THE WEST SHORE.

Vol. 10. Portland, Oregon, July, 1884. No. 7.

ESTABLISHED 1875.

THE WEST SHORE,

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

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

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

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

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

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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In a region which is daily receiving thousands of dollars of capital from abroad, whose long dormant resources are being developed, and which is on the eve of harvesting the most bountiful crop in its history, there does not seem to be any good reason for the existence of hard times or any fear of a long continuance of financial depression.

An officer of the Twenty-first Infantry, who has been transferred to Fort Sidney, Neb., desires The West Shore so that he can "show these people what a country we have been compelled to leave." This is a pleasing tribute to the Northwest, over every section of which he has traveled in discharging his official duties or in the campaigns his regiment has made. Now that there is no more danger of Indian outbreaks, and just as a quiet life of routine duty opened out before them, it seems hard that they should be compelled to leave the magnificent scenery and mild climate of the Northwest for the bleak, wind-swept plains of Nebraska; but such are the vicissitudes of a soldier's life.

The most thoroughly enjoyable method of making the complete tour of the Pacific Coast is to join one of "Raymond's Vacation Excursions." We have recently been visited by the initial one of the present season, which left Boston May 1, reached California by way of the Southern Pacific, came to Portland by steamer, and, after making the tour of Puget Sound and the Willamette Valley, departed for the National Park and the East by the Northern Pacific. This party consists of sixty ladies and gentlemen, chiefly from Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, and is under the management of Mr. Luther L. Holden, a gentleman thoroughly familiar with the scenes visited and the routes of travel. The excursion extends over a period of seventy-three days, during which time the tourists have but one care—that of being ready to move at the proper time, of which they have ample notice. Rooms, meals, sleeping berths, etc., are all provided for and assigned to them in advance. Their baggage is looked after by Mr. C. H. Bagley, who relieves them of all care of that which is one of the greatest annoyances of traveling. Every item of expense is paid by the manager, the ticket for the round trip costing $560, including every legitimate expenditure of a traveler, even to carriage hire. Not only are more attractions visited at less expense, but the tourist is relieved of all care of the vexatious details of travel. Such excursions are of great benefit to the Northwest, leaving, as they do, in the minds of the travelers an exceedingly favorable impression. With every party of travelers come a few who are seeking information of this region with the purpose of making investments. Everything which tends to increase the number of our visitors of the more cultured and wealthy class, and to render their visit pleasant and instructive, is beneficial to our growing towns and developing industries.

MIDSUMMER ON THE WILLAMETTE.

Boating on the Willamete is a favorite amusement with the people of Portland, especially at this season, when the high water, long twilights and clear moonlight nights conspire to give the boatman his fullest desire in the way of opportunity and pleasant surroundings. Every evening and Sundays the river is dotted with craft of various descriptions. The scene as presented on a bright moonlight evening is given in one of our engravings. There may be seen the ambitious sculler with his paper shell, the crews of several four-oared shells practicing assiduously for some pending contest, the light canoe and the clumsy dug-out, pleasure boats, varying from the small one with two occupants, who are of the opinion that "three are a crowd," to the large one with six oars and its jolly party of laughing and singing passengers, sailboats of various sizes and rig, manipulated by the veteran yachtsmen or loaded down with a gay crowd, who propose to "have a good time if she don't move a foot." All these present a picture both weird and picturesque, lighted by the moonbeams and framed by the high banks and dark foliage of the river and island. There are four good boat houses along the river front, besides the club houses of the Willamette and Portland Rowing Clubs, where are housed or anchored the great variety of boats which constitute the river fleet. There is more interest taken in this pastime the present season than was ever before exhibited, and the number and variety of craft has been considerably increased. A number of good crews have been developed, and interest is maintained by races between crews of the rival clubs.

THE FABULOUS STRAITS OF ANIAN.

II.

THERE is still another somewhat mythical voyage associated with this search for the Straits of Anian, which has played a most important part in the history of Oregon; and though it comes entirely through English sources, is utterly repudiated by modern English historians, and even receives but little credence among American writers. This is the celebrated voyage of Juan de Fuca, who is claimed to have discovered the Straits of Fuca, that broad channel separating a portion of Washington Territory from Vancouver Island, in British Columbia.

There was published in London, in 1625, a celebrated historical and geographical work, edited by Samuel Purchas, which bore the odd title of "The Pilgrims." Among other things, this volume contained "A note by Michael Lock, the elder, touching the Strait of Sea, commonly called Fretum Anian, in the South Sea, through the Northwest Passage of Meta Incognita." The most important portion of this alleged document of Mr. Lock is as follows:

"When I was in Venice, in April, 1596, haply arrived there an old man, about sixty years of age, called, commonly, Juan de Fuca, but named properly Apostolas Valerianus, of nation a Greek, born in Cephalonia, of profession a mariner, and an ancient pilot of ships. This man, being come lately out of Spain, arrived first at Leghorn, and went thence to Florence, where he found one John Douglas, an Englishman, a famous mariner, ready coming for Venice, to be pilot of a Venetian ship for England, in whose company they came both together to Venice. And John Douglas being acquainted with me before, he gave me knowledge of this Greek pilot, and brought him to my speech; and in long talks and conference between us, in presence of John Douglas, this Greek pilot declared, in the Italian and Spanish languages, this much in effect as followeth: First, he said he had been in the West Indies of Spain forty years, and had sailed to and from many places thereof, in the service of the Spaniards. Also, he said that he was in the Spanish ship which, in returning from the Islands Philippines, towards Nova Spania, was robbed and taken at the Cape California by Captain Candish, Englishman, whereby he lost 60,000 ducats of his goods. Also, he said that he was pilot of three small ships which the Viceroy of Mexico sent from Mexico, armed with 100 men, under a captain, Spaniards, to discover the Straits of Anian, along the coast of the South Sea, and to fortify in that strait, to resist the passage and proceedings of the English nation, which were forced to pass through those straits into the South Sea; and that, by reason of a mutiny which happened among the soldiers for the misconduct of their captain, that voyage was overthrown, and the ship returned from California to Nova Spania, without anything done in that voyage; and that, after their return, the captain was at Mexico punished by justice. Also, he said that, shortly after the said voyage was so ill ended, the said Viceroy of Mexico sent him out again, in 1592, with a small caravel and a pinnace, armed with mariners only, to follow the said voyage for the discovery of the Straits of Anian, and the passage thereof into the sea, which they call the North Sea, which is our northwest sea; and that he followed his course, in that voyage, west and northwest in the South Sea, all along the coast of Nova Spania, and California, and the Indies, now called North America (all which voyage he signified to me in a great map, and a sea-card of my own, which I laid before him), until he came to the latitude of 47 degrees; and that, there finding that the land trended north and northwest, with a broad inlet of sea, between 47 and 48 degrees of latitude, he entered thereinto, sailing therein more than twenty days, and found that land trending still sometime northwest, and northeast, and north, and also east and southeastward, and very much broader sea than was at the said entrance, and that he passed by divers islands in that sailing; and that, at the entrance of this said strait, there is, on the northwest coast thereof, a great headland or island, with an exceeding high pinnacle, or spired rock, like a pillar, thereupon. Also, he said that he went on land in divers places, and that he saw some people on land clad in beasts' skins; and that the land is very fruitful, and rich of gold, silver, pearls, and other things, like Nova Spania. Also, he said that he being entered thus far into the said strait, and being come into the North Sea already, and finding the sea wide enough everywhere, and to be about thirty or forty leagues wide in the mouth of the straits where he entered, he thought he had now well discharged his office; and that, not being armed to resist the force of the savage people that might happen, he therefore set sail, and returned homewards again towards Nova Spania, where he arrived at Acapulco, Anno 1592, hoping to be rewarded by the Viceroy for this service done in the said voyage. * * * [Here follows an account of his vain endeavors for three years to secure a proper recognition of his services by the Viceroy or the Spanish monarch, and his resolution to return to his native land to die among his countrymen.] Also, he said he thought the cause of his ill reward had of the Spaniards, to be for that they did understand very well that the English nation had now given over all their voyages for discovery of the northwest passage; wherefore they need not fear them any more to come that way into the South Sea, and therefore they needed not his service therein any more. Also, he said that, understanding the noble mind of the Queen of England, and of her wars against the Spaniards, and hoping that her majesty would do him justice for his goods lost by Captain Candish, he would be content to go into England, and serve her majesty in that voyage for the discovery perfectly of the northwest passage into the South Sea, if she would furnish him with only one ship of forty tons burden, and a pinnace, and that he would perform it in thirty days' time, from one end to the other of the strait, and he willed me so to write to England. And, from conference had twice with the said Greek pilot, I did write thereof, accordingly, to England, unto the right honorable the old Lord Treasurer Cecil, and to

Sir Walter Raleigh, and to Master Richard Hakluyt, that famous cosmographer, certifying them hereof. And I prayed them to disburse £100, to bring the said Greek pilot into England, with myself, for that my own purse would not stretch so wide at that time. And I had answer that this action was well liked and greatly desired in England; but the money was not ready, and therefore this action died at that time, though the said Greek pilot, perchance, liveth still in his own country, in Cephalonia, towards which place he went within a fortnight after this conference had at Venice."

There is more of the document, detailing quite a correspondence between Lock and the Greek, from which it appears that the old pilot was alive in 1598, but that in 1602, when Lock had finished his business in Venice and was preparing to return to England, he addressed a letter to Fuca, to which he received no answer, and that a short time afterwards he learned that the Greek was dead.

There has been much controversy among historians as to the authenticity of this document. In the long negotiations between England and the United States in regard to the location of the international boundary line, it was vigorously supported by the Americans and as earnestly combated by the representatives of Great Britain. As in the discussion of Sir Francis Drake's voyage, writers were divided strictly upon national lines, and thus are subject to the charge of bias and prejudice. A fair examination will convince an impartial person that, although it is not impossible the voyage was made, the probabilities are that the letter of Mr. Lock was one composed for the purpose of creating a sensation, and no such personage as Juan de Fuca ever existed. The English writers seem to have espoused the better side of the argument, though there is no reason to suppose they would not have as readily advocated the opposite one had the interests of Great Britain required it. The question was long since settled and the boundary established at the forty-ninth parallel and the Straits of Fuca; and now, freed from national prejudice, American writers generally declare their belief that the voyage of the Greek pilot was a myth. Briefly presented, the arguments on either side are as follows:

It is maintained by the supporters of the document that the statements therein contained are many of them known to be true; that in its geographical descriptions it is more accurate than the report of any previous Spanish voyage; that the fact of his locating the entrance to the passage between latitudes 47 and 48 degrees, instead of 48 and 49 degrees, is not as serious as their opponents assert, since much greater errors in locating well-known objects appear in the accounts of voyages of whose authenticity there is no dispute. The Spaniards were not scientific navigators, and their reports bristle with errors in latitude, while longitude seems to have been entirely beyond them. This lack of accuracy prevented them from making a correct map of the coast line of California, even after they had explored and sailed along it for two centuries. There is, also, a marked absence of those stereotyped descriptions of wonderful cities and strange peoples which seems to have formed such an important part of the accounts of many previous and subsequent voyages. A careful comparison by one who is familiar with the geography of that region will convince him that in the narrative the Straits of Fuca are very accurately described—with the exception of the great rocky pillar on the northwest—especially in the fact that the land north of the straits (Vancouver Island) trends to the northwest. He sailed in the passage twenty days, finding numerous islands and arms of the ocean running in all directions, and finally emerged into the North Sea. What could more accurately describe a voyage through the Straits of Fuca and Gulf of Georgia, between Vancouver Island and the mainland, until the open ocean was again reached on the northwest? It is not claimed that he entered the Atlantic, but the North Sea of Maldonado; and it must be borne in mind that the Straits of Anian as then understood—that described by Maldonado—was a long passage leading in a general north and south direction, connecting the South Sea with the supposed North Sea, and that to reach the Atlantic required a long voyage across this North Sea and through the Straits of Labrador. It must be admitted, then, that the descriptions given in Lock's account are wonderfully accurate if they are wholly imaginary; and as to the error in latitude—a matter of only a few miles—aside from the reasons already given, may it not be accounted for by the fact that the narrative is written from memory by a second party who had received but an oral account of the voyage?

The chief objection to the voyage is that there is no confirmatory evidence whatever to support it. Neither the royal nor colonial records of Spain contain the faintest allusion to it, although other voyages, and especially some made but a few years later, are recorded at length. The narrative of Lock was not given to the public until a quarter of a century had elapsed, and every one who might have had any personal knowledge of it was probably dead. Richard Hakluyt, one of the three gentlemen to whom it is said Lock wrote in relation to the matter from Venice, was one of the greatest men of his age. He was an enthusiastic geographer, who spent much time and money in collecting and publishing the accounts of all important voyages made by the representatives of England or any other nation. It is impossible to believe that he could have been so indifferent to the subject of Lock's letter, since the Straits of Anian were the absorbing geographical enigma of the times, as to have let the matter of £100 prevent him from bringing the Greek pilot to England; and it is equally strange that no hint of such a voyage is given in any of his works, though he is admitted to have been the most thorough and correct geographer of the sixteenth century. Another objection, and perhaps the strongest one, is the fact that at the very time Juan de Fuca is asserted to have been urging his claim for a reward upon the King of Spain, another Spanish expedition was dispatched in search of the Straits of Anian, and in the letter of instructions, which details at length the reasons for ordering the

voyage, no allusion is made to Fuca or his straits. Had such a voyage as Fuca's actually been made, this second expedition would certainly have availed itself of the knowledge thus gained. Instead of doing so, the record of that voyage conclusively shows that the commander must have been utterly ignorant of Fuca and his alleged voyage; and this proves, also, that he could have had no secret institutions on the subject. In viewing the matter critically, it must be admitted that the evidences against the authenticity of the voyage, though entirely of a negative character, greatly outweigh the one circumstantial evidence in its favor—the fact that a passage much similar to the one described actually exists a few miles to the north of the location fixed in the narrative. Juan de Fuca's voyage was probably a myth.

The third and last mythical passage to receive popular credence and engage the attention of geographers and explorers for years was the River of Kings, the Rio de los Reyes of Admiral Fontè. Like the narratives of Maldonado and Fuca, this did not reach the public until many years had elapsed from the time assigned to the voyage, and this fact alone is almost conclusive evidence of its manufactured character. Such a voyage as any of these would have been made public soon after its completion, so eager were the learned men of the time to gain all the information possible on these subjects. It was natural for a person inventing such a tale to assign a date so far back that he need have no fear of a personal contradiction.

A magazine entitled *Monthly Miscellany, or Memoirs of the Curious*, was published in London in 1708, containing a long account of a voyage alleged to have been made in 1640, sixty-eight years previously, from the Pacific to the Atlantic and return, through a system of rivers crossing North America about the fifty-third parallel. The man who is credited with making this wonderful voyage is Admiral Pedro Bartolomè de Fontè, of the Spanish Marine. According to the account given in this magazine, Admiral Fontè was instructed by the Viceroy of Peru to explore the Pacific Coast of North America for a passage leading into the Atlantic, and to intercept some Boston vessels which the Viceroy had learned had sailed upon the same errand on the Atlantic Coast. He sailed from Callao in April, 1640, with four vessels. At Cape San Lucas he dispatched one of these to explore the Gulf of California, and with the remaining three continued up the coast. In latitude 53 degrees, after sailing a long distance among islands, which he christened the "Archipelago de Lazarus," he observed the mouth of a great river, which he decided to enter. One of his vessels was sent further up the coast, under the command of Captain Bernardo, while with the other two he ascended the stream, whose great proportions won from him the title of "Rio de los Reyes," or "River of Kings." This he followed in a northeasterly direction a long distance, finally reaching its source in an immense lake, which he named "Lake Belle." This was the country of a wealthy and civilized nation, whose chief town, on the south shore of the lake, was called Conasset, and who entertained the strangers who had so unexpectedly come among them in a most hospitable manner. This lake was evidently on the summit of the divide between the waters of the two oceans, for flowing from it in an opposite direction from the river he had ascended was another large stream, which he called "Parmentier." Leaving his vessels at Conasset, he descended the Parmentier until he entered another lake, upon which he bestowed his own name, from which he passed through a narrow strait into the Atlantic Ocean. This last passage he named "Strait of Ronquillo," in honor of the captain of one of his vessels. Thus, through a continuous waterway of rivers and lakes, he had passed through the entire continent of North America. When that story was written the author little dreamed that in the latitude assigned to this wonderful passageway the continent was more than five thousand miles in width. Having entered the Atlantic the Admiral soon encountered the Boston vessel which it was feared had designs upon the Spanish possessions in the Pacific. The captain of the colonial craft was Nicholas Shapley, and on board was its owner, one Seymour Gibbons, whom Fontè described as "a fine gentleman, and major-general of the largest colony in New England, called Maltechusetts." Fontè decided to treat these strangers as peaceful traders, and the representatives of these two nations indulged in a series of mutual entertainments which appear to have given the Admiral great satisfaction. He then returned to the Pacific by the route he had come, finding his vessels waiting for him in good condition in Lake Belle, the inhabitants of Conasset having refrained from molesting them. At the mouth of the River of Kings he was joined by Bernardo, who had an equally wonderful tale to relate. He, too, had discovered a great river, in latitude 61 degrees, and had ascended it to its source in a large lake. These he called "Rio de Haro" and "Lake Velasco." From the lake he ascended another stream in canoes as high as the seventy-ninth parallel, but observing the land "still trending north, and the ice rested on the land, he became satisfied "that there was no communication out of the Atlantic Sea by Davis' Strait; for the natives had conducted one of his seamen to the head of Davis' Strait, which terminated in a fresh lake, of about thirty miles in circumference, in the eightieth degree of north latitude; and there were prodigious mountains north of it." He therefore returned to the Pacific to rejoin his commander. Fontè was satisfied from the report that the Straits of Anian did not exist, and returned to Peru to report that fact and the wonderful river route he had discovered through the continent.

This whole story is utterly absurd, in the light of our present knowledge of geography, but was far from being so at the time it was promulgated. Yet it contains enough inconsistencies and palpable errors to have even then condemned it in the eyes of a critical reader. The statement that in 1640, only ten years after Boston was founded, the people of that struggling colony were searching for the Straits of Anian is too improbable for belief. This English historian should have known, also,

that Massachusetts was governed at the date mentioned by John Winthrop and not by Seymour Gibbons, whose name does not appear at all in the list of New England governors or "major-generals." Not the slightest reference is made to it in the records of Spain or Peru, and it is now generally conceded that the story is a creation of James Petiver, an eminent naturalist, who was a frequent contributor to the magazine in which it first appeared.

Here were now three distinct and conflicting accounts of the discovery of a passage through the continent, each of which had its supporters, and all of which occupied the attention of explorers for years afterward. To this must be added a fourth mystery—the River of Aguilar. This was a great stream reported by Martin de Aguilar to exist in latitude 43 degrees, about the region of the Umpqua, which he discovered, and made unavailing efforts to enter in 1603. In later years, when the French explorers of Louisiana were told by Indians of the great "River of the West," these two streams were considered identical.

In 1778 the celebrated Captain Cook made a thorough exploration of the coast, beginning below the forty-third parallel, and declared each and every one of them to be a myth; and such they were thereafter generally considered, notwithstanding the present Straits of Fuca were subsequently discovered, and, for diplomatic purposes, served to lend substance to the very shadowy voyage of the ancient Greek pilot. HARRY L. WELLS.

SUMMER CAMPS IN THE COAST RANGE.

DO you know of a good camping place in the Coast Range Mountains; if so, where? Yes; many fine places for a summer camp. One in particular, for its varied scenery and healthfulness, is located on section 23, township 4 west, 3 north, owned by Paul Schulze, of Portland. Its principal features are nearness to Portland (only thirty-eight miles), a fine mineral spring, good fishing, good hunting, acres of the finest wild blackberries in Oregon, raspberries in abundance, a good wagon road within half a mile. About one mile from the justly celebrated Nehalem River there is a fine camping place, grass for horses and cows, with many conveniences not always found in a mountain camp, and only eighteen miles from Forest Grove, Washington County. On Gale's Creek, on the premises of George Hines, is a fine mineral spring, with many conveniences for camping, and located seven miles from Forest Grove. Another fine camping place, on the summit of what is known as the Nehalem Summit, between West Dairy Creek and the Nehalem River, at Horseshoe Spring. There is an exceptionally fine view of the valley, North Plains, Hillsboro and adjacent country, with plenty of berries, pheasants, grouse and quail, an occasional deer, and plenty of trout about two miles from camp. It is about seventeen miles from Forest Grove, with good wagon road to the spring, feed for horses and cows. There are many other beautiful and healthful places, as on Wilson's River, emptying into Tillamook Bay, but not so accessible.

A. TYLER.

THE AINSWORTH BRIDGE.

THE bridge constructed by the Northern Pacific at Ainsworth, W. T., where the track crosses Snake River just above its confluence with the Columbia, is a massive stone and iron structure, costing about $1,250,000, and consuming two years' time in building. It was first opened for traffic on the 20th of April last. Previous to that time all trains had been transferred for three years from one side of the river to the other on the ferry boat *Billings*. As but a few cars could be taken at one time, this was necessarily a long and tedious operation. This is now dispensed with, adding much to the comfort and pleasure of travelers, and to the facility with which freight business is dispatched. An engraving of this structure is given on another page.

The bridge is a Pratt truss, with center-bar draw, consists of six spans and a draw, and rests upon solid granite piers and abutments. Four spans are each 246 feet long, one is 146 feet, another 65 feet, and the draw is 346 feet, aggregating 1,541 feet. It stands twelve feet above high water and weighs 1,000 tons. The approaches are 3,300 feet long. Preliminary work was begun in March, 1882, under H. D. Bush, civil engineer. In July following the work of constructing caissons was begun, under the superintendence of D. D. McBean, who was also contractor for the stone work. In February, 1883, after having built two piers and one abutment, McBean was superseded as superintendent by Captain Edward Spencer, and soon after was bought out as contractor by the company. A. J. White succeeded Bush as supervising engineer, and was in turn succeeded by Alfred Noble, who also has charge of the Second Crossing Bridge. Spencer was succeeded as superintendent by George A. Lederle, who is also assistant engineer. Ward Davidson, Charles Voegel, John McClellan, James K. Depue, James S. Quinn and Charles W. Young have been prominently connected with the work, Mr. Young having been continuously employed as foreman.

During the progress of this work the town of Ainsworth sprang up, and became a town of so much importance that the last Legislature created it the county seat of the new county of Franklin. It was supposed that a town would exist there only during the time the bridge was in process of construction; but it has been found that much agricultural land exists in the vicinity, which is being placed under cultivation, and as this is the junction with the Cascades Division, now under construction, Ainsworth will continue to be a good business town and increase with the development of the country.

A JOINT stock company has been organized in Columbia County, Washington Territory, with a capital of $5,000, to erect and operate a cheese factory upon the co-operative plan, as many are conducted in the dairy regions of the East. There is room in the Northwest for scores of such institutions. A region that can import at a high price thousands of pounds of cheese and butter annually, ought to be able to support creameries and cheese factories of its own.

ALONG THE COLUMBIA.

WE present this month a number of engravings of scenes that meet the traveler's eye as he rolls up the bank of the Columbia, comfortably seated in his richly ornamented and upholstered palace car. They consist of the grand and the curious, scenes made attractive by their beauty, or interesting because of their strangeness and rarity. The trestle and bridge at the crossing of Hood River form one of the landmarks of the route. This stream flows directly from the northern base of Mount Hood, and its clear, icy waters are formed by the melting snows that drape the mountain's side. Just before the river loses itself in the stream which is bearing to the sea the waters of a score of mountain ranges, it is crossed by the railroad. This region boasts of producing as fine fruit as can be found in Oregon, and the stream itself, nearer its fountain head, has been whipped for trout for years by enthusiastic sportsmen.

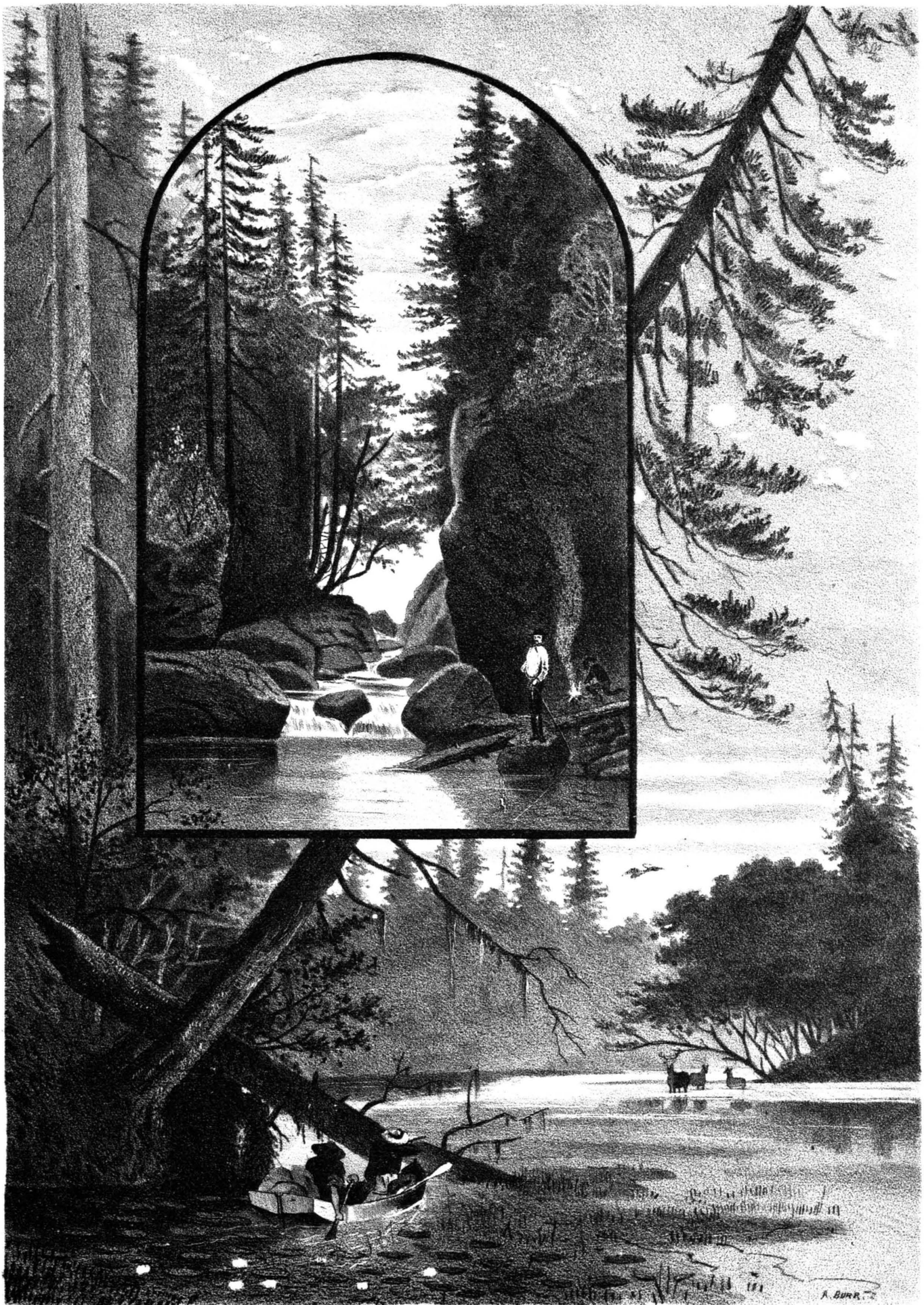
Not far from Hood River is Oneonta Creek, which the railroad crosses at the entrance to a deep and rocky gorge. This is a picturesque stream, and the hasty glance obtained by the traveler as he is whirled rapidly past reveals one of the most pleasant of the ever-shifting scenes framed by the car window.

Here and there, in the vicinity of the Cascades and Dalles, is seen a large wheel revolving in the water, and attached either to the bank of the river or to some floating support anchored further out in the stream. This is the much-used and much-abused fish wheel. It is only a few years since the first of these was introduced, and its success in scooping up the unwary salmon has led to the locating of a competitor in nearly every favorable spot in that region. A wheel, the construction of which is readily understood from the engraving, is set in one of the narrow channels, or runways, followed by the salmon in their efforts to ascend the rock-encumbered channel of the river. The wheel is turned by the force of the current, and in its revolutions its nets bring up from the watery depths the struggling fish and empty them into a trough, down which they glide, flopping and jumping, into a receptacle on the shore or in the boat to which the wheel is attached. The number of fish one of these wheels will catch during a good run of salmon is enormous. It is from this source the car loads of salmon now being shipped East are generally procured. The wheel is objected to as a "catch all," which robs the stream of fish of all kinds, both great and small, and if unchecked by law will hasten the time when the Columbia will become exhausted of its royal salmon. However this may be, the turning and dripping fish wheel is a picturesque sight, and always an object of much interest to travelers.

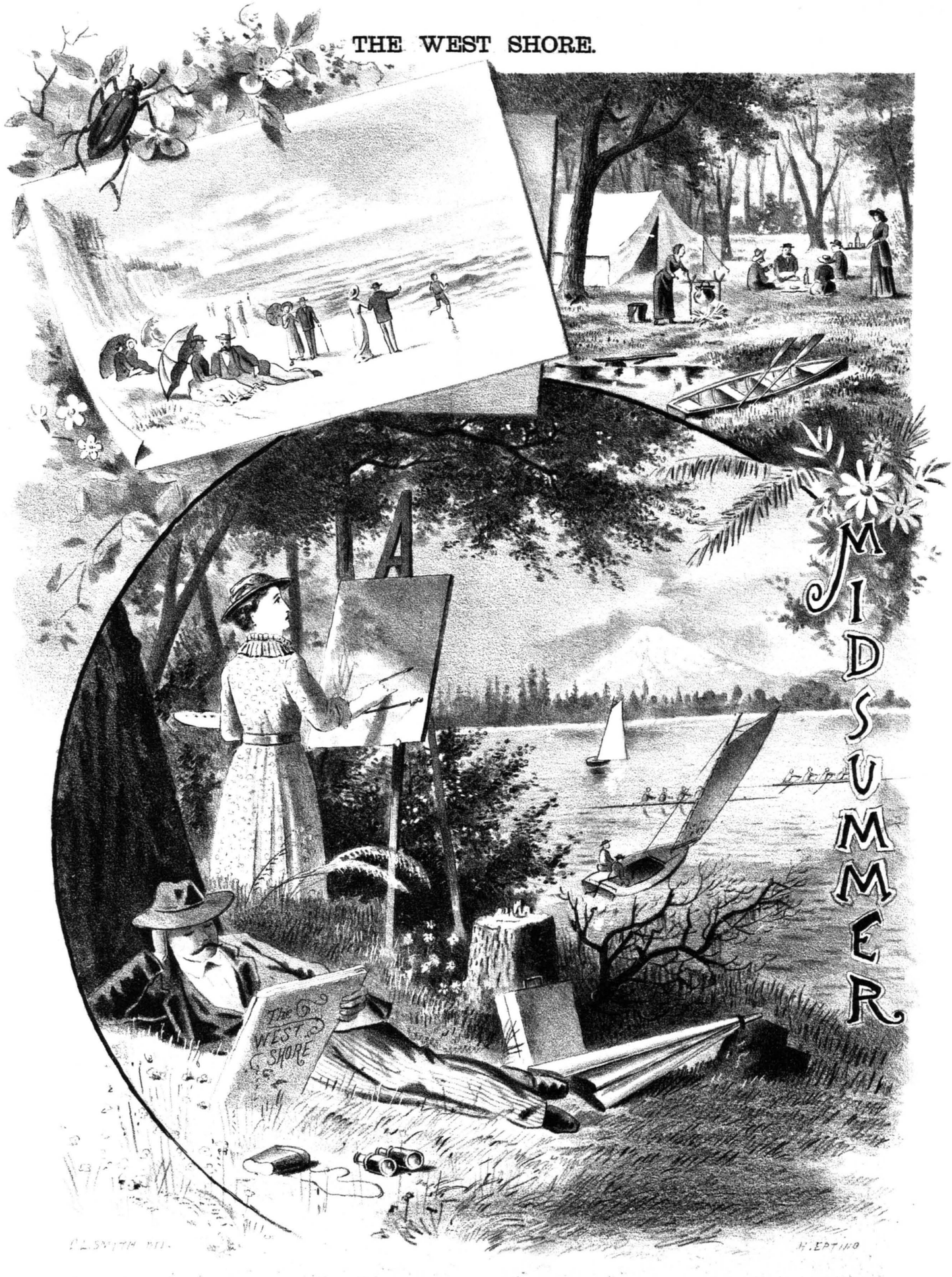
The high cliffs of basaltic rock which rise abruptly in places from the bank of the stream, towering far above the track which has been blasted out at its base, or which is carried around its frowning front on trestle work, beneath which rushes the great river, are always objects of admiration. The one presented in our engraving is known as "Upper Cape Horn," to distinguish it from the spired cliffs of that name further down, on the opposite side of the stream, so well known to travelers on the river. As the train creeps along the base of these giant, rocky bluffs, and the eye follows their seamed and creviced front to their apex towering far above, the gazer for the first time realizes their magnitude and appreciates one of the many difficulties the engineers overcame in constructing this river line.

The Sand Dunes are an object of curiosity to many, and by the harsh, grating noise made by the wheels in grinding the fine sand lying upon the rails, force themselves upon the attention of all. Above The Dalles, for a number of miles, the track leads along the bank of the Columbia through a treeless waste as dreary and sandy as the most approved desert of Africa or Asia. The winds that at times give themselves free rein along the stream sport with the fine particles of sand and blow them hither and thither like thistle-down, raising long ridges or scooping out deep hollows at will. Ever changing, like the drifting of the light, fleecy snow by a winter's gale, these sand storms frequently bury the track from sight in a few hours. To guard against this the company is compelled to maintain a squad of track walkers, who pass to and fro over the road constantly and keep the track free from sand. It takes considerable snow to block the passage of a train; not so with this sand drift. The track might be rendered impassable when to the uninitiated eye no sand whatever would be observable. Drifting over the rail it settles down solid and compact on the inside, and easily throws the wheels of the passing engine from the track. The utmost care and unceasing vigilance on the part of the track cleaners is necessary to prevent such occurrences as these. In crossing these dunes, and gazing upon this wide waste of sand, the traveler often exclaims, "What a worthless country!" and feels inclined—and, in fact, many hasty and deluded ones actually do—to write home that Eastern Oregon is a desert, valueless for agriculture. The tongue of such a man should have an interrogation point constantly on the end of it, to keep his eyes from leading him astray. By asking a few judicious questions he would learn that beginning a few miles back from the river, and extending far up the sides of both the Blue and Cascade mountains and covering the broad area between them, lie thousands of wheat fields and mile after mile of bunch grass grazing lands, the former producing a general average of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, and the latter furnishing sustenance to tens of thousands of cattle and hundreds of thousands of sheep. Too much dependence upon the eyesight alone has led many people to hastily condemn a region of most magnificent agricultural and pastoral resources.

A DESIGN of clover tops and honey bees, sketched with indelible ink upon fine white lawn, forms a very delicate cover for a dressing table when laid over pink satine; a bow of pink ribbon at each end holds the two pieces together. Both the lawn and satine should be fringed all around an inch deep.



SUMMER SPORT IN THE CASCADES.


A
MIDSUMMER
The WEST SHORE

CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

AT eighteen, being a homeless orphan, and unable to secure to myself a collegiate education, in a fit of desperation, like many a foolish youth, I resolved to go to sea. Now, in my old age, I can afford to confess that my highest ambition was to imitate the exploits of Captain Kidd. I had desired to become a good and useful man, failing which I flew to the opposite extreme. Accordingly I hastened to Bangor, the nearest seaport, and shipped on board a small fishing smack.

The *Siro*, Captain John Gray, belonged at Deer Isle, in Penobscot Bay. After a cruise of some weeks we went to Deer Isle and remained several days. Little Deer Isle was formerly a portion of the larger island, evidently cut off by the action of the waves, but accessible to even footmen at low water. The small island was quite a curiosity, and I passed a whole day in visiting it. Many portions were covered with masses of broken rocks, but between them was tillable land and several small farms. To a country boy, like myself, there was much that was wild, weird and fascinating, and I greatly enjoyed my explorations.

Towards evening, on my return, I passed near the house of Peter Hardy, of whom I had been told and warned that he was crazy. He saw me coming and met me, shaking hands as though an old acquaintance, although he had never even heard of me before, as I supposed. He asked numerous questions about who I was, and finally said:

"I think you are the young man I have been looking for. I have a daughter, sixteen years old, and guess you would make her a good husband, but I must ask you one question more, and if you can answer that right you may have Lucy; but if not, then you are not the young man I am looking for. Now, what do you say, is it a bargain?"

"Certainly," I replied, for I remembered that in all the stories I had read about the freebooters of the high sea the luxury of booty was heightened by the romance of beauty.

"Well," he continued; "now don't be in a hurry to answer; take time to think, for I want you to answer right. When do you cut your hog-yokes?"

This was a poser. I did not care so much about a girl I had never seen as I did not to be beaten by a man who seemed like a half fool. So I thought of all the times possible that one should cut hog-yokes. Then I rejected from the list all but two—namely, rainy days and Sundays. Between these I could not make choice. Nervously thrusting my hand in my pocket I felt a copper penny. Then a happy thought occurred. The date of the cent should settle it. If the date was odd I would answer "Rainy days"; if even, "Sundays." I drew it out. It was odd, and I answered accordingly. He looked distressed, but before he spoke I corrected myself and said that I meant Sundays.

"My poor boy," he began, "I am very sorry for you. You have missed a chance of being Governor of Maine. Lucy must marry a Governor; and if you could only have answered me right you might have married her right off, and come here to live till you are elected. (That was forty-five years ago; wouldn't he have had a good time keeping me till I was elected? The fact is, I have hardly ever been Governor of any State in all my life.)

He turned to leave me, and I resumed my walk. Soon after, hearing him call, I turned, and he beckoned me to come back. Curiosity prompted me to do so. His wife had joined him, and appeared to be arguing some point with great earnestness. When within hearing I caught these words from her:

"I say he is the very young man; I guess I ought to know. I had the dream, not you, and I say he is the one."

"Never mind the hog-yokes," said Peter Hardy, as I joined them; "I will answer that question for you. The time to cut a hog-yoke is when you are going through the woods and see a forked bush that will make one. Cut it and carry it home, and some time it might save half a day hunting for one. But here's my wife; she wants to talk to you a little, and then you can come into the house with her."

He sauntered away in a listless sort of manner, and then Mrs. Hardy said to me, with great earnestness:

"A spirit has appeared to me in a dream three times and showed you to me. He told me you would come here just before haying, and we should see you just as we have this afternoon. He told me just exactly where Captain Kidd buried his money on this island, and said that after you had helped us through haying, then some Sunday night you and I would go to the place, I would keep reading all the time the sixty-first Psalm. The ghosts will come and threaten you, but they can't hurt you as long as I keep reading. You keep on digging and you will soon come to a great iron pot with an iron cover, all filled with gold, and you shall have half of it."

She paused, looking me earnestly in the face, as if to see what impression had been made upon me. But I was puzzled even worse than over the hog-yoke question. I had signed shipping papers for four months and had served but two months. Captain Gray was not the man to let me off, and it seemed one of the conditions that I must help through haying. I explained my environments, when she said:

"Can you swim a mile?"

"Yes, two of them."

"All right; we can manage it."

"Can I always live with you after we find the gold?"

"Certainly."

"Have you a daughter named Lucy?"

"Yes."

"Is she handsome?"

"Come to the house and see for yourself."

I followed her in. She gave me no introduction, only said:

"That is Lucy," pointing towards what I still think the most perfect image of female loveliness at "sweet sixteen" that has ever crossed my vision.

I had started out with a view of becoming a pirate, in order that I might have plenty of money. Then with the

money I might obtain a wife as beautiful as Helen of Troy. But why turn pirate? Here was the money of a pirate ready to my hand, and no Helen could be fairer than Lucy. But there were two obstacles—the hog-yokes and my enlistment. However, as true love never did run smooth, I was rather glad of these difficulties, for like Hercules and Jason, and other heroes about whom I had read, I would prove my worthiness to aspire to the hand of Lucy by my fortitude and perseverance.

I stood in the center of the room while making these reflections, for the Hardys were not ceremonious and had not asked me to be seated. Lucy was setting the table for supper, and had passed out of the room as her mother pointed to her. So we had not spoken. Now she was returning. I felt that a most important crisis in my life had arrived. I must appear to advantage, and so try to fascinate her at first sight. But how? I had always been a boy and an "underling," as the Yankees called it. I had never talked love to any one, and, besides, I was dreadfully embarrassed at the thought of making love to one who seemed more like an angel than a mortal.

But I had no time to think. I could hear her little feet pattering on the floor, and my heart beat a tattoo in accompaniment. Something must be done and immediately. So I braced myself like David Crockett in a fight with wildcats. My attitude was certainly as graceful as that of a bear robbing a beehive. I locked my hands in front, not of my heart when in health, but where I imagined it might be on its way down to my boots. Then I tweedled my thumbs. Next I tried to twist my face into an interesting shape and stretch my mouth into a bewitching smile.

From the best of my recollection I think I must have succeeded most admirably. My impression now is that my smile resembled that of a monkey grinning over the effects of an indigestible dinner. All this took place in much less time than it takes to tell it. The patter of the little feet was drawing nearer and nearer. My angel would have passed me without so much as a look, but having gotten myself up expressly for the occasion, and having already missed a good thing on the hog-yoke question, reversing the tweedle of my thumbs and increasing their speed, I made an effort to confront her boldly, comforting myself with that beautiful passage which says, "Faint heart never won a fair lady." But, unfortunately, as I made the flank movement, I stepped upon a large and healthy clam. My lower limbs being at an angle of nearly ninety degrees, their remoteness was suddenly increased. I felt myself falling. O! the agony of that moment! Ten thousand hog-yoke questions were as nothing to it. I again reversed the tweedle of my thumbs and crowded on all steam. It was no go. The angle between my legs was becoming excruciatingly wide. Suddenly another fear came over me. Half-crazy Peter Hardy had told me when to cut hog-yokes. Suppose, as he looked at me, the insane idea should seize him that a time had arrived for cutting one. The thought was maddening. In the energy born of despair, my tweedling thumbs buzzing like a bumble-bee, my grin elongating until the top of my head was nearly an island, I squeaked out:

"How der do?"

By that time the angle aforesaid had increased to two hundred degrees; my body came down on the floor, and there I lay, my grin unabated, while the tweedle had grown positively ferocious. Of course, Lucy made a halt, gazed down compassionately upon me, opened her ruby lips, displaying her pearly teeth, as she softly murmured:

"Pooty well, I thank yer; how's all yer folks ter hum?"

For a moment all was still as the house of death. To my mental anguish was added acute physical pain, caused by the strain which I experienced before falling. It is often remarked of a dude lover, "See him spread himself," having metaphorical reference to an old gobbler or peacock. Finally the embarrassing silence was broken by old Peter, who kindly remarked:

"There, wife, I said he was not the young man we were looking for. He didn't know when to cut hog-yokes, and now he is so spread out of shape that he is good for nothing, not even to make a hog-yoke."

Lucy was kind enough to turn away and leave the room. Then her mother came and helped me up, while the old man took a walk in the open air, evidently greatly disgusted.

Mrs. Hardy was very kind to me; told me not to mind the old man, for he was crazy about hog-yokes, and we would get Kidd's money any way. Thus encouraged, I managed to get up and limp along to a chair. My experience in love-making had been brief and not very brilliant. So I resolved to pretend that it was all a joke, and that I fell down on purpose.

Lucy soon returned, completed the arrangements for supper, and I accepted an invitation to partake of their hospitality. Old Peter seemed entirely absorbed with his own thoughts. Lucy was also silent. A good opportunity was thus afforded Mrs. Hardy and myself for arranging our programme. She did the planning, and being perfectly satisfactory to me, I accepted of all the conditions. It was agreed that I should smuggle my clothes on shore, and that while sailing down the "Reach" (I think called "Edgemoggin Reach") I should slip overboard and swim to Deer Isle, get my clothes and hurry to their place, for it was already time to begin cutting hay.

After supper Lucy and I were left alone. This was very awkward for me, and seemed so for her. Although very beautiful, I could not forget how her salutation had betrayed not only lack of education, but good sense and good breeding. My idea of a wife was that she should be highly intellectual, educated and accomplished. True, there was nothing about me to win the love and admiration of such a lady, but the youth of eighteen, however undeserving, is likely to enthrone, in his airy castle, a lady vastly his superior. For beauty Lucy could fill the bill, but her greeting, "Pooty well, I thank yer; how's all yer folks ter hum?" took all the romance out of her beauty.

So I at once lowered my style to one on a level with her ignorance, and began:

"Good weather for ducks and goslings round here."

"Yas, and fer clams, too."

She was evidently poking fun at me, and to keep even with her I inquired:

"Have you a handle to your pig pen?"

"No; but dad says when the chap comes along who knows when to cut hog-yokes he's goin' to git him to make one."

"How far do you call it four miles due south from here?"

"Twice the length of a chap what can't stand up when he steps on a clam; now lay down and measure it."

"How many blue beans does it take to make ten?"

"If they're as blue as a chap is green who don't know the right time to cut hog-yokes, it wouldn't take more'n two."

"Did you ever sit down in your own lap?"

"No; but I guess I could if I trod on a clam."

"Suppose you were married and your husband got blown up with gunpowder, what would you do?"

"Wait till he come down."

"What is the difference between six dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen?"

"Two clams and a hog-yoke."

By this time I was too angry to say any more. I had taught school and was considered rather an intelligent young man. I was much given to saying sharp things (perhaps "impudent" would describe it better), and did not fear an encounter with any one. But here was an ignorant, unsophisticated girl of sixteen, who had beat me at my own game, winning every trick. Instead of admiring her for her wit, as I would now, I was foolish enough to get angry and leave without even saying good night.

But I wanted the Kidd treasure, and, in spite of my dislike for Lucy, resolved to do all in my power to obtain it. I hurried back to the schooner and that night got my clothes ashore. Two days later we set sail down the Reach. The sun was just setting and the moon rising. Watching my opportunity, I went over the side unobserved, dropped noiselessly into the water and struck out for the shore, a mile distant. I learned afterwards that I was not missed until the second "dog-watch," when all thought me drowned.

Ordinarily it would have been an easy swim for me, but I had not yet recovered from my strain when I so "spread myself," and the consequence was I had to do so much swimming with my arms that I was nearly worn out before my feet touched the bottom.

I reached Hardy's that night, and next day began mowing his grass. Nearly all the young men belonging to both islands follow seafaring lives in the summer, so there were at least half a dozen girls to one young man. The few who stayed at home were of the do-less, timid sort, so I was quite a hero. Evening parties were frequent, and I was always the favorite. Lucy refused to attend any of them, and I was glad of it. She seemed to hate me, and we rarely spoke. I could not learn that she had told of my mishaps on our first meeting, and therefore never alluded to her or the family.

The first Sunday I was there Mrs. Hardy went with me and showed the spot where Kidd's treasure lay buried. I was anxious to dig for it at once, but she said that would spoil it all, for when Kidd buried it there he killed and buried one of his men with it, charging him, in the name of the devil, to always guard it. Therefore, if I should begin to dig without working a charm, the ghost of the pirate would move the money to some other place where we could not find it. Besides, she had been warned in her dream that we must not try to get it until done haying. So I was obliged to be patient.

On Saturday noon, after working three weeks, the last load of hay was in the barn. Then there was nothing to do but wait for Sunday night. How long the time seemed to me only those can understand who have been waiting for tens of thousands of dollars, under the firm conviction that the money was sure to be forthcoming. Mrs. Hardy had been constantly feeding my hopes, and so confident had I become that my airy castles were already built with the money.

I attended a party of the young folks that Saturday evening, but my mind was so absorbed with the great secret that I took no pleasure in it and soon left. I retired to bed, but not to sleep. The next night my wildest dreams of wealth were to be realized, and the thought kept me awake. About midnight, my nervous system being greatly excited, I was startled by hearing three loud raps at the door of my room.

"Who's there?" I exclaimed.

There was no answer, but I heard a deep groan. Thinking that perhaps old Peter's madness might have suddenly assumed a dangerous form—perhaps had tried to kill his wife or daughter or attempted suicide—I received such a mental shock that my limbs fairly shook.

"Who's there?" I repeated.

Another groan, expressive of the greatest suffering, was the only answer. On the impulse of the moment I sprang up, and rushing to the door threw it open. There was no moon, yet a window on the opposite side of the chamber admitted sufficient light for me to discover a white object, which immediately vanished in the darkness. I called out to know if anything was wanted, but all was silence. Then I was more frightened than ever, for I thought that some supernatural being was in the room.

Crawling back to my bed I lay down, the perspiration fairly streaming from me. In my haste I had forgotten to close the door. This was terrible; for whether old Peter or a ghost, there was nothing to keep them out. I raised up to a sitting posture, and while looking towards the dim light that entered by the window, in the adjoining chamber I distinctly saw a white object appear in the range of the window, pause for a moment, and then disappear.

O Lord! how my heart beat. There were just three things that I feared—a crazy man, a corpse and a ghost,

but a ghost most of all. Here, then, was a predicament a thousand times worse than when I trod on the clam. Still staring, as scared persons will, as though anxious to discover something still more frightful, the white object again appeared, and to my horror was approaching the open door. I tried to cry out, but I was paralyzed in all my faculties but seeing and hearing; these were most intensely acute. The white object paused at the door, gave a groan, and then, in measured tones, with a sepulchral voice, drawled out:

"Dare to dig for Captain Kidd's money and I will—"

I heard no more. When I recovered my consciousness all was dark and still. The night wore away at last, and with the returning light of day my fears vanished. At last I slept. When I awoke old Peter was standing by my bedside.

"Come, young man," he exclaimed, "this is Sunday, the time you say for cutting hog-yokes. Breakfast is ready, and you had better hurry up."

Languidly I arose. I was as weak as though I had been ill for a month. I had no appetite and ate sparingly. No one remarked upon my haggard appearance, and I thought it best to say nothing concerning what had occurred during the night. After breakfast Mrs. Hardy paid me my wages, simply remarking:

"That makes us square up to this time, and after we get the money to-night we will divide it equally. We had hoped that you would take a liking to Lucy, so as to keep the money all in the family, but as you never notice her, why, of course, there will be no compulsion."

I thanked her and took a walk down by the beach. Sitting down I thought the matter all over. It made me sick and faint every time I thought of digging for the pirate's money. Flesh and blood, if alive, I did not fear, but a ghost or corpse was too much for me. I had been brought up to believe in ghosts, witches and all the superstitions of the dark ages, and, try as I would, I could not overcome my terror of the supernatural.

It was nearly noon before I could come to a decision what to do. Then I decided that I did not want Kidd's money at all. I would a thousand times rather turn pirate and make the money myself than risk encountering the ghosts of the pirates who had evidently sent me a warning.

I returned to the house, but all were away. Eagerly I made up a little bundle of my clothes, took a boat and crossed over to Deer Isle (for the tide was in), hurried across to Southwest Harbor, where I found a schooner on the point of sailing for Bangor, went aboard, and next morning we entered the mouth of the Penobscot River.

Thus ended my first experience in matters connected with the buried treasures of Captain Kidd. Years went by, yet I often wondered as I thought of the ghost that had so frightened me. I talked the matter over with my scientific friends, and they were of the unanimous opinion that the ghost business was only a dream, superinduced by my nervous excitement.

In 1859 I moved to Boston and took the editorial management of a weekly paper. Among the acquaintances made there was a Captain Andrew Dunning, formerly engaged in the West India trade, but, having amassed a handsome fortune, he had retired from the sea altogether. One day, while we were spinning sailor yards, I told him of my experience at Little Deer Isle. He enjoyed it very much, adding, when I had concluded, that it was the best yarn he had ever heard, and that he wished his wife could hear me tell it. Then he gave me a pressing invitation to dine with him the following day, saying that he would call for me with his carriage. Of course, I accepted the invitation.

Next evening, punctual to his appointment, he came for me. He lived out near Roxbury, in a pretty brown stone house. Arrived there he conducted me into a double parlor, at the farther end of which sat a lady, who immediately arose and approached us. She appeared to be about thirty-five, very beautiful, and something in the expression of her countenance that seemed quite familiar. Before the Captain could introduce us I started forward, exclaiming:

"Lucy!"

Yes, it was Lucy, and after a most cordial handshaking we all burst out laughing. We could not be dignified any more than on the occasion of our first meeting. Even after we sat down to dinner we could hardly eat or talk for laughing, as we recalled the ludicrous scenes of our first acquaintance.

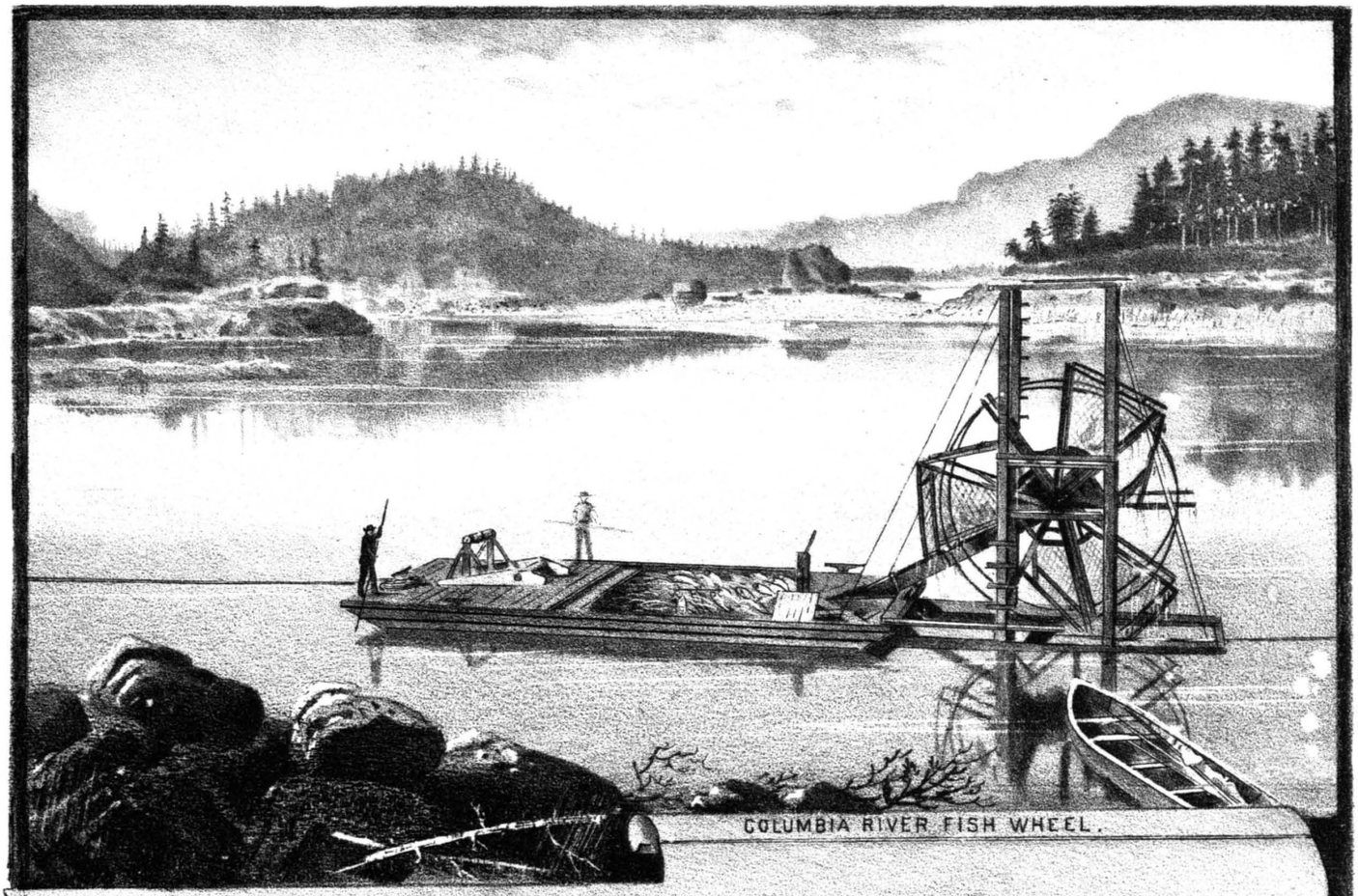
During the evening Mrs. Dunning explained all that had been so mysterious to me. Her father was a harmless lunatic. The care of the farm devolved upon her mother during the summer, while her brother was away to sea. They had heard of me before I visited their island, in consequence of my having been a schoolmaster and a countryman. It was very difficult to hire a man in haying, and her mother conceived the idea of tricking me into working for them. A friend of her's came and excited my curiosity to visit the island, and thus the work was begun.

But old Peter, crazy on the subject of hog-yokes, came near spoiling all by taking it into his head to negotiate instead of his wife. As for Lucy herself, she was then engaged to Captain Dunning, the marriage being deferred on account of her youth. She was opposed to the whole conspiracy, and, although well educated, she had played the part of an ignoramus so that I should not fall in love with her. The story of Kidd's money was very old, but no one knew the spot where it was buried. The dream of her mother was all an invention.

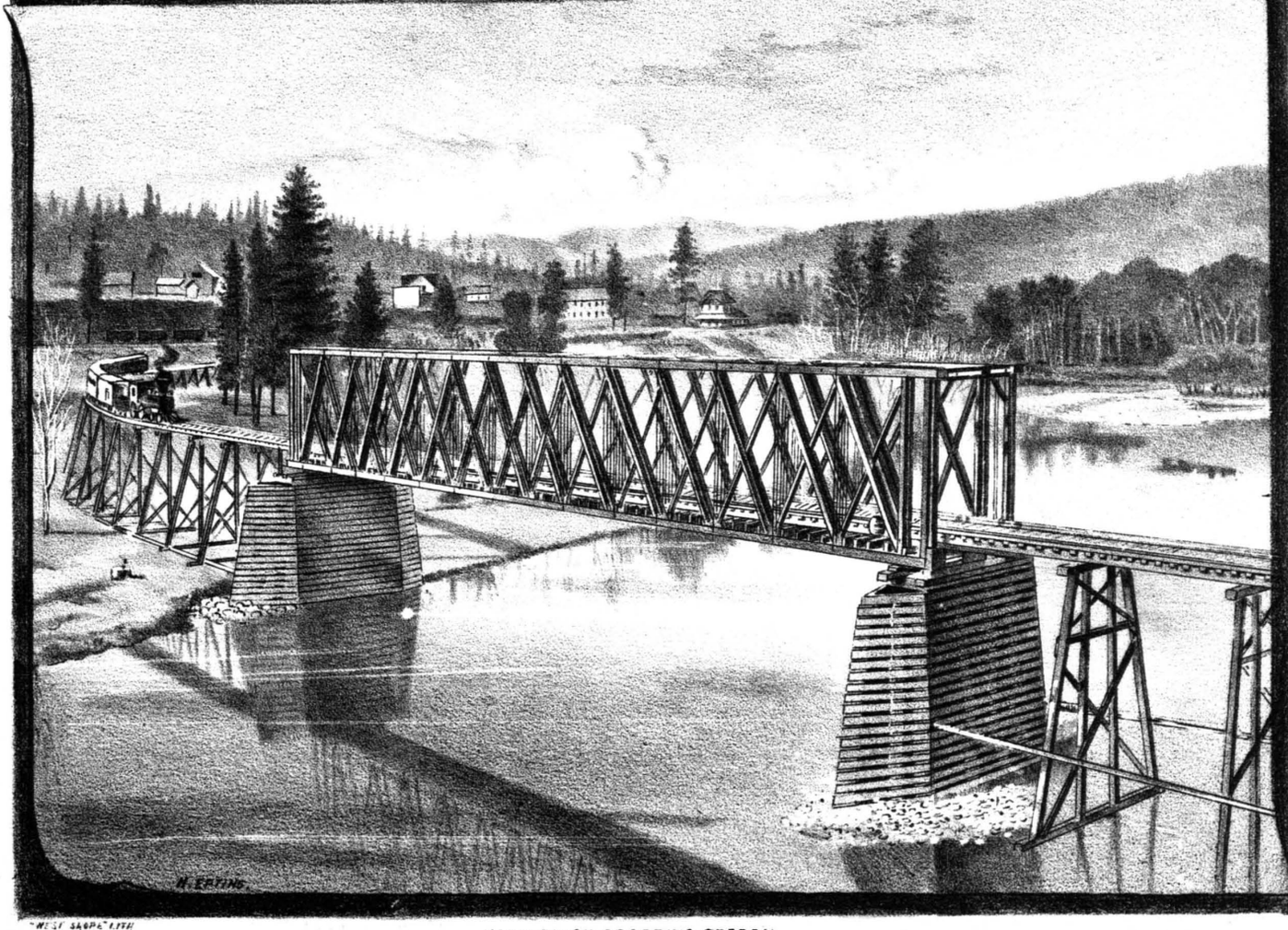
When the haying was done they were anxious to get rid of me, for they feared I might detect the trick. Mrs. Hardy played the ghost that Saturday night, and if I had persevered in going to dig for the money, she had arranged to have two or three ghosts appear, when she would scream and run away, feeling sure that I would follow her.

I spent a very pleasant evening with Captain Dunning and wife. If Mrs. Dunning is still living, and sees this reminiscence, no doubt she will enjoy a hearty laugh as she remembers how I "spread myself."

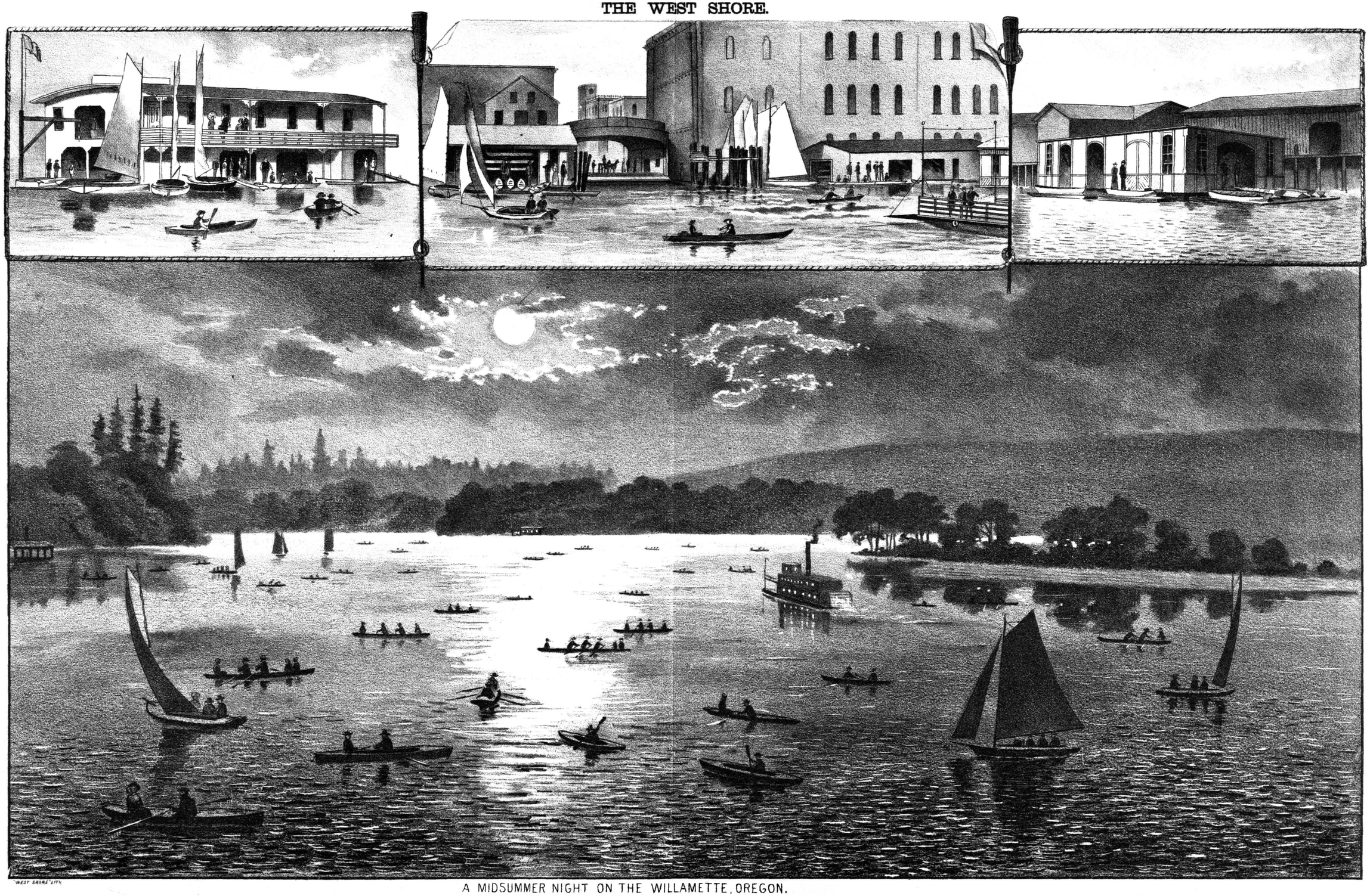
C.



COLUMBIA RIVER FISH WHEEL.

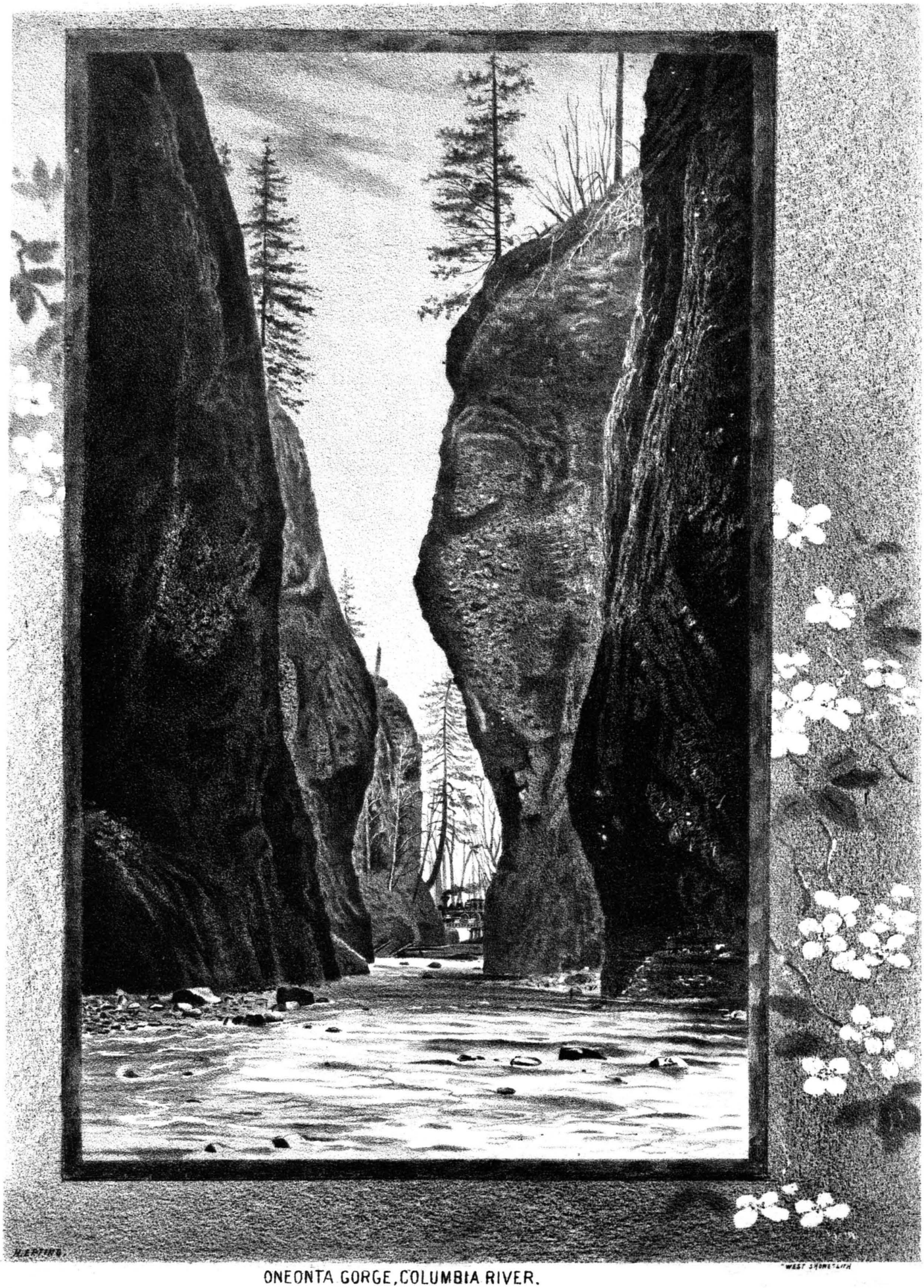


HOOD RIVER CROSSING, OREGON.



"WEST SHORE" LITH.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT ON THE WILLAMETTE, OREGON.



ONEONTA GORGE, COLUMBIA RIVER.

ETHEL ELIOT.

THE setting sun of a July day in 1859 gilded the ripples of the Fuca Sea as the good ship *Silver Heels*, cleaving the shining flood with a sharp prow, and spurning it from her trimly rounded sides and shapely stern, sped swiftly and gracefully before a favoring breeze, all sails set, to her destined anchorage at Port ——. She had come from Bath, Me., and bore many stains and scars from conflict with wind and weather on her long voyage around "the Horn," her taut canvas displaying frequent patches of silvery whiteness upon the straining sheets of dark gray, and her once green paint having suffered a sea change into a dimly neutral and nameless tint. She was a stranger in these waters, as the deputy collector of the Puget Sound district knew when he had made out her name with his glass.

July, 1859, was just in the height of the Fraser River gold excitement, and of the thousands of men, young and old, who had started for the mines from San Francisco and otherwheres, not a few had failed to get there, or had become satisfied of the hopelessness of the quest, and being stranded, financially, on the wilderness shores of the "finest body of water in the world," were now turning their attention to the "improvement" of a quarter section each of said wilderness. As their labors were not usually very arduous, several of these adventurers were sure to be loitering near the landing when a vessel was seen coming in from the straits. When the *Silver Heels* furled her canvas and ranged herself under bare poles in soundings, the crowd of spectators increased upon the beach, and was by and by rewarded with a sensation—the greatest of boons to men of their stamp, held the captives of untoward circumstances in an out-of-the-way corner of the great world, which in its revolutions seems to have dropped them off and forgotten to call for them at the next turn. Their reward was in seeing a woman, young and pretty, and an invalid, carried ashore on a bamboo couch, which was allowed temporarily to rest on the sands while some business matters were discussed between the captain of the *Silver Heels* and certain landsmen. Women were few in number in these regions. The few who were there were married to hard-working men, and had little leisure or opportunity for the graces of life. The stranger, one could see at a glance, had never known hardship, and was accustomed to the carpeted highways of existence. Nevertheless, those who gathered to gaze on her at a respectful distance, or who made excuses to pass near enough to catch the glance of her great brown eyes, full of a tender pain like those of a wounded doe, pitied instead of envying her, and forgave her on the spot for being their superior in all outward appearances. Even the little half-clad children of the settlers, although filled with awe of the fine lady, were drawn by the gentle magnetism of the clear brown eyes to gather about the bamboo couch, and bashfully to answer questions put in a voice and manner wholly captivating to their young hearts.

When Captain Kirke Eliot had concluded his business of landing, the spectators heard this bit of dialogue:

"Well, Ethel, what do you think of it all?"

"I think, brother, that I have found my work."

Then the sailors were commanded to take up the couch and its occupant and bear them to the village, a quarter of a mile distant, where a place had been engaged for their reception. As they approached with bared heads, half a dozen young men stepped forward from the crowd of spectators, their leader saying, "Permit us, captain!"

Captain Eliot would have refused, but Ethel said, "If you please, Kirke, let these gentlemen show us our new home."

The conquest was completed, the sailors retired saluting, and four Fraser River adventurers, who had mothers and sisters at home, lifted the light burden easily and marched away with it, while Captain Eliot and a numerous escort walked after them to their destination.

On the 1st of August the *Silver Heels* sailed for San Francisco with a cargo of piles for that market, but Ethel Eliot remained behind, alone with her new associations. She was not entirely helpless, her disease being a partial paralysis affecting the left hip, and rendering her liable to attacks of acute pain at intervals, while at other times, with the assistance of a pair of crutches, she could walk. The voyage had strengthened her, and the new climate promised not to impair the good result, but rather to continue and increase it. When her brother left her he had said, "Beware of taxing your new strength too much," and she had promised, almost gayly, to obey the injunction.

Captain Eliot's house was a one story, rambling aggregation of rather large rooms, which had been put together as the requirements of the housekeeping and storekeeping of its former occupants had seemed to indicate. I say *seemed* to indicate, because nobody with the least notion of convenience would have found it suited to either. But by dint of three weeks of assiduous labor in planning and altering it was made to assume a tolerably successful suggestiveness of its purpose to be a home for reasoning and intelligent, not to say comfort-loving, humanity. As the mistress of the house was, as I have explained, incompetent for any kind of household labor, the execution of her ideas devolved upon other hands than her own, and, on account of the scarcity of white women of any class, upon the hands of men, with only one exception, that of Chess, a native girl, who acted as housemaid, as far as she, in her ignorance of civilized living, was able. It was worth remarking what a number of men, who had never been known as mechanics or artisans of any sort, developed a knowledge of carpentering, paper hanging, carpet laying, and even of general housekeeping matters. Nor were the young Nimrods of the community, who offered freely of venison joints and steaks, ignorant of the methods of preparing them for the table, but were often seen in picturesque hunting dress serving in the kitchen with the dark-skinned Chess. So, whether Miss Eliot were classed with the lame or the lazy, she was provided for.

But it could hardly be said of Ethel that she was lazy, for only an active brain could have found so much for other people to do. She never walked a step beyond the gate of the new fence erected about the captain's house, made by nailing "shakes" to poles fastened to rude posts of unsawn timber. This fence was an eyesore to her when it was first built, but in a day or two its roughness had disappeared under a screen of shrubs brought from the woods and transplanted in the night, which grew and blossomed as if they had never known any other home. Pretty creeping plants were transferred to hanging receptacles in the girl's sitting room, and went on creeping and growing in graceful festoons about the windows, whose ugly smallness was cunningly disguised by dainty draperies of muslin and lace. Odd decorations for the walls were fashioned out of woody curios brought her by the half-clad children whose acquaintance she had made on the beach, and who now, instead of digging their toes idly in the sand hour after hour, busied themselves looking for and bringing to Ethel the hitherto unnoticed plants, shells, and even animals and insects, with which use had made them ignorantly familiar, and to which they had hitherto been indifferent. She told the children the right names of these objects, persuading to the use of them instead of the strange nomenclature current among the untaught, and was delighted with the eagerness exhibited to acquire knowledge of such things, natural history and botany coming before A B C to most of them. She gave them hints about cleanliness and tidiness in dress, seldom directly, but often when soliciting aid in matters which allowed of careful oversight, whereby she was able to teach without seeming to have intended it. No day passed that some of these educating processes were not carried on, though with little apparent effort or design.

When the *Silver Heels* returned from San Francisco in the middle of September she brought in her hold the machinery of a steam sawmill, which was to be erected at Port —— by Captain Eliot and his partner, who accompanied him, Howard Summerfield. Summerfield was an athlete, tall, broad-shouldered, straight, with regular features, a clear and fair skin, and blonde wavy hair and beard, the type of a complete physical man, whose conscience and sensibilities were not too refined for his comfort. But when he looked down from his lofty height into the brown, limpid depths of Ethel Eliot's eyes for the first time there was a something telephoned along his nerves which surprised and confused him, being unaccustomed to tremors of any sort. Perhaps the novelty of the sensation pleased him; perhaps he thought by familiarity to overcome it. At all events, he came almost daily to Captain Eliot's house, not infrequently assisting Ethel in imparting instruction to her pupils, suggesting and even providing a blackboard, upon which he gave examples in writing, drawing and arithmetic to the older children, while Ethel rested, and the young ones, like a brood of quail, scattered through the leafy coverts of the forest in search of material for another lesson.

"I never knew," said Summerfield one day, "that I had a talent for teaching, even to the extent of showing the difference between three jackstones and eight jackstones, or illustrating the principles involved in forming the capital letters in writing. I am indebted to you, Miss Eliot, for the discovery."

"Perhaps ignorance of your talents came only from a lack of opportunity," Ethel suggested.

"I think it was more likely to have been from a lack of incentive," returned he, quickly, in a tone which caused her to glance up at him from her reclining chair interrogatively.

"You see I am capable of self-examination," continued Summerfield, with a nervous laugh, "and that I am in the mood this afternoon. Why do not you question me, Miss Eliot, concerning my motives? Am I not as worthy of dissection as a mollusk?"

"Would it not be better that you should tell me what you choose?" asked Ethel, gently. "My capacity for dissection may not extend higher than a mollusk, and, besides, I should not fancy picking my friends to pieces."

"I am sure you would not; you are too kind and good for that cruel pastime. But I will not tempt you by directing your attention upon my spiritual anatomy. 'Let us close the exercises,' as the preachers say, by reading a poem from Coleridge. May I select?"

Then the tall, graceful, life and health abounding man read with consummate skill and eloquence the exquisite idyl of Genevieve, sitting with his face to the sparkling sea, and, when he had ceased, remaining motionless and silent, with his gaze fixed upon the ripples.

What was it that came to Ethel in those few moments, lying there weak and prostrate? A picture of what her life ought to be—a wild longing to be loved and to love, a passionate protest against helplessness and self-renunciation. The sweet tears that had sprung in sympathy with the poet's picture and the reader's voice suddenly turned bitter with the thought of the future and its losses, and her bosom heaved with convulsive sobs.

"Forgive me, Miss Eliot," Summerfield exclaimed, remorsefully. "I should have remembered your weakness and your tenderness of heart. Would it atone ever so little if I were to confess that I could weep with you for the mischief I have done?"

His voice shook; he knelt and kissed the hands pressed over the tear-stained face. The electric touch restored her composure. A little bird of joy carolled in Ethel's soul, and a new light beamed from the soft eyes when a moment later she ventured to meet the troubled gaze of Summerfield.

What did she see there to check the momentary exultation and repel her, in spite of the sympathizing words and act? Or did the doubt in his mind communicate itself electrically to hers?

"Oh, thank you for your sympathy," she said, quite quietly, "and please do not remember this scene. I sometimes cry for Kirke's benefit, but never before displayed my babyishness to any one else."

"You may depend on me not to refer to it, but to forget it—that might not be possible. Shall I send

Chess to you? No? May I see you to-morrow? You will need me, I fear."

And so he went away, and Ethel was left to reflect and resolve as women do, to whom is left the hard solution of so many problems in life.

The weeks and months wore on. The children of the mechanics employed in erecting the mill came to Ethel's school. She taught the girls to sew and to make pretty knick-knacks, which were to be disposed of at a fair, to be held at Christmas time, to raise money to erect and furnish a school house in Port ——. The sale was an entire success, as every man in the vicinity was more than willing to buy anything that came from Miss Eliot's dainty fingers, and glad of an opportunity to meet the women and half-grown girls of the village on social terms. A Christmas tree, which was one of the attractions, contained, besides trifles for every one, several substantial contributions to the fund. Those who could afford it gave liberally. The town proprietors presented the ground, the mill company the lumber, the chief mechanic the plan, modified by Ethel's tasteful suggestions. Other men contributed their labor, and all were interested in having the prettiest school house on the Sound.

Meanwhile Ethel kept on with her self-imposed labor, her condition remaining much the same, although her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone with a warmth and brightness, borrowed from the sea air or from some newborn hopefulness. Summerfield's daily visits continued, and to the eyes of any ordinary observer they seemed to have no meaning other than the friendliness of an intimate acquaintance and business partner. But to Ethel they came, from being first a pleasure, to be at length a necessity. Daily more and more he grew into her life, which was nothing without him, and the strong magnetism of his physical soundness built her up consciously.

> In joining contrasts lieth love's delights,
> Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie.

Like the somnambulist, walking confidently on the edge of a dizzy abyss, she went on unshrinking to the rude awakening.

June came in all its splendor of sunny days, flashing waters and flowering shrubbery, and with it came from San Francisco, on board the *Silver Heels*, a party of ladies and gentlemen to spend a few weeks at Port —— and the neighboring ports. Among these pleasure seekers was Irene Summerfield, the gay and handsome sister of Howard Summerfield, and was quartered at Captain Eliot's.

Ethel was not long in discovering that Kirke's fancy was captivated and his heart ensnared by their brilliant guest, nor was the discovery distasteful to her, after the first pang of sisterly protest, natural when a beloved brother turns to a new and different love. She had little in common with Irene, but she reflected that there had always been a sort of gulf between her and other girls, caused by her inability to join in their pleasures and pursuits. She acknowledged to herself that it would add much to Kirke's happiness to have the companionship of this strong, bright woman. And then would it not beautifully complete the family bond already tacitly existing between her brother and Irene's brother?

A party was made up to visit a neighboring island, and Ethel, out of compliment to her guest, consented to join the company, though she usually shrank from excursions, because she was sensitive about the trouble she gave.

"I really cannot understand," she said, "why people wish to go on picnics here, where life is all one picnic."

"Oh, when we are turned nomads we must needs wander," retorted Miss Summerfield, to which argument Ethel succumbed.

The long and happy summer day was almost done, and Ethel reclined upon a pile of shawls in the shade of a spreading maple near the boats, whose branches on one side almost swept the ground. Chess was busy gathering up the silver and linen used at luncheon and packing it in baskets. The party, scattered in various directions, were sauntering towards the landing in answer to a preconcerted signal of return. A couple passed close by the leafy screen which concealed Ethel from observation.

"You, certainly, Howard, would not think of marrying a paralytic girl?" said the voice of Miss Summerfield.

"You have said it, Irene. Our family have never been famed for self-sacrifice, which is one reason we are always at the top. Your case is different; you will not find it any loss to mate with Kirke Eliot."

Irene's answer was half lost. "If he would live . . . . . Of course Ethel . . . . . Kirke could not require . . . . . in my home . . . . teaching and nonsense." They passed on and Ethel heard no more.

When Summerfield came to look for and escort her to the boat he was struck as when, in the "Holy Grail" of Lowell:

> The soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
> And looked at Sir Launfel, till straightway he
> Remembered.

For he remembered the conversation he had had with his sister while passing that spot, and in the light of it, without knowing how little had been overheard, was able to interpret the look in Ethel's eyes when they met his.

As the mother bird flies with the appearance of being wounded to divert observation from its brood, so the womanly nature has its instinctive devices to conceal pain. Except for that unconscious revelation of a look Ethel gave no sign. She walked with less difficulty than usual, and laughed and chatted gayly as the gayest.

"Is this the girl," thought Summerfield, "whom I have made cry reading a poem? It is impossible she could have heard what was said; let me dismiss the mortifying belief."

But the reaction soon came, and in a few days Ethel's school was closed, temporarily she told the children, while she took a vacation to recover from the fatigues of too much company. Irene Summerfield returned to San Francisco the affianced wife of Kirke Eliot. Ethel kissed her and wished her a life of happiness, but said little, even to her brother, concerning the coming marriage. But when he told her, one day in July, that the

Silver Heels was going on a voyage to Bath the following month, she gave a little cry, and announced her desire to go in her back to her old home.

"But, Ethel," he protested, "I had planned a far pleasanter life for you in San Francisco with Irene. It seems all wrong that you should go away, and now of all times, when I am going to marry so companionable a woman as Miss Summerfield."

"When you are Irene's husband I shall have lost you, Kirke. She is of the great world and I am not. She will not want me nor like my ways. I shall be better at home, where I am mistress of my own little maimed life, at least."

"Why did you not say this before, Ethel? If I had known you had such feelings I should not have asked Irene to marry until you were reconciled."

"Oh, my dear brother," cried she, giving way to a burst of tears and sobbing out her grief upon his breast, "do not reproach me, but I am very unhappy, and I shall be better out of everybody's way."

"Whom do you mean by everybody, Ethel? Do you mean Howard Summerfield?"

"He is only one," whispered she, guarding her secret still.

"Is there—has there ever been anything between you?" asked her brother, with sudden sternness.

"Dear Kirke, how could there be anything between a man like Howard Summerfield and *me?* Do not ask such painful questions. Let me go home, and when you are settled in your new life I may some time visit you."

"I will think it over," he said, and went away to break the news to Summerfield.

The next day Summerfield sought an interview with Ethel.

"You must long have known, Ethel, that I loved you. I fear, also, that you have, in some way, learned of a most unworthy cowardice in my nature, with which you generously refrain from accusing me. May I entreat you to let that pass, and to make me more happy than I deserve by telling me that I may hope to win you for my wife?"

"Hush!" she said, with paling lips; "this is worse than all. Go, and do not tell my brother."

It was in vain he entreated. Her resolution was taken.

The *Silver Heels* sailed from the straits in August, commanded by her first officer. In January, 1861, by the arrival of a vessel from Valparaiso, the news was brought of her total loss in the South Pacific. The civil war broke out soon after, and Summerfield volunteered to fight the battles of his country, being killed after being made a colonel. The school house at Port —— bears this legend over the entrance:

The Ethel Eliot Memorial School.
1860.

And if you talk with the pioneers of that neat milling town you will hear many stories of the beautiful lame girl after whom it was named by her affectionate admirers.

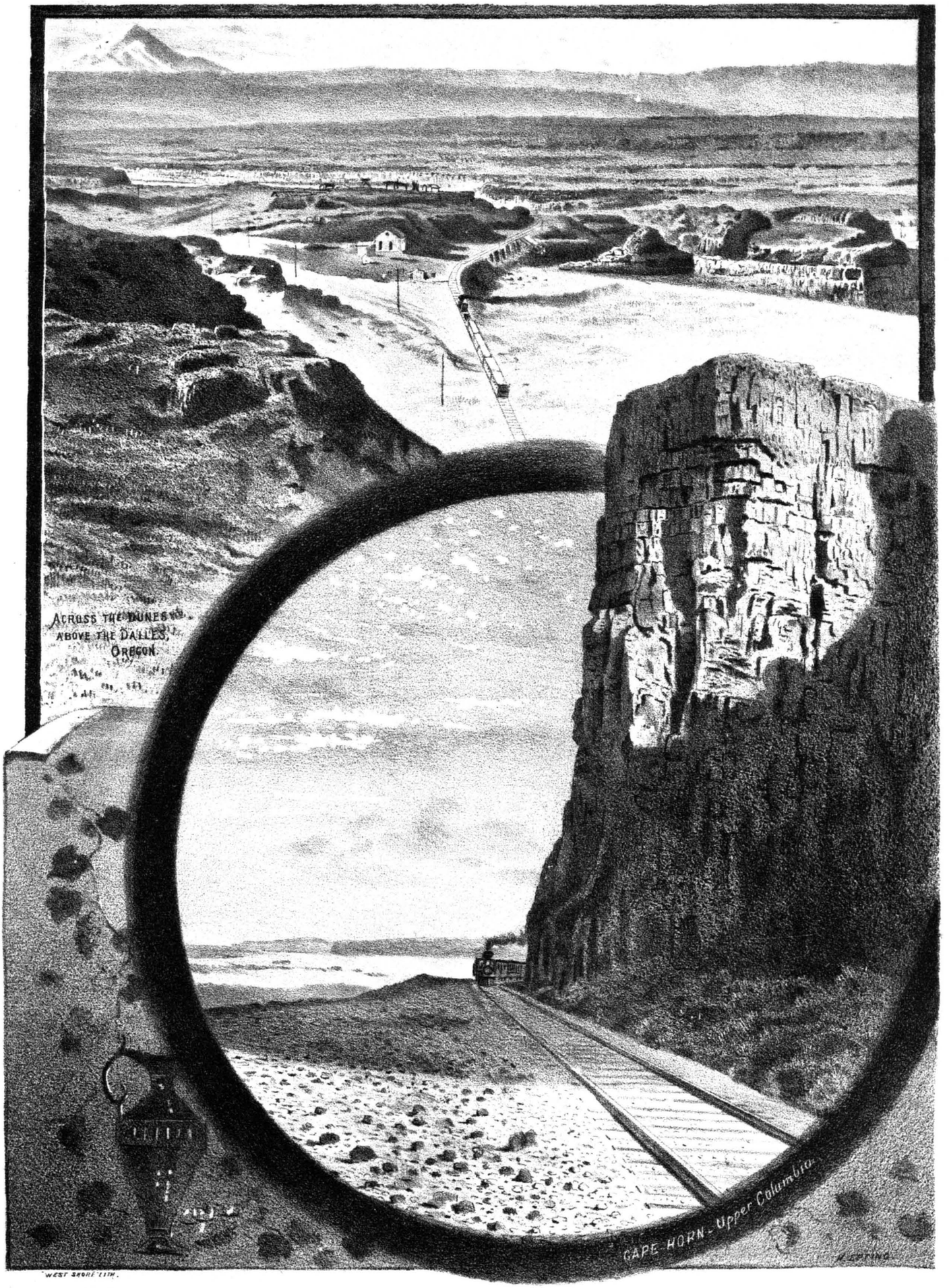
FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

EATING AT NIGHT.

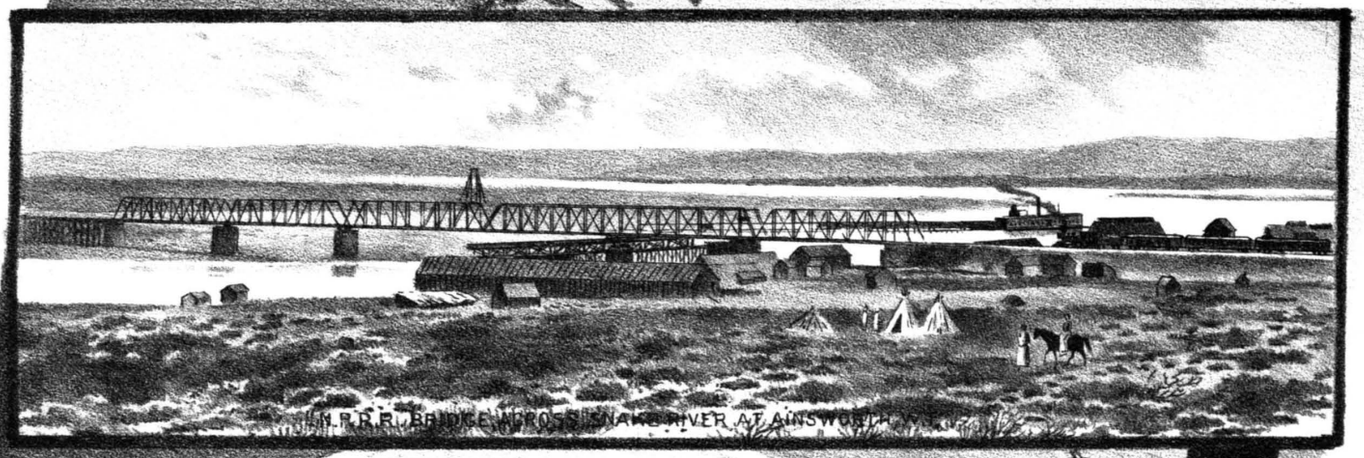
POPULARLY eating at night is thought injurious, but unless dinner or supper have been late, or the stomach disordered, it is harmless and beneficial—that is, if one be hungry. Four or five hours having elapsed since the last meal, invalids and the delicate should always eat at bedtime. This seems heretical, but it is not. Food of simple kind will induce sleep. Animals after eating instinctively sleep. Human beings become drowsy after a full meal. Why? Because blood is solicited toward the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, becomes pale, and the powers become dormant. Sleep therefore ensues. This is physiological. The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness often is merely a symptom of hunger. Gratify the desire and you fall asleep. The writer recently was called at two A. M. to a lady who assured him that she was dying. The body was warm, the heart doing honest work. To her indignation he ordered buttered bread (hot milk or tea were better) to be eaten at once. Obeying, the moribund lady was soon surprised by a return of life and desire to sleep. The feeble will be stronger at dawn if they eat on going to bed. Fourteen hours lie between supper and breakfast. By that time the fuel of the body has become expended. Consequently the morning toilet fatigues many. Let such eat at bedtime, and take a glass of warm milk or beef tea before rising. Increased vigor will result. "But the stomach must rest." True. Yet when hungry we should eat. Does the infant stomach rest as long as the adult's? The latter eats less often merely because his food requires more time for digestion. Seldom can one remain awake until half-past ten or eleven in the evening without hunger. Satisfy it and sleep will be sound. During the night give wakeful children food. Sleep will follow. The sick should invariably eat during the night. This is imperative. All night the delicate and children may take warm milk, beef tea or oatmeal gruel. Vigorous adults may also eat bread and milk, cold beef, mutton, chicken and bread, raw oysters, all of course in moderation. Do not eat if not hungry. Eat if you are.—*Boston Physician.*

OF pyrethrum Professor Cook says: "This substance, the powdered flower heads of plants now extensively grown in some portions of our country, is a certain specific against insects. I have found to dust it on the cabbage with a dust bellows, even though diluted with twenty times its bulk of flour, means death to nearly all the worms. If we use a fountain pump and force it on the plants mixed with water—one tablespoonful to two gallons of the liquid—I find it even more efficient to destroy. I have found that forced on plants already headed, in this way, it kills nearly all the larvæ with a single application. It is worthy of remark that as pyrethrum kills insects by contact, serving to paralyze them, it is not at all poisonous to man or the higher animals. I have fed it to a dog, with no evil results to the brute."

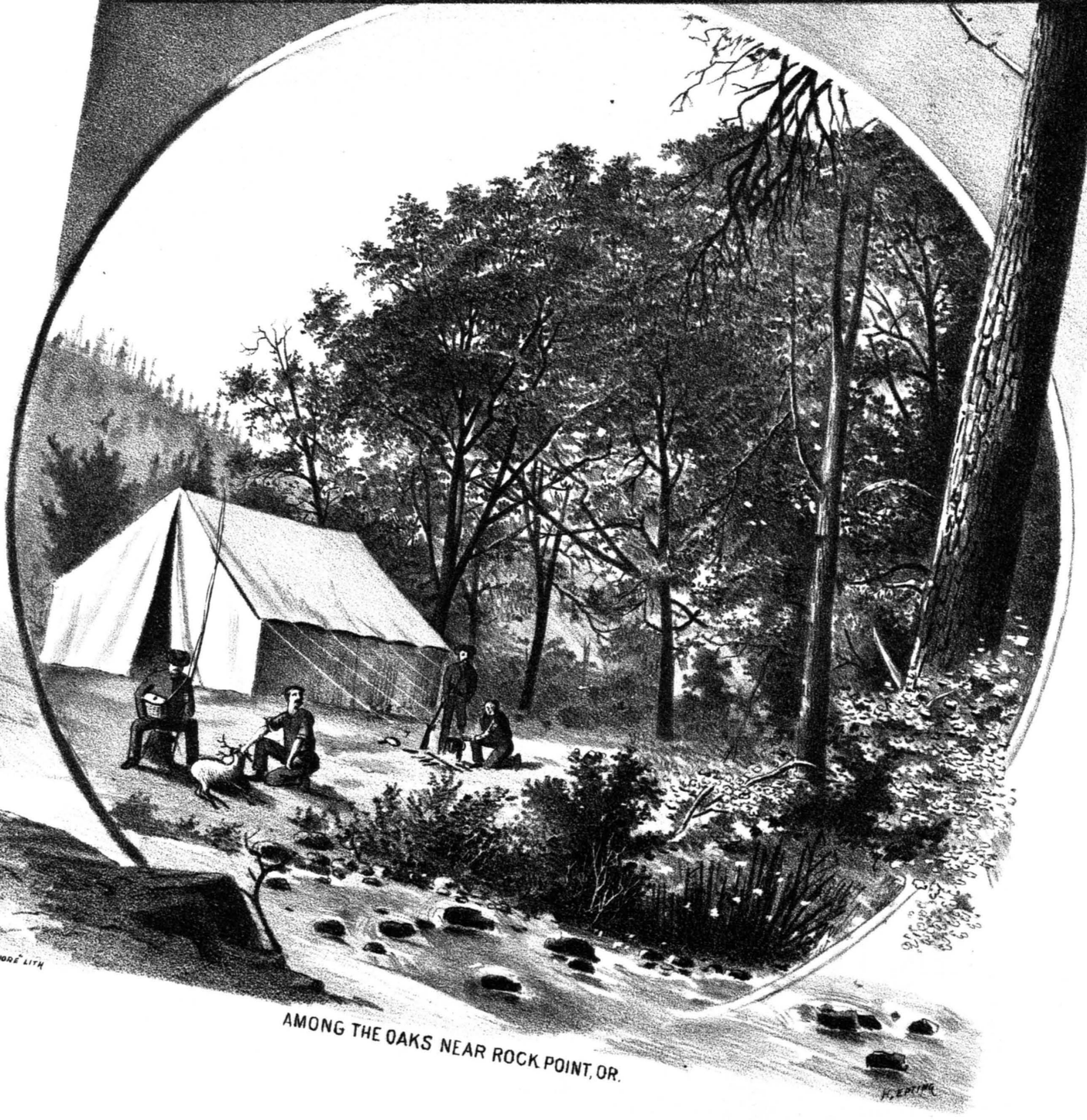
THE WEST SHORE.



THE WEST SHORE.



N.P.R.R. BRIDGE ACROSS SNAKE RIVER AT AINSWORTH



AMONG THE OAKS NEAR ROCK POINT, OR.

WEST SHORE LITH

A STUDY OF HUSBANDS.

WE hear much about the art of winning a husband. Let us take a step further and make a study of keeping a husband. If he is worth winning he is worth keeping. This is a wicked world, and man is dreadfully mortal. Let us take him just as he is, not as he ought to be. In the first place, he is very weak. The wife must spend the first two years in discovering these weaknesses, count them on her fingers and learn them by heart. The fingers of both hands will not be too many. Then let her study up these weaknesses, with a mesh for every one, and the secret is her's. Is he fond of a good dinner? Let her tighten the mesh around him with fragrant coffee, light bread and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Is he fond of flattery about his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words if her supply gives out. Does he like to hear her talk about his brilliant intellect? Let her pore over the cyclopedia to give variety to the depth of her admiration. Flattery is a good thing to study up at all hazards, in all its delicate shades, but it must be skillfully done. The harpy who may try to coax him away will not do it absurdly. Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub; let her be bright and tidy; that's half the victory. Next, let her bang her hair, metaphorically, and keep up with the times. A husband who sees his wife look like other people is not going to consider her "broken down." Though it is a common sneer that a woman has admitted that her sex consider more, in marrying, the tastes of her friends than her own, yet it must be considered ludicrous that a man looks at his wife with the same eyes that other people do. Is he fond of literary matters? Listen to him with wide-open eyes when he talks of them. A man doesn't so much care for a literary wife if only she will be literary enough to appreciate him. If she have literary inclinations, keep them to herself.

Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman's none. Cultivate helplessness. Is he curious? Oh, then you have a treasure; you can always keep him if you have a secret and keep it carefully. Is he jealous? Then, woman, this is not for you; cease torturing that fretted heart which wants you for its own and teach him confidence. Is he ugly in temper and fault finding? Give him a dose of his own medicine skillfully done. Is he deceitful? Pity him for his weakness; treat him as one who is born with a physical defect, but put your wits to work—it is a bad case. It is well not to be too tame. Men do not waste their powder and shot on hens and barnyard fowls; they like the pleasure of pursuing wild game—quail and grouse and deer. A quail is a good model for a wife—neat and trim, with a pretty swift-way-about, and just a little capricious. Never let yourself become an old story; be just a little uncertain. Another important fact is, don't be too good; it hurts his feelings and becomes monotonous. Cultivate a pleasant voice, so that this very mortal man may have his conscience prick him when he is in jeopardy; its pleasant ring will haunt him much more than would a shrill one. It is hard to do all this, besides taking care of the babies and looking after vexatious household cares and smiling when he comes home, but it seems necessary. "To be born a woman is to be born a martyr," says a husband who for ten years had watched in amazement his wife treading the winepress of her existence. It is a pitiful sight to some men. But if the wife does not make a study of these things the harpy will, to steal away the honor from his silver hairs when he is full of years and the father of sons and daughters. At the same time, good wife, keep from trying any of these things on any mortal man but your own. These rules are only evolved in order to "keep a husband." The poor, weak creature would rather be good than bad, and it is woman's duty to hold him by every means in her power.

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION BUILDING.

THE main building of the New Orleans exhibition is in some respects the most remarkable edifice ever built in this country. It is much the largest exposition building ever erected in the world. The architect has succeeded in producing the largest single room, every part of which can be seen from any point, of which there is any knowledge. The building is 1,378 feet long by 905 feet wide, and covers 33 acres, or 11 acres more than the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876. There are 1,656,300 square feet of floor space. The reader may form a better impression of the vast dimensions of the structure by imagining three ordinary city blocks one way and five the other covered by a solid roof; and, if he chooses to allow his fancy carry him still farther, he can picture a monster panorama of the world's industry, extending before his vision uninterrupted by a single object except the supports. The building is 60 feet high, with a tower 115 feet high, and the architect has been fortunate in rendering the exterior unique and attractive. A platform will be erected on the tower, reached by elevators, from which visitors may have an exceptionally fine view of the city of New Orleans, the exposition grounds, the Mississippi River and the surrounding country. There will be one line of gallery extending around the entire circumference of the building, to which visitors will be carried by twenty steam and hydraulic elevators, representing all the manufacturers of these conveyances in this country. The music hall, situated in the center of the building, will comfortably seat 11,000 persons and 600 musicians. To light the building with incandescent lamps will require 15,000 lights and 1,800 horse power. To light with the arc system will require 700 lamps and 700 horse power to operate the dynamo. The total steam required for lighting and for the machinery hall will be at least 3,000 horse power. In this estimate is included the power for five arc lights of 36,000 candle power each, which will light the grounds. These are the largest single lamps ever constructed. The cost of this great structure, lacking no single desirable feature for the purpose intended, will only be about $400,000, and the other buildings will be proportionately inexpensive.

NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

The extension of the Wood River branch of the Oregon Short Line to Ketchum has been commenced. The Philadelphia Smelting Company is backing the movement financially.

The Maiden Reduction Company has been organized to construct a smelter in the Maiden District, Montana. Capital for the enterprise was furnished by the miners of the district and the business men of Billings.

The Maginnis Mining Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of $500,000. A mill, with a capacity to crush from fifteen to twenty tons of ore per day, will be erected immediately in the Maiden District, Montana.

Lieutenant B. A. Colonna, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, is making a thorough survey of the Straits of Fuca. He has received permission from the Dominion Government to erect marks, signals, etc., on Vancouver Island.

A planing mill, with a full set of wood-working machinery, has been added to the industries of Weston, Or. Graham & Son, the proprietors, propose at no distant day to add machinery for iron work, so that agricultural implements and machines can be repaired, and to erect a chop and feed mill.

The sealing season off Cape Flattery has closed with a total catch nearly twice that of last year. The fleet consisted of seven American schooners and a number of English vessels. The season this year began in January and lasted until the 1st of June, when the seals departed for their Arctic feeding grounds.

Title deeds for the right of way for the proposed branch of the Oregon Short Line to Boise City have been secured and delivered to the attorney of the company. Contract for the grading has been let and a large force is now on the ground. Boise will soon rejoice in being united to the great railway system of the country.

A chief of the Makah tribe, named Peter, has purchased the schooner *Letitia*, a craft of thirty tons, and entered her at the Port Townsend Custom House. The captain of the little vessel is Jeff Davis, a full blood Indian, who was educated at the Agency school. The *Letitia* will engage in the coast trade along the Sound and Straits of Fuca.

The new steamer *Alki*, for the coast coal trade, has been completed at Bath, Me., and will soon sail from New York for San Francisco, passing through the Straits of Magellan. She is 201 feet long, 22 feet 7 inches breadth of beam and 16 feet depth of hold. The saloon is handsomely furnished, and she possesses stateroom accommodations for fifty passengers.

Clatsop County has increased rapidly in population, wealth and business enterprises during the past four years. In 1880 there were 970 votes cast in the county, 1,206 in 1882, and 1,792 in 1884. In the city of Astoria 881 votes were cast, while 1,292 ballots were deposited at the recent election. At the usual rate of five inhabitants to each voter, this will give a total population of 6,460, exclusive of some 2,000 Chinamen.

It has been reported that a contract for 200,000,000 feet of lumber, for use on the Panama Canal this season, has been awarded to a combination of the Puget Sound mills. The annual demand upon the seven mills of the combination is 300,000,000 feet, and they are working but nine hours per day, and to fill this contract they will be compelled to run continuously night and day. It will add $2,000,000 to the value of lumber shipments, load 300 large ships, and give employment in the woods and mills to 2,000 men in addition to the present working force.

Sixteen miles from Caldwell, Idaho, mining is being done in a portion of the old bed of Snake River, which has recently become exposed by a change in the current of the stream. The gold of Snake River is fine "flour gold," and consequently difficult to work, but in these new diggings nuggets and coarse gold are reported. At intervals along the river, for several hundred miles, the banks are being worked by the use of a number of newly devised machines for saving the fine gold, several of which are reported as working very successfully. The indications are that, as these new processes become better known, mining along the whole course of the stream will be engaged in profitably by thousands of men.

Lower Yakima, that portion of the county in which the Northern Pacific is at work, is settling up quite rapidly. At Prosser Falls, about midway between Yakima City and Ainsworth, the town of Prosser is springing up, in the midst of a fine agricultural country. The falls have a descent of thirty feet, and furnish abundant power for manufacturing, as well as unrivaled facilities for irrigating the land on both sides of the Yakima below that point. South is the fine bunch grass region known as "Horse Heaven," which is now being rapidly taken up for agricultural purposes, while north lies a vast stretch of bunch grass uplands. Several irrigating enterprises in various portions of Yakima County will soon open to cultivation thousands of acres of land.

To show what can be done with the land on the Umatilla Reservation, it is only necessary to tell of the operations of "Hank" Vaughn. Only fourteen months ago he began work on a tract of over 2,000 acres, which was then unbroken and unfenced prairie land, similar to thousands of acres around it. He now has 900 acres of wheat, 480 of barley, 15 of oats, 30 of vegetables, 160 of pasture, and 600 broken for fall seeding. He expects to clear $22,000 by his year's operations on this wild land. To accomplish this result required energy, judgment and sufficient capital to pay for help, procure the best machinery, etc., and it demonstrates what can be done by the right kind of a man, with a few thousand dollars for capital, in the magnificent region lying at the northwestern base of the Blue Mountains.

Attention is now being turned toward the Aleutian Islands, off the west coast of Alaska, as suitable for stock ranges. The area of the whole group is in the

neighborhood of 8,000 square miles, 3,000 of which are fine valley land, bearing rich, nutritious grasses, while on the hillsides a very good quality of grass grows profusely, which would make 4,000 miles admirably suited for cattle ranches. Several small streams flow into the ocean, which abound with trout. The lowest temperature recorded by the United States signal station was 6 degrees above zero, and the highest hot term never exceeded that of Western Oregon, while gnats and mosquitoes, so prevalent in other countries, are unknown here. Prairie fires are unknown, grass keeping green up to the first frost in December. The Japanese black stream, corresponding to the Gulf stream in the Atlantic, flows almost around these islands, making the temperature better than that of Great Britain.

East of Mount Baker, and extending from Skagit County, through Whatcom, to British Columbia, is a large valley containing much fine arable land. At present it is a sportsman's paradise. Bear, elk, deer, mountain sheep, grouse, partridge, geese, ducks, and such fur-bearing animals as beaver, otter, mink and marten, abound. Mountain trout swarm in the numerous streams and small lakes. The soil is rich loam, and it is not difficult to clear the land of the underbrush and somewhat scattered timber. The timber of the valley and adjacent mountain slopes consists of cedar, spruce, fir, hemlock and a little white pine, the smaller growths being vine maple, alder and salmon berry. Placer gold has been discovered and some prospecting has been done on quartz ledges, which are numerous, and show assays from $20 to $60 per ton. At present there is no road nor pack trail into the valley, but one will probably be built from the head of navigation on the Skagit. The scenery is grand beyond description—streams, lakes, mountain canyons and numerous snow-crowned peaks of varying outlines combining to keep a pleasing picture constantly before the eye.

Recently J. J. Hill made a careful inspection of the line of the proposed railroad from Butte City, via Helena, the Great Falls and Sun River, to Fort Benton. In a subsequent interview, after remarking that he would prefer the railroad business of Butte City to that of an Eastern city of 60,000 inhabitants, he said: "You can say that I think very favorably of the proposed road from Helena to Fort Benton. Colonel Dodge, who visited this section a few days ago, came in my interest and has made his report. I am well satisfied with the outlook. In a few weeks I will have a force of engineers in the field, and as soon as practicable the route will be determined upon. But what this section of Montana wants is cheap transportation, and that is best secured by direct railroad communication rather than that which is circuitous. By information I have gleaned from various sources, I know there is a country of great resources and capabilities east of us (the region north of the Missouri in Montana and Dakota), and that is the direction whence your most important railroads will come. By that route Northern Montana can ship her grain and ore and cattle at a profit, when it might not be possible to do so by any other. I am very much interested in that country, and will watch with as much interest as any of your citizens the action of Congress in regard to the reduction of the immense northern reservation."

NEW LANDS IN WESTERN MONTANA.

THE *Frontier Index*, published at the new town of Thompson's Falls, which is the railroad shipping and supply point for the Cœur d'Alene mines, on the Montana side, thus speaks of the agricultural prospects in that region: "Our people should petition that the lands between Frenchtown and Pend d'Oreille Lake be surveyed. We have in this valley of the Upper Pend d'Oreille River (properly called Clarke's Fork of the Columbia, and generally so indicated on the maps,) and its immediate tributaries enough acres of agricultural land to make good homes for 15,000 people, with 160 acres each. As an instance of what is going on right at our doors in the gardening line, we will mention that James and Denver Laughlin relocated a ranch at the mouth of Thompson River this spring, and that from volunteer potatoes that lay in the ground all winter they have one acre that will give us new potatoes on the market by the 4th of July. They have corn two feet high that was planted in April. They are growing every variety of vegetables that usually flourish in the kitchen gardens of the Northwestern States. Wild clover grows profusely. The water is the purest on earth. Winter wheat would be covered with two feet of snow, and if the grass is any index of the growth of wheat, this cereal will attain to a height of ten inches by the time the snow is fairly off, for that is exactly what the grass does. We do not hesitate to say that the valley of the Upper Pend d'Oreille and its tributaries, for 200 miles, is to-day the choicest place on the American continent for a man to locate a homestead. The Northern Pacific Railroad runs the full length of the valley. As the land is not surveyed, and may not be for many years, unless settlement is rapidly made, all that it will cost to take it up is a man's occupancy, as no money is required at the United States Land Office until after survey. Should a portion of any settler's farm be found to be on an odd, or railroad, section after the Government surveys are made, the railroad company will not tax any one more than $2.60 per acre, even if Congress finally decides that any portion of the land grant along here shall be confirmed. And whatever portion is found to be on even sections will be as free to the homesteader as our mountain hospitality. The alfalfa of California is grown successfully in Utah, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. It cuts an average of three crops per year. In this valley of the Upper Pend d'Oreille this clover would do better than in any other part of the inter-mountains, mainly because the snow will protect it in winter and because the ground never freezes. Every person opening a farm along here should put in a few acres of alfalfa this season. It will make a sure and rich crop of hay, and will be very profitable on this land, where clover is indigenous in great profusion."

THE SONG OF THE BEARS.

THE Coast Indians, inhabiting the mainland and islands from Puget Sound to Alaska, were found by the early explorers to be more intelligent and to have reached a higher degree of civilization than other tribes of the Pacific Coast living north of Mexico. Meares and Cook observe in their reports that the Nootkas of Vancouver Island were familiar with the nature of both copper and iron, and were quite skillful in working those metals, and by the use of ingeniously devised tools of their own manufacture made many articles of woodenware. In many particulars they exhibited a knowledge and appreciation of things of which the aborigines of America were generally ignorant. The customs and manner of living of all the Island Indians with whom the explorers and early fur traders had dealings were peculiar and interesting, and their language was rich in legendary lore. Even to the present time these legends have been handed down, and are related by the old men of the tribes to the younger ones, who are to preserve them for posterity.

But little effort has been made by the white people to learn the customs and legends of these Northern tribes; in fact, no one has attempted so to do in a systematic manner. The Indians are quite reticent, especially in regard to those tales which form a portion of their religious belief, and converse freely upon these subjects only with one who has inspired them with confidence and gained their esteem. This accounts for the fact that after a century of intercourse with them we know but little of their inner life and religious ideas. The Smithsonian Institute is anxious to make a study of the ethnology of these tribes, and it has been reported that a competent person will be delegated to visit them for that purpose. A few individuals who have traveled much among them have gathered many of these traditions, but generally the possessors have simply retained in memory the rough outlines, and relate these from time to time as they find an interested auditor.*

One idea which appears prominent in the traditions of nearly every tribe on the Pacific Coast is that the grizzly bear was once human, or that, in the youthful days of the world, the bear and the Indian lived on an equality, or, again, that the grizzly was one of the progenitors of the Indian race. This last idea is especially marked in the legends of the natives living about the base of the great Mount Shasta. At the foot of the mountain stands a small cone which is almost the exact counterpart of the giant peak. Legend says that the large mountain was the wigwam of the Great Spirit, and that one day his daughter was blown by a great wind which swept across its face from the summit down into the dark recesses of the forest below, where she was captured by the bears. The king of the grizzlies made her his wife, and then the Great Spirit built the little wigwam and set it beside his lodge that he might have his daughter always near him. The descendants of the grizzly king and the child of the Great Spirit are the Shastas themselves. The Haidahs of Queen Charlotte Islands, nearly a thousand miles further north, have a legend strikingly similar. It is probable that the Indians have ascribed human attributes to the grizzly bear because this is the only beast for whose physical courage they have a profound respect. So brave an animal must certainly have the same ancestry, or at some time have lived upon an equality with themselves, is their natural reasoning. The Shastas and many other tribes possessing these traditions were averse to slaying the grizzly, though they seem to have somewhat recovered from that feeling in these later days. It is probable that this aversion, like their ideas of the superior nature of the animal, grew out of his prowess in battle and their fear to encounter him with the bow and arrow, and that the abandonment of their former scruples on the subject is caused more by the substitution of the rifle for that inferior weapon than by any relaxation of their religious ideas. The legend of the Haidahs is as follows:

Very long ago, so long that they have no language to express the time, the old men of the tribe say the grizzly bears were human beings, though not as well developed mentally as the Indians. They talked, walked erect, and used their paws like hands. Physically they were very brave and powerful, and often stole the Haidah maidens when in want of wives and carried them away to their own country. The Indians were not strong enough to prevent this, and many of the fairest daughters of the tribe were spirited away to the distant lodges of the grizzlies.

Once upon a time there lived a brave youth and lovely maiden, named Quissam-quedus and Kinda-wiss, the son of one of the common people and the daughter of a chief. From infancy they grew up together, and loved each other long before they understood the meaning of the word. So inseparable were they that it was a common saying, "Seek for Kinda-wiss if you would find Quissam-quedus." As they approached maturity their parents began to be alarmed at this evident infatuation, since, according to the customs of the tribe, they were debarred from marrying each other. They belonged to the same crest—the same ancestral device was engraved upon the totem sticks that stood before their family lodge. According to the unwritten law of the Haidahs, a youth whose crest was the raven (*chooah*) could only marry a maiden of the eagle (*choot*). The name and crest of the mother descend to her children. This gulf across the pathway of their happiness they well knew, but were so engrossed in the present they took no thought of the future.

From their long dream of bliss they were rudely awakened by their parents, who one day announced that now the time had come when they must conform to the social laws of the Haidahs and choose a life partner from the *choots*. Little heed was paid to this admonition. They thought only of each other, and cared nothing for the law of crests that would step between them and

*Mr. James Deans, of Victoria, has had much intercourse with the Coast tribes during the past thirty years, and has gathered and preserved in writing a vast fund of information in regard to their traditions, customs, social laws, religious beliefs, etc., which would be invaluable to one preparing a volume on the subject. It is from memoranda made by him of a tradition related by Yahquahn, a young Haidah, that I have written the "Song of the Bears."

their love. As a last resort, both were put in close confinement by their families, but one day they escaped and fled together to the wilderness, resolved, if need be, to perish amid the giant pines and beetling crags of the mountains rather than forfeit the love which had become a part of their very being.

In a lonely glen, far up the mountain side, where a cool stream rushing through its rocky channel alone disturbed the solitude of Nature, they built a small hut of boughs beneath the wide-spreading branches of a giant spruce. Here they lived in perfect happiness, undisturbed by thoughts of stern parents and cruel laws. In the daytime they wandered about hand in hand, or when in need of food, the gentle Kinda-wiss reclined on the grassy bank of the stream, while her lover, with bow in hand, hunted through the surrounding forest, or with his rude hook and line caught the delicious trout hiding in the shady pools of the brook. No matter whither they roamed, the approach of nightfall found them again at their little hut beneath the umbrageous spruce.

Thus passed the long summer days; but when winter approached to bind with icy fingers the waters of the brook and cover deep with snow their well-known trails through the forest; when the gentle zephyrs, which had seemed like the whisperings of good spirits watching over them as they sat by the rill or walked beneath the gently swaying branches of the pines, were about to turn into chilling blasts and howling tempests, they knew that something must be done. Quissam-quedus decided to visit the village, but timid Kinda-wiss preferred the solitude and dangers of the forest to the stern rebukes and harsh treatment of her parents, and remained in their sylvan retreat alone. Two days he was to be absent, and to make the time seem shorter the maiden accompanied her lover on his journey as far as she could go without danger of losing the trail back to their bower in the glen. At last they parted, and the young brave hastened to the village.

When Quissam-quedus reached his father's house he received a joyful welcome, for he had been as one lost; but when he told his parents that Kinda-wiss had been with him, they became very angry and again confined him in the family lodge. He was informed that he would be kept a prisoner until Kinda-wiss should return to the village. In vain he entreated, and raved, and endeavored to escape. His soul was torn with agony at the thought of the gentle Kinda-wiss left alone in the recesses of the dark forest, grieved by his desertion, terrified by the dangers and solitude of the wilderness, and unable to obtain food or find her way out to reach the village. At last, as the maiden did not appear, they began to fear they had been too hasty, and listened to the supplication of the youth that he might be permitted to go in search of her and rescue her from danger, if she were still alive. They gave him his liberty, and with a supply of provisions he plunged again into the forest to seek his love.

Heedless of drooping branches and mountain torrents, the anxious lover rushed madly on, until he reached the little glen just as the crimson tints of the declining sun were fading from the mountain peaks. There stood the little bower, but no Kinda-wiss was there to listen for his returning footsteps. All was silent and lonely. He called her name, but the rushing waters of the brook alone replied, while the branches of the pines seemed to droop in sorrow. Thinking she might have wandered farther than was her wont, he built a huge beacon fire to guide her return. All night long he fed the crackling flames and listened for the voice of his loved one, but the morning sunbeams alone came to answer the call of his signal fire.

By the light of returning day he sought eagerly for a clue by which he could learn how long she had been absent, and was soon satisfied that she had not been in the glen for a number of days, if, indeed, she had ever returned after they started hand in hand down the mountain. Believing that she had gone out to meet him and had lost her way in the forest, he set out in search of her. Day after day did he pursue his lonely quest through tangled woods and over rugged mountains, wandering almost aimlessly, but always moving as if impelled by a superhuman power, and never relaxing the vigilance of his search. Ever and anon he raised his head and shouted "Kinda-wiss!" and the distant crags faintly answered "Kinda-wiss! Kinda-wiss!" Days passed into weeks, and still he sought his love amid the deepest solitudes of the forest and the darkest canyons of the mountains. At last he returned to the village for aid, and his mournful tale roused the sympathy of his former youthful companions, who followed him back to aid him in his lonely task. In vain they searched. Neither mountain, nor forest, nor stream gave them the slightest trace of the lost one. Soon their zeal abated, and the young braves one by one returned to the village, leaving the broken-hearted lover once more alone with his grief. Now did the parents of Kinda-wiss reproach themselves for their harshness, but it was too late, and they could only mourn for their lost daughter.

Year after year Quissam-quedus roamed through the forest, hoping to find his lost bride, until it was one day proposed to seek the aid of an old seer who had lately come among them. The *shumin* asked if any relic of the maiden had been found, and the lover produced a small article of wearing apparel she had left behind in the bower beneath the shady spruce. By means of this the *shumin* traced her in her wanderings from the time the youth bade her adieu on the mountain. At last he told them she was living in a hollow tree by the side of a large lake, that she was the wife of the king of the bears, and had two sons. Fastened to the tree, a huge cedar near the outlet of the lake, was a ladder, down which she would come if they would stand at the tree's base and speak her name.

Accompanied by some of his companions, Quissam-quedus hastened in the direction the *shumin* indicated, and after many days of toilsome journey reached the lake and stood at the foot of the giant cedar, up whose side he saw the ladder rising. He spoke her name softly, and the head of Kinda-wiss was thrust from the aperture

above to see who it was that called her. When she saw the Indians there she was much agitated and seemed to fear them; but Quissam-quedus implored her to come to him, and poured forth the tale of his long wanderings in search of her. As he spoke the old love was kindled afresh in her bosom. She hastened down the ladder with the two little ones in her arms, and fled with her old companions back to the home of her youth.

As they pursued their journey Kinda-wiss related to her lover the story of her life during those years of separation. Soon after leaving him on the mountain she wandered from the trail and became lost in the mazes of the forest. As darkness came on she ran wildly hither and thither, calling plaintively, "Quissam-quedus! Quissam-quedus!" until at last she sank down exhausted beneath the protecting branches of a tree and fell into a troubled slumber. In the morning she awoke and searched eagerly for some familiar object, until startled by the sudden rustling of the interlacing branches of a neighboring vine. She turned quickly and beheld the king of the bears. It was useless to attempt to escape, and she followed him at his command until they reached the great cedar which served him for a lodge. He made a ladder for her to ascend to the hole above, and ordered his followers to gather moss for her bed. He was very kind to her, and as time passed on without intelligence of her lover she became more and more reconciled to her fate. To amuse their new queen the bears used to sit about the tree and sing to her, and the king himself composed a song in her honor, which is sung to the present day by the Haidahs, and is known as the "Song of the Bears."

The two lovers were now permitted to live together, and with them the two sons of the grizzly king. One of these, Loocoot, remained with the tribe when he grew to manhood, and many of the Haidah families claim him as their ancestor. The other, Sathlingaw, returned to his father's lodge and spent his life among the bears. Kinda-wiss taught her companions the "Song of the Bears," and their knowledge of it served as a subtle bond of union between the Indians and the bears, who ever after lived in peace and friendship.

This sacred song, as chanted by the Haidahs, is a weird, peculiar refrain, and none but they can sing it. The words are not in their own language, and seem to be beyond their powers of translation, though it is possible they refuse to translate them from a dislike to have their holy songs rendered in a strange and foreign tongue. This legend is often related by the old folks to such young ones of the tribe as seem inclined to infringe the social law against marriage within the crest, and to prove its truth they sing to the erring ones the "Song of the Bears."

HENRY LAURENZ.

IRON rust may be removed from delicate garments, upon which you dare not try oxalic acid, by mixing the juice of a lemon with some salt; put this over the rusted spots, and then hold over the spout of a steaming tea kettle. This is almost always effectual.

HOW BEARS FISH.

VERY few people know that bears take to water naturally. They roam over the mountains and through forests, dig open rotten logs for ants and worms, and secure all the hornets' nests they can, and tear them to pieces and eat the young grubs, pick berries of all descriptions and eat them, and would seem to belong to the dry land animals. The fact is different. They love the water, not, perhaps, as well as the moose and deer, but better than most dry land animals. They are fond of fish and are expert fishermen, and show more cunning and instinct, if not reason, than many city chaps I have seen about the lakes. I came suddenly upon a very large bear in a thick swamp, lying upon a large hollow log across a brook, fishing, and he was so much interested in his sport that he did not notice me until I approached very near to him, so that I could see exactly how he baited his hook and played his fish. He fished in this wise: There was a large hole through the log on which he lay, and he thrust his forearm through the hole and held his open paw in the water and waited for the fish to gather round and into it, and when full he clenched his fist and brought up a handful of fish, and sat down and ate them with great gusto; then down with the paw again, and so on. The brook was fairly alive with little trout and red-sided suckers, and some black suckers, and so the old fellow let himself out on the fishes. He did not eat their heads. There was quite a pile of them on the log. I suppose the oil in his paw attracted the fish, and baited them even better than a fly hook, and his toe nails were his hooks, and sharp ones, too, and, once grabbed, the fish were sure to stay. They also catch frogs in these forest brooks, and drink of the pure water in hot summer days, and love to lie and wallow in muddy swamps as well as our pigs in the mire. They often cross narrow places in lakes by swimming, and also rivers, and seem to love to take a turn in the water. I once saw one swimming from the mainland to the big island in Moosel-maguntic Lake, with just a streak of his back out of the water, looking like a log moving along. Sometimes you see only their heads out of the water; at other times half of their bodies are to be seen. We account for this difference by their condition. If fat, the grease helps to buoy them up; if lean, they sink lower in the water.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

June.

1—Garrison and male inhabitants of Berber massacred by Egyptian rebels.
2—Oregon State election; Binger Hermann, Republican, elected to Congress. Cloud burst on Bridge Creek, Wasco County, Or.; 4 drowned and much damage.
3—General E. O. Babcock and two assistant United States engineers drowned at Mosquito Inlet, Florida.
5—House passed bill forfeiting C. & O. land grant.
6—James G. Blaine and John A. Logan nominated for President and Vice-President by the Republican National Convention at Chicago.
9—Schooner *Six Brothers* lost at Baccadine, N. F.; 14 drowned.
11—Union Depot at St. Paul burned; loss, $200,000.
12—Steamer *Bermuda* wrecked on coast of Long Island; no lives lost.
14—Collision on the Camden road in Pennsylvania; 10 killed and many wounded....$15,000 fire in Missoula, Montana.
16—Emigrant train on the Northern Pacific ditched near Palouse Junction, W. T.; 2 killed and 2 wounded.
18—Utah bill passed by the Senate....Bishop Simpson died in Philadelphia.
20—Commodore C. K. Garrison made an assignment.
22—Powder mill exploded at Peniremall, Italy; 3 killed and 17 wounded.... Prince or Orange, Regent of Holland, died.
25—Severe storm and much damage to property at York, Pa.
26—Corner-stone of Court House at Oregon City, Or., laid by the Masons.... Cholera raging at Toulon.
30—Explosion in Wellington coal mine, Nanaimo, B. C.; 24 killed and many injured.