirable acre of land that can be homesteaded, pre-empted or purchased. This office should be under the charge of a man of integrity and well informed upon the subject with which he has to deal, with as many intelligent and competent assistants as may be required. Representatives should be stationed at New York, Chicago and, if possible, other desirable points, to call the attention of the desirable portion of those contemplating a removal to the West to the advantages of this region, and give them the assurance that when they reach Portland they will find the most minute and reliable information, courteous treatment and hearty encouragement. Pending action by the Legislature on this most important subject, the Board of Trade has deemed it wise to inaugurate the movement at its own expense, rightfully assuming that the development of this region means growth and increased prosperity to the metropolis. There is little doubt that an adequate appropriation will be made by the Legislature which will soon assemble at Salem. Mr. C. B. Carlisle, who has written much about the resources of this region, and is eminently qualified for the position, has been selected to manage the bureau under the direction of a special committee of the Board.

THE press of the Northwest has repeatedly urged upon farmers the necessity of diversifying their products. They have time and again pointed out the folly of the one-crop system, from the baleful effects of which we are

now suffering. The only sure avenue of relief is for us to produce everything the home market demands, so that the millions of dollars annually sent away to purchase things which could be easily produced at home might be retained here in circulation. On this subject the *Northwestern Miller* says: "California papers are urging the farmers of that Coast to diversify their crops and to raise their own meat. Oregon papers tell of heavy receipts of Eastern and California butter, etc., and scold the farmers of that State for not engaging in dairying and stock raising. A few Dakota papers tell the farmers who now buy imported butter, eggs and meat that they will never make much money until they produce abundance of these things at home. All of which is true as gospel, and if the farmers of the sections mentioned heed and act upon this cheap and good advice there will soon be no cry of dull times in their locality. But the farmers are slow to follow such advice. Here in Minnesota, where active men and influential papers have been laboring for years to implant the idea that diversified farming is an absolute necessity, there are thousands who will not engage in it, and the result is low prices for their staple crop, and general complaint. There must be a change of a most sweeping character before prosperity and contentment are attained by the men who are to-day suffering from the results of the one-crop system."

THE present season has amply demonstrated the great future of the fruit industry in this region. There is little doubt that thousands of trees will be set out the coming year, not only west of the Cascades, but on those fertile and sheltered river bottoms of Eastern Oregon and Washington, Idaho and Montana. Care in selecting kind and quality of trees should be exercised, that only those fruits best suited to the climate, and for which there is the readiest market, be selected. One important consideration is the condition of the young tree itself. It has become settled by experience that young trees are affected by climatic influences; that a tree will thrive better in its own climate than in one radically different. For this reason orchardists who plant trees which were grown in this region will probably meet with a higher measure of success than those who import them from the East. There are enough good nurseries here to supply the demand—one especially which is first class in every particular, that of the Hon. Philip Ritz, near Walla Walla. Mr. Ritz has given his personal attention to the business for twenty-eight years, is a gentleman of wide acquaintance and unquestioned integrity, and has a nursery beyond which it would be useless for orchardists to look.

THE Oregon Short Line (Union Pacific) and Oregon Railway & Navigation Company have joined tracks at Huntington, on Snake River, in Baker County, Oregon, and we now possess a new overland route to the East. Through trains will be put on December 1. Aside from the benefit this city derives from now possessing two distinct routes across the continent, it receives connec-

tion by rail with a vast stretch of mineral and grazing country which has heretofore been largely dependent upon San Francisco and the East. New markets are thus opened to us, and the importance of Portland as a railroad centre and distributing point becomes more plainly evident. There was no such flourish of trumpets as accompanied the driving of the last spike on the Northern Pacific, but it is questionable if this quiet event does not mean vastly more to our future prosperity.

THE effort of certain wealthy cattle men to secure a lease of nearly all the best portion of the Crow Reservation for a stock range is calling out much opposition from the people of Eastern Montana. Several public meetings have been held, and Delegate Maginnis is already in Washington in the interests of his constituents working against the scheme. These lands should be thrown open to the occupation of the people, and not be permitted to fall into the grasp of a few cattle kings.

THE leading sheep men of Montana are Siems & Armington, a wealthy St. Paul firm. They recently purchased three large bands, aggregating thirteen thousand, and expect to add to these by other liberal purchases. The firm's headquarters are at Fort Benton, and the ranges along Belt Creek. Sheep interests are rapidly coming to the front in that prosperous Territory and taking rank with mining and cattle. Northern Montana is the seat of this industry.

A CAREFUL estimate places the number of beef cattle in Idaho at 360,000.

JUDGING OF DISTANCE.

IT is very difficult to judge of distances at sea. Refraction always changes the apparent place of an object, so that we seem to see the sun after it has gone below the horizon. A more striking but less frequent phenomenon of refraction is that known as mirage. Refraction also affects the color of an object. The media through which light passes has more or less effect upon the ray. In a fog objects are dimly seen, the effect resembling that due to distance; hence objects look larger, for the eye judges of the size of an object by multiplying the size of the image or impression received by the square of the distance, while the latter is estimated from the indistinctness of the object. In the fog the apparent distance is increased, but the eye interprets it as due to the opposite cause. On looking at the photograph of a tree, a church, a monument or a pyramid, it is not possible to form a correct idea of its size unless a man or animal is seen in the same view with which to compare it. In Nature, especially on land, the intervening objects that lead up to it give the data on which to calculate the distance. Where none intervene, as in looking from peak to peak, the eye must depend on distinctness, and where the air is very clear and transparent, as in Colorado, distances seem less than they are. If the object is seen through transparent but colored media, the form remains true, but the colors are changed. At sea, on a clear day,

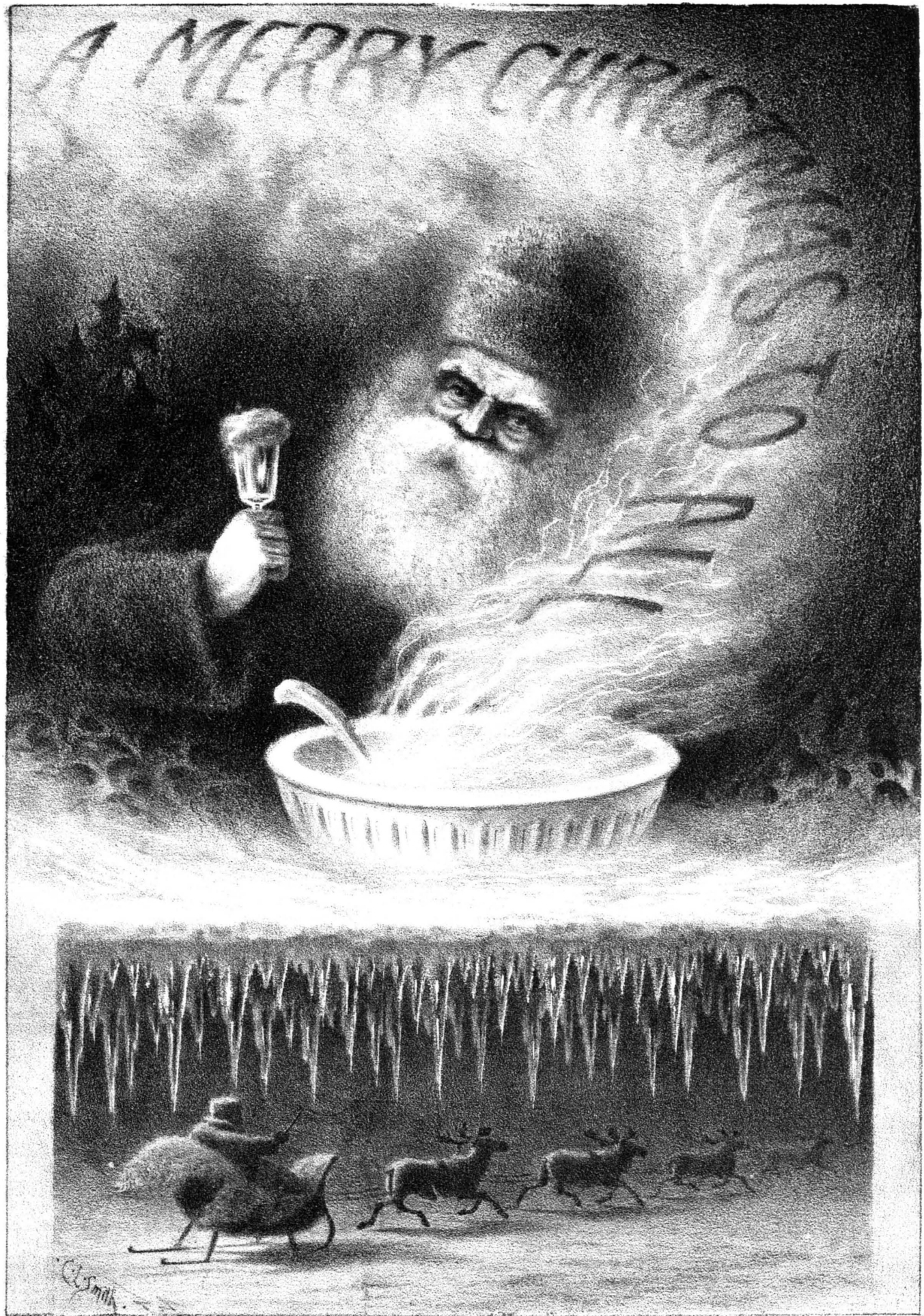
distances may be calculated approximately by the proportion of an object which appears above the horizon line. The horizon is about ten miles distant when seen from the deck of an ocean steamer, consequently another steamer which is "hull down" will be distant from the observer some twenty miles. With care distances can be thus quite accurately calculated.

CANDLE SUPERSTITIONS.

SO far as number is concerned, the most numerous class of superstitions is composed of those which cluster round the family candles. The origin of these probably dates far back in antiquity, when the world was full of superstitious fancies about light in general and candle light in particular. When we come down to the early days of the Christian Church, however, we find that not a few of the ordinances of religion were accompanied by ceremonies borrowed from paganism, in which lighted candles played an important part. Candles were lighted at birth to keep off evil spirits, at marriage to prevent the evil eye from affecting the happy pair, and at death to drive away the demons who were thought to be always on the lookout for the soul of the dying man. Naturally then, as candles played so important a part in the ceremonies of religion, men became accustomed to regard them with something of a superstitious eye, and to look to them for signs and wonders which were not to be elsewhere found. So a peculiar appearance in the candle, for which no reason could be given, was always regarded as something indicative of some remarkable thing about to happen. A collection of tallow round the wick is still known as a winding sheet, and is believed to foretell the death of one of the family, while a bright spark is a sign of the future reception of a letter by the person opposite whom the spark is situated, and the waving of the flame without any apparent cause is supposed to demonstrate the presence of a spirit in the room. In addition to these fanciful notions, there are some others which are founded on natural facts too well known to admit of dispute, such as the refusal of the candle to light readily, which indicates a state of atmosphere favorable to a coming storm.

ANCIENT WOOD ENGRAVING.

THE art of wood working is the oldest means whereby man gratified his vanity or his eye, and the one which, even among savages, still maintains its excellence. The New Zealander's club and the ancient Aztec's gods, the Hydah Indian's pipes and the paddles of the Polynesian canoe man, are marvels of carving, executed with the rudest tools. In the Kaffir country of Central Africa are entire villages composed of wooden houses, elaborately carved on post and pillar. Until the fear of fire led to the use of iron and stone as building material, such towns were common in Europe. Beams, brackets, door-heads and gable ends were effectively hewn with grotesque images of demons, heraldic devices, and those fair, saintly faces which still look down on us with a glance so benign.



THE WEST SHORE.



"TEMPUS FUGIT."

In childhood's happy, sunny days we take no note of ^{Time,}
 Nor when more fervid summer rays remind us of our prime
 Do we enough regard our ways. Then tolls the evening chime,
 And then Time gravely showeth his dial as we pass;
 For well the old man knoweth that unerringly it goeth,
 And his keen scythe quickly moweth all human flesh as ^{grass.}
 — Old Poem.

WEST SHORE-LITH.

VOYAGE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

DURING the fifty years immediately following the discovery of America, Spain gained a firm and lasting foothold in the New World. Ferdinand and Isabella, those Christian rulers who sat upon the united throne of Castile and Aragon, and freed their kingdom from the invading Moors and redeemed it from the faith of Islam, and under whose patronage Columbus sailed upon that voyage which revealed to an astonished world a new continent and a vast, unknown ocean, were succeeded in power by the mighty Charles V. Under the reign of this enlightened monarch, the most powerful, wise and enterprising ruler that ever sat upon the throne of Spain, that nation approached the zenith of its power, wealth and importance in the political affairs of Europe. This she reached and passed during the reign of his son and successor, the haughty Philip, whose power and magnificence was supported chiefly from the endless stream of treasure which flowed into the kingdom from conquered provinces in the New World or from the commerce of the East.

While other nations confined themselves to occasional voyages of exploration and spasmodic efforts at planting feeble colonies, Spain was pursuing a vigorous policy of conquest and colonization. That was the halcyon age of romance and adventure, and Spain led the van. The whole nation seemed imbued with a spirit of conquest. Imagination and romance peopled this vast unknown land with nations of strange civilization and amazing wealth; made it the repository of gold, pearls and precious gems in such fabulous quantity that the greatest riches of the known world seemed but the veriest dross in comparison; gave into its keeping the mythical fountain of youth; endowed it with all the beauties and wonders of earth, air and water the mind could conceive, and even located within its confines the Terrestrial Paradise from whose gates the angel of the Almighty had driven the great progenitors of mankind with a flaming sword of fire. Beyond this was the great South Sea with its thousands of islands, a region romance had filled with nations of Amazons and enriched with gold and pearls; while still further were the Indies, with its known treasures of silk and porcelain; the magnificent Cathay, that land of great cities and hoarded wealth of which Marco Polo had written, and the marvelous island of Cipango, whose treasures were ready to fall into the lap of him who was bold enough to seek them.

Stimulated by avarice, love of adventure and a religious zeal which often approached fanaticism, many of the nobles of Spain embarked upon expeditions of exploration and conquest, accompanied by bands of equally avaricious, adventuresome and fanatical soldiers, whose reward for their services consisted chiefly of the plunder obtained in their bloody campaigns. Such expeditions were fostered and encouraged by the Spanish monarch, who saw in them a means of extending his power and dominions and filling his treasury with the supposed wealth of the New World. Whoever discovered and conquered a new country in the name of the king was com-

missioned governor, or viceroy, of the subdued region, and granted all riches he might thus acquire, save only that which was to be the portion of the crown. By the middle of the sixteenth century Spain had conquered and colonized every portion of America inhabited by wealthy and semi-civilized nations, and was enjoying a revenue of almost fabulous amount from her provinces in the New World.

By this time Portugal had established a large and immensely profitable commerce with the Indies, by following the long route around the Cape of Good Hope. Spain viewed this with jealous eye, notwithstanding the enormous revenue she was already receiving from her possessions in the New World, and put forth great exertions to secure a footing for herself in the Indies. Several unsuccessful expeditions were dispatched across the Pacific from Mexico; but finally, in 1564, the Philippine Islands were subdued and taken possession of in the name of the Spanish monarch. In a few years an enormous revenue was derived from this new dependency. Her possessions in America formed not only an intermediate station as a base of operations, but furnished also the gold and silver with which to purchase the silks, porcelain and spices of the Orient. No other nation possessed such facilities for commerce in the Pacific, and no flag but that of Spain fluttered in the trade winds that sweep steadily across that mighty ocean. Not a ship of war cruised on its broad expanse to guard the commerce from hostile fleets. Annually the galleons sailed from Mexico with gold and silver, and returned laden with the precious products of the East, which were transported across the Isthmus to ships waiting to convey them to the mother country. The monarch of that powerful nation was the personification of arrogance. Over all lands even technically discovered by his subjects he claimed dominion and the exclusive right of trade, even if no settlement of any kind had been attempted. Foreigners of all nations were prohibited, under pain of death, from having any intercourse whatever with such territories, or from navigating the adjacent waters.

Spain was frequently involved in hostilities with her European neighbors, the great revenue derived from her possessions in the New World and her commerce with the Indies furnishing her the "sinews of war." Much as they desired it, her enemies were unable to attack her in this most vital part. Cargo after cargo crossed the Pacific and not a hostile sail was to be seen upon the bosom of the ocean. On the Atlantic side, however, things wore a different aspect. Armed fleets were necessary to protect her merchantmen from the men-of-war sent out to cut them off in times of national disputes, and from the piratical crafts that infested the West Indies at all seasons. These "freebooters," or "buccaneers," plied their piratical calling even in times of peace, with the full knowledge and even encouragement of their sovereigns. They sought diligently for the Northwest Passage. If they could only find some route into the Pacific other than the dangerous one by way of the Straits of Magellan, they could prey to their hearts' content upon

the unprotected commerce of that ocean. They well knew the value of the cargoes carried in the unarmed galleons from the Philippines. At last, unable to find the Straits of Anian, they invaded the Pacific by the dreaded Straits of Magellan, and the security of Spanish shipping in the South Sea vanished forever.

The pioneer of this plundering band was Francis Drake, an English seaman of much renown, a daring spirit and expert mariner. With three vessels he thus passed into the Pacific upon a mission of plunder. One of these was wrecked soon after passing through the straits; another returned to England; while with his one remaining ship Drake sailed up the coast, scattering terror and devastation among the Spanish shipping and levying contributions in the defenceless ports. The East Indian galleon, with its precious cargo, fell into his hands off the California coast; and then, with his vessel loaded with plunder, he sailed northward to search for the Straits of Anian, intending to pass through them into the Atlantic and thus reach England by a new route. By doing this he would avoid a combat with a Spanish fleet which he had every reason to expect would be lying in wait for him at the Straits of Magellan. He failed utterly to find any such passage, though how thoroughly he searched the coast is unknown; and even the extent of his voyage to the north is a matter of much dispute. By some authorities it is given as latitude 43 degrees, and by others 48 degrees. To this latter opinion all English writers hold, while American historians favor the former, and the reason for adopting their separate opinions is not such an one as should actuate the true historian. If Drake did not proceed beyond latitude 43 degrees, then he made no further progress north than did the Spaniard Ferrelo thirty-five years before, and was not entitled to the honor of discovering any new region on the Pacific Coast. In that event England's claim to Oregon by right of discovery was without foundation, since prior to any subsequent English voyage along the coast several Spanish expeditions coasted its whole length as far as Alaska. If he reached latitude 48 degrees, on the contrary, then England's title by right of discovery was undeniable. Such being the case, and the Spanish title to Oregon having been acquired by the United States by purchase and treaty, the reason for the historians of the two countries espousing different sides, without much reference to the truth of the matter, can be readily perceived.

Two accounts of the voyage were published, thus furnishing the foundation for the controversy, and neither of these narratives bears either internal or external evidence of complete reliability. There may well be a difference of opinion; but the fact that this difference is drawn on national lines is suggestive of bias and a lack of those qualities which mark the true historian. One of them was published by Richard Hakluyt, the celebrated geographer of those times, in a volume embodying the results of all previous voyages of exploration, and is said to be the production of Francis Pretty, one of Drake's crew, though English authors claim it to have been

written by Hakluyt himself from accounts of the voyage related to him some time before, and thus subject to grievous errors. The other account is one which was published by a nephew of Drake seventy years after the voyage was completed, and long after every soul who had participated in it had passed to his final account; thus there was no living witness who could dispute the wildest and most reckless statement the compiler might be led to make in his eagerness to establish his relative's position as discoverer of New Albion, the name Drake had bestowed upon California. The notes used in preparing this volume were credited to the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, chaplain of the expedition, and it must be said that in some respects he was the most magnificent liar that ever undertook to deceive an audience absolutely ignorant of the subject with which he dealt. The regions visited were entirely unknown, and the world was prepared to believe anything of this region, of which new wonders were constantly being revealed. Rev. Mr. Fletcher seems to have realized this, and improved his opportunity; yet the fact that his notes contain what are known to be willful misstatements is not proof that in this one instance he was not correct, or that his notes were altered by the compiler to read 48 degrees instead of 43 degrees. His want of veracity is, of course, a presumption against his statement in this particular; but it will require something more authentic than the alleged narrative of Francis Pretty to establish their inaccuracy beyond dispute. When the whole matter is reviewed impartially, the mind naturally leans toward the theory of 43 degrees, without, however, feeling completely satisfied that it is the true one. In the nature of things this controversy can never be settled, and Drake and Ferrelo will ever bear the divided honor of the discovery of Oregon.

Having been forced back along the coast by adverse winds, he entered a small bay near latitude 38 degrees, where he cast anchor for thirty-six days. It was, until recent times, supposed that this harbor was San Francisco Bay, the name helping to support the idea with the unthinking. So far from giving it the name of this English scourge, the devout Spaniards, when it was discovered many years later, thus christened it in honor of Francis, the tutelar saint of the Franciscans. Sir Francis Drake was the reverse of a saint in Spanish eyes, and even had they named it in his honor, they would have been certain to associate with it some title more in harmony with their estimation of his character. Drake was in search of the fabulous Straits of Anian, and that he lay thirty-six days in San Francisco Bay without even attempting to explore the connecting bays of San Pablo and Suisun, and the great navigable rivers discharging into them, is so manifestly improbable as to be beyond credence. There is no positive testimony to support the dea, and the contrary is proven as nearly as purely negative testimony can prove anything. It is generally conceded by historians that Drake's harbor of refuge was the one lying just north of the Golden Gate, and known as "Drake's Bay." It is in speaking of this place that Chaplain Fletcher displays his abilities as a romancer.

The time was the month of June, and yet, he states that snow covered the hills, and the weather was so cold that meat froze upon being taken from the fire. One familiar with the fact that snow is a rarity there even in winter, and that at no time does it become cold enough to freeze meat that has never been near a fire, has his confidence in the veracity of the chronicler terribly shaken.

While lying in the harbor Drake landed and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, christening it "New Albion" in honor of his native land. Fletcher's narrative states that the natives at first mistook them for gods and offered sacrifices to them, and that they removed this impression by themselves publicly offering up their devotions to the Creator. Of the incidents of their landing the narrative says: "Our necessarie business being ended, our General, with his companie, travailed up into the countrey to their villiages, where we found heardees of deere by 1,000 in a companie, being most large and fat of bodie. We found the whole countrey to be a warren of strange kinde of connies; their bodies in bigness as be the Barbarie connies, their heads as the heads of ours, the feet of a Want [mole] and the taile of a rat, being of great length; under her chinne on either side a bagge, into which she gathered her meate, when she hath filled her bellie abroad. The people do eat their bodies, and make accompt for their skinnies, for their King's coat was made out of them. Our General called this countrey Nova Albion, and that for two causes: the one in respect to the white bankes and cliffes which lie toward the sea; and the other because it might have some affinitie with our countrey in name, which sometimes was so called. There is no part of earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not a *reasonable quantitie of gold or silver*. Before sailing away, our General set up a monument of our being there, as also of her majestie's right and title to the same, viz.: a plate nailed upon a faire great poste, whereupon was engraved her majestie's name, the day and yeare of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her majestie's hands, together with her highness' picture and arms, in a piece of five pence of current English money under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our General."

What the worthy Chaplain considered a "reasonable quantitie" of the precious metals it is impossible to conjecture; but the probabilities are that he manufactured this statement from whole cloth. The earliest authentic accounts of the Indians of California do not speak of them as possessing any gold or silver, and it was many years after the Spaniards took possession of the State before gold was discovered and mined. At that time the natives were completely ignorant of the character and value of the substance, and had no traditions on the subject; from which may reasonably be concluded that Chaplain Fletcher deliberately lied when he made that assertion, the more so that even to the present time no gold has been discovered in the locality of which he spoke. It will be remembered that a few years before, when America was first discovered, it was the general

belief that it was speckled with gold and silver and glistened with gems. These extravagant ideas had become modified in Drake's time, though by no means abandoned. The Spaniards had been searching a few years before in this direction for wealthy nations whose existence was reported to them by the Indians of Mexico, but without success. They still entertained the belief that pearls and the precious metals could be found in abundance in this region; and Fletcher was simply supplying a "long-felt want" when he wrote that a "reasonable quantitie of gold or silver" existed in every handful of dirt that might be taken up at random on the California coast. His other statements are probably correct, since ground squirrels exist in such abundance there, and are so destructive to crops, that the State grants a bounty for their extermination, and the early pioneers speak of immense bands of antelope and elk that roamed the valley and foothills.

Having abandoned the hope of finding a passage into the Atlantic, and fearing to attempt to return by the Straits of Magellan, Drake undertook the long voyage across the Pacific, and reached England by weathering the Cape of Good Hope. His return with his vessel loaded with the plundered riches of the Spaniards was hailed with joy by his countrymen. The interests of Spain and England were hostile. The latter looked with jealousy and fear upon the power of the Castilian throne, sustained by the enormous revenue derived from America and the Indies, and Queen Elizabeth knighted the daring robber for his services to his country in striking such a severe blow at the resources of her rival. Ten years later, when the proud Philip sent that wonderful Spanish Armada, which was fitted out by revenues derived from this same commerce, and was to crush England at a blow, one of the gallant fleets which met and defeated it was commanded by Sir Francis Drake. Other English freebooters, encouraged by the brilliant success of Drake, entered the Pacific by the same route and preyed upon the Spanish shipping. The most successful of these was Thomas Cavendish, who ravaged the coast of Chile, Peru and Mexico in 1587, sank or burned nineteen vessels, and captured the galleon *Santa Anna* off the coast of California. The next year he returned to England by the Cape of Good Hope, having accomplished the third circumnavigation of the globe, Magellan being the first and Drake the second to make that then wonderful voyage. It is said that when the ship arrived in England the crew were dressed in silks, the sails were made of damask, and the topmast was covered with cloth of gold.

HARRY L. WELLS.

FAME and fortune await the discoverer of an efficient method of consuming coal that none of its constituent and combustible particles can escape into the atmosphere of large cities, with the twofold result of preventing pecuniary loss and sanitary degradation of the air. It is estimated by competent experts that London alone loses every winter twenty-five million dollars through imperfectly burned coal.

REMINISCENCE OF PIONEER DAYS.

EARLY in March, in the year 1853, a train, consisting of about forty wagons, twenty-five men and over one hundred women and children, left the extreme frontier limits of civilization and pushed Westward toward new homes to be found in the nascent Territory of Oregon. About the middle of April the train crossed the Missouri River, and started on the long and weary journey. The particular incident to which this article is principally devoted occurred early in the month of July, when our train was within less than two days' travel of the North Platte River. It was known to us at the time that a large number of emigrants were encamped along the banks of that stream. Owing to the melting of snows the Platte, at the date mentioned, was swollen above its banks, and the only way it could be crossed was by means of improvised ferry boats made of water-tight wagon beds. It was for the purpose of making these necessary preparations for crossing the deep and rapid stream, and also to allow the cattle and horses—jaded by the long marches—to recruit for a few days, that the short halt was called. We subsequently ascertained, on the arrival of our train, that there were over five hundred men, and more than three times that number of women and children, camped on the Platte. Some half a dozen or more large trains had constituted it a sort of rendezvous. It was the knowledge of the fact that a large force of well-armed, resolute men were camped on that stream that, in all human probability, prevented our train from being massacred by the Arrapaho Indians.

On the day mentioned our train had started very early—long before sunrise—to enable us to cover a long distance before the intense heat of the afternoon came on. Up to two or three o'clock P. M. we had pressed the journey across a wide expanse of sandy, barren plain, covered with a stunted growth of sage brush and the ubiquitous "grease wood." Late in the afternoon the train reached a slightly rolling country. Here the soil proved rocky and sandy, and sparsely clad with small, scrubby pine trees. As we advanced the country grew wild and broken. Small knolls and valleys swelled into high hills and broke into rugged and deep canyons. The pines grew taller and denser, and soon the train was in the midst of a forest. Advancing, we continued to constantly ascend. Not a living creature—bird nor beast—came in sight; not a sound broke the lonely and mysterious solitudes of the dreary, piney depths. There was not the least indication of water, and the prospect of making a "dry camp" for the rapidly approaching night was unpleasantly flattering. Still the jaded teams were pushed forward as rapidly as their condition rendered possible. The gloomy pine forests grew denser, and the lengthening shadows of the waning afternoon deepened to a twilight obscurity.

By five o'clock it was dark, notwithstanding the sun had scarcely set. As there were no signs of the presence of water, and as it became too dark to follow the road in its tortuous windings through the sombre woods, it was determined to camp for the night. A small glade, not

exceeding an acre in extent, was reached and selected as a halting spot. Here the wagons were formed into a circle and securely chained together. About the centre of this circle the tents were pitched and the camp fires kindled. Resinous boughs and dry faggots were obtained in great abundance, and presently the cheerful blaze of a score of fires shot up here and there in the deepening summer twilight. Horses were tethered, and the weary oxen (not unyoked) were lashed together. All the loose stock were secured similarly. These were necessary precautions against the "stampede" so mortally dreaded by the emigrant, and to prevent the stock from straying away during the night.

Thus prepared for the night, tents were hastily pitched and supper cooked. Deprived of water it was a comfortless meal. Anticipating a great scarcity, we had taken the wise precaution to lay in a full supply of that indispensable element previous to starting in the morning. Taking an inventory after camping, it was ascertained that a moderate quantity still remained in the casks and canteens. This was a most welcome discovery. With economical use there was sufficient to furnish all with drinking water, but not a drop could be spared for the thirsty cattle and horses. Guards were stationed on duty when the train halted. These were relieved at regular intervals in the course of the night. Every precaution was observed and all vigilance exercised to prevent a surprise, should any dusky foes be lurking about. We knew that we were then in the territory occupied and claimed by the fierce and treacherous Arrapahoes; that they were then engaged in a bloody war with several other tribes west of the North Platte. For aught we knew to the contrary, they were still on the warpath and hostile to the whites. To the great relief of all not an Arrapaho had been seen for some weeks—not since the train left Fort Atchison, on the Arkansas River. But this knowledge caused no relaxation of vigilance. Mosquitos added much to the general discomfort of the campers. Swarming in myriads, they filled the night air, and attacked viciously man and beast. Camp fires were kept burning all night to drive away these nocturnal intruders. Thus the hours wore slowly away.

About midnight the sky became suddenly overcast with black clouds. Thunder pealed in the distance and lightning flashed fiercely overhead and through the dark recesses of the forest, illuminating for an instant their gloomy mazes. Many campers were aroused by this tumult of the elements, but ascertaining the cause, gladly sank back to slumber, which was rendered doubly sweet by fatigue. With the swift, descending storm, the wind rose, wailed and sang through the rugged mountain gorges and deep woods. Rain followed quickly in torrents for the space of half an hour, thoroughly drenching the guards. Then the thunder died away in the far east, the lightning ceased to play its zig-zag course, the boisterous wind fell to a sullen sigh, and the rain vanished. This storm had a very pleasant effect—it banished the mosquitoes and left the atmosphere cool and invigorating.

Welcome morning at length dawned, to the inexpressible relief of all. Breakfast was cooked and eaten with hearty relish; and before the young sun had gilded the lofty summits of the pine forest the train was in readiness to proceed. Just as the teams were preparing to move, about twenty mounted Arrapaho warriors, daubed with hideous colors and dressed in picturesque costumes, armed with spears, bows and arrows, tomahawks and knives, rode into the opening from the road along which we were shortly to travel. These Indians were stalwart fellows, tall and straight as arrows. As they spurred clear of the timber, and advanced toward the centre of the glade, they presented a fine appearance. But their sudden and unheralded advent conveyed an impression far from agreeable. The women uttered low screams and exclamations of alarm; the children clung to mothers in terror, and even the faces of the men showed a degree of very grave concern.

Following closely on the heels of the warriors' horses came a number of mounted Indian women and children. Most reassuring and welcome was the appearance of the latter, for it bespoke no present hostility on the part of the savages. Had they intended an attack on our party they would have left their squaws and "papposes" behind. This was in accordance with all known experience of Indians and their peculiarities of conducting war. The scowling savages, with bedizened faces, glowing in brilliant vermilion and ghastly green and yellow, set off with picturesque head-dresses and handsome buckskin suits, decorated with bright-hued beads and eagle feathers, advanced and made salutations of peace and good will. The men in the party responded with an apparent spirit of cordiality. However, there was an ill-concealed insolence in the manner of the Indians, and a low, cunning leer in their glittering, snakish eyes as they shot rapid, penetrating glances here and there. In an instant, with a sort of instinct, they took a mental inventory of everything—the number of men capable of bearing arms, the women and children, and wagons and teams. Nothing seemed to escape their notice. Notwithstanding their profuse professions of amity, our party watched every look and movement like hawks. They made it convenient to keep their weapons in their hands in readiness for use at a moment's warning. This want of confidence was not lost on the savages; for the malignant, devilish frown deepened, and they began conversing rapidly and in an undertone in their gibberish, which consisted principally of a series of gutturals and swinish grunts. By this time the entire party had filed into the opening. There were probably fifty—bucks, squaws and papposes—besides a pack of ugly, yelping dogs. The Indians, sniffing the savory remnants of breakfast, freely circulated among the wagons, peeping under the canvas covers with a swaggering impudence, and eagerly picked up every scrap of food that had been thrown aside. Everything was soon in readiness, and, at a signal from the leader, the wagons were put in motion. For a minute or more the Indians stood silently observing the departure of the train, and then wheeling their horses rode

sullenly away to the east, and soon were lost in the depths of the pine forest.

Our train pushed on through the dense pine belt until noon. Straggling bands of Arrapahoes were met all along the road; gaudily decked warriors, from whose spears and broad leathern wampums hung scalps still raw and bloody, the coarse, black, snaky locks showing they had been rudely torn from the heads of Indian foes; filthy-looking squaws, squalid children and mangy, snarling dogs. Both bucks and squaws were mounted, while the dogs and papposes were conveyed in the usual Indian "drags"—two poles lashed to each side of a pony, and a buffalo hide fastened loosely across from one to the other of the former. The ends of the poles dragged on the ground. On this primitive sleigh and vehicle combined children, dogs, blankets, robes and provisions were deposited and conveyed from place to place. The savages did not offer to molest our party; but they scowled like painted devils at us, and often yielded the road with great reluctance. Our progress was necessarily slow and heavy, the rain of the previous night having fallen in such quantities as to render the road extremely muddy.

About twelve o'clock the train emerged from the gloomy pine forest, and came out on the summit of a high, bold mountain. Here we halted for dinner. This mountain could not be less than one thousand feet high, and commanded a magnificent view of the wide, level plain, stretching far away from the base for miles. From the elevation we could easily see the North Platte some ten miles to the west, and trace its winding course by a belt of dark, green timber fringing on either side the grassy banks. To the great concern and alarm of all, a large Indian lodge, or village, was seen just at the foot of the mountain. The road the train must soon follow passed through the centre of this village. Not less than eighty large skin tents were pitched along the verdant banks of a little stream that poured its icy waters out of the range of mountain spurs over which we had just passed, and meandered across the prairie toward the Platte. Drove of piebald ponies thickly covered the plain, and browsed upon the luxuriant herbage that spread like a green carpet. Hundreds of swarthy Arrapahoes were seen swarming about the tents, or lounging lazily on the grass around smoldering camp fires; for, although it was midsummer, the air in those elevated mountain regions was raw and chilly.

The arrival of the train did not long escape the sharp vision of these American Arabs. Soon, by twos and threes, and then by dozens, they came straggling along the rough, steep side of the mountain. We found them just as inquisitive and far more insolent than those encountered during the day. Some begged for victuals; others almost demanded them. Food given them was devoured ravenously. At least five hundred Indians, principally men, had reached our halting place before the train was in readiness to commence the descent. The road was narrow and tortuous, leading down the precipitous side of the mountain. It was both difficult and

dangerous, and the descent required nearly an hour to accomplish. While the train was on the way down the mountain a very exciting episode occurred, which came near resulting in bloodshed, and might have led to the massacre of the entire party. A young, haughty chief (of whose sudden and untimely fate further mention will subsequently be made), glorying in a profusion of brilliant paints, and bedecked with feathers, beads and savage toggery, happened to see a young lady in one of the hindmost wagons of the train. She was a very handsome girl, and, at first glance, the young sachem seemed to fall desperately in love with her. He determined to possess her at once and at all hazards. Calling some ten or a dozen young braves to assist him, he stopped the team and insisted on the girl immediately getting out. Terrified beyond measure, she clung desperately to her mother, and called loudly for help. Seeing the team surrounded and the lusty brave offering violence to the girl, half a dozen resolute men, well armed, ran back. The young chief-lover was very roughly handled, and finally knocked down before he would desist from his purpose. Bows and spears were drawn and bright knives gleamed in the sunlight, and bloodshed seemed imminent for a moment. Our men did not flinch, but, with cocked rifles and pistols, ordered the Indians to stand back and allow the team to proceed. Seeing the white men could not be frightened, the Indians sullenly slunk away, and the team moved forward down the mountain.

Several hundred Indians had assembled about the centre of the village awaiting the arrival of the train. They were mostly seated in the form of a crescent—regular Indian council fashion. They occupied the road and filled the ground for some distance on either side, thus completely blocking the passage. Here, seated in royal state, was the head chief of the tribe. On each side stood his sub-chiefs, and a little behind the interpreter. The head chief was a magnificent specimen of a savage. He stood six feet in his moccasins, straight as a pine, and must have weighed over two hundred pounds. There was not an ounce of superfluous adipose about his giant frame. He had the muscular grace and sinewy strength of a panther, and the dark, piercing eye of an eagle. This chief was dressed in a superb suit of fine broadcloth, that fitted him like a kid glove, and displayed to splendid advantage his lithe, muscular form. Encircling his waist was a wide belt, to which was suspended a fine broadsword. His Atlas-like shoulders were ornamented with gold epaulettes, and a wide-brimmed beaver hat covered his head. About his ears, from which depended large golden ornaments, and over his brawny shoulders streamed a profusion of long, black, snaky locks, shining with grease. Both sub-chiefs, erect, tigerish, dignified-looking red men—were dressed in native costumes, elaborate and strikingly picturesque. The interpreter, who looked like a half Indian and Spaniard, was dressed in a plain, ordinary citizen's suit. When the foremost team approached the spot where the chief and his tribe were collected, suddenly some eight or a dozen warriors, at a signal, sprang forward into the middle of

the road. They drew their bows and leveled their sharp, formidable-looking spears at the teams and drivers. Instantly a halt was called, but not a word spoken. With a majestic wave of his hand and a loud grunt, the chief rose slowly from his bearskin seat. Slowly removing his hat, and making several low bows, he commenced a characteristic Indian harangue. He spoke for a few minutes in a loud, clear, ringing voice, and then quietly resumed his seat. All the Indians removed their fantastic head-dresses when the chief arose, and paid the strictest heed to his words.

The interpreter advanced and addressed the leader of the train, who, with most of the men, had gathered in front of the chief. He spoke English quite plainly. He told the immigrants that the chief demanded tribute from them; that they were traveling through territory which belonged to the Arrapaho tribe. He reminded the emigrants that it was only by sufferance they were permitted to pass unmolested through the country. They were required to pay for this great privilege in provisions. Every family, the interpreter spoke, was required to contribute. Our leader, who was a dauntless fellow and a fluent talker, spoke at length in response. He strongly remonstrated against this enforced levy. A long, tedious powwow followed. The head chief harangued again, the sub-chiefs were heard, and several of our leading men addressed the council. Our people alternately pleaded and remonstrated against the gross outrage and robbery. Faithfully the interpreter translated the words spoken. But it was all in vain. The savages were deaf to plea and invincible to remonstrance. From each family was demanded a certain proportion of their provisions. No expostulation could divert them from their fixed and greedy purpose.

Finally, with the mock dignity of a monarch, the chief declared the council dissolved. The result was that each family was compelled to submit to the toll exacted by these dusky-hided highwaymen. Flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, tea and other provisions were measured or weighed out, and piled in a heap on blankets and skins spread out on the ground. The savages greedily demanded "More, more," but finally the emigrants refused to be robbed any further. Fully four hours had been consumed in these unpleasant negotiations and in adjusting the proportions of the enforced levy.

It was near five o'clock when the chief, with a kingly wave of his hand, ordered his warriors to move aside and permit the train to proceed. As the sun was setting the wagons left the smoky, squalid precincts of the Arrapaho village and crowded forward toward North Platte. By ten o'clock that night the welcome destination was reached. Here nearly two thousand emigrants were collected. Among them were about six hundred men capable of bearing and using arms.

Early the following morning a sort of formal meeting was held, when it became generally known to what a high-handed outrage our people had been subjected. Over five hundred men participated. At first the feeling of retaliation predominated; and there was a strong dis-

position to return hastily, in a body, and to punish the robbers and demand instant reparation. Many of the younger and more impetuous men loudly argued for speedy revenge, and advocated the organization of a large party. Wiser counsels fortunately prevailed, and it was finally concluded to allow these copper-colored robbers to retain their ill-gotten booty unmolested.

Just as the informal council was adjourning, two Indians, mounted on fine American horses, rode out from behind a sharp spur of a range of high and heavily timbered hills which trended northward from our camp, parallel to the river, but some distance back from the stream. Continuing in a straight line to the west, the Indians rode down to a point near the Platte. They were more than half a mile distant when first observed coming from the deep ravine. Turning their horses' heads south, they spurred them forward and came in a full gallop toward the camp. Their sudden and unexpected appearance just at that critical juncture—when bitter and hostile feelings were rankling in the breasts of all—seemed ominous of coming trouble. On the Indians rode, little dreaming of the fate in store for them. Six hundred men—all well armed with rifles and pistols—stood watching these reckless, adventuresome redskins literally riding into the jaws of destruction. Three minutes' brisk gallop brought the Indians to the center of the large camp. One (the taller and more gorgeously dressed of the two) was immediately recognized as the disdainful young chieftain who had fallen so suddenly and desperately in love with the young lady, and had so ingloriously failed in his attempt to abduct her the previous day. Whether the savage had ridden into the lion's mouth in the fugitive hope of seeing the girl once more, or merely to reconnoitre and play the cunning spy, will never be known. Both Indians rode up to where most of the men were standing grasping their arms, and eyeing them with lowering brows and set, determined faces, and reining up their horses, made the usual salutations of peace. Not the slightest notice was taken of their professions of friendship. They waited for a moment; but evidently feeling deadly hostility in the very air they were breathing, both Indians touched their horses, splendid-looking animals, that had doubtless been stolen from some train, and rode on. Men fell back as they advanced, and allowed them to proceed without molestation. The Indians cast furtive glances here and there with their sharp, lynx eyes, and closely scrutinized everything. Making a circuit of the encampment, the chief and his attendant turned their faces northward and rode rapidly away. Whatever purpose they had in view in making the perilous visit, it was seemingly accomplished.

It required only a minute for the Indians to put several hundred yards between the outside limit of the camp and the flying hoofs of their horses. Suddenly the long pent-up feeling for revenge burst forth. One hot-headed, impetuous young man shouted, "Let us follow the d—redskin spies and shoot them!" The effect was electrical. Twenty-five or thirty young fellows, all armed with rifles,

leaped into saddles and spurred madly after the retreating savages. Many of the older and more thoughtful men in the camp remonstrated against the rash and bloody purpose of the pursuing party, fearing that, in retaliation, the Arrapahoes would visit sanguinary vengeance on some poor, innocent emigrants to follow. A feeble attempt was made to stop them. But in vain. They were like young tigers with the smell of fresh blood in their nostrils. Away they flew like the wind! The thunder of hoofs fell on the startled ears of the Indians. Casting eyes over their shoulders, they saw the pursuers following like a whirlwind on their track. Spurring their horses to the top of their speed, the lower end of the wooded ravine was reached in a moment, and the savages shot like arrows behind the abrupt spur and vanished from sight. Less than two hundred yards behind, the avengers, like a tornado, swiftly followed. The termination of the impending tragedy can be more easily imagined than described. Up the narrow and rugged ravine pursued and pursuers sped. Necessarily the race was a brief one. Escape was impossible. Both savages were overtaken and shot down—literally riddled with rifle balls. Half an hour later the pursuing party came straggling leisurely back to camp. No questions were asked or answered. As trophies they brought with them the two horses ridden by the Indians. These animals, together with a certain peculiar expression on the faces of the party, told mutely the fate of the foolhardy savages.

Late that afternoon a party returned from a long horseback hunt. They stated they had visited the place where the Arrapaho village was located when our train passed, but found not a soul. Doubtless fearing summary punishment for their robbery, the Indians broke up camp soon after we were allowed to proceed, and had retreated far into the piney fastnesses of the mountains, where pursuit could be successfully defied. There was every indication that their departure had been a precipitate one.

Of the consequences of shooting the two Indians nothing more was ever heard. It has never been known whether their tribe avenged their deaths or not. Two days later all the emigrants had crossed the swift current of the North Platte, and hundreds of canvas-covered wagons were stretched for miles along the dusty plains on the steady march to the Pacific Coast.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

THE preparation of coal gas may be effected in miniature by means of a common "long clay" tobacco pipe. The bowl must be nearly filled with coarsely-powdered coal, and must be sealed up with a cover of moist clay. When the clay has sufficiently dried, the bowl must be exposed to a red heat in an ordinary fire-grate. The gas, with a quantity of smoke, will soon be generated, and can be lighted at the mouth-piece of the pipe. The residue left in the now red-hot bowl of the pipe is a lump of nearly pure carbon in the form of coke.

MOUNTAIN MYSTERIES:

A MIDSUMMER SCHERZO.

"PER BACCO! It is of no use! We shall have to turn back! and if your Excellency had only listened to me in the first—"

What more the driver of the little mountain carriage would have said is uncertain, his voice being silenced at this point by the explosion of a terrific peal of thunder coming almost simultaneously with the electric flame which illumined the whole landscape. It showed distinctly the wild precipitous road skirted by forests of great chestnuts bending and creaking before the furious blast, while beyond were lofty cliffs crowned with isolated villages, and the Apennines range upon range in the distance.

The next moment all was dark again, but the sudden gleam had served to show a group of buildings, high above the road on the right; one of the houses seemed superior to the rest, and in good preservation.

The solitary traveler answered the unfinished remark of the *vetturino* by proposing to seek shelter for the night at this dwelling.

The driver either did not hear or would not heed this remark, being engaged in a struggle with his horse. The poor creature, terrified at the storm, had involved itself in a difficulty with his *trappelo*. A *trappelo*, be it known, is an extra horse, ox or mule, harnessed loosely with ropes in front of the driven one; it is added at the foot of any steep ascent in the mountain roads, and is under the charge of some village urchin or country lass, who takes it back to its owners when the ascent is accomplished.

The two animals in their fright had tangled their harness and tied themselves head and tail, a complication which it took the driver and the boy a considerable time to disentangle, and involved a great deal of discussion.

They both talked at once, and made more free use of their hands in conversation than in loosening the ropes; and as all the chances were talked over of what might have happened had the mule reared on the other side, which was a sheer precipice, instead of on the inner side of the road, and various theories were propounded as to how she got reversed at all, the two energetic voices rising above the continued roar of the storm, it may easily be imagined the traveler lost his patience ere he found a hearing, and again proposed to take shelter at the house he had seen just above them.

But here, alas! a new discussion arose. Regardless of wind and rain, the man and boy, one gesticulating at each side of the storm-beaten carriage, urged their opposite opinions on the Englishman, the man counseling their going on to the next village, the boy advising their return to the one they came from—his own house, by the by—and both denying that any shelter was to be found nearer.

"But I saw several houses close by," exclaimed the traveler.

Two forefingers black in the light of the dim lamp were shaken in his face from opposite directions, and for

once the two voices agreed in saying that he had been mistaken. A sheet of lightning illumined the scene at that instant; the two Italians crossed themselves, and the traveler cried in triumph, "There, you have seen! there is quite a hamlet close by; let us have no more dispute, I insist—" a terrific peal of thunder finished the sentence for him.

The driver shrugged his shoulders, and with that unanswerable "*come vuole lei*" (you must do as you choose), succumbed to superior power.

Not so the boy, who began some disparaging remarks on the house, but the driver cut him short with a word and a push, telling him to "look after his *trappelo*, who was going over the precipice this time," and turning to Mr. Mostyn, suggested that he should himself go up to the house and ask for shelter, as they could not leave the horses.

Inwardly grumbling at the discomfiture of his position, and stumbling in the darkness over stones and fragments of rock, our traveler floundered into a pool, and then emerged on a damp lawn with long grass. Another flash showed him the house, which seemed to be of solid construction, standing a few yards in front of him. That the windows and door should be tightly closed was not to be wondered at during such a storm and at that late hour. Something, however, in the aspect of the building seemed to tell him that it was abandoned, and indeed his urgent knocks elicited no sign of life within.

Hesitating in perplexity what to do next, he observed in a window of one of the adjoining cottages a glimmer of light. Making his way as quickly as possible toward this beacon, he knocked vigorously at the nearest door.

After what seemed a long interval the casement was cautiously opened, and an old woman's head appeared, showing darkly against the light within, which touched her gray hair with silver. To her "*Chi è?*" (Who's there?) he replied with an urgent request for refuge from the storm; but her answer was doubtful. She was evidently suspicious of entertaining an unknown guest, arriving in mystery, like the demon of the storm. She withdrew, and the sound of several voices arguing together was heard within. All the while Arthur Mostyn was being drenched without, for mountain rain falls in cascades, not in single drops.

At length the door was opened slowly by a young man, and the traveler entering found himself in one of those large, low chambers, at once kitchen and sitting room, common to the mountains. The walls were perfectly black with age and smoke; the ceiling, of loose poles laid across beams, was equally black. This might be explained by the fact that the fire was in the middle of the floor, bricked round for the purpose, and that the smoke ascended through the open roof and escaped above. The scene was perfectly Rembrandtesque, a glowing fire burned in the centre, while a huge caldron hung from a beam steaming in its midst, and around were grouped a large family party—grandmother and grandchildren, stalwart sons and their wives, a kitten and a baby, curled up together fast asleep on the floor, another sleepy child

THE WEST SHORE.



THE WEST SHORE.



ATLANTIC.

WESTMORE-LITH.

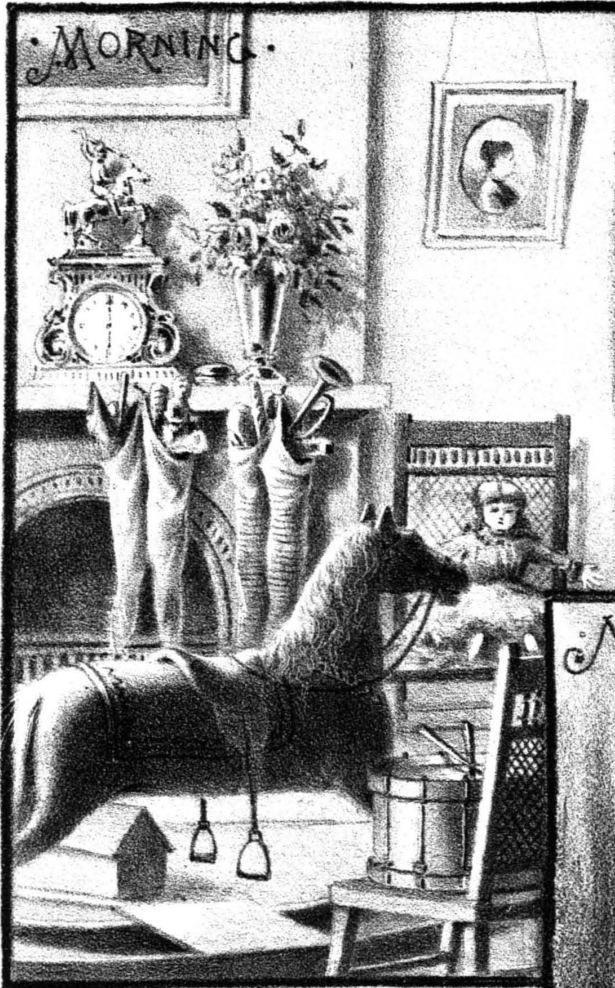
THE WEST SHORE.



PACIFIC.

WEST SHORE - LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.



trying hard to keep awake enough to watch his father stirring the *polenta* in the caldron. On the stranger's entrance every eye was turned to him as he stood dripping in the doorway. One glance was enough to show he was to be trusted, and the natural politeness of the Tuscan mountaineers showed itself on the instant. They pressed him to come to the fire, removed his damp coat and boots, and though they had no available substitutes to produce, a woman brought a large shawl and put it over his shoulders. Then as he stood warming himself, and feeling as if he had suddenly got into an old picture, the assembled group stood regarding him with a persistent stare, calculated to put a more nervous man out of countenance.

One or two of the men set off to show the driver to a rough stable for his horses, and the sturdy father, who had conscientiously kept on stirring the *polenta*, in spite of distractions, announced that it was ready to be served. His wife, putting a stiff, swaddled baby on the ground near the kitten, brought a huge bowl, and the yellow steaming mess was turned into it, and placed on the massive worn-eaten oaken table at the side. Then the father, seating himself so as to be on a level with the dish, took a piece of string, and holding one end in his mouth, sliced and then cut in pieces the whole mess, which by this time was quite firm. The children woke up as if by instinct, and came crowding to obtain their handful of the steaming compound, and the old woman putting some rough plates and glasses and some coarse bread on the table, the meal was ready.

Arthur Mostyn, hungry enough not to be fastidious, willingly partook, making one of the homely party assembled round the old oak table, while a gaudy colored Madonna on the wall in front of him gazed down smilingly through a veil of several layers of smoke acquired in the course of years. The simple peasants all looked toward her, and crossed themselves devoutly before eating. During the meal they told him that the house and its surroundings belonged to Count Mastini, a name already familiar to him, as his aunt in England was a friend of the late Countess and had given him an introduction to the present Count. He, however, seldom visited it, leaving the care of the villa to his *contadino*, or peasant, who was now speaking. "You see, Signore Inglese" (let any Englishman try to conceal his nationality from a Continental to whom he has spoken two words if he can), "this place is sort of lonely like, five miles from the nearest village, which is but a poor place at the best. And the Padrone (master) spends most of his time at Rome or Florence, which he likes better than this old villa on account of—"

"But it is not the loneliness," burst in the irrepressible boy of the *trappelo*, who sat by the fire discussing a huge slice of *polenta*.

"Can't you be quiet," said the driver, giving him a kick; "who asked you to talk nonsense?"

"Father says—" began the boy.

"Tell your father to mind his own business," exclaimed the peasant, with a look that silenced the boy at

once. Then to change the subject he added: "'Tis lucky you found us up at this hour; we generally sup at eight o'clock, only there was a *funzione* (service) at the church, some miles off, this evening, and that made us late—we only got home just before the storm. 'Tis the vigil of San Giovanni (St. John's Eve), you know."

His frugal supper ended, the traveler began to agitate the—to him important—subject of a bed, but found that considerable difficulties awaited him. In fact, there was not an article of that description in all the cottages that did not do double, or even triple, duty. The driver and boy were content, the one to sleep on a large "settle" by the dying fire, the other to repose on the same straw as his *trappelo*; but for the gentleman was no place found, unless he would consent to make a third on the mattress shared by two bachelor brothers. Gathering from the peasants that the large villa was furnished, and that they had the key, he proposed to sleep there if they would prepare him a bed, urging as a claim that he had with him a letter of introduction to Count Mastini. He was not surprised—having some traveling experience—to find, that a hundred difficulties were made, but the start of horror that ran through the assembly rather puzzled him. The difficulties he surmounted one by one, however; when the peasants had no more reasonable objections to offer, yet remained as obstinate as ever in refusing, he lost patience and began to insist; and what will not Saxon determination backed up by Saxon gold conquer?

The peasant yielded at length, unwillingly it must be confessed, also much worried by many sleeve twitchings and mutterings from the female members of the family, who evidently did not approve of the Englishman's design. The ancient dame, finding all private advice unavailing, placed herself in their path, and in a trembling voice, but with a certain dignity, said: "Beppe, my son, beware of what you do. Englishman, you know not what may happen if you insist!"

Beppe, the stalwart father of the younger family, shrugged his shoulders, saying, "If the Signore chooses to go in spite of our advice, he can't blame us." Then calling to his wife for some clean sheets, which she gave him from an old oaken chest, he took a lantern and led the way out.

"Alas!" cried the old dame, as Beppe good naturedly put her aside, "it is time for me to go; no one minds me, not even my own son."

The irrepressible boy gave vent to his feelings by a prolonged whistle, and ejaculated, "If he knew what I know he'd be stilettoed rather than sleep there." But the grandmother and driver both turning angrily on him, he forthwith took his way to seek the company of his sleeping companion, the mule, while the old woman went sighing up the creaking stairs to bed.

II.

The *contadino* whom they called "Beppe" led the way with the bundle of linen under his arm, a lamp in one hand and a great key in the other, muttering as he went down the cottage steps, "My mother is growing old,

it does not do to give way to all her fancies you see, Signore. Hi! Cecco," he cried, as if struck by a sudden thought. "Cecco, come with me and hold the lamp; that big door takes two hands to open it."

Cecco leaning against the doorpost—a dark silhouette against the light within the cottage—laughed mockingly, and ejaculated "*Grazie!*" an Italian's more refined method of saying, "I'll be hanged if I do!"

Cecco's elder brother was not so obdurate; he was a solemn-looking fellow with large eyes, and a mouth which formed a horizontal line across his face, and which shut up with a peculiarly tight expression. Pietro rose, saying, "Poor Beppe! we won't let him go alone. I'll come, Beppe." And he went out into the darkness, overtaking the Englishman and his brother just as they reached an old gabled gateway, about twenty yards up the rough stony lane.

Beppe opened this, and they stumbled down some rude steps into a courtyard, where a sound of dropping water came through all the roaring wind, scrambled in the darkness over wet grass and pebbles, fell across a big stone table in the midst, and finally reached an old black oak doorway.

"Here, Pietro, you open this," said Beppe, handing the key to his brother, and the lamp and sheets to the traveler, then while Pietro struggled with the rusty lock he softly turned into the gloom and ran away.

Pietro's expression as he found himself left alone with the stranger on the black threshold of the old villa was a study. Terror and superstition struggled with indignation and anger, while the discomfited feeling of being a dupe predominated over all. He ran wildly out to the courtyard to call his brother, but the traveler, not wishing to be left alone outside his inhospitable shelter, detained him, saying, "What does it matter? you know the way as well as he does, I suppose," and so brought in the unwilling guide, who having ejaculated, "God save us," and crossed himself, let shrugs of the shoulder and lifting up of the eyes do the rest of the duty in expressing his overpowering feelings. He led the way into a large old room, with quaint oak furniture and faded portraits of the *cinque-cento* style on the walls. "H'm," thought the Englishman, "this looks like civilization at least, if not comfort. Are these family portraits?" he asked.

"Si, Signore Inglese—yes, I will tell you of them tomorrow. Here is the bedroom, sir. I am sorry we have no comforts for you." He spoke in a hurried, gasping sort of voice, and hastily setting down the lamp, he commenced fussily to spread the coarse sheets he had brought from his mother's cottage. As he did so his eye fell on a chair placed carelessly in the middle of the room, as if it had been lately used.

"What are you staring at?" asked Arthur Mostyn.

"Oh, nothing, sir, nothing," ejaculated Pietro, crossing himself, and shutting his mouth till it became a long line dividing his face. He threw the coverlid all awry, and asked if the Signore wanted anything else; but, quite forgetting to wait a reply, with a hasty "Happy

night!" vanished into the darkness, slamming the heavy oak door with a reverberating clang.

Mr. Mostyn, who had several questions on his tongue, stood open-mouthed, gazing into space. As Pietro had done when left by his brother, so our hero did on being deserted in his turn, shrugged his shoulders, and ejaculated "Humph!" His English *sangue freddo*, as the Italians call it, stood him in good stead, and for want of an interlocutor he talked to himself. "This is queer—let us say unusual. With great difficulty I obtain refuge in a house large enough to shelter an army, but nobody is willing to accord it. An ancient crone mutters warnings, a boy threatens evils, two men refuse to enter, and a third is struck dumb at the sight of an empty chair and flies! It seems a quiet old house enough. Let us look round my room."

Holding aloft the lamp, he saw that the huge bedstead had antique yellow hangings and fringes, that the chairs were high-backed and of carved oak, an antique *predella* stood near the bed, and on the sides of the room were two huge oak chests, some ten feet long, which served as divans, but without cushions. These chests had feet like lions' claws, and curious old iron hasps. In the olden days every Italian family possessed such chests, and filled them with the hereditary store of linens and brocades. Every bride had one to hold her *corredo*. The Englishman put down the lamp. "Nothing very alarming on the outside, I must confess, unless the skeleton lives in that musty cupboard in the wall, or the ghost is shut up in one of those chests; perhaps the ghost of Griselda is there," and, half laughing, he opened the one on the left. The heavy lid lifted slowly. As he opened it he fancied he heard a sigh or some sound, but on holding the lamp lower to see well inside there was—*nothing*. "Black emptiness—no more," said Arthur Mostyn, "just what was to be expected, so I will waste no more time."

He left the lamp burning in case of need—for it flashed across his mind that he had no matches with him. In spite of the discomfort of a bed made by the hands of a frightened man, instead of a "neat-handed Phyllis," he was so tired that sleep soon came to him, or would have come, only that just as he was passing into oblivion a voice seemed to say, in good Tuscan, "*Chimè*, what shall I do?"

Starting up wideawake, he exclaimed, "Who's there?" Dead silence replied, or rather did not reply. He looked round the room, even shook out the heavy curtains at his side, and then returned to sleep again, saying reassuringly, "A dream—nothing more." Sleep tarried longer, but at last it approached again; Arthur Mostyn's regular breathing announced the fact. And now other sounds became audible. The lamp spluttered and flickered, cast wonderful shadows and fitful lights as the shades of darkness gathered about it—a hard breath, a half sigh, came from somewhere—*not* from the sleeper in the yellow-curtained bed. The chest on the right side creaked and opened slowly; something like the white face of a terrified girl peeped out. The sleeper turned uneasily. The

chest closed, but presently opened wide. A figure rose up indistinguishable in the dying lamp-light. The sleeper, again suddenly wideawake, sat upright with staring eyes—the eyes wavering bewildered between a something vanishing at the open door, *which he had left shut*, and the other shadows growing and vanishing around the lamp as the flame died out. The next moment he stood at the open door, calling aloud, “Who’s there? speak, or I’ll fire.”

Flying footsteps echoed soft into the distance, the lamp went out completely, and he, after listening a moment to intense silence, groped his way back to his room. As he went his bare foot entangled itself in something soft on the floor; he stooped mechanically to pick it up. It felt like a silk handkerchief. Now Arthur Mostyn had no silk handkerchief, but used linen, besides his was under his pillow with his watch. Pietro would surely not have indulged in such luxuries. Then whose? The ghost’s? Pshaw, what should ghosts want with mundane realities? What color was the ’kerchief—was it blue or yellow? What a pity the lamp had expired just at that moment when he had so much to see. A ghost who slammed a heavy chest! a mysterious handkerchief dropped from nobody knows where! an inexplicable voice sighing from the depths of darkness!—and among all the mystery our cool Englishman gave vent to the unromantic wish, “If I only had even a wax vesta!”

Groping his way to the window he opened the wooden shutters, but all without was dark as within. A roar now and then echoed round the mountains, whose crests reared their heads behind the hamlet, and the trees on the old lawn dripped disconsolately, but not one gleam of light anywhere, except the flashes of lightning growing weaker as they receded farther.

Arthur Mostyn returned beneath his yellow canopy to wait for light, and sleep, having been twice baffled, laid her hold on him for the third time.

III.

When he awoke it was early dawn. White clouds rolled like fleeces down the sides of dark mountains, mist wreaths, like the spirits of night fleeing veiled before Aurora, glided along the undulating valleys.

Pale misty rays of cold sunlight tried to pierce the dense clouds, but not with any great success. Still there was light, although as yet imperfect.

“Now for it!” exclaimed Mr. Mostyn, seizing the handkerchief he had placed on the *predella*. “By Jove! it is a woman’s!” he said, as, handling it softly, he opened its blue and ruddy folds, “a woman’s handkerchief! Then the ghost is a *contadina*!” (In Tuscany the headgear of the countrywomen is a colored ’kerchief, now that the broad-brimmed hat is no longer worn.) “Is she a living or a dead *contadina*?” said Arthur Mostyn, still soliloquizing. “If living, why is she not afraid of the villa, like her neighbors? If dead, why does she use a material head-covering? This becomes interesting. I will get up and explore every corner of this old house till I find a clue to the mystery.”

Ten minutes later he emerged from his room, passed the large dining *sala*, in which he had noticed the portraits the previous evening, entered a kind of servants’ ante-room, furnished with a heavy oaken table and “settle,” then a kitchen in which all the utensils were either rusty, dusty, musty or decayed; no sign of human life in either room, and no outlet save an ancient door with rusted bolts, which opened into the courtyard. Then back to the *sala*, where the *cinque-cento* ladies, playing their lyres and holding their flowers, looked calmly and smilingly down at him from their picture frames. Up a flight of bare stone steps with vaulted roof, into another large saloon, where were more impossible portraits; great carved oak chairs covered with faded Cordova leather; an ancient backgammon board on an ancient table; an ancient red damask sofa, and on it—no, *not* an ancient dame, not even a frightened country lass huddled up among the cushions, as the handkerchief led him to expect, but a fair young form, lying in graceful repose, motionless as a marble statue on a tomb.

The masses of rich chestnut hair which had escaped from a golden net made the pale face paler by contrast—and what a lovely face it was, with its dark eyelashes sweeping the rounded cheeks. The form clad in silken attire of an antique style, the slender throat encircled by a velvet band clasped by a large diamond, the delicate hands lying white on the folds of blue, were all lovely, but in that lonely place and in that cold light seemed something unreal and dreamlike. Arthur Mostyn stood breathless and astonished, wondering if he were still dreaming; he rubbed his eyes and looked again, but the sleeping figure was still there. He looked at his own modern garments, half expecting to find them changed to an ancient fashion to match his surroundings. He began to feel like the Prince in the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty, and was curiously pondering what might be the effect of awakening her in the orthodox Princess Briar Rose fashion, when she stirred of her own accord. Stirred, gazed, then suddenly rose and extended her arms as if to ward off his approach, looked at him with dilated eyes that seemed to see through and beyond him, and then to be fixed in a kind of terror on the handkerchief which he still held in his hands.

There are times when even an Englishman’s *sangue freddo* fails him, and so utterly astonished was Arthur Mostyn at the sudden terrified life which he had awakened in this lovely antique creature, that he could only draw back and gaze open-mouthed, without an idea what to say or do.

The next minute came in a low, gasping voice, “The ’kerchief—my ’kerchief—then he will have found—” but without waiting to finish she turned and fled, with a suddenness that recalled our traveler to instant self-possession.

“Signorina—Miss—Mad’moiselle! one moment I beg you”—he rushed after her into the adjoining room—it was empty! For a time he was too astonished to seek the exit she must have used, but at length he found a second door in the empty room; it led back to the pas-

sage from the stairs, but neither sight nor sound of human life was there. Arthur Mostyn stopped a moment to recollect himself; he hardly knew what to think. His good sense rejected the idea of the supernatural, and yet how could this extraordinary scene be explained? There certainly was something eerie about the quaint old chambers, with the faint musty odors which pervaded them, and, pondering much, he descended to his room. Here the sight of the great oaken chests brought to his remembrance the sensation of one of them having opened in the night, and, with a sudden impulse, he stooped and lifted the lid of the one he had not explored the preceding evening. But with a loud clang he let the heavy cover fall as he started back at sight of what seemed a woman's form within. He began to feel that his incredulity on the point of ghostly experience had received a sudden shock. What if the spirits of unburied bodies wandered on the earth after all! The sound of a man whistling a lively air outside, and the brilliant rays of the sun shining full into his room, gave him again a hold on the material world, and he blushed at his weakness.

Once more he approached the chest, opened it, determinately prepared to face the horrors it disclosed. A steady glance showed that what he had seen was no decaying corpse, but merely a peasant's dress of some rough, dark reddish material, thrown carelessly in—not an ancient fabric like everything else in the house, but a mere modern country girl's gown! There was, moreover, something white in the corner, and it proved to be a pocket handkerchief—not that of a *contadina* (who if she has such an article to carry to mass on *festas*, would never dream of using it as a necessary at other times), but a fine lawn affair, with a monogram worked in the corner—in short, a decided lady's handkerchief. With some trouble, not being an adept at the mysteries of embroidery, he deciphered the name "Aurelia," and replaced it in the corner as he found it.

Here was a riddle more mysterious than the silk headkerchief. That belonged naturally to the dress, and was very probably the property of one of the village damsels; but how did she get a lawn pocket handkerchief, and who was "Aurelia?" Could it be possible the Sleeping Beauty rejoiced in that imperial name? if so, was she living here? In that case what did she live on, for the kitchen certainly had not been used?

By this time our Englishman's head was in a whirl; the mystery excited his fancy; he flung open the casement to give more air and space to his seething thoughts.

The sweet morning breezes, pure, fresh, and laden with Nature's scents after the storm of the past night, was like a bath to his heated brain. He drank in the cool mountain air like a draught. The window opened on the rough, irregular shaped lawn, on which were some gnarled pear trees, and farther off a huge chestnut. The great hills rose on the right, clothed in luxuriant forests of chestnuts, and in the distance a valley opened its vista of mountain points, one folding into the other in endless perspective, and taking the most exquisite variety of tints in the rosy sunlight.

After enjoying this view for some time, he began to think of descending to the outer world again, and for this object he went to the window of the next room, which overlooked the grassy courtyard he had crossed in the darkness the night before, and as he looked out to call the neighboring peasants, the yellow gate under the picturesque old gable slowly opened, and the face of Beppe, the peasant, appeared. Arthur's call so alarmed that worthy that he seemed about to take flight, had not a second "Good morning!" in a very reassuring voice, recalled him.

"*Buon' giorno, Signore!*" he replied, opening the gate wide, "I hope your Excellency has slept well." The second part of his speech came with a slight uneasiness.

"Yes, thank you," replied Arthur, not entering into details; "will you kindly open the door for me?"

"The Signore has the key in the inside, I believe," and with this the wary Beppe disappeared, and Mr. Mostyn found him waiting in the village street to show the way to his house.

The whole family were already assembled, and various sighs of relief might have been heard as the traveler entered, looking so cool and undisturbed. He was overwhelmed with eager inquiries if he had slept well? if he had not been disturbed? etc., etc. But the old grandmother sat spinning, as silent as Fate, and asked no question. Only when he confessed to have heard sounds, she fixed her eyes on him with a kind of awe, and listened more intently.

"Who lives in the villa?" he asked.

"No one, sir, it is empty."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly; there was not a living soul except yourself there last night; no one has been there for years."

"Excuse me," half laughed Arthur; "then I suppose it was a dead soul."

Every individual in the room crossed himself, and glanced with deprecation at the smoke-veiled Madonna.

"Have you really seen her?" asked Beppe's wife under her breath.

"Seen who? I thought you said there was nobody there."

Beppe scowled at his wife, but the old grandmother, gazing hard at him, spoke. "You have something to tell, Signore; speak truthfully, what have you seen?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Mostyn, "perhaps it was my fancy, but I thought I saw a pretty young lady asleep on the old red sofa."

A glance of awe-struck intelligence passed round the group of auditors, and the ancient dame rose from her seat, and came and stood, stooping in her age before him. "Did the figure wear a blue silk robe? had she a velvet band clasped with a diamond? had she a pale face and brown hair?" To all of which Arthur assented.

"Then Heaven has been good to you, stranger," she repeated, solemnly, "since you have come forth unharmed from those fatal chambers. Did I not warn you? Went you not of your own self-will?"

"But why—what?" began the traveler.

"Ask me not why. Never shall my lips repeat the tale of horror. Would I could forget it. Oh, Madonna!" and she shook her clasped hands entreatingly at the picture.

The family stood breathless around, exchanging looks of concern and anxiety; even the Englishman remained in silent perplexity, uttering not a word. At length she lifted her head, and with an air of authority said to him: "Go, leave us, you have had bed and board, we have not turned the stranger from our gates; but tarry not—go. The very dead have risen to thrust him forth," she muttered; then in a louder voice, "Begone!" she cried; "the Madonna and the Saints protect you!"

So saying, she raised her rosary in her shaking hands, and began to murmur her prayers.

Beppe made a sign to Mostyn to accompany him to the stable; he rose to go, but first made another effort to induce the old woman to tell her story; she only shook her head, and murmured her "*Ora pro nobis*" faster. Arthur reluctantly followed his guide to the primitive stable, where he found his equipage—man, boy, horses and carriage—ready for a start. He forthwith collared the youth.

"Now, boy," he said, "tell me what you were going to say about the house last night."

The boy was now anxious to avoid telling, but, on being pressed, said, "They do say the devil and his witches bide there."

"That I'll swear they don't!" cried Mostyn, emphatically.

Here the wooden-featured Pietro came on the scene, and the excited traveler pounced on him for further elucidation. "Why did you look so frightened to see that empty chair last night?"

But Pietro stoutly denied any alarm. "I was only in a hurry," he said.

"That won't do, my man," replied Arthur Mostyn. "Now listen to me; unless you tell me the truth about that house, I shall make it a point to stay here and find it all out for myself."

"The Holy Saints defend us!" ejaculated Pietro.

"I shall—and you must know that what I set my mind on doing, that I *do*."

"The Signore Inglese has reason, for he made up his mind to sleep in a haunted house—"

"And did so," interrupted Mostyn; then suddenly and sharply asked, "Why were you alarmed at that chair?"

Taken by surprise, Pietro involuntarily replied, "Because it had been moved since the noonday."

"Somebody had been there then?"

"No, Signore, I was there at noon, and locked up the house and brought away the key."

"And there is no other way in?"

"No, Signore."

"And no one entered while you had the door open?"

"The door was not open; I bolted it inside."

"What did you do there?"

"I went to get some old plates which were in a chest

there. The Count had sent for them because those old 'Urbino' dishes are all the fashion now in Florence, and these have been three hundred years put away there. No, *no one could have passed*; besides, who is there that would care to go?"

"I thought some young lady, who might like to see the old pictures and majolica." This was said as a feeler.

"*Che! che!*" replied Pietro, shaking his finger, "there are no young ladies nearer than Lucca, and that is twenty miles off. Besides, young ladies don't run about alone in our country. I have heard that in England they are as free as the men, but that is not the custom here."

"And you don't know the story of the villa?"

The man and his brother both crossed themselves, blushed, and shut up their straight mouths.

Arthur Mostyn, after a steady glance at them, made up his mind to an unexpected course of action. Turning to his charioteer, he paid both him and his satellite, and said: "You may go home; I shall walk to the nearest town to-morrow; meanwhile I shall stay here and sketch."

The peasant brothers expressed disapproval in every shrug of their shoulders and every finger of their hands. The *vetturino* and *trappelo* boy, glad to be paid full price for half the journey, only lifted their eyes in amazement, and ejaculated, "What a queer race are these mad Englishmen (*matti Inglesi*)," and moved off forthwith, having deposited the knapsack of their fare on the ground.

IV.

"Is he gone, my son?" eagerly inquired the old grandmother, as Beppe re-entered the house.

"No, mother, nor likely to go. He wants to sleep another night in the Palazzo. "*Hanno un bel coraggio questi Inglesi*" (these English have fine courage).

"Go and tell him he shall not enter again, I will not have it," cried, nay screamed, the ancient dame.

Beppe shrugged his brawny shoulders. "'Tis no use, mother; you may as well try to stop our mountain waterfall. He'll do it in spite of you."

Here the traveler entered smilingly, Pietro, with crestfallen look, following him. "Well, Nonna, here I am again. I was so pleased with my last night's lodging that I want to stay longer with you."

"You are brave, Signore," said the old woman, with a fine sarcasm; "but take care that your bravery does not lead you to destruction."

Arthur Mostyn sat down, and, speaking earnestly, said: "I do not believe in the supernatural, but there were one or two things which happened last night that I do not understand, and I do not like to be baffled. I will on my part promise that I will not injure your ghost or spirit. I will pay you well—nay, handsomely, for the food and lodging you give me. One thing only I will ask you—that is to tell me the legend of the house and its haunting spirit."

The old woman began to tremble.

"Tell him, mother, it is our only chance of frighten-

ing him out of it," whispered Beppe. "It has frightened us enough, though we never heard the true story," he added, *sotto voce*.

After a little argument she seemed convinced, and with every appearance of reluctance began to tell her story.

"Remember, Signore Inglese, that if you are crushed with the weight of a crime which has bowed me down for nearly all my life, you have brought it on yourself."

"Oh, yes! all right, go on, do," he cried, impatiently.

"When I put away all her dear clothes, her blue silk dress and diamond clasp, I little thought that any one would make me break my vow."

"Where did you put those things?" interrupted her listener, as she described the very costume of the maiden he had seen.

"In the old oak chest, the one on the right wall of the room you slept in, where they have lain ever since."

"I beg pardon, but they are not there now."

"What! did you dare to open that chest!" angrily exclaimed the crone. "Is nothing safe from your hand?"

"I only looked to make sure no one was secreted in the room, and saw a *contadina's* gown only."

"A peasant's gown?" she screamed; "but of course you don't know one thing from another. There have been no peasant's belongings laid with the precious garments of my darling mistress; the blue silk robe I placed with my own hand."

"I assure you that now the chest contains a rough, reddish linen gown like this [touching the old woman's dress] and a red headkerchief."

"You were blind, or terror struck, and could not see," argued the grandmother.

"I was neither one nor the other, and saw distinctly."

The argument waxed very brisk at this point, till Mostyn said, "Come to the villa with me and see for yourself."

The dame, excited to unusual spirit, agreed, and taking the keys from the nail on the wall where they hung, her bent form tottered on before the Englishman, her head shaking as she muttered with each stamp of her foot on the ground:

"Unbelieving—foolhardy—mad," etc., etc.

Arrived at the house, they entered the old *sala* and passed into the yellow-curtained bedroom. The dame crossed herself, muttered an *Ave Maria*, and then raised the heavy lid of the old oaken chest.

"Look and believe!" she cried, triumphantly.

Arthur looked, and looked again, rubbed his eyes, but only saw a blue silk robe, carefully folded, and the diamond clasp glittering on the velvet necklet laid across it.

"The woman's sharp black eyes twinkled in malicious triumph. "You will believe my story now if I tell it you, eh?"

"I'll believe anything after this. I swear a peasant's dress was here last night."

"Then it was the work of the devil, who accompanied you here," she said, emphatically.

"Now, tell your story—here, in this very room," ex-

claimed Arthur, placing her a chair, and opening the window.

"It was seventy years ago, when I was a maiden in my teens, and our family having been for centuries servants to the Counts Mastini, I was taken into the Palazzo as *camereire* to my dear Signorina Aurelia. Ah, but how lovely she was! She had long brown hair, that shone in the sunlight like gold, and such large dark eyes, that had lashes like a fringe. The Count, her father, was one of the fiercest of his race, and they are all remarkable for temper. He had promised her in marriage to a friend of his, the Cavaliere Jacopo da Castello, but my young lady knew better than to give her heart to such an old *ghiotto*. Her love had been promised to the young Count Montebeni, who was just then gone to France with the Ambassador, but she was afraid to tell her father of it, because the Mastini and Montebeni were hereditary enemies. Cavaliere Jacopo had won a great many thousand scudi of my Padrone, and as he was not able to pay him, he said he would have either my master's palazzo or his daughter. If the Signorina Aurelia would marry him then Count Mastini might keep his estate; if not, he would sell the very house over their heads. You may imagine that the Count was very urgent to make the Signorina accept him, but she was a true Mastini, and had a will of her own, and persisted in saying 'No.' She said if the house were sold she would work like a *contadina* (peasant) for her father, but she could not sell herself even for him. At last the Count began to try force; he locked her up in her room with me, and came himself to bring us a little food every day. We two were too much for him though. I, too, had a lover, he who was afterwards my husband, and at night we let down a basket to him, with letters from the Signorina to her absent Count, which he posted, and he sent good food up to us. The weary days crept on in this solitude till at length we heard some noise as of an arrival, and sounds of preparation for a feast, and then the Count came up, saying, 'Camilla, dress your mistress in her best. I have some friends coming to dine, and she must be at the table.'

"Imagine our delight! In the smile of her father Signorina Aurelia only saw forgiveness, and not treachery, and, pleased to be released from prison, eagerly dressed for the *festa*. She put on her pretty blue silk dress and her mother's great diamond—as a clasp to the neck velvet that suited her slender throat so well.

"Ah!" wailed the old woman, suddenly wringing her hands, "if we had only known we were robbing her to meet her death!

"Well, she went down with a smile on her face, and I followed close behind her. When we got to the great *salon*, where her mother and her grandmother's portraits are, what did she see there instead of a dinner that she shrieked and ran back against me? There was the Cavaliere, more corpulent and purple-faced than ever, and there stood a priest in his robes, and the console table made into an altar, with flowers and candles upon it.

"With a face white as death, she tried to run away up the stairs, but her father, with an iron grasp, dragged

her back, placed her in front of the altar, and told the priest to begin.

"She stood just like a frozen thing, without saying one word, till the priest asked her if she would be that man's wife. Then she woke up, and lifting up her clasped hands above her head, cried aloud, 'No, a thousand times no! May God kindly send me death before such sacrilege!'

"The priest refused to go on; the Count and Cavaliere both got into passions awful to see; they argued, they swore, they tried to force the Signorina to obey, and then, becoming more furious, turned against each other and took to their rapiers. The Signorina in horror tried to part them, and in blind rage they both turned angrily on her. Whether they did not know what they did, or whether they only meant to push her away, I don't know, but the two rapiers touched her; she slipped, made a scream, and fell toward her father—on his weapon! The good God had heard her prayer—but in what an awful manner! How that evening passed I never can remember. The Cavaliere went away subdued and horror-struck, the Count rushed out into the woods, and I and my mother were left alone with our loved young mistress.

"I cannot talk any more of it. I can only tell you that by the time we had laid her dear form under the stones in the chapel, where we kneel above her at mass every *festa*, we had folded away all her festal garments which she wore when called suddenly to meet God, and placed them in the old oak chest—where they lie now!"

"It is a terrible story, indeed," said Mostyn. "And what became of the Count?"

"He went to foreign lands, and never came back again. The house was shut up from that day to this; it is an accursed place, and no one enters it who can avoid it. They say the spirit of my young mistress wanders here; they say she cannot rest because she knows her father is an accursed spirit on her account. Now you know what you have escaped from," she added, with a fixed look on the Englishman.

"I know that I should like to try a second night here," replied he, coolly.

The old woman's feelings were too deep for words. She began to look upon him as an evil spirit himself, and, shaking her head, tottered away, muttering prayers.

Arthur Mostyn stayed some time thinking over this strange story, and its coincidence with the vision he had seen, till he became half superstitious himself. Determining on staying to find out the mystery, he took his sketch book and sallied forth to the woods in search of the picturesque. He involuntarily took his way by a foot-path that followed upward the course of the mountain stream which had worn itself a deep rocky channel. He at length settled himself to sketch a nook more rocky and more ferny than others, where the streamlet made a brisk little cascade, tumbling into foam over the great stones. The sketch was soon dashed in, and he began to put in his sky, when all at once a voice, which was certainly not that of the waterfall, was heard far above him. A clear, ringing voice singing, not one of the *stornelli* of the

country, as peasants were wont to do, but one of Bishop's airs—and in good English too! High and shrill trilled the voice—

I'll dance and play,
And so his heart beguile.

Up sprang the artist, down fell the surcharged brush on the delicately painted sky, and both rolled into a bubbling pool as Mostyn sprang up the cliff at the side of the waterfall. The only thought in his mind was, "There is an English lady here; it was she in the house last-night; I must see her at any cost."

The voice ceased before he reached the summit. His sudden appearance alarmed a young shepherdess, who sat spinning under a tree, as she watched her flock of sheep and goats with the help of the usual pig, which takes the place and duty of a sheep dog in these regions. The poor young girl was startled, gave a slight scream, pulled her kerchief further over her head, and, seeing that the intruder looked harmless, went on stolidly with her spinning.

"Where is the English lady, my good girl?" asked the intruder.

Chloe looked up vacantly from beneath her kerchief, which half hid her face as she held the two ends of it in her mouth. He asked again, but she only mumbled something about having seen no one.

"But you heard her?" he said.

She shook her head, and, getting up, was going slowly off with her flock.

Mostyn placed himself in front of her. "You don't mean to tell me you heard no one singing. It wasn't you, I suppose?"

He began to ask her some more questions, but muttering something about "*Mia Padrona*" (my mistress), she swerved aside, and ran like a deer down the slope toward a house near. Mostyn walked slowly back to the sketch, taking a round to avoid the precipice he had ascended. As he walked he kicked something with his foot, and stooping picked up a book. "Poetry, and English, by all that's incredible!" he exclaimed, as he opened it. "Who and where is this mysterious girl? I shall go mad if I don't get this explained somehow."

Leaving his sketch to soak at the bottom of the rivulet, he turned his steps to the cottage lower down the hill. The brook ran close by, and a washing tank had been made in its course, by which a woman was kneeling on a rock to wash some linen in the cool stream. She espied him as he approached the door, and called out, "*Che vuole, Signore?*" (What do you want, sir?) "There is nobody in the house."

"Do you know of an English lady here to whom this book is likely to belong?"

"Ah! it is—no, there is no foreigner here," replied the woman, in a frightened, fragmentary manner, which raised all Arthur's suspicions.

"You know the owner; perhaps you will return it to her," he said, quizzically.

The woman slowly rose up from her kneeling place, wiped her hands in her homespun apron, looked at her

visitor, then at the book, and at last, taking it, went into the house. Mostyn was near enough to hear her first exclamation of "Oh, *cara Signorina*, what was I to say? I was so confounded; he had your very book in his hand." Then the door closed hastily, and he heard no more.

So there was a lady in the cottage who wished to preserve an incognito; it was his duty as a gentleman to allow her to do so, and he reluctantly moved away.

V.

The second night in the old villa began. Arthur Mostyn went to his solitary room, with its yellow state bed, but this time he took care to replenish his box with matches and have a sufficient length of candle. Eleven o'clock struck, and night came, and still all was quiet, not a sound in the house, not a creak of the old furniture. "I have broken the spell," said our Englishman, "the ghost will walk no more;" and sleep crept upon him. But only for a time. The nightly visitations took a fresh form to awake him in terror. Into a dream of war and the booming of cannon came an impression of reality. He awoke, and sprang up in bed to hear a tremendous sound of heavy blows reverberating through the empty house. As soon as reason was calm she persuaded him that somebody was knocking at the door, but who would claim admittance into a haunted house in the darkness of night? He half dressed, lit his lamp, and, entering the passage, cried in his best Tuscan, "*Chi è?*"

"*Aprite* (open), in the name of Count Mastini," was the angry response.

The court was full of men and horses, with a confused glimmering of lanterns. Great excitement seemed to reign among them, and Pietro and Beppe, the two *contadini*, were talking with tongue, hands and shoulders, trying to appease the wrath of a portly gentleman.

"To think of a man's being shut out from his own house by an intruding dog of an English—"

"But, *Signore Conte*," cried the two peasants, "what could we do—you don't know the way these English get over one. It was impossible to refuse him. And then he had your name on a letter, too."

"He won't get over me," exclaimed the angry Count. "I'll turn him out the very moment I get the door open. What business has he with my name?"

Arthur Mostyn laughed, and ran down to open the door to the clamoring company.

As I have said before, he had a letter of introduction to Count Mastini which he had intended to deliver the following week on his arrival in Florence. So, putting on his most courteous air and most winning smile, Mr. Mostyn at once singled out the Count, and with outstretched hand exclaimed, "This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure, Count Mastini. You have anticipated my intended visit to you, as I have unwittingly anticipated your hospitality to me."

The Count's aggressive air softened, the insolent words on his tongue remained unspoken, but he haughtily said, "I have not the pleasure of knowing to whom I speak."

Mr. Mostyn presented his card and his aunt's letter, apologized so sufficiently for the storm having driven him to seek shelter in the villa, not knowing to whom it belonged, that the Count could do no less than offer his hand, and bid him welcome.

"Perhaps, *Signore Inglese*, you can assist us in our search. Have you seen any person in this house during your stay?"

Arthur Mostyn hesitated—and was lost.

The look of suspicion darkened on the face of the Count. "You have seen her, then. Will you tell me where she is now?"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing of whom you speak," said the Englishman, coolly. "As to whether I have seen any person, I reply that I am not sure."

"Prevaricator!" exclaimed the Count, flushing red.

"I do not understand that word," quoth Arthur, with a cool disdain. "Will you tell me whom you seek?"

The Count was just going to reply when his son stepped forward, half whispering, "Don't tell every man you meet that my sister has been so imprudent as to leave her home." Then, turning to the Englishman, he asked, "Will you tell us whom you have seen?"

"By the people's description I saw the ghost of the villa; by my own impression I saw a lovely young lady of an antique type."

The *contadini* crossed themselves, the *Signore* flushed angrily, then inquired sharply: "Where was she? How was she dressed?"

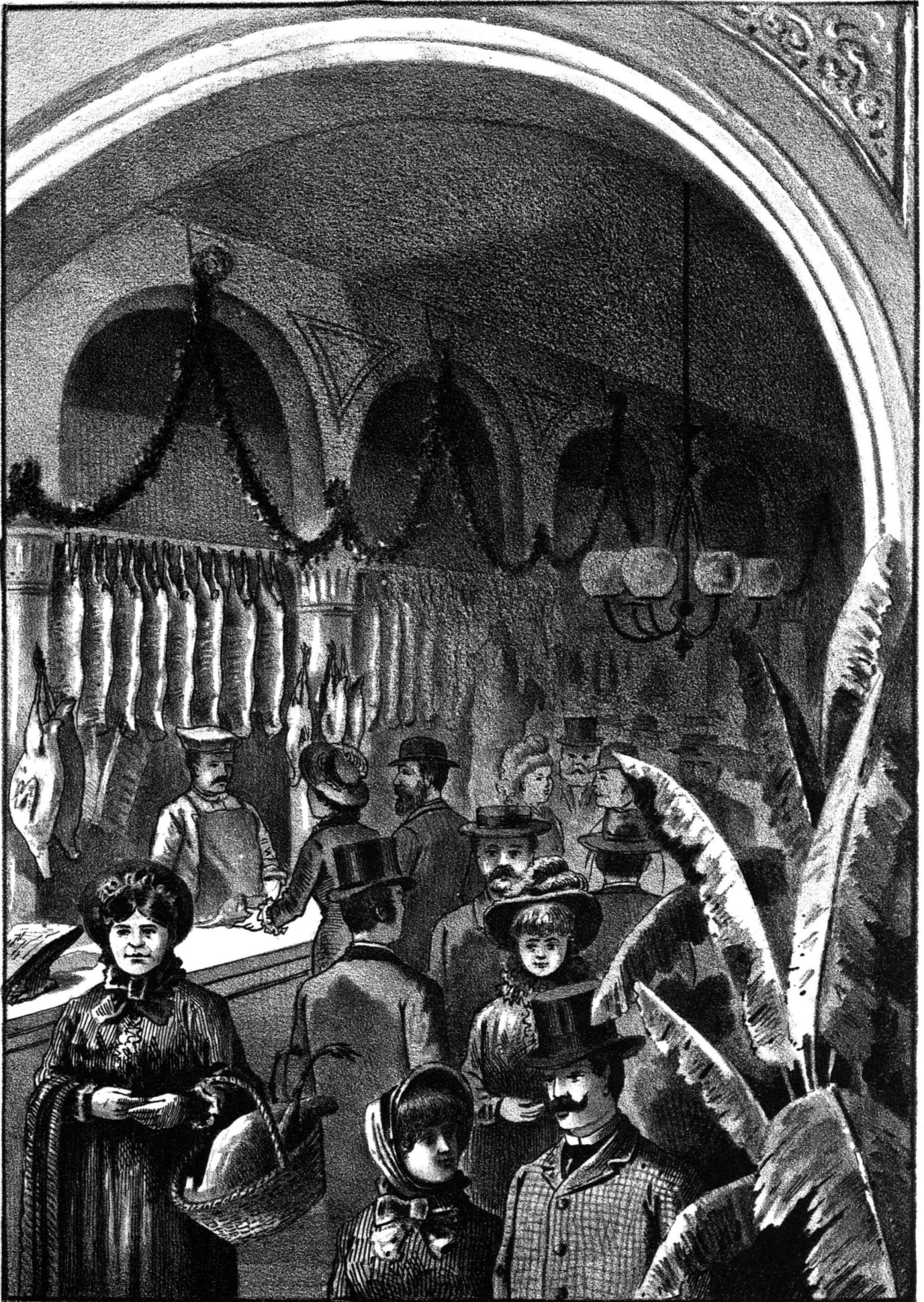
"On the large sofa, from which she vanished I know not where, and she was dressed in a narrow robe of blue silk."

The young man sighed a sigh of relief, the old Count turned on his heel with a "Pshaw!" Away went the whole party on a voyage of discovery through the rooms, Arthur Mostyn with them. It was his eye which in the dim light of early dawn perceived something white lying on the floor in an ante-room through which the "ghost" had escaped him the previous morning. Taking it up, he remained behind the exploring party, and going to the window was able to read the address: "Alla Gentilissima Contessina, Aurelia Mastini."

Crushing it hurriedly into his pocket, he joined the others, as if he had seen nothing, but his mind was busy with this new problem. The ghost and the shepherdess who sang English songs were one and the same person, the young Countess Aurelia; she had fled from her father's house for some potent reason—he had by chance found out her secret—now what was his duty? To reveal her hiding place to her father, or to set her on her guard, and give her a chance of a further escape? If he only knew the motives on both sides he could judge better; but how were these to be discovered? The Count and his son were not likely to reveal family secrets to a stranger; he did not choose to ask questions of the friends. Chance, however, again favored him in bringing him close to a trio of servants who were explaining affairs to the peasants. Says No. 1, the groom:

"The *Padrone* (master) has been awfully cross since the Contessina ran away."

THE WEST SHORE.



AT THE MARKET.

WEST SHORE - LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.



No. 2—"Just so. I have been afraid to shave him of a morning—he moved about so angrily."

No. 3—"I'd run away, too, if I only had a chance of getting a character after it. 'Twas the best thing my young lady could do."

No. 2, the valet—"Fancy his wanting to marry her to that old gambler!"

Pietro—"Oh, was that it? Why, 'tis the old story over again. I wonder he isn't afraid to try it. One murder and ghost are enough in a family."

No. 2—"Che! che! My master isn't superstitious, and he likes to be lord and master, too. He worried my mistress into her grave, and now he is driving her daughter away."

Arthur Mostyn felt an unaccountable relief, and slowly walked off to join the more aristocratic group, with his mind made up not to assist the Count's search.

Of course the quest ended in nothing, and at last even the father said: "We were foolish to expect her to be in our own villa. Signori, if you are ready we will take our way to the next town, where there is a chance of getting some breakfast, for this villa has been so long uninhabited that its conveniences are few. *Addio*, Signor Mostyn, *a riverderla à Firenze*, any friends of my late wife will find a welcome under my roof."

A clattering of horses' hoofs, a jingling of spurs, and the cavalcade emerged from the courtyard, and trotted down the road, leaving Arthur Mostyn alone again.

VI.

Under an old hollow chestnut a pretty shepherdess sits and guards her flock. She is not spinning, as mountain Chloes do. She is intently looking at a book—a water-washed and spoiled sketch-book. Now a whistle comes echoing clear through the woods, and as it approaches she hears the air of the English song which Arthur Mostyn heard her singing yesterday. Flushing again, little shepherdess! Why pull your red 'kerchief over your sweet face? Why hide away the sketch-book and seize your spindle so eagerly?

Arthur Mostyn comes whistling up the stony path, but lifting his eyes to see the girl, he swerves from the trodden way, and comes toward her with a "*Buon giorno, fanciulla*" (Good day, damsel), for how is he supposed to know she is aught but what she seems? She shyly returns his greeting and averts her face.

He stands a moment watching her. "You have not been used to spinning all your life, have you?" he asked.

"Why should you ask, Signore? Do I not spin well?"

"You spin like a lady, but not so strong as a *contadina*. But—do you know anything of the villa where I have been sleeping lately?"

"I know the villagers think it is haunted. No one ever enters it."

"Have you never entered it?" and as he speaks he watches her intently. The blood rushes all over her neck, for her face is averted, her hand shakes, she drops her spindle, and at last says defiantly, "I have been there, yes, once."

A gleam of satisfaction beams on Mostyn's features. He continues: "My slumbers were much disturbed there one night by the loveliest of visions, and last night by an invasion of armed men, an angry father seeking a lost daughter—quite a romantic incident, was it not?"

Ah! he gets a full view of her face at last, she lifts her head with a start, looks imploringly at him, then exclaims: "You will not betray me, will you? I see you know me. See, I fling myself on your mercy, but let me still be safe in these sheltering woods!"

"Yes, Contessina, I know you—trust me," and he holds out his hand, into which she puts hers fearlessly.

Then he tells her all the events of the night, how the only proof of her presence in the villa fell into his hands, and he gives her the letter he had picked up.

"You little know what you have saved me from," she said, still speaking English. "You may think I ought to obey my father, but I cannot. It would be too horrible."

Arthur's sympathetic glance seems to ask for further enlightenment, and she continues: "I have an English heart, like my dear mother, and I cannot make an Italian forced marriage with a man I hate, and who has all the vices and pursuits I most detest. You know I had a namesake ancestress who died rather than marry in that way."

"She had good reason; her heart was given elsewhere," and Arthur glances inquiringly at the earnest face uplifted to his.

The brown eyes droop. "Oh no, no. I have no reason of that kind," she exclaims; then fearful of having said too much, flushes rose red, and begins to spin in an agitated way, while her companion feasts his eyes on her expressive downcast face.

"Now you must tell me something," says Arthur. "How did you get dressed in the ghost's garments?"

"That is a tale of horror to me, as well as to Pietro. You must know when I left home I came up here to my foster nurse, who is *contadina* in these woods, and, borrowing a dress from her, made her take me in as her shepherdess. Poor Gigia was terribly frightened, but let me stay, though she is within an ace of betraying me every day by not being able to forget who I am. Well, one day, when I was out, I determined to get into our old villa, of which I had heard so much, and Gigia told me of an entrance from the unused cellar, of which the door is decayed and broken down. I found my way in, and was so pleased with the quaint old place that I stayed hours there, and searched out every cranny and corner. The blue dress and diamond clasp delighted me. I could not resist trying them on, and was just looking at the effect in the glass when the thunderstorm began. I could not go up the mountain to Gigia's in such weather, so I determined to sleep there." The story as told by the Contessina ended abruptly and confusedly here, nor could Arthur get another word out of her.

The sequel, as it came to his ears in later times, ran thus: The Contessina was just going to take off her masquerade costume, and compose herself for sleep as well as she could, when she heard steps and voices in the house. They were coming toward the very room where she was. Not a moment was to be lost in hiding. But where? Quick as thought she sprang into the old oaken chest, first flinging in her peasant's dress, which was on the bed, and softly closed the lid on herself when the strangers entered the room. Her horror, her escape in the darkness, to wait in another part of the house till dawn; how sleep overtook her, and she was discovered; how she fled through the passages to the cellar; how she returned, and changed her dress as soon as he had left the house; and how she was found calmly keeping sheep; have all been described. The mysteries have all been revealed; that two young people thrown together under circumstances so romantic should become attached to each other is no wonder. And that the father should consent to accept a son-in-law with a good property and an old name, and, moreover, one who undertook to pay all his debts to the rejected suitor, is certainly not to be marvelled at. But the great mystery to the country people was the extraordinary fancy of the bride and bridegroom to spend their honeymoon in the haunted villa, which was refurnished for their reception. The sweet presence of the real Aurelia drove away for ever that of the ghostly Aurelia, which was never seen again.

HIS DUTY FIRST.

A CERTAIN lady is the owner of a very large and intelligent Newfoundland dog. He is a faithful animal, and has been trained to run of errands and fetch up wood and coal, which duties he performs as faithfully as a human being. Recently she wrote an order for her dinner, and placing a silver coin inside the paper, put them in a basket, and giving it to the dog sent him out to the market. He was returning with his purchase when a gang of corner loafers called up a few idle curs and set them on him for the sake of seeing what he would do. They barked and yelped and howled around him, biting his legs and flanks until the blood came in places; but with the exception of occasionally striking at his annoyers with his feet when they came close in front of him, the Newfoundland paid no attention to his disagreeable companions until he had arrived home and placed the basket on the house steps. After whining and scratching for a few minutes he was relieved of his charge by his mistress coming to the door. As soon as the basket was taken from him he turned upon his heel and walked back leisurely with his hands in his pockets, apparently for the sole purpose of inspecting the weather. Arriving in the midst of his late antagonists, he sauntered upon one of them in a patronizing sort of way, and taking him into his capacious jaws nipped him until there wasn't a yell left inside him, and then threw him against the side of a building. By the time this was accomplished the other curs had taken the hint and begun to evacuate the sidewalk in an undignified manner. But the Newfoundland was after them in earnest. Seizing one by the nape of the neck, he threw him across the bridge; another was hurled through an open doorway; a third was cornered at the door of his own residence and whipped into submission; and in this manner the avenger pursued his task until the last one had been thoroughly chastised. Then the master of the field went home as quietly as he had come, and, after dressing his wounds by the most approved methods of canine surgery, composed himself for sleep.

PISCICULTURE IN CHINA.

THE ingenious Chinese people had discovered the philosophy which underlies fish culture, as well as the best modes of increasing their supplies of fish, long before any European nation had dreamed of taking action in the matter. A few years ago a party of fisher-folks from the Celestial Empire, on a visit to Europe, were exceedingly astonished at the prices they had to pay for the fish they were so fond of eating. They explained that in China any person might purchase for a very small sum as much as might serve a family for a week's food. They also mentioned that some fishes which we reject, such as the octopus, were much esteemed by the Chinese, who cooked them carefully, and partook of them with great relish. The capture of the octopus, indeed, forms one of the chief fishing industries of China, these sea monsters being taken in enormous numbers at some of the Chinese fishing stations, notably at Swataw. They are preserved by being dried in the sun; and then, after being packed in tubs, they are distributed to the consuming centres of the country. In the inland districts of China there are also to be found numerous fish ponds, where supplies of the more popular sorts of fish are kept and fed for the market. These are grown from ova generally bought from dealers, who procure supplies of eggs

from some of the large rivers of the country. The infant fish, it may be mentioned, are as carefully tended and fed as if they were a flock of turkeys in the yard of a Norfolk farmer. In the opinion of the Chinese fishermen, who were interviewed by the industrious Frank Buckland, hundreds of thousands of fish annually die of starvation; and if means could be adopted for the feeding of tender fry, fish of all kinds would become more plentiful than at present, and we would obtain them at a cheaper rate. In China the yolks of hens' eggs are thrown into the rivers and ponds, that kind of food being eagerly devoured by the young fish.

THE FLY AND THE CRICKET.

A VERY different insect from the spider, and its greatest enemy, is the ichneumon fly, a beautiful creature all in green and gold, from one to one and one-half inches long, with great rapidity of flight and a formidable sting. One of the most familiar indoor sights is the big fly laboring along with a spider suspended from its legs toward its mud cell. The favorite occupation of this fly, however, seems to be cricket hunting, and it is constantly to be seen on exploring expeditions among cricket burrows. Where the freshly turned-up earth indicates a tenant within, there the fly vigorously digs away, and makes the dirt fly off his long, wiry legs. I once watched one at his untiring labors. After an hour's work he seemed to have pierced through the obstacle and disappeared inside; but I was surprised to see it emerge again and begin digging as if to widen the aperture. I presently found what puzzled me explained by the large head and formidable jaws of a cricket filling up the entrance. The fly was evidently bent on storming the stronghold by widening the approach. But this was not left for him to do. In a cowardly moment the cricket made a fatal retreat, and in an instant the fly was in after him. Then the cricket bolted out with wild leaps away from home, as if for dear life, and in two seconds more the fly was out and making straight for him, fixed upon him for a moment. Then the leaps of the cricket grew feebler as at each leap the fly fastened upon him, until at last he could only walk, and the fly, once more settling upon him, dug in his sting long and deeply, during which process, no doubt, he deposited the germ of another fly. Without any delay he then began dragging the cricket, at least six times his own bulk, along the ground toward his own nest. Great as the number of crickets must be which the fly thus disposes of, the cricket has not around it the domestic halo of romance which it bears at home, and small pity is felt for one so destructive to vegetation and so troublesome in the evening, when its noisy whirr almost drowns the voice.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

November.

- 1—Sixteen people killed in a stampede from a theater in Glasgow, Scotland.
- 4—Grover Cleveland elected President of the United States.
- 6—Storm and high tide on the St. Lawrence; great damage at Quebec and elsewhere.
- 10—Chinese steamer foundered off coast of China, and all but two on board lost.
- 12—Cholera epidemic increasing alarmingly in Paris.
- 14—Earthquake in Lancashire, England. . . . Fifteen people killed in a railroad collision near Berlin, Germany. . . . Train thrown from track by wreckers near Hempstead, Texas; 10 killed and 15 wounded.
- 17—Great National Cattle Convention assembled in St. Louis.
- 18—Report received of existence of Lake Mistassini, a great lake in Prince Rupert's Land.
- 19—Great Democratic jubilee demonstration in this city.
- 20—German Reichstag opened.
- 23—Great socialist demonstration in Paris. . . . Grand Opera House at St. Louis burned.
- 27—Two thousand deaths reported from mileral poisoning in Cumberland Mountains.

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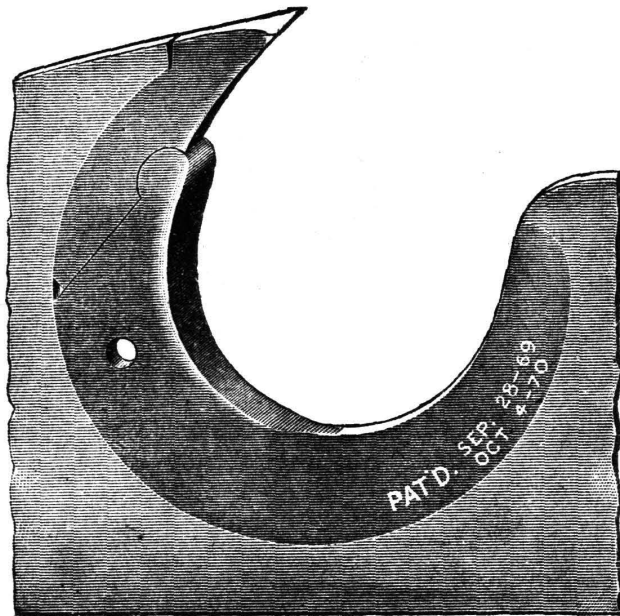
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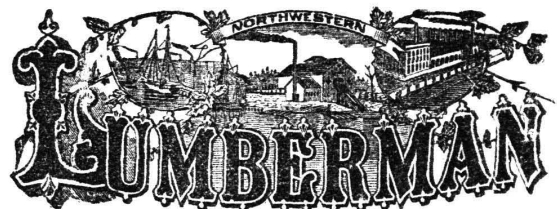
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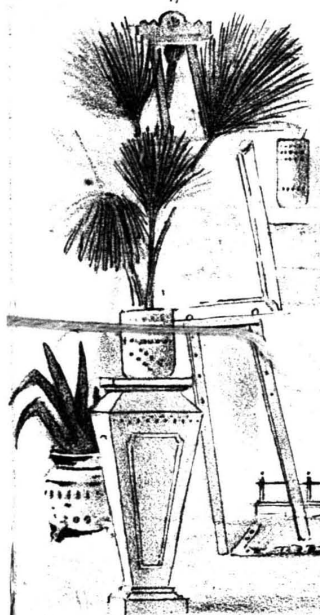


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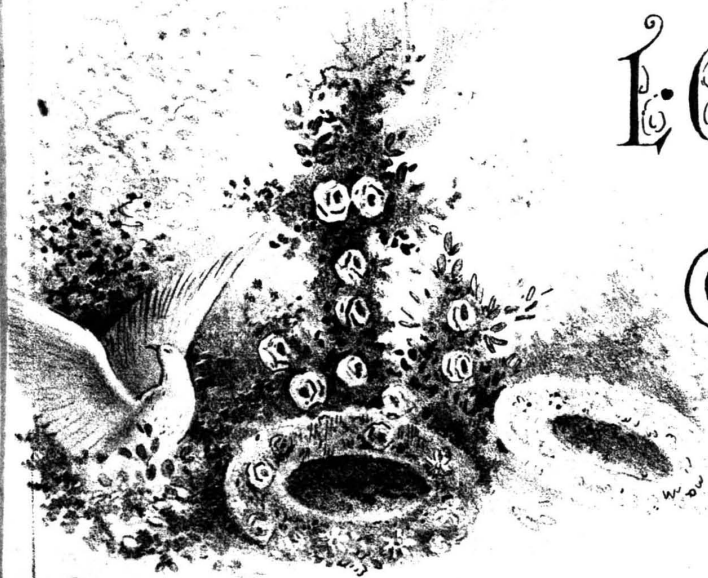
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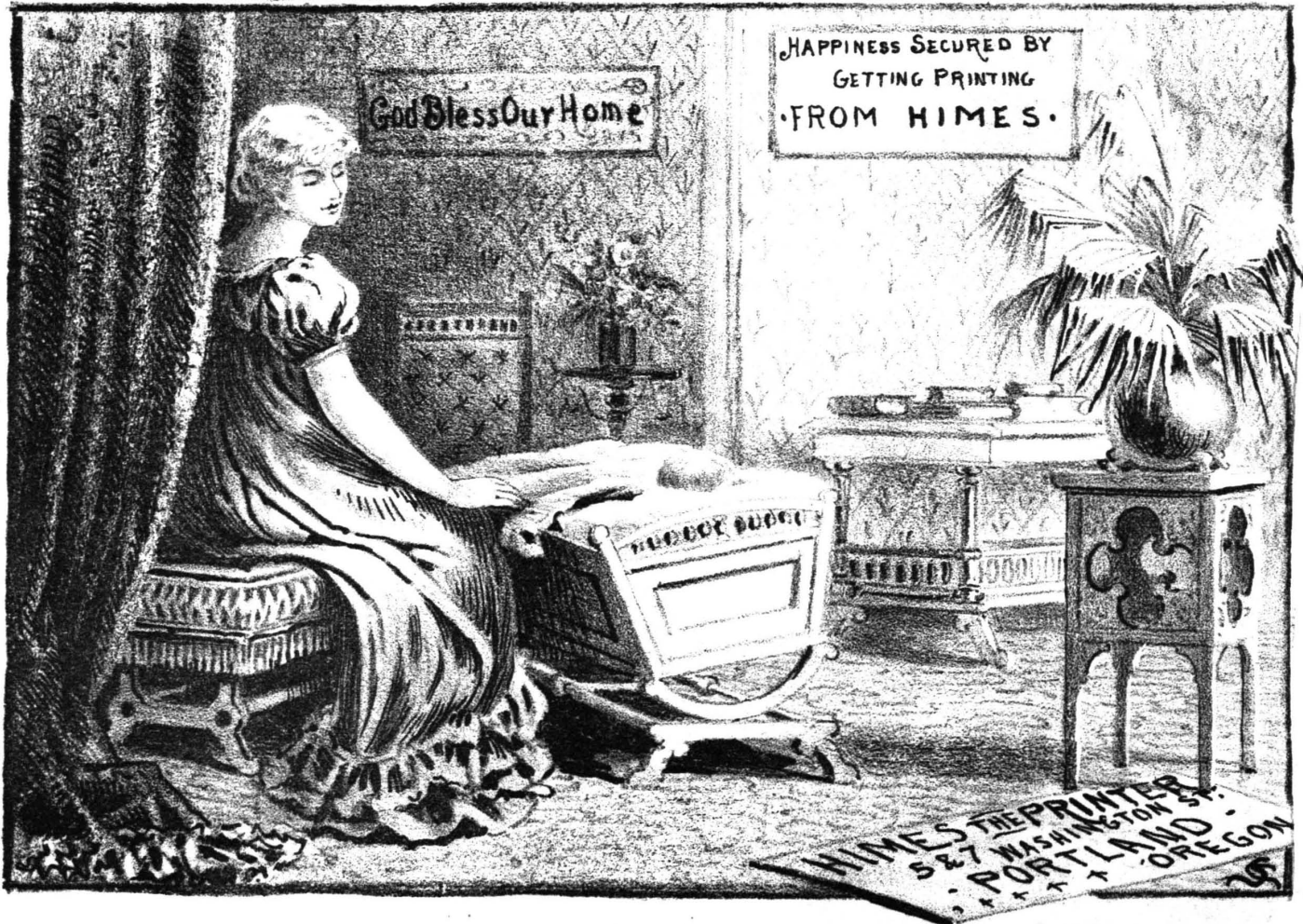
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