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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The grand scenery throughout the Great West is an exhaustless theme for the artist's pencil, and to find it he is not compelled to plunge into the wilderness nor to forsake the comforts of civilized life. Our cities and towns are built in the very midst of scenery as beautiful and inspiring as the world affords, and the traveler on the railroads and steamers sees it spread out on either hand like a panorama. THE WEST SHORE presents this month engravings of a few landscapes and objects of interest along our principal routes which have become familiar landmarks to the traveler.

The great trestle bridge spanning Marent's Gulch, ten miles from Missoula, Montana, is one of the most prominent features of the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is the highest trestle in the world, having an altitude in the center of 226 feet. It is 868 feet long, rests upon eight piers, and is constructed of timber cut from the huge trees that grow in that vicinity. The trestle was designed by the same engineer who planned the great cantilever bridge at Niagara, and is so constructed that it can be replaced by an iron structure without interruption of traffic.

Our engraving of Gibraltar Rock conveys a far better idea of those towering cliffs of rock along the Columbia than can be given in mere words. For several miles the O. R. & N. Co.'s track winds along their base between them and the river. On one hand rises the wall of rock;

on the other flows the deep water. The track was constructed along these frowning cliffs of rock by blasting out a narrow road bed, piercing jutting crags with short tunnels, and often building out over the water upon trestle work for long distances. There is one peculiarity of Gibraltar Rock which will in future be noted as its distinguishing feature, and that is the contour of its top, which presents the profile of a woman's head, complete even to the eye-lashes. By turning the engraving sideways, so that the top will be at the right, the outline will catch the eye at a glance. This immense head, carved in stone by the hand of Nature, is the largest natural profile yet discovered, and the name "Gibraltar," appropriate as it is in other respects, should be changed to "The Sphinx of the Columbia."

Pilot Peak is a tall spire of rock on Siskiyou Mountain, standing almost on the boundary line between Oregon and California, and but a short distance from the tunnel of the Oregon & California Railroad, now being constructed. It has served as a guide and landmark to travelers ever since the first party of Hudson's Bay Company trappers crossed the mountain into California in 1828. Schonchin Rock, its associate, stands like a sentinel on the very edge of the celebrated Lava Beds, where Captain Jack and his little band of Modocs so long defied the power of the Government. During that memorable contest it was often used as a signal station. Back of it may be seen the Lava Beds stretching for ten miles, and though seemingly a level plain, in reality seamed and creviced with chasms and caves, and rendered almost impassable by jumbled masses of lava rock. To one not acquainted with the trails and passages it is an almost impenetrable labyrinth, and it was solely to their ability to remain concealed, to fight only from ambush, and to retreat in safety at will, that the Modocs owed their victories over the troops and their long immunity from capture. Its title is the name of one of the Modoc chiefs.

THE design of our new cover fully explains itself to all who are familiar with our magnificent scenery. To those who are not we will say that it represents the industries and products of this region, and contains engravings of familiar scenes in every State and Territory and along every important line of travel in the Great West. There are the Mouth of the Columbia, the true West Shore of America; the Falls and Locks of the Willamette, Oregon; the interior of a bonanza mine, Nevada; Marent's Trestle, on the Northern Pacific, Montana; Mammoth Hot Springs, National Park; Mount Tacoma, Washington Territory; Red Butte and Swan Lake, on the Utah & Northern Railway, Idaho; the celebrated Yosemite of California; and a salmon cannery on the Columbia. The beauty of the design and excellence of the engravings require no comment.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

I.

By glancing at a map of North America the reader will observe that there are numerous systems of mountain ranges, extending longitudinally through it, and parallel with either the Atlantic or Pacific coast. A little reflection must assure every philosophical mind that neither chance nor accident could have produced these phenomena—so grand in symmetry, so mathematical in proportion. The fitness and adaptation everywhere visible naturally suggest the thought that nothing short of Infinite Wisdom could have been the Master Workman. The bare contemplation of the picture, which no mortal can imitate or counterfeit, thrills the soul with awe and wondrous sublimity. Even the Chinaman, toiling upon the grades of the Northern Pacific, may experience, in a diluted form, these soul-subduing emotions; but he can no more read the record of the Infinite, sculptured in the rocks, than he can translate the cuneiform inscriptions found amid the ruins of Babylon.

To rescue man from savageism the light of science has dawned upon him, even in the far away occident, and he is now beginning to interpret these sublime hieroglyphics which Nature has inscribed upon every mountain, written in every vale, and imbedded in every river. Superstition may cavil; bigotry may scoff; persecution may threaten; the ghosts of the rack, the dungeon and the burning stake may shake their gory locks, but the day has passed when science can be throttled for uttering truths that seem at variance with the teachings of a dark age.

The mountain ranges of North America are the monuments and great exclamation points of the history of the formation of our continent. Where the Atlantic now tosses its restless billows there was once a continent—perhaps the “Atlantis” of Plato. Where North America, like a young giant, stretches in the sublimity of disturbed repose, there was once a mighty ocean. On the ancient continent—the sunken Atlantis—there were systems of mountains; from them rivers flowed into this ancient ocean, carrying down sand, soil and other debris. Nature was then laying the foundation of our continent. How sublime the conception! How grand the enterprise! How insignificant the proudest achievements of man must ever appear in contrast! Even the pyramids, and the great Chinese wall, and Babylon, “the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of Chaldee’s excellency,” dwindle into nothingness when compared with the building of a continent!

What are now ranges of mountains were once “banks” at the bottom of the ocean, similar to the Banks of Newfoundland, where the codfish come to feed. Age on age rolled by, and slowly these banks (rudimentary ranges of mountains) rose above the surface of the waters. Then the banks were metamorphosed into a system of islands, as the caterpillar is changed into a butterfly. The upheaval continuing, another metamorphosis, the islands grew into mountains and our continent was born—*born out of the water*, just like animate life, gestated in the water, is afterwards born from it. What though millions

of years were necessary for the gestation of our continent? Nature had an eternity of time in which to work, and there was no occasion for her to hurry.

The first-born was that portion of North America lying east of the Rocky Mountains, while the Pacific slope was still being developed at the bottom of the ocean. How natural, then, that the upheaval of the Atlantic coast should be in a line parallel with the Allegheny range of mountains. Age on age elapsed, and great Nature was still in labor. At last, while the earth shook with the convulsions of parturition, the Rocky Mountains were born out of the troubled waters, wheeling into line and forming the eastern boundary of the heaving Pacific. As yet the Sierra Nevada and Cascade systems were but “banks,” the abode of fishes. In process of time these ranges were born, and the Coast Range system rose to the dignity of “banks.” These, at last, appeared above the waters, the youngest born from the vasty deep.

Reasoning by analogy, may we not conclude that, away in the Pacific Ocean, there is another “bank,” either forming or in process of formation? Off Salmon River (so near the shore that the Indians venture out in their canoes) can be caught a kind of golden fish, even larger than the cod of Newfoundland. On the beach north of Nestucca Bay, Tillamook County, I have found dead codfish. Surely the “bank” cannot be many miles away. Let the enterprising fisherman explore for it, and, when found, I see no reason why it should not prove as great a bonanza as those on the eastern coast, which “perfidious Albion” claims, and which has cost our Government millions of dollars. A single fact in corroboration of the theory that there is a bank near the eastern shore of the Pacific seems worthy of attention.

A few years since the late Jeremiah Lamson, Esq., father of Captain Lamson, Clerk of the United States District Court, here in Portland, settled just north of Sand Cape, Tillamook County, building his house in a gap of the lofty cliffs, but still high above the highest tide. One morning, on glancing seaward, he was astonished to discover, several miles from land, the approach of what appeared to be a black wall of water, nearly perpendicular, which, as it neared the beach, he judged to be fifty feet high. It broke with a tremendous roar, and came up into his house to the depth of a foot, but immediately receded, leaving a line of foam and driftwood to mark the boundary of its encroachment. I am positive about this matter, for I entered land adjoining Mr. Lamson’s place and lived there nearly two years. The evidences are still visible, all along the shore, in a line of driftwood, that a tidal wave must have recently broken far inland and high upon the cliffs.

I intend this paper merely as introductory to a series in reference to the Northwest, in which I shall endeavor to so embellish and popularize science that my articles shall prove interesting to the general reader. Most scientific writers are so dry and technical that their papers are seldom read outside of the charmed circle of scientific inquirers. This style I shall strive to avoid.

W. H. CHANEY.

SNAKE RIVER VALLEY.

As early as 1871 Professor Hayden, of the United States geological survey, spoke in his reports of South-eastern Idaho as being one of the most attractive regions along the whole length of the Rocky Mountains. He found the rugged heights whence flow the fountain streams of Snake River, full of interest to the geologist, and offering a wide and promising field for the prospector and a rich soil for the agriculturist. Since that time many settlers have gone into the great valley of Snake River, miners have located claims along the stream, and prospectors have entered the mountains in search of the rich ledges that the float quartz indicates. Snake River runs for many miles through a valley which varies in width from ten to twenty miles, passing in its course over three magnificent falls—American, Shoshone and Salmon—and presenting in them and its canyons scenery the most beautiful and inspiring. The Shoshone Falls (described and illustrated in *THE WEST SHORE* for July) are among the great aquatic wonders of the world, and are reached by the Oregon Short Line to Shoshone Junction, where a stage line will carry the tourist the few miles from that point to the river. Accommodations are being prepared for visitors on an extensive scale at the falls, and in the early summer a throng of tourists will view the awe-inspiring cataract, the beautiful little islands, the rapids, cascades and the weird scenery of the canyon above and below. A tourist recently wrote: "I have spent many days around Niagara and seen other great falls, but have never seen anything that possesses so much beauty, so many varied subjects of interest which may be so easily seen and enjoyed, as the few miles of Snake River which we have been exploring."

AGRICULTURE.

The agricultural capacity of the great valley of Snake River is enormous. Professor Hayden spoke most flatteringly of the future of the country in this respect, and described the soil as composed of a rich, sandy loam, which needs but the addition of water to render it most excellent farming land. As to the means for supplying this necessary element, he says: "The valley stands at a very moderate height above the ordinary water level of the river." The average width of the stream at low water season is "about 140 yards, and the average volume of water it sends down probably three feet deep by 400 feet wide, running at the rate of four feet per second. This amount of water will irrigate nearly 1,000 square miles of land sufficiently for ordinary crops." That his opinion was sound is evidenced by the operations of the Snake River Water Company, which has constructed an immense canal, beginning where the river emerges from the mountains, and conveying water by the main canal and its lateral branches over the whole valley for a distance of thirty miles. The amount of water available for the canal is limited only by the quantity running in the stream, and unless Snake River dries up the source of supply will be never-failing. The fact is the great canal system has only been fairly started, and yet the progress

made has attracted many settlers, though so extensive is the valley that even along the great ditch it is as yet but sparsely settled. As new locations are made more water is required, and other canals are being located. In a few years upper Snake River valley for a distance of fifty miles will be one continuous succession of cultivated fields, meadows and gardens, sustained and invigorated by the life-giving fluid flowing through the hundreds of little veins from the great heart of Snake River. Rarely does nature offer such facilities for irrigating a large district of country at so little cost. The fields are so level that small ditches can be run in any direction at a nominal expense. The surplus water, after passing through its devious channels, finds its way into the river again, where it is available for ditches taken out further down the stream. Two companies are at work at Blackfoot upon a system of canals starting at that point.

All the cereals produce abundantly, wheat yielding from thirty to fifty bushels per acre and oats a third more. Vegetables and all root crops are prolific, especially potatoes, which, in quantity of yield and quality, are unexcelled in the world. A sack of these tubers was sent East last year, the potatoes weighing an average of three pounds each. The market for all products is active and permanent, the demand created by the mining interests being greater than the home supply, so that Utah has been largely called upon for products that could be raised with profit in this valley. The great increase in the mining population sure to follow the improved methods lately introduced will greatly increase the demand, and a certain market awaits the farmer. Thousands of acres of Government land within the scope of this great canal system are open to the occupation of any who may be qualified to take up land under the liberal laws of the United States. The advantages of irrigation have been so often pointed out in *THE WEST SHORE* that they need not here be adverted to. They are recognized by all men who have studied the subject.

The stock interests of this region are considerable. Large numbers of cattle have been driven from Oregon during the past season and added to the bands already grazing upon the extensive ranges among the hills bordering the valley. Professor Hayden says of these grass-covered hills: "While gazing on the endless succession of smooth, grassy ridges and hills piled and rolled together to form a large ridge, distance giving the grassy covering the appearance of velvet or silk, the colors of the folds varying as if by the difference in reflection of the light, the resemblance to the folds of rich cloth is more than simple fancy." In winter, when the valley is covered with a white mantle of snow, these hills are drifted bare by the wind, and cattle are thus able to reach the tufts of bunch grass and sustain themselves by grazing upon this natural hay, until, in the spring, in a good, thrifty condition, they seek the greener grass of the valley. Provident ranchmen are accustomed to provide hay to carry stock through those occasional seasons when the grass is for a time covered too deeply by snow. Horses require less attention than cattle or sheep in this respect, as they can

dig through the snow with better success in searching for food. The native hay is excellent, but lucern is now extensively cultivated. This is cropped three or four times a year, and yields from eight to ten tons to the acre. Sheep raising has already made a number of men rich. An instance of this is Patrick Hailey, who began a few years ago with almost nothing, and now counts his sheep by the thousand, and has a comfortable amount placed to his credit at the bank. Others might be mentioned, but it is sufficient to say that every man who has given his sheep proper attention has found the business immensely profitable. Butter making on a large scale has just been commenced by the starting, near Eagle Rock, of a creamery, supplied with the most approved machinery and all needed facilities. About 100 cows are kept, and the butter finds a ready sale at forty cents per pound.

MINING.

From where Snake River debouches from the mountains it cuts its way through a continuous bed of gravel, from ten to fifteen feet deep, for many miles of its course. In fact, nearly the whole valley is one immense bed of gravel a few feet beneath the top soil, throughout which fine flour gold is quite evenly distributed. Above the ground produces abundant crops, below it holds in its embrace the precious metal. It is estimated that a strip two miles wide and 300 long, containing 348,000 acres, will pay \$1,600 to the acre, or a total of \$614,400,000, and it is believed that workable ground extends from the lower canyon to the head-waters of the river, a distance of 800 miles. For some years claims have been worked near Shoshone Falls, where one gravel claim was recently sold for \$75,000 to an incorporated company, with a capital stock of \$200,000, upon which amount it is paying handsome dividends. Further up the stream mining was neglected until the past season, when a new departure was made. Early last spring three men, named Edwards, Quirk and Quayle, left the bars near the falls and located three claims of twenty acres each, the amount allowed by law, above Eagle Rock, and convenient to the Snake River Water Company's canal. In digging ditches and getting ready to work they have necessarily been to a considerable expense not required another year, yet during the past season they took out 242 ounces of gold, about \$4,000. Another year they expect to realize \$2,500 each. Scarcely half an acre was worked over to produce the above result. The process they employed is one of their own invention and is simplicity itself. A ground sluice carries the dirt into a sluice box, passing over an iron grizzly to the dump. All that passes through the grizzly drops into another sluice, and this divides into several branches all carpeted with burlap, over which the water passes slowly, allowing the gold to settle. The burlaps are periodically washed out into tubs prepared for that purpose. At Bonanza bar, near the falls, machinery that cost thousands of dollars has been cast aside for this simple contrivance, and dividends have been increased by the change. There is no patent on the process, which is open to the free use of all. The success of these men has attracted much attention, and hundreds

of acres have been taken up. The prospect that prosperous mining camps will spring up along the course of Snake River is promising, and that they will be permanent is assured by the fact that 10,000 men could not work out the ground in fifty years.

Two companies have been organized to work on a large scale—one in Chicago and the other at St. Paul. The latter has expended \$2,000 on a ditch to tap the main canal, and will begin active operations in the spring. They sent out an expert who has had practical experience in mining light gold, whose report was sufficiently encouraging to induce them to undertake the enterprise. The gravel beds as they now lie, including boulders, rocks and earth, contain some twenty-five cents to the cubic yard. The quantity of gravel that can be worked depends upon the supply of water and the number of machines employed. One machine will gather about \$45 per day if properly attended to.

In Southeastern Idaho quartz mining has been little developed. Many prospectors have sought in the mountains the source of the gold found in the valley, but as yet without success. Some float quartz recently picked up near the Tetons, which assayed from \$10,000 to \$20,000, indicates the presence of the rich ledges that have scattered their treasure over such a vast region of country. Over the low range of mountains bordering the valley on the east numbers of quartz claims have been located, but none of them developed. On the west side of the river, fifty miles distant, is Little Lost River, an exceedingly promising mining district, in which the first claim was located last spring. The rock, from several of the leads, assays well up in the hundreds. The Daisy Black has about 1,000 tons on the dump, and has made arrangements for erecting a smelter in the spring. The Alice, Ingersoll, Bennington and Eagle Rock are promising locations partially developed. Big Lost River, still further west, shows some good ledges, the principal attraction at present being a huge lead of copper.

RAILROADS.

The Utah & Northern narrow gauge line, belonging to the Union Pacific, runs north, through Eastern Idaho, from Ogden to the Northern Pacific at Garrison, and the Oregon Short Line, belonging to the same company, passes westward through the valley of Snake River, from Granger, Wyoming, to Caldwell, south of Boise City. It will be extended this year to a connection with the O. R. & N. Co. at Burnt River and form a through line to the Pacific. There is a prospect of yet other roads in that region, especially a branch line to the National Park of the Yellowstone. Two great companies have had surveyors in the field the past season seeking for east and west routes. The C., B. & Q., Central Pacific and Denver & Rio Grande are all feeling in this direction.

EAGLE ROCK.

The centre of the most considerable settlements in the valley is Eagle Rock, where are the extensive machine shops of the Utah & Northern road. During the past season nearly 500 families have settled within twenty-five miles of the town, nearly doubling the population living

without the town limits. The majority of the settlers at present are Mormons, though the new-comers, especially miners, are chiefly Gentiles. A large number of men are employed in the shops, and the present population of the town is about 800. Coal is brought by the railroad, several extensive beds lying along the route, and timber is floated down from the mountains. The mining and agricultural interests will develop together, rendering mutual support, and a large and prosperous population will ere many years occupy the valley of Snake River.

THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

The cantilever bridge is described as one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering science. The one now just completed at Niagara is 245 feet above the rushing torrent below, and it is not dissimilar in appearance to an ordinary truss bridge, although erected on an entirely different plan. At the water's edge, on each side of the river, excavations were carried down until solid rock was reached, when massive blocks of beton or cement were firmly placed in position. Upon these beton blocks were built pillars of masonry of the most substantial character, carried up fifty feet above the surface of the water. On these rest two steel towers, rising 150 feet above the masonry, and upon these were set the steel superstructures. The design is such that after the arm from the shore to the tower is completed and anchored the river arm may then be built out, one panel or section at a time, by means of great travelling derricks, and be self-sustaining as it progresses, balanced by the weight of the shore end. After one panel of twenty-five feet is built and has its bracing adjusted the travelling derricks are moved forward and another panel erected. Thus the work progresses, section by section, until the ends of the cantilever are reached, when there still remains a gap of 125 feet to close. Into this will be swung and suspended from the cantilever arms an ordinary truss bridge, forming the connecting link and completing the structure. Compensation for expansion and contraction is provided for by an ingenious arrangement between the ends of the cantilever and fixed span, allowing the ends to move freely as the temperature changes, but at the same time preserving perfect rigidity against the side pressure from the wind. There will be no guys for this purpose, as in the suspension bridge, but the structure will be complete within itself. Neither will there be any of that motion noticed on a suspension bridge as a train moves over it.

The total length of the bridge proper is 895 feet, divided into two cantilevers of 375 feet on the Canadian and 395 on the American side, supported on steel towers rising from the water's edge, as above described. A fixed span of 125 feet is suspended from and connects the river arms of the cantilevers. The clear span across the river is 500 feet, being the longest double-track truss span ever built. In fact, but one bridge on the cantilever plan has been built previously; that across the River Tay, in Scotland—a famous structure—which takes the place of the one that fell on a very stormy night in 1880, as a train was passing over it.

STAGING AT NIGHT.

To my youth and even my earlier manhood stages were an unknown quantity. To be sure, such conveyances were occasionally heard of, but the name was generally associated in my mind with the delicate attentions of road agents and Indians. I know more now. We all know more some time. Even the dull wit who has passed successfully through the birchen reign of the village pedagogue, the shower of newspapers and books of information and travel, and even listened for hours to the wise saws of the oldest inhabitant, without learning more than the hours when he must appear at the family table to appease his appetite, finds upon entering the busy world without his little circle a master whose lessons can neither be avoided nor forgotten, and the great teacher is named Experience. My usual faculty for taking hold of the hot end of the poker has kept this instructor constantly busy imparting to me valuable information, but not always in the most agreeable manner. My first introduction to staging consisted of that most undesirable of all stage experiences, a night ride in the mountains, and the opportunity to teach me a lesson was not neglected by the master.

Several years ago I went to California from the East, and decided to take an overland trip to Portland, stopping for a time at Yreka, where funds were awaiting me. Arriving at Redding, the northern terminus of the Central Pacific, at nine o'clock in the evening, tired and sleepy, I determined to go to bed at once, expecting to be called early in the morning to take the stage for Yreka. Stepping up to the hotel bar I inquired of the proprietor, who was dexterously mixing a cocktail for an awaiting customer, when the stage left, when it arrived at Yreka and what was the fare. "In fifteen minutes; to-morrow night at nine o'clock; seventeen dollars," he answered, as he shoved the concoction towards his thirsty customer, grabbed a glass with one hand, a piece of ice with the other, put some water in the glass with the ice, and skillfully pushed it toward the drinker. He then spread both hands upon the counter, turned his eyes full upon me and smiled, as much as to say, "Well, what's yours?" I turned away, but not until I had caught his look of surprise at my not wanting anything to drink. Until I went to California I had always considered the physical essentials to be food and drink, but I soon learned they were drink and food.

A hasty inventory, taken slyly in the corner, revealed but \$19, cash assets, which left a margin of only \$2 for meals on the route, and firmly convinced me that this was my stage. The fare was quickly paid, and a big fellow in a red shirt, with a scar on his face and a wreath of tobacco juice encircling his mouth, took charge of my trunk and strapped it on the stage. He was the driver, and consequently a personage of no small importance, equal, if not superior, to the hotel clerk; so when he asked me if I would ride with him or on the inside, the temptation was great, but I resisted, and said, with the air of one who had owned several stages from boyhood and

knew all about them, that I would ride inside and sleep till morning. It seemed to me as if a subdued chuckle issued from his tobacco-stained lips, but I was too tired and sleepy to notice it. I clambered into the vehicle and composed myself for a nap, while visions of sleep, more or less disturbed, I knew, but still sleep, flitted through my mind.

For two or three miles the road was level and smooth, and I fell into a comfortable doze, lying on the back seat, with my duster for a pillow and a handkerchief for a night cap. Suddenly there was a shock such as I had never before experienced. My head was jammed up against one side of the stage and my feet sought in vain for an exit through the other, while my whole body bounced up and down like a spring-board. In my youthful days I once fell from an upper balcony to the ground, and later was one night aroused from a nap on the cars by the train jumping the track and endeavoring to test its specific gravity in a river, but this exceeded all my previous experiences. Soon recovering from my astonishment I thrust my head out the door to learn the nature and extent of the disaster. I saw the stage was moving steadily on, and as the driver spat unconcernedly over the wheel, I began to realize that we had simply run over a stone. That it was a small stone was quickly made evident, for we soon ran over several others, none of which were very large, and the effect so completely eclipsed the first effort that it sunk into utter insignificance. For an hour I did some of the liveliest ground and lofty tumbling it was ever my fortune to engage in, traveling all about the interior of the stage, and returning at every lull to the back seat, which was made the base of operations. When at last the stage stopped at a station to change horses, I crawled meekly out and remarked to the driver that I wasn't very sleepy, and I guessed I would ride with him. As he dexterously expectorated over the off wheeler's back and answered "All right," I was certain I heard a chuckle, but felt too subdued to resent it, and treated it with contemptuous silence. I felt "shuck up right bad," and then and there resigned all claim upon the back seat of an empty stage forever.

From my perch upon the box I now had an opportunity to view the landscape, or such of it as was carved from the darkness by the "bull's-eye" beneath our feet. It seemed to my unaccustomed eye as though we were constantly running into a solid wall of black, and yet the horses followed the road as it twisted in and out among the trees of the dense forest, skirted the edge of a canyon or wound up and down the steep hillsides, the driver cracking his long lash and admonishing his team in the choice English so eloquently handled by his craft, apparently as unconcerned as if upon a broad turnpike under the noonday sun.

All attempts to engage my new friend in conversation met with but faint encouragement. He was a man of few words, but endowed with a most expressive grunt. The only trouble was that, somewhat unfamiliar with the language, I sometimes failed to grasp the delicate shades of meaning, but, by putting direct questions to him, man-

aged to catch the thread of his discourse. Our most extended conversation was when, coming abruptly around the side of a hill, a magnificent spectacle burst upon our view. The whole face of a mountain, several miles distant, was ablaze with fire. The flames leaped far up into the air, twining their scorching arms about the long branches of the pines, while the whole heavens were ablaze with light.

I exclaimed, "Hello! there's a fire."

Grunt—affirmative.

"Do we pass through it?"

Grunt—negative.

"Does any one live there?"

Grunt—negative.

"How long has it been burning?"

Grunt.

My inexperience in the language prevented me from comprehending the last remark in the broad sense in which it was no doubt used, and so I ventured to ask:

"How long did you say?"

"Two weeks," he exclaimed with a snort.

"Do they not try to put it out?"

Grunt—negative.

The fire did not seem to have the gigantic proportions of a blaze of two weeks' standing, and so I remarked:

"I thought these forest fires were very dangerous and burned immense tracts of timber, but this does not look to be very extensive?"

"You don't know how much it has burned," he remarked with a great effort.

This observation was so literally true and so crushing to my ignorance that I relapsed into my former obscurity, and watched the blazing forest until an intervening hill rolled its opaque curtain before the scene.

All night long we rode, slapping our hands and stamping our feet to keep the blood circulating, gradually ascending into the mountains, and keeping the great dipper always before us. By a brilliant flight of conversation similar to the former, I ascertained that I would get nothing to eat until seven o'clock in the morning, and was compelled to satisfy my rebellious stomach by chewing the quid of disappointment. A remark that I should think he would convey a trifle of nourishment to allay the gnawing pangs within during his nocturnal journey, was answered by a grunt indicative of a failure to comprehend. The remark was simplified by saying, "Don't you pack a little grub with you and take a snack during the night?" and the responsive grunt not only conveyed the idea that he understood, but that he did no such thing, and had a "sufferin' contempt" for any one who did.

About four o'clock the stars began slowly to fade from the heavens, and the advancing army of day drove in the outposts of the legion of darkness, and in an hour had completely routed the enemy and driven them from the field. It was a grand sight to see the conquering advance of the God of Day; and as we emerged from a deep canyon and saw the snow-crowned brow of Mount Shasta bathed in the yellow rays of the sun, while below vast clouds of fog rolled over the hills on which the night

shadows still lingered, I felt repaid for all the sufferings endured.

When grand old Shasta was again hidden from view, the pangs of hunger returned with redoubled force, and I now had no other thought or desire than to reach that indefinite, and I began to fear mythical, place where breakfast and fire were said to be awaiting us. After a man is thoroughly and completely hungry and cold, it is wonderful how much hungrier and colder he can get. Finally we rattled up to Slate Creek Station, at seven o'clock, by which time I had become a frozen vacuum. As I crawled down from my perch with all the alacrity my stiffened limbs and benumbed hands and feet would permit, I heard some one say it was the coldest night of the season, and I did not feel called upon to dispute him.

HARRY L. WELLS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *East Oregonian* speaks in strong terms of that class of immigrants who look for a fortune to drop into their laps immediately upon their arrival in this region. They expect to find a "land flowing with milk and honey" which they are to enjoy "without money and without price," but discover upon reaching the "promised land" that they must carve out their own fortune, as they must everywhere, but with greater prospect of success crowning their efforts than in any other portion of the United States. THE WEST SHORE has always sought to impress upon its readers the fact that our magnificent resources are ready to bountifully reward the hand of labor and enterprise, but have no gifts to bestow upon the idler or the listless. The article referred to says: "Some emigrants left Portland the other day for the Sound. They had traveled through nearly all the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and some beyond, having started from Texas, but could find no place that suited them. They had passed over Eastern Oregon and Washington, through Southern Oregon and the Willamette valley, but were not satisfied with anything they saw. After interviewing Western Washington they will start back and report that there was no room for them, and no good country to live in, in the Northwest. Good riddance to such people. We have too many of them now. This region is better off without those trifling idlers who want to gather where they have not sown and reap where they have not sowed. For anybody with a will, with a little resolution and energy, with a reasonable amount of self-esteem and self-confidence, with ordinary habits of enterprise and industry, there are open avenues to honorable success on every highway in the Northwest. About one-fourth of the immigrants that come here seem to expect that a ready-made fortune is awaiting them; and if a good section of deeded farming land were given outright to them, they would whine and growl because horses and cows and plows and harrows were not thrown in."

The sand motor used by a miner near Bodie, Cal., might, perhaps, be used to advantage in many places where water power cannot be obtained. It was the first

intention to obtain water power by means of a windmill; but as this would be very irregular in its action, sometimes too slow and sometimes too fast, it was decided to use sand instead of water. The windmill runs a belt containing a great number of buckets, and these carry the sand up to a large tank, just as grain elevators carry wheat in a flouring mill. A stream of sand being let out upon the overshot wheel, it revolves just as it would under the weight of a stream of water, and the wheel moves steadily on at its work. When there is much wind sand is stored up for use when calm prevails, so the wheel is never idle. After a sufficient quantity of sand has once been accumulated there is no more trouble on that score, the same sand being used repeatedly.

The scheme of the Southern Pacific to force wheat shipments from California to be made over that road to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence to Liverpool by vessel, seems to involve the enlarged development of the coal mines on Puget Sound. As vessels coming to San Francisco for wheat charters bring coal as a ballast upon which they expect to realize expenses of getting there, the managers have conceived the idea of so completely supplying the market of that city with coal from Puget Sound as to cut off this source of revenue from ship-owners, and thus force charter rates up to a figure beyond that demanded by the managers of the new route. This scheme includes the addition of several fast iron colliers to the Puget Sound fleet.

Work on the Oregon Short Line bridge at the mouth of Burnt River is progressing rapidly. The other two bridges across that stream are nearly completed. The line of the O. R. & N. Co. is nearly all graded to the point of junction, and will be ironed in the spring. Travel by this route is already quite considerable, the gap from Meacham's to Caldwell being spanned by a good line of stages. The O. S. L. terminus will soon be removed from Caldwell to Weiser City, only twenty-three miles from the point of junction at Huntington.

The proposed tunnel on the Cascades Division of the Northern Pacific will be 16,600 feet long, 2,400 above sea level, and will cost \$3,000,000. There are twenty-five miles of road completed from the Columbia River, six miles above Ainsworth, leading towards Yakima City, which will be of little practical value unless completed to the latter point, eighty-five miles from the river. What will be done in the future it is impossible to foretell.

Huntington, the new town on Burnt River, which has been selected as the point of junction of the O. S. L. and O. R. & N. Co., is growing rapidly, notwithstanding the site is not surveyed, and parties cannot yet secure title to ground built upon. There are two general merchandise stores, three hotels, ten saloons, blacksmith shop, shoe shop, harness shop, and at the bridge site, two and one-half miles distant, are a number of restaurants and saloons. As a junction it must become a place of considerable importance.

GROWTH OF PORTLAND.

So rapid has been the growth of our city, and so engrossed have we been in our expanding business relations, that but little attention has been paid to the natural beauties that surround us and exist in our very midst. The site upon which the city stands is unexcelled for beauty of location, and the scenic panorama of Nature witnessed from our very streets, no matter in which direction one may turn, is refreshing and invigorating in the extreme. Visitors notice this feature especially, and never fail to comment upon the pleasant sensations experienced, while walking through the crowded and noisy streets, whenever their eyes rested on the graceful lines of Mount Hood or the rounded cone of St. Helens. The river with its islands and numerous craft; the hills and ravines back of town; the residence streets with their fringe of shade trees, and, above all, the city itself, as seen from the hills on the west, present beautiful pictures, especially attractive to one to whom these scenes are new, and imparting an undefinable sense of contentment and happiness to those who witness them daily. Our artist gives us glimpses of a few of the most familiar scenes, including the recreation park, a view down the river, and the entrance way to our beautiful City of the Dead.

Yet Portland is not seen in its best light from an artistic standpoint, pleasant and refreshing as that certainly is, but from the vantage ground of its position as the metropolis and commercial center of the Pacific Northwest. In September last THE WEST SHORE presented engravings of the business blocks and commercial streets, together with an accurate and complete description of the city, containing many statistics of its growth and trade during the previous year. It now presents a general statistical summary of the city for the year 1883, compiled chiefly from the large holiday number of the *Oregonian*, whose enterprise in collecting and publishing so great an amount of valuable information settles it even more securely in its position as the leading daily of the Northwest.

Portland has 125 business firms and corporations with a capital ranging from \$40,000 and upward, fourteen of them having \$1,000,000 or more, making a total of \$32,000,000 invested in large business enterprises, exclusive of the host of dealers, manufacturers, etc., operating with a capital ranging from \$500 to \$30,000. The wholesale trade aggregated \$53,050,000, the largest items being grain, hops, flour and feed, \$11,000,000; groceries, \$6,500,000; dry goods, \$3,550,000; machinery and agricultural implements, \$3,500,000; hardware, stoves, etc., \$3,600,000; boots and shoes, \$2,500,000; wool, \$2,000,000.

The total value of dutiable imports from foreign countries was \$678,851. Eighty-one vessels, with a registered tonnage of 88,260 tons, sailed to England and other European countries with 2,223,644 centals of wheat, valued at \$3,426,741, and 276,558 barrels of flour, valued at \$1,345,800; total, \$4,774,541.

In Portland proper 398 buildings were erected at a cost of \$3,018,100; East Portland, 144, at \$322,500; in

Albina, 198, at \$638,500; in Sellwood, 55, at \$60,000; or a total of 776 buildings, costing \$4,039,100. Real estate transfers foot up \$5,784,961.85, and street improvements cost \$347,597.05.

At the Post Office \$72,708.88 were received for stamps, etc., and \$349,113.95 from money orders and notes, while \$793,921.55 were paid out to holders of money orders and notes.

In manufacturing industries 5,481 hands were employed, turning out products valued at \$11,423,000, being an increase of 1,303 hands and \$3,689,000 in products over the previous year.

The population, estimated from data carefully collected, is shown in comparison with the census of 1880 as follows:

	Buildings.	Population.	
		1883.	1880.
Portland.....	4,758	36,018	17,577
East Portland.....	1,026	6,522	2,934
Albina.....	323	2,265	143
Suburbs.....	302	1,345	160
Total.....	6,411	46,150	20,814
Increase in three years, 25,336, or 122 per cent.			

COLUMBIA RIVER BAR.

The Astoria Chamber of Commerce has forwarded a memorial to Congress asking for an appropriation of \$500,000 for the improvement of the mouth of the Columbia. It shows that the commerce of the river is increasing at the rate of 25 per cent. annually; that 838 vessels, with a registered tonnage of 1,152,994 tons and cargoes valued at \$41,000,000, passed over the bar in 1883; that large American wooden vessels drawing from 23 to 26 feet of water cannot cross the bar with a full cargo, so that the carrying of grain is chiefly confined to the English iron vessels of lighter draft; that the bar can be so improved that a vessel drawing 26 feet can cross at any time; and properly asserts that the improvement of the Columbia River bar is the most necessary work contemplated in the Northwest.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR 1883.

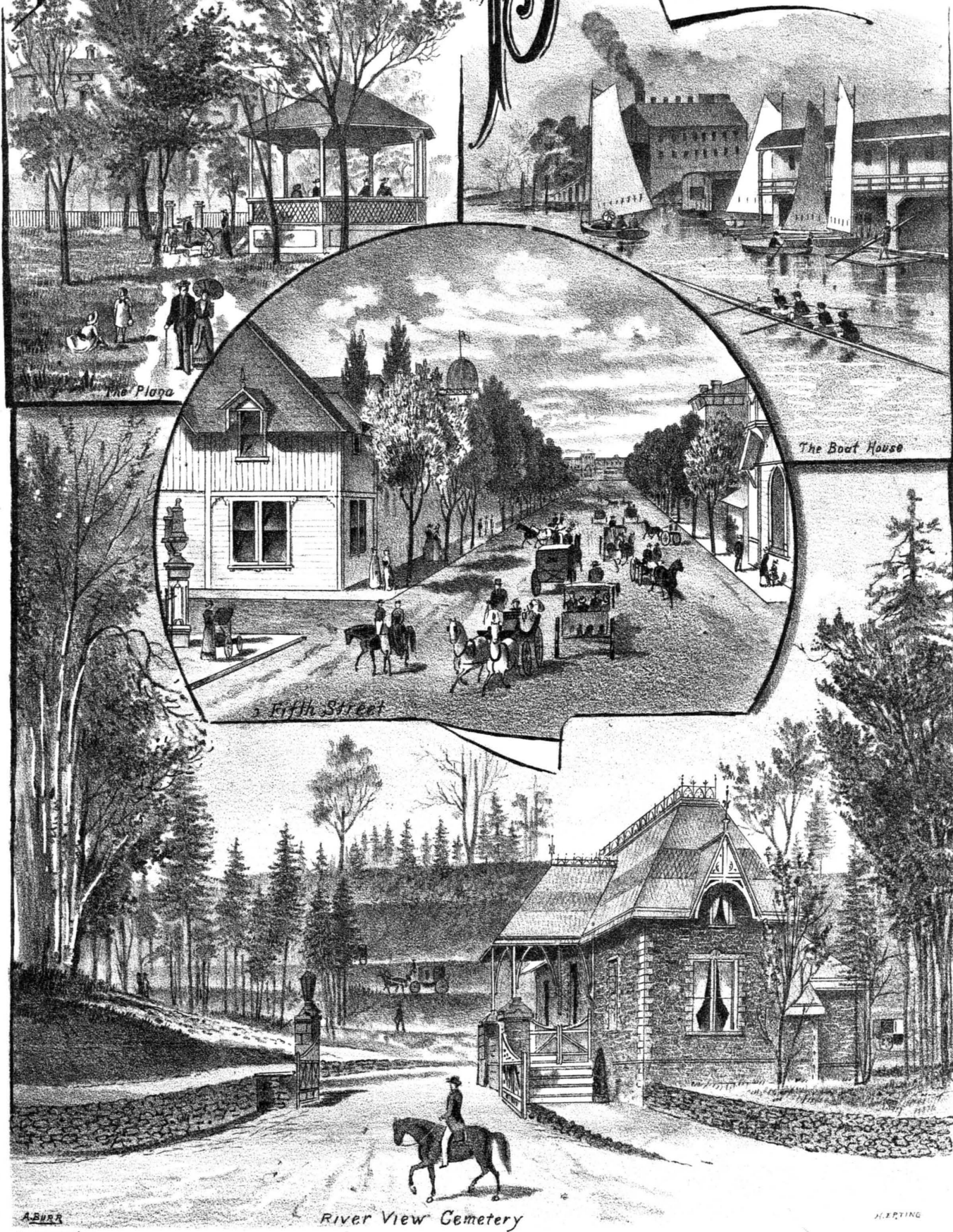
From Observations Taken at the U. S. Signal Station, Portland, Or.

	Mean Barom.	Highest Temp.	Lowest Temp.	Mean Temp.	No. of Clear Days.	No. of Fair Days.	No. of Cloudy Days.	No. of Rainy Days.	Total Rain.
January.....	30.125	55.6	8.6	37.5	4	10	17	19	13.70
February.....	30.165	60.0	7.0	33.0	11	12	5	9	2.34
March.....	29.952	75.0	34.0	50.4	18	8	10	10	6.40
April.....	29.922	74.2	35.2	49.2	2	12	16	20	7.88
May.....	29.942	84.0	40.0	57.4	6	14	11	8	1.67
June.....	30.006	87.0	44.0	63.4	14	12	4	2	.08
July.....	29.976	94.0	48.0	66.9	25	5	1	0	.00
August.....	30.005	83.0	43.5	62.8	24	5	2	3	.19
September.....	29.931	87.0	44.6	61.2	19	7	4	11	.67
October.....	29.966	64.2	37.0	50.8	4	11	16	16	3.91
November.....	30.041	60.0	33.5	46.5	1	11	18	22	8.26
December.....	30.119	56.4	24.2	41.9	6	14	11	15	6.34
Total.....				51.8	134	116	115	135	51.44

Light snow fell on thirteen different days, at no time sufficient for sleighing, and generally turning to rain before the storm ended. Prevailing direction of the wind, south.

THE WEST SHORE for 1883 contains 282 illustrations of cities and scenery, and gives information of more than 400 localities. It is, in fact, a perfect encyclopedia of the Pacific Northwest. On receipt of \$2 we will send, postage paid, a complete indexed volume, neatly bound in paper. Address THE WEST SHORE, Portland, Or.

PICTURESQUE PORTLAND



The Plaza

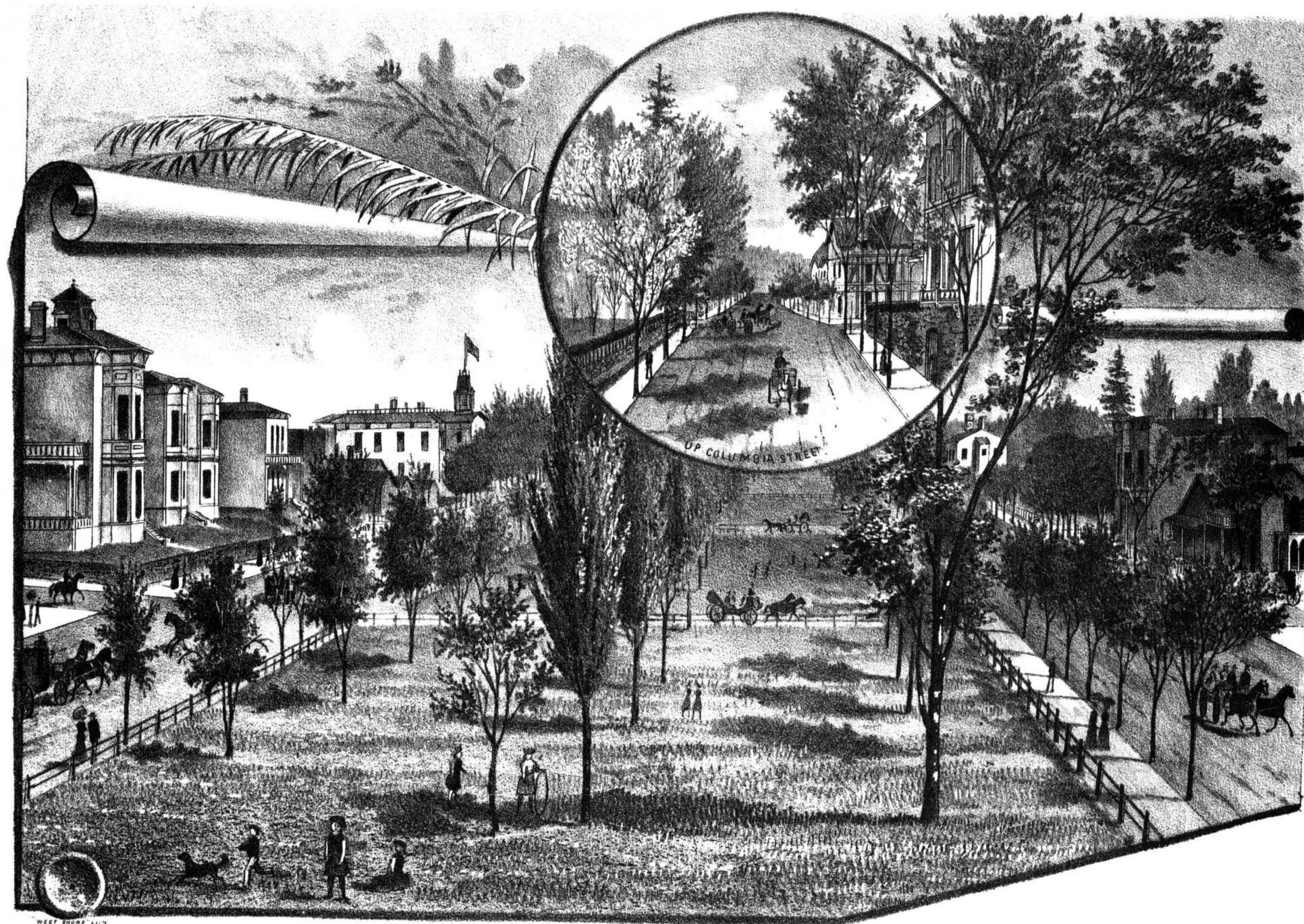
The Boat House

Fifth Street

River View Cemetery

A. BURR
"WEST SHORE" LITH

J. E. P. TING



WEST SHORE LITH.

DOWN PARK STREET.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

OVER A WOOD-FIRE.

I have got a quiet farm-house in the country, a very humble place to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man, of the old New England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in the winter to look over the farm accounts, and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep.

One side the door, as you enter from the porch, is a little parlor, scarce twelve feet by ten, with a cosey-looking fireplace, a heavy oak floor, a couple of arm chairs, and a brown table with carved lions' feet. Out of this room opens a little cabinet, only big enough for a broad bachelor bedstead, where I sleep upon feathers, and wake in the morning with my eye upon a saucy colored lithographic print of some fancy "Bessy."

It happens to be the only house in the world of which I am *bona fide* owner; and I take a vast deal of comfort in treating it just as I choose. I manage to break some article of furniture almost every time I pay it a visit; and if I cannot open the window readily of a morning, to breathe the fresh air, I knock out a pane or two of glass with my boot. I lean against the walls in a very old arm chair there is on the premises, and scarce ever fail to worry such a hole in the plastering as would set me down for a round charge for damages in town, or make a prim housewife fret herself into a raging fever. I laugh out loud with myself, in my big arm chair, when I think that I am neither afraid of one nor the other.

As for the fire, I keep the little hearth so hot as to warm half the cellar below, and the whole space between the jambs roars for hours together with white flame. To be sure, the windows are not very tight, between broken panes and bad joints, so that the fire, large as it is, is by no means an extravagant comfort.

As night approaches I have a huge pile of oak and hickory placed beside the hearth; I put out the tallow candle on the mantel (using the family snuffers, with one leg broke); then, drawing my chair directly in front of the blazing wood, and setting one foot on each of the old iron fire-dogs (until they grow too warm), I dispose myself for an evening of such sober and thoughtful quietude, as I believe, on my soul, that very few of my fellow men have the good fortune to enjoy.

My tenant, meantime, in the other room, I can hear now and then, though there is a thick stone chimney and broad entry between, multiplying contrivances with his wife to put two babies to sleep. This occupies them, I should say, usually an hour; though my only measure of time (for I never carry a watch into the country), is the blaze of my fire. By ten, or thereabouts, my stock of wood is nearly exhausted; I pile upon the hot coals what remains, and sit watching how it kindles, and blazes, and goes out—even like our joys!—and then slip by the light of the embers into my bed, where I luxuriate in such sound and healthful slumber as only such rattling window frames and country air can supply.

But to return. The other evening—it happened to be

on my last visit to my farm-house—when I had exhausted all the ordinary rural topics of thought, had formed all sorts of conjectures as to the income of the year; had planned a new wall around one lot and the clearing up of another, now covered with patriarchal wood, and wondered if the little rickety house would not be after all a snug enough box to live and to die in, I fell on a sudden into such an unprecedented line of thought, which took such deep hold of my sympathies—sometimes even starting tears—that I determined, the next day, to set as much of it as I could recall on paper.

Something—it may have been the home-looking blaze (I am a bachelor of, say, six-and-twenty), or possibly a plaintive cry of the baby in my tenant's room—had suggested to me the thought of—marriage.

I piled upon the heated fire-dogs the last armful of my wood; and now, said I, bracing myself courageously between the arms of my chair, I'll not flinch; I'll pursue the thought wherever it leads, though it lead me to the d— (I am apt to be hasty)—at least, continued I, softening, until my fire is out.

The wood was green, and at first showed no disposition to blaze. It smoked furiously. Smoke, thought I, always goes before blaze, and so does doubt go before decision; and my Reverie, from that very starting point, slipped into this shape:—

I.

SMOKE—SIGNIFYING DOUBT.

A wife? thought I; yes, a wife!

And why!

And pray, my dear sir, why not—why? Why not doubt; why not hesitate; why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery—a poor man, whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket—without trembling, hesitating and doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to marriage-ship, within four walls called home, that are to claim him, his time, his trouble and his tears, thenceforward forevermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business—moving off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful—shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings that matrimony, where if difficulty beset him there is no escape. Shall this brain of mine, careless working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries and high gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour, turn itself at length to such dull task work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams in which I have warmed my fancies and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy; all, alas! will be gone—reduced to the dull standard of the actual! No more room for intrepid forays of imagination—no more gorgeous realm-making—all will be over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming?

Can any wife be prettier than an after-dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise than the little, rosy-cheeked ones, who have no existence except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair-back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one you dream of, after reading such pleasant books as Munchausen or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be—duty, or what not, making provocation—what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say—And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says, Lyttleton or Shaftesbury I think, that "marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the Lord Chancellor." Unfortunately, we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man then scour the country on a mule's back, like honest Gil Blas of Santillane, or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the *Presse*, manages these matters to one's hand for some five per cent. on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted when the brook was so low and the sky so hot that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; and I have hunted hare at noon and woodcock in snow-time, never despairing, scarce doubting; but for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women for a single capture—irremediable, unchangeable—and yet a capture which, by strange metonymy not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter; all this, surely, surely may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then, again, there are the plaguey wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth or fifth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals, long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at an end? How many twisted-headed brothers will be putting in their advice as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their "dear Peggy," and want to know every tea-time "if she isn't a dear love of a wife?" Then, dear

father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his) to give a little wholesome counsel, and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews, who come to spend the holidays and eat up your East India sweetmeats; and who are forever tramping over your head, or raising the old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worst, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

—That could be borne, however; for perhaps he has promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich (and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm upon the fire-dogs). Then she will be forever talking of *her* fortune, and pleasantly reminding you, on occasion of a favorite purchase, how lucky that *she* had the means, and dropping hints about economy, and buying very extravagant sealskins.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock list at breakfast time, and mention quite carelessly to your clients that she is interested in *such* or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you for his small bill; in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame and sickness of heart for the superlative folly of "marrying rich."

—But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals; but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin-money, and pestered with your poor wife's relations. Ten to one she will stickle about taste ("Sir Visto's") and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only* had the means, and is sure Paul (a kiss) can't deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit.

Then she, for one, means that *her* children sha'n't go a-begging for clothes—and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly; not noticeable at first, but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you didn't see that vulgar nose long ago; and that lip—it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And then to come to breakfast with her hair looking as it does, and you not so much as daring to say, "Peggy, *do* brush your hair!" Her foot, too—not very bad when decently *chaussee*—but now since she's married she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet for all this, to be priggish up for an hour when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

"Bless your kind hearts, my dear fellows," said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals, and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris, "not married yet!"

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough, only shrewish.

—No matter for cold coffee; you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops to eat with your rolls!

—She thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

—She has no other, and hopes you'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. I think I see myself, ruminated I, sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are "delicious," slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my fork tines, slipping off my chair sideways at the end, and slipping out, with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man till the oak door is between me and Peggy.

—"Ha, ha! not yet," said I; and in so earnest a tone that my dog started to his feet, cocked his eye to have a good look into my face, met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she doesn't care a fig for you. She has married you because father or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she didn't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she didn't positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough young person; she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cook-book, and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid-looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little, were it only for appearance's sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night; she, bless her dear heart! does not feel lonely. You read to her a love tale; she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages; she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town! She hates to be mewed up in a cottage or between brick walls; she does so love the Springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you; at least she swears it, with her hand on the "Sorrows of Werther." She has pin-money which she spends for the *Literary World* and the *Friends in Council*. She is not bad-looking, save a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *negligee* till three o'clock and an ink stain on the forefinger be sluttish; but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied, when you saw her buried in a three volume novel, that it was anything more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin you thought innocently that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about divine Dante and funny Goldoni is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed and dogs-eared and spotted with baby gruel. Even your Seneca—an Elzevir—is all

sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist scowl, and will not let Greek alone. You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology, in lieu of the camphor bottle, or chant the *alai, alai*, of tragic chorus.

—The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby; Peggy is reading Bruyere.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney piece. I gave the fore-stick a kick, at the thought of Peggy, baby and Bruyere.

—Suddenly the flame flickered blue athwart the smoke, caught at a twig below, rolled round the mossy oak stick, twined among the crackling tree limbs, mounted, lit up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with Smoke, and Hope began with Flame.

II.

BLAZE—SIGNIFYING CHEER.

I pushed my chair back; drew up another; stretched out my feet cosily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked straight into the leaping and dancing flame.

—Love is a flame, ruminated I; and (glancing round the room) how a flame brightens up a man's habitation.

"Carlo," said I, calling up my dog into the light; "good fellow, Carlo!" and I patted him kindly; and he wagged his tail and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my face; then strode away, turned to look again, and lay down to sleep.

"Pho, the brute!" said I; "it is not enough, after all, to like a dog."

—If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running round the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams; and if you could reach an arm round that chair-back, without fear of giving offence, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your other hand those little, white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach, and so, talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for; if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image (dream, call it rather), would it not be far pleasanter than this cold, single, night sitting, counting the sticks, reckoning the length of the blaze, and the height of the falling snow?

And if, some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour, you could whisper into listening because loving ears—ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper; ears ever indulgent, because eager to praise; and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood-fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke—how far better than to be waxing black and sour over pestilential humors alone, your very dog asleep?

And if, when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illumining that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes—how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, heavy, lifeless and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you, coming you know not whither, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress, or endearing word, upon that fondest and most dear one, than in patting your glossy-coated dog or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it! How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning over to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver and grow weak before that girl-brow and eye of innocence! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life, renew itself in such presence!

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of the room. The shadows the flames made were playing like fairy forms over floor, and wall, and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God-speed!

Her face would make a halo, rich as a rainbow, atop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares; and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread and float away, chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend—poor fellow!—dies; never mind, that gentle clasp of *her* fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep—it is worth ten friends!

Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon!

—It is more. *She*, she says, will be a sister; and the waving curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes—God has sent his angel, surely!

Your mother, alas for it, she is gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone and homeless, like this!

But you are not homeless; you are not alone; *she* is there; her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then, those children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with their prattle now; they are yours! Toss away there on the greensward; never mind the hyacinths, the snowdrops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and

cherish; flower, tree, gun, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of any cold lecture to teach thankfulness; your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf and greenness, to turn thought kindly and thankfully; for ever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit, for which eye, heart and soul are full of unknown and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank-offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down; no lonely moanings and wicked curses at careless stepping nurses. *The* step is noiseless and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn, or withdrawn, by the magic of that other presence, and the soft, cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend-watchers, merely come in to steal a word away from that outer world which is pulling at their skirts; but ever the sad, shaded brow of her, whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief, if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling under the growing heat.

—So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself; striving with everything gross, even now as it clings to grossness. Love would make its strength native and progressive. Earth's cares would fly. Joys would double. Susceptibilities be quickened; Love master self, and, having made the mastery, stretch onward and upward toward Infinitude.

And if the end came, and sickness brought that follower—Great Follower—which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart, and the hand of Love, ever near, are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumphs, which circlet all and centreth in all—Love infinite and divine!

Kind hands—none but *hers*—will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp and heavy on it; and her fingers—none but *hers*—will lie in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens and hardens for the ground. *Her* tears—you could feel no others if oceans fell—will warm your drooping features once more to life; once more your eye, lighted in joyous triumph, kindle in her smile, and then—

The fire fell upon the hearth; the blaze gave a last leap, a flicker, then another, caught a little remaining twig, blazed up, wavered, went out.

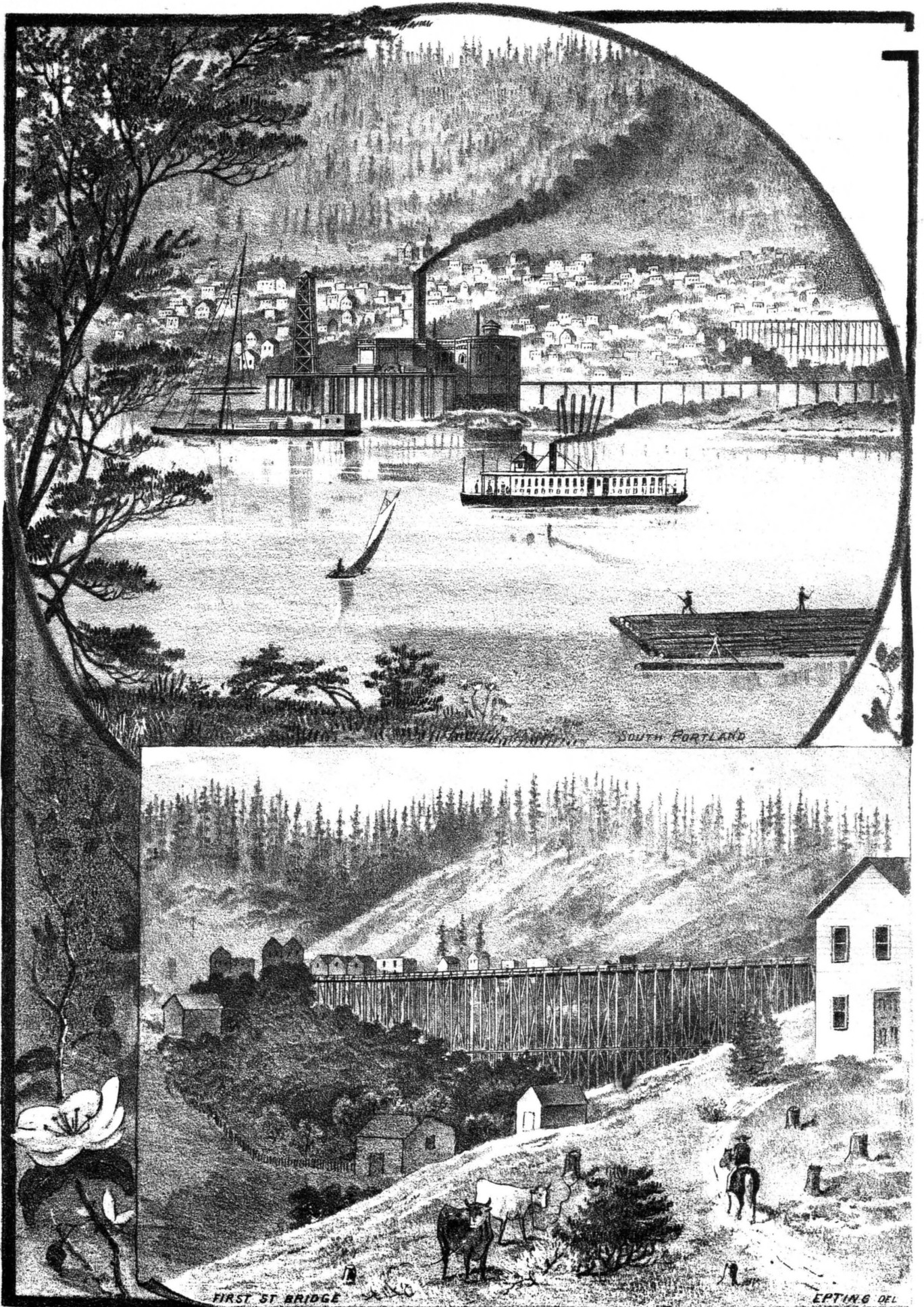
There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone, with only my dog for company.

III.

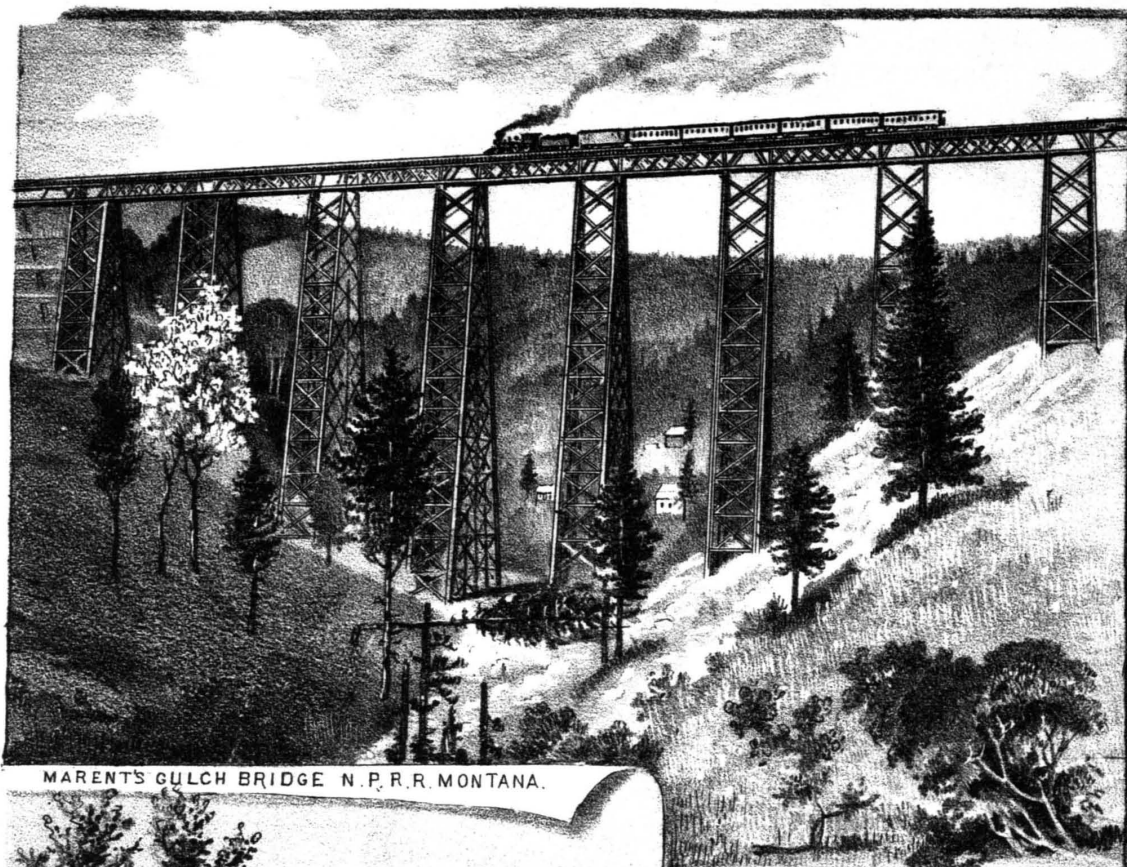
ASHES—SIGNIFYING DESOLATION.

After all, thought I, ashes follow blaze, inevitably as Death follows Life. Misery treads on the heels of Joy; Anguish rides swift after Pleasure.

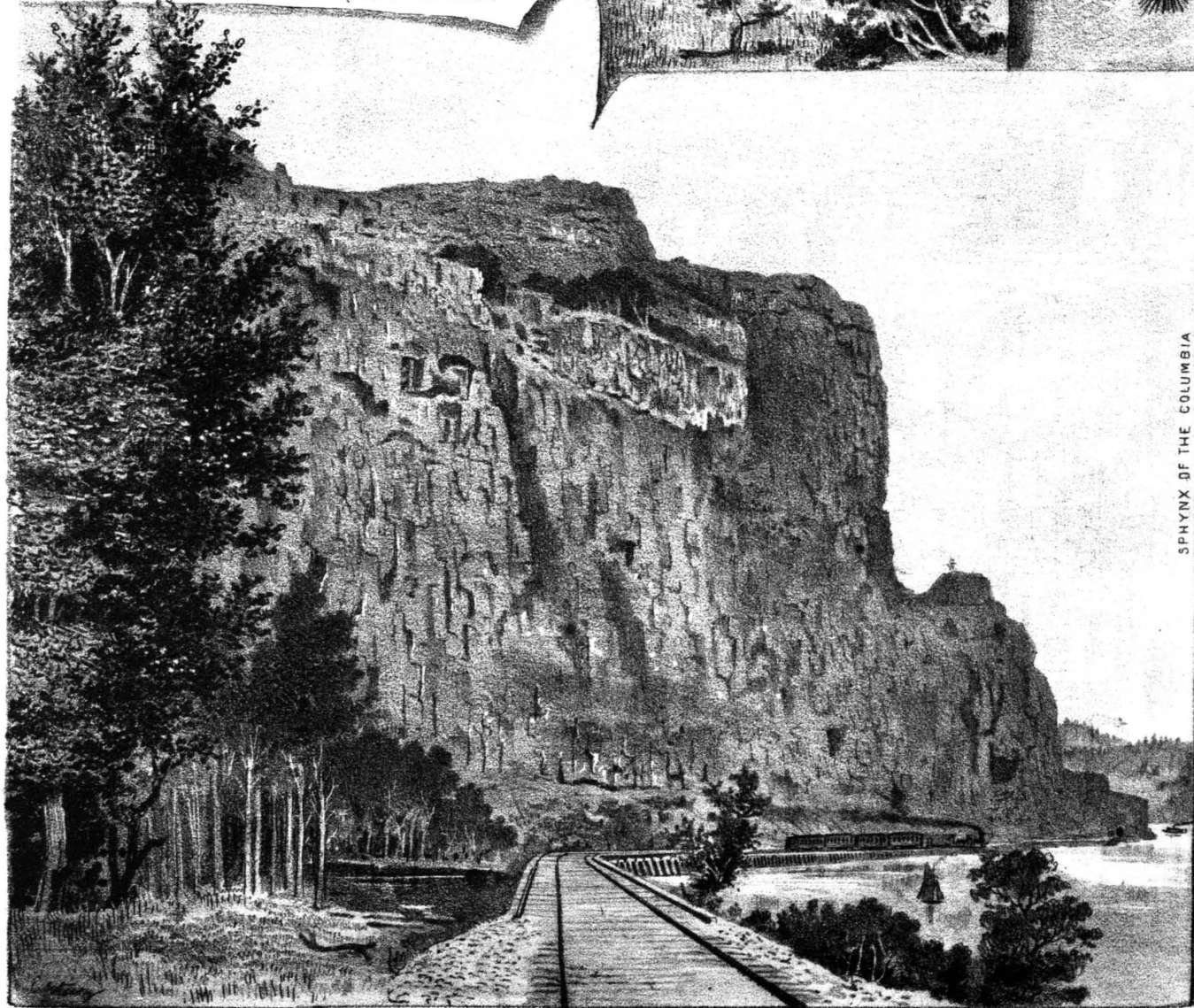
“Come to me again, Carlo,” said I to my dog, and I



PORTLAND, OREGON.



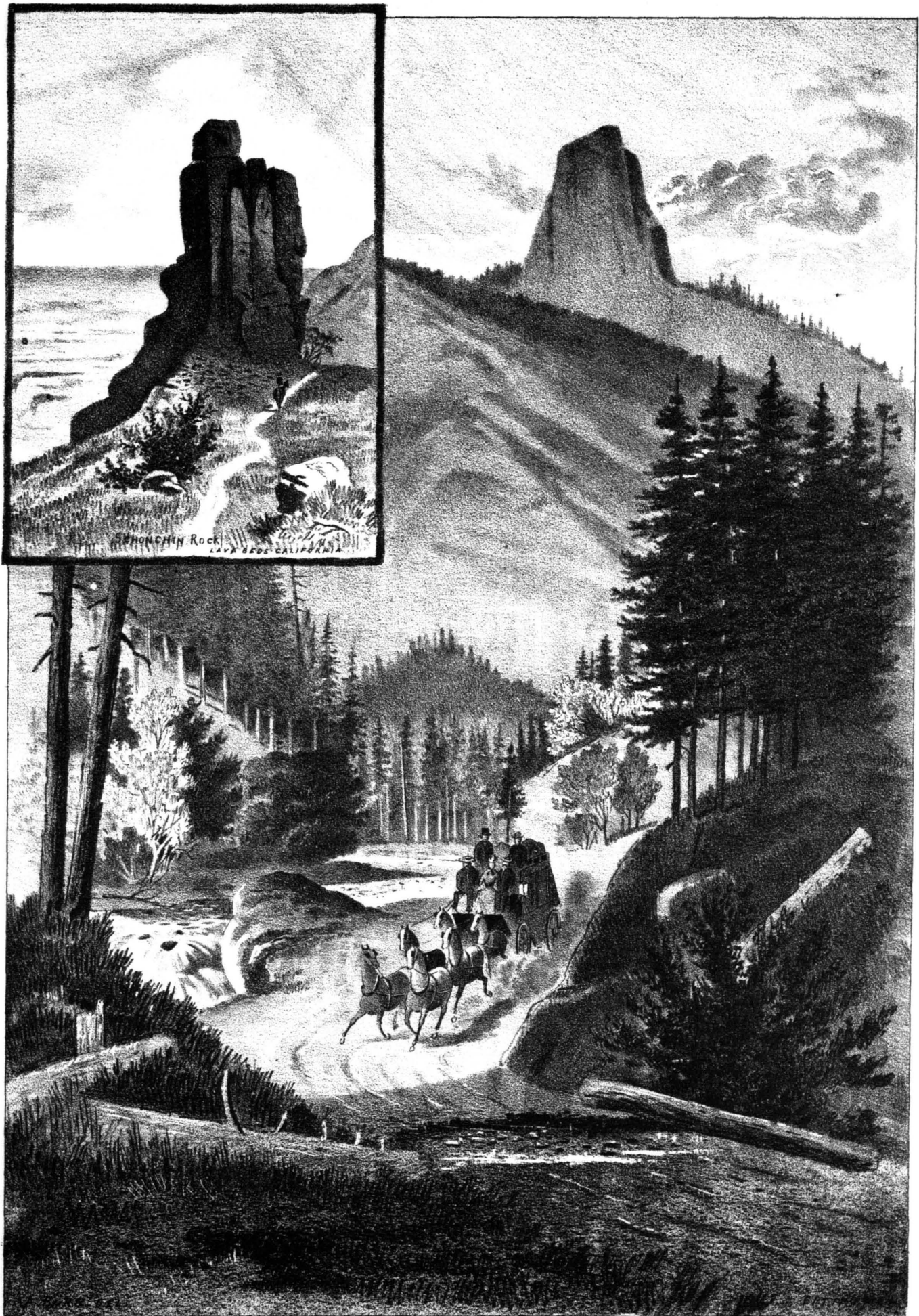
MARENT'S GULCH BRIDGE N. P. R. R. MONTANA.



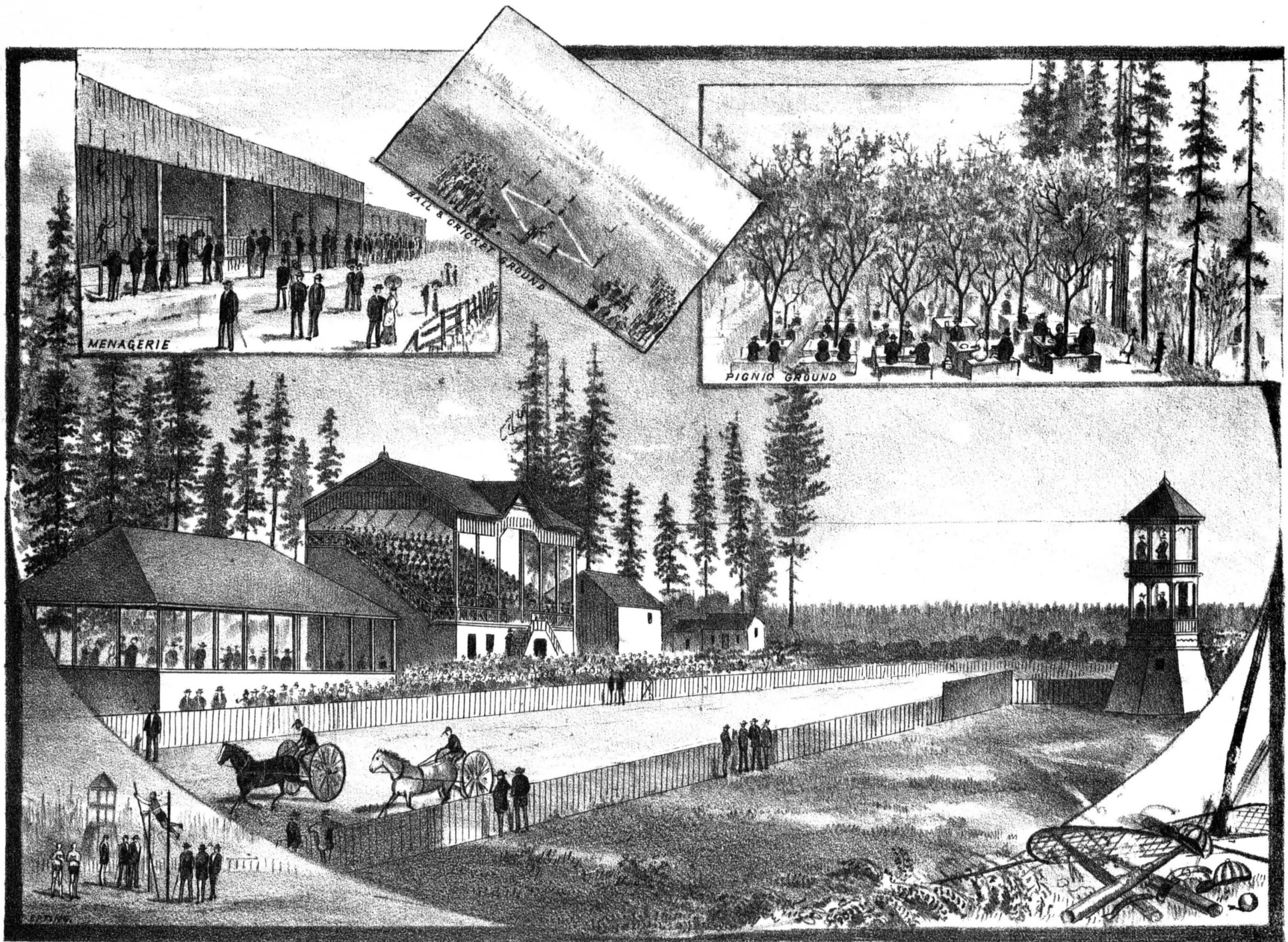
SPHYNX OF THE COLUMBIA

GIBRALTAR ROCK, O. R. & N. COMPANY'S RAILWAY.

WEST SHORE LITH



PILOT PEAK, O. & C. STAGE ROAD.



WEST SHORE LITH

CITY VIEW PARK.

patted him fondly once more, but now only by the light of the dying embers.

It is very little pleasure one takes in fondling brute favorites; but it is a pleasure that when it passes leaves no void. It is only a little alleviating redundancy in your solitary heart-life, which, if lost, another can be supplied.

But if your heart—not solitary, not quieting its humors with mere love of chase or dog, not repressing year after year its earnest yearnings after something better and more spiritual—has fairly linked itself by bonds strong as life to another heart, is the casting off easy, then?

Is it then only a little heart-redundancy cut off, which the next bright sunset will fill up?

And my fancy, as it had painted doubt under the smoke, and cheer under warmth of the blaze, so now it began, under the faint light of the smoldering embers, to picture heart-desolation.

—What kind, congratulatory letters, hosts of them, coming from old and half-forgotten friends, now that your happiness is a year or two years old!

“Beautiful.”

—Aye, to be sure beautiful!

“Rich.”

—Pho, the dawdler! how little he knows of heart treasure who speaks of wealth to a man who loves his wife as a wife only should be loved!

“Young.”

—Young indeed; guileless as infancy; charming as the morning.

Ah, these letters bear a sting; they bring to mind, with new and newer freshness, if it be possible, the value of that which you tremble lest you lose.

How anxiously you watch that step, if it lose not its buoyancy; how you study the color on that cheek, if it grow not fainter; how you tremble at the lustre in those eyes, if it be not the lustre of Death; how you totter under the weight of that muslin sleeve—a phantom weight! How you fear to do it, and yet press forward, to note if that breathing be quickened, as you ascend the home heights, to look off on sunset lighting the plain.

Is your sleep quiet sleep after that she has whispered to you her fears, and in the same breath—soft as a sigh, sharp as an arrow—bid you bear it bravely?

Perhaps—the embers were now glowing fresher, a little kindling, before the ashes—she triumphs over disease.

But Poverty, the world's almoner, has come to you with ready, spare hand.

Alone, with your dog living on bones, and you on hope—kindling each morning, dying slowly each night—this could be borne. Philosophy would bring home its stores to the lone man. Money is not in his hand, but Knowledge is in his brain! and from that brain he draws out faster, as he draws slower from his pocket. He remembers; and on remembrance he can live for days and weeks. The garret, if a garret covers him, is rich in fancies. The rain, if it pelts, pelts only him used to rain peltings. And his dog crouches not in dread, but in companionship. His crust he divides with him and laughs. He crowns himself with glorious memories of Cervantes,

though he begs; if he nights it under the stars, he dreams heaven-sent dreams of the prisoned and homeless Galileo.

He hums old sonnets and snatches of poor Jonson's plays. He chants Dryden's odes and dwells on Otway's rhyme. He reasons with Bolingbroke or Diogenes, as the humor takes him, and laughs at the world, for the world, thank Heaven, has left him alone!

Keep your money, old misers, and your palaces, old princes—the world is mine!

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny.
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

But—if not alone?

If *she* is clinging to you for support, for consolation, for home, for life; she, reared in luxury perhaps, is faint for bread?

Then the iron enters the soul; then the nights darken under any skylight. Then the days grow long, even in the solstice of winter.

She may not complain; what then?

Will your heart grow strong, if the strength of her love can dam up the fountains of tears and the tied tongue not tell of bereavement? Will it solace you to find her parting the poor treasure of food you have stolen for her with begging, foodless children?

But this ill, strong hands and Heaven's help will put down. Wealth again; flowers again; patrimonial acres again; brightness again. But your little Bessy, your favorite child, is pining.

Would to God! you say in agony, that wealth could bring fullness again into that blanched cheek or round those little thin lips once more; but it cannot. Thinner and thinner they grow; plaintive and more plaintive her sweet voice.

“Dear Bessy”—and your tones tremble; you feel that she is on the edge of the grave? Can you pluck her back? Can endearments stay her? Business is heavy away from the loved child; home you go, to fondle while yet time is left; but *this* time you are too late. She is gone. She cannot hear you; she cannot thank you for the violets you put within her stiff white hand.

And then—the grassy mound—the cold shadow of the headstone!

The wind, growing with the night, is rattling at the window panes and whistles dismally. I wipe a tear and, in the interval of my Reverie, thank God that I am no such mourner.

But gayety, snail-footed, creeps back to the household. All is bright again—

the violet bed's not sweeter
Than the delicious breath marriage sends forth.

Her lip is rich and full; her cheek delicate as a flower. Her frailty doubles your love.

And the little one she clasps—frail too—too frail; the boy you had set your hopes and heart on. You have watched him growing, ever prettier, ever winning more

and more upon your soul. The love you bore to him when he first lisped names—your name and hers—has doubled in strength, now that he asks innocently to be taught of this or that, and promises you, by that quick curiosity that flashes in his eye, a mind full of intelligence.

And some hairbreadth escape by sea or flood that he perhaps may have had—which unstrung your soul to such tears as you pray God may be spared you again—has endeared the little fellow to your heart a thousand-fold.

And now, with his pale sister in the grave, all *that* love has come away from the mound, where worms feast, and centres on the boy.

How you watch the storms lest they harm him! How often you steal to his bed late at night, and lay your hand lightly upon the brow, where the curls cluster thick, rising and falling with the throbbing temples, and watch, for minutes together, the little lips half parted, and listen—your ear close to them—if the breathing be regular and sweet!

But the day comes—the night rather—when you can catch no breathing.

Aye, put your hair away; compose yourself; listen again.

No, there is nothing!

Put your hand now to his brow; damp, indeed, but not with healthful night sleep; it is not your hand; no, do not deceive yourself; it is your loved boy's forehead that is so cold; and your loved boy will never speak to you again—never play again—he is dead!

Oh, the tears—the tears; what blessed things are tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead, or his lip, lest you waken him! Clasp him—clasp him harder; you cannot hurt—you cannot waken him! Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; he is stiff; he is stark and cold.

But courage is elastic; it is our pride. It recovers itself easier, thought I, than these embers will get into blaze again.

But courage, and patience, and faith, and hope have their limit. Blessed be the man who escapes such trial as will determine limit!

To a lone man it comes not near; for how can trial take hold where there is nothing by which to try?

A funeral? You reason with philosophy. A graveyard? You read Hervey and muse upon the wall. A friend dies? You sigh, you pat your dog; it is over. Losses? You retrench; you light your pipe; it is forgotten. Calumny? You laugh—you sleep.

But with that childless wife clinging to you in love and sorrow—what then?

Can you take down Seneca now and coolly blow the dust from the leaf-tops? Can you crimp your lip with Voltaire? Can you smoke idly, your feet dangling with the ivies, your thoughts all waving fancies upon a churchyard wall—a wall that borders the grave of your boy?

Can you amuse yourself by turning stinging Martial into rhyme? Can you pat your dog, and seeing him wake-

ful and kind say "It is enough"? Can you sneer at calumny and sit by your fire dozing?

Blessed, thought I again, is the man who escapes such trial as will measure the limit of patience and the limit of courage!

But the trial comes: colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapped in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centred your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, widespread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren world soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing-glass of home-roof; they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart-bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects, alas for you! are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger; how she struggles to persuade you there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even, when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects—when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house; is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he never fail; is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours—is it no thinner, no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile; hope lives again.

But the next day of storm she is fallen. She cannot talk even; she presses your hand.

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients; who is to reap the rewards? What matter for fame; whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches; whose is the inheritance?

You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture-book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

—Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines and flowers open out-of-doors; she leans on your arm and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her; what memories are in bird-songs! You need not shudder at her tears; they are tears of thanksgiving. Press the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

You are early home, mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down, her eyes half closed, her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eye opens; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles; hers does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says; "God will help you."

She presses harder your hand: "Adieu!"

A long breath—another; you are alone again. No tears now; poor man! You cannot find them!

—Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat-cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat and glides out stealthful as a cat.

The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin, a very nice coffin. Pass your hand over it; how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

It is a good stanch table the coffin rests on; it is your table; you are a housekeeper, a man of family.

Aye, of family; keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; is this all that is left of her? And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep!

—Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out.

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet-cushioned one, over against yours, empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand; your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into the room where she was sick—softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold.

She is not there.

—Oh God! Thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb, be kind!

The embers were dark; I stirred them; there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes; how they came there I know not. I half ejaculated a prayer of thanks that such desolation had not yet come nigh me, and a prayer of hope that it might never come.

In a half hour more I was sleeping soundly. My Reverie was ended.

WHAT OUR FINGERS TEACH.

Hands are divided into three different kinds—those with round-pointed fingers, those with square tips and those that are spade-shaped, with pods of flesh at each side of the nail. The first type, with round-pointed fingers, belong to characters with perceptions extra sensitive, to very pious people, to contemplative minds, to the impulsive, and to all poets and artists who have ideality as a prominent trait. The second type, those that are square-shaped, belong to scientific people, to sensible, self-contained characters, and to the class of professional men who are neither visionary nor altogether sordid. The third type, those that are spade-shaped, with pods of flesh at the side of the nail, indicate people whose interests and instincts are mostly material—people who have a genius for business, and who have a high appreciation of everything that pertains to bodily use and comfort. Each finger, no matter what kind of a hand it is, has a joint representing each of these types. The division of the finger that is nearest the palm stands for the body, the middle division represents mind, and the highest joint spirit or soul. If the top joint is longer than the others, it denotes a character with too much imagination, great ideality, and of leaning toward the theoretical rather than the practical. When the middle joint of the finger is long, it promises a logical, calculating mind—a very common-sense kind of a person; and when the lowest joint is longest, it indicates a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life—a mind that looks for the utility before beauty. If they are nearly alike, and especially if the length of the fingers equals the length of the palm, it indicates a well balanced mind.

THE rejected lover who swears that his idol is cold-hearted, can get up a neat heartburn for himself by a liberal use of pie and milk.

AT A CHURCH FAIR.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the special request of his "cousin," who was at the head of the flower table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and grabbing him by the arm said:

"Oh, you must, you will take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair he stammered out that "really he didn't have the pleasure of knowing—"

"Oh, that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come. The cake will all be taken if you don't hurry," and she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There, now, only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices. It will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake—that is, I haven't any use for the ring—I—"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for now, if you can get the ring, you can give it back, and we'll put it in another cake."

"Ye-e-s," said the young man, with a sickly smile, "to be sure; "but—"

"Oh, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly. "You know you promised."

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; but you will take just one slice?" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose—"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately gloved hands as he handed her a dollar bill. "Oh, that is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least two chances," and his dollar bill disappeared across the table; and then she called to a companion: "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"Oh, does he? Send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you are mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"Oh but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm.

"It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Take an envelope. Open it. There; you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"Oh, I should just like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents

more, please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know," added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, how I should like to be a great heavy man like you," and she jumped on the scales like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What!" said the youth, "one dollar! Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I—"

"Oh, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement I—"

"Oh, but first you must buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the flower table. "Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's "cousin" from behind the flower counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggle, too. Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused, and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You must excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go, I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your button hole," interrupted his "cousin." "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made for the door.

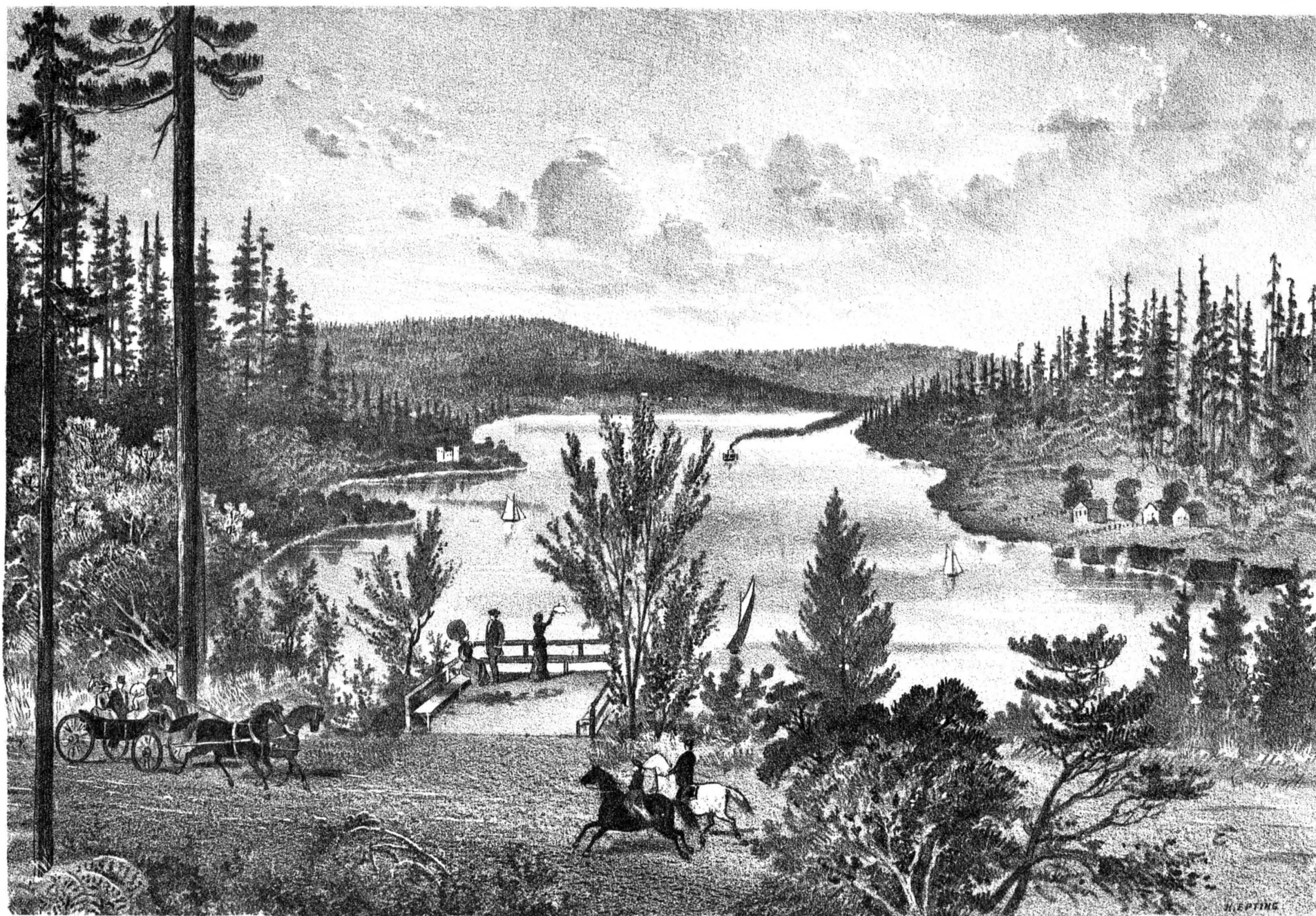
"Well, if ever I visit another fair may I be—be d—!" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car fare to ride home.

THE PULSE OF ANIMALS.

The health of animals as well as that of human beings may often be guessed at very shrewdly by simply feeling their pulse. In a horse a good and strong but quiet pulse beats forty times a minute, in an ox fifty to fifty-five, in sheep and pigs not less than seventy nor more than eighty for ordinary health. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone. In the horse it is generally felt on the cord which crosses over the bone of the lower jaw in front of its curved position, or in the bony ridge above the eye, and in cattle over the middle of the first rib. In sheep it is, perhaps, easiest to place the hand on the left side, where the beating of the heart may be felt. A rapid, hard and full pulse in stock points to inflammation and high fever; a rapid, small and weak pulse also to fever, but to fever accompanied by a poor and weak state of the subject. A very slow pulse in stock will often be found to indicate brain disease, while a jumping and irregular pulse shows something wrong with the heart.



LABBE'S BUILDING N.E. COR. WASHINGTON & 2ND STS. PORTLAND, ORG.



"WEST SHORE" LITH

H. EPTING

DOWN THE WILLAMETTE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE



North America is divided into five time belts, within each of which the time is that of a meridian running near its center. These meridians are just fifteen degrees, or one hour, apart. Intercolonial time, 60th meridian, governs Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Eastern time, 75th meridian, Canada to Lake Huron, and all of the United States east of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia.

Central time, 90th meridian, all west of Eastern to the middle of Dakota and Nebraska and the eastern line of Colorado and New Mexico.

Mountain time, 105th meridian, from Central west to a line running from the mouth of Colorado River to Salt Lake, thence through Idaho and between Idaho and Montana.

Pacific time, 120th meridian, all between Mountain and the Pacific Ocean.

Going east from Portland, trains run on Pacific time to Heron, where watches are moved ahead one hour, to Mountain time, which governs to Mandan; here change is made to one hour faster, or Central time, which governs all roads from there to Detroit or Pittsburgh, when change is again made to Eastern time. The five clocks opposite show the relative time of these belts.

PRINCIPAL ROUTES FROM PORTLAND.

For Time and Distances See Tables.

To St. Paul, Chicago and New York—O.R. & N. to Wallula Junction; N. P. to St. Paul, connecting with lines to all points east and south.

To Omaha, Chicago and New York—O. R. & N. to Umatilla Junction and Meacham; stage to Caldwell; O. S. L. to Granger; U. P. to Omaha; or O. S. L. to Pocatello; U. N. to Ogden; U. P. to Omaha; connecting with lines to all points east and south.

To Salt Lake and beyond—O. R. & N. to Wallula Junction; N. P. to Garrison; U. & N. to Ogden and Salt Lake.

To Walla Walla and Dayton—O. R. & N.

To Pendleton and Baker City—O. R. & N. via Umatilla Junction.

To Colfax—O. R. & N. to Wallula Junction; N. P. to Palouse Junction and Colfax.

To San Francisco—Steamer every five days; or O. & C. to Grant's Pass; C. & O. stage to Redding; C. P. to San Francisco.

To Salem, Albany, Eugene City, Roseburg and Rogue River Valley—O. & C., East Side.

To McMinnville, Dallas and Corvallis—O. & C., West Side.

Other Willamette Valley Points—O. & C., or O. R. & N., Narrow Gauge.

To Astoria—O. R. & N. boats.

To New Tacoma, Seattle, Port Townsend, Victoria, Olympia and all Puget Sound Points—O. R. & N. boat to Kalama; N. P. to New Tacoma; boat for points beyond; O. & C. V. from Tenino to Olympia.

OREGON RAILWAY & NAVIGATION COMPANY.

Main Line.

FROM PORTLAND.				Miles from Portland.	STATIONS.	TO PORTLAND.			
2d Class Freight.	2d Class Through Freight.	2d Class Freight.	1st Class Atlantic Express.			1st Class Pacific Express.	2d Class Through Freight.	2d Class Freight.	2d Class Freight.
10 40 am	1 00 pm	8 55 am	7 30 pm	0	Lv. Portland...Ar	6 30 am			
10 50	1 15	9 05	8 15	1	Albina.....	6 00	2 35 pm	4 15 pm	5 45 pm
11 25	1 50	9 45	8 40	3	East Portland.....	5 50	2 25	4 05	5 35
11 45	2 20	10 05	8 55	15	Clatskanie.....	5 25	1 50	3 30	5 00
11 55	2 35	10 20	9 05	18	Fairview.....	5 10	1 20	2 55	4 40
12 30 pm	3 15	11 00	9 25	25	Troutdale.....	5 00	1 05	2 35	4 30
12 45	3 35	11 20	9 40	28	Rooster Rock.....	4 40	12 30	2 00	3 55
1 05	4 05	11 45	10 00	33	Bridal Veil.....	4 25	12 10 pm	1 35	3 35
1 40	4 45	12 25 pm	10 25	41	Oneonta.....	4 05	11 45	1 05	3 05
2 00	5 10	12 50	10 45	45	Bonneville.....	3 40	11 05	12 25 pm	2 20
2 40	6 00	1 30	11 15	52	Cascade Locks.....	3 20	10 40	12 00	2 00
3 05	6 30	2 05	11 40	58	Wyeth.....	2 55	10 00	11 20	1 30
3 40	7 15	2 45	12 10 am	66	Viento.....	2 30	9 30	10 50	1 00
4 10	8 05	3 15	12 35	72	Hood River.....	2 00	8 40	10 10	12 20 pm
4 45	8 55	4 00	1 05	79	Mosier.....	1 35	8 00	9 30	11 50
5 30 pm	9 45	4 45	1 40	88	Rowna.....	1 05	7 20	8 45	11 10
				88	Ar. The Dalles...Lv	12 25 am	6 35 am	8 00 am	10 25 am
10 10	5 05	1 50	88	Lv. The Dalles...Ar	12 10 am	6 15	7 30		
10 50	5 45	2 15	96	Summit.....	11 40	5 30	6 50		
11 25	6 10	2 30	101	Celilo.....	11 25	5 00	6 25		
11 45	6 30	2 45	104	Des Chutes.....	11 10	4 40	6 05		
12 25 am	7 00	3 10	111	Grant's.....	10 45	4 05	5 30		
12 55	7 40	3 30	118	John Day's.....	10 19	3 30	4 55		
1 40	8 30	4 05	127	Quinn's.....	9 42	2 40	4 05		
2 10	9 15	4 30	134	Blalock's.....	9 15	2 10	3 25		
2 45	10 00	5 00	142	Alkali.....	8 45	1 25	2 45		
3 20	10 45	5 25	151	Willows.....	8 15	12 40 am	2 05		
4 10	11 50	5 55	162	Castle Rock.....	7 40	11 50	1 15		
4 50	12 35 am	6 15	170	Coyote.....	7 15	11 10	12 35 am		
5 35	1 20	6 40	180	Stokes.....	6 48	10 25	11 55		
6 10	2 10	7 10	187	Umatilla Junction.....	6 25	9 50	11 20		
7 00	2 55	7 40	198	Cold Springs.....	5 37	8 40	10 35		
7 30	3 20	8 00	204	Juniper.....	5 20	8 00	10 10		
8 15 am	4 05 am	8 30 am	214	Ar. Wallula Junc. Lv	4 45 pm	7 00 pm	9 25 pm		
5 00 pm	6 10 am	9 00 am	214	Lv. Wallula Junc. Ar	4 20 pm	6 00 pm	8 10 am		
5 30	6 45	9 20	220	Bluff Siding.....	4 00	5 30	7 35		
6 00	7 10	9 35	224	Divide.....	3 45	5 05	7 10		
6 30	7 35	9 50	229	Touche.....	3 30	4 40	6 30		
7 00	8 00	10 05	235	Raymond.....	3 15	4 15	5 55		
7 30	8 25	10 17	240	Whitman.....	3 02	3 50	5 30		
8 15	9 15	10 30	245	Walla Walla.....	2 50	3 25	5 05		
8 55	9 45	10 47	252	Valley Grove.....	2 32	2 40	4 15		
9 10	10 00	10 56	255	Hadley.....	2 28	2 25	4 00		
9 45	10 45	11 15	262	Highland.....	2 05	1 40	3 20		
10 00	11 25	11 22	265	Prescott.....	1 57	1 25	3 00		
10 25	11 50	11 35	270	Bolles Junction.....	1 45	12 45 pm	2 30		
10 55		11 47	273	Waitsburg.....	1 33		2 00		
11 10		11 55	276	Huntsville.....	1 25		1 45		
11 30		12 05 pm	279	Long's.....	1 15		1 25		
11 50 pm		12 15	282	Ar. Dayton...Lv	1 05 pm		1 05 am		

Portland to Brownsville, Scio and Coburg.

EAST SIDE—NARROW GAUGE.

Mon., Wed. and Fri., arr at Portland alternate days, via O. & C., East Side. Connect at Woodburn.

7 30 am	Lv. Portland...Ar	4 25 pm
6 35 am	Lv. Ray's Land'g...Ar	3 40 pm
7 47	St. Paul's.....	3 28
7 05	French Prairie.....	3 10
7 19	Foie.....	2 56
9 50	35 Woodburn.....	2 45
10 03	38 Townsend.....	1 36
10 19	41 Fillmore.....	1 18
10 29	43 Downs.....	1 08
10 39	46 Silverton.....	12 50
11 05	49 Johnson's Mill.....	12 35
11 10	50 Howell Prairie.....	12 31
11 18	52 East Side Junction.....	12 25
11 42	56 Macleay.....	12 05 pm
11 54	58 Waldo Hills.....	11 54
12 12 pm	61 Aumsville.....	11 37
12 36	65 West Stayton.....	11 17
12 47	67 North Santiam.....	11 06
1 03	69 Scio Junction.....	10 50
1 09	70 West Scio.....	10 40
1 23	73 Crabtree.....	10 25
1 36	76 South Santiam.....	10 10
2 03	81 Leng's.....	9 42
2 15	83 Lebanon Junction.....	9 33
2 27	85 Lowson.....	9 23
2 48	88 Bellville.....	9 02
3 07	92 Linn.....	8 45
3 22	95 Brownsville.....	8 32
3 45	100 Twin Buttes.....	8 12
4 15	104 Montgomery.....	7 54
4 33	107 Priceboro.....	7 38
4 51	111 Wilkins.....	7 20
5 10 pm	115 Ar. Coburg...Lv	7 00 am

Portland to Sheridan, Airlie, Perrydale and Dallas.

WEST SIDE—NARROW GAUGE.

Via O. & C., West Side. Connect at White's.

9 00 am	Lv. Portland...Ar	3 20 pm
1 45 pm	54 Lv. White's...Ar	11 05 am
2 09	58 Biedwell.....	10 42
2 17	59 Harrison.....	10 30
2 20	61 Broadmeads.....	10 25
2 25	62 Ar. Sheridan Junc. Lv	10 20
2 45	65 Lv. Laiston...Ar	10 10
3 10	69 Ar. Sheridan...Lv	9 35
4 18	64 Lv. Perrydale...Ar	8 28
4 40	70 Smithfield.....	8 05
4 55	72 Polk.....	7 50
5 10	76 Dallas.....	7 30
5 30	80 Cochrane.....	7 13
5 47	83 Monmouth.....	6 58
6 10	87 Luckiamute.....	6 38
6 27	90 Simpson.....	6 23
6 45 pm	93 Ar. Airlie...Lv	6 05 am

Riparia Branch.

Mixed.	2d Class Freight.	Miles from Portland.	STATIONS.	2d Class Freight.	Mixed.
	1 50 am	27	Lv. Bolles Junc. Ar	12 45	
	2 20 pm	274	Menoken.....	12 20 pm	
	1 05	285	Alto.....	11 40	
	1 40	287	Relief.....	10 10	
	2 15	294	Starbuck.....	9 35	
	2 40	294	Grange City.....	9 15	
	3 05 pm	301	Ar. Riparia...Lv	8 50 am	

Walla Walla and Pendleton Branch.

10 35 am	245 Lv. Walla Walla...Ar	2 45 pm
11 10	252 Spofford.....	2 05
11 30	256 Milton.....	1 45
12 20 pm	265 Ar. Blue Mount'n. Lv	12 50 pm

Mountain Division.

7 15 am	187	Lv. Umatilla Jun. Ar	6 10 pm
8 15	202	Foster's	5 10
8 35	206	Echo	4 50
9 45	223	Barnhart	3 40
10 20 am	12 00 m	231	Pendleton	10 15 am	3 05 pm
	1 00	242	Cayuse	9 15
	1 50	252	Mikecha	8 25
	2 50	263	North Fork	7 25
	3 35	273	Reardon Siding	6 40
	4 15 pm	280	Ar. Meacham Lv	6 00 am

PUGET SOUND RAILROADS.

Olympia & Chehalis Valley Railroad.

Leave Olympia at 6:45 a. m. and 11:45 a. m.
Leave Tenino Junction at 9:10 a. m. and 2:10 p. m., or upon arrival of Northern Pacific trains going south and north.
Arrive at Olympia at 10:50 a. m. and 3:50 p. m.

Seattle to Renton and Newcastle Coal Mines.

Leave every day, Sunday excepted, at 7:30 a. m. and 2 p. m.
Arrive at Renton at 8:30 a. m. and 3 p. m. Arrive at Newcastle at 9:30 a. m. and 4 p. m.
Returning, leave Newcastle at 10 a. m. and 5 p. m. Arrive at Renton at 11:45 a. m. and 5:45 p. m. Arrive at Seattle at 1 a. m. and 7 p. m.

1st Class Mail and Express.	2d Class Express Freight.	1st Class Atlantic Express.	STATIONS. Central Time.	1st Class Pacific Express.	2d Class Express Freight.	1st Class Mail and Express.
10 15 am	10 52 pm	9 33 pm	1699 Luce.....	6 18 am	1 55 pm	6 25 pm
10 28	11 27	9 50	1704 Perham.....	6 02	1 25	6 10
10 42	11 59	10 05	1710 Richland.....	5 47	12 55	5 57
10 55	12 33 am	10 20	1715 New York Mills.....	5 32	12 25 pm	5 42
11 08	1 03	10 35	1720 Amboy.....	5 18	11 59	5 30
11 17	1 25	10 45	1723 Bluffton.....	5 10	11 40	5 22
11 25	1 45	10 53	1726 Wadena Junction.....	5 01	11 25	5 13
11 30	1 57	10 59	1728 Wadena.....	4 55	11 00	5 08
11 47	2 43	11 20	1734 Verndale.....	4 35	10 18	4 50
11 57	3 05	11 30	1738 Aldrich.....	4 25	9 58	4 42
12 10 pm	3 40	11 45	1742 Dower Lake.....	4 10	9 30	4 28
12 15	4 05	11 50	1744 Staples Mill.....	4 05	9 22	4 22
12 33	4 45	12 10 am	1752 Motley.....	3 45	8 47	4 02
12 43	5 03	12 20	1755 Bath.....	3 35	8 30	3 53
12 57	5 35	12 37	1760 Pillager.....	3 19	8 02	3 37
1 05	5 50	12 46	1763 Sylvan Lake.....	3 12	7 47	3 30
1 13	6 07	12 55	1765 Gull River.....	3 03	7 35	3 23
1 30	6 45	1 15	1773 Ar. Brainerd...Lv	2 45	7 00	3 05
1 55	11 45	1 40	1773 Lv. Brainerd...Ar	2 20	6 15	2 40
2 15	12 40 pm	2 00	1781 Crow Wing.....	2 00	5 37	2 15
2 27	1 15	2 12	1786 Albion.....	1 48	5 15	2 02
2 37	1 50	2 24	1791 Fort Ripley.....	1 35	4 52	1 50
3 00	3 00	2 50	1801 Belle Prairie.....	1 09	4 02	1 25
3 10	3 25	3 03	1806 Little Falls.....	12 57	3 40	1 13
3 20	3 50	3 15	1811 Gregory.....	12 44	3 15	1 03
3 35	4 25	3 31	1816 Royaltown.....	12 28	2 35	12 47
3 50	5 00	3 47	1823 Rice's.....	12 11 am	2 05	12 32
4 05	5 37	4 03	1830 Watab.....	11 50	1 32	12 15 pm
4 20	6 15 pm	4 20	1836 Sauk Rapids.....	11 35	12 59 am	11 59
			1838 East St. Cloud.....			
			1843 Haven.....			
			1849 Clear Lake.....			
			1856 Becker.....			
			1864 Big Lake.....			
			1868 Bailey's.....			
			1872 Elk River.....			
			1878 Itaska.....			
			1885 Anoka.....			
			1888 Coon Creek.....			
			1895 Fridley.....			
6 55	12 35 m	7 15	1907 Minneapolis Junc.....	8 45		9 15
7 20 pm	2 00	7 40 am	1910 Ar. St. Paul...Lv	8 00 pm	5 00 pm	8 35 am

East Minnesota Division.

3d Class Freight.	3d Class Freight.	Mail and Express.	STATIONS.	Mail and Express.	3d Class Freight.	3d Class Freight.
7 15 pm	6 30 am	3 00 am	1773 Lv. Brainerd...Ar	1 00 am	3 45 pm	5 30 am
7 52	7 07	3 17	1780 Jonesville.....	12 43	3 10	4 50
8 55	8 10	3 45	1789 Deerwood.....	12 14 am	2 10	3 45
9 25	8 42	4 00	1794 Cedar Lake.....	11 59	1 40	2 55
9 55	9 13	4 12	1799 Aitken.....	11 47	1 12	2 22
11 15	10 24	4 43	1811 Kimberly.....	11 15	12 05 pm	1 00 am
11 59	11 15	5 07	1820 McGregor.....	10 52	11 15	11 59
12 50 am	12 07 pm	5 30	1829 Tamarack.....	10 28	10 22	11 10
1 23	12 42	5 45	1835 Wright.....	10 13	9 45	10 35
1 57	1 20	6 02	1841 Cromwell.....	9 57	9 10	9 57
2 30	1 53	6 17	1847 Corona.....	9 42	8 35	9 11
3 03	2 30	6 33	1853 Norman.....	9 26	8 00	8 37
3 30	3 00	6 47	1858 Pine Grove.....	9 13	7 30	8 10
4 15	3 45	7 15	1864 N. P. Junction.....	9 00	7 00	7 40
			1865 Thomson.....			
			1869 Greely.....			
			1874 Fond du Lac.....			
			1879 Spirit Lake.....			
			1883 Oneota.....			
7 00 am	6 15 pm		1886 Rice's Point.....		4 00 am	4 50 pm
		8 40 m	1887 Ar. Duluth...Lv	7 20 pm		

Portland to New Tacoma and Seattle.

Freight.	Freight.	P'ss'ger.	Pacific Time.	P'ss'ger.	Freight.	Freight.
		6 00 am	0 Lv. Portland...Ar	4 45 pm		
		9 00 am	45 Ar. Kalama...Lv	1 00 pm		
10 40 am	10 15 am	0	Lv. Kalama...Ar	12 15	5 00 pm	
11 02	10 28	5	Carroll's.....	12 02 pm	4 38	
11 19	10 38	8	Monticello.....	11 52	4 21	
11 27	10 44	10	Wallace's.....	11 46	4 12	
11 43	10 47	11	Cowlitz.....	11 43	4 06	
12 14 pm	11 04	17	Stockport.....	11 26	3 47	
12 32	11 15	21	Castle Rock.....	11 15	3 16	
1 08	11 36	28	Olequa.....	10 49	2 38	
1 24	11 45	31	Little Falls.....	10 40	2 21	
1 37	11 52	34	Mill Switch.....	10 32	2 08	
1 53	12 25 pm	37	Winlock.....	10 24	1 53	
2 25	12 43	42	Napavine.....	10 06	1 23	
2 49	12 56	48	Newaukum.....	9 53	12 56	
3 01	1 03	50	Chehalis.....	9 46	12 20 pm	
3 21	1 14	54	Centerville.....	9 35	12 00	
3 48	1 30	60	Skookum Chuck.....	9 18	11 22	
3 55	1 34	61	Seato.....	9 14	11 25	
4 20	1 58	66	Tenino.....	9 00	11 01	
5 05	2 20	74	Rainier.....	8 25	10 16	
5 28	2 31	80	Yelm Prairie.....	8 12	9 53	
5 59	2 47	88	Media.....	7 54	9 22	
6 26	2 59	9	Hillhurst.....	7 39	8 55	
6 52	3 11	98	Lakeview.....	7 25	8 29	
7 40 pm	3 42	105	Ar. Tacoma...Lv	7 00	7 45 am	
	6 30 pm	13	Ar. Boat to Seattle..Lv	3 30 am		

Cascade Division.

4 05 pm	11 15 am	6 15 am	STATIONS.	3 43 pm	10 43 am	8 43 pm
4 29	11 29	6 29	3 Lv. Tacoma...Ar	3 29	10 29	8 29
5 00	12 00	7 00	9 Puallup.....	2 58	9 58	7 58
5 19	12 19 pm	7 19	12 Alderton.....	2 39	9 39	7 39
5 33	12 33	7 33	16 Lime Kiln.....	2 25	9 25	7 25
5 48	12 48	7 48	18 Orting.....	2 09	9 09	7 09
6 23 pm	1 23 pm	8 35	20 South Prairie.....	1 35	8 35 am	6 35 pm
	9 50	30	32 Wilkeson.....	12 35		
	10 30 am	34	34 Ar. Carbonado...Lv	12 00 m		

OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD.

East Side Division.

BOUND SOUTH.			Dist. Port.	STATIONS. Pacific Time.	BOUND NORTH.		
Freight.	Albany Express.	Mail.			Mail.	Albany Express.	Freight.
6 15 am	4 00 pm	7 30 am	0	Lv. Portland...Ar	4 25 pm	10 05 am	5 25 pm
6 30	4 15	7 45	1	East Portland.....	4 10	9 50	5 10
6 44	4 25	7 56	3	Machine Shop.....	4 00	9 40	4 55
6 55	4 32	8 04	5	Willburg.....	3 53	9 33	4 45
7 08	4 37	8 10	6	Milwaukie.....	3 48	9 28	4 37
7 23	4 49	8 23	10	Clackamas.....	3 37	9 19	4 00
7 37	4 58	8 32	13	Paper Mill.....	3 29	9 11	3 38
7 45	5 03	8 37	15	Oregon City.....	3 25	9 06	3 25
7 50	5 07	8 41	16	Canemah.....	3 20	9 02	3 10
8 10	5 20	8 50	19	Rock Island.....	3 08	8 50	2 48
8 15	5 29	8 54	20	New Era.....	3 04	8 45	2 43
8 45	5 33	9 03	23	Canby.....	2 55	8 35	2 28
8 44	5 38	9 08	25	Barlow.....	2 50	8 25	2 15
8 55	5 45	9 14	27	Ar. Aurora...Lv	2 41	8 15	
			27	Lv. Aurora...Ar	2 41	8 00	2 06
9 25	6 13	9 25	32	Hubbard.....	2 26	7 48	1 45
9 50	6 25	9 36	35	Woodburn*.....	2 12	7 36	1 22
10 15	6 33	9 45	38	Gervais.....	2 03	7 28	1 07
10 50	6 48	10 00	43	Brooks.....	1 47	7 14	12 40 pm
1 17	7 08	10 18	50	Fair Grounds.....	1 30	6 55	12 07 pm
1 55	7 15	10 25	52	Salem.....	1 24	6 47	11 55
1 05 pm	7 37	10 45	60	Turner.....	1 05	6 28	10 45
1 45	7 56	11 05	66	Marion.....	12 45	6 07	10 10
2 10	8 10	11 18	71	Jefferson.....	12 33	5 54	9 45
2 35	8 21	11 30	75	Miller's.....	12 20	5 42	9 25
3 00		11 45	76	Ar. Albany...Lv	12 05 pm	5 30	9 00
3 30	8 35	12 05 pm	76	Lv. Albany...Ar	11 45	5 30	8 20
3 35 pm	8 38	12 06	81	Albany Junction.....	11 42	5 27	8 15 am
	8 45		82	Roman.....		5 20	
	8 53		85	Fry.....		5 13	
	8 59		85	Goltra.....		5 06	
	9 03		87	Crator.....		5 02	
	9 06		88	N. G. Crossing.....		4 59	
	9 10		89	Irvinville.....		4 55	
	9 20 pm		92	Lebanon.....		4 45 am	
4 00 pm		12 22 pm	86	Tangent.....	11 26 am		7 30 am
4 30		12 37	91	Shedd's.....	11 10		7 20
4 55		12 50	97	Halsey.....	10 56		6 55
5 20		1 06	102	Muddy.....	10 41		6 25
5 35		1 14	105	Harrisburg.....	10 32		6 10
6 00 pm		1 27	110	Ar. Junction...Lv	10 20		5 45 am
6 30 am		1 42	115	Lv. Junction...Ar			5 30 pm
7 00		1 48	117	Luper's.....	10 05		4 50
7 15		2 04	123	Irving.....	10 00		4 35
7 45		2 11	126	Engene.....	9 41		4 00
8 05		2 20	129	Springfield.....	9 30		3 35
8 30		2 35	135	Goshen.....	9 18		3 10
9 03		2 48	140	Cresswell.....	9 03		2 55
9 30		2 57	143	Walker's.....	8 47		2 05
9 55		3 05	145	Cottage Grove.....	8 35		1 45
10 05		3 10	148	Latham.....	8 30		1 34
10 20		3 26	152	Divide.....	8 25		1 15
10 40		3 52	161	Comstock.....	8 07		12 30 pm
1 30		4 10	166	Drain.....	7 38		11 30
2 15 pm		4 32	173	Yoncalla.....	7 23		10 55
1 00		5 00	179	Rice Hill.....	7 03		10 15
2 00		5 20	181	Ar. Oakland...Lv	6 35		9 00
3 00		5 45	189	Lv. Oakland...Ar	6 15		8 00
4 00 pm		6 15	197	Umpqua.....	5 52		7 00 am
6 30 am		6 30	202	Ar. Roseburg...Lv	5 30		5 00 pm
7 00		6 50	208	Lv. Roseburg...Ar	5 15		4 30
7 35		7 13	215	Green's.....	4 57		3 55
8 20		7 28	220	Dillard.....	4 35		3 10
8 50		7 50	226	Oak Grove.....	4 21		2 40
10 45		8 45	239	Myrtle Creek.....	4 00		2 05
11 45		9 43	249	Riddle's.....	3 58		12 50 pm
1 15 pm		10 35	262	Nichols.....	3 47		11 45
1 55		11 02	268	West Fork.....	3 40		10 20
2 45		11 40	276	Glendale.....	12 25 am		9 40
4 05		12 37 am	287	Almaden.....	11 40		8 45
5 00 pm		1 20	296	Alta.....	11 30		7 30
				Jump Off Joe.....	10 45		6 30 am
				Ar. Grant's Pass..Lv	10 00 pm		

West Side Division.

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OREGON SHORT LINE.

1st Class Eastern Express.	Miles	STATIONS.	1st Class Oregon Express.
		Mountain Time.	
9 35 am	0	Lv. Caldwell. Ar.	2 40 pm
10 19	9	Nampa.	1 58
11 07	19	Kuna.	1 10
11 30	23	Mora.	12 50
12 10 pm	31	Kamo.	12 10 pm
12 46	38	Bisuka.	11 34
1 19	45	Nameko.	11 01
2 00	53	Cleft.	10 20
2 55	64	Mountain Home.	9 25
3 12	67	Crotalus.	9 08
3 45	74	Reverse.	8 35
4 03	77	Chalk.	8 17
5 05	82	Medbery.	7 45
5 58	92	Glenn's Ferry.	6 22
6 45	101	King Hill.	5 37
7 35	111	Ticeska.	4 50
8 10	117	Bliss.	4 15
9 03	13	Toponis.	3 10
9 28	13	Tunupa.	2 37
1 40 am	14	Shoshone.	1 50 am
1 47	15	Waucanza.	11 38
2 14	16	Owinza.	11 10
2 59	178	Kimama.	10 27
3 25	187	Omani.	10 00
3 50	195	Minidoka.	9 37
4 33	211	Wapi.	8 47
5 02	219	Napata.	8 24
5 29	228	American Falls.	7 56
6 00	238	Sunshine.	7 25
6 20	245	Michaud.	7 05
7 25	253	Pocatello.	6 40
7 38	259	Portneuf.	5 47
7 47	265	Inkom.	5 34
8 05	271	Onyx.	5 20
8 16	276	McCammon.	5 09
8 31	283	Topaz.	4 54
8 49	290	Lava.	4 38
9 07	298	Pebble.	4 20
9 23	305	Squaw Creek.	4 04
9 35	311	Way.	3 50
9 45	316	Crater.	3 39
9 58	322	Soda Springs.	3 27
10 01	324	Stock Yards.	3 24
10 20	332	Oasis.	3 04
10 35	339	Novene.	2 48
10 46	347	Pescadero.	2 32
11 15	353	Montpelier.	2 18
11 31	360	Dingle.	1 52
11 55	370	Nuphar.	1 28
12 07 pm	376	Border.	1 14
12 45	384	Cokeville.	12 55
1 14	396	Beckwith.	12 07 pm
1 33	404	Sage.	11 48
1 50	411	Nugget.	11 30
2 08	418	Fossil.	11 13
2 20	423	Twin Creek.	11 00
2 40	426	Ham's Fork.	10 40
3 00	434	Waterfall.	10 20
3 20	443	Opal.	10 00
3 40	452	Nutria.	9 30
4 15 pm	467	Ar. Granger. Lv.	9 05 am

Wood River Branch.

1st Class Mixed.	Ms.	STATIONS.	1st Class Mixed.
		Mountain Time.	
12 50 am	0	Lv. Shoshone. Ar.	12 50 am
1 25	7	Shuma.	12 18
2 00	14	Pina.	11 50 pm
2 40	22	Pagari.	11 13
3 20	29	Tikura.	10 45
4 00	37	Picabo.	10 13
4 35	44	Takab.	9 43
5 25	52	Bellevue.	9 10
5 50 am	57	Ar. Hailey. Lv.	8 50 pm

UTAH & NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Idaho Division.

1st Class Eastern Express.	Miles	STATIONS.	1st Class Mont'na Express.
		Mountain Time.	
3 40 pm	0	Lv. Garrison. Ar.	9 45 am
3 54	6	Mullan.	9 31
4 08	12	Deer Lodge.	9 17
4 30	21	Race Track.	8 55
4 45	27	Warm Springs.	8 40
5 05	34	Stuart.	8 20
5 40	45	Ar. Silver Bow. Lv.	7 45
6 10 pm	52	Ar. Butte City. Lv.	8 05
5 50 pm	45	Lv. Silver Bow. Ar.	7 35 am
6 05	50	Buxton.	7 20
6 20	54	Feely.	7 08
6 55	66	Lavel.	6 32
7 50	76	Melrose.	6 00
8 25	88	Glen.	5 05
8 50	94	Apex.	4 40
9 25	106	Dillon.	4 00
9 48	114	Barratts.	3 37
10 14	123	Grayling.	3 13
10 40	132	Bed Rock.	2 50
11 15	145	Dell.	2 15
11 55	155	Spring Hill.	1 45
12 18 am	162	Williams.	1 13
12 45	171	Monida.	12 45
1 08	178	Pleasant Valley.	12 25 am
1 25	183	Beaver Canyon.	11 55
1 40 am	188	China Point.	11 40 pm

1st Class Eastern Express.	Miles	STATIONS.	1st Class Mont'na Express.
		Mountain Time.	
1 50 am	191	High Bridge.	11 30 pm
2 15	204	Dry Creek.	11 05
2 47	212	Camas.	10 33
3 17	223	Hawgood.	10 03
3 47	233	Market Lake.	9 33
4 11	241	Payne.	9 09
4 45	250	Eagle Rock.	8 45
5 22	263	Basalt.	7 58
5 55	275	Blackfoot.	7 25
6 28	288	Ross Fork.	6 50
7 35	299	Pocatello.	6 20
7 52	305	Portneuf.	5 24
8 06	311	Inkom.	5 08
8 22	317	Onyx.	4 53
8 35	322	McCammon.	4 40
8 55	329	Arimo.	4 20
9 13	334	Thatcher.	4 03
9 31	339	Downey.	3 45
9 42	342	Calvin.	3 35
10 04	349	Swan Lake.	3 14
10 15	353	Oxford.	3 02
10 35	361	Morrell.	2 40
11 00	364	Battle Creek.	2 20
11 20	369	Preston.	1 55
11 40	376	Franklin.	1 30
11 58	383	Richmond.	1 13
12 13 pm	389	Smithfield.	12 57
12 21	392	Hyde Park.	12 49
12 55	397	Logan.	12 35 pm
1 20	404	Mendon.	11 55
1 50	409	Cachill.	11 35
2 05	413	Collinston.	11 17
2 25	419	Dewey.	10 50
2 43	424	Honeyville.	10 30
3 20	433	Brigham.	9 52
3 50	440	Willard.	9 25
4 04	444	Woodland.	9 11
4 10	445	Hot Springs.	9 05
4 45 pm	454	Ar. Ogden. Lv.	8 30 am

N. P. R. R. BRANCHES.

Little Falls & Dakota.

WEST.	Miles.	STATIONS.	EAST.
1st Class P'ss'ger.		Central Time.	1st Class P'ss'ger.
3 30 pm	0	Lv. Little Falls. Ar.	12 45
3 55	7	La Fond.	12 22 pm
4 20	16	Swanville.	11 58
4 48	25	Grey Eagle.	11 30
5 00	29	Birch Lake.	11 19
5 08	31	Spaulding.	11 10
5 27	38	Sauk Centre.	10 50
6 00	48	Westport.	10 20
6 15	53	Villard.	10 03
6 37	59	Glenwood.	9 42
7 02	68	Starbuck.	9 15
7 33	78	Cyrus.	8 43
8 00 pm	88	Ar. Morris. Lv.	8 15 am

Jamestown & Northern.

7 00 am	0	Lv. Jamestown. Ar.	4 55 pm
7 35	7	Parkhurst.	4 05
8 10	14	Buchanan.	3 30
8 50	21	Pingree.	2 50
9 55	35	Melville.	1 45
10 40 am	44	Ar. Carrington. Lv.	1 00 pm

Stages daily—Carrington to Fort Totten.

Sanborn, Cooperstown and Turtle Mountain.

3d Class Accom.		STATIONS.	3d Class Accom.
8 30 am	0	Sanborn.	2 25 pm
9 10	9	Odell.	1 45
9 50	18	Dazey.	1 05
10 30	28	Hannaford.	12 25
11 10 am	36	Cooperstown.	11 50 am

Fargo & Southwestern.

9 30 am	0	Lv. Fargo. Ar.	6 15 pm
9 43	4	Cotters.	6 03
10 00	11	Horace.	5 45
10 22	19	Davenport.	5 25
10 50	29	Leonard.	4 58
11 27	42	Sheldon.	4 23
11 55	50	Buttville.	4 00
12 10 pm	56	Lisbon.	3 45
12 47	69	Marshall.	3 10
1 10	77	Verona.	2 48
1 45 pm	88	Ar. La Moure. Lv.	2 15 pm

Wisconsin Division.

2d Class Accom.		STATIONS.	2d Class Accom.
7 15 am	0	Lv. N. P. Junction. Ar.	8 40 pm
7 27	3	Spur No. 1.	8 30
7 48	7	Spur No. 2.	8 10
7 57	8	Carlton.	8 00
8 15	12	Walbridge.	7 40
8 45	18	Spur No. 4.	7 10
9 15 am	24	Ar. Superior. Lv.	6 40 pm

Black Hills.

WEST.	Miles	STATIONS.	EAST.
1st Class P'ss'ger.		Central Time.	1st Class P'ss'ger.
7 00 am	0	Lv. Wadena. Ar.	7 20 pm
7 05	2	Wadena Junction.	7 13
7 35	10	Deer Creek.	6 45
7 47	14	Parkton.	6 33
8 02	18	Henning.	6 20
8 23	24	Vining.	6 00
8 40	29	Clitheral.	5 43
8 55	33	Battle Lake.	5 28
	39	Maplewood.	
9 22	42	Southwick.	5 02
10 00	53	Fergus Falls.	4 28
10 30	61	Ames.	3 58
10 55	69	Everdell.	3 35
11 25	78	Breckenridge.	3 05
11 30 am	79	Ar. Wahpeton. Lv.	3 00 pm
	86	Ellsworth.	
	92	Griffin.	
	98	Barney.	
	105	Wyndmere.	
	120	Milnor.	

STEAMBOAT AND STAGE ROUTES.

Steamer Routes from Portland.

To San Francisco—Steamship every five days.
To St. Helens, Kalama, Cathlamet, Columbia River fisheries and Astoria—Steamer every morning at 6 and Sunday at 9.
Astoria to Port Stevens, Canby and Ilwaco—Daily, except Sunday and Wednesday.
Dayton, Or., landing at Oregon City, through the Locks and past Falls of the Willamette—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 a. m.
To Salem and way landings—Monday and Thursday, at 6 a. m.
To Vancouver—Daily, except Sunday, at 7 a. m. and 3 p. m.
To Coquille and Dalles—Daily, except Sunday, 7 a. m.
To Clatsop River, via Willamette Slough and way landings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 a. m., returning alternate days.
Riparia (O. R. & N. Co.'s terminus) to Lewiston, Idaho—Monday and Friday, 3 a. m.

Puget Sound Steamers.

To San Francisco—Every eight days.
Olympia to New Tacoma and Seattle—Daily, except Sunday, at 7 and 11 a. m. Returning, leave Seattle at 3:30 and 8 a. m.
Olympia to Oakland and Oyster Bay—Daily.
New Tacoma to Seattle—12:45 and 4 p. m., except Sunday, and 7 p. m., except Saturday, the latter continuing on to Port Madison, Gamble, Ludlow, Townsend, reaching Victoria at 1:30 p. m. next day. Returning, leave Victoria at 5 a. m., except Sunday, reaching Seattle at 3 and New Tacoma 6 p. m.
New Tacoma to New Westminster direct—1st and 15th of each month.
Seattle to Utsalady, La Conner, Whatcom and Sehome—Sunday, 6:30 p. m.; Monday, 3 a. m.; Tuesday, 7 a. m.; Wednesday, 3 a. m. and 6:30 p. m.; Friday, 3 a. m. and 7 a. m. Returning, daily, except Monday and Friday.
Seattle to Port Townsend—Daily, except Sunday, 8 a. m.; also Wednesday, 6 p. m.; Saturday, 7 p. m.
Seattle to Mukilteo, Lowell and Snohomish—Daily, except Sunday.
Seattle to Skagit River and way ports—Monday and Thursday. Returning, Tuesday and Friday.
Seattle to Port Blakeley—4 p. m., daily. Returning, 9 a. m.
Whatcom to Ferndale—Every Saturday.
Port Townsend to Neah Bay—Monday after arrival of mail steamer from Seattle. Returning on Wednesday.
Port Townsend to Irondale—8 a. m. and 4 p. m.
Port Townsend and Whidby Island—11 a. m.
Port Townsend and Semiahmoo—Every Monday at 10 a. m. for Whatcom, via the islands; every Thursday at 10 a. m. for Semiahmoo, calling at San Juan, Lopez, Friday Harbor, Orcas, East Sound, Guemes, Anacortes, Samish, Whatcom, Beach's and Birch Bay. Returning, leave Whatcom at 12 m. every Tuesday, and Semiahmoo every Friday 4 p. m.
Victoria to New Westminster—Tuesday and Friday, 7 a. m. Returning, Wednesday and Saturday.
Victoria to Nanaimo and way landings—Tuesday and Friday, 7 a. m. Returning, Wednesday and Saturday.
Victoria to Comox, via Burrard Inlet—Every alternate Monday, 7 a. m., from Dec. 31. To Comox, via Maple Bay and Nanaimo—Alternate Tuesday, from Jan. 1.

Stage Routes.

Dalles to Canyon City, via Bake Oven, Antelope and Dayville—Tri-weekly, at 7 a. m.
Dalles to Goldendale, Yakima and Ellensburg—Daily, except Sunday, 7 a. m.
Blalock's to Heppner, Pilot Rock and Pendleton—Daily, except Sunday, 6:30 a. m.
A. Kah and Heppner—Tri-weekly, 7 a. m.
To La Grand, Union, Baker City, Boise and Caldwell (present terminus of Oregon Short Line)—Stages daily from Meacham (terminus of O. R. & N. Co.'s Mountain Division). At Boise connect with daily stages for Silver City and Winnemucca, Nev., (C. P. R. R.) and Kelton, Ut.-h. (C. P. R. R.).
Dayton, W. T. to Pomeroy, Pataha and Lewiston—Daily, except Sunday, at 12:40 p. m.
Dayton to Colfax—Daily, except Sunday, 12:40 p. m.
Pomeroy to Almota and Colfax—Tri-weekly.

Almot* to Moscow—Monday and Thursday. Return-
ing, Tuesday and Friday.
Sprague to Colfax—Wednesday and Saturday.
Cheney to Farmington, Palouse City, Moscow and
Lewiston—Tri-weekly.
Cheney to Medical Lake.
Cheney to Colfax—Tri-weekly.
Lewiston to Mt. Idaho—Daily, except Sunday, 2 a. m.
Lewiston to Anatone—Monday, Tuesday and Fri-
day.
Rathdrum to Coeur d'Alene—Daily, 9 a. m.
Spokane Falls to Coeur d'Alene.
Spokane Falls to Farmington, Palouse, Colfax, Mos-
cow and Lewiston.
Spokane Falls to Colville.
Salem to Dallas, Independence, Monmouth and Sil-
vertown—Daily.
Turner to Aumsville, Stayton, Sublimity and Me-
hama—Tri-weekly.
Marion to Scio—Daily.
Albany to Corvallis—Daily.
Corvallis to Yaquina Bay—Daily.
Roseburg to Coos Bay—Daily.
Drains to Scottsburg, Gardiner and Coos Bay—Mon-
day, Wednesday and Friday.
Helena to Fort Benton—Daily.
Billings to Fort Benton—Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday.
Butte City to Virginia City—Daily.
To Jacksonville, Ashland, Yreka and Redding—Daily
from Grant's Pass (terminus O. & C. R. R.)
Ashland to Linkville—Tri-weekly.
Jacksonville to Crescent City—Tri-weekly.
Ilwaco to Oysterville and Gray's Harbor—Daily,
except Sunday and Wednesday.
Olympia to Montesano and Gray's Harbor—Semi-
weekly.
Challis, Idaho, to Backfoot—Daily.
Challis, Idaho, through the Yankee Fork mining
region to Bonanza—Daily.
Red Rock (Utah & Northern R. R.) through the
Salmon River mines to Salmon City—Daily.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Containing a Complete and Reliable List of
Post Offices, and Designating Railroad
Stations, County Seats, Money Order,
Express and Telegraph Offices.

Designations: *Italics*, County Seat; * Money Order
Office; † Express Office; § Telegraph Office.

Whenever a post office is followed by a figure, it
designates it as a railroad station. In order to find
the line it is located on observe the following:

- 1—O. & C. R. R., East Side.
- 2—O. & C. R. R., West Side.
- 3—O. R. & N. Co.
- 4—O. R. & N. Co., Narrow Gauge Division.
- 5—N. P. R. R.
- 6—Utah & Northern R. R.
- 7—Oregon Short Line R. R.
- 8—Columbia & Puget Sound R. R.
- 9—Olympia & Chehalis Valley R. R.

OREGON.

25 counties. Capital city, Salem.

BAKER.

Auburn	Dell	Rye Valley
<i>Baker City</i> †§	Glenn	Stone
Bridgeport	Huntington§	Vale
Clarksburg	Jordan Valley	Weatherby
Conner Creek	Malheur	

BENTON.

Alsea	Monroe	Summit
Collins	Newport	Tidewater
<i>Corvallis</i> 2*†§	Newton†	Toledo
King's Valley	Oneatta†	Waldport
Little Elk	Philomath	Wells2
Lobster		

CLACKAMAS.

Butte Creek	Milwaukie1†§	Springwater
Canby†	Molalla	Stafford
Clackamas1†	Mulino	Union Mills
Damascus	Needy	Viola
Eagle Creek	New Era1†§	Wilhoit
George	<i>Oregon City</i> 1*†§	Wilsonville
Glad Tidings	Oswego	Zion
Highland	Sandy	

CLATSOP.

Astoria*†§	Knappa†	Seaside
Chadwell	Mishawaka	Skipanon
Clifton†§	Olney	Westport†§
Jewell		

COLUMBIA.

Bradbury	Pittsburgh	<i>St. Helens</i> †
Clatskanie	Quinn	Scappoose
Columbia City5†§	Rainier†	Vernonia
Marshland	Riverside	Vesper

COOS.

Angora	Elliott	Myrtle Point
Bandon	<i>Empire City</i> ††	Norway
Coos City	Fairview	Parkersburg
Coquille	Hot Lake	Randolph
Dora	Gravel Ford	Sumner
	Marshfield††	

Burnt Ranch	CROOK.	
	<i>Prineville</i> *†	
Bennett	CURRY.	
Chetco	Denmark	<i>Ellensburg</i>
	Eckley	Port Orford
	DOUGLAS.	
Camas Valley	Gardiner†	Patterson's Mills
Civil Bend	Glendale1	Riddle1†§
Cleveland	Kellogg	<i>Roseburg</i> 1*†§
Comstock1	Lookingglass	Scottsburg
Day's Creek	Mount Scott	Sulphur Springs
Drain1*†§	Myrtle Creek1†	Ten Mile
Elk Creek	Nonpareil	Umpqua Ferry
Elk Head	Norfolk	Wilbur
Ekilton	N Canyonville	Yoncalla1†§
Galesville	Oakland1*†§	
	GRANT.	
Camp Harney	Fox	Mount Vernon
Camp Watson	Granite	Paulina
<i>Canyon City</i> *†§	Hardin	Prairie City†
Dayville	John Day	Robinsonville
Egan	Long Creek	Wagner
Evergreen	Monument	
	JACKSON.	
Applegate	Draper	Sam's Valley
Ashland*†§	Eagle Point	Talent
Barron	Etna	Uniontown
Big Butte	Grant's Pass†	Willow Springs
Brownborough	<i>Jacksonville</i> *†§	White Point
Central Point	Phoenix	Woodville
Deskins	Rock Point§	Wright
	JOSEPHINE.	
Althouse	Lucky Queen	Wilderville
Galice	Murphy	Williams
<i>Kerby</i>	Waldo	Wolf Creek
Leland		
	KLAMATH.	
Bly	Fort Klamath	<i>Linkville</i> *†
Bonanza	Klamath Agency	Plevna
Dairy	Langel's Valley	Tule Lake
	LAKE.	
Chewaucan	Naylox	Silver Lake
Drew's Valley	New Pine Creek	Summer Lake
<i>Lakeview</i> *†	Paisley	
	LANE.	
Camp Creek	Goshen1†	McKinzie Bridge
Cartwright's	Hill	Mohawk
Chesher	Irving1†	Pleasant Hill
Cottage Grove1†§	Isabel	Robinson
Creswell1†	Junction City1*†§	Siuslaw
Crow	Latham1†	Springfield1†
Dexter	Leaburgh	Tay
<i>Eugene City</i> 1*†§	Long Tom	Walterville
Florence	Lowell	Willamette Forks
Franklin		
	LINN.	
<i>Albany</i> 1*†§	Jordan	Pine4
Brownsville4*†§	Lebanon1-4*†§	Scio*†§
Crawfordsville	Mabel	Shedd1†
Fox Valley	Millers1	Sodaville
Halsey1*†§	Mount Pleasant	Sweet Home
Harrisburg1*†§	Oakville	Tangent1†
Henness	Peoria	Waterloo
	MARION.	
Aumsville4†	Hubbard1†	<i>Salem</i> 1*†§
Aurora Mills1†	Jefferson1†	Silverton4*†§
Brooks1†	Knight	Stayton1
Butteville	Marion1†	Sublimity
Champoege	Mehama	Turner1†
Clymer	Roy	Whiteaker
Fairfield	St. Paul†	Woodburn1-4†
Gervais1*†§		
	MULTNOMAH.	
Albina3†§	Pleasant Home	Sauvies
Arthur	<i>Portland</i> 1-2-3-5*†§	Sellwood
Cleone	Powell's Valley	Taylor
East Portland1*†§	Rockwood	Willamette Slo'gh
Fulton	Rooster Rock3†	Willsburg1
Mount Taber	St. John's†	
	POLK.	
Airlie4†	Grand Ronde	Monmouth4*†§
Ballston4†	Independence2*†§	Perrydale4†
Buena Vista	Lewisville	Rickreall
<i>Dallas</i> 4*†§	Lincoln	Suver2†
Eola	McCoy2†	Zena
	TILLAMOOK.	
Hebo	Nehalem	Oretown
Hobsonville	Nestocton	<i>Tillamook</i>
Kilchis	Netarts	
	UMATILLA.	
Acton	Poster3†	Purdy
Adams	Hardman	Ridge
Alba	Helix	Saddle3
Atwood	Heppner*	Umatilla*†§
Castle Rock3†	Lena	Vansycle
Centerville3*†§	Milton3*†§	Vinson
Echo3†	<i>Pendleton</i> 3*†§	Weston*†§
Eightmile	Pettyville	Willows3†
Encampment	Pilot Rock	
	UNION.	
Alder	Jamestown	North Powder
Cove	Joseph	Pine Valley
Cromwell	Keating	Prairie Creek
Elk Flat	La Grande*†§	Sparta
Hilgard	Lostine	Summerville
Hot Lake	New Bridge	Union*†§
Island City		

Alkali3†	WASCO.	
Antelope	Flettsville	Nansene
Badger	Fossil	Olex
Bake Oven	Fultonville	Rockville
Blalock3†	Grade	Sherar Bridge
Camp Polk	Grass Valley	<i>The Dalles</i> 3*†§
Cascade Locks3†	Hay Creek	Tygh Valley
Cross Hollows	Hood River3†	Villard
Cross Keys	Howard	Waldron
Crown Rock	Kingsley	Wapinitia
Dufur	Lone Rock	Warm Springs
Erskineville	Lost Valley	Wasco
	Mitchell	
	WASHINGTON.	
Beaverton2†	Garden Home	Middleton
Bethany	Gaston2†	Mountain Dale
Cedar Mill	Glencoe	Reedville2†
Cornelius2†	Greenville	Scholl's Ferry
Dilley2†	<i>Hillsboro</i> 2*†§	Tualatin
Forest Grove2*†§	Ingles	West Union
Gales Creek	Laurel	
	YAMHILL.	
Amity2*†§	<i>Lafayette</i> *†§	Wapata2
Bellevue	McMinnville2*†§	West Chehalum
Carlton2†	Newberg	Wheatland
Dayton1*†§	N Yamhill2*†§	Williamina
Dundee4	Sheridan4*†§	
	WASHINGTON TERRITORY.	
	33 counties. Capital city, Olympia.	
	ADAMS.	
Harriston5	<i>Ritzville</i> 5†§	
	ASSOTIN.	
Anatone	Assotin	Theon
	CHEHALIS.	
Cedarville	Montesano	Satsop
Damon	Oakville	Sharon
Elma	Peterson's Point	Summit
Hoquiam		
	CLALLAM.	
Lapush	<i>New Dungeness</i>	Pysht
Neah Bay	Port Angeles	Sequin
	CLARKE.	
Battle Ground	Fisher's	Pioneer
Brush Prairie	Hayes	Union Ridge
Etna	La Center	<i>Vancouver</i> *†§
Fern Prairie	Lewisville	Washougal
	COLUMBIA.	
Alto3†	Huntsville3†§	Riparia3†§
Covello	Marengo	Starbuck3†
<i>Dayton</i> 3*†§	Perry	Tukannon
	COWLITZ.	
Carrollton5	<i>Kalama</i> 5†§	Olequa5†
Castle Rock†	Mount Coffin†	Toutle
Freeport	Oak Point†	Woodland
Jackson		
	DOUGLAS.	
Grand Coulee	<i>Okinagan</i>	
	GARFIELD.	
Alpowa	Pataha City	Reform
Ila	Peola	Silcott
Lake	<i>Pomeroy</i> *†§	Vernon
Mayview		
	FRANKLIN.	
<i>Ainsworth</i> 5†§		
	ISLAND.	
<i>Coupeville</i> †	Oak Harbor	Utsalady†
	JEFFERSON.	
Irondale	Port Ludlow†	Quilcene
Leland	<i>Pt. Townsend</i> *†§	Quillayute
Port Discovery		
	KING.	
Arthur	New Castle8	Slaughter
Cherry Valley	Novelty	Snoqualmie
Dwamish	Osceola	Squak
Fall City	Redmond	Vashn
Houghton	Renton8	White River
Hubbard	<i>Seattle</i> 8*†§	Woodinville3
	KITSAP.	
Blakeley	<i>Port Madison</i> †	Seabeck
Port Gamble*†		
	KITTITAS.	
<i>Ellensburg</i>	Kittitas	
	KLICKITAT.	
Bickleton	Fulda	Harland
Block House	Gilmer	Hu um
Centerville	<i>Goldendale</i> *†	Lula
Cleveland	Happy Home	Lyle
Columbus	Hardison	White Salmon
	LEWIS.	
Boistfort	Little Falls5	Salkum
Chehalis5†	Meadow	Silver Creek
<i>Chaquato</i>	Mossy Rock	Skookumchuck5
Cowlitz5	Napavine5†	Tildon
Fayette	Newaukum5	Toledo
Glenden	Rankin	Winlock5†
Ladew		
	LINCOLN.	
Cottonwood	Harrington	Stevens5†
<i>Davenport</i>	<i>Sprague</i> 5*†§	

MASON.			CASSIA.			MEAGHER.		
Arcadia	Kamileche	Skokomish	Albion†	Elba	Malta	Andersonville	Fort Maginnis	Philbrook
Clifton	Oakland		Almo	Glenn's Ferry†	Oakley	Bercail	Grapprange	Reedsford
PACIFIC.			Basin	Goose Creek	Rock Creek	Big Elk	Kibby	Stanford
Bay Centre	North Cove	South Bend	Bridge	Jessie	Salmon Falls	Brassey	Lavina	Toston
Ilwaco†	Oysterville†	Stark's Point	Conor	Kelso	Sublett	Canton	Maiden	Townsend5
Knappton	Riverside	Woodard's La'd'g	CUSTER.			Canyon Ferry	Martinsdale	Ubet
Nasal			Ætna	Challis*	Crystal	Chestnut	Musselshell	Ulidia
PIERCE.			Bonanza City*	Clayton	Custer	Clendenin	Neihart	Unity
Alderton5	Lake Bay	Puyallup5†	IDAHO.			Diamond City	Oka	Utica
Artondale	Lake View5	Steilacoom City5	Clear Water	Glenwood	Mount Idaho*	Dodgeton	Olden	White's
Carbonado5†	Marion	Summer	Cottonwood	Grangeville	Shearer's Ferry	Flatwillow	Overland	White Sulphur S*
Elhi	Muck	Tacoma†	Freedom	John Day's Creek	Washington	Fort Logan		
Fort Steilacoom	New Tacoma5†5	Wilkeson5†	KOOTENAI.			MISSOULA.		
Hillhurst5	Orting5†		Cœur d'Alene*5	Granite5†	Pend d'Oreille	Ardrum	Frenchtown	Selish
SAN JUAN.			LEMHI.			Como	Martina	Skalkaho
Doe Bay	Lime Kiln	Roche Harbor	Bannister	Leesburgh	Salmon City*	Corvallis	Missoula5†5	Stevensville
East Sound	Lopez Island	San Juan	Gibbonsville	Lemhi Agency	Spring Mountain	Flat Head	Quartz	Superior
Friday Harbor	Orcas Island	Waldron	Junction			Forest City	St. Ignatius	Wallace
SKAGIT.			NEZ PERCES.			Butte City6†5	Gunderson	Silver Bow
Fir	Mount Vernon	Skagit	Blaine	Juliaetta	Rathdrum5†5	Divide	Melrose6	Walkerville
La Conner*†			Cameron	Lapwai	Viola	Grace	Norwood	
SKAMANIA.			Genesee	Lewiston*†5	Waha	YELLOWSTONE.		
Cape Horn	Cusacade	Chenowith	Jamestown	Moscow†		Billings5†5	Huntley5†	Park City5
SNOHOMISH.			ONEIDA.			Roundup		
Lowell	Snohomish	Tualco	American Falls7	Falls	Oxford	THE LABBE BLOCK.		
Marysville	Stanwood	Tulalip	Battle Creek	Franklin*	Pocastello6-7†	<p>The new four-story fireproof building, recently completed on the northeast corner of Washington and Second streets by Labbe Bros., is one of the handsomest places erected during the past year. Labbe Bros. deserve great credit for their enterprise, and the erection of such a building in that locality shows them to be far-seeing business men. The stores, four in number, have all been leased to responsible merchants. So also has been a greater part of the second, third and fourth stories for offices, etc. On page 23 in this issue will be found a fine engraving of the building. As will be seen, the corner store is occupied by the enterprising firm,</p> <p>C. C. MORSE & CO.,</p> <p>importers and manufacturers of pictures, frames and mouldings, artists' materials, brackets and fancy goods. Their establishment is popularly known as Morse's Palace, and is the principal art gallery in Portland. They do all kinds of gold framing and regilding. The firm is known throughout the Northwest as an honorable one, and their prices for all kinds of goods are lower than any other house in the city.</p> <p>E. R. BEHLOW.</p> <p>In the store next the Washington street entrance to the building is located E. R. Behlow, the leading furrier of this city. Mr. Behlow established himself here during the past year. From the first opening of his doors he has been favored with a large patronage from our best citizens. We have not inquired specially into the cause for his immense success, but Dame Rumor gives out that it is because he has broken the backbone of high prices which ruled here for so many years in this line of business. There is strong evidence that this is so from the very fact that his establishment is constantly thronged by purchasers, many of whom are people who in the past have considered such goods out of their reach. His stock will compare favorably with leading dealers in larger cities. Furs of every description are carried in stock. Seal-skin cloaks, fur-lined circulars, seal-skin caps, muffs, robes, etc., are displayed in great profusion, all combining to make one of the most beautiful and elegant stocks we have seen. Labbe Bros. are fortunate in securing such creditable tenants.</p> <p>DR. E. O. SMITH,</p> <p>the favorite dentist, occupies the corner rooms on the second floor. As regards his skill he needs no word from us, as his reputation for first class and careful work extends throughout the Northwest. Next to Mr. Smith's office is located</p> <p>DR. CLOWE,</p> <p>the popular physician and surgeon. He has a large and rapidly increasing practice, and is noted for his great success in difficult cases. He is a graduate of the best medical colleges and stands high in his profession.</p> <p>THE CONTRACTOR.</p> <p>To erect a building like the Labbe block required the most skilled mechanics in every branch represented. In the first place the contractor had to be one who was thoroughly competent for the work. It was not so much the question of dollars and cents for which the many bidders were willing to undertake the work, but that the one most competent to carry it to a successful completion should be selected. In this Labbe Bros. made a wise selection in the person of John Robertson, than whom there is not a more thorough mechanic in the city. In his charge every detail has been faithfully carried out, and the result is a building that will stand for ages as a monument of mechanical skill and splendid workmanship. Mr. Robertson is so well known for his thorough knowledge of building that he receives all the more important contracts in Portland. Besides the Labbe block there is the high school building, Twelfth and Morrison streets, Reid's bank, the railroad shops at Albina, the additional stories to C. H. Prescott's residence, the stables for the new truck company and the wood-work on the N. P. Terminal Company's hotel, all of</p>		
Mukilteo	Kidd	Rockford	Beaver	Gentile Valley	Preston			
SPOKANE.			Blackfoot6††	Lava	Riverdale			
Alpha	Larone	Sassini	Cariboo	Malad City*	Ross Fork			
Brents	Marshall5†	Sedalia	Cherry Creek	Market Lake6	Sam-ria			
Capps	Medical Lake	Spokane	Clifton	McCommon6	Soda Springs			
Cheney5††5	Miles	Spokane Bridge	Eagle Rock6†5	Mink Creek	Treasureton			
Crab Creek	Mondovi	Spokane Falls5†5	Egin	Oneida	Weston			
Creaseant	Rock Creek	Waverly	Fairview					
Deep Creek Falls								
Fairview								
STEVENS.			Bruneau Valley	Castle Creek	Silver City*†	MONTANA TERRITORY.		
Che-we-lah	Siwash	Walker's Prairie	Lolo	SHOSHONE.		13 counties. Capital city, Helena.		
Colville				Pierce City				
THURSTON.			Council Valley	Middle Valley	Sater	BEAVER HEAD.		
Independence	Plumb Station	Tumwater9	Indian Valley	Ruthburg	Weiser7†	Allerdice	Dillon6†5	Red Rock6
Little Rock	Seato5	Yelm†5	Meadows	Salubria		Argenta	Glendale	Vipond
Olympia9††5	Tenino5-9†5					Bannack City*	Hecla	Willis
WAHIAKUM.						Dewey's	Horse Prairie	
Brookfield	Gray's River	Waterford†	MONTANA TERRITORY.			CHOTEAU.		
Cathlamet†	Skamokawa†					Fort Assiniboine*	Old Agency	
WALLA WALLA.						Fort Benton*†5	Piegan	
Dixie	Prescott3†5	Walla Walla3†5				CUSTER.		
Estes	Touchet3	Wallula5-3†5				Etna	Powderville	
Mullen	Waitsburg3†5					Forsyth5†	Putman	
WHATCOM.						Fort Custer5	Rosebud5	
Anacortes	Ferndale	Mount Baker	Belknap	CHOTEAU.		Fort Keogh5†	Sadie	
Avon	Fid-ago	Nooksack	Dupuyer	Fort Assiniboine*		Howard5	Stoneyville	
Beach	Guemes	Samish		Fort Benton*†5		Junction	Terry	
Bellingham	Guy	Selkome				Miles City5†5		
Birch Bay	Lummi	Semahmoo	Beeman					
Birdsview	Lyman	Sterling	Birney					
Cypress	Lynden	Whitcom	Brandenberg					
Edison	Mars	Wilburton	Crow Agency					
WHITMAN.			Cutler					
Almota†	Farmington	Pine City	Etchetab					
Bethany	Garfield	Pullman5						
Clenton	Imbler	Rosalie						
Coin	Kumtux	Steptoe						
Colfax5††5	Lone Pine	Sutton						
Colton	Ontario	Taxass						
Endicott	Palouse*	Uniontown						
Ewartsville	Penawawa	Washtucna						
YAKIMA.								
Burge	Milton	Wenas						
Fort Simcoe	Natchess	Yakima*						
Konewock								
IDAHO TERRITORY.								
14 counties. Capital city, Boise City.								
ADA.								
Boise City*†5	Falk's Store	Riverside						
Caldwell7†	Middleton	Star						
Emmettsville	Payette	Thurman's Mills						
ALTURAS.								
Antelope	Corder	Muldoon						
Arco	Corral	Rocky Bar*†						
Atlanta	Glenda	Saw Tooth						
Bellevue7††5	Gilman	Shoshone7						
Bliss	Hailey7††5	Smoky						
Bolton	Howe	Soldier						
Boulder	Ketchum†	Toponis						
Broadford	Martin	Vienna						
Bullion†	Mountain Home	Woodbine						
BEAR LAKE.								
Bonnington	Georgetown	Ovid						
Bloomington	Liberty	Paris*						
Fish Haven	Montpelier	St. Charles						
BOISE.								
Banner	Idaho City*†	Quartzburgh†						
Centreville†	Ola	Shafer						
Garden Valley	Placerville	Squaw Creek						
Horse Shoe Bend								

which has been, or is being, done under his supervision, and which goes to show in what estimation he is held by the business men and capitalists of this city. His office is at 46 N. Second street, between C and D.

THE PLASTERING

on the building was done by the popular contractors in that line, Messrs. Webster & Bollam. They are considered the best plasterers in Portland, and are sought after by all builders when important work is to be done. Plastering is a work which can be easily slighted without immediate detection, but Webster & Bollam have the deserved reputation of never slighting their work and take pride in doing their work well. As a proof that they have the confidence of Portland property owners, we have only to mention the fact that, besides the Labbe block, they did the work on C. H. Lewis' residence, Samuel Smith's residence, Twelfth and Morrison, George James' house, the Starr block, Johnson's building, Front and A, the new Nicolai building and many others we could mention.

BERGER & BOCK,

who had the painting of the building, did a successful job. In fact, they never do any but good work. They are usually employed to do all the more important jobs of painting in the city, and can be relied on to do their work in a first class manner. They are located on Ash street, between Second and Third.

WM. GARDNER & CO.,

who did the plumbing and gasfitting in the building, deserve great credit for the splendid style in which they finished their work. As a piece of sanitary plumbing it is absolutely faultless, the execution of which places them far in advance of any other firm in this line in Portland. The firm is composed of Wm. Gardner, J. J. Owens and F. Wiegand, all of whom are practical workers. They thoroughly understand every branch of plumbing, gas and steam fitting and hot water heating apparatus. They are dealers in lead and iron pipe, pumps, etc., gas fixtures and plumbing goods of every description. It will be remembered that this firm did the gasfitting work for the illumination of the streets during the Villard celebration, which work was so favorably commented on by every one. Their establishment is located at No. 134, corner of Third and Alder.

KELLY, DUNNE & CO.,

Another firm which has contributed largely to the substantial finish of the building is that of Kelly, Dunne & Co., of 42 Front street, who furnished the French plate glass throughout the structure. The glass carried in stock by this firm is considered the best in the market. Besides the Labbe building they have furnished their French plate and crystal sheets for many other prominent buildings here, among which we may mention Reid's new bank, Smith & Watson block, the Wilson building (new Holton House), Greene building, First and Alder streets, Dekum's new brick, Bickel's new block, the First National Bank at Vancouver, the Odd Fellows' building at Astoria, and also a majority of the fine residences erected during the past year in this city.

THE HYDRAULIC ELEVATOR

was placed in the building by the Portland Hydraulic Elevator Co. This company is doing much toward the development of the city, their elevators making three, four, five or more story buildings profitable. Heretofore a four-story building would scarcely pay interest. People have serious objections to climbing so many flights of stairs. These elevators are absolutely safe, and no one need feel the least timidity while going up or down in them. The company have placed in different buildings in this city altogether 31 elevators. Among the more prominent buildings and firms where they are in use are the Starr block, Corbett & Failing, Ainsworth block, McCracken & Mason, Allen & Lewis, Parke & Lacy, Bickel's new block, Wadhams & Elliott, White & Goldsmith, Fleischner & Mayer, Hecht Bros., Abraham, Hirstel & Co., Klosternan, Neustadter Bros., J. K. Gill & Co., C. H. Dodd & Co., Knapp, Burrell & Co., Quimby House, Nicolai Hotel and many others.

J. Spiegle & Son.

This popular grocery firm is located at 291 First, near the corner of Columbia. From the very commencement of their business career in this city they have enjoyed a popularity and business patronage which has been the envy of older houses. The secret of this lies in the fact that they keep only the very best of fancy and staple groceries. No inferior article is allowed in their store, and no goods are represented other than they are. The variety and stock they keep is selected to suit the various tastes of our citizens, and as they are cash buyers, and do all their own work, they are enabled to sell at lower rates than any other grocery firm in Portland. Their delivery wagon may be seen in every part of the city, showing that their trade reaches all sections and combines all classes in Portland. We notice that our artist in sketching the new Labbe block caught sight of their lightning delivery wagon as it fitted by and penciled it in the foreground of the picture. The artist could not have selected a more appropriate finishing for the sketch had he searched the city over.

Removal.

G. Cooper & Son, the popular dealers in beef, mutton, pork and veal, formerly of the Franklin Market, have removed to the northwest corner of First and Columbia street, where they have opened the Columbia Market. Families in that vicinity will find them well stocked with the choicest of everything in their line, and also find their prices remarkably low. They also have hams, sausage, lard, etc. They make a specialty of country pork.

J. G. DURNER & CO.,
Post Office Candy Store,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Manufacturers of
PLAIN AND FANCY FRENCH CANDIES,
Multnomah Block,
S. E. corner Fifth and Morrison sts., opp. Post Office.

Blumenthal's Trunk Palace.



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Trunks, Satchels and Valises
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H. SINSHEIMER,

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PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO



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DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

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Cor. First and Columbia Sts.

G. COOPER & SON,

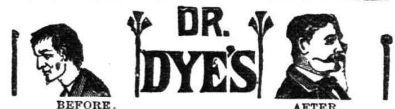
(Formerly of Franklin Market.)

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ber Hose, &c.

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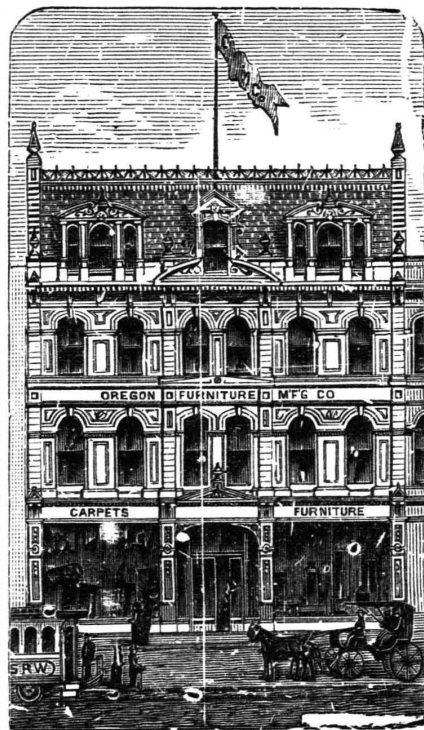
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