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THE WEST SHORE.

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THE tourist season is coming on apace, and soon our Eastern exchanges will be filled with correspondence from every conceivable point in the West, the tone of the effusions depending largely upon the physical condition of the writer. If he is strong and healthy, able to endure without fatigue the long journey, or to stand the sudden changes in climate his rapid transit from valley to mountain and from one region to another inflicts upon him, he will write most glowing accounts of the pleasures of the trip. But if his health is poor, if the journey fatigues him, and the climatic changes affect him so unpleasantly that he confines his observations chiefly to an occasional flattening of his nose against the car window, as his attention is called to some fleeting object, his letters will declare the scenery to be tame, the country a barren waste and the people unmannerly boors. It is useless to advise travelers not to write hasty letters; as well advise the rain not to fall. And yet not one but will admit his judgment, be it rose-tinted or sombre, to be formed upon a slender array of facts. It is as foolish for a man to express an opinion upon the merits of this region, after simply passing through it by the ordinary routes of travel, as it would be to turn a few leaves of the Bible and then discuss gravely the contents of the sacred volume. This country can not be seen by skimming through it on railroads or coasting along its shores in ocean steamers. What does a man know of Oregon who comes to Portland by steamer and then goes East over the Northern Pacific? To be sure, he has skirted along the very edge of two sides of the State, but has learned no more of it than could be learned of Illinois by a journey down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. Even a trip

up the Willamette Valley, made in the usual flying style, will add but little to his stock of information. The same is true of one who makes the usual tour from Portland to Puget Sound, and then across Eastern Washington by rail. Accustomed to see the track bordered on either hand by cultivated farms and handsome residences, the mile after mile of sandy desert through which the road runs in Eastern Washington impress him unfavorably. Being a superficial man—and nine-tenths of the human race are far from being profound—he at once concludes that there is no agricultural land at all. For miles on either side are vast stretches of agricultural and grazing land—farms that under the most shiftless management produce more wheat to the acre than any land his eyes ever rested upon—yet all this passes for nothing because he fails to see it. We welcome visitors cordially; we delight to give them information; we desire to have them write and talk about us; but we earnestly beg that before they express an opinion they will branch out from the usual lines of travel, and even ask a few sensible questions of sensible men, and thus give themselves an opportunity to form a just one. We are aware that these precautions will have but little influence upon one whose opinions are dictated chiefly by his liver. Of him we despair utterly.

OREGON needs a strong infusion of new blood, or, rather, new ideas—not new in an absolute sense, but new to Oregon. She must learn to diversify her agricultural industries, so that each section will not only be self-sustaining, but will produce for its own use all the varied products of which it is capable. These reflections are educed by the fact that the hotel at Alkali, situated in the midst of the great cattle region of Eastern Oregon, uses condensed milk and imported butter for its tables. They are deepened by the added fact that one of our leading commission merchants recently made a fruitless trip as far as Rogue River Valley in search of fruit. Though he found plenty of men who expected to have fruit to sell this fall, he was unable to convince them that it must come to market in an attractive form. They could not see why they should be required to buy new boxes, when they could get all the old barrels and soap boxes they wanted for nothing, not even when they were informed that to do so would add more to the value of the fruit than the cost of the boxes. These are two reasons why new ideas are necessary; and there are many more.

THE first of Mr. Newton H. Chittenden's series of articles on "Queen Charlotte Islands" appears in this number. The writer is still engaged in the work of exploration, the letters to THE WEST SHORE being the first report of his operations to reach the public. Attention is also called to the article on "Alaska."

RAMBLES THROUGH THE NORTHWEST.

THERE is one fact the tourist through the Pacific Northwest quickly learns—that Portland, by reason of its central location and facilities for transportation, is the natural rallying point for the various trips necessary to be made in viewing the scenes of wonder and beauty that lie contiguous to the lines of travel. Such only can the ordinary tourist see. Many a lake and mountain tarn, many a white-robed mountain, many a dashing cascade or leaping waterfall, many a mountain river, foaming between the rugged walls of some forest-crowned canyon, and many a mountain-locked valley, he will be unable to visit, and of them we will not speak, save to say that the scenes upon which the eye of the ordinary tourist rests are far exceeded in number by the many of the very existence of which, perhaps, he never hears.

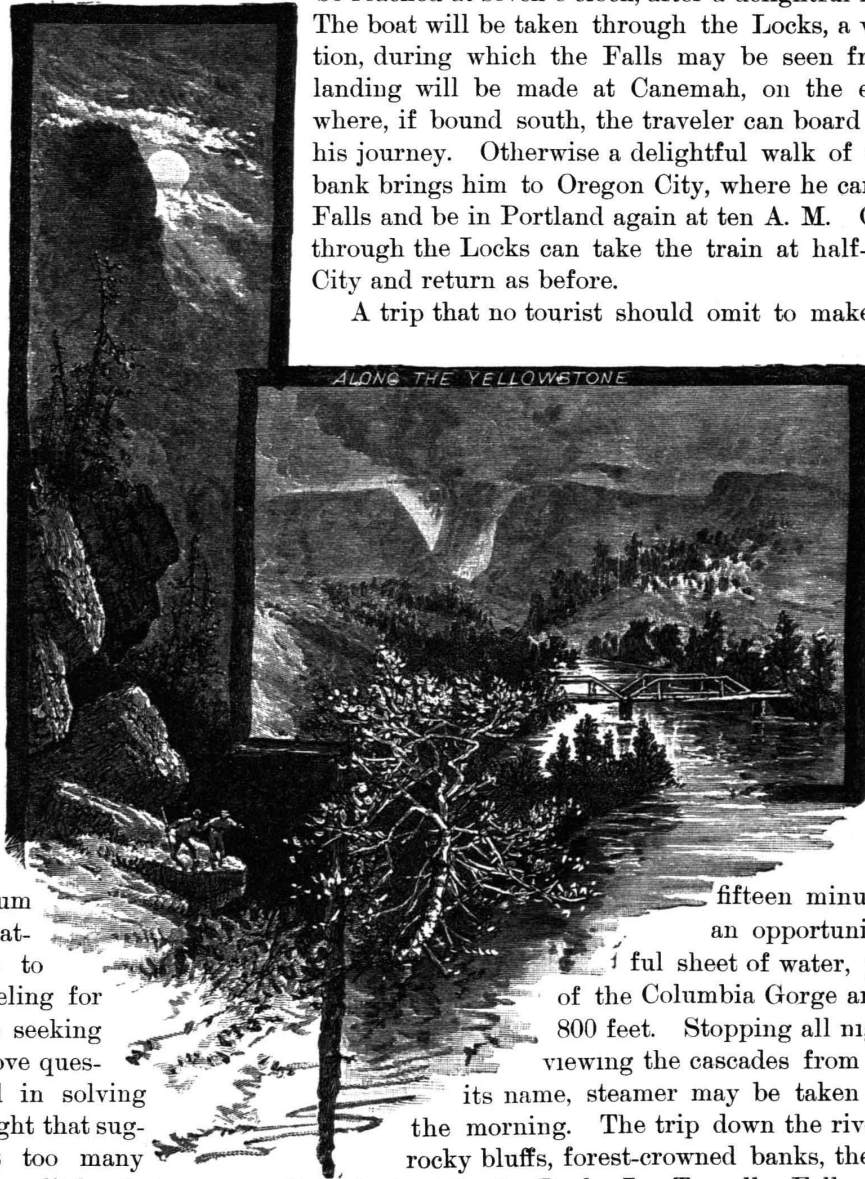
Assuming, then, that by one of the numerous routes of travel the tourist has arrived in Portland, the first questions that naturally arise are, What points of interest shall I visit, and how shall I manage it so as to see the most in the limited time allotted to me? THE WEST SHORE proposes to sum up briefly the chief attractions accessible to those who are traveling for pleasure, so that one seeking for answers to the above questions may be aided in solving them. The first thought that suggests itself is, that too many visitors to Portland see little of the metropolis but what meets their observation in the hotels or in none too extended walks about the streets. Excursions on the river and drives along its banks are sources of great pleasure; but, above all, is a journey to the top of Robinson's Hill on a bright, sunny afternoon, just as the glare is being toned down by the decline of the sun, or in the early morning as the mists rise from the valley. There can be had as grand a view of snow-capped mountains, hills, valleys and rivers as can be seen in the West. Mounts Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Hood, Jefferson and

the Three Sisters are all visible, some of them with their tops thrust above high intervening hills, and others, notably Hood and St. Helens, as dissimilar in appearance as two mountains possibly can be, rising high and grand above everything. Nowhere else will the tourist have an opportunity to witness such a sight with such a trifling expenditure of time and exertion.

One of the greatest attractions in the immediate vicinity of Portland are the Falls of the Willamette River, at Oregon City, sixteen miles above. By taking the steamer at six o'clock in the morning the Falls will be reached at seven o'clock, after a delightful ride up the Willamette. The boat will be taken through the Locks, a very interesting operation, during which the Falls may be seen from the west side. A landing will be made at Canemah, on the east side of the river, where, if bound south, the traveler can board the train and continue his journey. Otherwise a delightful walk of a mile along the river bank brings him to Oregon City, where he can spend an hour at the Falls and be in Portland again at ten A. M. One not caring to pass through the Locks can take the train at half-past seven to Oregon City and return as before.

A trip that no tourist should omit to make is to The Dalles by water. The scenery of the Columbia River is admitted to be unexcelled by that of any navigable stream in the world; and the best of it lies between Portland and The Dalles. The trip can be made by rail one way and water the other. Trains now leave here at one o'clock in the afternoon, and stop at Multnomah Falls

fifteen minutes to give passengers an opportunity to view that beautiful sheet of water, pouring over the edge of the Columbia Gorge and falling a distance of 800 feet. Stopping all night at The Dalles, and viewing the cascades from which the city derives its name, steamer may be taken for the return trip in the morning. The trip down the river, embracing views of rocky bluffs, forest-crowned banks, the Cascades, the famous Castle Rock, La Tourelle Falls, Cape Horn, Rooster Rock, Multnomah Falls, Vancouver City and the military post, and many other scenes that keep the traveler's attention constantly fixed, is too grand for description in an article like this. One not able to spend so much time can take the afternoon train to Multnomah Falls, and return in the evening upon a freight train; or, by taking the steamer at seven o'clock in the morning, can make the river trip as far as the Cascades, returning on the same boat in the afternoon, thus getting in one day a view of the best of the river scenery.



A trip down the Columbia to Astoria, even if the traveler is headed for San Francisco, should be made in one of the river boats and not by the ocean steamers. The latter leave at midnight, and the scenery is too magnificent to be lost; besides this the smaller boats make landings at all the little towns and canneries along the route. Arriving at Astoria a visit to the canneries, to look into the mystery of salmon canning, should not be omitted, nor should a climb to the top of the hill, a matter of ten minutes' walk, where can be had an entrancing view of the river, bar, cape and ocean. Excursion boats run to Forts Canby and Stevens and Ilwaco, passing through the immense fleet of fishing boats. If one has several days to spare, they could not be spent better than in visits to the summer resorts at Ilwaco, Cape Disappointment, Ocean Park, even going as far north as Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor, or the Clatsop Beach and

Sound. Although a trip down the Sound to Victoria on the regular fast boat is an enjoyable one, to fully appreciate the beauties of that great inland sea one should take the smaller local boats and visit the various ports and harbors. Seattle will be found a splendid stopping place from which to make little excursions to various points. The hotels here are really excellent, and the view from the city itself is magnificent, embracing the snowy cones of Rainier on the south and Baker on the north, and on the west overlooking the placid surface of Elliott Bay to the serrated peaks of the snow-capped Olympian Range. The journey should by all means be extended through the islands of the lower end of the Sound to Port Townsend, and thence across the historical Straits of Fuca, through which runs the international line, to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Here will be found a quiet, beautiful city, somewhat in con-



BIG HORN TUNNEL AND BRIDGE, N. P. R. R.

Tillamook Head. An exceedingly enjoyable trip will be by steamer from Astoria to Tillamook Bay, one of the most delightful places on the coast. This may also be reached from Portland by rail to North Yamhill, and stage across the mountains. If bound for San Francisco, the tourist can board the steamer at Astoria, having, however, in order to be certain of proper accommodations, taken the precaution to secure a berth before leaving Portland. Otherwise he can return to this city for a fresh start to some other interesting point.

Puget Sound will never be overlooked by one who is really traveling for pleasure. Sailing upon that "Mediterranean of the Pacific," he will experience more absolute, quiet pleasure than at any other portion of his tour. Taking the boat in the afternoon at Portland, he enjoys a beautiful trip down the Willamette and Columbia forty miles to Kalama, where the train is boarded for the

trast with those on the American side, where several days, and even weeks, of enjoyment may be had. The climate is superb, the drives excellent and the surroundings of the city very attractive.

If time permits, a trip up Fraser River as far as Yale should be made; and even if the journey is taken at the expense of time allotted to some other place, the marvelous beauty and grandeur of the scenery will amply repay one for thus setting aside his programme. The return trip, now that the Canadian Pacific is finished from Port Moody to Yale, can be made on the cars. A trip to Alaska, through that magnificent series of sheltered bays and inland channels, is one generally provided for in advance, since it consumes about four weeks' time; but even if the tourist has not calculated upon such a journey, he would be fully satisfied with his choice were he to abandon his prearranged schedule entirely and make

the trip to Sitka and return. A description of a large portion of the journey will be found on another page under the head of "Queen Charlotte Islands."

Having viewed the scenery of the Sound and the country to the north, the traveler, if he has finished his wanderings in the Columbia region and desires to proceed directly to San Francisco, can board the steamer for that city at Victoria, or at some of the ports on the Sound; otherwise he can return to Portland and take the steamer at this place, or can make a most enjoyable trip overland. By this last route he will take the Oregon & California road, passing up the Willamette Valley, viewing that green and fertile land whose praise the trappers sung half a century ago. On either hand rise the Cascade and Coast Range mountains, covered to their very summits with dense evergreen forests, with here and there among the crowning peaks of the Cascades a snow-decked cone towering up. A journey down the west side to Corvallis, and a trip thence across the mountains to the coast at Yaquina Bay, would be a pleasant one. A railroad will soon connect Corvallis with Yaquina Bay, and then the latter will become one of the regular points visited by tourists. From Corvallis connection can be made with the main line by going across country to Albany. The route then continues across the low divide of the Calapooia Mountains into the beautiful basin of the Umpqua River, where it follows a series of winding, fertile valleys, and through the Canyon Mountains to Rogue River Valley. A stay of a few days to view the scenery of Rogue River and to visit the famous Crater Lake would be highly enjoyable. At Ashland, at the base of Siskiyou Mountain, the railroad has its terminus, pending the construction of a huge tunnel through the mountain. Taking stage at Ashland early in the morning, the traveler has a delightful ride over the mountain to the California side and across Klamath River to Yreka. Long before Yreka is reached the great white mass of the giant Shasta will be seen towering upward, more than forty miles to the southward. The road then leads on through Shasta Valley and across a low divide to Berryvale, a summer resort in Strawberry Valley, at the base of Mount Shasta. Here can be found guides by those desiring to ascend to the summit. The Central Pacific is encountered this season forty miles north of its former terminus at Redding, and there the traveler meets the railroad system of California.

Such tourists as come to Oregon by the way of San Francisco almost unanimously elect to return East by one of the northern routes. The Northern Pacific route was fully described in *THE WEST SHORE* for May, 1883, with a detailed exposition of all the wonders of Nature to be seen along or contiguous to the line. It embraces the famous Columbia River, Medical Lake, Falls of Spokane River, the beautiful Cœur d'Alene Lake and Mountains, Lake Pend d'Oreille, Clarke's Fork of the Columbia, the Bitter Root Mountains, Jocko Valley, the gigantic trestles of O'Keefe's Canyon, Missoula, Hell Gate River, the Rocky Mountains, Mullan Tunnel, Helena (where one can take stage for Fort Benton and the Great Falls of the

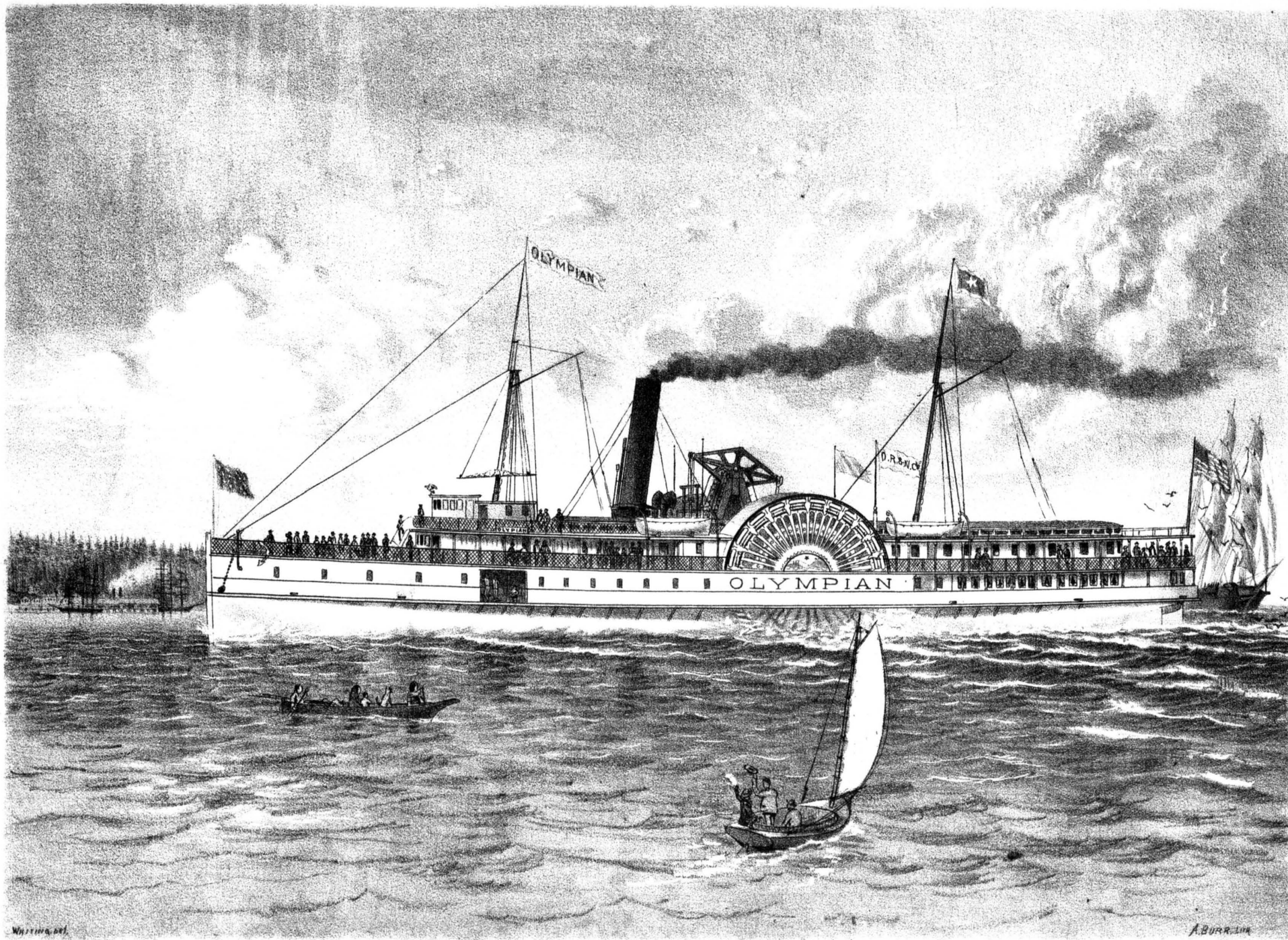
Missouri), Gallatin Valley, Bozeman, the Belt Mountains, Bozeman Tunnel, Livingston [From this point a branch line runs south to the National Park of the Yellowstone, a region no genuine tourist would neglect], the Yellowstone Valley and River, Billings, the Big Horn Tunnel and Big Horn River (on whose headwaters occurred the celebrated Custer massacre), Miles City, Glendive, Pyramid Park (the misnamed Bad Lands), the great bridge and crossing of the Missouri River at Mandan and Bismarck, Fargo on the Red River of the North, and thence across Minnesota to St. Paul.

Another route is by the Northern Pacific to Garrison, at the western base of the Rocky Mountains, and there transfer to the Utah & Northern, a narrow gauge line running south through Deer Lodge and Butte City to Ogden and Salt Lake City. The last is the Oregon Short Line, which involves staging for a short distance. The Baker City Branch of the O. R. & N. Co.'s line runs from Umatilla Junction, on the Columbia, through Pendleton and across the Blue Mountains, a region of singular beauty, to the rugged canyon of Burnt River, near the point of its discharge into Snake River. Here it will unite with the Oregon Short Line, but as connection will not be effected for several months, a short distance on either side of the point of junction will have to be traveled by stage. From here the route follows through a little known but very attractive region, crossing Snake River several times, to Shoshone Junction, where a branch runs northward to the celebrated Wood River mines. Here also a stage will convey the tourist to the wonderful Shoshone Falls on Snake River, in some respects even superior to the great Niagara. The road crosses the U. & N. at Pocatello, where the traveler can change cars to go either north or south, or can continue on to the Union Pacific at Granger, Wyoming.

THE CŒUR D'ALENE MINES.

THE latest reports of the Cœur d'Alene mines are quite favorable. No attention has been paid by *THE WEST SHORE* to the wild, reckless statements made by "boomers," who, unmindful of the fact that claims were buried beneath five feet of snow, industriously circulated reports of fabulous yields of dust. It appears now, however, that a little work is being done with good results; also that quite a number of quartz locations are being made. These reports come from strictly reliable sources and are worthy of credence. The fact still remains true, however, that there is nothing to justify a stampede to Cœur d'Alene, and never was. Should the mines prove as fabulously rich as enthusiasts and boomers claim them to be, two or three months from now will be ample time to visit them; and if they do not, enough people are there already—too many, in fact.

OUR attention has been called by Thomas Smith, of Wilbur, an old Oregon pioneer, to the fact that emigrants passed through the Modoc country in 1847 and 1851. This was done to correct a contrary statement made in the article headed "Fremont and the Modocs," which appeared in the March number of *THE WEST SHORE*.



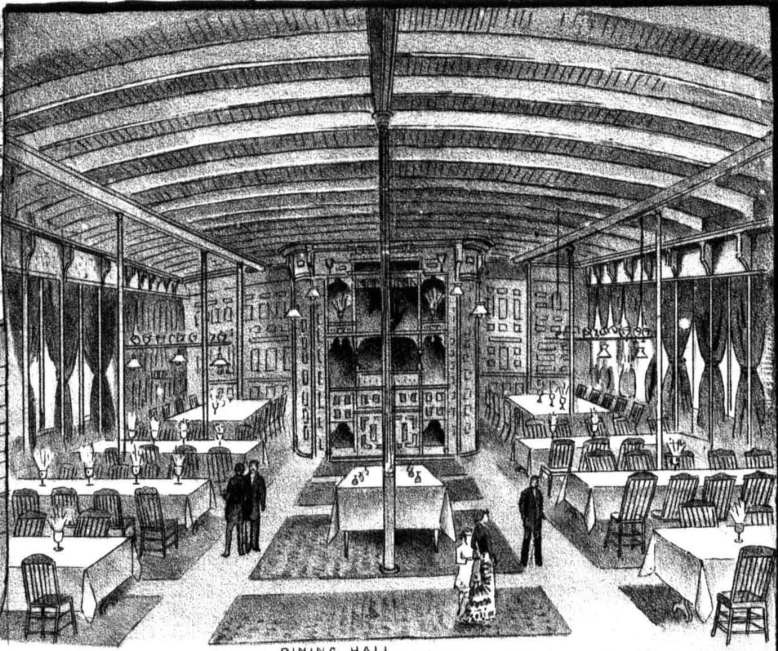
THE WEST SHORE.

THE NEW SOUND STEAMER, OLYMPIAN.

WHITING, DEL.
"WEST SHORE" 1874



GRAND STAIRWAY



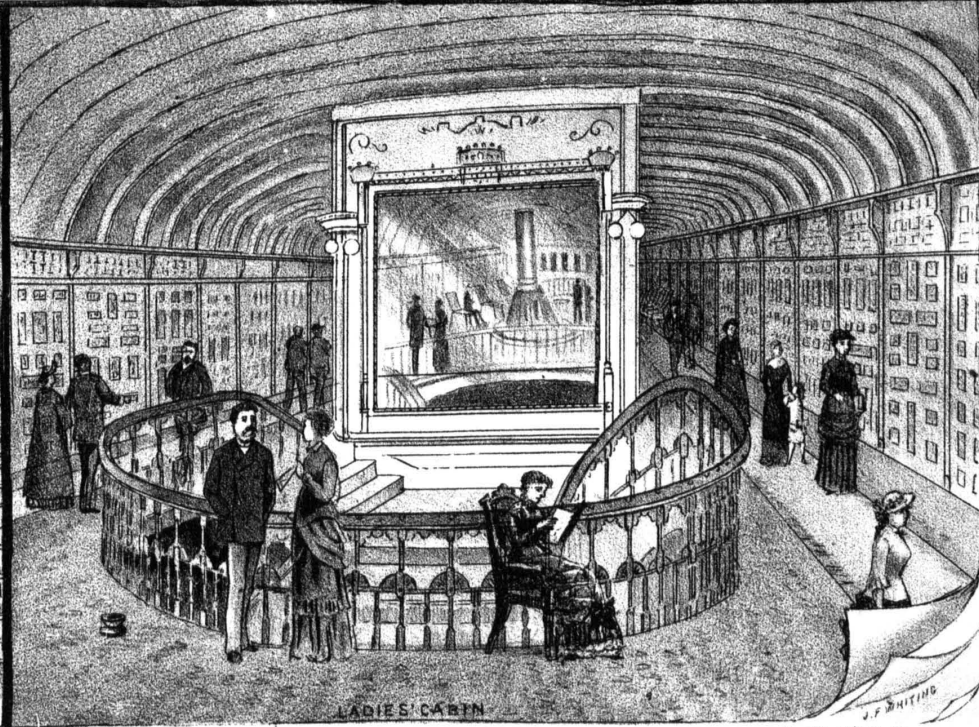
DINING HALL



STATEROOM



GENTLEMEN'S CABIN



LADIES' CABIN

J.F. WHITING
"WEST SHORE" LITH

THE NEW SOUND STEAMER, OLYMPIAN.

THE OLYMPIAN AND ALASKAN.

THE growth of the inland commerce of Puget Sound has certainly been remarkable. A few years ago half a dozen small steamers and a few schooners did all the passenger and freight traffic of the whole Sound, while now seventy-eight steamers are profitably employed in the local traffic of its harbors, bays and rivers. Passenger accommodations have always been of the most inferior kind, and became last year totally inadequate, giving rise to many discomforts and annoying delays. To remedy this defect the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company contracted for the construction of two large iron and steel side-wheel passenger steamers, such as would place the traveling public of Puget Sound on an equality with those of Long Island Sound or the St. Lawrence. These two steamers, the *Olympian* and *Alaskan*, have been completed, have made the long journey around the Horn, a voyage of unusual magnitude for side-wheel vessels to undertake, and are now in our waters, the former on the Sound and the latter in the Willamette at this city. The *Alaskan*, which was built by John Roach & Son, of New York, is now being thoroughly overhauled and fitted up internally. She is a little larger and more powerful than her sister vessel, but has not so handsome an interior. She is 280 feet long and 75 feet wide over the guards. Her wheels have a diameter of 36 feet and the shaft is 29 inches in thickness. The upper saloon is 240 feet long, 30 wide and 12 high, with a dome and ceiling. Seventy state rooms and four family rooms, or bridal chambers, comprise her first class accommodations. It is not announced yet whether she will be at once put on the route between Tacoma and Victoria, to run in connection with her consort, or whether she will be put to another use during the tourist season.

The *Olympian*, of which we present engravings of both the exterior and interior, has already taken her place on the daily line between Tacoma and Victoria, stopping at Seattle and other intermediate points, and making close connection at Tacoma with the fast mail from the East. She was constructed by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, Del., and cost \$260,000. She has accommodations for 250 first class passengers, the *Alaskan* accommodating 300.

The *Olympian* is pronounced by the *Nautical Gazette* to be "one of the finest steamers of her class ever constructed for the western coast of the United States—a beauty in model, a fine specimen of naval architecture, and a vessel of great strength and lasting endurance." Her length is 261.5 feet between perpendiculars, or 270 feet over all; length of beam, 40 feet; depth of hold, 12.5 feet; registered tonnage, 1,416.60 tons; draft, when light, 8 feet and 2 inches. The vessel is constructed of iron throughout and is plated with the best steel, and has been put together in a manner calculated to give her great strength. The beams of the forward and after ends of the boiler are of iron, also one each in the forward and after holds. The other beams and carlins throughout the vessel are of the best yellow pine, with iron plate knees.

The motive power consists of one vertical surface condensing working beam engine, 70-inch cylinder and 12 feet stroke, fitted with Stevens' cut off, and calculated to carry a working pressure of 45 pounds of steam. In front of the engine is a novel contrivance termed the "Steam Engineer," being a small engine which sets in motion the large working engine, facilitating the ease and rapidity of handling the vessel. There are two large boilers, a donkey boiler and pump to be used for fire purposes, and an engine for generating the electricity used in lighting the vessel. She has composite-radial paddle wheels, with wooden buckets, 32 feet in diameter and 11 feet 3 inches face.

Her interior fittings, passenger accommodations and decorations are extremely convenient and elegant. Her saloons, cabins and state rooms are lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and she is supplied with all the modern appliances for safety and comfort. The grand saloon, which is divided into forward and after cabins by the machinery, is about 200 feet in length. The furniture is of massive mahogany, richly upholstered in crimson plush, and the carpet is of the finest velvet-finished Wilton. Elegant electric chandeliers depend from the ceiling in each cabin, and numerous lamps are arranged along the walls, all being plated with nickel. Fifty state rooms open into the grand saloon, each fitted with two large berths, hair and spring mattresses, cherry washstands, plate glass mirrors, etc. Aft are four large family rooms, with double mahogany bedsteads. From the after, or ladies', cabin the grand stairway descends to the lower deck and main gangway. The elegantly carved stairway is of Spanish cedar and mahogany, and the newel posts, each surmounted by electric lamps, are of mahogany, with ebony trimmings. Opposite the foot of the stairway is the dining room, which has seating accommodations for 130 guests. The sideboard is large and extremely handsome. The same general style characterizes the appointments of the vessel throughout.

The *Olympian*, with its crew of fifty men, is under the command of Captain Wilson, an experienced and careful seaman, assisted by thoroughly competent men as second officers and engineers. With this elegant steamer to bear him along, even the most phlegmatic traveler must experience a thrill of pleasure as he passes through the beautiful scenery of Puget Sound.

SUNSHINE AND SLEEP.

SLEEPLESS people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They wear veils, carry parasols and do all possible to keep off the potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation.

THE MODOCS IN 1851.

II.

IN March, 1851, gold was discovered in Yreka Flats, and in a few weeks several thousand miners were working there and on Greenhorn Creek. In the summer following, a number of men took up claims in Shasta Valley and cut hay for the Yreka market. Besides the ox teams used in hauling the hay to town, they all ranched a number of horses, mules and cattle, belonging to themselves and parties in the mines. The Modoc Indians made occasional forays into the valley and drove off small bands of stock to their country, a hundred miles to the eastward. Much stock that was no doubt stolen by white thieves was charged to the account of these savage marauders, and it is very questionable if they were guilty of half of the thefts ascribed to them. Late in the summer they stampeded a corral of animals near Butteville and made off with forty-six fine mules and horses, many of them belonging to the pack train of Augustus Meamber, then on his way to Yreka with a load of goods. That this act was committed by the Modocs there was ample evidence to show. A company of twenty men was raised, consisting chiefly of miners from the vicinity of Yreka, to follow the thieves into the heart of the Modoc country, punish them for their roguery, and, if possible, recover the stolen property. With them, as scout and general adviser, went Ben Wright, the mountaineer whose exploits the following year gave him great notoriety on the coast, and two Oregon Indians, who were his close companions. Well supplied with jerked beef, the little company set out upon the trail of the robbers, which they followed across the Butte Creek Mountains, and on the third day arrived in the vicinity of Lost River. After a scout of two days Wright and one of his Indians reported the discovery of an Indian village on the river bank, containing over 200 warriors, near which was being herded a large quantity of stock. Some of the men wanted to rush off at once and make an attack upon the rancheria; but they were informed that such a method of fighting Indians, especially when they were in such superior numbers, would result in the extermination of the attacking party; strategy must be used to take the enemy by surprise.

The bridge across Lost River, on the emigrant trail, is one provided by Nature. A rocky wall crosses the bed of the stream, running from shore to shore, on the top of which the water is very shallow, forming an excellent ford, which is known far and wide as the "Natural Bridge." It was but a short distance from this the Indian rancheria stood. Refreshed by a good night's sleep, the party rode leisurely toward the village, passing the ford in the afternoon. The Indians rushed out to observe them; but as they rode carelessly along, as though they were but a party of travelers, the excitement was allayed. Eight miles further they stopped and made all the usual preparations for camping, and the Indian scouts who had followed them returned to the rancheria with the information that they were simply a party of Bostons journeying through the country, and

had gone into camp for the night. About an hour after dark the horses were brought in and saddled up; and leaving them with five men in the camp, with orders to bring them on at daylight, or sooner if sent for, the other fifteen started back on foot on their errand of blood. The ford at the Natural Bridge was recrossed, and the two or three miles that intervened between it and the doomed village were quickly traversed, when, to their chagrin, the party found themselves on the wrong side of the stream. The windings of the river had deceived them, and they were now on the side opposite to the rancheria, with no means of crossing and no time to return by the way of the ford. In this dilemma they determined to attack the village from that side and accomplish as much as the circumstances would permit.

With the first signs of dawn a slight stir was made in the Indian camp. A brave emerged from one of the wickiups and uttered a peculiar cry, which was responded to by three or four others, who came into camp and disappeared in the tent, having undoubtedly been on guard duty. The chief who had given them the signal of relief then turned to his pony and began to unfasten him from his picket. His uplifted hand suddenly dropped, and the chief plunged forward upon the ground with the death cry on his lips, as the sound of a rifle shot echoed along the stream and startled the slumbering village. As the surprised savages rushed from their wickiups they were met by a shower of bullets from their assailants. They defended themselves bravely, and for some time a stubborn contest was maintained by the parties across the narrow, but deep, stream which separated them. They discharged their arrows with great accuracy and several of the men were wounded by these missiles, while the archers endeavored to shelter themselves behind shields made of tule rushes and pieces of tin that had once been used for culinary purposes by murdered emigrants. The battle waged fiercely until the Modocs learned that their shields were not impervious to bullets, and then they began to waver, and finally fled in haste, abandoning their village to its fate.

The five men who had been left with the animals now came up to the deserted camp, and, thinking the battle to be on the opposite side, jumped into the canoes they found tied to the bank and crossed over. With these the whole party recrossed to the village. Sixteen dead Modocs were found, and in the abandoned wickiups were discovered scalps in abundance, many of which had been torn from the heads of white people.

During the next few weeks several skirmishes were had with the Indians, resulting in the death of a few more of the savages. The whites, though few in number, had a deadly advantage in an encounter. With rifles and revolvers they could vanquish a hundred armed simply with bows and arrows; the more easily that the Indians were unaware of the long range of those weapons. When they learned that to be beyond the range of an arrow was no protection from the deadly bullet, they became panic-stricken and sought only to save themselves by flight.

Having discovered a village among the tules at the mouth of Lost River, the whites made a night attack upon it. The Indians became aware of their approach, and opposed their crossing of the river with a cloud of arrows. Nevertheless, the men charged boldly across on foot, just as the gray light of dawn began to make objects visible, and the Modocs fled in a panic and hid themselves among the tules. The water was about two feet deep, and cold almost to the point of freezing. It was then found that the rancheria was on an island in the lake; but the men waded out to it and surrounded the village, capturing about thirty prisoners, only three of whom were men. They spent the entire day in searching the tules along the banks of the river and on the lake shore for the secreted braves. The fugitives plunged into the icy water when discovered, and sought new hiding places, if fortunate enough to escape the bullets that were sent after them. Many were routed out and some fifteen killed in this way; nor did the men entirely escape injury, for several of them, as well as some of their horses, were wounded with arrows shot by the concealed savages.

They returned at night to their camp with their prisoners, where they remained several days. One night as Wright approached the fire to light his pipe, one of the three braves arose and asked him for a smoke. Wright made no response, but stooped down to get a lighted stick, when the Indian pushed him over and fled. He jumped to his feet and gave instant pursuit. The fugitive was soon overtaken, and, turning about, dealt his pursuer a blow with his fist, receiving in return a deadly thrust from a knife. Dragging the dead body after him, Wright returned to camp, when the women set up a howl that continued till daylight, effectually banishing sleep from the eyelids of their captors. The prisoners had always maintained that the guilty Indians were members of another rancheria, and finally, upon the promise of liberty, agreed to lead the men to the village of the robbers. The women and children were released, and with the two remaining braves for guides, the little party started in search of the rancheria. It was about the 1st of November, and bitterly cold, snow covering the ground to the depth of six inches. The horses broke through the hard crust that had formed on the snow, rendering progress both slow and tedious.

On the afternoon of the second day, having penetrated into the celebrated Lava Beds south of Tule Lake, about a dozen Indians were discovered, some of whom hastened to warn the village of danger, while the others took shelter behind rocks and juniper bushes, and discharged their arrows at the advancing party as soon as they came within range. A bushwacking contest was maintained for a long time, the savages falling steadily back toward the village. This was situated on a plateau and along a crescent ledge of rocks, where the ground sunk abruptly to a depth of about twenty feet. Within the ledge was what appeared to be the smooth bed of a stream. It was about thirty feet wide and one hundred yards long, with a slight incline terminating near the middle of the ledge,

where a cave opened into the rocks. Here the inhabitants of the village had taken shelter, tying their horses in front of it, where they could protect them with their arrows while lying concealed in the cave. The whites opened fire upon them from the top of the ledge of rocks, at a distance of a hundred yards, and the savages returned the fire, shooting their arrows with such force and precision that several of the men were wounded. They soon discovered that their shields of tule rushes were not bullet-proof, and retreated within the shelter of the cave with the loss of several warriors. One stalwart brave, probably a Medicine Man who desired to exhibit his supernatural powers, emerged from the cave so enveloped in shields that he resembled an animated basket. Behind their protecting fronts he felt so secure that he walked boldly forth and defied his assailants, only to be laid low by a well-aimed shot from the bluff above. After this exploit not an Indian ventured from the cave again.

How to dislodge them from their hole became the next question. The men were out of provisions and could not besiege the cave, the rocky and desert country affording no game or other means of subsistence of which they could avail themselves. A smudge was suggested. Hurriedly gathering logs and brush, the men cautiously pushed them over the edge of the bluff at the mouth of the cave and set fire to the heap. The Indians could not prevent this, for they were closely cooped up in the cave by the rifles of the men who stood guard opposite. From out the dark recesses of the cavern the imprisoned savages maintained a close watch upon the besiegers, and each head or arm that was exposed in adding fuel to the blazing pile was saluted with a shower of arrows, and one of the men was severely wounded in this way.

The heat and smoke rushed into the entrance in such volume that any one but a Modoc Indian would have been suffocated or roasted. They prostrated themselves upon their faces to breathe the little fresh air that came in along the bottom of the cave, and, with a courage born of desperation, resolved to perish there rather than go out to be slaughtered by their enemies. The attack upon them had been so sudden and unexpected that they had forgotten to take water with them into their retreat. Their place of shelter, also, was small, and had no outlet or means of ventilation save the entrance through which they were receiving such generous donations of heat and smoke. They could have held out but a little longer, when they were overjoyed to see their persecutors take their departure. The men had kept up a roasting fire for twenty-four hours; but being out of provisions, over a hundred miles distant from any source of supplies, and not knowing the terrible straits to which the enemy had become reduced, they had rolled a last contribution upon the burning pile and taken up their line of march for Yreka. To rush out into the fresh air, scatter the blazing logs and brush, and moisten their parched throats with cooling draughts of water, were the first acts of the savages. They were too thankful for their escape to think of pursuing or annoying the white men further.

Their experience with the whites had not been a pleasant one. They had stolen a quantity of stock, and for this their country had been invaded, their warriors slain, their women made captives, their villages burned and many of their horses taken away. The next year they amply revenged themselves upon the helpless emigrants who passed through their country. From the Modoc standpoint they were as well justified in attacking indiscriminately all white men they encountered, in view of the death of their warriors and the destruction of their villages, as had these men to invade their country because of the loss of a few stock, and attack indiscriminately all the Indians they could find, without regard to their guilt or innocence of the depredations which had been committed. Modocs were killed wherever found, and they retaliated by killing white people wherever found. This idea should be borne in mind when reading of the horrible events of the following year.

HARRY L. WELLS.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

V.

IT was not my intention when I began this series of papers to account so fully for the origin of "The Great Northwest" as I have been doing, but have unconsciously drifted back far into the prehistoric. Nevertheless, it is important to a clear understanding of the work of evolution that is still going on in this region. Nature's two powerful workers, fire and water (igneous and aqueous), although mutually destructive of each other when brought face to face in conflict, yet work harmoniously in building up islands and continents. Let us still give a free wing to fancy and watch the giant forces that are forming and maturing our earth.

Knowing that certain causes produce certain effects, keeping in mind the analogies of Nature, and reasoning by a comparison of the unknown with the known, it is not, after all, so great a stretch of the imagination, looking through the glasses of science, to describe how our planet was formed. Professor Agassiz was wont to say that give him a single vertebra of fish, reptile, bird, quadruped or man, aided by his knowledge of comparative anatomy and natural history, he could forthwith build up the whole animal. In like manner the geologist, who has studied the working of the great natural forces, can build a world, as certainly as Agassiz could build the animal from a single joint taken from the spinal column or backbone.

Science spans the gap between the present and the past. Its magic fingers lift the curtain and we gaze upon the sublime scene of our earth being born from the sun. No era stood at its dawn. No historical event ran parallel with its birth. A seething ocean of fire, whirling around on its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, like the impatient racer, darts away in space, sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, on its unseen railway around the sun. How grand the spectacle, as we gaze upon the fiery billows, heaving, surging, bounded on all sides by a blazing sky! Seething, boiling, like molten

iron, now it wildly leaps forth as if to embrace the fiery clouds; now retiring, crouching, like the tiger for a fatal spring, it sends its fire-capped billows into the very bosom of the burning sky! But I despair. It is not for mortal pen to picture a scene so sublime. The Tartaros of the Greeks, where the flaming Phlegethon rolls its waves of fire, is but a Chinese fire-cracker when compared with it.

There is no day here now, for the sun's rays can no more be seen in the blinding light of melted metals than the dim beam of a tallow dip in the midst of the electric light. There is no night here, to bring rest and repose with its cooling dews and soothing shades. There is no autumn with its "rainy season," no winter with its freezing blasts, to mitigate the burning heat.

Where, then, was all the water that is now contained in our oceans, lakes and rivers? It had not yet been formed—not a single drop. Its elements (hydrogen and oxygen) were everywhere; but water can form only under certain conditions, and these conditions were not present. There were no coal measures then, no limestone, for all the carbon was far away from the earth. All the stones and all the metals were then in a like condition, resolved by the heat into their original elements, and by the heat driven off into space in spite of gravitation.

We take no note of time as we gaze upon our embryo planet, for no dial has measured its hours, no pendulum has paced its seconds. The heat radiates into space, reducing the temperature of our globe at its surface. As the ice forms on the bosom of a lake, so rock on the surface of the shoreless, fiery sea. The rocks form, break into fragments by the tossing of the fiery billows, re-form in a greater mass, again to be crushed and broken like sheets of ice in the wildly rushing torrent. Round and round the globe the molten waves incessantly roll, tossing, tumbling up the embryo crust into craggy islands, against which dash the fiery waves and congeal into rock and girders, binding the islands into continents that reach forth toward each other until the fire is covered and its glory hidden from our view. It now ceases to shine as a star in the heavens. Henceforth it must depend upon other bodies for its light, and finally, when miles in depth of crust have been formed, its heat also.

Professor William Denton, who lost his life last year in his devotion to science, in an effort to make plain the process by which our earth has arrived at its present advanced state, reverses the order of events, imagining the earth to be gradually heated until it assumes the condition of vapor. I like this method of elucidation and will imitate him. We will imagine that an infinite command has gone forth to "*Heat up!*" With what interest we watch the process and observe the attending phenomena. Already the tropical regions have become uninhabitable, and a general migration to the north of everything having animal life ensues. The polar ice melts like snow beneath our balmy "Chinook" of the Northwest. The temperate zones become torrid and there is another migration. The fish of the lakes and

rivers of the torrid zone are dead. The Esquimaux departs for the north pole, and is followed by the whale, seal, walrus and white bear.

The frigid zone is now becoming torrid. In the old torrid the water is boiling. The fish are dead in the temperate zone. In the frigid zone only a few forms of life survive, all crowded upon the shore of that "open sea" around the north pole which Franklin, DeLong and scores of others died without discovering. The heat increasing, man dies and the beasts all perish. The birds go with them. Reptiles and insects swarm in countless millions for a brief season and finally disappear. The plants are all gone, the ocean boils at the frigid zone and our earth is a desert.

Now how grand the spectacle! All the waters are boiling, great clouds of steam obscure the rays of the sun, the dry land is on fire, and the whole earth seems convulsed. All the water has been converted into steam. Great beds of salt, hundreds of feet deep, repose on what was the beds of the ocean. The oil in the earth boils and is driven off in vapor. Now it catches on fire and the lurid flames add to the glory of the improvised Hades. The brimstone melts, the coal burns, and its carbon is transformed into carbonic acid gas. Not even a ghost could live near the surface.

"The rocks melt with fervent heat." The metals are boiling and evaporating. Quicksilver is first to vaporize and rise; then lead; then copper; then iron; then gold. The mountains are all cremated and dissolved. The earth is a mass of molten matter, surrounded by an atmosphere thousands of miles in thickness. And now nothing remains of our beautiful earth, our glorious Northwest, but nebulous matter.

From this episode we return to a contemplation of our planet when the crust had finally formed above the great ocean of fire. An intense cold will cause the ice to crack open, in consequence of its shrinking; so also the crust of the earth shrunk and cracked open. Its weight pressing down upon the molten matter caused it to pour forth upon the surface of the crust, heaping up ridges as it cooled. Some idea may be formed as to the length of time necessary for the cooling of the molten matter into crust by considering how long it requires the lava of a volcano, even in a small body, to cool.

Ten years after an eruption of Mount Ætna the lava was in slow motion. More than a hundred years ago there was a mass of lava ejected from Jorullo, in Mexico, sixteen hundred feet thick, which is not yet cool. Travelers thrust their canes into the crevices and the heat will char the ends of them. How long, then, was the earth in cooling down so as to float a crust of rock upon its surface? Count a million of years for every star you can see in the heavens and your estimate will still be too small. But it cooled, nevertheless, and a hard, black floor was stretched around the earth, its desolation and monotony relieved only by numerous volcanic mouths that continually poured out floods of lava. It is a strange world, with a mixture of beauty, of desolation and of grandeur.

Then it was the great foundations of our planet were laid. It was then that the azoic age may be said to have dawned. ("Azoic," from the Greek *α*, without, and *zoe*, life; the azoic age was before there was any life on the earth.) Science has not yet been able to establish the line between the zoic and azoic. The early geologists fixed its beginning with the commencement of the igneous era, and its ending with the beginning of the silurian age. But modern geologists demonstrate that there was life in what was termed the azoic age, and future observations may carry the ending of the azoic back into the igneous. I will, therefore, simply remark that below the silurian are found the granitic and metamorphic rock.

The granite is composed of quartz, feldspar and mica as the principal ingredients, with no appearance of layers. It is granular and crystalline. It does not indicate cleavage, yet may be split in any desired direction. The granite is so common for building and other purposes that the reader will hardly require any minute description concerning it. Geologists place the granite as lowest in the earth's crust, having been produced by the cooling of the original liquid fire. It is the underlying rock of the globe, and hence a "primary formation." (I shall speak of the "secondary formations" hereafter.) There is good reason to conclude that granite can be found at any place by digging deep enough. Therefore it may seem strange that it is found, in the present age, on the tops of the highest mountains. All this will be explained as we progress.

The reader must proceed slowly, reflecting carefully upon every statement, or he will be led into error. If granite is the oldest, it is also the youngest of all rocks. The process of the cooling of the earth has never been arrested. Hence granite has always been in process of formation and is still being formed. During all the geological periods of the past the granite has been forming on the surface of the liquid fire.

The metamorphic rocks were formed next above the granite. Metamorphic is from the Greek *metamorphos*, which means "to transform," and I will explain why these rocks are so called.

In imagination we look upon our planet after the formation of the granite. The atmosphere has cooled sufficiently to allow of currents of air, some of which are colder than others. Driven into one of these colder currents, the clouds of vapor are condensed and there is a rainfall. The water then must have contained a large proportion of sulphuric acid, the dissolving power of which is much greater than the combination of oxygen and hydrogen. The fall of the rain, the flowing of the water along the granitic crust, and the dissolving action of the sulphuric acid, wore down the rock, separating the ingredients—feldspar, quartz and mica. Thus the rivers, bays, lakes, seas and oceans were formed. The crust being thin, the heat intense, evaporation was rapid and rainfalls frequent. The detritus (worn-out rock) was carried down by the rivers and deposited in the low places on the bed of the ocean.

From the detritus was formed a new class of rocks.

The granite was fire-formed, or igneous; this class of rocks were water-formed, or aqueous, being a secondary formation. At first the aqueous rocks have a stratified appearance. The heat from the underlying igneous rocks, passing into them, in many cases has resulted in their being melted, and in all cases caused them to be transformed in consequence of becoming so heated that on cooling they have crystalized. This has given them the appearance of igneous rock, yet the geologist experiences no difficulty in distinguishing them from the fire-made rock. When the dissolved granite is laid down on the bed of an ocean, whose waters are much disturbed, so as to intimately mix the detritus, the new formed rock will contain all the ingredients of granite, but in a finer form and in layers. This is called gneiss (pronounced "nice," but not a nice way to spell it). The quartz of granite, ground to powder, if undisturbed by the action of the water, would, by pressure of the water, form sandstone. If this sandstone is heated and cooled it will be metamorphosed into quartzite. Under similar circumstances the feldspar forms beds of shale, which the heat will metamorphose into slate, such as is used for roofing, and on which children write. This must seem strange to them to know that the material of which their slates were made has been dissolved from, or washed out of, the granite. The mica, operated upon in like manner, forms the mica-shists, or mica-slates, used for flagging the streets.

We now have an idea of how the granitic and metamorphic rocks were formed; the first "primary," the last "secondary." It was during their formation that the old geologists supposed that there could have been no life, and hence they styled it the "azoic age." And viewed by one unfamiliar with science, no life is discoverable during that age. No bird spread its pinions on the heated air; no beast trod upon the hot earth; no fish swam in the poisonous waters, steaming from heated rock beneath, against which unceasingly lashed the waves of fire. But the earth, millions of years old, yet still in her infancy, was marching steadily on. The infinite intelligence, which forever foresees, had long been engaged in preparing our planet as a dwelling place for man. The foundations have been laid, the azoic age past, and henceforth we shall find the animate with the inanimate, as we watch the progress of evolution.

W. H. CHANEY.

THE bustling, hurrying man, as a matter of fact, is a poor worker. Too much of his steam power is expended in kicking up dust. The habit of hurrying and of feeling in a hurry is fatal to good work, and diminishes the amount of work a good man can accomplish. The men who accomplish most never seen in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, methodical manner, finishing each job properly, and not expending their nervous force in bustle. System will accomplish more than misdirected energy.

OUR INDUSTRIES AND RESOURCES.

III.

IN the early mining times of 1849-50 many houses were imported from New York and set up in Oregon. There were few sawmills, no planing, no tongue and grooving and no molding machines. Carpenters were paid \$6 to \$10 per day. The California demand was so great that lumber rose from \$16 to \$100 per thousand feet. Twenty-four light sash, 10x12 glass, cost \$24 per window. Blinds and doors cost from \$8 to \$25 each.

Rough lumber, though reduced in price by machinery, hardly pays its cost. The output of 500,000,000 feet from the merchant mills of Oregon and Washington in 1883, had it all been exported rough, at \$14 per thousand, would have given the producers only a very small profit. Skilled labor and machinery add 100 per cent. to planed lumber; 200 per cent. to that used for doors; 300 per cent. to that used for sash, and 500 per cent. to that used for moldings.

Sash and door factories have multiplied in cities and villages. The quality of buildings has improved in much the same ratio as the time and cost have been diminished. Five hundred thousand dollars worth of these finishings were produced by the Portland factories last year. The other factories of Oregon and Washington, as estimated, added \$300,000 worth, making the whole product of this branch of industry \$800,000, of which \$600,000 may be credited to skilled labor applied to raw materials. This large sum was paid for home manufactures at the mills and kept in circulation. It is like blood flowing from the heart to build up and strengthen the body in ceaseless current. What we pay for imported goods returns only in much smaller sums to pay for raw materials. Why buy pine doors and sash and blinds in San Francisco, when we can make better ones of cedar at home? Why enrich the laborers of other States at the expense of our fellow-workers? Why stop the wheels of industry, when the skilled operatives are waiting at the doors? Far better are full warehouses and lower prices than idle artisans and silent shops. The stagnation of business, like that of blood, means not only distress, but death also.

Time was when all the furniture we had, except the rudest sort, was freighted to us from California or the Atlantic Coast. Those who first ventured to manufacture were warned of a relentless competition. Foreign trade-marks were flaunted in the face of buyers and vendors. A tub, a pail and a broom are essentials in the kitchen. One firm found it difficult ten years ago to sell their first 4,000, the product of six months' work, in the next six months. Last year they sold 25,000 on orders, and their sales in cash were \$50,000. The home product has largely won the field. All its markets are open at a reduction to the buyer of nearly 40 per cent., and on better goods than the imported.

Bedroom and parlor sets of all grades from Eastern manufactories have cumbered our warehouses until very recently, for sale at high first cost, with the addition of commissions, storage, wharfage, cartage, boxing, enor-

mous freight charges and vendors' profits. This trade has been a drain of many hundred thousand dollars a year from the people to support communities far away, who pay us no taxes and share none of our burdens. But the manufacture of furniture from our native woods—ash, maple, oak, spruce, cedar, alder and fir—has begun in earnest. The product of the factories in Portland and vicinity in 1883, as per estimate of men in the business, was \$200,000. The product in 1883 of other factories in Oregon and Washington, as estimated, was \$100,000. These sums saved by cabinetmakers here furnished a cash circulation worth ten times the amount. Yet most of the fine furniture will be brought at high cost until manufacturers import the hardwoods of Mexico and Central America. Chairs are imported at a cost of \$100,000 per year, which can all be made of our own woods. A firm in Salem has established a chair factory, which it is hoped will arrest the importation and save the funds for home circulation.

The strongest protest ought to be made against the destruction of ash for fence rails and firewood. It makes the most cheerful finishings and furnishings for dwellings. It is worth \$50 to \$60 per thousand feet now, and soon it will command rates like black walnut in the Mississippi Valley. Maple, alder, cottonwood and oak are rising in value rapidly for these purposes. Spruce has won a front rank also. Juniper in Southeastern Oregon will have a place in the shop for finishings. Cedar will keep its place and rise in value every year. Not a log ought to be burned or made into rails. Alaska cedar will be more in demand as its fine grain and sweet odor become known. Like the seal and the arctic furs, it will be counted a luxury for the richer mansions and princely tables.

Sixty thousand acres of grub oak thickets have been cleared for wheat fields and pastures, it is estimated, and yet the grub oaks as timber forests were worth more than the land ever will become as wheat fields. They should be thinned and trimmed and allowed to grow, and then selected ones taken for the purposes required. For ax helves they outlast two or three of hickory. For pick handles, wagon felloes, spokes and even hubs they are superior to any imported. A wagon built of Oregon oak, especially that grown among the fir, will outlast two imported from the West or East. It is a wicked waste to cut these oaks for wood and stakes. It destroys what skilled artisans in the shops most need for their industries. It is like a man burning bank notes, principal and interest, to keep himself warm for a brief time. Western pioneers burned and destroyed black walnut forests which now would be worth \$100 for every tree two feet in diameter. Our farmers and other land owners are doing the same reckless thing.

In carriage and wagon making, until recently, it was thought impossible to compete with the importer. The trial has been made. The test has been a severe one. Capital has held back in distrust, and the enterprising manufacturer has been put to the utmost strain of his resources and credit. But his finished products rank

with the best and often take the prize. Pity that money invested in sinking and almost worthless stocks was withheld from him in his hour of need and from his noble band of skilled artisans, in their honorable purpose to establish this line of home industries as firmly in our Pacific Northwest as they have been established in the region of the great lakes and on the Atlantic shores.

By the home industries named in this paper alone a round million dollars was saved last year for home circulation in Oregon and Washington. Keep up these enterprises this year and the result will be the same. Suspend or repress them and business life will in that degree be arrested and, perhaps, destroyed.

G. H. ATKINSON.

PINE EXTRACT FOR BATHING.

IT has long been recognized that the atmosphere of pine forests has an invigorating and beneficial effect upon people with weak constitutions and suffering from pulmonary disorders. At some of the watering places of Germany the very simple prescription of the physician is that the patient should spend several hours a day walking or riding through the pine wood. This simple treatment is sometimes supplemented by the taking of pine baths, and in the case of kidney diseases and for delicate children this is claimed to be highly beneficial. The bath is prepared by simply pouring into the water about half a tumblerful of an extract made from the fresh needles of the pine. This extract is dark in color and closely resembles molasses in consistency, and when poured into the bath gives the water a muddy appearance with a slight foam on the surface. The repugnance one feels to enter into such a muddy-looking fluid is dispelled as soon as the delightful aroma which arises from the bath is inhaled. Although there may be some doubt whether pine baths act upon the system in any other wise than as a tonic, still, as an adjunct to the daily bath, infusion of the pine extract induces a most agreeable sensation. It gives the skin a deliciously soft and silky feeling, and the effect upon the nerves is quieting. It is a matter of some surprise to us that the business of manufacturing and bottling the extract for private use and public bathing establishments has not been tried in this country, where pine forests abound so extensively. The extract when properly bottled and securely corked will not deteriorate for a long time, and the cost for gathering the pine needles and extracting their tarry substance would not be very great, while the demand for it would likely increase to large proportions when the public became accustomed to its use.

HORSE DEALER: "Why do you want to sell that pretty colt? He is not broke yet, is he?" Owner: "No, but I am."

A LADY found the proprietor in a store so sound asleep that she thought he was dead. At first it was supposed he was a retired night watchman and imagined himself back on duty, but inquired developed the fact that he didn't advertise.

VANCOUVER.

THE City of Vancouver is often connected in the minds of our friends who live east of the Rockies with the island of the same name. While the latter is in British Columbia, north of the Straits of Fuca, the city is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Columbia River, nearly one hundred miles from its mouth. The latitude is 46 deg. 36 min. 51 sec., and longitude 122 deg. 27 min. 30 sec. west. The tide rises an average of two feet. The river at this point is one mile wide and on the northern side carries water enough at all seasons to give us not depth for river steamers only, but were a very moderate outlay made on the bar below the city, sea-going vessels could come here, as they did in early days, for the Hudson's Bay Company. Being kept back by that company for many years, and still in later years for the want of proper legislation, because of our remaining so long a Territory, we are not to the front as our situation deserves.

Without disparagement to any other place, it is the universal verdict of all visitors that Vancouver has the most pleasant site of any place on the Pacific Coast. Facing the south, it is open to the rays of the sun, which no hill, no forest, can obstruct. Enjoying a gradual rise from the river back to a plateau, the natural drainage is complete. The soil has a large admixture of gravel, in consequence of which, in a few hours after our heaviest rains, one can go almost anywhere and find it dry and comparatively clean under foot. Our City Fathers have begun a good work in grading and graveling streets and laying plank sidewalks, as well as clearing streets of forest trees, which both obstructed the view and stopped the sea breeze during warm summer months. We have many fine brick buildings, which show the faith we have in the permanence of the place. Our private residences will compare with any other growing town, and the number of fine residences finished this season, and now under way, shows the enterprise and desire for comfort of our people. The fact that no house can remain untenanted for a length of time, if fit for a residence, and another fact that our best houses are always engaged before the occupant leaves them, speak for us to all new-comers favorably. Vancouver has a permanent commercial thoroughfare in the grand Columbia River, from hence on whose bosom can be transported all our surplus products.

And now a word to settlers on our public lands. Do not waste your standing timber. There seems to be no end of trees, giant trees, from one to six and eight feet through. The pine forests of black walnut in Ohio and adjoining States were for the same reasons utterly destroyed. Now compare the value of the trees which could have been spared and the present value of the land on which they stood, not saying anything of the evil effects of that wholesale devastation on the atmosphere. Some will say, "We need the ground and the trees are only a nuisance; the sooner out of the way the better." "A willful waste brings a woful want," is an old adage, but still true as when first spoken. Choice logging tim-

ber is fast disappearing, and the distance from mills on the rapid increase. We will soon be called to go to still more remote forests for our best quality of lumber or to ship it from abroad. Let us preserve all our best and only destroy, if we must cut and burn, the poorest. This will leave us a surprisingly large area for grasses. And as red clover will grow finely in our open forests, we can reap the combined benefit of pasture and forest for many years. Red clover and timothy, if sown just at the setting in of our fall rains, will catch well and give us a fine crop at the first cutting. Besides the saving of our valuable trees, the strength of both the man and his family is kept for better uses. Till well and carefully a small parcel of land—leave the rest for grass and forest.

CARLOS W. SHANE.

MEXICAN TABLE CUSTOMS.

DURING eight months' residence in Mexico I have not seen a bit of butter, potato, egg cooked by itself, chop or steak, tea, sauce, cake, pie or pudding, or those ordinary vegetables which we consider indispensable. Napkins are rarely used—each person wiping his or her face and hands on that portion of the table-cloth which is nearest. Eating with the fork is not at all according to etiquette, but the knife or spoon must be used—or more properly a tortilla. Mexicans manage the latter with as much dexterity as the Chinese does his chop-sticks, curving it between the fingers till it forms something like a spoon, and scooping up the food with it, eating spoon and all. The very old people and the lower classes use tortillas altogether, instead of knives, forks or spoons, the latter being of comparatively recent introduction. It requires considerable practice to successfully manage the tortilla scoop, as I have learned from sad experience. After the meal is finished, and at intervals during its progress, if one feels so inclined, the mouth is filled with water from the goblet, rinsed with more or less emphasis between the teeth, and then spurted upon the floor. In this process all become expert, from the lady of the house to the smallest child. When fresher water is required that in the glasses is carelessly tossed upon the dirt floor, where it does no harm.

A LAND OF THE DEAD.

CHINA, says a recent traveler, is almost everywhere a land of the dead. For thousands of years the inhabitants have been assiduously employed in burying each other. In the north there are few graveyards, and the person who dies is placed in the most convenient spot which offers itself, and that may chance to be in the center of a field of rice or on the roadside. If his relatives be rich they at once raise a huge mound of earth over him; if they do not happen to have a great amount of disposable funds they put the coffin down in the field or on the roadside, thatch it with a little straw, and leave it till the money for a mound can be got together; or they erect over it a little structure of loose brick and tiles. The wind and rain do their work, and one sees all over the landscape mounds of earth flanked by exposed coffins.

ALASKA.

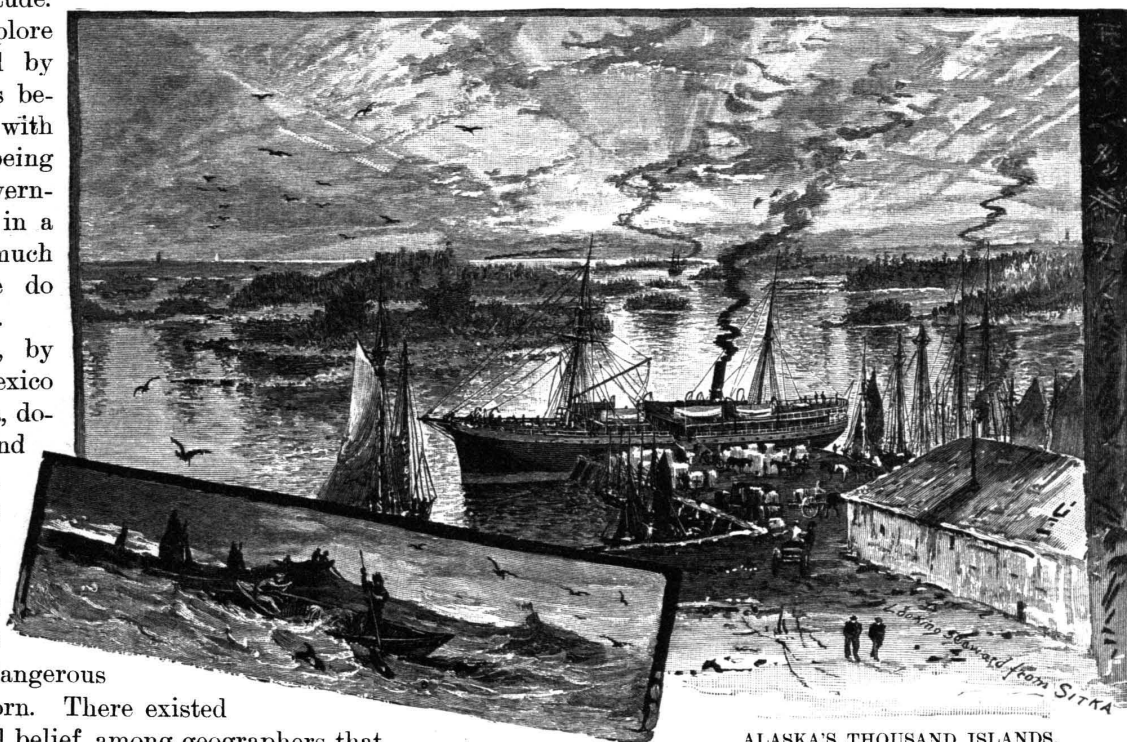
YEAR by year Alaska becomes better known to the people at large. When Mr. Seward paid \$7,200,000 for what was popularly considered a gigantic iceberg, few besides himself realized the great value of the purchase. The Russians occupied its coast for years without exploring its interior enough to give us even an approximately correct map, and during her seventeen years of ownership the United States has done but little better. Even last year an officer who found time dragging heavily upon his hands, while waiting for a vessel to take him away from that region, managed by a short journey into the interior to stumble upon a river, the existence of which was previously unknown, and which, if his opinion is well founded, is not only greater than the mighty Yukon, but one of the largest rivers on the globe. At the same time Lieutenant Schwatka was exploring the latter stream and verifying, for the first time, the reports of its great magnitude.

An expedition to explore the river discovered by Lieutenant Stoney is being fitted out, and with the enterprise now being displayed by the Government, we may hope in a few years to know as much about Alaska as we do about Central Africa.

For years Spain, by her possession of Mexico and Central America, dominated the Pacific and enriched herself with the commerce of the Indies. In vain England and other Powers sought for some other route into the Pacific than the long and dangerous

one around Cape Horn. There existed at that time a general belief among geographers that from Hudson's Bay or the North Sea, as the Arctic Ocean was then called, and which was considered easily accessible from the Atlantic, there must be a passage into the Pacific, which was known as the Straits of Anian. Diligent search on the Atlantic side, and occasional voyages in the Pacific, failed to reveal such a geographical feature. At last, in 1728, a Russian expedition under Behring sailed through the straits which now bear his name, without being aware that they were out of the open sea. Other expeditions soon followed, which discovered the islands of the Aleutian group and reached the mainland in the vicinity of Mount St. Elias. This was followed by the establishment of stations for the fur trade on the islands and at various points on the mainland. These furs were chiefly procured by purchase from the natives, and were all sent by vessel to the town of Petropavlovski, in Kamtchatka, from which they were for-

warded by dog sledges to Irkutsk, a distance of 3,450 miles. From there some were sent south 1,300 miles to Pekin, China, and the others were forwarded across 3,760 miles of dreary waste to St. Petersburg. The poorest navigators and least scientific explorers of the Pacific were the Russians and Spaniards. One English voyage was worth a dozen such as they frequently made. Russians occupied the coast and islands of Alaska thirty years, entertaining the belief that from Mount St. Elias westward and northwestward to the coast of Asia was a vast sea of islands; while the Spaniards, after several voyages from Mexico to Alaska, were unable to draw a chart of the coast line with the least approach to accuracy. It was left for the celebrated Captain Cook, who was dispatched by England in search of the Straits of Anian, to demonstrate to the Russians in 1778 that Alaska was a vast northwestern projection of the continent, fringed with thousands of islands great and small, and to



ALASKA'S THOUSAND ISLANDS.

enlighten the Spaniards upon the character of our coast line, though only following the course pursued by their own vessels a few years before.

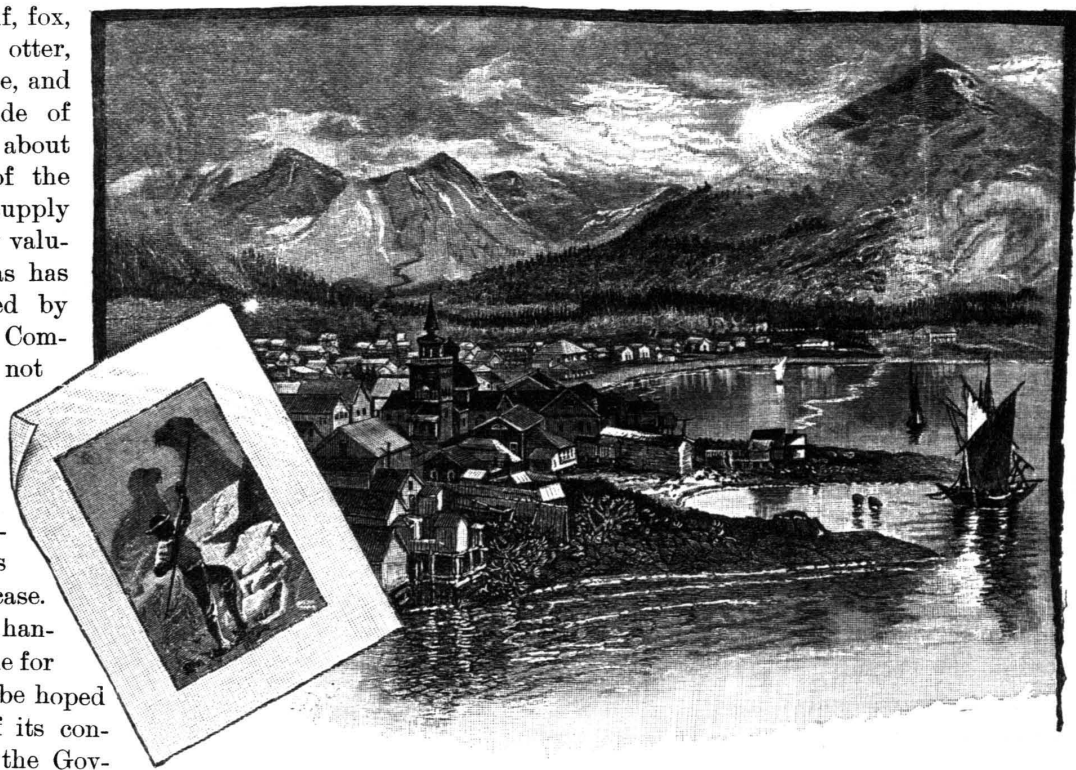
The Alaskan fur trade was concentrated in the hands of the Russian-American Trading Company by royal charter in 1781, and was expanded gradually until there were forty stations established on the islands and mainland, with headquarters at New Archangel, or Sitka, as it is now called. The charter was renewed in 1839, and expired finally in 1863, and four years later Alaska was purchased by the United States. In 1870 the Government leased to the Alaska Commercial Company the exclusive privilege of catching fur seals in the new territory, confining them to the two islands of St. Paul and St. George, and limiting the number of seals to be killed annually to 100,000. This lease was for twenty years, and has six years yet to run. The yearly rental is

\$55,000 and \$2 tax upon each seal taken, not enough to pay in the twenty years the purchase price, though the company has realized that sum many times over. The Northwest Trading Company has stations at various points, where are collected furs of all kinds, and where they are largely engaged in packing fish and manufacturing oil.

The resources of Alaska may be said to be entirely undeveloped, so insignificant in proportion to her capabilities are the industries now established. The vast forests, rising from the coast and covering the mountains to a height of 2,000 feet, consist of a very durable yellow cedar, spruce, larch, a gigantic fir, cypress and hemlock. Here is a vast reserve of timber upon which we can fall back when our forests are exhausted, as they will surely be ere long, if the present destruction by lumbermen, settlers and fire continues. One great source of wealth is the fur-bearing animals that abound, such as the wolf, fox, beaver, ermine, marten, otter, squirrel and bear. These, and the numberless multitude of fur seals that swarm about the rocks and islands of the coast, furnish an annual supply of fur that is exceedingly valuable. Seal catching is, as has been stated, monopolized by the Alaska Commercial Company, whose contract does not expire until 1890. It was at first feared that the destruction of 100,000 seals annually would result in their practical extermination, but observation proves the contrary to be the case. This industry, properly handled, will be a lucrative one for generations; and it is to be hoped that at the expiration of its contract with this company the Government will so manage it as to derive a greater revenue.

The agricultural capabilities of Alaska are limited. During the Russian occupation of that region they depended upon other places for their supply of vegetables, etc. In 1812 they planted a colony at Bodega, Cal., where for over thirty years they raised produce for their trading posts, in spite of the repeated protests and warnings sent them by the Spanish governors of that distracted province. They also had a contract in later years with the Hudson's Bay Company, or rather the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, to supply them from their farms on the Cowlitz and at Nesqually; also with Captain John A. Sutter, the pioneer of Sacramento Valley. All this would have been unnecessary had agriculture been practicable in Alaska. Cereals do not ripen well. Native grasses and berries, however, grow plentifully. It has been supposed that vegetables would not thrive,

owing chiefly to the extreme humidity of the atmosphere. In his report, made in 1882, Captain L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., says: "Even during the period of occupation by our troops gardening was discouraging work, and I have been informed by officers who were stationed at Sitka that their efforts were rewarded by worthless potatoes, lettuce and cabbage which would not head, and watery beets, turnips and radishes. But this state of affairs does not now exist; whether it is due to change of climate, through the clearing away of many acres of forest, or to improved methods, I cannot say; but for several years vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbages, etc., have been raised yearly in the vicinity of Sitka and Wrangell. In the neighborhood of Sitka there are a large number of plots under cultivation. Within a distance of twenty miles from Sitka are three or four thousand acres of fair agricultural land, if properly drained. On the



SITKA, ALASKA.

Island of Biorka, ten miles to the south, there is a farm owned and managed by Indians, and devoted principally to potatoes, cress, turnips and cabbages; this farm covers at least forty acres, and on Japonsky and several of the larger islands in Sitka sound and bay are flourishing gardens." By this it would seem that Alaska can depend upon herself for many things which the Russians formerly purchased abroad.

Until the past few years it was supposed that coal and iron formed the only mineral wealth of the country, and even the extent or value of these deposits was not known; nor is it now. But gold has been discovered, and the irrepressible prospector has invaded the cold and bleak interior with his pick and shovel. Considerable placer mining has been done at Harrisburg, a mining camp on the Yukon, many miles into the interior, where the miti-

gating influence of the Japan current is not felt and all the rigors of an Arctic climate are encountered. Reports from thoroughly competent prospectors are to the effect that the placers and quartz ledges are of unusual richness; but because of the brevity of the working season and the enormous distance over which supplies have to be taken, they cannot be worked profitably. On the other hand, much work was done last year, especially on the placers, several thousand miners having spent the summer along the Yukon, and many of these men are preparing to return the present season. The quartz ledges in the vicinity of Sitka and in the interior back from Sitka and Wrangell were first discovered, and have been worked successfully on a small scale. It will take several years to determine the fact whether the quartz ledges of the interior are sufficiently rich to make mining there profitable under the many disadvantages surrounding it.

The greatest and most available resource of Alaska is the abundance of food fish to be found in the streams and in the waters along the coast. From June until September the fresh-water streams, from the great Yukon to the little brooks flowing from melting glaciers, are crowded with salmon and trout, while their presence in the bays and adjacent sea is indicated by the leaping of herds of porpoises pursuing them for food. Were it not for their destruction by these ravenous fish, and the fact that but a small percentage of the spawn lives to reach deep water, the sea and bays in the vicinity of these rivers would become unnavigable. In the spawning season they ascend the streams in such numbers as to render fording extremely difficult. There are five distinct species as classified by the inhabitants, though no scientific classification has yet been made. Early in June the Quinnot (a very fine fish, called Chowchou by the Russians,) begins to run, followed soon by the Kikoff. In July appears the Crassena Rubia (red-fleshed), and in August the Garbosha (humpbacked), followed later in the season by the Kischutch, or black-mouthed. The last is considered the finest table fish, though the Garbosha, which is coarse and unfit for canning, is the favorite with the Indians, and is cured by them in great quantities for their winter food. There are already half a dozen canneries at work, several of which were built the past year, and the Alaska pack is becoming quite a factor in the market. The possible expansion of this industry is practically unlimited. Large quantities are packed in barrels by the various fur and trading companies. Off Fox and Shumagin islands, at the southern extremity of the Alaskan Peninsula, cod fishing is carried on quite extensively. Three companies in San Francisco employ twenty vessels in this work, catching about 2,000 tons annually. In this vicinity there are a number of good banks, with a depth of water varying from thirty to sixty fathoms. In the eastern end of Behring Sea is a bank covering an area of 18,000 square miles, which has a depth of fifty fathoms, and on every portion codfish are abundant. The cod is found from the Straits of Fuca as far north as latitude 59 degrees, or the southern limit of

floating ice in Behring Sea, having been caught at Nootka, Sitka, Lituya Bay, Yak-etat Bay, Cook's Inlet, throughout the Aleutian Islands, the Alexandrian Archipelago and in the Okhotsk Sea. The black cod, which is now attracting much attention, and is especially abundant in the vicinity of Queen Charlotte Islands and some distance to the northward, is superior to the cod of Labrador; so also is the fish caught near the Shumagin Islands. Halibut abound, but have never been caught in large numbers for the market. The Indians dry them for food. They range from 40 to 500 pounds in weight, and are caught without difficulty. There are many other species of fish, valuable for food or oil, which will all furnish their quota to the wealth which will be drawn from Alaska in the future.

The area of Alaska is computed at 600,000 square miles, more than 20,000 of which are comprised in two great archipelagoes—the Aleutian, extending westerly from the extremity of the peninsula nearly to Asia, and the Alexandrian, following the coast south from Cross Sound till it merges in the archipelago bordering the coast of British Columbia. By the latest authorities the native population, which has evidently been heretofore underestimated, is given as 30,000, divided into three general classes—the Innuits of the Yukon region, the Aleutians, and the Sitkans of the Alexandrian Archipelago, the last being subdivided into half a dozen families or tribes. In this estimate no account is taken of the comparatively limited number of Esquimaux inhabiting the extreme northern, or Arctic, shores, about whom practically nothing is known. The customs of the Sitka Indians are an interesting study yet open to some enthusiastic ethnologist. Of their religious ideas nothing definite is known, except that they entertain a belief in a multitude of spirits, both good and evil, and that they seem more inclined to propitiate the evil ones than to court the favor of the good. The only chance the departed spirit of an Indian has for future felicity comes through the cremation of his body, and to this friends of the defunct brave zealously attend. In the rear of his house is built a pile of wood upon which the body is laid, having been removed from the house through a hole in the roof specially cut for that purpose. The body is carefully covered with a blanket, now that blankets can be had, and near it are deposited the trinkets, finery and arms of the deceased. The pile is then ignited, and as it blazes a doleful chant is sung by a hired band of masked men, who keep time to their wailing music by beating upon a board with sticks. When a murderer has been killed by the victim's friend the two bodies, provided the vengeance has been swift enough and the two families are satisfied, are cremated under one blanket, and as the smoke from the burning bodies ascends in one column, so the hearts of the contending families are united, and the compact of peace is sealed.

Among the curious customs of these people is the use of the "Totem Stick," an Indian coat-of-arms, as distinctive and as zealously guarded from dishonor as that hanging in any European baronial hall. The totem stick

has been found in use among various tribes of American Indians, especially those living among the dense native forests, and it is cited by ethnologists as one of the indications of a common ancestry for many of the aboriginal tribes. In his "Song of Hiawatha," Longfellow says:

And they painted on the grave posts
Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral totem,
Each the symbol of his household,
Figures of the bear and reindeer,
Of the turtle, crane and beaver.

The Sitka Indians, as do many others of the northern tribes, carve their household symbols, and in this work give evidence of considerable artistic ability, the sculpturing in many instances being very intricate and extremely lifelike. The tribes are divided into families, and each has its totem stick erected in front of the house of the head of the family. The size of the stick and amount of carving indicate the wealth and importance of the possessor. They vary from two to five feet in thickness, and often are sixty feet high. Where families intermarry the symbols are blended or independently carved on the same stick, causing many curious combinations and intermingling of devices. The most common figures are the eagle, raven, alligator and fish; there are also heads of men, birds and beasts of all descriptions, as well as many cabalistic symbols, which are apparently arbitrary in their significance. These works of art are produced at great expense, often costing from \$1,000 to \$2,000. A chief who has asserted his importance by procuring one of these wooden coats-of-arms, usually celebrates the occasion by giving a "potlatch," a word of the "Chinook jargon," signifying the promiscuous distribution of gifts. On such occasions blankets, arms and valuables of all kinds are bestowed upon the assembled multitude with a lavish hand, the donor not infrequently impoverishing himself by his liberality.

Sitka, the capital of Alaska—if such a term may be applied to a region which has no civil government—is the oldest settlement on the Pacific Coast north of California, with the exception of a few stations established by Russian fur traders among the Aleutian Islands and at Prince William's Sound. The Russian-American Trading Company was in full possession of Alaska in 1799, when Baranoff built a fort on Baranoff, or Sitka, Island, and named it "Fort Archangel Gabriel." In 1803 the fort was captured by the Indians and the garrison massacred; but the next year Baranoff rebuilt it and named it "New Archangel." It soon became of importance as a shipbuilding point, where the company constructed vessels for the transaction of its business. In 1832 Baron Wrangell transferred to Sitka the capital of Russian America, which had formerly been at St. Paul. Priests of the Greek Church, the established religion of Russia, came to New Archangel at an early date, and in 1834 this was made the seat of a bishopric. In 1837 a school was established for the children of the company's servants, and in 1841 an ecclesiastical school was founded, which four years later rose to the grade of a seminary. A school for native children was opened about the same

time. These were all discontinued after the American occupation; but the Presbyterians soon founded one, as did other denominations subsequently.

Sitka was quite a thriving town under the Russian rule; but having lost its importance with the departure of the company whose headquarters it was, and having lost much of its trade and population by reason of the mining camps of Harrisburg and Takou, it shows unmistakable signs of decay in its many empty houses, fast assuming a dilapidated and consequently "artistic" and "interesting" appearance. The most conspicuous structure is the Greek church, built in the form of a Greek cross, with emerald-green dome in the center, and a cupola-surmounted bell tower. The chapel occupies one wing of the edifice, and in its appointments is very magnificent. It contains a curious font and an exquisite painting of "The Virgin and Child," copied from the celebrated one at Moscow. The drapery of the figure is of silver, and the halo surrounding the head of gold, leaving nothing of the original painting to meet the eye but the faces and background. The effect is peculiar and striking. The ornaments, great candlestick and candelabra are of solid silver. The chancel is raised and is reached by three broad steps, leading to four doors, two of which are carved and gilded and ornamented with bas-reliefs. Above hangs a painting of "The Last Supper," and another on either side of the altar. These are covered with silver like that of the Madonna. No woman may cross the threshold of these doors, but they generally stand ajar, and the courteous priest in attendance willingly shows to visitors the gorgeous vestments and the bishop's crown, heavy with pearls and amethysts. The fittings of the church were presented to it by the Empress Catherine many years ago.

Rivaling the church in interest to the visitor is the old castle on the hill, once the home of the Russian governor, who ruled with almost despotic power, but now, alas, converted into a United States signal station. Once destroyed by fire and once prostrated by an earthquake, it was each time rebuilt. Signs of dilapidation are observable, but its massive walls will probably stand for generations. The desolation of its appearance lends an added charm to the legends which hang about it. One of these traditions is to the effect that Baron Romanoff, when occupying the castle as governor, had in his household a niece, an orphan whose guardian he was, a most beautiful young lady, as all traditionary maidens are or should be. She had bestowed her affections upon a young lieutenant, and when the Baron commanded her to wed a powerful prince, then stopping as a guest at the castle, she refused. The Romanoff, concealing his displeasure under a cloak of urbanity, gave the obstructing lieutenant an honorable command and dispatched him upon an expedition to some distance. During the absence of the lover the maiden yielded to the threats and demands of her stern uncle, and the wedding preparations were hastily made. The timid and heart-broken girl and the prince stood up before the priest, who solemnized the forced union, the marriage bells rang out their mock

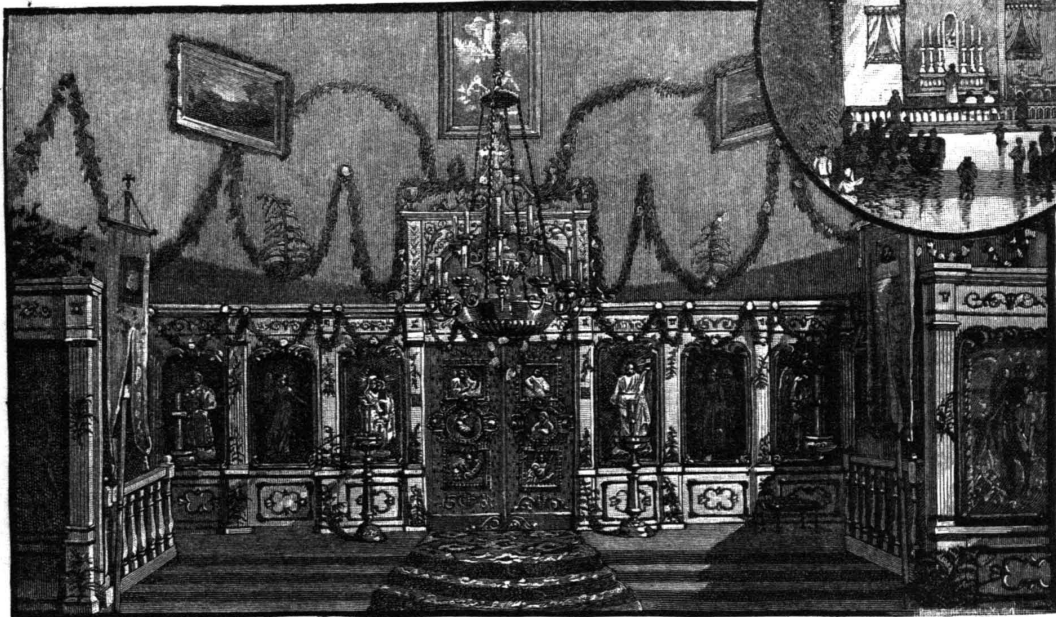
peals of joy, and revelry held sway in the great hall of the castle. Suddenly the young lieutenant stood in the midst of the gay throng, his garments travel-stained and torn, and his countenance haggard with suffering. He paused before the unhappy maiden, took her hand in his, gazed into her face, and then upon the ring the prince had placed upon her finger. Without uttering a word, and while the assembled guests were staring with amazement and curiosity, he drew a dagger from his belt and plunged it into her breast. He rushed from the castle and leaped into the sea, to find rest in the bosom of the waters. On the anniversary of her wedding night the spirit of the murdered girl can be seen passing through the castle halls, dressed in her rich bridal robes, tears streaming from her eyes as she presses her hand over the red wound in her breast. Often before a severe tempest she may be seen on the tower of the abandoned lighthouse, burning a light till dawn to guide the spirit of her lover on the stormy sea.

Alaska has in her keeping the loftiest mountain peak north of Mexico, one that has been a landmark to explorers and navigators of the northern waters for nearly a century and a half. In 1741 Behring, after a long voyage in search of the American coast, sighted the snowy crest of this giant peak, the first glimpse the great explorer had of the continent of America, and named it St. Elias. With his crew afflicted with scurvy, engendered by improper

food and exposure during their long voyage, and himself failing rapidly in health, Behring sailed for home without exploring the discovered land. For months the vessel wandered aimlessly about until it was wrecked upon a small island of almost barren rock rising abruptly from the water. Here the crew passed the winter, subsisting upon fish and the fur-bearing seals and other amphibious animals they were able to capture. On this bleak isle, where the roar of the surf beating against its rocky cliffs never ceases, the spirit of Behring took its flight. He and many of his afflicted crew were buried there by their surviving comrades before the return of spring and sunshine gave them renewed vigor and hope. Constructing then a rude craft from the timbers of their wrecked vessel, the few survivors launched it upon the unknown waters, and, turning the bow to the westward, finally reached the Bay of Avatscha, from which they had

started a year before. With them they took the skins of the animals they had slain, using them for clothing and blankets. These proved to be very valuable, leading to the dispatch of several vessels to the islands of the Aleutian group in search of more. Thus began the fur trade of the Pacific. The little sea-girt island is known to the present day as Behring's Isle.

Mount St. Elias was a landmark by which the early Russian, Spanish, English, American and French explorers verified their observations as they passed up or down the coast. Its altitude, of which no reliable measurement has yet been taken, is given at 19,500 feet above the level of the sea, on whose very edge it stands. It seems like a vast pivot upon which the continent turns as it sweeps around the great Alaskan Sea to the westward. It has many noble associates on the northern coast—such as Fairweather and Edgecumb—but they are neither so gigantic, so imposing in appearance nor so grandly situated.



INTERIOR OF GREEK CHURCH, SITKA.

The climate of Alaska, or such portion of it as will ever be of much consequence, is far from being as arctic as is popularly supposed or the latitude would suggest. The Japan current, the *Kuro Siwo*, the great river of warm water flowing northward from the coast of Japan, is divided by the Aleutian Islands. A portion is deflected through Behring's Straits—a fact which accounts for the absence of floating icebergs at a latitude where the Atlantic is dotted with them—while the main stream is diverted to the east and reaches our coast near the head of Queen Charlotte Islands. Here it is again divided—one branch flowing south to give us the magnificent climate we enjoy, and the other sweeping around the Alaskan coast northward and westward to modify the arctic severity of the temperature. Observations at Sitka for thirteen years show that the mean temperature ranged from 38.1 to 48 degrees, and the winter mean from 27.7

to 34.8 degrees. In January, 1880, the thermometer indicated 7 degrees below zero, and the native Russians asserted that for fifty years it had never been so cold, as it had been below zero but four times within that period. During many winters cattle have been able to obtain food continually, and roses have been gathered from outdoor gardens at Christmas time. This, of course, only applies to the islands along the coast and the adjacent mainland. In the interior, beyond the wall of mountains that oppose the passage inland of warm ocean winds, Old Boreas holds undisputed sway. Snow seldom falls at Sitka to a depth of six inches, and generally disappears quickly before the melting rains. The atmosphere throughout the year is extremely humid, the rainfall much exceeding that which has won for Oregon the title of "Webfoot." To this is due the luxuriant growth of native grasses and the dense forests that fringe the coast and cover the numberless islands.

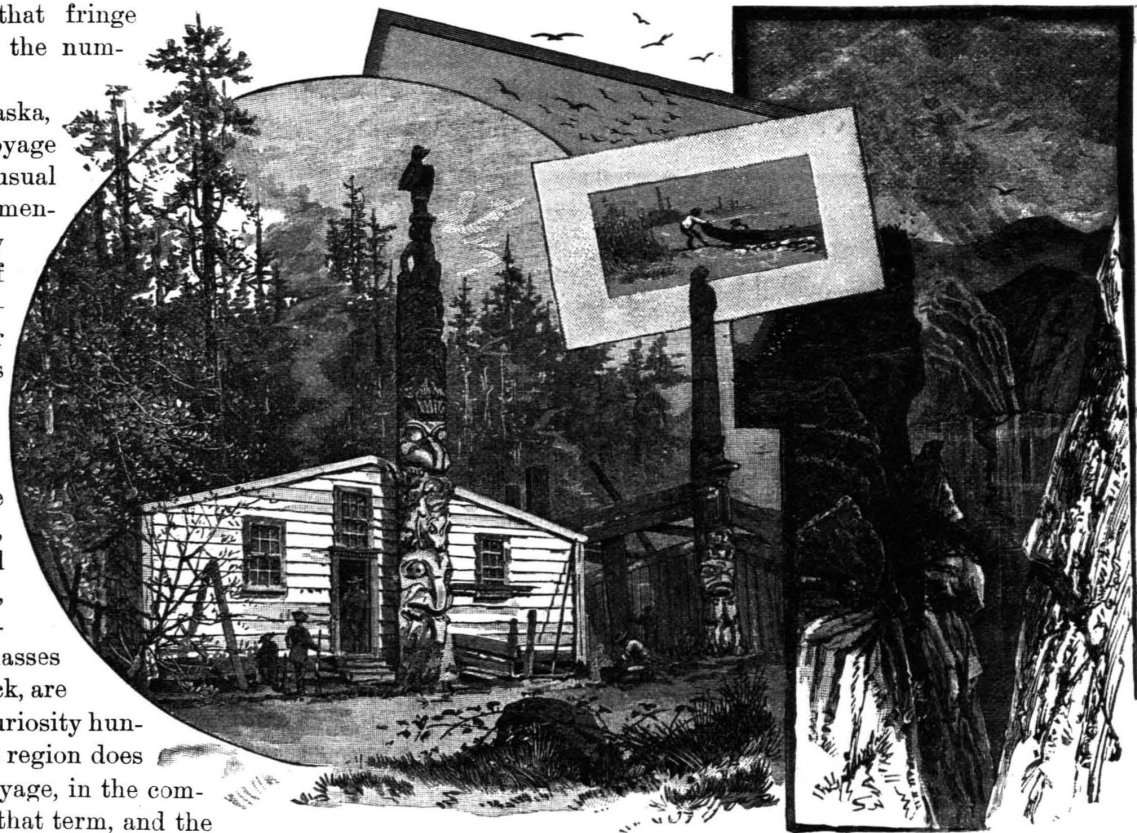
To the tourist Alaska, and especially the voyage thither, presents unusual attractions. The mementoes brought away from the "Land of the Midnight Sun"—though few go so far north as to witness that apparent phenomenon—are both curious and unique. Carvings, such as are made on totem sticks, claws of bears and other wild animals, odd shells, and garnets imbedded in masses in large pieces of rock, are the trophies of the curiosity hunter. The trip to that region does not embrace a sea voyage, in the common significance of that term, and the reason for this will be quickly apparent to

one who will take the trouble to glance at a map of North America. From Puget Sound to Sitka the coast is bordered by a continuous succession of islands. By following the channel between them and the mainland the steamer plows constantly through placid waters, sailing often between the high bluff walls of narrow passes, where it seems as though one could almost touch the bank on either side. The reader will find the route fully described in the accompanying article on the "Queen Charlotte Islands." Excursions to Alaska are now becoming numerous, and each summer more and more of our people and visitors from abroad avail themselves of the advantages offered by excursion boats during the season. Arrangements have already been made for several such pleasure trips at stated periods the coming summer.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

I.

THE Queen Charlotte Islands, the extreme northwestern lands of the Province of British Columbia, are situated in the Pacific Ocean, between 51 deg. 55 min. and 54 deg. 15 min. north latitude, and 131 deg. 2 min. and 133 deg. 5 min. west longitude, about 600 miles northwest of Victoria. They are three in number—Provost, Moresby and Graham—altogether about 156 miles in length, Graham Island, the largest, being fifty-two miles in width. Although in common with the whole Northwest Pacific Coast region dense forests and rugged mountains cover the greater portion of their surface, they are reported to contain considerable tracts of open arable land, well adapted to stock raising and agriculture, also deposits of coal and other minerals, and waters teeming



TOTEM STICKS.

SEYMOUR NARROWS.

with cod, halibut and other excellent fish. Their sole inhabitants down to the present time, with the exception of the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company and recently of the Skidegate Oil Manufacturing Company, are the Hydah tribe of Indians, now numbering about 800 souls. Among all the Indians of the Pacific Coast they are distinguished for their fine physique, intelligence, mechanical skill, enterprise and thrift. Owing to their isolated position—though mariners, traders, prospectors and missionaries have skirted the shores of these islands—they are at the present time practically unexplored and unknown. But the advancing tide of emigration is now setting far up the north coast and will soon invade the home of the Hydahs. The route thence from Victoria is through a wonderland of unique and striking topography, touching at numerous Indian villages, trading and fishing

stations and missionary posts, presenting a succession of scenes of absorbing interest.

Victoria, the point of our departure and that of all the principal lines of transportation through the Province, occupying one of the most magnificent sites on the Pacific Coast, commanding the principal trade of 300,000 square miles of country rich in the great resources of coal, gold, lumber, fish and agriculture, is destined to become a great commercial metropolis. Sailing out of its beautiful harbor what a glorious panorama of mountains, seas and islands comes into view. Across the Straits of Fuca the snow-covered Olympian peaks present their bold faces to the northward; Mount Baker towers majestically in the east, and scores of picturesque islands, clothed in perpetual green, fill the wonderful waters of Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia with landscapes of striking grandeur and beauty. Sailing northward we skirt the shores of Vancouver Island, whose sea wall of rounded trappean rock, sparsely wooded with pine and oak, receding gradually, is interspersed with pleasant green slopes and park-like openings. The conspicuous mansion situated upon a commanding eminence in the eastern suburbs of Victoria is the Government House, now occupied by His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Cornwall. A little beyond, bordering the shores of Cadboro Bay, several well-improved farms are visible. Driven into this snug little harbor in the month of April, I was surprised to see vegetation so well advanced, the grasses green and flowers in bloom.

Approaching the entrance to the Canal de Haro, San Juan Island, to the northeast, first engages the attention. It is the largest of the San Juan group—comprising Orcas, Lopez, Blakely, Decatur, Waldron, Shaw's, Stuart, Speiden, Henry and others—being thirteen miles long, with an average width of four miles. It acquired historical importance as disputed territory, having been jointly occupied by the English and American forces from 1858 to 1873, when the boundary question was finally settled. Lying to the westward of this group, and comprising the Archipelago de Haro, are numerous islands belonging to British Columbia. Of these Salt Spring, Galiano, Saturna, Pender, Sidney, Moresby, Mayne and Texada (the famous island of iron) are the most important. They are uniformly rock bound, with basalt, sandstone and conglomerate formations, interspersed with lignite, rugged and irregular in outline, thickly wooded with fir and spruce, and rising from 500 to 3,000 feet above the sea. Their climate is healthful and uniform, rainfall not excessive, and great extremes of heat or cold unknown. The forests abound with deer, otter, coon and mink, and the surrounding waters with salmon, halibut, cod and other excellent fish. There are no beasts of prey or poisonous reptiles.

Following the Canal de Haro to near Plumper's Pass, then taking the Nanaimo channel and sailing within sight of the City of Nanaimo, early on the 9th of April we reach Departure Bay, a fine little land-locked, forest-bound harbor, eighty miles from Victoria. This is the shipping point of the Nanaimo coal mines, the

most productive in the Province, exporting annually about 200,000 tons to San Francisco, Wilmington, Honolulu and China. This coal, the best found on the Pacific Coast, underlies hundreds of thousands of acres along the east shore of Vancouver Island. The early construction of the Island Railway from Victoria to these coal fields, now assured by the passage of the Settlement Bill by the Dominion Parliament, will give a marked impetus to the development of this great and permanent source of wealth to the whole Province. Many moons ago, before the pale faces came, according to tradition, several hundred Indians made the largest island near the entrance their refuge and stronghold in time of war. But being taken by surprise by their enemies, a powerful northern tribe, all were slain. Their bones, it is said, still whiten the island in places. A small band of Indians are seen camping on the shore of the gulf, just outside of the bay, drying the spawn of herring for food. They suspend and buoy the branches of trees in deep water where herring abound, and when covered with spawn haul them out and hang them up to dry in the sun. A little further on several canoes, manned by Indians, are engaged in catching dogfish, which are very numerous in these waters, and are used for making oil.

Resuming our voyage on the following day, we pass Comox, one of the largest and most prosperous settlements on Vancouver Island, 135 miles from Victoria. Here are also very extensive deposits of good bituminous coal destined to be of immense value. Texada Island, containing mountain masses of rich magnetic iron ore, now used by the Port Townsend smelting works, is seen in the distance on the right. On the left lies a long stretch of level, fir-timbered country, with a productive soil, affording good opportunities for hundreds of families willing to work to acquire homes and independence. On past Oyster Bay, at Cape Mudge, the southern extremity of Valdez Island, we enter Discovery Passage, the beginning of the wonderful deep-sea channels leading away north to Alaska. Here are Seymour Narrows, through which the pent-up waters rush whirling and foaming at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and where the United States steamer *Saranac* struck a rock and sunk a few years ago. The most powerful steamers seldom attempt the passage against the tide. This is the point where the Canadian Pacific Railroad once considered the practicability of bridging from Valdez Island to Vancouver Island for an extension of their line from the mainland to Victoria. The same end will perhaps eventually be accomplished by the running of immense train transfer ferry boats from Burrard Inlet across the gulf to Nanaimo. The Indians inhabiting these shores were formerly hostile and dangerous. Twenty-two years ago R. Maynard, the photographer, camped on the shore opposite the Narrows, en route in a ship's boat from the Stickeen River to Victoria. The Indians formed a plot to murder him and his twelve companions while sleeping, burn their boats and carry off their supplies, which they would doubtless have done had not one of the party, known as "Big Charley," who understood the Indian

language, overheard all the details of the intended massacre and warned them to flee for their lives.

A glorious ride amidst scenery of exceeding grandeur, through Johnstone's and Broughton's straits, between Vancouver, Thurlow, Hardwick, Cracroft and Hanson islands, all rocky, mountainous and thickly timbered with fir, cedar and spruce, brought us at daylight on the 10th to Alert Bay, 235 miles from Victoria. It is a sheltered indentation on the west side of Cormorant Island, opposite the mouth of the Nimpkish River of Vancouver, the home of the Nimpkish tribe of Indians from time immemorial, having been found here by Captain Cook over 100 years ago. They now number about 190, and occupy a picturesque village made from cedar logs and planks, the front of the house of their chief, Tlah-go-glass, being covered with grotesque paintings, representing whales and hideous hobgoblins. As I walk through it, old and young, wrapped in blankets, are squatting in groups or standing around the entrances. They exchange salutations in a friendly but quiet manner. Large quantities of dried salmon, their principal food, hang inside of their smoky, dismal, windowless houses. In the edge of the forest, close at hand, suspended in the branches of the tallest trees, wrapped in blankets, and packed in square boxes made from cedar shakes, are seen a number of bodies of their dead. They have recently established a burying ground, where wooden images of men, whales, birds and fish stand among the graves, which are gaily decked with cloths of many colors. The Episcopal Church of England has established a mission among them, and built a church and school, now in charge of the Rev. Mr. Hall. They find employment during the summer at the Alert Bay salmon cannery, which packs from 5,000 to 10,000 cases a season. Excellent salmon are caught on the Nimpkish River, the outlet of Karmutzen Lake, bordering which there are reported several hundred acres of land suitable for cultivation.

Proceeding in a thick fog, running slowly, close along the west shore of Malcomb Island, coal oil is seen covering the surface of the water for a considerable distance. The Hudson's Bay Company's post and Indian village of Fort Rupert, finely situated on the east shore of Vancouver Island, is passed on our left. Just as we are emerging from the passage between Galiano and Hare islands the fog lifts, the sun shines brightly, and under full steam we enter the waters of Queen Charlotte Sound. It is about fifty miles across, sometimes quite rough, but now placid and unrippled, the long swells rolling gently without a break. Now heading for Rivers Inlet, we cross Fitzhugh Sound, dimly see the islands of the Sea Otter group, then turning the prow of our faithful old ship toward the mountains, just at twilight reach the salmon canning and packing establishments near the mouth of the Owee-kayno River, which flows into Rivers Inlet. Three firms here can and salt from 500,000 to 1,000,000 pounds of salmon annually. A beautiful night favors our voyage, and early the following morning we are opposite the entrance to Burke's Channel, which leads away for fifty miles eastward through the North

Bentley Arm to Bella Coola, the home of the Bella Coola Indians, now numbering about 300. They occupy a beautiful situation, embracing several hundred acres of rich delta land at the mouth of the Bella Coola River, upon which they raise considerable quantities of potatoes.

Steaming on through Fisher's Channel and Lama Passage, when about ten miles up the latter, the vessel suddenly rounds into a little cove, opposite the Indian village and Hudson's Bay Company's post of Bella Bella. The Bella Bella tribe numbers about 250, and are under the missionary instruction of the Methodists of Canada, who have built them a church and school house. There is no landing, but the engines have scarcely stopped before we are surrounded by a fleet of canoes of all sizes, full of natives, some coming for freight, others to bring passengers. Their houses are built of logs and plank, with low double roofs, generally without chimneys or windows, and with a small entrance in front. Numerous graves are seen on the neighboring hills, several, especially that of Chief Amset, being conspicuously marked by great circular head boards, wooden images, canoes, carvings of birds, etc.

Thence crossing Millbank Sound and sailing through a succession of remarkable waters—Tolmie Channel, Fraser's and McKay's reaches, Wright's Sound and Greenville Channel—on the morning of the 12th we reach the mouth of Skeena River, one of the most important streams in Western British Columbia. It has four entrances, the main channel leading from Chatham Sound, and is navigable for light draft steamers to Mumford Landing, a distance of sixty miles, and about 200 miles further for canoes. This is the shortest and best route to the Omineca mines and to several of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts. Port Essington, situated near its mouth, a small village of traders, fishermen and about 175 Tsimpseean Indians, is the principal settlement upon its banks. There are three salmon canneries here, one at Aberdeen, on the opposite bank of the river, and another on Inverness Slough, about eight miles below. Their total annual pack ranges from 35,000 to 50,000 cases.

About sixteen miles beyond the mouth of the Skeena we suddenly come in full view of the most populous and inviting place we have seen thus far, a neat village of about 150 houses, beautifully situated upon Tsimpseean Peninsula. A large church and school house are conspicuously prominent. There are also a store, salmon cannery and salt mill. This is Metlakathla, the field of the remarkably successful work of Mr. Duncan in civilizing and Christianizing the Tsimpseean Indians. He first established a mission at Port Simpson, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, but, for the purpose of greater isolation, in 1862 removed to Metlakathla, where he has gathered about 1,000 of that tribe, and through wise management, faithful secular and religious training, raised them from barbarism to the condition of civilized people. They live in comfortable houses, dress like the whites, school their children and observe the Christian

A SURPRISING NARRATIVE.

I OFFER this story without comment. It was told me by an old comrade of the Nicaragua gold fields, known to us under the nickname of Barbachella, who called on his way to retirement in Alsace. Besides his mine at Libertad, this good fellow owned a cattle farm on the Massaya road, outside the village. When he was there one night a peon told him a foreign priest asked shelter. Forthwith Barbachella ran out, drove away the dogs, and brought his visitor to the hearth, who gave his name as Jean Lequeu. For some months past he had been living at Massaya, studying the tongue of the Woolwa Indians. It was said that he cherished an idea of settling among that people. Barbachella, therefore, recognized his guest, and after learning that the reports were true, he told some Indian stories to cheer him up. As he saw with mortification that his horrible fancies created no alarm, he said at length, "You don't believe what I am telling you, padre?"

"So far as you speak from your own experience, sir, I believe you implicitly."

"But you think these stories may be true? And still you mean to risk your life among such brutes!"

"Every one to his *metier*, sir!" the priest replied. "That is mine. What you recount of these Indians is not quite new to me, for I have passed three years on the Lacandon. There, sir, I have been exposed to more terrible dangers, and I have seen sights far more strange."

Barbachella answered sharply, for he was not used to a challenge. "Oh, if you are going to talk of the Itzimaya, I give in, of course! But I should not expect such *histoires* from a priest."

The other colored, but his reply was gentle. "Personal experiences are not properly described as *histoires*, I think."

"What! you've seen the Itzimaya?"

"I have seen an Indian town that answers the legendary description. For twelve months nearly I have been waiting the answer of the Propaganda to my report. My dear brother is still in Cosigalfa, sir, if he survive."

"The man talks sense in a way! I should think if the Itzimaya answers to description, ten thousand scamps would be delighted to rescue your brother in passing."

"Ay, and to revive the horrors of the Conquest. Not even for Antoine's sake."

"Well, padre, I throw it up. Tell us all about it."

And the priest then unfolded the following strange narrative, which I give as related to me by Barbachella:

Jean Lequeu was dispatched from Europe as pioneer of a mission to be founded among the free heathen Indians of Lacandon, called Bravos. The Archbishop of Guatemala recommended him to the priest of a small settlement deep in the woods beyond Lake Petan. There, among the semi-civilized Indians, he might study the language, which is almost identical with that of the Bravos. A dreary, uninteresting existence the young man led for two years. The white population consisted of half a dozen families, who bred cattle in a small way and traded with the Indians for jungle produce. They

did not welcome a foreigner. The priest to whom Lequeu was recommended could hardly read, and so gross was the public scandal of his life that the visitor expostulated within forty-eight hours, so their friendship terminated abruptly. He was almost disheartened by the prospect, when the Bravo Lacandons came down. This, I gather, was the disastrous irruption of 1880; Barbachella heard the story in September or October, 1882. All the white inhabitants fled, with their priest and his large family. The garrison of twenty soldiers fell back on Flores. Some of the tame Indians roamed away, as one might properly describe the movement; others prepared to defend themselves. Nobody paid attention to Lequeu. Utterly alone, he commended himself to Heaven. To him one day, digging in his little garden, came three Indians. The hedge of cactus was still so young that they could look over it, and they stood by the roadside, mute as usual. Lequeu asked them into the house, but they gave no heed. Said one at length: "The Bravos will be here to-morrow, padre; why don't you save yourself?"

It is needless to repeat the conversation. When the visitors learned that it was not ignorance of danger which caused the priest to stay, they took grave council among themselves; and then the spokesman invited him to seek refuge in their camp. It was a great opportunity—providential as Lequeu hoped. Then and there he marched away with them. Several thousand males had assembled, with their old people, women and children. Presently a red glow in the sky told that the Lacandons had reached the village. The invaders drew nearer and nearer, and for a month ravaged the country. One evening the Indians determined to give them battle, and the head cacique approached the priest and asked him to pray, to propitiate the white man's fetich in the action of the next day. Upon the promise that all prisoners should be delivered up to him alive, he implored the blessing of God upon their arms. They sallied forth the next day; fought from dawn to sunset, lost many, killed many, took much spoil and brought three prisoners home. All the other vanquished, as they gravely swore, rejected quarter. A man, a youth and a boy were the three Lacandons, all badly hurt. When they recovered Lequeu employed them in his service. The veteran and youth were common people; the lad was son to a cacique of consequence.

The boy's appearance was unlike that of his comrades, his features of higher type, his complexion fairer. He did not speak the common dialect easily. Lequeu gathered that his home lay beyond that of the others, toward the frontier of Chiapas, and that his people were richer than theirs. It was all very vague, but certain hints aroused the priest's curiosity. Learning that his prisoner had marched twenty days before joining the host of the Lacandons, he asked who lived beyond his father's kingdom. Indians. Rich Indians, or poor, like those of Petan? Rich, very rich, living in houses of stone. Had he visited them? No; the peoples were not friendly. Did hostilities occur? Not now; those rich Indians sent

men every year who robbed his father. How were they called? Their land was named Cosigalfa. They had no guns; his father had a few old ones, which nobody understood, but no powder. Lequeu could no longer disbelieve that somewhere to the north lay an Indian kingdom which was, at least, much more civilized than the clans round Petan. At his instance the cacique sent messengers to assure the lad's father of his safety.

The settlers began to come back, and they were astonished to find Lequeu alive. His death had been reported in Guatemala. The second party brought interesting news. A ship of war, in which Antoine Lequeu was lieutenant, had put into Istepax. The young man heard of his brother's fate with deep concern, obtained leave to satisfy himself, and was preparing to start when the refugees left. Lequeu rode into Flores and met him. Antoine, who had a month to spare, proposed to visit the settlement. But before leaving Flores they explored its massive ruins, overgrown now with forests, plundered to build houses. Here, not two centuries ago, stood temples and palaces. From this lake-city issued a "countless multitude of warriors" to resist Mazariegos, his guns and brigantines. The land, now a waste of swamp and jungle, was cultivated to sustain a dense population, which disappeared after the final overthrow, leaving not a child behind, nor plunder sufficient to repay the Guatemalan adventurers—only dead men and those great buildings which Mazariegos laboriously blew up. What an incredibly true report is his for the date, comparatively modern, 1695 A. D. For Cortes and Pizarro we can make some allowance, but the doings of those Christian savages, complacently related by the Royal Secretary, Valanzuela, who was an eye-witness, read like mischievous tricks of apes possessed. When Lequeu fancied that it might be his glorious task to rediscover the fugitives of Petan in their new home, his heart glowed with holy zeal.

And Antoine listened with kindling spirits.

When they regained the settlement events had happened. Lequeu had left his prisoners with the cacique, who told him the envoys had arrived with ransom. They would not see the white men, fearing enchantment, but they offered a bag of gold and fifty skins of the *quetzal* bird, the insignia of native royalty. Antoine was disgusted on weighing the gold, which hardly reached ten pounds. Lequeu demanded speech of the strangers, and it was granted after much parley and much incantation doubtless. They resembled the boy in looks and color; were plainly but completely clothed. Some forty or fifty Indians of lower type formed their train. Lequeu offered to release his slaves unransomed if he were allowed to accompany them back. This proposition, received in silence, deeply moved the emissaries. They withdrew to deliberate, possibly to refer, since the negotiations lingered week after week. Finally they put forward an ultimatum. If he would supply fifty guns and ammunition in proper quantity they would take him; if not, they abandoned the young chief, who was not his father's heir. It was a terrible temptation, but Lequeu rejected it. He

lodged the boy in the guard house, for on him all his hopes rested.

Antoine at this time took a holiday to Flores. Three days after his return the cacique arrived. He said, "The envoys want to go home, if you are ready." Lequeu's astonishment and triumph were the keener in proportion to his late despair. He bade Antoine farewell with deep emotion; but that mariner replied, "No nonsense between us, Jean! I am going with you." His brother argued, entreated, then pointed out that only he had been named in the negotiations. That did not move Antoine, and they started with the prisoners from the cacique's hut. A number of Guatemalan soldiery stood about it; fifty stand of arms were piled in the midst of them, and fifty boxes of ammunition lay around.

"What is this?" exclaimed Lequeu, aghast.

"Needs must when the devil arrives!" Antoine replied. "I have played the devil for you, Jean!" and forthwith he busied himself, giving the sergeant his discharge, with a sealed letter for the Commandant at Flores, and distributing cash among the men. They filed away, well pleased. Indians of the stranger's retinue quietly loaded up; the boy dressed himself in clean garments, distinguished by embroidery; and before the priest exactly realized how matters stood he was marching with his brother at the head of the procession.

At the first halting place Antoine drilled his men. "For," said he, "we are carrying through a land of bandits treasure worth a thousand times its weight in gold." It was a sound precaution. Every day the scouts reported a tumultuous assembly of Lacandons upon the road, but at sight of Antoine's company, awkward squad though it were, they silently opened their ranks. The villages offered ostentatious welcome, but it was refused; throughout their long and toilsome journey the strangers ate no provisions but their own, or animals they bought and killed themselves. After a fortnight's slow travel, signs of better cultivation and more civilized habits began to appear, slight at first, but daily growing in number. The screen of bush which edged the track, hiding maize fields and vegetable patches from the lawless passer-by, thinned until it vanished. Population, traffic, visibly increased. The huts of the common people, their scanty dress, differed in no way from those of the Petan Indians. Their features were scarcely more regular. But the dwellings of the chiefs showed greater and greater pretensions. From the mere hut, unlike others only in size, they gradually improved into wooden houses, ornamental, surrounded by a wall, filled with slaves more or less clothed. The cacique had his dependents who began to show airs. Then buildings with a stone under-course appeared.

One evening came messengers in robes of the silky tree-cotton, embroidered around the edge. They brought a hammock for the prince, slaves and presents. It was announced that next day they would pass the frontier. At that point a large body of armed men was waiting, several caciques among them, distinguished by feathers and gold ornaments and gems—emerald and opal. They

descended from their hammocks, of which the gay fringe and tassels swept the ground, to prostrate themselves. At night the Frenchmen lay in a house, all stone, rudely built, but spacious, having three courtyards. Beside it rose a little pyramid, with a broad stone altar at the top, which Lequeu shuddered to observe. From the moment of starting he had assiduously labored to convert the chiefs, who listened without reply. At this halting place a certain etiquette was observed. The Frenchmen received separate quarters, and it was conveyed to them somehow that they ought to stay there. As soon as dark set in, above the walls of their courtyard they saw a glare of illumination, and a great drum boomed solemnly. When that finished a rustle of many feet, a murmur of many voices speaking low, passed their abode. Presently arose a drunken clamor, which did not cease till after midnight. Decidedly these Indians differed from their tame brethren in habit as in externals. But in one respect they showed a likeness. Never were the strangers plagued by public curiosity. Thousands of eyes were fixed on them when they appeared, but no one moved, and no one made remarks in their hearing.

A few days afterwards they reached the capital, their train swollen by every chief dwelling on that line of route. This town resembled the others, on a larger scale. It had several temples and other edifices that rose above the huts. Every point of sight was crammed with silent, staring people. On the outer steps of a huge, rough pyramid, altar-crowned, stood many priests and noble virgins in white dresses. Quarters were assigned in the palace close by, a building of curious architecture, raised by several steps above its courtyard, and cloistered all around. In one of the small courts they found a meal provided, and dishes of gold and silver, very rudely fashioned, baths, slaves, and all they could want. At night there was tremendous revelry.

The King received his guests in state next day. Lequeu could speak the dialect with ease by this time, and Antoine seems to have made himself understood somehow. After a gracious welcome, his Majesty asked point blank why they had been anxious to visit him, and Lequeu as frankly proclaimed his mission. The harangue was heard in silence. When he finished the King said, "If you bring a message from foreign gods address yourself to our priests." To Antoine his Majesty was more gracious, appointed him officers and quarters, and begged him to instruct the troops in his system of drill. No restrictions were placed upon the guests, and each in his own way rejoiced at the prospect of affairs. Jean attacked the high priest, whose manner was encouraging, and in hopes of this decisive conquest refrained from public disputation. Antoine became a most important personage. Fifty picked warriors received the guns, and they drilled with stolid enthusiasm. The King was often present, the princes always, and great caciques attended by command, but evidently with reluctance. Occasionally a group of girls stood watching in the cloister. Antoine was constantly summoned to entertain the King with descriptions of European wars. From all these incidents

he guessed that schemes of conquest were on foot, but he breathed no word of this suspicion to Jean, who interpreted guilelessly.

One day, passing the main street, the brothers saw that something new had happened. As they approached the palace, a procession issued from it—priests in grand array, their heads new shaven, and their leopard skins trailing. Behind these marched a company of the palace guard, surrounding four prisoners, whose hands were tied. They wore a plume of *quetzal* feathers, which signified, as the Frenchmen knew, that they were representatives of a king. No need to ask the doom of those who are delivered, bound, to Indian priests.

Jean lost all prudence at the sight. Regardless of Antoine's entreaty, he forced his way to the King, who sat in grand council. Nobody stopped him, but every eye gleamed with stern rebuke. Breathlessly he made his appeal, urging the sovereign by every nobler impulse of humanity to abolish human sacrifice. Horror and rage visibly thrilled the council, but none interrupted till Lequeu choked with the deep emotion that could not vent itself in an unfamiliar tongue. Then, at a motion of the King, guards closed on him and led him out, not too roughly. Antoine pushed to his aid, but the Indians seized him also and carried both to their quarters, where they were confined. Toward evening arose that horrid booming of the drums, and then, after dark, the bustle of a feast, outbreaks of shouting and singing, and the clash of arms.

Near midnight Antoine was summoned. He found the royal court ablaze with torches, littered with drunken men, asleep or roaring. The King sat in the midst—heavy-eyed, mad, not stupid, with liquor. His pages, male and female, stood around, and the high caciques crouched at his feet. A dozen of the noble youths who attended drill seized their captain uproariously, gave him to drink the purple, fermented juice, called *boca* by tame Indians, and carried him to the edge of the sacred platform. There Antoine bowed and heard a brief harangue. But of the King's drink-thickened utterance he could not understand a word, and he begged that Jean might be sent for. Lequeu came and translated with gathering dismay. Those four men, "who had just testified to the might and majesty of the gods," were envoys from Cosigalfa, who had presumed to threaten the King. Therefore he designed war upon Cosigalfa, and he offered the command of his armies to Antoine.

Speaking for his brother, Lequeu refused at once. "This," he said, passionately, turning to Antoine, "is what I foresaw when they asked for guns."

"So did I," Antoine replied, coolly laughing. "Each to his business. It is mine to fight! King, show me to-morrow your power and the enemy's, name the reward, and I will answer."

"That is just and prudent," said the King. "I drink a farewell draught to you." The cup-bearer handed him a golden bowl, and every chief fell flat, his forehead to the earth. After draining it his Majesty glared around, but no one moved. Then the royal eyes closed, and the

royal head fell forward with a jerk. Girl slaves caught him hurriedly, and with the neatness of long practice each unrolled her scarf, swathed it around the King's body from the shoulder down, and handed the free ends to a page on either side. By these soft bandages the sovereign was lifted shoulder high and carried in, girls supporting his head.

"You would do murder at the bidding of a sot like that?" cried Lequeu, pointing to the group.

"If war is murder, I am pledged to commit it for the Republic, and that noble savage is not more drunk than she."

All argument, threat and passionate entreaty of Lequeu did not affect his brother's resolve. On the following day he attended a great council, where it was explained that the armies of the King were numberless, whilst Cosigalfa had not a man worth counting. But historical facts that leaked out did not confirm this cheerful prospect. The people of Cosigalfa came from the south some generations ago. By magic art they subdued this country and others. After some time they pushed farther, leaving their conquests tributary. Several times had this kingdom rebelled unsuccessfully. Those four men, "who had testified to the might and majesty of the gods"—this was evidently a formula—had come to demand an explanation of the Frenchmen's presence. Cosigalfa would exact vengeance; but the King hoped to be first in the field, and with the white man's fetich, the white man's lightning, success was assured. Antoine thought so. A levy *en masse* would certainly return many thousand warriors of a sort.

And Cosigalfa, as all declared, was rich in gold and arts beyond computation. No town in the world, they said, approached the capital for grandeur. Though Antoine recollected that the knowledge of the world possessed by his informants was quite curiously limited, the statement had its relative value. He asked what would be his reward, and the King bade him name his terms. He pointed out, with a sailor's frankness, that his Majesty had valued his son at ten pounds of gold, say £400, and some *quetzal* skins for which a European has no use. This sort of thing would not do. He proposed a speculative bargain. His share of plunder should be one-half the valuables of every kind discovered in the palace of Cosigalfa. The King accepted eagerly, but his caciques looked black. Antoine pointed out that guns fall out of order; that ammunition is fast exhausted; mishaps he only could repair. But the council did not seem content. Stimulated by the danger and difficulty of the situation, Antoine seized another idea. He begged private speech with his Majesty, and forthwith the court was cleared, the guards stood back.

This young man was too typically French to have kept his eyes at attention when a bevy of ladies stood in view. Pretty faces and neat shapes he had remarked among those who watched his drill from the cloister. One young girl especially charmed his sailor's eye, not too exacting. It was Antoine's hope and vague belief that she had rank as well as comeliness, and, if so,

policy might be combined with love. He told the King that in Europe—a geographical expression which had, of course, no meaning for his Majesty—an honored general was always bound to the royal interest by an alliance. Forthwith the monarch gave an order; two pages vanished indoors. "I grant you my eldest daughter," said the King. "You may choose the others." "The others! *Et Jean done!*" murmured Antoine to himself.

The pages came back; nobles and chiefs resumed their places on the ground; and then a group of girls issued from the palace. First in the rank was the one Antoine had noticed; they all stood in line before the King, that one he most admired to the left. "These are my daughters unmarried. I give them all to you," said his Majesty.

Antoine, in his way, had romance to spare. This wholesale matrimony shocked him, when his heart, or his eye, had made a choice. Said he, after fitting thanks and declarations: "In my country, King, a soldier takes but one wife until his sovereign and the army have pronounced him brave. If you permit I will abide by the customs of my people."

His Majesty was pleased to think this an excellent idea, and commended it to his nobles. The girls stood looking down, and nobody consulted them. Not unkindly the King motioned them to withdraw.

"You shall be married to-morrow" he told Antoine, without reference to the lady, "and on the next day my army will march."

"Oh, King!" Antoine exclaimed, "suffer me to follow the habits of my country in this matter also. A soldier may not marry until the campaign is finished and victory won. He sees the lady daily and talks with her. But our fathers thought it unwise to distract a young man's mind on the eve of battle."

The monarch was entranced with admiration for an instant. He rose. "You have heard, caciques and captains, what this wise young man has told me. I adopt the white man's law. Stop every marriage in the realm! Henceforth no man shall take a wife without my permission."

The caciques prostrated themselves; criers started at a run, their clapper-bearers after them, to proclaim the edict.

"Your Majesty is gracious," said Antoine. "We are allowed, as I stated, to talk privately with our brides."

"The customs of your people cannot be wrong. You will be admitted at all hours to the princess' presence."

Antoine did not dare to tell his brother all that had passed. To learn he had accepted the command was distressing enough. Artful traps for the enthusiastic priest the sailor laid. When he himself ruled supreme in Cosigalfa, Jean should be apostle and archbishop. They would open a road to Mexico; restore this strange and interesting people to communication with the world. Jean should be a new and happier Las Casas, saving whilst evangelizing these millions of human creatures threatened by the Spaniard and oppressed by their own hideous superstition. Jean thrilled at the prospect.

But that was a chance, and the horrors necessary to realize it were certain.

Antoine had enough to do, learning routes, gathering his motley host, making himself master of arrangements that had been long maturing. But he made time daily to visit the princess. Though shy and timid, quite unused to such chivalrous dealing on a suitor's part, she had no little dignity. In short, Antoine really fell in love after two interviews, and so, probably, did the princess. The white man's customs appealed to her woman's instinct, no doubt, and he reaped the benefit of his shrewd invention.

The expedition started, after much booming of those drums which distracted Jean with such helpless indignation. The King did not wish him to accompany the force, but Antoine insisted. Danger there was for both, he knew, from nobles jealous or ill disposed; but the priest had foes more subtle and more powerful than warriors. Since that outbreak in the royal court neither King nor chiefs noticed him; and if they had resolved to break faith with their guest no considerations of prudence would make them hesitate after Antoine's departure. For the brothers had prudently suppressed all hints of European power and European activity. When describing battles and marvels to amuse the court, they took pains to convey that these were legends belonging to another sphere, as one might say, with which the Indians could not possibly have direct concern. As for the Spanish colonists, these secluded people expressed neither fear nor curiosity about them. As I understand it, they have dwelt unmolested from all time within their memory. That white-skinned people dwelt about Petan they knew, of course, and that these had terrible instruments of warfare. But of any other superiority enjoyed by them the Indians had no idea. And this, when one thinks of it, is quite natural, for the Guatemalan country, harried by Bravo Lacandons, is certainly more barbarous than that we speak of.

So the brothers started, Jean riding a horse scarcely broken, whilst the sailor preferred a hammock. Horses are common there, and chiefs keep them for show, but they are very seldom ridden. The army made slow progress, converging by three rough roads on the enemy's frontier. It was crossed on the seventh day, and the scene changed instantly. As far as one could see, the land was cultivated, though its harvests had been cut or wasted purposely to prevent them from aiding to support the invaders. The road straightened. In a country where vehicles are unused highways must always be narrow, and here the rich earth is so soft that every season they are deeper cut and the banks rise steeper. Antoine was greatly perplexed how to march his army along a four-foot road, but it solved the problem by dispersing in search of plunder in the villages which had been abandoned and destroyed by the fugitive inhabitants. In each burnt village there were ruins of a temple and generally of a chief's house. The first halt was made at a large town of which the embers still smoked. A pyramid temple and a palace, gutted and scorched, rose amid the

ashes. With mingled grief, astonishment and delight, Jean observed the gardens and artificial water courses. Next day they reached a town very similar, and others appeared at a distance on the line of march. Not a living soul they beheld; but the scouts ahead sent news that a vast army had collected to dispute the passage of a river.

Antoine paused some miles from the stream to collect his scattered forces; meanwhile, against strictest orders, the advance engaged and were badly beaten. Survivors came racing back, and Antoine hung every one of them. They said nothing as they suffered, and the bystanders said nothing, save Jean, whom his brother silenced by saying impressively: "It is life and death for us now! There's mutiny in this force! Stick to your prayers and leave me to my business!"

Next day the great caciques advanced. Both sides of the ford were held by the enemy, who had raised no works. They used arrows and spears, tipped with flakes of obsidian, clubs set with spikes of the same, wooden swords ingeniously edged with it, that cut like glass. Chiefs carried weapons of hardened bronze, but these were probably valued for appearance, since they did not compare with the swords of stone for utility.

When the advance came within reach, the enemy charged under shelter of a cloud of arrows. It was a great fight, hand to hand, but at length the invaders gave way, and in a moment they were routed. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, vanquished and victor came tearing from the field. Antoine stood with his company about a mile behind. Vainly the caciques urged him to advance, and then they began to steal away. The small group of musketeers remained alone; many of the pursuers passed them and arrows whistled by their ears. "Attention!" Antoine commanded. "Fire a volley!"

At the sound and the flash enemies dropped—killed, wounded and unhurt together. The company rushed forward, crossed the stream without another shot, and pressed on. Neither foe nor friend they saw after ten minutes' hurried marching; the former had fled in terror, the latter was collecting the spoil and killing, performing, possibly, some awful rite in celebration of the victory. After twenty miles of march they halted two hours in an empty town and started once more. The guides declared that Cosigalfa lay but ten miles on, when they stopped for the night. At dawn came a deputation in humble dress, but superb coronets of plumes proclaimed their rank. Antoine told them he had no authority to treat. If the city surrendered he would not harm it; that was all he could promise. Jean protested, but his brother shook him off impatiently. The embassy returned in haste, the pursuers following close behind.

They beheld Cosigalfa in the dewy light of morning, encircled by gardens and fields and orchards, brown villages nestling under the shade of palms and forest trees, white walls and buildings gleaming. The city covered a large space. Many great edifices overtopped its roofs, pyramids and terraced colonnades and long facades. High above all towered the *teocalli*, the polished slab

upon its top glistening like a star. Lequeu remembered the description of Petan as Valanzuela gives it. His heart ached to think that such destruction as befell the latter city might be repeated here, and through his means. But as he rode and sadly thought, figures appeared on the crown of the grand temple, surrounding the altar. Jean knew what horrid rites of human sacrifice they were about to perform—a last appeal to their gods to protect them from the deadly thunder and flame of the invaders—and he urged on the march.

No one greeted them as they swiftly neared the town. All the wide expanse about it was thick with hurrying groups, who drove cattle or transported loads upon their heads in panic-struck confusion. The street they entered was deserted. But on the distant house-tops, down every byway, they saw thousands clustered, watching the *teocalli*. It rose before them, alongside a vast palace. All the lower terraces were occupied, and at the top three or four white-robed priests were busy. Antoine held the horse's bridle as he ran; the Indians followed with but half a heart. At a turn of the street they reached the great square, filled with an enormous throng of people, mostly armed, sitting on the earth. At that sight Antoine relaxed his hold to put his men in order; and Jean spurred forward, reached the foot of the steps, threw himself off his plunging horse, and ran impetuously up.

At that instant huge drums tolled, whistles screamed, rasping the very ear. A priest whose white hair hung in a narrow circlet round his shaven tonsure, stood on the edge of the altar platform and shrieked to the populace. Then broke out a roar of vengeful triumph. Arrows flew thick around Lequeu, some piercing his flesh, as he bounded upwards and gained the lowest terrace. Here, on the left, stood a score of men, all decorated with the *quetzal* feathers. They surrounded a figure like a mummy, so wrinkled and dry its skin, so lifeless its eyes. Many strange trappings swathed it, all sewn with crests of humming birds that flashed brighter than jewels. It sat cross-legged upon a throne built of sculptured skulls, overshadowed by a grotesque panther, wild-eyed, wide-mouthed, a stone embodiment of cruelty. The royal caciques feebly resisted, but Lequeu struck them down, upset their withered monarch, and dashed for the second flight of steps. The whizzing of arrows from below recommenced. And the weak old priests above hurled down their stone weapons of sacrifice, which gashed like razors, though they could not stay his progress. Lequeu was dyed in blood as he gained the top, where a little throng of fanatics, screaming and tumultuous, opposed him. With a feint and a bound he escaped their senile grasp, sprung upward still, and stood upon the bloody platform. None occupied it but those awful, ghastly things upon the altar and the aged high priest, who lay prostrate at the foot of the great idol. Unheeding him, Lequeu pushed the god with all his strength. As well might he have set his shoulder at the pyramid itself. His foot slipped on an object lying in the pools of blood—the sacrificial knife of obsidian, heavy as an ax. With that he struck the idol in its lolling tongue red

with gore; a little chip flew off, and the knife shivered in a thousand pieces.

Bullets were already flying in the crowd below, but it seemed that they were waiting this supreme trial. The roar of horror and despair mounted to Lequeu above like a strong wind. Headlong, then, the Indians fled in abject terror, all who could muster strength for flight. And Lequeu, clinging to the idol for support in his growing weakness, saw people drop from house-tops, pour through the lands, joining that multitude without the city who had already taken flight. So their ancestors left Petan, near two hundred years ago—and his toils, his dangers, perhaps, as he feared, his sins, were wasted! He sunk on the terrace, fainting with loss of blood.

What took place afterwards Lequeu cannot tell from his own observation. On recovery he found himself alone, in a bare chamber roofed with beams and slabs of stone. Food and *tiste* lay beside him. Presently Antoine arrived, but finding his brother conscious he was eager to be gone. The caciques accused him of having left them unsupported in the battle, and if they could corrupt his little band of musketeers he and his brother were doomed. Antoine had sent trusty messengers to the King, begging him to come. He dared not stay to talk; changed the bandages, renewed the store of victuals and was gone. Such anxious, hasty interviews they had every day. Then Antoine announced that the King had started; but at the same time he gave his brother arms to meet a sudden attack. His own quarters were close by; at the sound of a pistol shot he would fly to the rescue, if it lay in his power. Meantime Lequeu did his utmost to gain strength, walking up and down his long chamber; at Antoine's pressing request he did not show outside. He gathered that the people of Cosigalpa had all left; those too old or sick to move lay dead in their houses. The town had many fine buildings and abundant evidences of those arts which we call civilized. But the plunder was not great, and, as he thought upon the matter, Antoine was keenly vexed for having forgotten common sense under the fascination of weird stories. This part of the country does not furnish gold so far as is known.

One day Antoine appeared with a coronet of *quetzal* feathers. The King had come and done him instant justice. But his air was sad and constrained. Taking his brother's hand he said: "They will not let you stay, Jean, and they will not let me go. This is the price I pay for the good will of the priests. I have struggled to the utmost, but it is of no use. I thought to make a fortune here and escape with you; or to found a kingdom, as many brave adventurers have done. In that I may still succeed, but we must part, brother. You will reach the frontier safely, for the officer of the escort is charged to bring me back a letter. Have no fear for yourself nor for me."

When Jean heard all the circumstances he saw he must leave for a time. An expedition for rescue would be easily raised. But Antoine pointed out the perils and mischief of bringing wild hordes of Guatemalans into a

country semi-civilized. They are still as barbarous as their ancestors who blew up Petan. He suggested another course. Jean might report to the Propaganda—might attend the council if he could gain leave; and that august body would send a mission of devout priests, with just guard enough to meet the dangers to be encountered on the way. He would prepare the King's mind to receive them.

Next day Jean started in a hammock, reached his home near Petan in due course, and sent back word. Thence he proceeded to the capital and drew up his report to the Propaganda. The Archbishop relieved him from duty pending a reply, which did not arrive. I should think it probable the dispatch lies unopened now.

As for the truth of the tale I must say only this: The tradition of a civilized Bravo kingdom in Guatemala runs without a break from the seventeenth century to our time. Hundreds of matter-of-fact people dwelling in Chiapas, Vera Paz and neighboring districts have noted incidents that support the legend. No man can authoritatively deny it. When Mazariegos discovered Petan, now called Flores, he did not doubt that this city was the Itzimaya. His official report is published. It did not strike him as wonderful when every inhabitant disappeared, not from the town only, but from the cultivated lands about. Mazariegos supposed they had fled into the neighboring woods, and he did not remain long enough to perceive that this was certainly not the explanation. They were never seen again, and we know now they must have retired much further. They went beyond any districts of which we have even report in detail. It is to the last degree improbable that a race so advanced could have fallen back into barbarism within the space of one generation. The popular notion is that somewhere in the remoter wilds betwixt Petan and Mexico, the Indians whom Mazariegos conquered rebuilt their city and re-established their civilization. No man can contradict the wildest story whereof the scene is laid in those parts. Lequeu's report of the traditions lingering among those tribes the Indians must have passed through from Petan, makes it at least consistent with probability that he has rediscovered the inhabitants of the famous inland city.

Next day after telling Barbachella this story Lequeu rode into Mosquito, and no more have I heard of him. But a prudent man is safe enough along the frontier, and he did not intend to venture far. JAMES BOYLE.

A MOST beautiful and fragrant growth for a window may be obtained by soaking a sea sponge in warm water and sowing in its cells the seeds of umbrageous grass and wild flowers, with here and there a delicate fern and creeping wild berry, known as mock strawberry. The hanging may be done by a gilded rod or ornamental cords. The sponge may be kept moist and distended by daily sprinkling with blood-warm water. The sponge thus treated is much lighter, prettier and more surely verdant than any other spring basket.

BUSINESS HABITS.

THERE is probably not one farmer in ten thousand, says an exchange, who keeps a set of accounts from which he can at any moment learn the cost of anything he may have produced, or even the cost of his real property. A very few farmers who have been brought up to business habits keep such accounts and are able to tell how their affairs progress, what each crop, each kind of stock or each animal has cost, and what each produces. Knowing these points a farmer can, to a very great extent, properly decide what crops he will grow and what kind of stock he will keep. He will thus be able to apply his labor and money where it will do the most good. He can weed out his stock and retain only such animals as may be kept with profit. For the want of such knowledge farmers continue, year after year, to feed cows that are unprofitable, and frequently sell for less than her value one that is the best of the herd, because she is not known to be any better than the rest. Feed is also wasted upon ill-bred stock, the keep of which costs three or four times that of well-bred animals, which, as have been proved by figures that cannot be mistaken, pay a large profit on their keeping. For want of knowing what they cost, poor crops are raised year by year at an actual loss, provided the farmer's labor, at the rates current for common labor, were charged against them. To learn that he has been working for fifty cents a day during a number of years, while he has been paying his help twice as much, would open the eyes of many a farmer who has actually been doing this, and it would convince him that there is some value in figures and book accounts. It is not generally understood that a man who raises twenty bushels of corn per acre pays twice as much for his plowing and harrowing, twice as much for labor, and twice as great interest upon the cost of his farm, as a neighbor who raises forty bushels per acre. Nor is it understood that when he raises a pig that makes 150 pounds of pork in a year that his pork costs him twice as much, or the corn he feeds brings him but half as much, as that of his neighbor, whose pig weighs 300 pounds at a year old. If all these things were clearly set down in figures upon a page in an account book, and were studied, there would be not only a sudden awakening to the unprofitableness of such farming, but an immediate remedy would be sought.

THE WOMEN OF ROME.

THE women of Rome, says a letter writer, have complexions like white wax, which are very lovely by gaslight, but unhealthy looking by day. See one Roman face and you see them all. The same waxen face, the same nose, the same large black eyes, the same long black hair, the same opulence of flesh and the same walk, dangling from side to side like poor lame ducks. Whatever the reason may be, Roman women walk less gracefully than any other women under God's firmament, and they wear the ugliest shoes, and they have the largest feet I ever saw on women. The way a Roman girl bows to you, also, is very funny. She shrugs up her left shoulder to her left ear and nods to you.

MARSHFIELD AND COOS COUNTY.

THE thriving town of Marshfield, county seat of Coos, and advantageously situated on the shore of Coos Bay, has long been known as a shipping point for lumber and coal produced in great quantities in that region. Its dealings have been almost exclusively with San Francisco during the thirty years since the first effort to develop the great natural resources of that region were made. Its trade has now grown to considerable importance. Coos Bay coal and Coos Bay lumber are well known in the San Francisco market.

That region has of late come into special prominence by the effort being made to construct a line of railway through it from Roseburg to Coos Bay. This is by no means a new undertaking, but the favorable outlook for a speedy realization of their desires has aroused unusual interest in the minds of the residents of that region and drawn the attention of people at a distance. In the hands of the Southern Oregon Improvement Company the railroad seems certain of being constructed. It will furnish an outlet to the coast for the products of Southern Oregon, and a cheap inlet for such goods as that region has now to transport by long and expensive routes. It will also furnish the means for developing the great resources of minerals and timber in which the country through which it passes is so rich.

Coal underlies many square miles of the heavily timbered slopes of the Coast Range, extending for miles to the east, north and south of Marshfield, and this has been worked, comparatively speaking, but little. The quality is superior, the supply inexhaustible, and the facilities for working, when the road is built, excellent. Of the quantity and value of the timber supply a gentleman who is competent to judge says: "I have been nearly thirty-one years in Oregon and Washington Territory, and have done considerable lumbering for the Columbia River mills and those on Shoalwater Bay, in Washington Territory, and have a very fair acquaintance with the timber regions of the Columbia from the mouth of the Washougal to the sea, and have seen a good deal of the timber land of Puget Sound and Shoalwater Bay, and in all places have not seen the Coos County forests excelled for density or quality of timber; and, indeed, the white, or Port Orford, cedar of Coos County is, for fineness and excellency for finishing timber, the best we have in Oregon. Tributary to the Coquille River alone are millions of feet of that variety of timber, waiting the lumbermen's axes and saws, and yearly millions of feet of it are being destroyed by fire." Gold, iron, lead, stone and slate exist in quantity in the county. One of the industries of the county is the canning of salmon, and this is one which admits of great expansion. The fish abound and favorable locations can easily be found. Though chiefly mountainous, there is considerable agricultural land in the little valleys lying along the water courses and among the mountains. The soil is excellent for farming purposes, and the mildness of the climate permits stock to graze over the foothills upon green grass the winter through.

Marshfield is the chief business center and metropolis of Coos Bay, and enjoys great prosperity from the industries now carried on there. Its situation, as seen by our engraving, is both a beautiful and salubrious one, and its location with reference to commerce very superior. In common with all our coast harbors, the entrance to Coos Bay is obstructed by a bar, which, in its natural state, excluded all vessels but schooners and steamers of light draft. This encumbrance has been removed to such an extent, by means of a jetty constructed by the Government, that there is now a depth of eighteen feet at minimum low tide. In view of the future commercial importance of Coos Bay, every one will admit that in this instance, at least, the Government appropriation was a wise one and was beneficially expended.

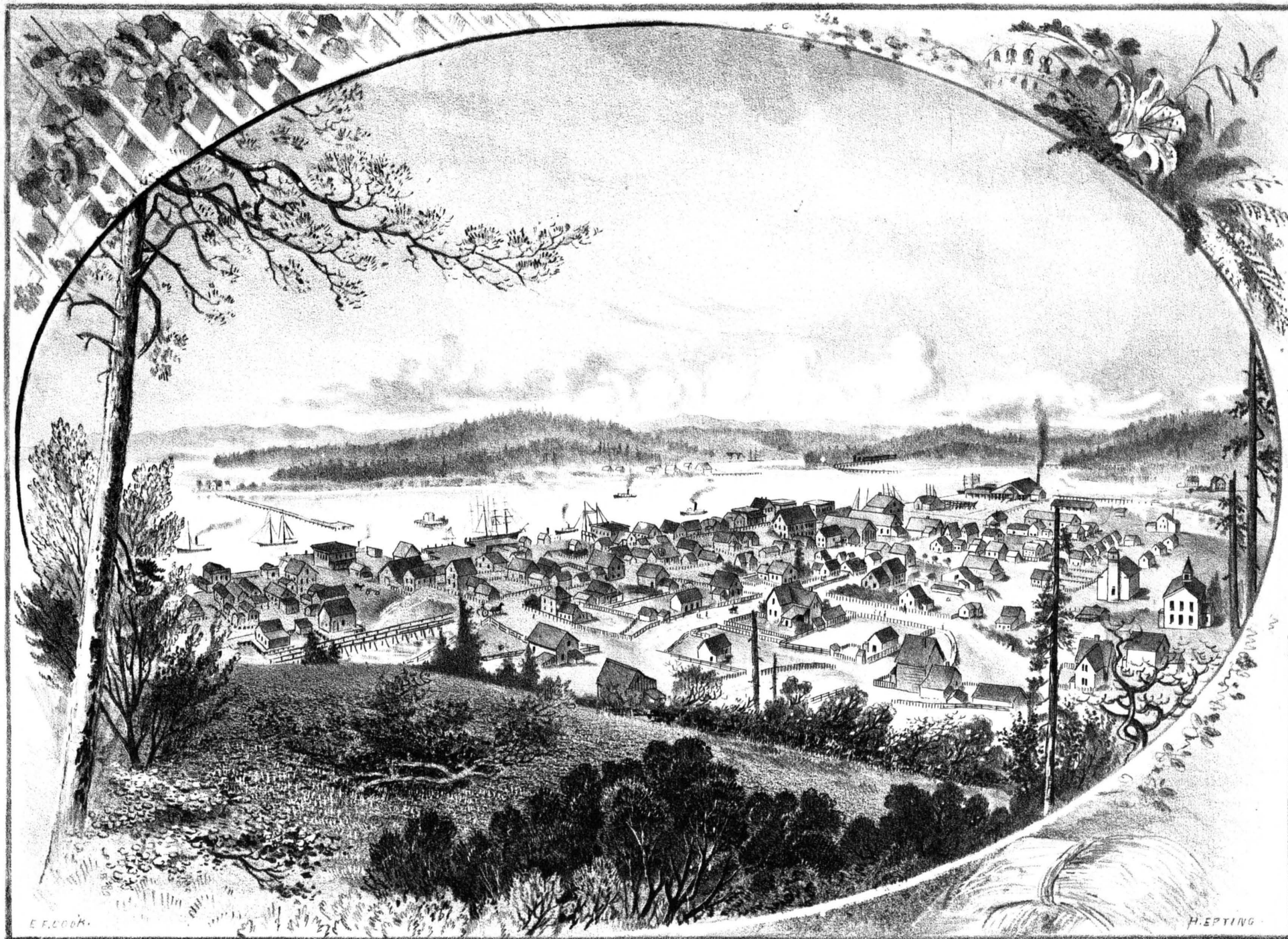
Marshfield has a population of about 800, and possesses three large general merchandising stores, two furniture stores, two drug stores, one hardware store and a number of other stores and shops, including a brewery. Two excellent weekly newspapers, the *Coos Bay News* and the *Coast Mail*, the Marshfield Academy and a church, testify to the intellectual and moral character of the people. The steam sawmill of E. B. Dean & Co. has a daily capacity of 50,000 feet, and at the yard connected with the mill have been built a large number of vessels. At North Bend is the sawmill of A. M. Simpson and a shipyard, which is the most extensive in the State. Shipbuilding, in view of the abundance of all necessary timber, the presence of coal and iron and the sheltered position of the bay, possesses here greater natural facilities than are enjoyed by a majority of the shipyards on the coast.

 LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

OF all flowers the rose holds the first place in the affections of the human family. It has been the special pleasure of florists to cultivate and diversify the simple white and red roses, until now we have every possible shade, from the purest white to the deepest crimson. In the quaint "olde English" of the fourteenth century we find the following legend of the origin of roses, related in the "Travels of Sir John Mandeville," published in 1356: "At Bethelheim is the felde floridus—that is to seye, the felde florished; for als moche as a fayre mayden was blamed with wrong and slaundered, for whiche cause sche was demed to the dethe, and to be brent in that place to the whiche she was ladd; and as the fyre began to bren about hire, sche made hire preyeres to Oure Lord, that als wissely as sche was not gyilty of that synne, that He wolde helpe hire and make it to be knowen to alle men, of His mercyfulle grace. And when sche hadde thus seyed, sche entered into the fyre; and anon was the fyre quenched and oute; and the brondes that weren brennyng becomen rede Roseres, and the brondes that weren not kyndled becomen white Roseres, full of Roses. And these weren the first Roseres and Roses, both white and rede, that evere only man saughe."

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked the teacher. And the new boy said, "Not having any."

THE WEST SHORE.



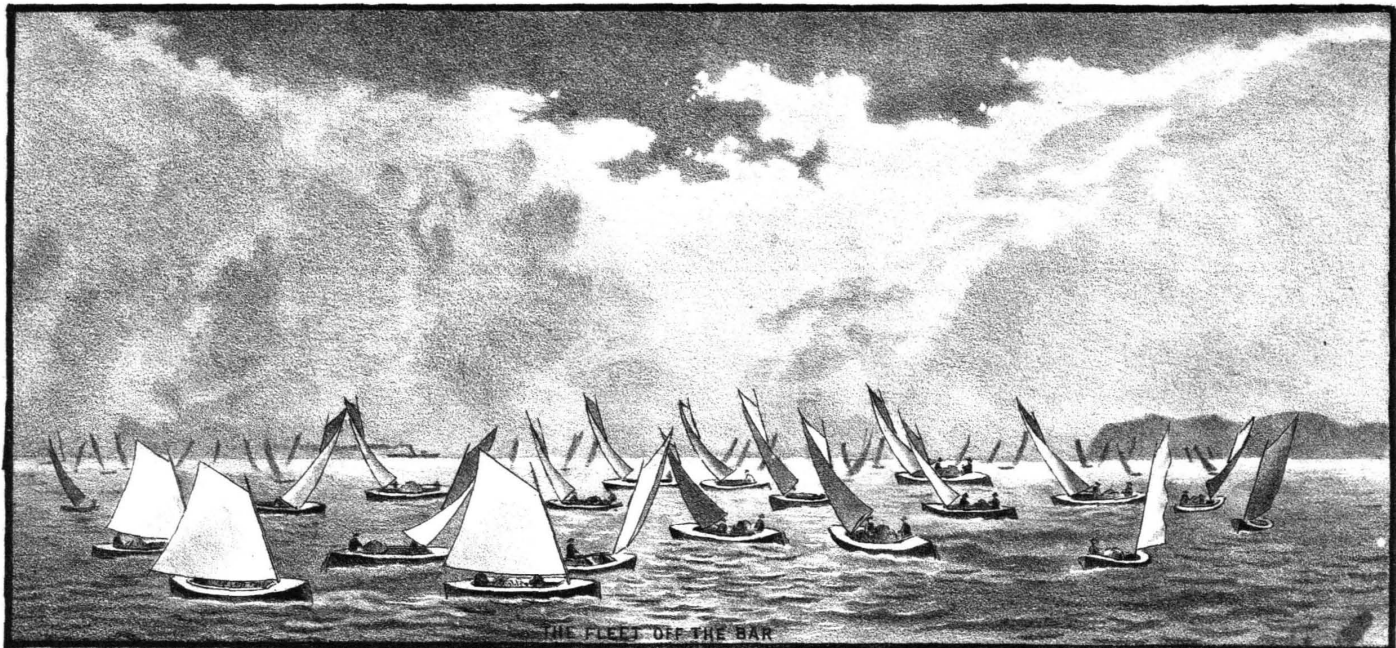
E. F. COOK.

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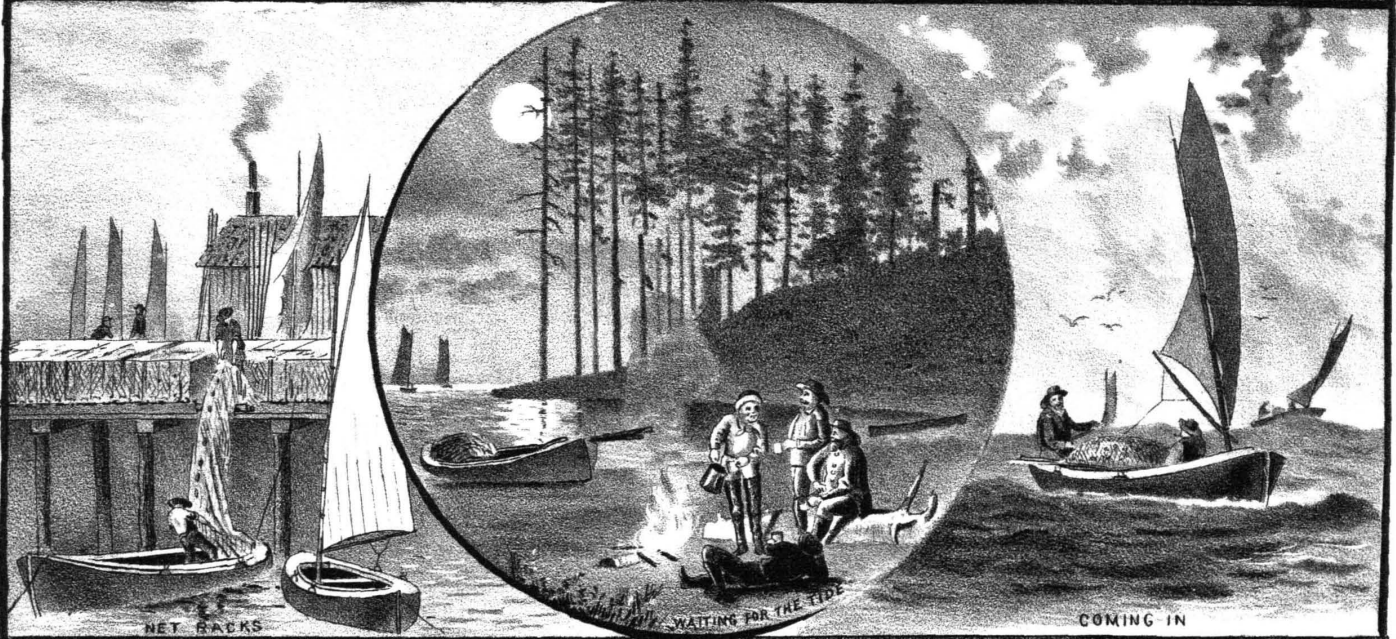
"WEST SHORE" LITH.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

THE WEST SHORE.



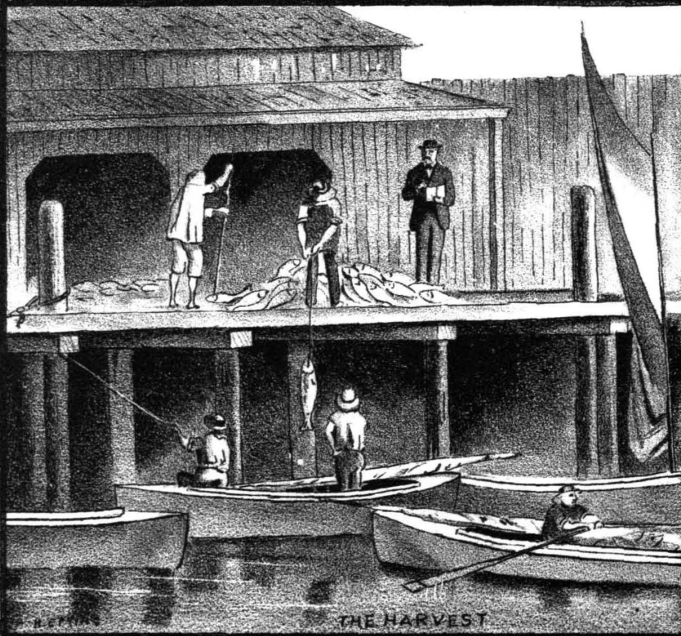
THE FLEET OFF THE BAR



NET BACKS

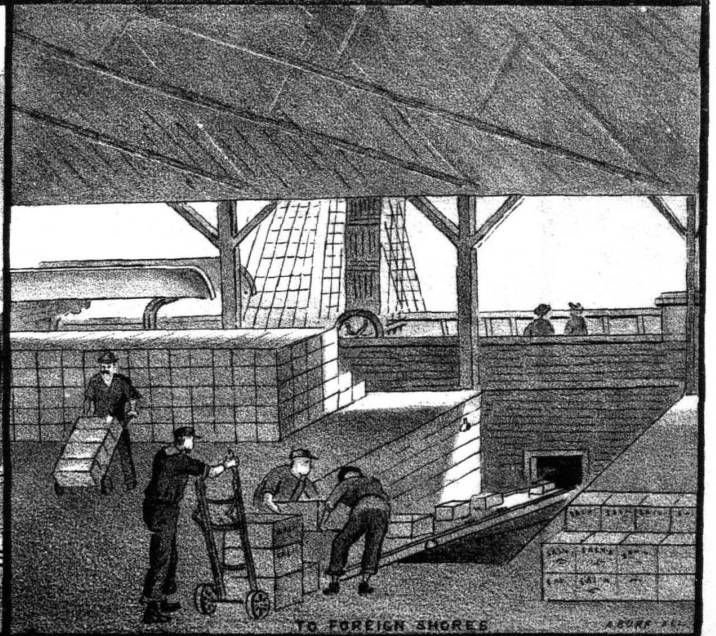
WAITING FOR THE TIDE

COMING IN



NETTING

THE HARVEST



TO FOREIGN SHORES

A. BURRISH

SALMON FISHING. COLUMBIA RIVER.

Queen Charlotte Islands—Continued from Page 146.

Sabbath. Metlakathla is also the headquarters of the Bishop of Caledonia, his bishopric embracing the Indians of the Northwest Coast generally.

About fifteen miles further, across Chatham Sound, brings us to Port Simpson, the principal trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company upon the North Pacific Coast. It has been the favorite abode of the Tsimpseean Indians, one of the most populous and powerful of the native tribes of North America, from time immemorial. When first occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company their village here contained over 2,000 people. They were found living in houses, some of which are still standing, strongly built of great hewn timbers and thick planks split from enormous cedars. Some of their canoes, made from a single tree, are over sixty feet in length, carrying from fifty to seventy-five people, in which they not infrequently make voyages as far south as the Straits of Fuca, and hundreds of miles northward into the waters of Alaska. The situation was the most commanding which could have been selected for traffic with the island and mainland tribes. For several years most of this barter was carried on through the Tsimpseeans, who would not allow the interior tribes to deal directly with the agents of the company, but jealously reserved that privilege for their own people. Port Simpson was then the base of supplies for all the trading posts of this region. The fort consisted of a stockade about twenty feet in height, made from large cedar poles, with watch and shooting towers, enclosing the store, warehouses and quarters of the servants of the company. The village contains at present about 800 Indians, most of whom live in comfortable houses and dress in civilized costumes. They are under the missionary instruction of the Rev. Mr. Crosby and wife, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada. Port Simpson is situated about 35 miles from the mouth of the Skeena, 40 miles from the Nass, 60 miles from the Queen Charlotte Islands, 160 miles from Fort Wrangell and 612 miles from Victoria.

We proceed up the Portland Channel, through which runs the dividing line between British Columbia and Alaska. Into it flows the Nass River, the greatest known resort of the Oolachan. They are a bright, silver-colored fish, smaller than the herring, of most delicious flavor, and so rich in oil that when dried they burn like a candle. In the spring of the year, generally commencing between the 20th and the 25th of March, for about three weeks, they run by the million. The various Indian tribes of this region congregate here by the thousands and catch them in immense numbers. Their oil is a staple article of food and diet among them. The fish are caught frequently a canoe load at a haul, in purse nets about four fathoms long, and piled in bins on the shore. They are then put into tanks made of planks, with sheet-iron bottoms, holding from three to five barrels, and after boiling in water about four hours are strained through baskets made from willow roots and run into red cedar boxes, containing about fifteen gallons each. Sometimes heated stones are dropped into the oil for the purpose of

increasing its keeping qualities. Formerly, before the introduction of sheet-iron boiling tanks by a white man named Snow, the fish were boiled altogether by means of heated stones. When the run of Oolachan is good, each tribe will make about twenty boxes of oil. This season the run is so light and the fish so poor than none will put up over five boxes. The Oolachan are also taken through the ice, sometimes in great quantities. There are two salmon fisheries near the mouth of the river, packing about 7,000 cases of canned and several hundred barrels of salted salmon annually. Upwards of 900 Indians dwell upon the banks of the Nass, within seventy-five miles of its mouth, principally in the villages of Kincolith, Greenville, Kitwunshilth, Kittecks and Kitlak-damuksh.

NEWTON H. CHITTENDEN.

SALMON FISHING ON THE COLUMBIA.

FROM April till August the Columbia River below Astoria is dotted with the white sails of fishing boats constantly passing between the fishing grounds and the net racks and docks at the canneries. At all times of the day these boats may be seen beating out to the bar or coming in before the wind with a load of fish, though they appear in the greatest numbers just before and after the change of the tide. During the fishing season Astoria is a busy place. At least 3,000 men are added to its population, whose wages, spent with liberality and even recklessness, swell the volume of retail trade, and contribute to the support of many institutions which, if not morally or commercially beneficial to the city, at least do their share toward making things lively.

Salmon fishing is a business requiring both skill and courage. Nearly every year some luckless ones are carried out to sea and lost, and yet their comrades continue to fish on the bar with as much recklessness and as heedless of danger as before. Boats frequently remain out twenty-four hours. Many go out in the night and fish on the incoming tide, returning with their catch when the tide ebbs. This industry has developed to enormous proportions since its inception in 1866. Two boats then represented the fishing fleet, while now there are 1,700 of them on the river; 4,000 cases were packed that year, as against 630,000 put up in 1883. To accomplish this result required 38 canneries, 1,700 boats, 3,400 fishermen and as many hands in the canneries. There are \$2,000,000 invested in buildings, machinery, boats, nets, etc. During 1883 fishermen alone were paid \$1,550,000, and 1,680,000 fish were caught, averaging 20 pounds each. The total value of the season's pack was over \$3,000,000, nearly all of which was paid for labor in one form or another (since the fish represent labor only), the wages being paid in Astoria and chiefly expended there.

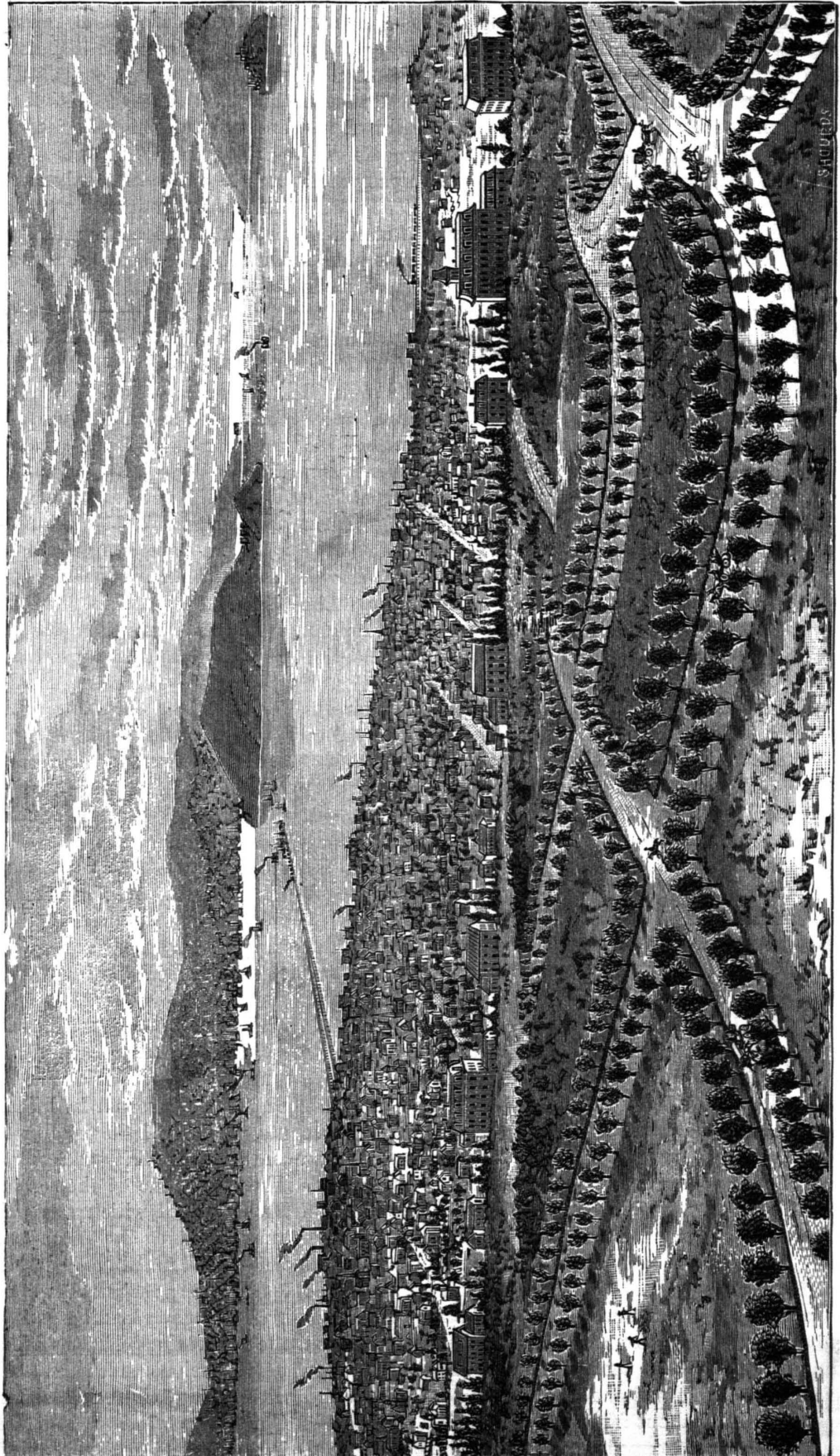
The long racks of nets; the process of spreading a net upon them or loading it into the boat; the unloading of the fish at the dock; the interior of the factory, with its many curious machines and busy operatives, and the fleet on the river, are all interesting and curious scenes. Our engravings represent a few of these, from the loading of the net to the shipping of the cases.

OAKLAND AND BERKELEY.

THE City of Oakland lies on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, and is to the Queen City of the Pacific what Brooklyn is to New York. Several large and elegant ferry boats ply constantly between the city and San Francisco, always crowded with people going to or returning from the metropolis, and in the morning and evening loaded down with business men and mechanics whose homes and employment are on opposite sides of the bay. As usually understood, the city comprises Oakland, Brooklyn, or East Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, though the last two are under separate municipal governments. With its elegant residences, broad streets, graded into excellent drives and fringed with eucalyptus trees, wide-branching evergreen oaks, from which the city derives its name, and many other varieties of shade trees, Oakland, is, indeed, a beautiful place. The climate is far superior to that of San Francisco, less rain and fog, less of those raw sea breezes which chill the stranger to the bone and blind his eyes with a cloud of dust picked up from the street, and more warm, invigorating sunshine in winter. It is this which causes so many of San Francisco's business men to submit to the annoyances and inconvenience of the ferries rather than not enjoy the pleasures and comforts of a home in Oakland.

Berkeley lies just north of Oakland, and is the seat of the University of California, an institution of learning of a high order, supported by the State. From the grounds of the university one can see directly through the famous

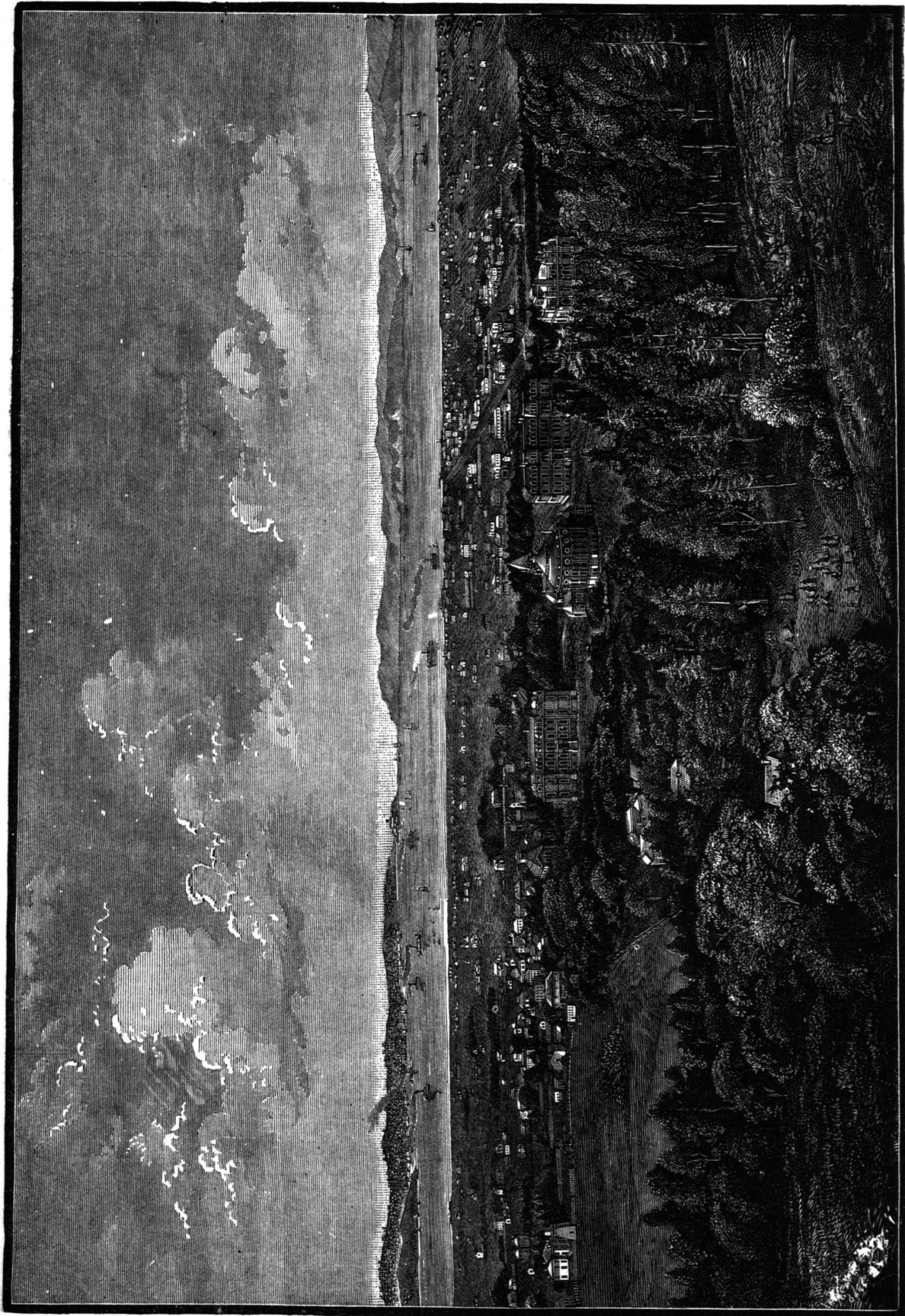
Golden Gate into the open Pacific. A more beautiful prospect than can be had from the hills back of Oakland and Berkeley, overlooking the cities, the bay, the great



OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

metropolis beyond, and on through the straits to the ocean, it is hard to believe can exist anywhere. The population of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda is constantly being augmented by people who, having inde-

pendent means, select for their permanent residence a place where the advantages of an agreeable and equable climate, refined society and great educational advantages for their children, are associated together.



BERKELEY CALIFORNIA.

WHY AMERICANS COME WEST.

THE great movement westward of Americans,—not those who, having failed in business or never having been able to make a successful start in life at home, come West with the hope that in this new country somehow or in some way Fortune may be induced to smile upon them, but those more desirable citizens, men of means, or intelligent mechanics whose steady habits and industry have enabled them to accumulate a small amount of capital,—is attracting much attention and comment from the Eastern press.

The *Vox Populi* of Lowell, Mass., says: "Winfield S. Tucker, accompanied by his brother, Henry R., and the latter's wife and three children, left Lowell April 2, to go to the City of Seattle, W. T., via the Northern Pacific Railroad. They will locate there, as several of our former citizens have done. About \$100,000 of Lowell capital has been invested in real estate there or loaned on landed security. May our friends who now go have a pleasant experience. They will be a worthy acquisition, and Seattle may well wish for many more like them."

On this subject the *Chronicle-Telegraph* of Pittsburg, Pa., says: "A colony of about twenty-five persons will leave Pittsburg to-day for Seattle, W. T., for the purpose of making it their future home. The party is made up wholly of young or middle-aged men, with their families; sober, steady and industrious people, who hope to find in a new and growing country better reward for their labor, and a chance to acquire something beyond a mere living. They are just the class of people to add to the prosperity of a new State, and such as Pittsburg can ill afford to lose. In conversation last evening with a reporter one of them said: 'We go to seek homes and fortunes for ourselves and families, and if, after a thorough investigation of affairs in Washington Territory, our report is favorable, we will be followed by several hundred of our friends and acquaintances. Cannot we make a living here? Well, yes, a sort of a living. But every year it is becoming more difficult, as the different trades and avocations become more and more crowded by foreign immigrants, giving employers an opportunity to reduce wages below the point where an American, even of humble pretensions and desires, can live comfortably. It is impossible for us to live comfortably and lay by any provision for old age, or even for sickness, and year after year the struggle for existence grows harder. We hear the most encouraging reports from Washington Territory, and believe it is just the place for poor men to go to. The climate is one of the most delightful in the world; there is work for everybody, and the wages paid to mechanics are high, while food and clothing are nearly, or quite, as cheap as here. I tell you, sir, immigration has become a curse instead of a blessing to the United States. The people coming to us now are of an entirely different class from those arriving a quarter of a century ago, taken as a mass. Then we got the honest peasant farmers and laborers of England, Ireland and Germany. Now the country is filling up with Italians and Hungarians, who are willing to live like beasts, and work for just

enough wages to enable them to do so. [These remarks apply, of course, only to a class of immigrants now filling up the Eastern mining and manufacturing centers, and not to the intelligent foreigners who are coming West to aid in developing our resources.—ED.] They are ignorant, superstitious and brutal, and can never be made over into good citizens. We are actually running away from them and the consequences of their importation.' It is learned that hundreds of our more thrifty working-men are seeking homes in Colorado, Dakota and other far Western States and Territories, moved thereto, in most instances, by the same reasons as those going to Washington Territory. While no other regularly organized colonies are known of, they are leaving singly or in small groups, and the aggregate number thus lost from the city's population will be very considerable for the season. They go provided with sufficient money to establish themselves on farms or in shops of their own, not empty handed, as in many cases where Eastern people have tried the West and failed."

RAILROAD NOTES.

The Nevada & Oregon Railroad, whose line has been constructed a few miles north from Reno, has been sold under mortgage. The company will be reorganized and the work of building resumed.

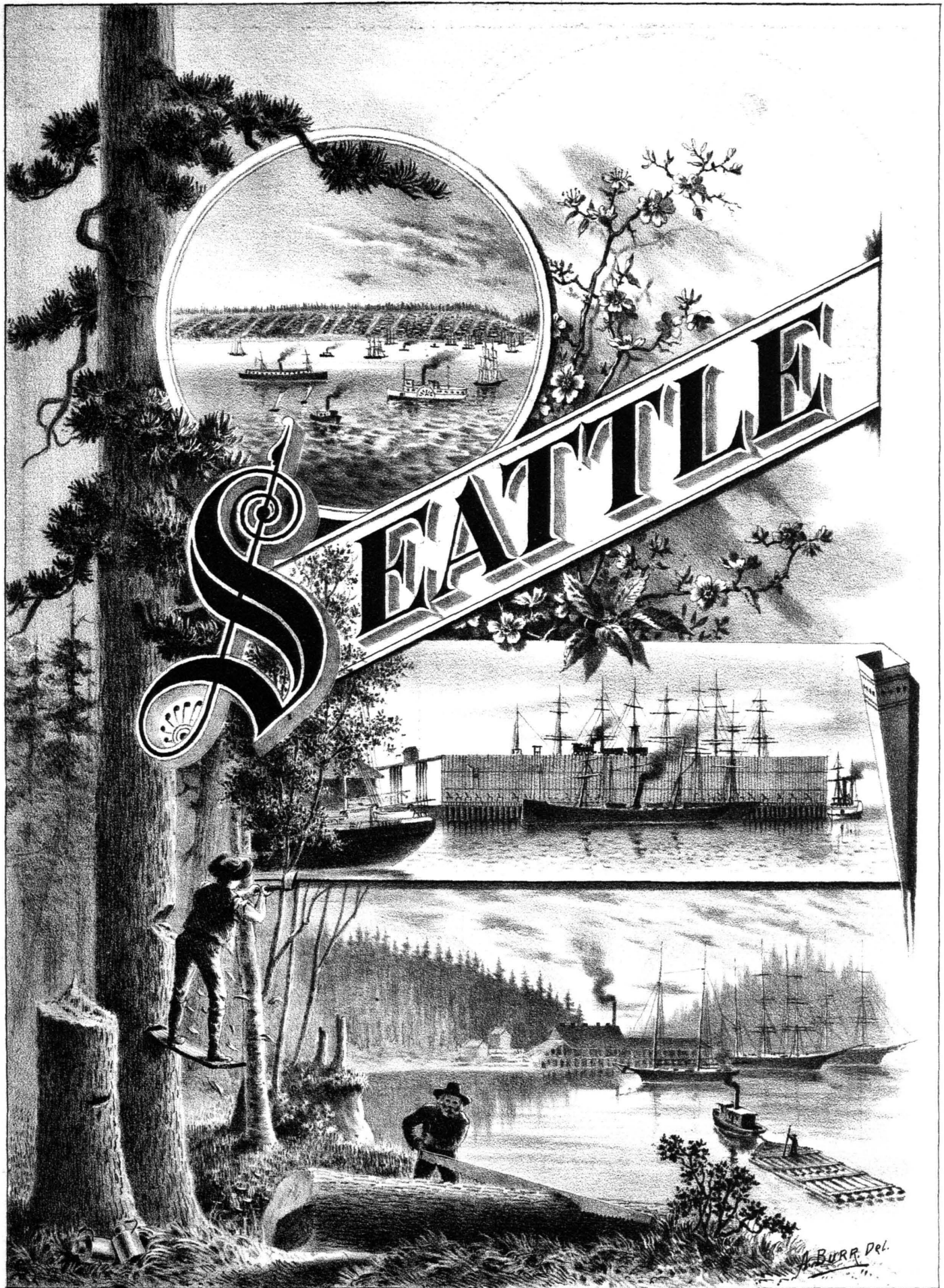
The Oregon & California has at last reached Ashland, in the upper end of Rogue River Valley. This will remain the terminus until present difficulties are removed and work on the great tunnel resumed and completed. At present the indications are that Ashland will reap the benefit of being the terminal point for some time to come.

The tunnel through the Uintah Range on the Oregon Short Line, known as the Hoage Pass Tunnel, has been completed. It is 1,532 feet in length, every foot being timbered with the celebrated redwood from California. Eight seams of coal were cut, the thickest measuring twenty-four feet in width. Snow sheds at the entrance to the tunnel prolong it to a distance of half a mile. The line now only waits for the completion of the bridge over Snake River, at the Burnt River Canyon, to make its appearance at the Huntington Junction.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

April.

- 2—Destructive cyclone in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Alabama....One-half of Mandalay burned; is capital of Burmah and has 90,000 inhabitants....Band of filibusters under Aguero land in Cuba from the United States.
- 3—Great forest fire in North Carolina; much property destroyed.
- 4—Steamer *Daniel Steinman* wrecked near Halifax; 150 lives lost.
- 10—Flag of the African International Association recognized by the United States.
- 13—Charles Reade, the great novelist, died in England....Steamer *Reliance* lost off Bahia; crew and passengers saved....Nine buildings burned in New Tacoma; loss, \$175,000.
- 14—Fire in Yakima, W. T.; loss, \$45,000.
- 15—About 2,000 refugees from Khartoum and Berber massacred by Arabs at Shendy, Egypt....Wadsworth, Nev., destroyed by fire.
- 16—Uprising of Indians on San Juan River, Colorado; several people massacred....Chinese defeated by the French at Hanoi....Cyclone in Georgia and Mississippi; several lives lost.
- 17—Oregon Democratic State Convention met at The Dalles—Tercentenary celebration of founding of Edinburgh University.
- 21—Belmont Castle, near Dundee, Scotland, burned.
- 22—Earthquake in England; much damage to buildings.
- 24—Oak Leather Tannery at Cincinnati burned; loss, \$400,000.
- 27—Fifty lives lost by train falling through bridge at Cuidad, Spain....Cyclone at Jamestown, Ohio; several killed and much damage.
- 28—\$200,000 fire at Glen Falls, N. Y.
- 29—Terrific explosion in arsenal at Havana, Cuba....\$500,000 fire at Panama, Central America.
- 30—Republican State Convention met in Portland....\$600,000 fire in New York.



WEST SHORE. LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.

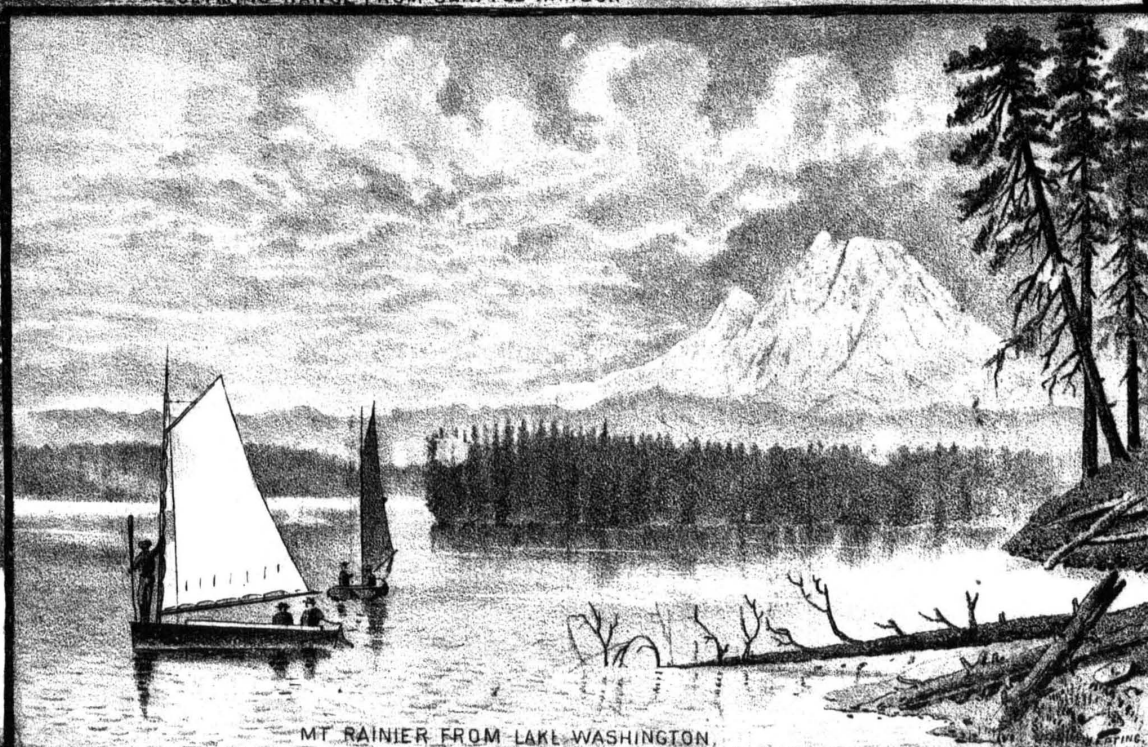


OLYMPIC RANGE FROM SEATTLE HARBOR



MT BAKER

A. BURR. DEL.



MT RAINIER FROM LAKE WASHINGTON

WEST SHORE LITH