

THE WEST SHORE.

Vol. 10.

Portland, Oregon, November, 1884.

No. 11.

ESTABLISHED 1875.

THE WEST SHORE,

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

Subscription price, per annum.....\$2 00
To foreign countries, including postage.....2 25
Single copies.....25
Subscription can be forwarded by registered letter or postal order at our risk.
Postmasters and News Agents will receive subscriptions at above rates.
General Traveling Agent—Craigie Sharp, Jr.

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
An Expensive Folly.....	339
Buried Treasure of the Mines.....	357
Glimpses of Willamette Valley.....	351
Hop Fields of Payallup and White River.....	345
Mechanics' Fair.....	342-369
Plants for the Window Garden.....	363
Queen Charlotte Islands, No. 3.....	364
Something for Nothing.....	341
The Cook of Eurisco Saw Mill.....	359
True Journalism.....	340

A blue X on this paragraph indicates that your subscription expires with this number. Please renew at once.

THE Christmas number of THE WEST SHORE, which will be ready early in December, will be an elegant one in every respect, superior to anything which has ever been produced on the Pacific Coast.

THE year is now rapidly drawing to a close, and one more number will complete the tenth volume of THE WEST SHORE. The great superiority of that volume over those of previous years has won for it many flattering comments, which can but be highly pleasing to the publisher. This gratifying evidence that his efforts are appreciated has caused him to make extensive arrangements for still greater improvement in the volume for 1885, by additions to his artistic and editorial corps, and an increase in his facilities for doing more and better work in every department. The magazine is now superior to any other publication with a subscription price of but two dollars per annum, and this superiority will be rendered more marked and evident during the coming year.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to erect a monument to the memory of General Joseph Lane, Oregon's first Territorial Governor. General Lane distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, earning the soubriquet of "The Marion of the Mexican War," and when selected by President Polk to organize the Oregon Government, left his home in Indiana within forty-eight hours after receiving notice of his appointment, crossed the arid deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, resisting in his passage through California the influences of the gold excitement, which caused the desertion of all but two of his companions, and reached Oregon in time to proclaim the organization of the Territorial Government on the 3d of March, 1849, just one day before the expiration of President Polk's administration. His subsequent devotion to the interests of his adopted State and his national prominence as a candidate for Vice-President in 1860, are well known to

all. It is fitting that the people of Oregon should erect a suitable monument to his memory, and we hope the Legislature will make an appropriation sufficient to supplement the liberal private donations which will doubtless be made.

AN EXPENSIVE FOLLY.

NOT to characterize it in stronger terms—and the act often deserves a more forcible expression of condemnation—the change of school text books from one series to another is an expensive folly. Often, by some mysterious influence brought to bear upon those in authority, a set of text books, such as readers, geographies, histories, arithmetics, etc., and frequently several of these series, are arbitrarily thrown out and others adopted in their place. Yet a little thought seems to be taken of the hardships thus forced upon the parents of the thousands of school children who are affected by the change, and a balm is offered by the publisher to soothe the outraged feelings of the indignant parents called upon to support these little official eccentricities. This is called "exchanging." To get the old books out of the way, simply to show his "good faith" in trying to "benefit" the schools by supplying them with these "very superior" books, he offers to "exchange" the new books for the old ones *and* a little money consideration, just enough to cover the "bare cost" of the transaction. This is not an original idea of the school book publisher. His slender stock of originality is entirely exhausted in making "improvements" upon the old editions. The exchange idea was an old dodge of the sewing machine agent long before the publisher became enamored of its beauties and a convert to its purely philanthropic principles. There is, of course, constant advancement being made in methods of imparting instruction to the young, and the evolution of the text book has been steady and marked. To be sure, sound reasons may be advanced, in case a selection between contending series of text books becomes necessary, why the choice should fall upon the most modern and most practical; but when a series has already been adopted, when it has been in constant use for a sufficient length of time to test its value, and is pronounced good by the practical teachers under whose supervision it is used, no satisfactory reason, that is none which is convincing to those upon whom the burden of paying the bills rests, can be advanced for changing it. Our people have built commodious and comfortable school houses, have employed competent teachers in every department, and have cheerfully paid the heavy taxes imposed for educational purposes, and their reasonable demand that the unnecessary expense of exchanging text books be not forced upon them should be heeded; also their demand to be relieved of the constant annoyance of a repeated and persistent agitation of the school book question.

TRUE JOURNALISM.

THAT, taken as a whole, the English literature of to-day is far cleaner and more wholesome than that of even less than a century ago, is a pleasing and encouraging truth. Upon the shelves of every scholar's library stand books which have not a rival in modern times in the immorality of their contents, and which simply hold their places among purer volumes because they are denominated "classic," and were honored with popular approval in those "good old times" when people were none too prudish about what was spoken or written. Mr. Spurgeon recently said, "Our grandmothers read books which their daughters would be ashamed to open," and a comparison of our modern popular works of fiction with those of the last century will furnish convincing evidence of the truth of his remark. Books, such as now receive the stamp of popular approval and find their places upon library shelves, are certainly more wholesome in their contents than those of a few decades ago. While this is true of the better class of books, the opposite must be said of publications of the periodical press. Improvements in the art of printing and the enormous reduction in the cost of publishing, combined with rapid and cheap transmission over wide and thickly populated areas, has resulted in multiplying, to an astonishing degree, the number of periodicals. By these facilities for cheap production and wide circulation, papers whose contents vary from the simply pernicious to the positively immoral and degrading have been enabled to establish themselves and spread their demoralizing influences throughout the entire nation. Upon the support gained from those whose moral sensibilities were already blunted, they have lived, recruiting at an alarming rate the ranks of their readers from the youth of our land, over whom their influence for evil has become appalling.

The records of our police and divorce courts, our prisons and asylums, are daily furnishing evidence of the terrible effect the circulation of such literature is having upon those who come within the circle of its ever widening and deepening influence. The printing press and the leaden types are inanimate objects, ready to be manipulated by the hand of the good and the bad. They can be made the agents of culture or the disseminators of vice. Which they shall be rests with the intelligent and thinking, the moral and cultured portion of our citizens. As a recent writer on this subject remarked, the essential elements are simple. "Given," said he, "a vile imagination and depraved heart, with a few brains, then put within its control the modern printing press, and hold out a slight pecuniary reward, and you have in combination some of the most dangerous forces that our modern civilization knows anything about." Those are the essential conditions under which is produced that which receives the passive condemnation of a vast majority of our citizens; and yet, until it ceases to be passive and becomes active and aggressive, condemnation is idle and impotent.

For this, journalism, as a profession, cannot be held fully responsible. As well hold the noble science of

surgery and medicine accountable for those unworthy disciples who prostitute the knowledge it gives them to commit crimes against nature. The great responsibility lies not with the press, not with those whose perverted literary taste craves such filthy trash, but with the acknowledged respectable portion of the community—those who, for business or what they deem prudential reasons, furnish the financial support to these manufacturers and retailers of vilest scandal. There are those in this city—men of acknowledged respectability and high social position—who admit these filthy sheets within the sacred precincts of the home circle. They are, thoughtlessly perhaps, but none the less actually, subjecting their children to influences which can but be highly injurious. They are laying the foundation for a tower of sorrow and grief whose weight shall crush them in their declining years. They are sowing the wind, and the harvest of whirlwind must surely be reaped. Instances are not wanting to prove the truth of all that has been said. To-day the heads of parents, guardians, brothers and husbands, bowed in shame for the wayward conduct of loved ones, attest its truth. And yet how many of them realize the full measure of their own responsibility for that which they look upon as an undeserved affliction? They have taken these papers into their families, or have in their business contributed to their support, and any bitterness which may flow into their lives from the impure stream they have thus helped to sustain, is but a righteous judgment visited upon them, and which may at any time fall upon the heads of their equally guilty neighbors.

It is not a pleasant subject to dwell upon, but it is necessary that our citizens should be aroused. This danger is not remote, nor is the cause of it entirely beyond our reach. We are not talking alone of the vile sheets published in New York; the press and people of that State are attending to that matter. It is of one in this city we speak, which is the base equal of the worst of them, which is attacking the purity of our home circles and the happiness and peace of our domestic hearths. It was no evidence of perspicacity on the part of that weekly paper—one which, utterly devoid of anything Sabbatarian, bears at its head the name of the day it desecrates—that it recognized in our pen picture a faithful portrait of itself. Ordinary intelligence and an acuteness of conscience which its long pandering to vice must surely have created, were sufficient. We simply held the glass up to Nature and every one recognized the repulsive features. With equally guilty instinct it knew whom Dr. Marvin meant when, from his pulpit a few months ago, he declared, "We have papers in this city that would be a burning disgrace to Sodom and Gomorrah." This was not an inconsiderate and impulsive expression, but was said deliberately, with full expectation of the torrent of vile abuse which that sheet immediately turned upon him—a sadly weak and sorry answer to such a terrible indictment. For this Dr. Marvin cared nothing; it could do him no harm, nor could it injure any respectable man. A mud cannon, filthy as its missiles are, has but a

short range and is powerless. It is only when it bursts and spreads devastation among the bespattered artillerymen that it becomes at all effective. Such is the weapon this scandal sheet employs in its defence. It was not a brilliant intellectual flight when it sought to link arms with other weekly papers and say, "Let us resent it, we have been attacked," for the respectable press of the city promptly and unanimously repudiated the ignoble fellowship.

This matter has become one of the moral issues of the day. The leading journals of this region have taken hold of it in earnest, and it will not be allowed to drop until a law is upon our statute books suppressing such criminal publications, and a public sentiment created which shall demand its rigid enforcement. Our exchanges teem with vigorous editorials on the subject, showing a determination to purge the press of such unworthy and degrading members. Says the *Oregonian*: "An editor who offers his newspaper as a spittoon for every scandal-monger to expectorate his private and public hates into, may be congratulated upon his success in getting it filled, if it is his ambition to be offensive, but he should not be permitted to think that decent people look upon his management as enterprise." The *Sunday Welcome* gives the following succinct statement of the position of the press on this subject: "The next Oregon Legislature will be forced by the combined pressure of self-respecting newspapers and public opinion to do something toward checking the unlicensed indecency of a certain class of literature that is spread broadcast over our State. Defenders of 'smut' who point at clean papers that print criminal news, and imagine no law can be framed to sufficiently distinguish the bad from the good, should bear in mind that the movers in this matter of purifying our literature have no idea of accomplishing any other end than the suppression of papers that make a specialty of vice and vulgarity." It is unnecessary to multiply these quotations. They are but samples of the unanimously expressed opinion of the representative journals of the Northwest; yet we will add just one more. In closing a long editorial the *Boise Statesman*, the leading paper of Idaho, says: "They thrive, too, at the expense of able, worthy, dignified periodicals, and are responsible for much vice and consequent misery. It is self-evident that, for the general well-being of society and the highest beneficent attainments of legitimate journalism, all such flashy, scandalous publications ought to be suppressed by law."

It is difficult, if not impossible, for the human mind to conceive the actual existence of virtues itself does not possess, or to ascribe to others loftier motives than those by which itself is actuated. This is the reason why honorable men are invariably misjudged by the vile and despicable; why the bribe-giver and corruptionist sneeringly asserts that every man has his price. The managers of the scandal sheet have boastfully asserted that they have money and "influence" enough to effectually smother all attempts at legislation upon this subject. What a base insult to the honesty, integrity and purity

of the men who have been selected to compose our next Legislature! What a mistake to thus attempt to measure by their vile standard some of the most intelligent and worthy men the State of Oregon contains! It cannot but be resented. We have every confidence that when those chosen representatives of the people, with many of whom we have a personal acquaintance, and for whose moral character we have the highest esteem, assemble at Salem, and this matter is clearly laid before them, they will vote for the protection of our children and the preservation of our homes with a feeling so intense and a voice so unanimous that the publishers of such crime-breeding sheets will then realize, if they do not now, that they will not longer be permitted to outrage decency and insult virtue with impunity.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

THERE is no business which does so much to promote trade and advance the material interests of the section in which it is located as the newspaper, and yet there is nothing which certain business men consider so cheap and such a subject for imposition. It is the province and conscientious aim of a paper to give all news which falls within its legitimate sphere; to chronicle all local events and treat all local interests and industries as fully and frequently as is demanded by the public. It must look at everything from the standpoint of its general interest. Whatever is proper news, whatever is of interest generally to its readers or necessary for their information, it is its duty to publish in its columns. There are many men who, having something in which they are personally interested—generally in a financial sense—are offended if they are not granted an editorial mention or free local notice, irrespective of its interest to the readers of the paper. They desire to secure an advertisement for nothing, on the plea that it is "news," and consider publishers niggardly and unenterprising for refusing to gratify their longing to obtain something for nothing. The advertising columns of every paper are open at a reasonable rate to every advertisement which is proper to appear in a paper of general circulation; and, we are sorry to say, many are open to advertisements which can hardly be considered proper, those which no self-respecting journal should ever publish. When an advertiser is assigned all the space he pays for in those columns the publisher's obligation to him is fully discharged, and yet he often demands that the business or industry in which he is engaged be made the subject of local or editorial comment. The publisher has the right, and must be permitted, to decide for himself what class of news his readers require, and he has good reasons for feeling excessively annoyed when such unreasonable requests are made. Long experience has proven that the liberal and legitimate advertiser seldom trespasses upon his good nature in this respect. That is left for the man who wants to get a puff for nothing, and whose name rarely appears in the regular advertising columns. It is the man who wants something for nothing who is the severest critic of the newspaper.

THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

THE sixth annual exhibition of the Portland Mechanics' Fair, the most successful in its history, has come to a close. Among the many thoughts to which it has given rise, two stand out prominently. The first is that the benefit of these expositions to the exhibitors, the city and the State generally, is not adequately appreciated. If it were, our many industries would be more fully represented. It could not then be said that we have a salmon canning industry, producing more than \$3,000,000 per annum, and giving employment to 5,000 people, which did not even display a label to tell of its existence; that our lumbering interests remained carefully in the background; that dozens of important industries again courted the obscurity they seem always to have sought. People who are thus unprogressive must expect to be brushed aside by more vigorous and intelligent competitors. The second thought was suggested by the few excellent manufacturing exhibits; that in those avenues of industry upon which our people have entered with sufficient capital, and upon a scale extensive enough, to have their establishments thoroughly appointed and systematically organized, the work done and goods manufactured are the equal of the best imported from the East. It was in former days pretty generally true that when anything strictly first class was desired it had to be brought from abroad; but such is no longer the case. We have here the best of workmen, the best of tools and the best of materials, and there is no reason why we should not execute the best of work. A sufficient illustration of this is the North Pacific Manufacturing Company, in whose extensive shops were made the hose cart on exhibition in the Machinery Hall, and the elegant cigar box wagon displayed by Wilzinski Bros. & Co. The stoves, woolen goods, artificial stone, paint, trunks, furniture, tents, and a dozen other manufactured articles, including iron work, all speak of the perfection of such manufactures as have been established here and are not afraid to submit their wares to the scrutiny of the public.

In this number we present engravings of the interior of the Main Hall and Machinery Hall, and portraits of the officials who have so successfully managed the exhibition. These gentlemen are deserving of much praise for their unremitting labors, especially Mr. Allen, to whose intelligent efforts and devotion the great success of the exposition is largely due.

These engravings are executed in a manner similar to that which was on exhibition at the branch office of THE WEST SHORE, and which attracted so much attention from visitors. The office was constantly surrounded by people engaged in mailing copies of the magazine to their friends, fully ten thousand copies being thus addressed to all portions of the United States and Canada and many to foreign countries. Not only did the publisher supply these copies free of charge, but he paid the postage on them also. The placing of them free of expense in the hands of so many thousands of readers can but be highly beneficial to this great region.

It is currently rumored that a scheme is on foot by a syndicate of Denver cattle men to induce the Indian Commissioner to execute to them a lease of the Crow Reservation for a long term of years, the intention being to lock up this valuable country as a grazing ground for a favored few. The idea is to obtain the consent of the Crows, a matter of no great difficulty on the part of men who are prepared to spend thousands of dollars for the sake of securing privileges worth as many millions. This thing must not be. We sound this note of alarm to draw the attention of our citizens to this contemplated outrage, and to urge immediate steps being taken to crush it out. No means should be spared and no steps left untaken, to counteract the movement, and influence those who possess authority in the matter to throw their weight into the scale of opposition to such a wholesale scheme of plunder. The Committee on Indian Affairs by conniving at such a measure would find themselves objects of execration, and we very much doubt if our citizens would tamely submit to such a wholesale robbery of the public domain, even if it bore the sanction of the law.—*Billings Post*.

MR. W. HALPENNY, the Government guide, returned from Salmon river at the northern end of the Island yesterday. He ascended the river in company with Messrs. Morgan and Poat for several miles in a canoe and reports that the valley of the stream is the most extensive on the island. Three miles from the mouth of the river the valley is four miles in width with mountains on either side. Eight miles further up a rocky canyon one mile in length is reached. Beyond this canyon the river forks and the valley widens again, becomes swampy and is not very heavily timbered. The soil is good and deep. The timber, spruce and fir. Some patches of good timber were seen, but they had been lately taken up. Mr. Halpenny thinks that Salmon river offers a good field for settlers.—*Victoria Colonist*.

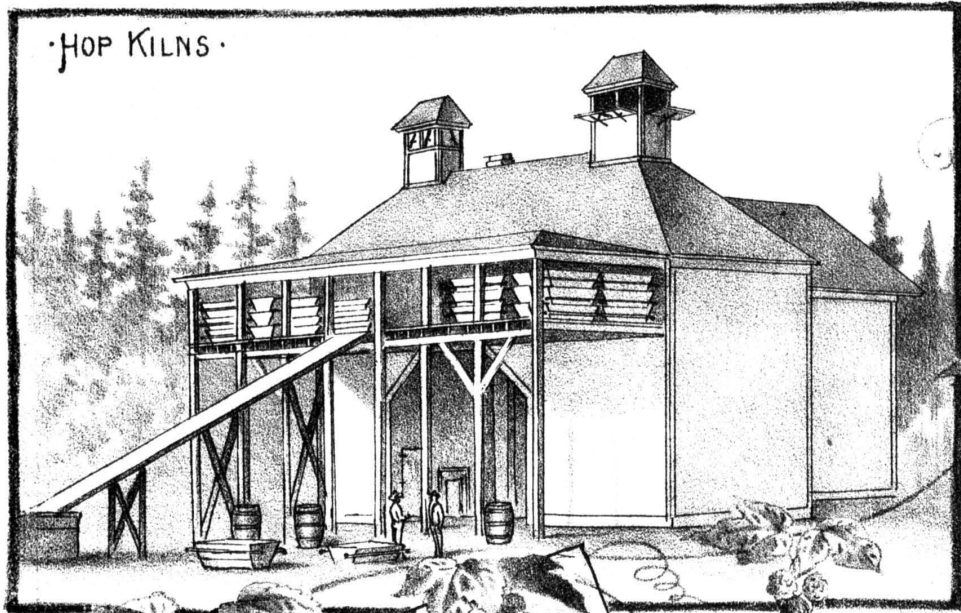
CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

September.

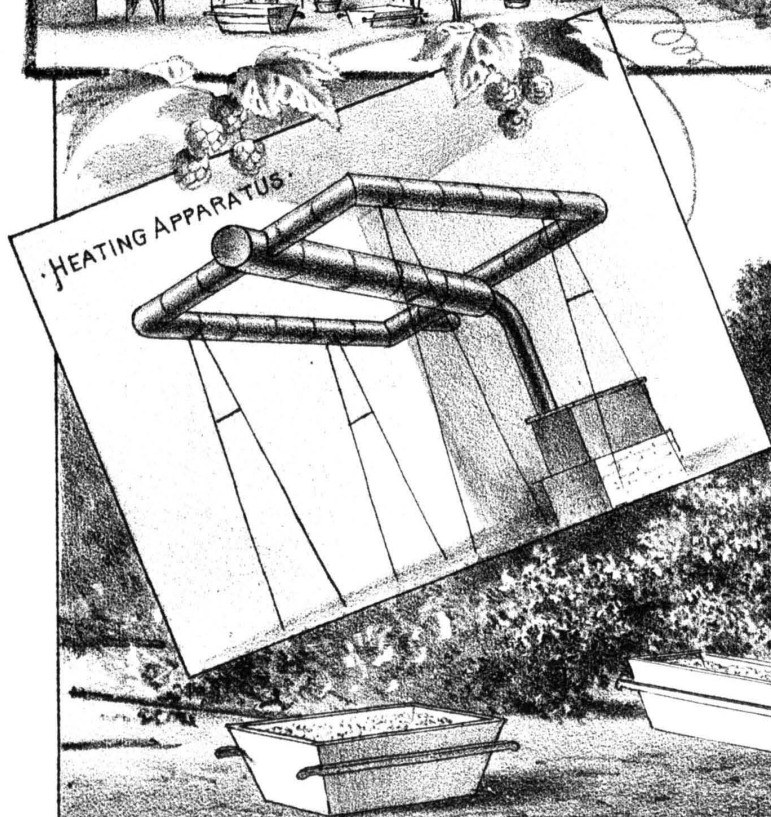
- 25—Fire at Dayton, W. T.; loss, \$25,000.
- 27—Rathdrum, Idaho, nearly destroyed by fire; loss, \$85,000....Cloud-burst at Parhucha, Mexico; 30 lives lost.
- 30—Steamer *Estado de Sonora* and schooner *Dora* lost in a violent gale off the coast of Lower California.

October.

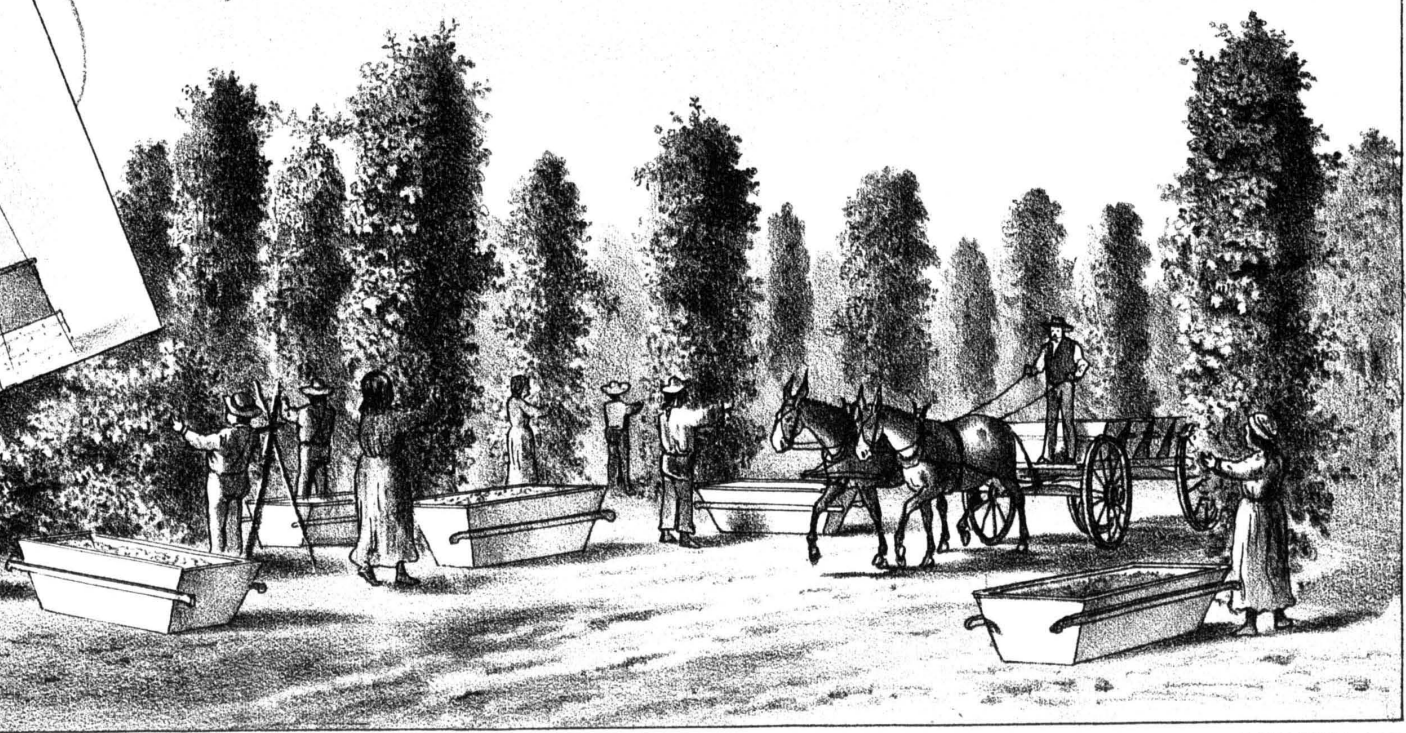
- 1—Collision on Denver & Rio Grande railroad at Acequia, Colorado; 30 people injured.
- 3—Royal palace at Copenhagen burned.
- 7—Fire at Wallula, W. T.; loss, \$12,000....Storm off Cape San Lucas; 9 schooners lost with their crews and much damage done on the coast of Lower California.
- 9—Sixth exhibition of the Portland Mechanics' Fair inaugurated.
- 11—Chinese defeated the French under Admiral Lespes at Tamsui.
- 12—French under General Negrier defeated Chinese.
- 13—News received of great typhoons in Japan September 15-17; great loss of life and destruction of property....Greenwich adopted as the prime meridian by the International Meridian Conference at Washington.
- 14—Ohio State election carried by Republicans by 11,000 majority; West Virginia carried by Democrats by 4,000 majority....Fire at Stockton, Cal.; loss, \$40,000.
- 17—Train of Cincinnati & Eastern railroad fell through bridge near Balara, O.; 4 killed and 5 badly injured....Barnesville, Ga., nearly destroyed by fire.
- 18—Gen. Benjamin Alvord died at Washington....Bennett-Mackay Atlantic cable landed at American side....7 buildings burned at Renton, W. T.; loss, \$26,000.
- 20—Carthage, N. Y., nearly destroyed by fire.
- 25—The Dutch steamship *Maasdam* burned in the Atlantic, 200 passengers and crew supposed to be lost.
- 25-26—Celebration of 100th birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore, the great English Hebrew philanthropist.
- 27—Severe storm in North Atlantic; several vessels wrecked, including the Lisbon and Cardiff steamer at Penzance and the German cruiser *Undine* on the Danish coast.
- 28—Hugh McCulloch appointed Secretary of the Treasury.
- 29—Cage containing 6 men fell down shaft of a mine at Londonderry, N. S.; 5 killed.



HOP KILNS.

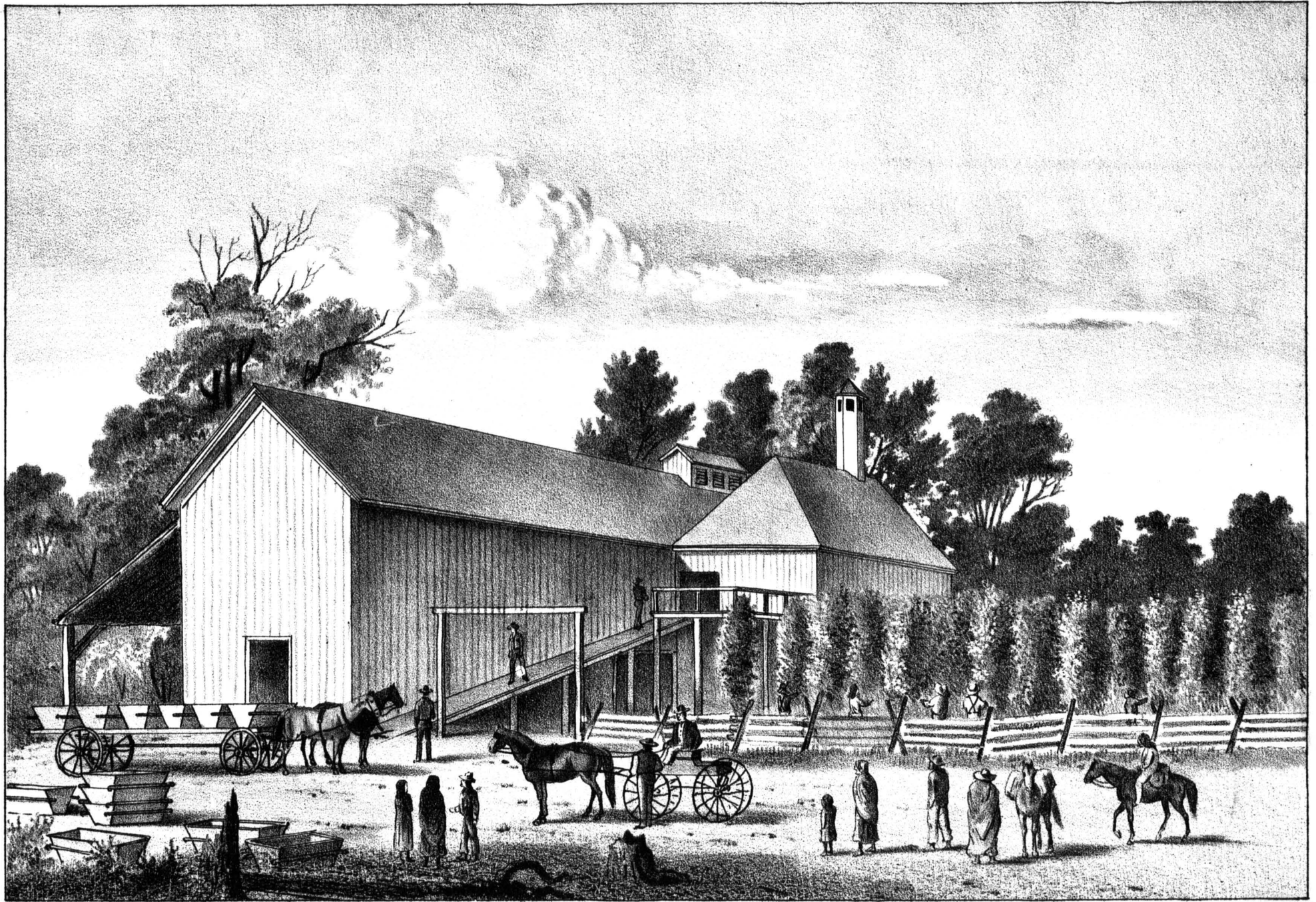


HEATING APPARATUS.



THE WEST SHORE.

HOP FARM OF W. C. KINCAID, SUMNER, W. T.



HOP FARM OF JOHN CARSON, ESQ., PUYALLUP, W.T.

HOP FIELDS OF PUYALLUP AND WHITE RIVER.

THE hop industry is an important and growing one on the Pacific Coast. California, Oregon and Washington Territory harvested 40,900 bales in 1883, and the crop of the present year, the statistics for which have not yet been fully gathered, will be largely in excess of that of any previous season. This is due to two facts—a largely increased acreage and a high average yield per acre. Some yards are yielding 3,000 pounds per acre, and many others are averaging 2,500 pounds. The price of hops is regulated by the condition of the Eastern and European crop, and sometimes reaches \$1 per pound. Other seasons their abundance reduces the price to an extremely low point, never, however, below the cost of production, which may be estimated at eight to ten cents per pound. The average price realized by our hop growers during the past fifteen years may be placed at twenty to twenty-five cents, and the average yield per acre at 1,800 pounds. Hops are grown in the Willamette Valley, in Lewis, Thurston, Yakima, Snohomish, King and Pierce counties, Washington Territory, the industry reaching its highest development in the last two counties, where are located the celebrated fields of Puyallup Valley and White River Valley.

The famous Puyallup Valley lies in Pierce County, Washington Territory. Beginning at the Indian Reservation, it extends eastward a distance of fifteen miles, and has an average width of three miles, the total area amounting to forty-five square miles. Of this fully 16,000 acres are adapted to the culture of hops. Through the center of the valley flows the Puyallup River, direct from the icy glaciers of Mount Rainier, the foothills of the green Cascades hemming it in on either side and forming the ridges which enclose the valley. The soil is a deep, rich, black vegetable mould of great depth, the accumulations of years of washings of the soil and luxuriant vegetation of the Cascade Mountains. There is no subsoil whatever, the mould extending to a depth not yet ascertained. At one place the drill of an artesian well struck a cedar log at a depth exceeding one hundred feet, and wherever the river washes away its banks large trees are uncovered lying fifteen feet below the surface. On the farm of O. M. Annis large cedar stumps have thus been uncovered which present the appearance of having been cut with a sharp stone implement, the cut slanting upwards. These stumps are from ten to twelve feet below the surface, and above them grow great trees hundreds of years old. They speak to us of the primitive races who lived in intellectual darkness, and ages since disappeared in the eternal gloom of an unrecorded existence, leaving but here and there a faint indication of their former presence. No better idea of the richness and composition of this vegetable soil can be given than that of the old pioneer of the Willamette Valley, who referred with pride to the fact that the rich bottom lands upon which he had settled were composed of a "conglomerated mass of muckulated gloom." All kinds of cereals and vegetables produce in abundance, but the soil and climate seem to be especially adapted to the culture

of hops, to which the attention of the people is chiefly devoted. The roots, unretarded by any subsoil, penetrate to a great depth, and draw upwards an abundance of moisture even in the driest of seasons. Roots nine feet long have been exposed by the erosion of the river, and one fourteen feet in length is now on exhibition. The crop has never failed, nor have the vines or cones been attacked by lice or any form of disease, such as afflict the yards of Wisconsin, New York and Europe. The growers ascribe this exemption from scourge to the length of the growing season, the cool summer nights and the absence of those excessively hot summer days experienced elsewhere. It is their hope and belief that these favorable climatic conditions will constitute a perpetual barrier through which insect pests and disease will never break.

There are at least one hundred men engaged in growing hops in the valley, with a total area of 1,300 acres in hop vines. Land cultivated is valued at \$250 per acre, and uncleared and uncultivated land ranges from \$60 to \$100. Hop picking is done chiefly by Indians, who gather here in the picking season from reservations hundreds of miles distant. Fully three thousand of them came into the valley the present season. "They come," writes a prominent grower, "from far and near, some in wagons, some on horseback, a few on foot, but the greater number in canoes. They are of all conditions—the old and young, the blind and maimed, the workers and idlers—making a motley mass curious to look upon. They are from all parts of Puget Sound, from British Columbia, and even from the confines of Alaska. The furthestmost tribes come in their large canoes (made from the immense cedars of that region), so large that they dare and do venture to sea in them in their seal fishing season, manned with twenty men or more. The voyage to the hop yards is all by the inland channel and among the islands of Puget Sound. Oftentimes a month is occupied in making the trip, leisurely working their way, camping here and there to hunt or fish, as their inclination prompts. Wherever night overtakes them they are at home, and when they arrive at the hop fields a few hours suffice to construct their camps and be ready for work. When fairly settled down to it, they are inveterate and reliable workers, going to the hop field as soon as they can see to work, carrying their dinners with them, and remaining until pitch dark. Experts among them make as high as \$3 a day in some cases, but, taking the average, only about \$1.25 a day. The question of questions with the hop growers is, Will enough come? If so, will they arrive in time? From a supposed short supply of help timid growers become scared and begin to bid up and run after fresh arrivals. The Indians are quick to perceive the situation, and ready to profit by the anxiety of growers and drive the best bargain possible. They are masters of the situation, or think they are, and oftentimes there is much trouble and expense incurred from the scramble among growers to procure pickers. As the acreage has increased, however, the supply of labor has thus far been ample, so that there has never

been any real loss from lack of pickers. How far this can go is a vital question, for upon the answer to this depends the possible extent of the production of hops in Washington Territory. They could raise hops enough to supply the world; just how many can be picked is a problem that will be speedily tested by the increased acreage being planted." The present season was a severe test of this question, owing to the prolific yield and the damp weather, and many fears were expressed that a large portion of the crop would not be harvested. It appears, however, that the loss on this account was quite inconsiderable, a few growers only having a portion of their fields unpicked when the frost came. There were some four hundred white pickers in addition to the Indians, and the probabilities are that this class will increase with the demand for them. At a few places, especially in the Oregon fields, Chinamen were tried this year, but the universal verdict is that they are not desirable help, being slower and less thorough than the others. This possible scarcity of help has suggested to the minds of many the propriety of securing an earlier variety of hops, such as the Humphrey, so that picking can be commenced about two weeks sooner.

The personal experiences of a number of the most prominent growers form the best kind of evidence of the character of this industry, the results noted by them for a series of years being quite uniform and highly satisfactory. Our engravings of several fields, dry houses, picking scenes, etc., convey a vivid impression of the appearance of the fields during the picking season. The pioneer of them all is L. F. Thompson, who planted the first field north of California. In 1865 he procured 2,500 roots from Sacramento, at a cost of \$100, and planted two acres; and from this small beginning have sprung the great hop fields of Washington and Oregon. For nineteen years these two acres have never failed to yield a good crop, and this year the owner has reaped a harvest of over 3,000 lbs. as the product from the original roots. In 1867-8 Mr. Thompson added 10 acres, during the following three years 20 acres, and in 1880 planted 11 acres more. This year he harvested a crop from the 43 acres which will average over 2,000 lbs. to the acre. For nineteen years his average yield has been one ton to the acre, and the average price received has been 26 cents per lb. He erected his first drying house in 1867, which was 20x75 feet, with a kiln on each end. It was destroyed by fire. He has since built five kilns, 20x20 feet each, with a warehouse 36x70. The latter is separated from the kilns. Mr. Thompson's hop ranch is located near Sumner, on the north side of the Puyallup River, where he has erected a beautiful residence at a cost of \$7,000.

E. Meeker is the largest grower of hops in the valley. He planted three acres in 1868, and in 1880 he had 55 acres. This has been steadily increased until he now has 180 acres, 120 in Puyallup and 60 in White River Valley. He has averaged about 2,000 lbs. to the acre since he commenced. On an average he has sold at 20 cents per lb. He has five kilns on White River and

ten at Puyallup. These kilns will dry 12,500 lbs. of hops in twenty-four hours.

J. P. Stewart, of Puyallup, planted one acre of hops in 1871. He has now 13 acres. His exact average has been 2,110 lbs. to the acre from the first planting to 1884. The average price sold for has been 22.4 cents. Allowing 10 cents for cost of raising, he has realized 12.4 cents profit, which makes a grand total of \$17,383, or \$247.14 per acre. He has a kiln, 22x22, and store room 24x50.

G. A. Gardella planted his first crop eleven years ago. He has 23 acres all told. Over 2,000 lbs. to the acre is this year's average. He has sold his crops at an average of 20 cents per lb.

B. A. Young has 16 acres in hops, which he considers will average 1,800 lbs. to the acre. He has the largest kiln in the valley, it being 30x30. He has a warehouse, 24x36, and two stories high.

B. F. Young planted four acres in 1876, and has now 14 acres. He has two kilns, 20x20, with store house 24x30, and baleing room 16x30. His crops have averaged 1,900 lbs. to the acre, and he has sold at an average price of 22 cents.

P. D. Gilham has 12 acres. His average yield from 1877 has been 1,500 lbs. to the acre, and the average price 20 cents per lb. His drying house is 28x90, with kiln 28x28, with a capacity of 2,000 lbs. of dry hops for twenty-four hours. His ware room is 28x30 and two stories high.

J. M. McMillan planted 20 acres in 1883, his crop for that year being 1,600 lbs. to the acre.

Willis Boatman is an old settler of this valley, coming here in 1854. He has 21 acres of his land planted to hops, which will give him 2,100 lbs. to the acre. He has for eight years grown 1,900 lbs. to the acre. He has one of the best dry houses in the valley, with two kilns, 22x22 each, a two story store room, 26x50, and a press room 16x26.

J. F. Kincaid has 14 acres of hops, and one ton is the estimated average yield. He has two kilns, 22x22, and 18 feet between ceilings. His average price sold for the eleven years he has been in the business has been 22 cents.

From the engraving of J. R. Dickenson's hop house one will see it is among the best in the valley. The building is 24x96, with two kilns on either end, 24x24 each. Between these kilns is a store room, two stories high, 24x40. The press room is north from the store room, and is 12x40 feet. The yield of hops this year will be as high as 63,000 lbs. on thirty acres. He has raised hops since 1873, and received an average price of 22 cents.

E. C. Mead is one of the oldest growers in the valley, and has 15 acres.

S. Bonney has seven acres. His kiln is 22x22, with store room 18x24.

G. H. Ryan has 12 acres, and his average crop has been 1,800 lbs. to the acre since 1873. He will receive from the twelve acres over 25,000 lbs. this year. He has four kilns, with a capacity of 30 tons in one season. His average price has been 25 cents.

W. C. Kincaid's hop field comprises 16 acres of the finest hops in the valley. Mr. Kincaid will harvest over 18 tons from this field this year. He has just completed a dry house, with foundation of concrete. There are two kilns, 20x24 each, 25 feet from the ground to the drying floor. In front of these kilns is an elevated platform, 18x72. Connected with the kilns, on the west, is a store room, 24x50, two stories high, and to the south of this is the baling room, 14x50. His flues are of brick, and the structure is convenient, substantial and fireproof.

S. F. Burr grows six acres of hops, and has one kiln, 22x24, with store room 22x32. His neighbor, T. J. Lenover, has five acres, but no kiln.

A. H. Woolery is a '53 settler. In 1875 he planted nine acres, and has now 19 acres, which will yield 2,200 lbs. to the acre. He has raised, on an average, 1,700 lbs. since the first planting. He possesses the only hexagonal kiln in this country, which is 27x27. His store room is 20x60.

David Winkler planted his seven acres in 1882. They gave him this year nearly 15,000 lbs. He has one kiln, 22x24, and a ware room 22x40.

A. R. McCumber has four acres of hops, which are yielding 2,000 lbs. to the acre.

A. J. Query has seven acres. His average yield this year is 2,000 lbs. to the acre. He has raised since 1882 1,500 lbs. per acre. He has but one kiln, which is 22x22, and a warehouse, 22x40.

Mr. Van Ogle has 63 acres planted to hops, and he estimates the yield at 1,800 lbs. this year. He has three kilns, one 22x22, one 22x30 and one 24x36. His three warehouses are 20x63, 24x40 and 22x40. The drying capacity of these kilns is 4,500 lbs. dried hops in twenty-four hours.

H. C. Helmbold has 30 acres, and has been raising hops eleven years. He will harvest over 65,000 lbs. this year. He has two kilns, one 20x20 and the other 22x22; also warehouses, 22x50 and 20x45. He has sold his crops at an average of 20 cents.

Spooner & Wallace have six acres of hops, and their estimate is five tons. They have one kiln, 20x20, and store room, 20x40.

William Lane planted three acres of hops in 1873, and has increased the acreage to 13 acres. This year has averaged 2,200 lbs. to the acre for the eleven years, and the crop turned out over 2,400 lbs. to the acre this season. Mr. Lane has been extremely fortunate in making sales, for his average price has netted him 22 cents per lb. He has one kiln, 20x20, with a store house 22x42. He has the plans for a new kiln, which is shown in the engraving.

O. M. Annis eight years ago planted five acres. He has now 21 acres, which are yielding 2,000 lbs. to the acre this year. His sales have averaged him 25 cents. His average yield has been 1,600 lbs. to the acre. He has erected a new hop house, 22x68, with two kilns 22x22 each. His store room is 20x80, with all the modern improvements.

Carl Miller is located on the table land south of the

valley. He has 14 acres of the finest vines in Pierce County. His crop this year is yielding him 2,600 lbs. to the acre, and he has not failed to raise 2,000 lbs. to the acre in any year. He has one small kiln, which he built in 1881, and this year he has built a large hop house, with two kilns 26x26 each. He has a receiving room, 20x26, and a store room, 48x50.

The Riverside Farm, owned by A. C. Campbell, comprises 183 acres. It was purchased by the present proprietor in the fall of 1882, there being at that time but five acres planted to hops. The planting has been increased by the proprietor to 45 acres. The farm is situated on the south side of the Puyallup River, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles east from Puyallup. The land is a level piece of rich bottom land, bounded on one side by the river. The crop on this place is estimated at 80,000 lbs., and the property is valued at \$250 per acre planted to hops, the remainder being estimated to be worth \$100 per acre. The drying house is a two story structure, 30x112 feet, and is situated at the foot of a bank, so that the receiving platform of the upper story is on a level with the bed of a wagon. This platform is 14x36 feet, laid with matched flooring. Over this platform the hops are taken into an apartment, 16x24, on either side of which there are four kilns, 24 feet square, where the hops are dried. When the hops are sufficiently dried they are taken to a store room on the same floor, 26x62 feet, and there allowed to cool; then passed through the press room on the lower floor, 16x34 feet; thence to the store room on the same floor, which is the same size as the one above. In the lower story there are also four furnaces, with brick flues 34 feet high. At a temperature of 130 degrees these kilns will dry 3,260 lbs. of hops in twenty-four hours. This building was erected in 1883-4 at a cost of \$4,000. There are used on the farm 125 boxes for picking, which hold about 100 lbs. undried hops each.

R. S. More is an old settler of Washington Territory, having come here in 1853. He commenced to raise hops on his present farm in 1872, and has now seven acres of bearing vines. This place is two miles east from Puyallup. His crop is estimated at 1,800 lbs. to the acre.

R. Nix, a '51 settler of the valley, commenced the growing of hops in 1870, when he planted one acre. He has now 16 acres, the average yield of which will be 2,000 lbs. He has two drying houses, with a capacity conjointly of 1,200 lbs. for twenty-four hours. He is located $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles east of Puyallup.

One and one-half miles west from Puyallup is the hop ranch of A. J. Miller, who commenced the business in 1873, and has now 15 acres in plant. He estimates his yield per acre at 1,700 lbs. His drying house has a capacity of 2,400 lbs. dried hops for twenty-four hours, and is 40x92 feet, in which are three kilns, one 22x22 and two 18x18.

One mile and a half west from Puyallup, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Tacoma, is the hop farm of W. J. Bowman, and it is one of the most important in the valley. He commenced planting in 1874, and, like all others in this district, he has never failed to raise a good crop. This

year he estimates a yield of 40,000 lbs. from his 23 acres. He owns 145 acres of land, and is each year extending his acreage of hops. His drying house is 30x60, with four kilns, 17x17. Near this building is his store house and baling room.

D. M. Ross and his sons, Charles and Albert, are located on a hop ranch, consisting of 343 acres, and about 1½ miles west from Puyallup. Mr. Ross came to the place in 1864, and in 1874 planted three acres of hops. He has now 28 acres, the yield of which will be 2,000 lbs. per acre. They have two drying houses, the first being erected in 1875, and is 60x60 feet, with two kilns, 18x18 each. Its capacity for twenty-four hours is 1,600 lbs. The second was built in 1884, and is 82x28 feet. The kiln is 28x28, with a receiving floor, 28x14, opposite which is the store house and press room, 20x40. This house has a capacity of about 1,400 lbs. in twenty-four hours.

Near the hop ranches of Ross and Bowman is one owned by Mrs. C. A. Clark. The planting was commenced in 1873, and she has now 11 acres, which will yield 2,000 lbs. to the acre.

John Carson, one of the original settlers in the valley, planted 14 acres of hops in 1872, and has since increased his yards to 41 acres. He estimates his crop this year at 2,100 lbs. to the acre. His average yield has been 1,800 lbs. to the acre, and the average price 18.5 cents per lb. He has two kilns, one 20x40 and the other 32x40. He has one store house 24x124, and the other 24x20. The drying capacity of the kilns is two tons for twenty-four hours. It takes a force of 135 hands to pick and dry the hops.

As a convenience to the consumers and dealers of hops, we give, in tabulated form, the names, post office address and the number of acres of each grower:

PUYALLUP.			
Name.	Acres.	Name.	Acres.
H. Crocket.....	2	Mrs. E. A. Clark.....	11
B. A. Young.....	16	W. J. Bowman.....	23
B. F. Young.....	14	W. Cheesman.....	3
H. Dagget.....	1½	C. W. Sewart.....	4
A. C. Campbell.....	45	G. Mosart.....	3
Wagner & Co.....	3	S. Kupher.....	3
D. M. Ross.....	28	Willis Boatman.....	21
G. Marshall.....	3	R. Nix.....	16
J. Meeker.....	4	A. J. Miller.....	16½
J. P. Stewart.....	14	R. S. More.....	7
J. V. Meeker.....	13	J. Carson.....	38
Mrs. Ackerson.....	22½	E. Meeker.....	120
C. H. Spinning.....	32	J. V. Jackson.....	3
G. A. Gardella.....	23	W. Lee.....	3
G. A. Cook.....	5		
SUMNER.			
J. A. McCarty.....	13	Maj. Alderton.....	10
S. Bird.....	5½	B. Spinning.....	10
S. Bonney.....	7	J. R. Dickenson.....	30
J. Steller.....	4	W. Forrest.....	4¾
J. D. Gilham.....	16	L. F. Thompson.....	43
W. C. Kincaid.....	16	W. H. Baker.....	6
J. F. Kincaid.....	14	A. H. Woolery.....	19
J. M. McMillan.....	20	George Linesly.....	6
W. Smith.....	2	G. H. Ryan.....	12
E. C. Mead.....	15	A. G. Mathews.....	4
R. Parker.....	5½	S. F. Burr.....	6
Walker Ranch.....	31	T. J. Lenover.....	5

HILHURST.

Name.	Acres.	Name.	Acres.
Lyle & Rice.....	19		

SOUTH PRAIRIE.

A. Temple.....	6	Scanlin.....	3
Dean.....	2	Fellows.....	10

ORTING.

M. Lee.....	4	H. Becket.....	13
A. Noble.....	3	W. Lane.....	13
W. Hammond.....	2½	W. Stevenson.....	4½
O. Farrell.....	4	Witesell Bros.....	20
J. E. Hilly.....	3½	E. A. Loran.....	9
M. Haggard.....	6	B. Wright.....	7
J. H. Wilbur.....	2½	H. McCan.....	6
J. Woolery.....	5	A. Lane.....	5
P. Hardefelt.....	3½	S. B. Alney.....	6
J. C. Taylor.....	5		

ALDERTON.

F. Balk.....	2½	Z. A. Stone.....	11
O. M. Annis.....	21	A. J. Oliver.....	10
Wallace & Spooner.....	6	G. Hankleman.....	12
Carl Miller.....	14	William Lane.....	13

MARION.

D. Morris.....	3	Spaulding.....	4
McHugh.....	7	N. Shelp.....	2
J. Ramsey.....	2	H. Walse.....	2
J. Burngar.....	2	J. Stilley.....	4
Gray.....	9		

STEILACOOM.

T. Mahon.....	2½	P. Smith.....	10
---------------	----	---------------	----

ELHI.

A. J. Query.....	7	H. C. Helmbold.....	30
Van Ogle.....	63	David Winkler.....	7
A. Sherman.....	9	R. R. McCumber.....	4
White.....	12		

On leaving the Puyallup Valley, near Sumner, and going up the Stuck River, one reaches the far-famed White River Valley. It is longer and broader than the Puyallup, and is divided by the waters of hite WRiver. When it is understood that this river, like six others, rises at Mount Rainier, and for ages has been carrying the rich soil from the mountainous country through which it passes, and depositing it in the more level land as it nears the Sound; that this made land has reached a depth that is incalculable; that it is now covered with stately trees and thick undergrowth, then one can realize how rich and productive the soil must be. P. C. Hayes is the pioneer hop grower in this valley, planting nine acres in the spring of 1875. The year following C. M. Van Doren planted twenty acres; but the majority of growers did not engage in the business until about three years ago. When all the land in this valley shall have been cleared; when the owners of the soil shall have put out hop yards and erected kilns; when its entire length and breadth shall be devoted to this industry; then it will be that the White River Valley will constitute a very important factor in the hop growing interests of the United States. In all essential particulars the climatic and other conditions here are the same as those existing in Puyallup.

The most important grower in the valley is C. M. Van Doren, who has 25 acres planted. He has three kilns, erected in a triangular shape, each of which is 22x22 and

24 feet high, and designated "A," "B" and "C." There is a receiving room, 22x32, underneath which is a cooling room of the same size. South from the kilns, 70 feet distant, is the store house and baleing room, 28x88 and 18 feet high. These kilns have a capacity of $2\frac{1}{4}$ tons in twenty-four hours. The hop fields and buildings form one of our illustrations.

Dennis Mullen planted 14 acres in 1882, and his average yield this year is 2,300 lbs. to the acre. His drying building is 22x66, and the two kilns are 22x22 feet each. The warehouse is detached from the kilns.

The following list gives the names, post office address and number of acres of hops cultivated by the growers of White River Valley:

SLAUGHTER.

Name.	Acres.	Name.	Acres.
G. Trager.....	10	James Dolan.....	4
John M. Thompson... 5		P. Neeley.....	3
David Hart.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Chas. Du Boice.....	6
C. Hemmold.....	3	Michael Burns.....	3
John Milroy.....	7	Ira Lewis.....	1
J. & W. Faucett.....	7	J. P. Smith.....	2
Erastus Green.....	2	L. N. Smith.....	2
Hughes Bros.....	14	George W. Simpson... 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Oscar Brown.....	5	A. H. Mead.....	6
Richard Jeff.....	15	S. A. Crist.....	6
Joseph Brannan.....	17	Russell.....	3
B. F. Patton.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$		

WHITE RIVER.

Dennis Mullin.....	14	O. J. Yates.....	10
K. H. McKabe.....	6	Thomas Sharkey.....	9
Robert Graham.....	10	Wakeman Bros.....	4
Henry Neeley.....	3	Maddock.....	2
J. J. Crow.....	10	P. C. Hayes.....	16
John Alexander.....	6	Julius Ness.....	10
H. D. Burk.....	10	George Owlitz.....	4
Isaac Laning.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	James Sharkey.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mrs. Horn.....	5	R. O. Connell.....	4
D. O'Brian & Son....	16	Wm. Emerson.....	9
Michael Horn.....	6	C. M. Van Doren.....	25
Andrew Washburn....	10		

The methods of cultivating hops and preparing them for market are quite complex and interesting. In starting hop fields the young creepers which shoot out from the roots, called "rhizomes," are removed by grubbing, and cut into pieces six to eight inches long, each piece containing two or three pairs of eyes. These are planted early in the spring, four or five being set in a hill. The hills are placed at different distances, usually about eight feet apart, avenues being left here and there for drive-ways. In the Eastern States no crop is harvested the first year; but in the Puyallup and White River valleys, owing to the long growing season, the plants produce the first season, though, of course, not yielding as abundantly as the older ones. The vines, as they begin to grow, are trained on poles to the height of about fifteen feet. The plant flowers early in summer, and in about ten days the blossoms expand—called "hopping out" by the growers—and form the cones or strobiles of commerce. These quickly attain their full size, but are allowed to mature on the vines till about the 1st of September, when the picking begins. The character of labor employed in this region has been spoken of. The pickers are pro-

vided with long wooden boxes, each having handles for carrying it when full. The price for picking is based upon these, varying each year according to the law of supply and demand. This season \$1 per box was paid. A hand can fill from one to four boxes per day, only the most expert and industrious reaching the higher limit. Beginning at the ground, the picker plucks the cones from the vine as far up as he can conveniently reach, and then the pole is pulled up and placed in a recumbent position, resting upon a forked stick, so as to keep the fruit from becoming soiled or crushed by contact with the ground. The vine is then thoroughly cleared of its cones. In this way the picker passes from pole to pole until his box is full.

After being filled the boxes are loaded upon wagons and taken to the kilns, where the hops are dried, being reduced in weight by this process about seventy-five per cent. The hop kilns are of varying sizes, an average being twenty feet square. These are constructed of wood, brick or stone; many in this region, especially those constructed in the infancy of the industry, being made of logs, carefully chinked and lined on the inside to render them perfectly air tight. Near the bottom are draught holes, which may be closed when required. On the ground is the stove, or furnace, for producing the heat. The hot air is conducted in pipes running around the room some distance above the furnace, and about two feet below the floor upon which the hops are placed. This floor consists of lattice work, made by placing thin strips edgewise upon supporting beams, leaving a narrow space between them. Over this is spread loosely woven matting, or burlaps, upon which the hops are placed, evenly distributed to the depth of from twenty inches to two feet. Access is had to this portion of the kiln through a door near the top, reached by an incline from the ground. The roof is steep, with four sides, and is surmounted by a cupola, through which the steam and fumes from the drying hops escape, and this is also protected by a projecting roof. When a "flooring" of hops has been spread, usually about 2,400 lbs., the furnace fires are lighted, and the temperature of the kiln is raised to about 120 degrees Fahrenheit, which is gradually increased to 140 or 150 degrees. Sulphur is burned in a little pan for the purpose of bleaching the hops and giving them the rich golden color so much desired by consumers. The quantity used varies with the condition of the hops and the ideas of the growers. A kiln of green picked, discolored, mouldy or "redded" hops requires much more sulphur to bleach it than one of well-ripened cones in good condition. Much less is used here than is customary in other places, owing chiefly to the superior condition of the hops when picked.

The use of sulphur is an important subject, worthy of more extended notice. W. A. Lawrence, of Waterville, N. Y., in a work entitled "Hop Growing in the United States," says that a proper amount should be used to prevent fermentation in the bale. "Sulphur is the enemy of fermentation, and the sulphur used in drying hops, not only helps to remove a good deal of the sap

altogether out of the hop, but it also renders what is left less liable to ferment in the bale, and there is less danger of 'heated bales.' This very fact, that sulphur is death to fermentation, constitutes the great objection to the use of such extravagant quantities of sulphur as will injure the fermentation of the beer in which hops drenched with sulphur are used. But the ordinary practice of fifteen, or even twenty, pounds has not been observed to injure the fermentation of the beer." The correctness of the gentleman's statement may well be questioned. There is no way that sulphur can thus prevent fermentation in the bale or in the manufacture of beer, unless it remain in the hops after the drying is finished and until the hops are used. As a proof that it does not do this, we refer our reader to the "United States Dispensary," which substantially says that, after three or four weeks, only the slightest traces of sulphurous acids can be found in the hops when subjected to a thorough chemical test, and after two months the most severe analysis fails to find even a delicate trace. The Dispensary handles this subject from the fact that hops are used as a medicine, and decides that the hop is in no way injured by smoking it with sulphur. The dealer and the brewer want a fancy article. To make it so it must be bleached with sulphur until the hops are of an even color. Then, too, it is claimed by competent growers that the sulphur penetrates to the stem of the cone, seizes the vapor in the hop and carries it away, thus assisting the heated air in bringing the hop into a condition that it will be preserved. We have discussed the use of sulphur in drying hops because certain unscrupulous buyers ask the question, "What makes your hops so even in color?" and when told it is caused by the use of sulphur, condemn the practice in order to cheapen the price. It is a safe estimate that three-fourths of the growers in this valley are using only one to two pounds of sulphur to a flooring, when fifteen pounds pure sulphur are frequently used in the East. The buyers will not pay a good price for discolored hops, and also try to cheapen the finely bleached ones by condemning the use of sulphur. Growers should remain firm in their prices and not permit themselves to be thus browbeaten. Some of our hop growers turn the hops in the kiln. We are creditably informed that this is not necessary in order that the hops dry evenly, if time enough is given them. It only breaks them up and thereby injures the market value. This is done when they desire to dry two floorings in a day. With kiln capacity enough to permit a flooring to dry twenty hours or more this may be avoided. Nor should they permit men to tramp on the hops while in the kiln, warehouse or baleing room. To give the dealer and brewer a perfectly fancy article the hops must be uniform in color and the cones kept in as perfect a shape as possible. Nature produces a perfect hop in these valleys, and all are alike interested in having the picking, curing and baleing done in such a manner that all hops shall be measured by this standard.

When the hops are sufficiently dry, they are shoved off the kiln floor through a door into the second story of

the store room, known as the "cooling floor." The test of proper drying is the brittleness of the stem of the cone, and much experience is required by the dryer in order to determine this exactly. If not sufficiently dry they will heat in the bale and spoil, while over-dried hops are liable to break and powder in handling; yet it is better to have them too dry, as they will afterwards absorb considerable moisture, and careful handling will preserve them from breaking. When thoroughly cooled they are lowered to the main floor of the warehouse, and unless needed for immediate shipment are allowed to accumulate in layers, one drying above another until the whole crop is thus in store. This is done in order that the hops may be thoroughly toughened and bales be uniform in quality. The latter result cannot be reached unless the early and late pickings are thoroughly mixed. This is accomplished by taking the hops off in perpendicular sections, portions of each layer thus getting into every bale. When this is done a sample taken from any bale will represent the entire crop. Baleing is performed in portable presses of sufficient power to make a compact, smooth bale of about 200 pounds weight. Care must be taken in handling and baleing the hops not to break or powder them, so that there may be no loss in strength by the sifting out of the lupuline, the fine yellow powder which contains the bitter principle; also that the appearance of the cones, upon which the market value largely depends, may not be injured.

The comparison of the hop industry with that of wheat growing, which has become the one staple agricultural product of the Northwest, is so favorable to the former, both in point of profits and the quantity of land required, that our farmers who possess soil suitable for hop culture feel a strong inclination to embark in it, on a small scale at least, and thus render themselves independent of the financial uncertainty attending a total reliance upon a wheat crop. Hops, fruit, vegetables, cattle, dairy products, wool and pork are the panacea for the ills under which our farmers are suffering, as a result of the world's increased production of breadstuffs.

ASBESTOS is becoming a valuable and much used mineral. It has been lately discovered, in its purest form, in Lower Canada, and the quantity is said to be practically without limit. The fibers are long, pure white and as fine as silk, and the district covered comprises two counties near Quebec, to which city the product is brought to be crushed and cleaned, and from which points large shipments are now being made to England and the United States. The possibilities of this mineral range over a field that is simply marvelous. Fireproof paper, rope and ink that resist the action of fire, as well as the weaving of textile fabrics, such as table cloths, asbestos cloths, gloves, etc., while in the range of building materials, fireproof paint, packing for safes, floor deadening, roof protection, covering steam pipes, etc., are among the most common uses. Its cheapness is its chief recommendation to many, but its thoroughly incombustible nature is of special value.

GLIMPSES OF WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

PROBABLY no better or more satisfactory bird's-eye glance at the flower of the Willamette Valley can be obtained than is afforded by a good view from the summit of Mary's Peak, or "June Peak," as it is called. Snow, which falls to a great depth during the long winter months on the summit of this peak, generally disappears some time in June, and hence the origin of the name "June Peak." Mary's Peak is located in Benton County, about eighteen miles almost due west of Corvallis. Without doubt it is the highest mountain along the entire length of the Coast Range. One bright, lovely morning, early in August, a party of four, including the writer, left the lively town of Corvallis, fully equipped for the excursion to the summit, and turned their faces to the west.

Two hours' leisure riding brought us to the lower end of Little Mary's River Valley, or "Greasy," as it is known in slang parlance among the early settlers of that region. Here we diverged from the main route of travel and entered the foothills, which lead by somewhat abrupt gradations to the main Coast Range. From that time on, until the base of the mountain was reached, our progress was slow and toilsome. The party moved forward very deliberately, now winding around the base of a sharp projecting spur, climbing along the steep side of a hill, riding "single file" as we followed the narrow trail through dense forests and tangled thickets, or, again, plunging with cautious steps down a deep, rugged canyon, gloomy in morning shadows, and still damp with the undried dews of night.

About two o'clock the base of the peak was reached. Before commencing the wearisome ascent the party halted and discussed, with hearty relish, an excellent lunch. Shortly before three o'clock we started up the steep trail that led a zig-zag course along the side of the peak. Full three hours were consumed in reaching the summit, as we moved very slowly under the sweltering afternoon sun, and paused at short intervals to allow our jaded horses an opportunity of recovering their wind. It was late in the afternoon before we cleared the thick belt of timber and entered the small prairie that crowned the extreme summit. Pausing for a few minutes the party rested, and then commenced a tour of observation, determined to utilize the brief interval of day that remained.

Evening was moving rapidly apace. Already the sun was low down near the horizon, and the sky was glowing with roseate tints. Large shadows were creeping across the summit and stretching far down the mountain's side. Within less than an hour summer twilight would gently wrap the mountains and valleys.

A few minutes' walk brought the party to the highest point of the peak. This spot was found at the extreme southeastern point of the mountain. Here was a long ledge of rock, which overhung the precipitous side of the peak. Several small, stunted spruce trees grew out from the fissures of the ledge, their roots clinging to the rugged sides, and drawing from the sterile and reluctant soil a meager life. The topmost branches of these dwarf

trees rose only a few feet above the edge of the projecting rocks. Those standing there could easily look over their ragged trunks and obtain an unobstructed view of the broad panorama of landscape below and beyond.

Standing thus, with the sun just sinking behind the waves of the Pacific Ocean, with the cloudless sky bathed in hues of purple, gold and red, with the whole visible world steeped in the soft glamour of the sunset hour, what a scene of grandeur and beauty spread out before us!

Far to the southeast rose the dark, wooded outlines of the Calapooia Mountains, stretching from Coast Range across to Cascades. This range constitutes the southern boundary of the Willamette Valley proper. From between the foothills of the Cascades and Calapooia, where these approach and fuse into one, appeared the Mackenzie Fork, one of the chief tributaries of the Willamette River. Its course could be dimly traced winding through the distant hills, until the stream rushed upon the fertile valley east of Eugene. Following its course the eye noted each turn until its waters mingled with the other parent fork known as the Willamette River. United, the stream, widened and deepened, moved onward in its march to the ocean. Each turn and wind of the beautiful river was clearly marked by the broad, green belt of timber growing along the banks. Down the rich valley glided the stream; here moving in a straight line for several miles; there twisting like a gigantic serpent, in places almost turning back upon its general course; winding among the oak-clad hills of Lane; along through the fertile plains of Linn and Benton; past the rich fields of yellow, waving grain and the smiling homes of thrifty, happy farmers; past the cheerful hamlets of Harrisburg, Monroe and Peoria; past the more pretentious towns of Corvallis and Albany, whose white residences, somber-hued brick buildings and church spires showed vague and misty in the red light of the expiring day. Onward, onward, flowed the clear, lovely river, expanding and deepening as it glided softly toward its far-off ocean home, glancing and gleaming like a broad ribbon of burnished silver as its waters flashed into view between occasional openings in its green environment. Onward, ever onward, singing its low musical lay, as the waters fretted the pebbly shores, until the stream faded away, lost in the dreamy, mysterious distance amidst the emerald hills of Polk and Marion counties.

Sweeping the eye along the valley south, what a diversified panorama was presented! Lane County spread out its broad, rich acres of prairie, timbered plain and undulating upland. White cottages dotted the landscape like mere specks in a sea of dark verdure. Fields of golden grain nodded in the twilight wind with their swelling promise of abundant harvest. Several small streams, leaving the base of the Cascades, wound across the country and poured their watery stores into the Willamette. Far above the surrounding landscape rose the bold knob-shaped head of Spencer's Butte.

Westward the eye roved across the Willamette River and took in at one comprehensive glance the southern portion of Benton. The Coast Range, trending south-

ward, with its dark, heavily wooded sides, formed a mountain background, in sharp contrast with the peaceful picture of contentment and plenty presented by the valley. From mountain base to the timber-fringed river, grain fields, productive farms and pasture lands blended in pleasant harmony. Through this pastoral scene the classic "Long Tom" pressed its sinuous way, its banks thinly skirted here and there with woods, and its sluggish waters reflecting back the fading beams of departing day. From the base of the range it wound until its milky waters mingled with the crystal flood of the parent stream.

Glancing north from the course of the Long Tom, the eye passed over a fertile section of country, level, almost as a floor, for some miles west of the Willamette; but as it approached the base of the Coast Range the land broke into high, rolling hills and oak-clad uplands. Due east of the peak stood the town of Corvallis, nestling by the bank of the Willamette. The town was about eighteen miles away, but, with the aid of a powerful field glass, the residences and business buildings could be very distinctly distinguished.

Turning the face north King's Valley, embracing some of the richest agricultural lands of Benton, came into view. Hemmed in by high, bold hills on the east from the plains, and on the west by the Coast Range, this narrow valley stretched its green length for twelve or fifteen miles, thickly dotted with fertile farms, until the distant hills of Polk County snatched from sight its expanse of fields, woods and pastures. Still west of this valley, and nestling among the rugged mountains that trended north from the peak, lay Blodgett's Valley, the home of many thrifty tillers of the soil. Commencing at the northern base of Mary's Peak, the beautiful little stream known as Mary's River took its source. It flowed north for some distance, then changed its direction to the east, pursuing an extraordinarily tortuous course, washing the bases of the high, forestless hills which stretched for miles to the north. In and out wound this beautiful mountain stream. Distant glimpses could be caught of its shining waters between the bare, brown hills, as its fretful current roared around a sharp turn in the sinuous channel or brawled over its stony bed. Emerging from the environment of hills, the stream flowed directly south for some distance, thus making a clear double in its course. Receiving the crystal waters of "Little Mary's River," the expanded stream led through a most charming section, due east again, and poured itself into the Willamette just south of Corvallis.

Another sweep to the northeast disclosed high hills crowned with rocks and straggling timber, pleasant little valleys and rolling plains. Now and then fields of unsickled grain shone with yellow lustre from hillside and vale, and newly-made meadows stretched their greenish brown expanse into view. Out from among the far-off range of hills flowed the dull-hued and almost currentless Soap Creek, dragging, like a sluggish serpent, its course toward the clear, winding Willamette. Still farther north could be dimly traced the picturesque Luckiamute

River, its blueish, leaden waters sending back a faint reflection. Beyond this stream rose the yellow and green hills of Polk County, fading away and melting into the horizon.

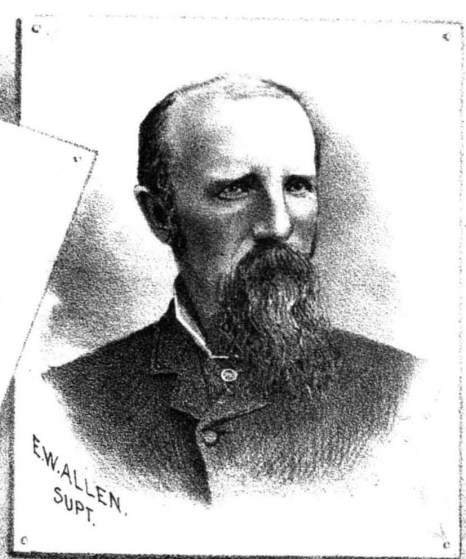
Looking again toward the east, Linn County—the fairest flower of the Willamette Valley—unrolled in the soft twilight its wide expanse of country. Southward from Albany rose here and there the numerous bold buttes, their rugged sides mellowed by distance. Far to the southeast the turbulent Calapooia, springing like a young giant from the icy gorges of the Cascades, hurried with a wild torrent's force over its rocky channel, and rushed its banded waters upon the peaceful valley, past the thriving little hamlet of Brownsville, and thence across the level plain debouched into the Willamette at Albany.

A more delightful sight could not greet the eye of mortal! Hundreds of farms were seen at a single glance, with their profuse agricultural wealth. The setting sun shone with departing lustre upon thousands of acres of golden grain, upon orchards bending beneath burdens of fruit, upon lowing herds, upon gamboling flocks, upon broad acres of meadow and luxuriant pastures, and upon the homes of thousands of honest, happy and prosperous people. Lying along the margin of the lordly Santiam, and near the foothills of the Cascades, far to the eastward, could be faintly seen the village of Lebanon. Albany, with its characteristic neatness, simplicity and charming taste, sat modestly by the green banks of the Willamette, and, in the gloaming, looked like a shadowy, unreal abode of man. Some miles east of Albany a range of thickly wooded hills extended from the Cascades across the valley and reached the Willamette. Through these rugged foothills pressed the sparkling, impetuous torrents of the Santiam River, singing their wild song of mountain freedom, and precipitating themselves upon the tranquil floods of the Willamette just south of Jefferson.

Raising the eye above the landscape, and glancing along the rim of the eastern horizon, a magnificent view broke gently on the vision. Over eighty miles of the Cascade range of mountains stood clearly outlined in the waning light of evening. Deep, rich purple shadows enshrouded the distant range like a royal mantle. Away to the south rose the Three Sisters, strongly suggestive of a trio of brides attired in snowy garments ready for the marriage peal. Opposite where we stood Mount Jefferson lifted his snowy crown far above the range, his crest bathed in fiery splendor, and his sides and base touched by the deepening shades of approaching night. Far, far to the north Mount Hood's kingly head loomed through the soft air—cold, dim and spectral. Beyond, where the Santiam emptied its crystal stores, the view was shut out by the russet-hued hills of Marion, which blended with the sky of evening.

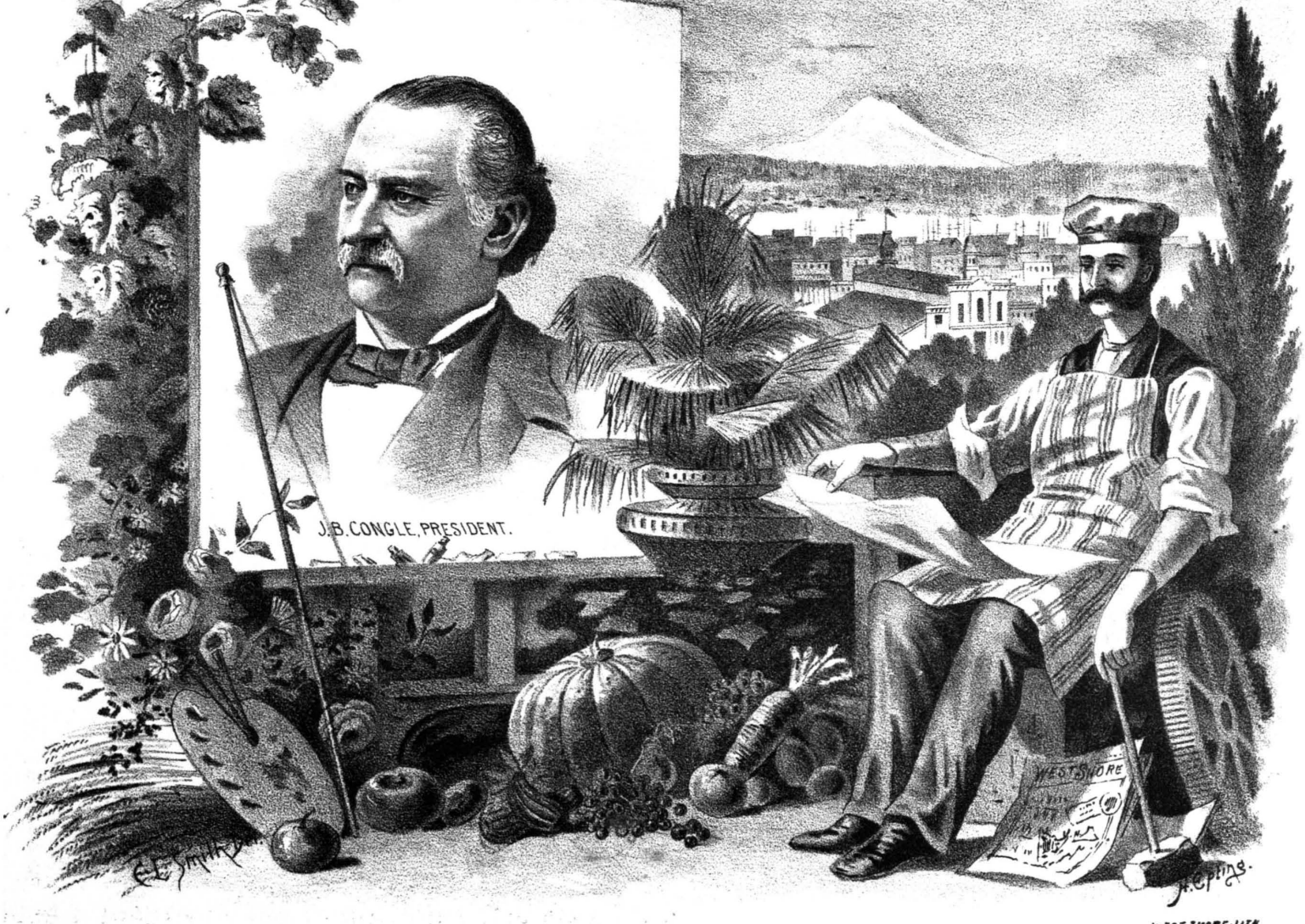
Northward, along the Coast Range, nothing was seen but a succession of rugged mountains, densely clad with living and dead forests and a thick growth of underbrush. South, the range presented no change of feature,

THE WEST SHORE.



Portland Mechanics Fair.

1884



OREGON TRUNK FACTORY HARRIS & CO.

PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE

WILEY B. ALLEN. OPERATING PRICE \$310

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. LIGHTNING RUG MACHINE. WILSON'S RUGS & CO. CIGARS

WEBER PIANOS. ESTEY ORGANS. WM. BECK & SON. GUNS & SPORTING GOODS

OREGON MADE FURNITURE. GSHINDLER & CO. WALL PAPER. KNABE PIANOS. TABER ORGANS

GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR

JUDSON MANUFACTURING CO.

PACIFIC BOTTLING WORKS. BRUNSWICK BALKE COLLENDER. OREGON POTTERY CO.

NOVELTY IRON & STEEL WORKS. LAMSON'S CASH RAILWAY. THE WEST SHORE. BROWNVILLE WOOLLEN MILLS. HINES THE PRINTER. THOMPSON DEHART & CO.

THE KING COMBINED HEADER AND THRESHER

ARTIFICIAL STONE CO. OREGON

CLEVELAND PAINT CO. PORTLAND

BUTTERFIELD BROS. OREGON WATCHES

CG STAPLES. CANDY

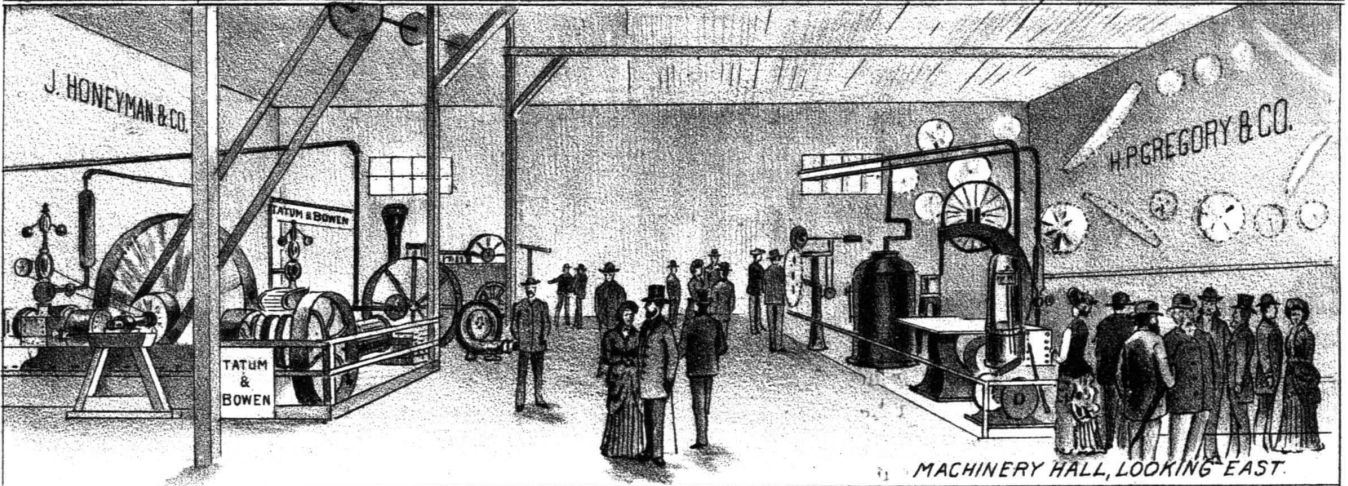
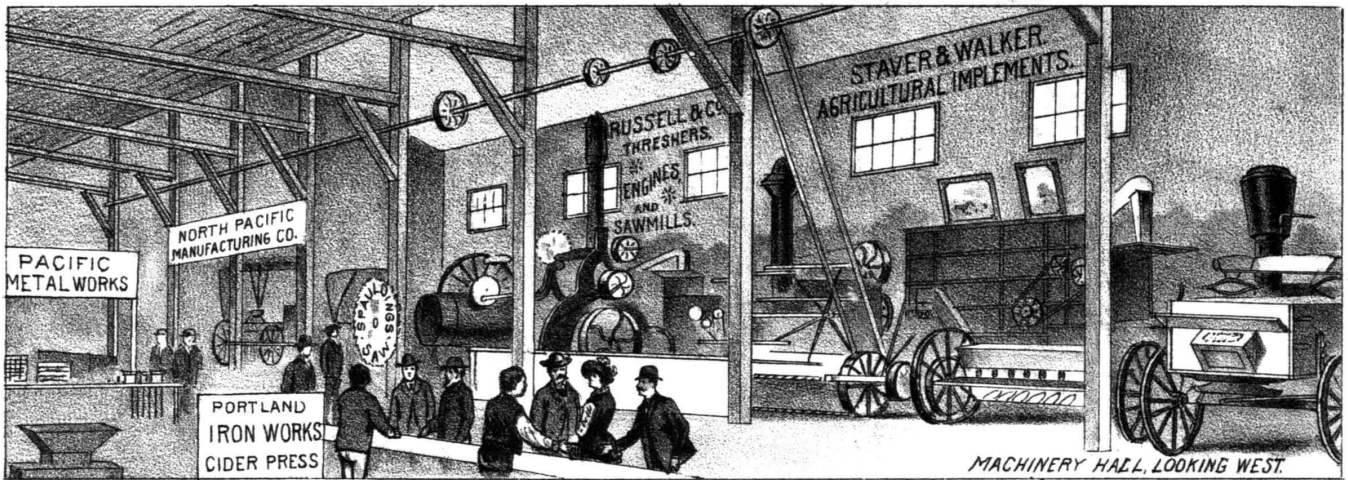
CIBOLA WINE EXTRACT. BEEF

FOSTER & ROBERTSON

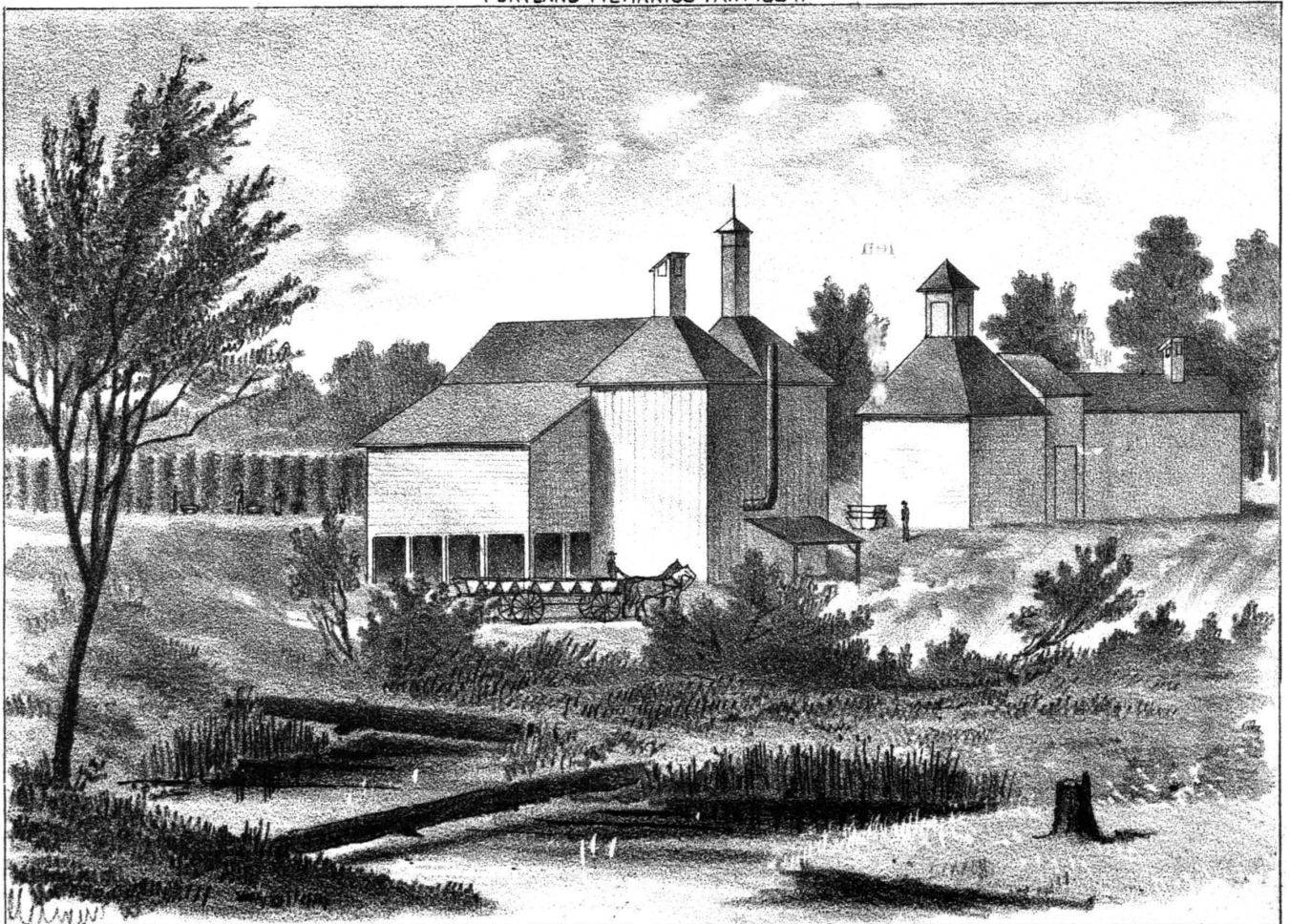
HERBERT BRADLEY & CO. LEATHER SHOE FINDING

LITHO:- WEST SHORE, PORTLAND, OR.

THE WEST SHORE.



PORTLAND MECHANICS FAIR 1884.



except Green Mountain, that reared its huge head and thickly wooded sides high above his fellow peaks.

At last we turned our wearied eyes to the west, and looked down over rough mountains, along precipitous declivities and over vast stretches of dead, blackened and charred forests. Mountains and forests vanished, and before us we saw a white, cloud-like embankment, through which the sun had just sunk to rest. Long we looked in the sombre twilight at this misty, shadowy substance, for we were gazing on the far-off waves of the mighty Pacific.

From the wrapt contemplation of these objects of admiration we turned to the vulgar consideration of our more sharpened appetites. The labor of overcoming the long ascent, and the stroll about the summit, had added a keen edge to the hunger of every member of the party. Hasty preparations for camping for the night and for our evening meal commenced. A little depression, several yards in extent, near a grove of mountain maple, where we could be sheltered from the night wind, was selected as a camping spot. Dry branches were collected and soon a cheerful fire was blazing. Supper was hastily prepared and as quickly eaten. Our jaded horses were tethered amidst a profusion of rich grass and luxuriant mountain herbage, and left to browse at will during the night. Blankets were unrolled and spread at convenient intervals about the camp fire, for the air had grown chilly and damp, and a heavy mountain dew was descending. At nine o'clock we "turned in." Twenty minutes later all were locked in the soft, but strong, embrace of slumber, being thoroughly wearied with the labors and excitement of the eventful day.

Meanwhile the glorious harvest moon—now at her full—had risen from behind the Cascades and was sailing serenely through the cloudless heavens. Her silvery radiance flooded hill, valley and mountains, and lent to the sleeping landscape a weird, shadowy aspect. No sounds disturbed the unruffled silence of our lonely mountain bivouac, save the gentle summer breeze that rustled through the foliage of the grove, and shook the dew from grass and leaf, the occasional chirp of nocturnal insects, the croak of the tree frog, the shrill notes of a startled night bird sounding from amidst the leafy depths of the woods, the dismal hoot as the

Moping owl doth to the moon complain,

Or the fierce scream of a cougar far down the mountain side coming up from the deep recesses of the forest.

At daybreak our camp was astir. Before the sun had showed his familiar face over the distant crest of the Cascades we had prepared and dispatched breakfast. By seven o'clock the party was in the saddles and descending the rugged declivity of the mountain homeward bound.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

BURIED TREASURE OF THE MINES.

IT is a source of deep gratification to the old pioneers of the Pacific Coast to know that, however low the quotations on honesty may be at the present time, there was once a golden age when that quality ruled high in the market. All men were considered as honest, and were so treated. Men who refrained from cheating when an opportunity occurred were not, as now, considered phenomenally stupid. They were not lonesome, as the old miner in Marysville recently thought a youth must be who handed back to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent \$50 paid to him by mistake in cashing a draft. There was plenty of good company for such people then. Those were the palmy days of '49 and '50. The pioneer miners, the genuine Argonauts, were not thieves and blacklegs, but honest, self-reliant and enthusiastic gold hunters. They came to make their fortunes in the mines in a legitimate way. Especially may this be said of those who actually went into the mines, for the few land pirates who came with them remained chiefly in San Francisco, Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville, the four great supply centers, where their opportunities for plunder were greater.

Every Forty-niner remembers well the almost criminal carelessness with which gold dust was treated; how it was left standing around his cabin in an old oyster can or canvas bag, the cabin remaining untenanted for half a day at a time, with the door unsecured, or even ajar, as a standing invitation to every one to walk in and make himself comfortable. It was left with the proprietor of the hotel, as those shaky and canvas houses of entertainment were courteously called, or deposited with the merchant doing business in a similar structure, no receipt being taken for it and no estimate of its value made. It was then carelessly placed under the counter or on a shelf, the prey of any one who might feel disposed to steal; but nobody preyed. Wild and reckless as many of these men were, they were not thieves; they might gamble, drink and even fight with each other, but they abhorred a thief. If one, with an illy developed bump of respect for the property of others, should succumb to the constant temptations and rob a partner or plunder an unguarded cabin, his punishment was swift and sure. Such instances were rare, indeed, during the first two years of the mines; but after that there was a sudden and radical change. A swarm of gamblers, blacklegs, thieves, human vampires and exiles from justice, following in the wake of the genuine Argonauts, swarmed into the mines, and the result was a moral chaos. Not that all of the second installment of pioneers was of that class; far from it; but that the proportion was so much greater as to produce the effect described. Then it was that vigilance committees were formed; that lynch law became a terrible engine of retribution; that those "miners' meetings," which had been instituted for the purpose of dispensing justice in cases of disputed claims and all other complications requiring arbitration, became tribunals of a sterner and more tragic character. Their judgments were prompt and the execution of their

IN using cabbages pull them up. Save the stalks and set them in a trench, with roots deep and the stalks close together. In the spring they will throw out sprouts, thus furnishing an early supply of greens.

decrees inexorable and summary. It occasionally happened, however, that the wrong man dangled from a pine limb, or climbed the steep side of the gulch with blood flowing from his lacerated back, an exile from an outraged camp; yet these incidents were by no means as frequent as is generally supposed, and there were hundreds of mining camps, long since abandoned and, perhaps, forgotten, which never witnessed such an exposition of popular justice.

When thievery thus became common and gold dust could no longer be left exposed to view with a certainty of its remaining undisturbed, many were the devices resorted to by the miners for its safe keeping. It became the general custom to bury it in the ground or secret it in some secure hiding place, known only to the owner of the gold and his partner, if he had one; and this gave rise to many complications, both serious and comic. Frequently the place of secretion was forgotten, or so imperfectly remembered as to throw the unfortunate owner into a state of excitement and perturbation bordering upon insanity, while yards of earth were overturned with feverish haste until the hidden dust was found. That, however, was not the only result of many such cases of forgetfulness. More than one man forfeited his life, the innocent victim of erring circumstantial evidence, and many a stripe was laid upon the bare and bleeding back of the guiltless, charged with the theft of that which never was stolen, and which, perhaps, still rests snugly in its forgotten hiding place. A miner often died suddenly, or was killed in his claim or in some causeless quarrel, and diligent search failed to reveal the dust he was supposed to have accumulated. Occasionally, as the years rolled on, these "plants" were accidentally discovered; but the great majority of them—and who can say how many?—still nestle in their earthy nests, and may, perhaps, till Gabriel's blast shall make them valueless in mortal eyes.

An instance of this kind occurred at Drews' Flat in the summer of 1852. This was then a typical mining camp, situated on Salmon River, four miles above Sawyer's Bar. It was a lively camp, in the fullest acceptance of the term, and howled even as Rome was made to howl in pagan days of old. One of the miners working on the flat, Frank Ring by name, buried thirteen ounces of dust in a leather purse, near the trunk of a fallen tree. He, alone, knew of its hiding place, and was one day overcome with astonishment to discover the ground dug up and the treasure gone. That he had been robbed by some one who had discovered his place of deposit he had no doubt, and his mind at once rested upon Charles Clark, a man whom he had observed loitering in the vicinity of his earthly savings bank. The eye of suspicion once fixed upon an individual, the strong arm of hasty and inconsiderate action immediately followed. The news spread through the camp, and a crowd quickly gathered, bent upon administering swift justice, as they understood it—that justice which is often the very essence of iniquity.

The intended victim was an Englishman, an old man-

o'-war's man, as simple, harmless and innocent as a child, the last man in the camp who should have been suspected of such a crime; yet he had been seen in the vicinity of the fallen tree, and that was evidence enough. His age, however, was in his favor, and it was decided not to hang him, but to go through the form of doing so, choking him enough to make him confess the robbery and surrender the stolen purse. As he was led out, with the harsh rope encircling his neck, he cried like a child with grief and shame. This was more than some of his judges could endure; craven appeals for mercy or ruffianly bravado would have fallen like rain drops upon a rock, but tears like those, welling up to the eyes from an agonized heart, broke down the barrier of prejudice, and he found many champions among those who had been so quick to condemn him. He was released, and wandered away, no one knew whither, while his accuser went to Australia, and the incident was forgotten, fading quickly from the screen of memory before the many that followed.

A few months later another miner, James Lee, took it upon himself to build a shack house, a somewhat pretentious structure for such a community. In furtherance of this purpose he was one day coming into camp with a load of shakes upon his back, his head bowed forward and his eyes fixed upon the ground. Upon a log which lay in his pathway his practiced eye detected a faint streak of gold dust, and the load of shakes was thrown hastily down, while he investigated these strange "colors." He followed the "lead" until it disappeared in the end of the log, and still pursuing his investigation he came upon a squirrel's nest, in which were the lost leather purse, gnawed in two by the sharp teeth of the bushy-tailed robber, and a liberal sprinkling of its yellow contents. The mystery of the lost purse was solved. Poetic justice, so beautiful in the conventional tales of story writers, has but few exhibitions in the cold reality of life, and had far less in those early mining days, when men came and went so quickly and so quietly that few noticed either their coming or their going. There certainly was none in this case; for the innocent old man and his hasty accuser, as well as many of those who placed that cruel rope around his neck, died, or still live, in ignorance of the fact that a tragedy nearly resulted from the providential instinct of an industrious squirrel.

HARRY L. WELLS.

It is now believed that the denudations of the land do not cover the sea floor further than 300 miles seaward. These deposits are four miles deep in places. Far at sea its surface is covered with very small "shell animals." There is a patch of them in the North Atlantic 1,300 miles long and several hundred miles wide. Their shells finally sink to the bottom and form chalk. In the great abysses of the ocean, however, these shells dissolve before they reach the bottom. Here the only addition to the sea floor is made of wrecks, iceberg washings, dust carried by the wind, pumice from volcanoes and meteoric stones. The accretion is infinitely slow.

THE COOK OF EURISCO SAWMILL.

A WAY up among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about five miles from the town of T——, there stood, in the spring of '71, a large sawmill owned by the Carlyle Brothers. They had agreed to furnish a large amount of timber to a certain company who were to build an immense flume during the summer, and the mill was got in running order as soon as possible. The mill was five miles from any habitation, and stood in a lovely glen, with huge mountains rising on three sides of it; a lonely place, it must be admitted, but soon to be made lively by the buzzing of saws, shouting of teamsters and shrieking of the whistle.

The mill, with its surrounding buildings, formed quite a little village. There was the large barn, with its corral for the tired oxen to repose in on Sundays; two or three cabins scattered around, for the accommodation of the men, and the dwelling house, which stood near the mill, and consisted chiefly of a large dining room, where the hungry "boys" were wont to rush in to their meals immediately after the whistle blew. But this spring, just before the opening of our story, George Carlyle, the elder brother, had a wing containing parlor and bedrooms built on, and had moved his wife out there.

She was a delicate little woman, who thought the change would do her good. The brothers also determined that they would, if possible, get a white woman to do the cooking for the mill crew, as they had borne the infliction of Chinese cookery long enough. But where to get one was the question. A woman who would go to that lonely place and cook for ten or fifteen men was not to be easily found. However, the younger brother, Dan (who was the head sawyer), was obliged to go down to Sacramento to get some new machinery, and he volunteered to find one.

He reached Sacramento, ordered his machinery, and the day before he started back set out to find a cook. Passing the store of an old acquaintance on J street, he entered, thinking that perhaps his friend could aid him in the search.

A lady stood by the counter dressed in deep mourning. Her veil was down and he was unable to see her face. He greeted his friend warmly, and then said:

"Mr. Bronson, I am in trouble, and I want you to help me out of it if you can. You see, the boys have got tired of Chinese cooking up at the mill; and, as my brother has built on an addition to the house, and moved his wife out there for the benefit of her health, we thought we would try and get a woman to do the cooking this summer. I have rashly agreed to find one, and am perfectly at a loss where to look. Can you tell me where I would be likely to succeed?"

The lady standing by the counter threw up her veil and turned her face toward the speaker. It was the face of a woman of perhaps twenty-two, a very beautiful face, in spite of the shadow of sorrow in the brown eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said, while a flush rose to her cheek, "how far is it to the mill of which you speak?"

"Five miles from T——," he responded.

"How many men to cook for?" she asked.

"From ten to fifteen," was the reply.

"My father owned a sawmill once, and I cooked for the men," she said. "I think I could satisfy you if you will let me try. I assure you I am quite a good cook. Will you take me?"

Dan tried to hide his surprise.

"Yes," he said; "when can you come?"

"When the mill starts. When will that be?"

"A week from Monday."

"I will be in T—— on Saturday," she said.

"Very well," said he; "I shall meet you there and convey you and your baggage to the mill. What name shall I inquire for?"

"Mrs. Winchester," she replied, and passed quickly out of the store.

Mr. Bronson laughed. "Well, Dan, you don't seem to need a great deal of help from me in this matter."

"Who is she, anyway?" asked Dan.

"She is a widow who has been in here twice before looking for work; but I should certainly have hesitated before recommending a young and lovely woman like her to you, to go up there and cook for a sawmill crew. You must take good care of her."

"I'll try to," laughed Dan, and so the subject was dropped.

When he reached the mill the first thing his sister-in-law asked him was if he had got a cook. He said yes, and told her of his success.

On Saturday he took the light express wagon and drove into town. He arrived there just as the stage drove up. A lady in deep mourning and closely veiled alighted. Dan knew her and approached.

"This is Mrs. Winchester, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Which is your trunk?"

When they reached their destination Mrs. Carlyle came out to welcome the new "cook," and show her to her room. She saw at once that she was a lady, and wondered not a little at her accepting such a situation when she was so manifestly well fitted to fill a much higher one. But she was still more surprised to see how naturally she took hold of things in the big kitchen, and went to cooking as if she had been used to it all her life; and Saturday evening found such a supper served up as only a thoroughly good cook can serve.

On Sunday the rest of the mill boys arrived with their blankets and baggage, prepared for their summer's campaign. The cook was, of course, talked about a great deal, and many were the curious and admiring glances at her as she quietly waited on the table; but they were gentlemanly in their manner toward her, and loud in their praises of her as a cook among themselves.

On Monday morning the whistle blew at six o'clock, and immediately after breakfast there was a loud noise of escaping steam to be heard, and the white clouds wreathed round the roof of the mill. A log was rolled on the "carriage" and "dogged"; steam was let on; Dan grasped the lever; the saws buzzed; the carriage

started forward, and, in a few moments more, the first cut of the season had been made. And now, while he stands with his hand on the lever, I will describe the head sawyer and part owner of this establishment.

He is a man of about thirty, tall and well formed, with black, curling hair and handsome black eyes. He wears a dark mustache and beard, and when he smiles shows a set of strong, white, even teeth, that evidently do not belong to a tobacco chewer. He is a man of education, with a great deal of mechanical genius. His brother, some ten years his senior, keeps the books and is general overseer in the lumber yard.

The crew, a motley assortment of men, mostly young, were pleasant, rollicking fellows; hard workers, all of them. Their favorite topic of conversation was the "cook." What a splendid cook she was, and how handsome; but how very quiet. None of the boys except Dan had as yet spoken a word to her, except to say good morning, and to ask for more tea or coffee at the table. That there was something mysterious about her was evident. In the first place, it was a strange thing for a beautiful, lady-like woman like her to come up among the mountains to cook for a sawmill crew, for Dan had told them that she was from Sacramento. And again, on the third evening of her arrival, after her work was finished and she had retired to her room, as Dan and Archie Carrington, the engineer, were coming up the track into the mill, they heard the faint, sweet tones of a violin coming from the direction of the house. They crept softly around and stationed themselves in the shade of a large madroño tree that grew close to the house. They saw her seated by her window in the moonlight, playing softly on a small violin. She was evidently a perfect mistress of the instrument. They listened enchanted until she ceased playing, and then went carefully away. As they passed round the house they saw Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle seated by an open window. They had also been listening to the music.

Dan went over to his room in the loft of the mill, and lay awake a long time wondering what kind of a fairy he had picked up down in the city, and Archie went down to the cabin and electrified the boys by telling them that "the cook could play the fiddle." The news so excited the boys that the entire brigade arose from their beds and stole cautiously out to the shade of the friendly madroño, but the cook had disappeared, and no sound came from within, so they were obliged to crawl back disappointed to their bunks; but the next night, and many a night after, saw silent listeners beneath the tree.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was a pleasant, sociable little woman, was anxious to know something more of Dora Winchester other than that she was a widow, handsome, a good cook, and played the violin; so she asked her one day to tell her something about herself and her past life, and elicited the facts that her mother had died when she was born; that her father and an old Spanish nurse brought her up until she was old enough to be sent to school; that her father taught her to play the violin; that her nurse had taught her to cook, but had died when she,

Dora, was sixteen; that about a year later her father had built a sawmill near N—, and she, much against her wishes, had cooked for the men; that she had done so for more than a year, when the mill was accidentally burned, uninsured, and the loss seemed more than her father could bear, and he died soon after; that she went to live with an aunt of hers (her only living relation) who lived in the next county; had studied and obtained a certificate, and taught school for one term. While teaching she had met her husband; he was the owner of a quartz mill in the same town. They were married when her school closed. She had lost him a short time ago, and being once more obliged to support herself, was looking for employment when she met Mr. Carlyle at Sacramento.

Mrs. Carlyle wanted very much to ask how it was that the widow of the owner of a quartz mill was obliged to work for a living, but, as Mrs. Winchester evinced great reluctance about speaking of her affairs, she forbore; but having lost two children herself, she could not resist asking Mrs. Winchester whether she had been similarly afflicted.

Yes, she had lost a little girl, she said, and such an expression of anguish came over her face that Mrs. Carlyle ceased her inquiries and never again had courage to renew them.

Just back of the mill, a little to the left, was a deep, cool canyon that extended back into the mountains, and here in the afternoons, for the short hour of rest she had between dinner and supper, Mrs. Winchester would go, and return with her hands filled with strange wild flowers, great green maple leaves and long wreaths of honeysuckle, and once in one of her rambles she found a little brown bird with a broken wing. She took it tenderly in her hands and brought it to the mill. As she passed by, Archie, who was throwing down wood for his engine from the slab pile, asked her what she had found. She showed it to him, and he asked her eagerly if she wanted a cage for it. She said she would like one; and he said he would make her one that evening. She thanked him and passed on.

After supper that evening he went to the kitchen door and asked her how large she wanted the cage. She told him, but begged him not to go to any trouble, as almost anything would do to hold the birdie in until it got well. Archie went over to the mill, whither he was immediately followed by all the "boys," who were very curious to know what business Archie could possibly have with the cook. When he told them, he had so many offers of assistance that in an incredibly short space of time the cage was completed. Archie took it over to her, and was rewarded with a bright smile and a gratified "Oh, thank you! Why, how quick you have been!"

"The boys helped me," he said, "or I couldn't have done it quite so soon."

"Tell them I am ever so much obliged," she said, and Archie went back to the waiting crowd and described the important interview minutely.

As the long summer evenings came on Mrs. Carlyle would beg Mrs. Winchester, after she had finished her

work, to come and sit on the porch with her, and Dora, who liked to oblige the kind little woman, would comply with her request. There they were frequently joined by Mr. Carlyle and Dan, and the conversation would become general. These were precious hours for Dan, for, to tell the truth, this bachelor of thirty, who had resisted the fascinations of many a fair one, and thought himself proof against female charms, had discovered that there was a weak spot in his armor, and that Mrs. Winchester had unknowingly discovered it. And so the long days of summer crept by, and September came, with its yellowing leaves.

One lovely afternoon, about the middle of September, as Dora came down from the canyon with her arms filled with beautiful crimson and gold leaves and long, green ferns, she found that the mill had stopped. Wondering at the cause she reached the house, and met Dan coming down the steps. She inquired the cause of the stoppage, and he told her that Archie had caught his hand in the machinery and crushed it quite badly; that his brother had taken him to town to the doctor, and that he would try while there to get another engineer.

She was sorry for Archie, for he was a bright, pleasant fellow, always full of fun. She expressed pity for his misfortune and passed into her room, which she decorated with the leaves and ferns she had brought from the woods. She then went to prepare supper. An hour or two later Mr. Carlyle drove up with a stranger on the seat beside him. She was setting the table. Dan came on to the porch.

"Here is George with our new engineer," he said.

Dora turned, with a plate in her hand, and glanced out of the window. The plate fell to the floor with a crash.

Dan looked in and laughed. "Accidents will happen," he said.

She made no reply, but picked up the pieces and went quickly into her room. Her face was deathly pale, and her eyes had a tearful look in their brown depths.

"O my God, pity me!" she moaned, sinking into a chair, and rocking herself back and forth. After a little she went and resumed her work, and only the pallor of her face betrayed her recent emotion.

The new engineer came up the steps. He glanced into the kitchen and saw her there. A deep flush overspread his handsome face. He was a man of medium height, but strongly built, with fair wavy hair and a blonde mustache. His square chin deeply cleft, and the steely glint in his blue eyes, showed him to be a man of indomitable will. He passed into the dining room with the rest of the men. Dora waited quietly on the table, but her hand shook visibly as she handed him a cup of tea. He glanced up at her, but she averted her head and refused to meet his eye.

After supper Dan lingered a moment in the dining room. "What do you think of our new engineer's looks?" he said. "Why, how pale you look," he continued, without giving her a chance to reply. "You are working too hard, I fear."

"Oh, no," she said, hastily; "it is only the warm weather, and I walked rather too far this afternoon. Your engineer is a fine-looking man, I think. Where is he from?"

"George found him at T——. I don't know where he is from. He gave his name as Fairchild, I believe—Norman Fairchild."

Dora did not sit on the porch with Mrs. Carlyle that evening, but went to her room, and Dan was disappointed. He stole round to the madroño to listen for some music, but all was silent within. He waited an hour or so, hoping she would play a little, and then went to his room. If he could have glanced into the "cook's" room he would have seen her kneeling by her bed, clasping in her hands a tiny curl of golden hair, and weeping convulsively.

Autumn was dying slowly. The days passed much as usual at the mill, except that the "cook" got paler and paler, and her eyes grew larger and darker every day. The men all noticed it, and attributed it to over-work. Well, the season would soon be over, and then she could rest.

The new engineer understood his business thoroughly. He was a splendid worker; he not only attended to his engine, but frequently helped the "off-bearer" take away the lumber from the saws. He had not as yet spoken to the cook; in fact, he seemed rather to avoid a meeting with her, but he inquired all about her from the men, who cheerfully gave him all the information they possessed.

One evening as she stood alone on the porch—Mrs. Carlyle having gone over to the mill with her husband—Dan came up the steps and joined her. She turned toward him with such a wan white face that he was fairly frightened.

"You are ill," he said, anxiously. "I am sure you work too hard, cooking for us thankless savages. Don't you think you had better give it up?"

She looked wearily away over the dark mountain to where the moon was just rising, and said she had been thinking of leaving for some time, but thought she would stay until the season was over, as it was such a short time. Two weeks would finish their contract, and then they would shut down.

"And then where will you go?" he asked, eagerly.

"I don't know," she said, slowly. "I have not decided yet."

He hesitated a moment, and then said: "Mrs. Winchester—Dora—I have been wanting to ask you something for some time; may I ask you now?"

She turned her frightened brown eyes upon him and read at a glance what it was he would ask her.

"Wait a moment," she said, "I must tell you something first. You believe me to be a widow?"

"Yes," he said, his face paling in the moonlight.

"I am not," she continued, quickly; "my husband is living, and I have never obtained a divorce. I know I can trust you to keep a secret. Good night," and she disappeared. Dan stood like a statue.

"I am ready to hold the light now for you to swedge your saw." It was his brother's voice just behind him.

"I believe I won't swedge it to-night," he said. "I guess I'll have time in the morning."

"Where is Mrs. Winchester?" asked his sister, who saw at a glance that something had gone wrong.

"She has gone to her room, I believe, and I guess I'll follow her example and go to mine. Good night." And he went down the steps two at a time; but instead of going to his room he turned off on a log road and went up into the canyon. Daylight was dawning when he returned, and the engineer was getting up steam. Dan fixed his saws and went in to breakfast. Dora's pallid face showed that she had not rested any better than himself during the night.

The day was one of those which are often found in the last of autumn, when the air is warm and sultry, and the blue smoke hangs over the mountain tops. Dora moved wearily about her work. Mrs. Carlyle came on the porch and called her to look at a fire on the mountain side. "What a queer kind of a day it is," she said. "I feel as though something were going to happen."

About nine o'clock Dora had finished her work, and going into her room commenced packing her trunk. She was going away; she could not stay here and endure the life she had been living for the past few weeks. She would tell Mr. Carlyle at noon that he must get some one to fill her place. Suddenly above the noise of the mill she heard a shout, and then another; then the mill was suddenly stopped, and, looking from her window, she beheld men running from all directions into the mill. A presentment that something terrible had happened flashed over her. Mrs. Carlyle came into her room with a white face.

"The mill!" she gasped. "I fear there has been an accident; let us go!"

Dora ran quickly toward the mill, outstripping her feeble companion. As she entered she saw a crowd of men stooping over a terribly mangled *something* that lay on the floor, while the saws were terribly stained with crimson blood. She saw at a glance *who* it was that lay upon the floor.

Dan stepped forward and caught her arm. "This is no place for you," he said, hastily.

"Let me go," she cried wildly; "he is my husband."

Dan dropped her arm and stepped back, while the look of horror deepened on his face. She knelt on the floor and took her husband's head in her arms; but she saw that he was dead, and sank down in merciful unconsciousness. It seemed that he had been helping the "off-bearer" take away the slab from a large log. After the carriage had gone back he stooped to pick a piece of bark from beside the saw, and they supposed he must have tripped and fallen forward. His body was almost severed.

They buried him on the mountain side above the mill in the shade of a group of whispering pines. Dora would have it so, and at the head they caused a marble slab to be erected.

Those awful stains were washed from the saws and the floor, a new engineer was procured, and the mill started again to finish the contract. Mr. Carlyle was obliged to find a new cook, as Dora was confined to her bed after the terrible shock she had received. Mrs. Carlyle nursed her tenderly, and in a few days she declared herself quite recovered, and announced her intention to leave. Mrs. Carlyle begged her to remain with her as a companion, but she was firm. So one day in the last of October she finished the packing which had been so fatally interrupted. She took down the withered leaves and long green ferns with which she decorated her room, and throwing them from the window watched them float away in the autumn wind. Then she opened the cage containing the little brown bird. His wing had healed and he had become very tame. He hopped out on her hand and uttered a chirp, as though to say good-bye, and then flew out into the shade of the madroño, where he trilled a song of joy at once more regaining his freedom. Dora was to leave the next morning, and that evening as she stood by the window in Mrs. Carlyle's parlor, pale and quiet in her black dress, Dan came in.

"It is a lovely moonlight night," he said. "Won't you come out and walk for a few minutes? I have a question to ask you."

She looked up at him. He was very pale, and there was a pleading look in his eyes that she found hard to resist.

"Yes," she said, "I owe you an explanation." She wrapped a shawl around her and they passed out.

"Let me tell you my wretched story first," she said. "Four years ago, after my father died, I went to live with my aunt. I obtained a certificate and taught school eight months. While teaching I became acquainted with Mr. Fairchild. He was the owner of a quartz mill in the vicinity, and was, as you know, a handsome man. He was also a good friend of my aunt's, and I was almost constantly thrown in his society. From the first he evinced a great deal of interest in me; and I—well, I had never before met a man for whom I could care. He seemed to possess a kind of magnetic power over me. I knew he was a very determined man and had a quick temper, but he took good care to show it as little as possible during our engagement. We were married as soon as my school closed in the fall, and went to San Francisco on our wedding trip. He was kind and attentive to me, but I saw all too soon that I must submit to him in everything or live in war. When we returned we lived near the mill, and here my trouble began in earnest. He dictated to me in everything. He seemed to love me, but certainly had a strange way of showing it. I could scarcely endure his jealous watch on all my actions. No one visited me except my aunt. He was not unkind in his manner toward me, but seemed to rejoice in his power over me.

"When my baby, my little Gracie, was born I hoped he would change, and love the little one as well as I did. And though he seemed pleased at first, he soon began to grow jealous of my attention toward her. She was a

delicate little thing, and when awake fretted if out of my arms. Norman scolded a great deal, said I was spoiling her with so much attention, and would sometimes try to make me lay her in the crib and let her cry herself to sleep, but this I utterly refused to do. She was a beautiful little thing, and was all I had to love, and I worshipped her. As she grew older she evinced the greatest fear of her father, and could not be induced to go to him, and that seemed to aggravate his dislike for her. One day, when she was about ten months old, she was unusually fretful. I knew the child was not well, and did my best to soothe her. When Norman came in in the evening I was trying to get her to sleep, but she cried incessantly. 'I am afraid she is not well,' said I.

"'Nonsense,' said he, and crossed the room with a black look on his face. 'You are making a fool of yourself and of her too. Give her to me. I'll see that she stops her everlasting crying.'

"I begged him in terror to let her be and I would soon quiet her. But he took her from me, and holding her on one arm held me back with the other. The child's fear of her father increased her screams. I implored him to let me take her, but he refused. She suddenly ceased screaming, and looking at her in terror I saw that she was in convulsions. I sprang for my child and tore her from his grasp, but before I could do anything for her she was dead.

"I dimly remember shrieking frantically and calling him a murderer, and then I knew no more for several days. When I came to myself again Aunt Ellen stood by my bedside. As the knowledge of what had happened came over me I was almost frantic. 'Where is my baby!' I cried. I tried to rise from my bed, but was too weak, and fell back weeping bitterly. Knowing that this was best for me, my aunt gently tried to comfort me, and presently, when I grew calmer, gave me a little curl of golden hair and told me where my baby was buried.

"I could not bring myself to ask for my husband, but that evening I heard his voice in an adjoining room inquiring for me. But I refused to see him, and the next day my aunt told me that he had gone to Nevada to see about an interest which he owned in a silver mine, and would probably be gone several weeks, and had left orders that I was to stay with her until he returned. He had merely told her that the little one had gone into convulsions and died, and she was surprised at my refusing to see him. My strength returned rapidly after he had gone, and in a few days I was able to be around again. My aunt's duties called her home, and she tried to persuade me to accompany her. But this I utterly refused to do. She then urged me to get some one to stay with me during his absence. I promised to try, and she went home. My plans were already formed. Packing up a few of my most cherished possessions, and procuring a widow's dress, I left home as quietly as I could. He had always kept me well supplied with money, so that I had sufficient for my needs. I took an assumed name and soon reached Sacramento. I tried to find employment as a teacher, but failed, and was looking for work

when I met you. He must have traced me here. I don't know what his intention was, unless to make me believe that he had not lost his old power over me, and that it was impossible for me to get away from him. I don't know what he has done with his property. One thing is certain, I shall never trouble it."

Dan had remained perfectly quiet during her recital, and only his clenched hands and deeply labored breathing showed how deeply he was affected by it.

"And now that you are free once more, where are you going?" he asked.

"I shall go back to my aunt," she said; "I know I can find employment there as a teacher."

He hesitated a moment. "May I ask you my question now?"

"Not now," she replied, hastily. "Come to me in a year, and then you may ask it." For she well knew what the question would be.

"A year is a long time to wait. Will you give me hope?"

"Yes," she said, in a low tone; "and now I must go. Good night."

* * * * *

Passing by a fine ranch midway between M—— and R——, in one of our best farming counties, one beautiful evening last May, I saw a pleasant sight: a tall, dark man was romping on the grass in front of the house playing with a pair of rosy-cheeked, curly-haired twin boys, about three years old; while beyond them, in the shelter of the porch, rocking a beautiful baby girl in her arms and smiling at the revelers on the lawn, sat a lovely brown-eyed woman, whom I knew could be none other than "The Cook of Eurisco Sawmill." E. A. T.

PLANTS FOR THE WINDOW GARDEN.

MOST housewives try to raise too many house plants. Four or five good, strong plants of geraniums, which will make a compact show in the window, are usually preferable to a single plant of each of half a dozen different varieties. "Variety is the spice of life," however, and, to a certain extent, it is true of the window garden. Enough variety can usually be obtained from six to eight different plants in an ordinary window. For winter blooming the following plants will be found desirable: One rose geranium, one heliotrope, three Chinese primroses, one sweet alyssum, one calla, two azalea Indica, one English or German ivy, either Agrippina red or Hermosa pink. The Chinese primulas are especially desirable for winter, as they will thrive with less light than most other plants. The roses need much light, and unless it can be given them their place had better be filled by primulas or other plants. Bouvardias, if well grown, are usually favorites, and as they endure the dryness of living rooms, one plant might be substituted for a rose or primula in the above list. It has been our experience that housewives do not have the best of success with bouvardias. Fuchsias are desirable for spring blooming. Azalea Indica is a fine window garden species, and will give a mass of bloom during March and April.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

III.

A FORCED detention at Skidegate, for the recovery of a disabled hand, afforded an unexpected opportunity of becoming acquainted with Indian life in their village lodges and fishing camps, which I will more fully describe in another letter. The waters of Skidegate Inlet, during the months of June and July, were alive with canoe-loads of men, women and children, plying between the dog-fishing grounds, their villages and the works of the Skidegate Oil Company. The latter are situated on Sterling Bay, a beautiful little harbor on the north shore of the inlet, about three miles from Skidegate. Here, as previously stated were assembled at times a numerous fleet of canoes and hundreds of natives from all parts of the island, with their kloodchmen, papooses and dogs. The latter gave us a series of concerts which will never be forgotten. Their number may be inferred from my having seen eleven dogs disembark from a medium-sized canoe, following one Indian, who alone arrived with it. The leaders of this remarkable band were ten dogs which belonged to a family of Hydah aristocracy, whose habitation was on the shore of a cosy cove about one mile distant, hidden from view by a rocky, wooded point. Three or four times during the twenty-four hours they rounded the point, sat down on the shore, raised their noses heavenward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, when, with half-closed eyes and the expression of a spirit medium when about to deliver an inspirational lecture, they abandoned themselves to paroxysms of howling and yelping. To their first outburst came a prompt and deafening response from every dog in the encampment, which continued with increasing vigor until their united chorus quite baffles description. I have heard Chinese bands, calliopes, the braying of jackasses, the love songs of tom cats, operatic screechers, brass band and violin murderers, broken-down hand organs and accordeons, Red River carts during the dry season, the maniacal howling of the bulls and bears of Broad street, and many other noises of like character, but none of them are at all comparable to the voicings of these Hydah dogs, when thoroughly warmed up to their best efforts by a few hours' practice.

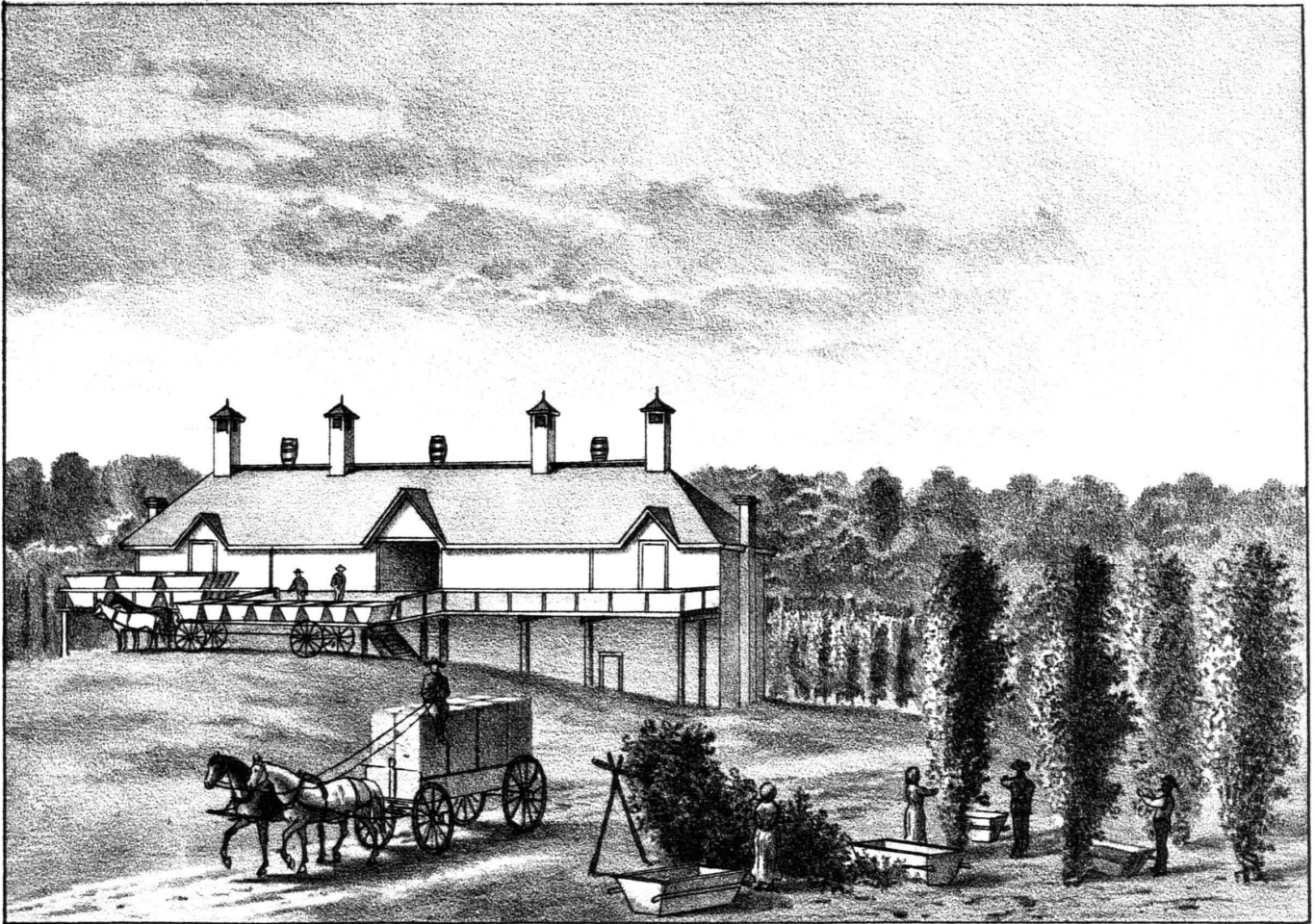
Nin-Ging-Wash, the ranking chief of Skidegate, is about 65 years old, thick-set, broad-faced, with a grave expression and quiet, reserved manner. He was introduced to me as the richest Indian on the island, as having the best houses, finest canoes and youngest wife. A few years ago he gave away his second wife—growing old—and sued for the daughter of Scotsgi, the leading chieftain of the west coast. Presently she made her appearance, a sprightly young woman about 26 years old, and we all started in their canoe for their home at Skidegate, where I had been invited. *En route*, while passing a pipe from the chief to his wife, my oar caught in the water, giving the canoe a sudden lurch, which would have been quite alarming to most feminine nerves, but not to the princess, for she laughed so heartily over the mishap that I saw a smile spread over the big face of the old chief. An hour brought us to the broad sandy beach of Skidegate, opposite the chief's present residence, a plain, comfortable frame house, in the center of the village. Two large, splendid canoes were carefully housed in front. A small orchard, in which a few half-grown apples were seen, next engaged the attention. The chief's wife carried the keys to the house and to the piles of trunks and boxes it contained. Their furniture embraced good modern beds, tables, dressing cases, mirrors, chairs, stove, lamps and other articles too numerous to mention.

They opened trunk after trunk and box after box, and showed me a very interesting collection of Indian wear; four masquerade head dresses, reaching down to the waist, covered with ermine skins, valued at \$30 each; several complete dancing suits, including a beautiful one made by the princess; Indian blankets, woven by hand from the wool of the mountain sheep; masks, rattles, etc., and also a good supply of common blankets and other stores, which they exhibited with evident pride. We next ransacked their old house, a large one, still in good repair, which stood a few rods distant. Fourteen copper towers of various sizes, formerly valued at from \$50 to \$500 each, leaned against the broad front. The carved pole is so tall that when erected Nin-Ging-Wash received his present name, which signifies "the long stick." The house was filled with articles of Indian manufacture, curiously carved cooking and eating utensils, fishing implements, boxes, mats, etc. The chief's property, real and personal, is worth several thousand dollars.

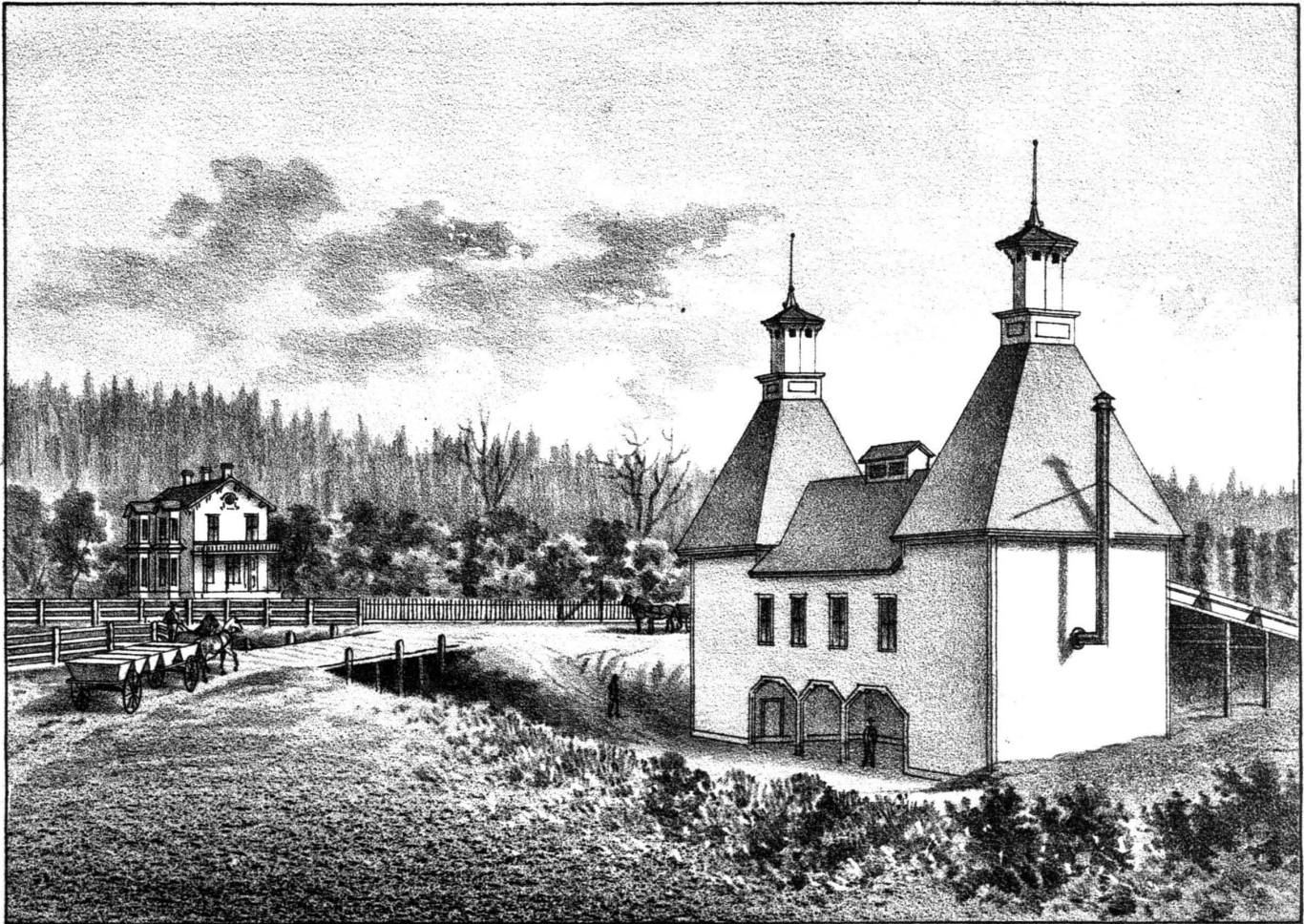
Chief Skidegate was found, with about twenty of his people, catching and drying salmon at the mouth of a small stream flowing into Copper Bay, fifteen miles south of the village. He is a cousin of Nin-Ging-Wash, younger in appearance, though nearly as old. They quarreled bitterly over their rank for a long time, Nin-Ging-Wash, by means of his more liberal potlatches finally prevailing, but not until two of their adherents had been killed. Skidegate handed me a package of papers, chiefly letters of recommendation from ship masters, missionaries and others. It was evident that he was ignorant of their contents. One said the chief had been "bumming" around their vessel for some time demanding \$100 for alleged claims upon certain coal lands, which the captain thought had better be allowed, as he was a powerful chieftain. Another was a fatherly letter from Missionary Duncan. Skidegate it seemed, had attempted to shoot a young Indian for some personal offence, who fled to Duncan for protection. The latter warned the chief never to be guilty of such an act again, assuring him that if the Indian had injured him he should be proceeded against according to law. But Skidegate has now kept out of difficulty for several years, and like a good many white people, who sin as long as they are able to before they reform, he has joined the church, and is trying to be a good Indian before he dies.

My visit to the chief medicine man, Doctor Modeets, south of Massett, was accidental. While making a trip of several days alone with my canoe I sought shelter from a severe storm on a little islet in Skidegate Inlet, where I passed a sleepless night in the rain and wind. It was only a short distance to the Indian village of Gold Harbor, where, the following day, I landed and spread out my blankets to dry on the beach. Among the Indians squatting in front of their houses I noticed one, whose hair was tied up in a knot on the back of his head, the size of a large hornets' nest, of which it reminded me. Approaching nearer, his face was seen to be marked with smallpox, a piece was missing from his nose, and altogether he presented a more remarkable than attractive appearance. I found him, however, quite talkative, and soon engaged him in conversation to the extent which my limited knowledge of the Chinook would permit. He told me that he was a medicine Tyhee, and inviting me into his house, showed me the curious medicine dance, dresses, wands, rattles, charms, etc., worn and used by him when practicing the healing heart. The charms were carved out of bone, and represented whales, bears, ravens, land otters, eagles, thunderbirds, etc., and various other animals and fish, each accredited with special virtues for the cure of certain diseases. Selecting several

THE WEST SHORE.



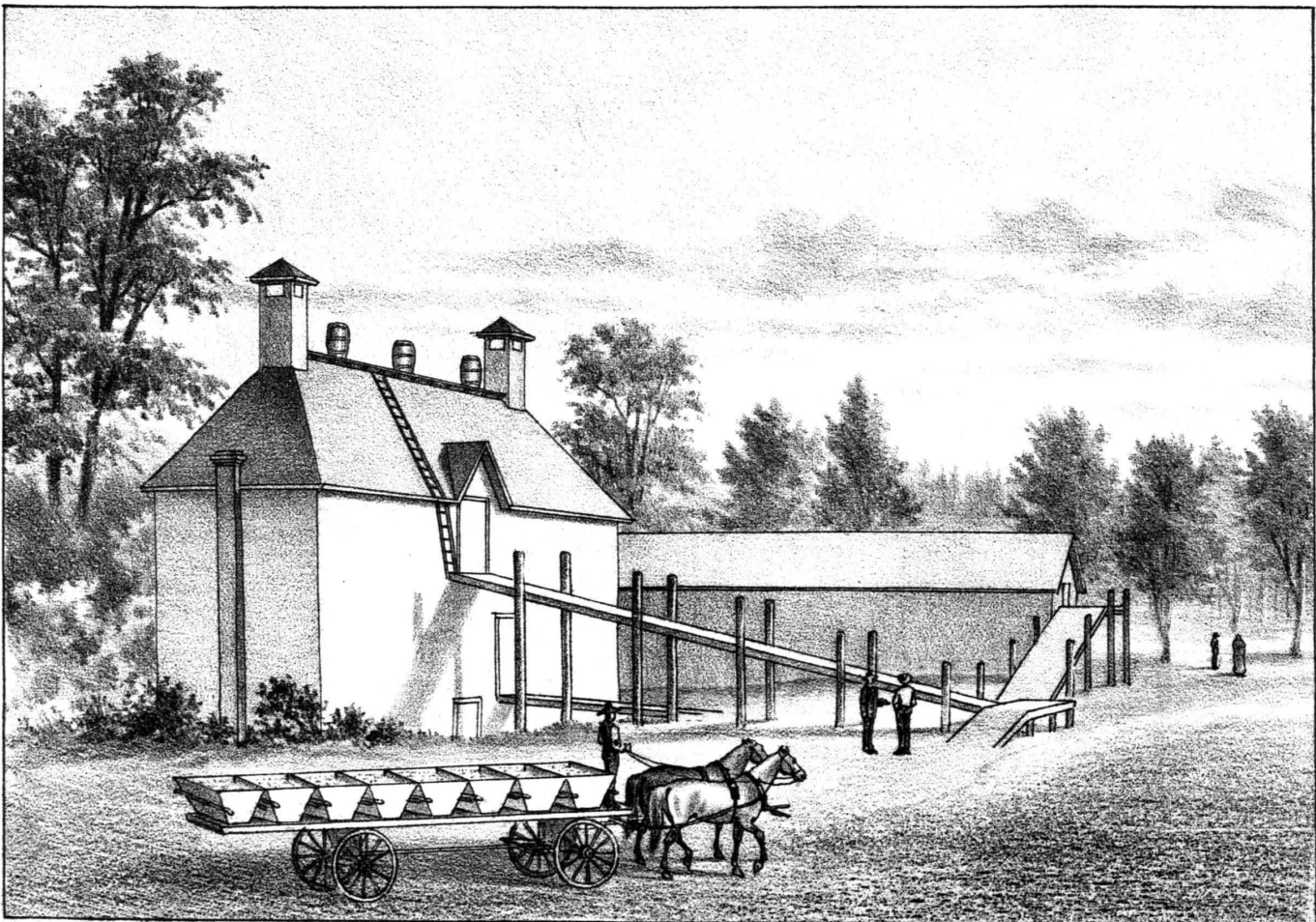
HOP FARM OF A. C. CAMPBELL ESQ. PUYALLUP, W. T.



HOP KILN AND RESIDENCE OF J. R. DICKENSON, SUMNER, W. T.

WEST SHORE - LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.



HOP FARM OF O. M. ANNIS, ESQ. ALDERTON, W. T.

which I desired to purchase, I placed in his hand the pieces of silver I was willing to pay for them. He counted the money, and then the charms, over and over again, dwelling at length upon the wonderful curative powers of the latter, but finally accepting my offer, with the addition of a small potlatch. The occupation of the medicine man is now nearly gone, only a few old people having any faith in the practice. Modeets is the only doctor I have seen on the island who has kept the vow taken when entering upon the profession—never to cut or comb his hair. His wife, observing that it was an object of interest to me, unloosened the great bang, when the thick tangled ringlets spread over the old man's shoulders and reached down below his waist. To further gratify my curiosity, the chief put on a portion of his fantastic regalia and executed a medicine dance. The doctor then dressed me in his wildest and most barbaric costume, when, *by special request*, I imitated his performance in a manner which "brought down the house."

The Indians are among the most desperate of gamblers. They not infrequently play themselves out of everything they possess, leaving the game nearly, or quite, naked. Chief Edensaw told me of an Indian who, having lost his money, canoe, blankets and all his clothing gambling at the sea otter hunters' camp, on the west coast, then plunged naked into the forest, and succeeded in reaching a village on Virago Sound, the only one, so far as known, who ever crossed that portion of the island. A game of this character was in progress at Gold Harbor. There were no police to interfere or missionaries to discourage, and the players sat down in two rows, facing each other, on the beach, with boards in front. No cards or gambling sticks were used, only the tooth of a whale. This was taken by the challenging party and passed rapidly from one hand to the other, his movements being accompanied by loud singing, the beating of sticks on the boards, violent gesticulations and contortions, in which all joined, the betting being simply in which hand the tooth remained at the close of the manipulations. I reached this interesting scene just as an Indian was taking off his shoes to wager on the game, which he soon threw on to a pile of clothing in the center of the group, containing coats, vests, pantaloons, suspenders, shirts, etc. A big, one-eyed fellow was fast stripping the party when I left, and if his luck continued would soon have reduced the Gold Harbor natives to their original state.

Through the kindness of Captain Meyer and Purser Williams, of the steamer *Princess Louise*, my whole outfit—men, canoe and supplies—were taken to Massett, at which point I resumed the examination of Massett Inlet, which being concluded, we explored in succession Virago Sound, Naden Harbor, and all the bays, inlets and harbors of the west coast of Graham Island and the streams flowing into these waters. I had just taken possession of the quarters kindly assigned me by Mr. Alexander McKenzie, of the Hudson's Bay Company, when we received a visit from Edensaw, oldest and ranking chief of the Hydah nation, who has erected the largest number of carved poles, given the greatest feasts, and made the most frequent and liberal potlatches. Though about 75 years of age, he is still quite vigorous, and being well dressed in a suit of broad cloth, would easily pass for a much younger man. He is the last of a race of powerful chiefs, his ancestors having been bold and aggressive warriors, making many captive slaves from the other coast tribes. On one occasion he risked his own life to release the captain and crew of a small vessel, the *Susan Sturgess*, who had been made captives by the Indians of Massett. He has succeeded, one after another, the chiefs of various parts of the group, by virtue

of the erection of carved poles to their memory, and giving bountiful feasts and generous potlatches to their people, until he is now recognized as their greatest chief.

Early in August we had reached the mouth of the Yakoun River, the largest stream on the island. Hundreds of salmon and salmon trout were jumping out their full length as we paddled along under the shadows of the tall spruce which cover its banks. Advancing about a mile we camped with a party of Massett Indians, who sold us splendid silver salmon for twenty-five cents and potatoes at the rate of \$8 a bushel. The following day, accompanied by a single Massett Indian, I ascended the river for several miles by means of two very small canoes, making several portages around log jams and over rapids and shallow places. For about two hundred miles we coursed along the shores of Massett Inlet, whose long southwestern arms reach the base of steep, high mountains, the western sides of which, from ten to fifteen miles distant, are washed by the waters of the Pacific.

Among our trips inland was one of about ten miles up the Ain River to Coos-Yoouns Lake, its source. This is a fine body of water, about eight miles in length, surrounded by a thick forest of spruce and red and yellow cedar. The river, from fifty to seventy-five feet in width, is a succession of rapids, log jams and shoals almost its entire length. Following a trail about half way to the borders of a little lake through which it flows, we found a canoe, very small, old, rotten and shattered. The water poured in through a long crack in one end nearly as fast as we could bail it out. But by battening with our provision sack we managed to keep it afloat until we had accomplished the round trip to the lake first mentioned, making several portages over log jams, shoals and rapids. Returning, I decided to run one of the latter, and just as my men got out to lighten the canoe over a rocky place, pushed out into the middle of the stream. Down my little bark swept toward a narrow passage between two rocks, around which the water was whirling and foaming. I had underestimated the strength of the current, and, in spite of my best efforts with one serviceable hand, the canoe dashed on to one of the rocks, balanced a moment on its center, whirled once around, and then shot down stream, quivering like a frightened animal, into safe water again.

Fifteen miles west of Massett the ocean indents the land for about thirteen miles, forming what is known as Virago Sound and Naden Harbor, the latter being the most accessible and safest anchoring ground for vessels on the north shore of the island. Into this harbor flows the Naden River, the second largest stream of the Queen Charlotte group. From Massett Inlet, touching at the abandoned village of Yan, situated at its entrance, we proceeded to those waters and advanced ten miles up the Naden River, three miles by canoe, and thence on foot through a thick forest of spruce and cedar, with a dense undergrowth of intertwined salal, salmon, whortleberry and other bushes. Bear tracks and traps were numerous, but no game was started except grouse, which were very tame and plentiful. The following night, occupying one of the three habitable houses in the old village of Kung, situated at the entrance of the harbor, we found Chinese pottery, and in the burying ground the largest carved figures of men we had seen, about seven feet in height.

Thirty-five miles further, stopping *en route* to examine the old village of Yatz and the Yalan River, brought us to the extreme northern land of the Queen Charlotte Islands—North Island. Here Captain Marchand lay with his ships trading with the natives nearly one hundred years ago. The Hydahs were then, at least, ten times their present numbers, swarming in the waters and on the shores around the villages of Kioosta, Yakh and

Henslung, where now only carved poles, houses in ruins and numerous graves attest their former greatness. Two Indian dogs were the sole occupants of the fishing and hunting village of Henslung at the time of our arrival, having been left behind by sea otter hunters, with an abundant supply of whale blubber. A beautiful, clear, still day favored the circumnavigation of North Island and the careful examination of its coast line. A thick forest of spruce of small growth covers its entire area down to its rocky shores, which are generally low, though rising to bold, perpendicular bluffs, from fifty to two hundred feet in height, at North Point and around Cloak Bay, the highest elevation on the island not exceeding four hundred feet above the sea. There are four small bays on its northeastern side, from one to two miles in depth, open to easterly winds, with fine sandy beaches at their heads, where the remains of former habitations were visible. Cloak Bay, a much larger indentation on the southwestern shore, is exposed to westerly storms. The safest anchorage these waters afford is found in a little cove on the south shore of the island, between Cloak Bay and the village of Henslung. Parry Passage, which separates North Island from Graham, is about a mile and a half in width, though the ship channel—very rapid except at flood tide—is narrowed by reefs and Lucy Island to less than two thousand feet. Camping at the deserted village of Yakh, near Kioosta, we found large beds of strawberry vines of most luxuriant growth, and carvings of nude male figures complete.

Rounding Cape Knox for nineteen days, thirteen of which were stormy, we fought our way along about 275 miles of shore line, traversing to its head every inlet, harbor, sound, port and bay, fourteen in all, from three to ten miles in depth, nearly all hitherto unknown except to a few of the oldest Indians. A rocky, rugged, uninviting shore, from which project far out to sea many rocky points with outlying reefs, white with breakers except during the calmest weather; precipitous mountains, from one to four thousand feet in height, clothed with forests of spruce and cedar down to the sea; beautiful land-locked harbors, with short stretches of fine sandy beach at their heads; long, winding inlets, down whose mountain-walled sides roaring cataracts are plunging; numerous small streams, in which salmon and salmon trout were seen by the hundreds; scores of islands, islets and covey coves, where seal and wild geese abound, constitute the general physical features of the west coast of Graham Island.

Tledoo is the name of a summer rendezvous of the sea otter hunters of Massett, situated about fifteen miles south of Cape Knox. At first view the sea seemed to be breaking along the entire front, but a more careful examination disclosed a narrow entrance between the rocks, through which we were able to enter a perfectly sheltered little canoe harbor, with a fine sandy beach at the landing place. A strong southeast wind caused a very low tide the following day, laying bare a sandstone flat about an eighth of a mile from the beach, upon which black objects were visible. I had already found on the shore opposite, at high tide, large pieces of lignite coal and petrified wood. Putting on my long boots, I soon discovered the base trunks of hundreds of forest trees, from one to six feet in length, extending as far out to sea as I could wade; some lying down and formed into lignite coal, but the greater number standing and petrified as hard as rock. The rocks along the north coast for hundreds of miles show unmistakable evidence of violent volcanic action, and though the ocean has receded within the memory of Indians now living, these islands are probably the mountain tops of a submerged land, separated from the continent by the sinking of the surface.

September with its gales had arrived. The last of the sea otter hunters, except Captain John and family, we had met beyond North Island leaving the coast for the winter, and I decided to advance. When we had rounded the first point, and were fairly into the midst of the great rollers, "Turn back! Turn back!" exclaimed one of my men, which refusing to do he added, "My God! see the distance we must go." We had already on two or three occasions encountered sufficiently rough seas to give me great confidence in the seaworthiness of my canoe, which, though I had ribbed and decked her fore and aft, every Indian who saw her thought unfit for the expedition, being, they said, too small, weak and cranky. I wished they could have seen her ride the great seas which came rolling in like mountains before we reached land again. Ben Melin, a sailor of thirteen years' experience on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, says he never saw so small a boat outlive such a sea. "We will all be drowned," said Bill, a young Hydah Indian, at the same time stripping off his clothing, as I turned the prow of our little ship toward the shore. And yet we had not taken aboard two buckets full of water, which swept over the covered prow, and would have swamped us but for the decking. But everywhere along the shore we were nearing, and which had been described to me by Chief Edensaw as affording a good camping place, the sea was breaking with a loud roar. Surveying it carefully we discovered a narrow opening between two great rocks, where the interval between the breakers was thought to be sufficiently long to enable us by skillful management to pass through it. I had steered thus far with my left hand—my right hand being entirely useless—by strapping the paddle to the side of the canoe near the stern, and after directing my men to assist me with their oars upon a given signal, I decided to go through, first, with the assistance of Bill, removing my heavy boots and rubber coat, just after a great sea had broken. "Pull both oars, heavy; right oars; now both oars with all your might!" were the orders as we rode through, in splendid style, on the crest of a great wave; but when we supposed we were beyond their reach a heavy cross breaker, rolling in unobserved, struck the canoe broadsides and dashed it violently against a sharp rock. Bill being nearest the prow, and almost naked, was the first to jump overboard, myself following, and both placing ourselves between the canoe and the rock, clinging to the former, saved it from destruction by the two succeeding breakers, which swept us so near land that, by great effort, we were able to lighten the canoe by throwing things ashore and then haul her on the rocks.

We had sought refuge from a storm in a little rock-bound cove on the south shore of an inlet, called by the Indians "Athlow," where we built a fire and spread our blankets in a big cave washed out by the sea. While we lay unconscious the storm increased, the tide rose higher and higher, until at midnight the sound of the waves dashing against the mouth of the cave awakened me. Arousing my men, who were still sleeping soundly, with all possible dispatch, nearly cracking our skulls against the sides of the cave in the darkness, by clambering over the rocks at the base of a high precipice between the breakers, we succeeded in removing all our supplies and camp equipage to a place of safety.

A hard pull up the swift rapids, which extend for about two miles across the divide, where tides of Skidegate Channel meet those of Skidegate Inlet, we passed several parties of Indians *en route* to salmon streams for dog salmon. Bill, having heard that his mother was with one of these parties, asked permission to land and see her. When the old woman saw her son she uttered a cry of joy over his safe return. NEWTON H. CHITTENDEN,

THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

The sixth annual display of the Mechanics' Fair Association of Portland, Or., may be classed as its greatest success, gratifying alike to the exhibitors and to those who came to see. Viewed from all possible standpoints, it may be safely asserted that the exhibition of '84 was far ahead of that of any former year. To exhibitors, who were represented in the exposition at San Francisco, the Mechanics' Fair in the Oregon metropolis appeared in the light of a revelation; so far transcended their expectations, in fact, that their astonishment could scarcely find adequate expression.

"Why, sir," said one of this class to a WEST SHORE representative, "your exhibits here bear more than favorable comparison with those of the city within the Golden Gate. What you lack in quantity is more than compensated for in quality and artistic arrangement, and, if I except the larger scope of the Machinery Hall at the San Francisco exhibition, there is not a single feature in which your Mechanics' Fair does not excel the former."

This sentiment was so unanimously echoed by others that the management may justly feel that its labors have by no means been lost in this their sixth attempt. From the fact that the Fair is its entirety has been touched upon in another column of this number of THE WEST SHORE, and as this article has for its object, more particularly, the merits of the

out of time in this line. The specialties engaged in by Messrs. Herbert Bradley & Co. are principally composed of shoe stores supplies, shoe manufacturers' goods and leather and findings of all imaginable varieties, including, of course, boot and shoe uppers as referred to above. Don't forget the address—Herbert Bradley & Co., 109 Front st., Portland, Or.

"THE KING."

There was on exhibition a working model of what is undoubtedly the most important and valuable invention made in agricultural machinery for years. In harvesting under the present methods two crews of workmen and horses are required—one in the field and one at the thrasher. It has been reserved for an Oregonian, William H. Parrish, to create a revolution in this method, and the machine which accomplishes this he has appropriately christened "The King." The machine is a combined header, thrasher and separator, performing the entire routine of harvesting at one operation. Requiring but six to ten horses for draught purposes and two or three men to run it, the saving in labor and expense of operating is placed by those who have worked it at 75 per cent. of the old method. In operation it is very simple. As is usual in headers, the motive power is in the rear, the raising and lowering of the sickle being performed by the driver. The headed grain is carried from the platform back of the sickle into a compact threshing compartment, is there run through a separator, and falls into a sack cleaned and ready for market. Here stands a man who sews up the sacks as rapidly as they are filled and drops them upon the ground, where they can be gathered up at leisure. The swath cut is from 10 to 12 feet wide, and the ground covered from 15 to 25 acres per day. The estimated expense of harvesting a field by this machine is but 75 cents per acre. It does better work, sacks the grain in better condition, and there is a much smaller percentage of waste than in the usual

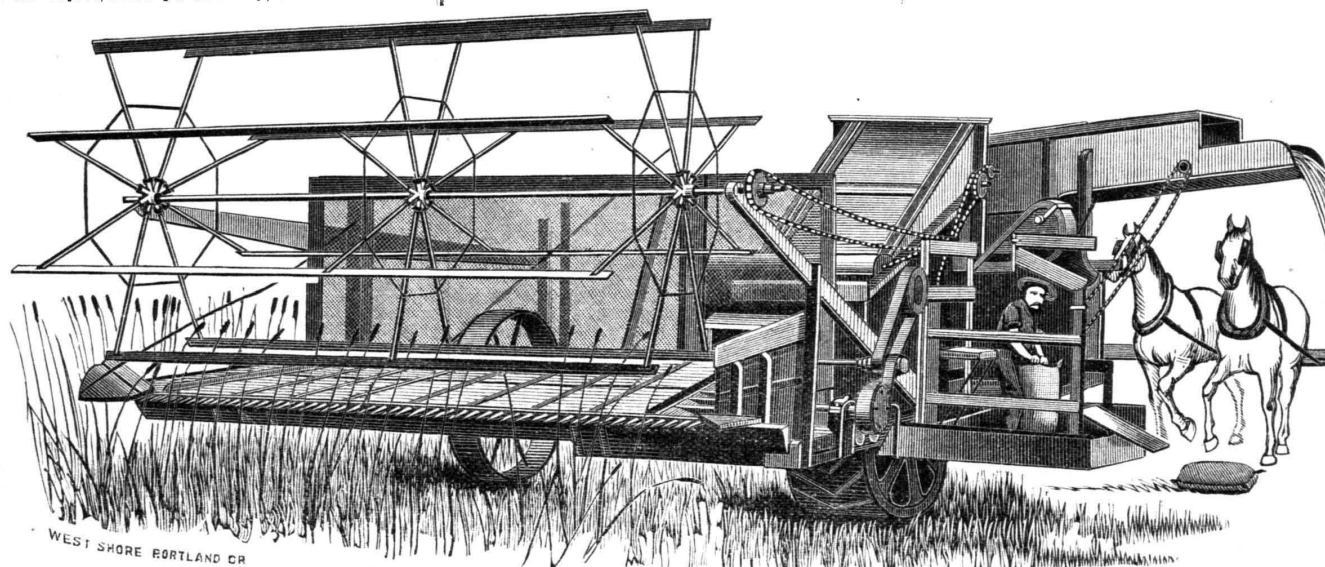
worn palate gratefully attested to the delightful flavor and richness of the beverage.

"Yes, it seems to be rather popular," said Mr. H. B. Birnbaum, who has introduced Cibils' Extract of the Pacific Coast. "The extract is a product on South America, and is superseding all similar extracts wherever it has become known. Submitted to the severest test of chemistry, the analyses of Cibils' Extract have revealed the presence, in the strongest combination, of all the nutritious properties of meat. The leading physicians of Europe and the United States have given it their hearty endorsements, and in this they have only echoed the opinion of the thousands who have sampled it. It is a complete diet in itself. For the sick it is unsurpassed, as it is of the utmost digestibility by the weakest or most sensitive stomach, and for the strong in health it is a convenient and valuable food. Cibils' is not a paste but a fluid, to the exclusion of the animal glue. After a thorough test by the United States Navy Department, it was ordered for the Greeley relief expedition, and is also used by the German army and French navy. It is the very best and cheapest extract in the market."

Agency, No. 3 California st., San Francisco.

LAMSON'S CASH RAILWAY.

Just at the central entrance from the main hall to the horticultural hall, this most ingenious result of the inventor's brain continually attracted large numbers of people. It is the invention of a retail merchant of Lowell, Mass., and is constructed with a double line of tracks suspended over the counters of the stores; the upper inclining toward and the lower from the cashier's desk. The cash, being placed in hollow balls, is elevated to the upper track and rolls rapidly towards the cashier's desk, where it is removed from the line. The cashier then makes the change and the ball is placed on the lower track, the incline transmitting it to the salesman who sent it. By using the



"THE KING," COMBINED HEADER AND THRESHER

several exhibits, it is mete that the task be entered upon without further ado.

ELECTRICITY AS A HEALTH MEDIUM.

Entering the Pavilion from Second street, the peripatetic man of THE WEST SHORE was attracted by a tastefully arranged exhibit of Electric Belts, under the charge of Mr. A. Thayer.

"This is the 'Acme Electric Belt,'" said Mr. Thayer, in answer to an inquiry, "and I can safely assert that it takes the lead. It is the latest of all appliances for the use of medical electricity, and is so far in advance of all former belts as to excite the surprise of those who use it. It sends two currents of electricity through the body at the same time; the only belt in existence that will do it. Scientifically perfect, beautiful in mechanical construction, it is the most elegant, efficient, convenient, economical and durable of any electric belt on earth. It is a radical cure for all forms of chronic diseases without medicine. I can be consulted at C. H. Meussdorfer's hat store, 151 Front st."

OF IMPORTANCE TO THE SHOE TRADE.

The attention of those interested or engaged in the problem of how it is best to protect the pedal extremities of man and woman kind, was pleasantly attracted to Messrs. Herbert Bradley & Co.'s tastefully arranged exhibit in the northeast end of the main floor. This firm, the leading house in its line in the Pacific Northwest, has extensive warerooms at 109 Front street, in this city, and a visit to their establishment can be the only satisfactory way of ascertaining the variety and completeness of the stock carried, as the display at the Fair is but a faint index of the facilities enjoyed. They are the most extensive manufacturers of boot and shoe uppers north of San Francisco, and can knock Eastern competition

method of cutting and threshing separately. Testimonials from California, where the machine has triumphantly stood the severe test of two harvests, are overwhelming. All who have used it, or have examined its practical working in the field, unite in hearty recommendation of its merits. State rights for California and Kansas have been sold at prices which testify to the high estimation in which manufacturers hold the machine and the great future before it in the agricultural world. An eye-witness reports the following from a recent exhibition of its working: "I had the pleasure of seeing the machine at work on Dr. C. Grattan's ranch, on August 24 last, and at that time it was propelled by ten horses of very ordinary calibre and easily managed by two men. I mounted the machine and rode around the field to observe its working, which was eminently satisfactory. It was taking a full cut in grain, which in some parts of the field was yielding up to 35 bushels to the acre. There was no sign of clogging, and the threshing and cleaning parts disposed of the heads as fast as they were cut by the 11 feet sickle. On examining the ground where the chaff was scattered in the progress of the machine, no more grain could be found than was to be seen in the uncut parts of the field. One man was driving, steering and raising and lowering the cut, and he said his work was no more difficult than in running a header." W. M. Wheeler, Roseburg, Oregon, should be addressed by all who appreciate the benefits of labor saving inventions, among which "The King" can be classed as taking the lead in its line.

CIBILS' STRENGTH BROTH.

Proceeding toward the Third street entrance, the scribe was handed a delicious decoction at a stand, over which the legend "Cibils' Fluid Beef Extract" appeared.

"Bouillon!" was the exclamation, as the well-

larger balls in the station nearest the cashier's desk, graduating them down the line and adjusting each switch to the different sizes, it becomes impossible for the balls to get mixed. Correspondence should be addressed to J. W. Thoms, Agent, 120 Sutter st., San Francisco, Cal.

THE "MONARCH" CUSHIONS.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company made the finest display of billiard tables and appurtenances that has ever graced the Pavilion. Mr. D. N. Goldberg, the manager of the Portland branch, in referring to their celebrated "Monarch" cushions, said:

"In buying a table the cushion is the most important item. It is to the billiard table what the main spring is to the watch. The bed may be level, the frame strong, the cloth of the finest, the balls true, the cues perfect; but if the cushion is defective the table is practically worthless. Our cushions, while made of the finest and purest rubber, cost far more than others, because of the combination used to make them perfect. The secret of their excellence lies in the use of gum, which is united with the rubber so that the latter never gets hard or loses its vitality. There are other points upon which I could touch, but suffice it to say that the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company warrants the 'Monarch' cushion for twenty years."

THE LE ROY PILLOW SHAM HOLDER.

This new and simply constructed household article is manufactured by Jones Bros., 213 Fourth street, Portland, and attracted great attention from the ladies at the booth neatly arranged for its display. In conversation with THE WEST SHORE man one of the Messrs. Jones said:

"There have been so many poor and faulty holders in the market that a success is hailed with delight by all. This holder is made entirely of metal, and is

light, strong and durable. It is plated and gilded to correspond with the color of different beds."

"How are the shams attached?" was the next inquiry.

"The shams are fastened to the holder by means of pins, which are firmly attached to the holder, and in such a manner as to always keep the shams in place. It does not rumple or muss the ruffle. We are establishing agents all over the country, and the sales are increasing to a very gratifying extent, I can assure you."

THE ART PRESERVATIVE.

Pleasant, indeed, is the privilege of attesting to the material success of one's fellow man when that success is based upon integrity, zeal and a praiseworthy regard for the "live and let live" principle. It can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that Himes the Printer embodies in his comely person the qualities of the thirty-third degree (to borrow an expression from the mystic brotherhood) of mechanics as fully as any man on this continent. Quick of perception, keenly intelligent, full of an electric, nervous energy that is contagious in its influence, George H. Himes makes an impression that you never forget when you have once seen him. His place of business, Nos. 5 and 7 Washington street, in this city, is a veritable curiosity shop to those unaware of, or uninitiated in, the great improvements in mechanism brought to the aid of the printer by the gigantic progress of the nineteenth century. The establishment occupies the whole west side of the second floor, being one grand hall, 100x30, the largest business space rented in the building.

"In addition to this," said Mr. Himes to THE WEST SHORE man, to whom he was extending the courtesy of "showing through" the place, "I have a large room, 30x40, in the northwest corner of the building on the first floor, which is my engine room. Here I have a new eighteen-horse power Westinghouse engine of the best quality, made by the inventor of the famous Westinghouse air brake and said to be the very best and safest engine in the world. As you noticed there is in this room also a large drum cylinder press for new paper and postal work."

"Where do you keep those legal blanks which have caused you to be so favorably mentioned by members of the legal fraternity?"

"On the second floor, where I have a place for arranging and labeling them. My stock of legal blanks has to be kept up all the time, there being about 250 different kinds of blanks and about 1000 of each kind, so you see that makes quite a neat little stock in that line, say 20,000. Lawyers' briefs are also a specialty, with me."

"I presume that your list of specialties does not stop at that?"

"Well, not exactly. I do a great deal of book and pamphlet work. Another specialty is fine colored work and fancy printing, and I presume that a larger share of this class of work is done here than at any other house in Portland."

"How long have you been in the business, Mr. Himes?"

"About twenty-two and one-half years altogether, and in Portland about two-thirds of that time, say fifteen years."

"Are you pleased with results as regards the Fair Journal?"

"Oh, yes. Like THE WEST SHORE I did not go in for heavy returns so much as for the purpose of giving the people an insight into one branch of the art preservative."

"Will you, or can you, give me a list of the class of work done by you?"

"Why certainly, my dear fellow. Here it is: Account books, assessment rolls, ball tickets, bill heads, briefs, blanks, blank books, bills of fare, catalogues, cards checks, certificates, circulars, coin wraps, deeds, deposit tags, drafts, dodgers, election tickets, funeral notices, gutter snipes, hand bills, invoices, invitations, labels, leases, legal blanks, letter heads, mortgages, note heads, posters, pamphlets, pay rolls, posters, property lists, programmes, poll books, placards, receipts, show bills, show cards, shipping tags, streamers, tally sheets, tickets, ticklers, time cards, transcripts, wedding cards, washing lists."

THOMPSON, DEHART & CO.

Having the good fortune to gain the ear of the dignified Mr. Wm. Honeyman of the well known firm whose name is at the head of this paragraph, the peripatetic man of letters inserted his auger in the following manner:

"What are the principal points embraced in your exhibit, Mr. Honeyman?"

"Your question necessitates some reflection. Let me see—we have some ingenious and useful novelties which would interest the butcher to some extent, such as meat cutters, stuffers, scales and knives, the principal implement being the 'Murray' draw-cutter, the feature of which is the fact that the razor-like knives descend upon and then draw through the meat. Perhaps you've tried the experiment of tapping the palm of your hand with the sharp edge of a razor? No? Well, if you ever try it you will notice that the blow is not succeeded by a wound; but if you place the keen edge upon your hand and then draw the implement across the palm, the result will not be of a pleasurable nature. Well, that is the principle of the 'Murray' draw cutter."

"I see that the brawny blacksmith is not forgotten in your display."

"By no means. The blacksmithing implements, such as the 'Empire' forge and the 'Empire' blower, are especially worthy of attention."

"You have some very fine specimens of coal on exhibition, I notice."

"Yes. I presume that we are about the heaviest dealers in coal in the city," said Mr. Honeyman. "The Scotch Splint, West Hartley, Egg and Lehigh coals are favorites for household use, while the Cumberland coal takes the lead for blacksmithing purposes. Good evening."

DECORATIVE ART.

"Oh, how pretty!" "Isn't that tasteful!" "By Jove, but that is nice!" are a sample of the exclamations of delight that came as tributes, voluntary and involuntary, from the lips of both sexes, as visitors to the fair approached the display made by the Cleveland Paint Manufacturing Company, near the band stand, on the main floor. A neat and perfect miniature cottage, painted in exquisite taste, attracted the special attention of Eve's fair daughters, while the process of grinding, preparing and mixing paints proved of equal interest to the sterner sex. The history of the Cleveland Paint Manufacturing Company is but a resume of the old story of what pluck, energy and tact can accomplish in the face of almost overwhelming odds. Inaugurated but a twelvemonth back, with the most modest pretensions and facilities of a limited nature, the establishment has already assumed such proportions as to entitle it to rank among the principal and representative manufacturing enterprises of the Pacific Northwest. This result has been attained, principally, through the indomitable energy of the popular and well known president and manager, James P. Shaw. Mr. Shaw is a practical painter, having served an apprenticeship with Mr. Lantroff, the famous fresco painter of Copenhagen, Denmark, from whom he learned the art of combining the various colors, so as to obtain the very best possible results, both as to beauty and durability.

"I want to call your particular attention on," said Mr. Shaw to the "chief with the pencil," "to the fact that our mixed paints are not the so-called chemical or rubber paints with which the Pacific Coast has been flooded, and I might in truth say, cursed; but every color represented on this card is made from the best leads and purest oils obtainable—white lead and zinc being the base from which all our paints are made—using as coloring matter those pigments known to withstand the sun. In offering these paints to the public, we feel that we are giving, in every respect, a superior mixed paint to any in the market."

"Yours is the only establishment of its kind in this section of country, is it not?"

"Yes, sir. We are the pioneers in the manufacturing of paints on the North Pacific Coast, and located in the city of Portland, Oregon, where we have come to stay, expecting that home industry will receive that encouragement which is so essential in building up a new country."

"What are the essential points of superiority claimed for your mixed paints?"

"The mixing of paints is an art to which the house painter gives too little attention; he should understand the effect that the atmosphere has on the different pigments, and know which ones are best to use in forming his colors, so as to obtain a durable paint. We base the manufacture of our paints upon this information and feel that we are presenting to the people of this section a better, more durable and handsomer paint than has ever before been placed upon this market. There can be nothing said against mixed paints when properly applied; on the contrary, every point of reasoning is in their favor. In making our paints we thoroughly mix, with powerful machinery, all the pigments with the leads and oils, then grind the whole together, thus forming one solid color."

"What are your leading brands?" "Red Diamond R. R. Paint" and "Imperial" cement fire-proof paint. Aside from this, we turn out colors ground in oil in large quantities, as well as putty, in bladders and bulk, at the rate of two tons for every ten hours. Our address is 295 Fourth street, Portland, Oregon."

"We are very much gratified at the encouragement our enterprise has so far received," concluded Mr. Shaw, "and we feel assured that a continuance of that encouragement may be relied upon. Good goods, honestly made, will always find a market, and that is the principle that we work upon."

THE DOMESTIC.

Strolling around in a desultory way the scribe found himself on the outer edge of a crowd of ladies, who were gazing with that rapt intensity characteristic of the tender sex, at the most complete display of sewing machines that has ever graced the pavilion. Patiently awaiting an opportunity, the reporter at last succeeded in securing the attention of Mr. E. F. Heroy, whose name is legion with the ladies of the Pacific Northwest as being the most reliable and conscientious sewing machine man in the country.

"Mr. Heroy, you have been in the sewing machine business in Portland for some length of time, have you not?"

"Yes. I might say that I am the pioneer agent of this section, and I am quite certain that I have been in the business in Portland longer than any other agent."

"I presume that you have represented quite a number of different machines during that time."

"Well, yes. I sold the Home Shuttle Machine first, some eleven years, and afterwards handled the Howe, Wilson and Singer."

"What machine are you selling at present?" "Principally the Domestic. I have also the Royal St. John, Leader, Singer, and the Love Button Hole and Sewing machines."

"Mr. Heroy, you seem to place the New Domestic first on your list. How is that?"

"Why, I consider from my long experience in the

business, that taking it all in all it is the best sewing machine the world has yet produced. It was put out in 1865 and has stood the trial as no other machine has. It leads them all. The drawers are large and elegantly furnished. The shelves are of iron, and give the requisite strength, and yet are light and airy. The woodwork is the best the world ever saw. As far as attachments are concerned they comprise the best outfit ever furnished with a sewing machine. These attachments all adjust to the foot without the use of a screw-driver. Taking everything into consideration, it is the best equipped machine in the market, and being made of the best material and in the best manner, it is the machine to buy. New wood work and new attachments cause a fresh outburst of admiration, and all over the country people are leaving their 'Homes' and forsaking their 'Households' for the 'Star' that leads them all—the light running 'Domestic.' I shall be glad to receive visitors at my new quarters, 101½ Morrison street."

HOLLISTER & MERRILL.

The estimation in which rubber stamps are held by the business public increases daily. Enter any bank, insurance, real estate or mercantile office, and you will see a collection of them on the counter, each one serving to economize time and insure accuracy in transaction of business. Wherever an endorsement of any nature whatsoever has to be frequently repeated the rubber stamp becomes serviceable. It saves time and by its legibility promotes accuracy. Messrs. Hollister & Merrill had on exhibition a complete assortment of these, representing almost every form in which they can be manufactured, from the common hand stamp to the elegant nickel plated self-inking patent stand stamp of varying patterns. They carry in stock everything known to the trade, and one desiring stamps can rest assured that he could not suit himself better in any establishment in the Union than at their headquarters, No. 62 First street. They also make a specialty of plain and ornamental stencils of all kinds and sizes. Hollister & Merrill are agents for the celebrated Columbia Bicycle, upon which many of our younger business men are becoming expert riders. They have sold a dozen of these elegant machines during the fair.

HOME MADE FURNITURE.

The exhibit of Messrs. G. Shindler & Co., 166 First and 167-169 Front streets, Portland, Oregon, was the most complete and distinctive, of its kind, ever made in the Pacific Northwest. They deservedly received the gold medal at the Fair just closed for the excellence of their display. Every article of furniture in the extensive exhibit was of home manufacture and for excellence of construction and workmanship bore more than favorable comparison with foreign made goods. By their enterprise in developing facilities for home manufacture these gentlemen have shown a true regard for the development and welfare of this section of the country. They keep thousands of dollars at home, which would otherwise be spent in Eastern manufacturing centers. A large number of men are employed at the manufactory at Willsburg, all of whom, with their families, have been made residents of Oregon and spend their money here, solely through the enterprise of this firm. These facts alone, apart from the consideration of excellent workmanship and finish, entitle Messrs. Shindler & Co. to the liberal patronage of the people of this section. Remember the address, 166 First and 167-169 Front streets, Portland, Oregon.

LIGHTNING RUG MACHINE.

After waiting patiently for a bevy of ladies to investigate the merits of this wonderful and new factor in household decoration, the scribe at last obtained audience with Mr. Charles Peake, who kindly volunteered the following facts concerning the invention: By aid of this machine you can work a rug in a day, the manufacture of which, with a hook alone, would require a week of labor at least. It works rags or yarn, and a child 10 years old can operate it. In addition to this, lap robes, tidies, stair carpets, hoods, mittens, etc., can be made with it.

"Our firm also cuts and furnishes material for crazy quilts," resumed Mr. Peake, "such as satin, silk and plush pieces of all imaginable shades, designs and colors. The price for this class of goods varies from 15 cents per dozen pieces up. Any one can have a rug machine sent postpaid for \$1.25. We want agents in every town on the Pacific Coast for this machine and rug pattern. Parties can send for catalogue and terms to Chas. Peake & Co., 209 Kearney st., San Francisco, Cal."

MITCHELL, LEWIS & CO.'S EXHIBIT.

The display of this firm, though not entered for competition, attracted fully as much attention as any other exhibit in Machinery Hall. Farmers especially were attracted by the many excellent points of the celebrated and well known "Mitchell Wagon," while the "Racine Road Cart" was pronounced by all comers as the most complete and perfect vehicle of its kind on the market. The Mitchell Wagon is rapidly gaining a well deserved reputation for strength and durability, as the combination of wood and iron employed in its construction is based upon common sense principles and an intimate knowledge of practical mechanism. The Racine Road Cart is noted for its excellent combination of strength and beauty. The body being hung entirely independent of the shaft dispenses with the great objectionable feature in other carts, viz: horse motion. The famous Caution Clipper Plows were also a prominent feature of this exhibit. Those interested should address Mitchell, Lewis & Co., 192 and 194 Front street, Portland Oregon.

THE WEST SHORE.

ARTIFICIAL STONE AS A BUILDING MATERIAL.

The Scientific American of September 15, 1883, has an article on artificial stone which is so exhaustive in its researches as to challenge the admiration of every intelligent reader. It quotes the Encyclopedia Britannica as proof of the antiquity and almost prehistoric origin of the manufacture of artificial stone. In Scotland, Ireland and Wales it has been found that the most durable material of those old "castles of the gallant clans" is concrete, in which small cobble stones were imbedded to form a solid piece of masonry. The Moors have left samples of their artificial stone inwrought upon the rock of Gibraltar, which have successfully withstood the storms of ten centuries. The Colosseum of Rome, the cisterns of Solomon and the five courses of Cyclopean masonry at Jerusalem all furnish evidence of the durability of stone made by the hands of man. Scientists have suggested that the pyramids were mainly built of artificial blocks manufactured on the spot from the sands of the surrounding plain, by some cunning process which has perished with the builders. Coming down to a more recent period the article mentions the walls of Santo Domingo, the Vane Aqueduct in France, the lighthouse at Port Said, in Egypt, an entire Gothic church at Vesinet, near Paris, the residence of George A. Ward, Esq., at New Brighton, Staten Island, and numerous other structures, as instances of the adaptability and durability of artificial stone to the purposes of architecture.

It is upon such eminent authority that the manufacture of artificial stone has been resumed in this century of progress and enlightenment, and it is gratifying to know that Portland in her gigantic strides in all that renders civilization a blessing as not overlooked this feature. The Oregon Artificial Stone Company of Portland, Oregon, attracted as much of the public attention to their display at the Mechanics' Fair as did any other feature of the exhibition. The flooring tile, cornice, ornamental designs, sewer and other pipe, challenged the wonder and admiration of all observers. In an interesting chat with Mr. W. A. Middleton, the manager, that gentleman said:

"The people are somewhat apt to condemn artificial stone, simply because they don't know anything about it, whereas, if they understood the chemical construction of our goods and would interest themselves sufficiently to 'read up' on the subject, they would discover that artificial stone, like the common sandstone, will harden with exposure. Take Tennessee marble, for instance; any one who is posted knows that when it is first quarried it can be cut with a knife, but exposure to atmospheric influences soon hardens it."

"How about its cheapness as compared with natural stone?"

"For cut work, facings, etc., it is about half as expensive, but for ornamental work, such as entablatures, columns and cornices, it is, in the majority of cases, about 75 per cent. cheaper. As a rule, this class of work is but a series of repetitions in design, and, as the main cost in connection with artificial stone is the making of the patterns, duplicates are made at a nominal expense."

"I should think that artificial stone would be especially adapted to cemetery work?"

"So it is. Cemetery work is something that should be done cheaply as well as neatly. We manufacture an endless curbing to go all around the plat, and also headstones and other ornaments in any design that may be required."

"Have you other specialties?"

"Oh, yes. Sewer pipes and pipes for conveying water form important items of manufacture with us. We claim for our sewer pipe, first, that there are no obstructions at the joints where the sections come together; second, that it makes one continuous smooth pipe on the inside, after being laid, and lastly, that it is cheaper than the iron stone pipe. Another important feature with us is the manufacture of flooring tile, which has hitherto had to be imported, and we anticipate that within a short time this item of the business will assume no mean proportions. Our business has improved to such an extent that we are now under negotiations for a block of ground in the city, where we will erect shops and manufacture on an extensive scale, our present works out on the macadamized road being too small. Who are the officers of the company? C. D. Bates is the president, James Steel, secretary, and your humble servant manager. City headquarters are at 26 Washington street."

A list of manufactures: Artificial stone for walks, drives, pavements of all kinds, sewers, cisterns, garden ornaments, building stone, cemetery work, carriage steps, hitching blocks, fountains, chimney pipe, chimney tops, etc.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS.

The display of Messrs. Henrichsen & Greenberg, manufacturing jewelers, was elegant in the extreme. A profusion of jewelry of a wonderful variety of beautiful designs was exhibited, and was the object of constant admiration. These gentlemen are enterprising and honorable business men, and customers can rely confidently upon their representations of the character of all goods purchased in their elegant salesroom, No. 149 First street. They are the only manufacturing jewelers in this region, and carry also an unrivaled stock of imported goods.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR SPORTSMEN.

Perhaps the finest display of sporting goods ever made on the Pacific Coast was that furnished from the extensive establishment of Wm. Beck & Son, 165 and 167 Second st., between Morrison and Yamhill

streets. Occupying an exceedingly advantageous position for the display of goods on the Third st. side of the gallery, it was eagerly sought out by the Nimrods, both young and old, who, in true sportsmanlike parlance, discussed the various advantages of the several wonderful inventions embraced in the exhibit. The unanimity of opinion expressed in favor of this gun or that rifle must have been exceedingly gratifying to the exhibitors as well as complimentary to their capability in the management of a business which, from a small beginning, has reached stupendous proportions. The growth of the firm has kept pace with the wonderful development of this heaven-favored section of the mundane sphere, and strict integrity combined with an apt perception as to the needs of their trade have been no unimportant factors in placing these gentlemen in the lead, and almost above competition, in their particular line of business.

"What are your leaders?" queried the inquisitive man of letters of a member of the firm.

"Oh, we have several," was the affable reply. "As, for instance, Winchester's repeating rifles, Ballard & Martin's and Remington rifles. A great favorite with sportsmen is our J. P. Clabrough & Bro. fine breech-loading shotgun, including their perfect hammerless trap gun. These people are makers of the finest shotguns in the world."

"I notice a large variety of ingenious arrangements for cultivating the acquaintance of fowl that are unfortunate enough to possess nomadic habits."

"Well, yes," was the smiling rejoinder, "this folding decoy for ducks and geese is especially popular. In other lines our Magnetic razor is attracting especial attention. No thanks necessary. Good day."

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Attracted by the sweet strains of one of Chopin's nocturnes, THE WEST SHORE representative, whose savage breast is susceptible of the soothing process popularly attributed to the charms of music, strolled over to D. W. Prentice's exhibit at the Third st. end of the gallery. Here a Weber grand piano, a Western Cottage organ and Estey organ, and a Prentice piano, loomed up prominently, flanked by an extensive display of musical instruments of every conceivable make and variety. The full and mellow tone of the Weber piano resounded above the din of the vast concourse, while the music of the Prentice piano, an instrument made under the direction of Portland's leading dealer in musical instruments, proved its value. The Western Cottage organ, for which Mr. Prentice is agent, will prove a handsome and valuable addition to any household, and for true finish and general excellence will compare favorably with any organ now in use. Mr. Prentice, with the skill of a true artist, has arrayed his materials in such a manner that they command the admiration of all beholders. Finding the genial gentleman at his stand explaining the strength of construction which characterizes the celebrated Prentice piano to a number of ladies, the scribe commenced:

"By the way, Mr. Prentice, how long have you been in the music business in Portland?"

"Let me see," said he, meditatively; "oh, about nine years."

"You must have sold quite a number of pianos in that length of time?"

"Well, yes, quite a few. Anywhere from 800 to 1,000 would about hit the mark, I should judge."

"I notice that you have quite an extensive stock of sheet music at your store, 108 First street?"

"It is rather extensive. I am the only dealer in Portland who has a complete line of copyrighted sheet music, as well as all American and foreign publications."

PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE.

The largest and finest collection of plain and ornamental penmanship ever seen at the Mechanics' Fair, or in the Northwest is exhibited by the Portland Business College. The display consists of plain writing, card writing, flourishing, lettering, pen drawing and engrossing, and the marvelous skill shown in its execution affords proof to the most casual observer of the superior excellence of the penmanship department of that school. But this is not all. The institution is a so well prepared to educate young men and women for commercial pursuits, by giving to them thoroughly practical education and business training. This is done, too, in the shortest time possible consistent with a perfect understanding of the work undertaken, and at comparatively slight expense. The course of studies includes such branches as must be used in every-day life, no matter what the occupation may be, and the instruction is given in such a manner as to have long since gained for the school, both at home and abroad, a first-class reputation. The Portland Business College is an institution of which the city of Portland feels justly proud, and is spoken of by all in terms of praise. We are personally acquainted with the principal, Mr. A. P. Armstrong, and know him to be a man of superior attainments, and one of the most successful instructors on the Pacific Coast. THE WEST SHORE heartily endorses all that is said in favor of the school, and commends it to its army of readers as an institution of much worth and true merit.

THAT OREGON WATCH.

"Yes, sir, I am one of the Butterfields," said about as splendid a specimen of the highest grade of mechanics of which the land of the free and home of the brave boasts so many, in response to an inquiry; "and this time piece that you see is the first watch ever manufactured in Oregon. It is full jewelled—that is, contains 15 jewels and has 18,000 beats to the hour. You will understand by this that it belongs to

the quickest trained class of watches. All the component parts of the watch, such as wheels, pinions, escapement, balance, plates, dial, screws and hands were made by us."

"What are your specialties, Mr. Butterfield?"

"Our specialty is watch repairing for the trade. We also carry a line of the celebrated Whitcomb watchmakers' lathes."

"How about your jewelry and engraving departments?"

"Those branches of our business are in the hands of Mr. G. Castendieck, who is well known in this section."

"You have been in Portland quite a number of years, have you not?"

"We have been established here since November 1, 1879. Our present quarters are at 162½ First st., up stairs, where we are always pleased to greet visitors, and any persons who have been prevented from attending the Mechanics' Fair will be cheerfully shown the pioneer watch of Oregon."

"You are rather proud of that 'Oregon' watch, I should venture to assert," hazarded the reporter.

"Well, rather so," and with this Mr. Butterfield's countenance assumed a decidedly pleased expression. "You see some of our competitors, so called, have advanced the theory that we did not make that 'Oregon' watch ourselves; but we can produce indisputable proof of the fact, whenever it becomes necessary to do so, and that makes the galled jade's wince."

The man with the Faber lingered a few moments longer to admire the tastefully arranged exhibit of the Messrs. Butterfield, and then went down stairs to view the truly royal display fathered by

GOLDSMITH & LOEWENBERG.

Manufacturers of stoves and ranges and importers of metals, 84 and 86 Front st., Portland, Or. Occupying an immense space just under the North Gallery, in the main hall, this exhibit attracted more attention from the housewives of the Pacific Northwest than any other display in the Pavilion. Difficult, indeed, would be the task of endeavoring to reproduce the exclamations of delight that arose to the sweet matronly lips at sight of this complete array of everything that is necessary to equip the culinary department of a well ordered household. These gentlemen are the only manufacturers of stoves to any important extent on the Pacific Coast.

"We turn out a carload of stoves daily," said Mr. Loewenberg, in answer to an inquiry. "or, in other words, just 100 stoves per diem. We also manufacture copper, iron and tin goods, employing about thirty hands, and turning out about \$50,000 worth of goods in this line per annum. I presume that we are the largest importers of metals on the Pacific Coast. Our trade extends as far East as Missoula and throughout this entire Western country."

THE PACIFIC BOTTLING CO.

"How does our bottled Gambrinus beer compare with Eastern bottled beers?" said Mr. Louis Rothschild, the well known and popular manager of this institution to the inquisitive scribe. "Well, I can hardly call that a fair question, to the Eastern men especially, as our facilities for handling the Pacific Coast trade are so far superior to theirs, as to defy competition. The distance is too great for them and as we save retailers the immense item of freight the result is self-apparent. The beer we bottle is brewed by the Salvator process from Bohemian hops and Chevalier barley and contains neither aloe, nor any other chemicals. It is pure and healthy, its tonic properties being strictly vegetable in their character. We are ready and willing to submit our wares to the most severe chemical analysis. Our establishment, the largest of its kind on the Pacific Coast, is now taxed to the utmost limit of its capacity and we will have to enlarge soon. We received the first premium at the Fair just closed. Our address is 211 Fourth street, Portland, Oregon."

A. ANDERSON & CO.

Among the most interesting displays at the pavilion was that of A. Anderson & Co., No. 106 Front street. Their specimens of lithographic engraving attracted particular attention and evidenced the fact that Portland is becoming more and more independent of extraneous resources. In lithographic engraving Messrs. Anderson & Co. take the lead in Oregon's metropolis and are now in a position to execute work which has hitherto had to be ordered, either from Chicago or San Francisco. As job and artistic printers they compare more than favorably with the establishments of larger commercial centers. Anything from a small hand bill to an immense circus poster, plain or colored, can be procured at their establishment, at prices that cannot fail to prove satisfactory. Much credit is due these gentlemen for the energy and enterprise that has characterized their business career in Portland, resulting in an increase of facilities second to none on the Pacific Coast. Their lithographic department is complete in every detail and work entrusted to them will be executed in the very best style.

WILZINSKI BROS. & CO.

Corner Front and Alder streets, manufacturers of the famous "Kicker" and other noted brands of cigars, make one of the most interesting displays in the fair. Their exhibition of Leaf Tobacco from the principal tobacco growing regions of the world is in itself worthy of special attention, and should be examined by everybody; besides which they make a fine display of all the different brands of cigars which they manufacture. Wilzinski Bros. & Co. is the only exclusively wholesale cigar house in Portland, and a visit to their place of business will repay parties wishing to purchase goods in their line.

THE WEST SHORE.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

To the music lovers in particular, and the public in general, as they ascended to the gallery at the Third street end of the main hall, the display made by Messrs. Kohler & Chase in the southwest corner of the gallery was a never-failing delight. Never, in the history of the Mechanics' Fair Association, has such an exhibit as this graced the pavilion. In extent, variety, grouping and artistic arrangement, the musician and artist, however capricious, could find no cause for criticism. If the shades of Bach, Beethoven, Gluck, Spohr, Mozart or Mendelssohn could have hovered near this bazaar, how their souls must have revelled over the nineteenth century wonders embraced in it. How unlike the ancient spinnet that Decker Bros.' concert grand or Behr Bros.' upright grand!

Messrs. Kohler & Chase may with justice be termed the leading music house on the Pacific Slope. In comparison with others they stand like an immense wholesale house in comparison with a corner grocery. Their facilities are such that the greater portion of the trade in this section look to them for supplies, and, as a consequence, they are enabled to furnish the consumer at a much closer figure. In other words, it is the principle of a large trade justifying a smaller margin of profits. Then again, Messrs. Kohler & Chase can claim the honor of being the oldest established music house on the Coast, as their business was started over thirty years ago. Their leading piano is the Decker Brothers', pronounced by Mme. Rivé-Kin to be the most perfect instrument in the world. The beauty of this piano lies in the fact that the same rich singing quality of tone is found in all the styles made, varying in fullness and power only. This tone is peculiar to the Decker Brothers' instruments and is easily distinguished from that of any other make by its brilliant purity, warmth, delicacy and expanding power. In action, that great requisite in a well made piano, the Decker Brothers' leads the world. In exterior finish, an equal degree of beauty and excellence characterizes this great instrument. Then we have the Behning & Son's, which closely contests the field with the best pianos of the day. The Behning pianos unite every advantage of the best pianos produced, containing every improvement of accepted merit which has made its appearance since the development of the art of piano making. Among the special improvements of the Behning pianos are the over-strung bass, the patented shoulder agraffe attachment, the patented concave name board, the veneered bridge, the patented sounding board and the patented music rack for upright pianos. The Emerson, Fischer Bros. and Behr Bros. closes the list of most notable makes represented by Messrs. Kohler & Chase. In organs, the well known name of Mason & Hamlin and Chase head the list handled by this house. Mason & Hamlin have taken the lead all over the world, they being "furnishers to the principal courts of Europe." This fact covers a whole volume of arguments. Before leaving the piano and organ departments, it may be of interest to note that one of the Behr Brothers was, for a number of years, foreman in Steinway's piano manufactory in the city of New York. The Behr Bros.' piano is sold at less than two-thirds the price of the Steinway. In closing this article it is out necessary to state to musicians and the public that Messrs. Kohler & Chase import and deal in, wholesale and retail, brass band instruments, violins, guitars, accordeons, flutes, banjos, sheet music books, stools, covers, strings and all kinds of musical merchandise.

THE IRON MEN.

Standing at the Second street entrance of Machinery Hall one afternoon, when the huge witnesses of man's inventive genius were lying silent and powerless, the peripatetic WEST SHORE man was rather startled by a sudden whirl and buzzing, and presto! the inanimate masses of iron, steel and brass appeared to be imbued with life. This induced a spirit of retrospection and the mind went back to the days of Franklin, when a hearty grasp of the hand and a still heartier "How are you?" brought the scribe back to the more practical present. The greeting came from Mr. W. B. Honeyman, of the firm of John Honeyman & Co., the well known iron founders of Portland.

"By the way, Mr. Honeyman," said the member of the fourth estate, "your firm furnishes this power, does it not?"

"Yes," was the reply, "we are furnishing the motive power this year, and have done so ever since the association has occupied this pavilion. From the amount of power used at this year's fair we find that a sixty-horse power boiler is taxed to its utmost capacity to do the work. The engine, which is sixty-horse power also, the boiler and the shafting are all of our make."

"Indeed! Well, that reminds me that the present is about as good an opportunity as may be offered for getting a brief sketch of your house. So you might as well succumb gracefully, Mr. Honeyman."

"All right," was the good-natured rejoinder. "The firm of John Honeyman & Co. consist of my father, whose name is at its head, John A., L. B. F. and W. B., all Honeymans. We started about twelve years ago in a little shop with twenty-five feet frontage at our present location on the southwest corner of Front and Columbian streets. Our frontage has increased somewhat since then, as we now cover 150 feet and besides have lots of power in the second and third stories of our new brick structure on the corner above."

"How many hands do you employ?"

"When running full-hand-d. we muster about sixty."

"Your business is that of general foundrymen, is it not?"

"Yes, we do all kinds of work included under that head, such as the manufacture of engines, grist and saw mills and building fronts. We have constructed some of the principal fronts in the city, as for instance the Lewis and Flanders' front on North Front, between C and D streets, Reed & Dekum's building on North Front, between A and B streets, the Labbe Bros.' structure on Second and Washington streets, and number as others. We also do blacksmithing, boiler making, etc. I presume that we made the largest fire-box boiler, that on the steamer Mountain Queen, ever manufactured on this coast, north of San Francisco. Steamboat work has fallen to our share to quite an extent since we started business in 1872."

"How are you stocked this season?"

"Oh, pretty well. We have a full line of engines, boilers and sawmills from six-horse powers up and our line of pulleys and shafting already manufactured, for variety and extent, can't be touched by any other establishment in this city."

H. P. GREGORY & CO.

The principal exhibit in Machinery hall, a partial reproduction of which will be found among the engravings contained in this number of THE WEST SHORE, was that of Messrs. H. P. Gregory & Co., No. 5 North Front street, Portland, Oregon. No finer display of goods in this line has ever been made on the Pacific Coast. It reflected great credit upon the energy and enterprise of the firm, and, from the strict impartiality with which each line of goods represented was classified, the Eastern manufacturers should feel gratified at having their interests placed in such competent hands. Messrs. Gregory & Co. are the most extensive importers and dealers in machinery and supplies on the Pacific Coast, and their facilities and volume of business grow apace with each year. In machinery they represent the leading Eastern manufactures, and include the best makes of engines, boilers, etc. They are sole agents on the Pacific Coast for Henry Disston & Son's, of Philadelphia, celebrated natural and inserted tooth saws. A cut of the Oregon chisel tooth saw is noticeable in this number. This saw is fast superseding all others, as it has many advantages over other tooth saws. Engines and boilers of any desirable horse power are constantly kept on hand, as is also a large variety of steam pumps, injectors, water wheels, blowers and exhaust fans. The following is a cursory resume of the line of machinery and supplies kept by Messrs. Gregory & Co.: Wood working machinery, engines, saw mills, injectors, flour mill machinery, steam pumps, governors, hose and packing, oils and lubricants, machinist's tools, boilers, mining machinery, saws, water wheels, belting, blowers, exhaust fans, steam gauges, files, etc. Messrs. Gregory & Co. are to be congratulated upon the fact that an acknowledgment of their being the leading house, in this line, was the recipient of the gold medal at the fair.

PACIFIC METAL WORKS.

The display of metals presided over by Messrs. Morrow & Strong of No. 48 North Second street, Portland, Oregon, was one of the most interesting in the pavilion. The exhibit included, among their importations, pig lead, pig tin, antimony, ingot copper, bolt copper, zinc, tern roofing plate and galvanized iron, and among their manufactures, genuine babbit, extra babbit, No. 1 babbit, No. 2 babbit, No. 3 babbit, extra solder, No. 1 solder, wiping solder, bar lead, bar tin, strip lead, type metal and stereotype metal. This is the only firm on the Pacific Coast that makes the manufacture of white metals a specialty. A specialty is also made of manufacturing solder for printing factories, furnishing it cut in any size, or in wire or bar.

"We have been established since 1876," said one of the Messrs. Morrow. "Our San Francisco house has an extensive trade among the canneries in San Francisco, San Jose Sacramento and Los Angeles, while the Portland house supplies the Columbia River, British Columbia and Fraser River trade, and as far north as Alaska."

OPERA \$310.

"The opera at \$310 is the scheme that meets with general approval, and don't you fail to remember it," exclaimed Wiley B. Allen as the gigantic form of THE WEST SHORE faber shover approached the neat and elegant display, presided over by the popular W. B. A.

"There is a delightful pungency about your remark, but I fail to grasp it in its entirety," said the scribe.

"Why, it means that at my music store, 153 Third street, in this city, I am selling the Opera piano at the introductory price of \$310. People can hardly credit it when they hear the superior tone of the instrument. The Opera piano is inferior to none and discounts many an instrument that is sold for 50 per cent. more money."

"How is business with you in your other departments?"

"In sheet music I supply all teachers and dealers in the Pacific Northwest. Business has steadily increased with me and is as good now, notwithstanding the general depression, as during the great boom."

A TOOTHsome ITEM.

The most popular man at the pavilion was C. G. Staples, whose candier, a great portion of which were manufactured on the premises, were eagerly sought after by every one who had a "sweet tooth." Mr. Staples is rapidly taking the lead in his line in Portland, Oregon, and those desirous of securing bargain in this line should not fail to address him, corner Fourth and Morrison streets, in this city.

THE IMPROVED CHICAGO LAMP.

This lamp produces from any test of kerosene oil a pure white steady light of fifty-candle power. It has the brilliancy of two gas jets at one-seventh the cost. The light of six ordinary lamps is eclipsed by one improved New Chicago lamp. Hence it is claimed for this lamp that the problem of obtaining a brilliant light at a small cost is effectually solved. The lamp by the laws of nature is positively non-explosive. It cannot break or smoke a chimney. The lamps burn at a cost of 1/2 cent per hour. An ordinary chimney can be used. The brilliant and steady light produced by these lamps is because of their peculiar construction, the main principle being a double draft; the outer air tube giving abundant supply of oxygen, which is necessary to secure perfect combustion (and thereby burning poisonous matter which escapes in other lamps) and the inner or "spreader" air tube steadying the flame and preventing its coming into contact with the chimney. The test of light made by a prominent authority is given as follows:

Ordinary lamps.....	8 to 11 candle power
Gas lamps.....	20 candle power
Improved New Chicago Lamp.....	52 1/2 candle power

Joseph Thibien & Co., 211 Fourth street, P. O. Box 124, are sole agents for the Pacific Coast.

SPAULDING'S CHISEL BIT SAW.

Mr. W. J. Speck, the wide-awake agent for these famous inserted tooth saws, was on hand and untiring in his efforts to explain the advantages embraced in the new chisel bit. Mr. Spaulding has hit on the right man for the right place, and if his claims for the saws can be substantiated, of which fact there can be no doubt, they will supersede all other saws in the large mills of this country. A single set of bits will cut from 110,000 to 150,000 feet of lumber, and as they are the cheapest bits in the market, their general use must follow as an inevitable result. In fact, nearly all the large mills on Puget Sound will use none other. Mr. Speck is to be complimented upon his success at the Mechanics' Fair, as by his concise and pointed explanations of the invention he never failed to secure the attention of a large number of auditors. Messrs. Parke & Lacy, of this city, should be applied to for further information.

CLARKE'S CIDER PRESS.

The Portland Iron Works' cider press, Clarke's patent, attracted a great share of the public attention, it being the most economical and practical of the presses in use. It has a greater attached of the latest improved make and will eventually take the lead among the farmers of the Pacific Northwest. It will pay those interested to write to the Portland Iron Works, Thirteenth and N streets, Portland, Oregon, for further information concerning this cider press.

Young Men! Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT COMPANY, of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year; 224 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you eat, wear, or use, with. These books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—8 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

NEIMEYER,



No. 127 FIRST STREET, Portland, Or.



We buy all our goods at The Farmers and Mechanics Store, - The only strictly
One Price House in Portland.

THE WEST SHORE.

UNITED CARRIAGE & BAGGAGE TRANSFER CO



Cor. Second and Stark Sts.
PORTLAND-OR.

Note! To Ladies.
FOR SAFETY AND CONVENIENCE WE
SEND FOOTMEN WITH CARRIAGES TO
• MAKE CALLS •

• WE CHECK BAGGAGE •
AT YOUR RESIDENCE
• FOR ANY DESTINATION •

THE WEST SHORE.

CHAS. H. DODD & CO.,

Front, First and Vine Streets, Portland, Oregon,

-IMPORTERS OF-

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL AND FARM MACHINERY.

SOLE AGENTS

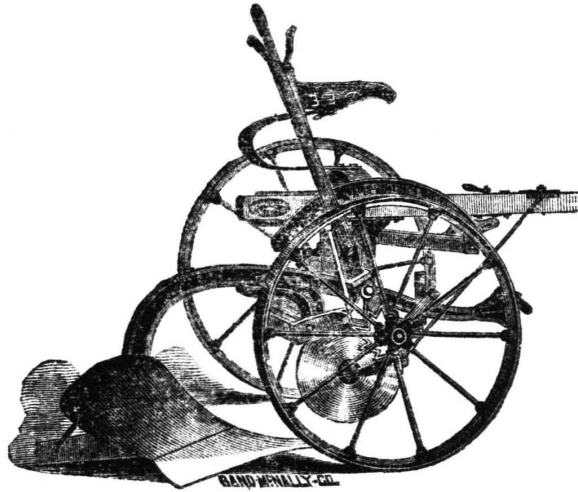
John Deere's Plows,

Walking Plow

(of the latest improved pattern),

Gang Plows,

Sulky Plow.



The Deere Power Lift

IS THE

Cheapest Sulky Made.

It costs more to build it, and takes more money to buy it, than any other Sulky, but it will last longer and give better satisfaction than any other.

Of the recent tests a Walking Plow, cutting 80 cubic inches, had 324 pounds actual draft. A Sulky Plow cut 80 cubic inches with only an actual draft of 292 pounds.

We are also Agents for the Superior Seed Drills, Superior Broadcast Seeders.

All our Superior Drills, also Broadcast Seeders, have grass seed attachments, and are complete with neck-yoke, double-trees, etc., and are positive force-feed.

Sole Agents for Schuttler Farm Wagons, which have stood the test for half a century.

Smith's Farm Wagons, Lawrence & Chapin Spring-Tooth Harrows, Deere Harrows, Corbin Steel-Disc Rolling Harrows, Challenge Feed Mills, Pacific Fanning Mills, Haish Barbed Wire, etc.

HALL'S SAFES. CALIFORNIA POWDER.

Send for Special Circulars and Price List.

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY!

To introduce our new Catalogue of all kinds of Sheet Music, Music Books and Musical Instruments in every family having a piano or organ, we make this great offer. On receipt of 10c. to pay postage, wrapping, etc., we will send free 5 complete pieces of Vocal and Instrumental Music, full sheet music size (11½x13 inches), elegantly printed on the finest heavy music paper. Just out and guaranteed to be very pretty. They retail at all music stores for \$2. We want every lover of Music in the world to take advantage at once of this, the greatest offer ever made to buyers of music.

WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., Publishers,
842 and 844 Broadway, New York.

Gossamer Garments Free!

To introduce "Happy Days," our new 16-page illustrated Magazine, we will send free to any lady sending 26c. in stamps for 3 months' subscription, 2 Ladies' full size Waterproof Gossamer Garments, with catalogue of other rubber goods, provided they will show them to their friends and induce other sales. Address Pubs. Happy Days, Hartford, Conn.

BENJ. P. CHENEY ACADEMY.

J. W. Dow, Principal; Mrs. J. A. C. Merriman and Mrs. E. F. Tucker, Assistants.

A first class graded school for both sexes, including a normal course under a Board of Teachers of long experience in the East. Three terms of 12 weeks each.

Rates of Tuition: Primary, per term, \$6.50; Common English, per term, \$9.50; Higher English, \$10.50; Language, each, extra, \$2; Instrumental Music, \$13. Payable in advance.

For further particulars address J. W. Dow, Cheney, W. T.; Hon. D. F. Percival, Cheney, W. T.; Geo. J. W. Sprague, Tacoma, W. T.; Rev. G. H. Atkinson, Portland, Or. GEO. H. ATKINSON, Secretary.

The Bishop Scott Grammar School.

A boarding and day school for boys. The seventh year under its present management began September 2. Boys successfully fitted for college or for business. Five resident and three visiting teachers. Discipline strict. For further information, and for catalogue containing list of former pupils, address J. W. HILL, M. D., Portland, Or.

P. O. Drawer 17.

HOW TO PRESERVE A VOLUME OF THE WEST SHORE.



So many of our subscribers desire to preserve their copies of THE WEST SHORE, but find much difficulty in doing so, that we have provided COMMON SENSE BINDERS, adapted to the present size of the magazine, to hold a year's numbers, bound in full cloth, with "The West Shore" beautifully stamped in gold on the outside cover. Aiming to place these within the reach of every reader, we have decided to send them, postage free, to any address, upon the receipt of \$1.

Address

THE WEST SHORE, Portland, Or.

THE ACME ELECTRIC BELT

Stands absolutely without a peer. A radical cure for all Nervous and Organic Disease, Debility, Nervous Prostration, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Spinal Trouble, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Seminal Weakness and many others.

Office at O. H. Meusdorffer's Hat Store,
151 Front St., Portland, Oregon.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

JOHN B. MILLER,

129 First Street, Portland, Or.,

Importer and Dealer in

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry,

Silver and Plated Ware,

Clocks and Spectacles.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.



STAGE LINE

FROM

DALLES to MITCHELL

-AND-

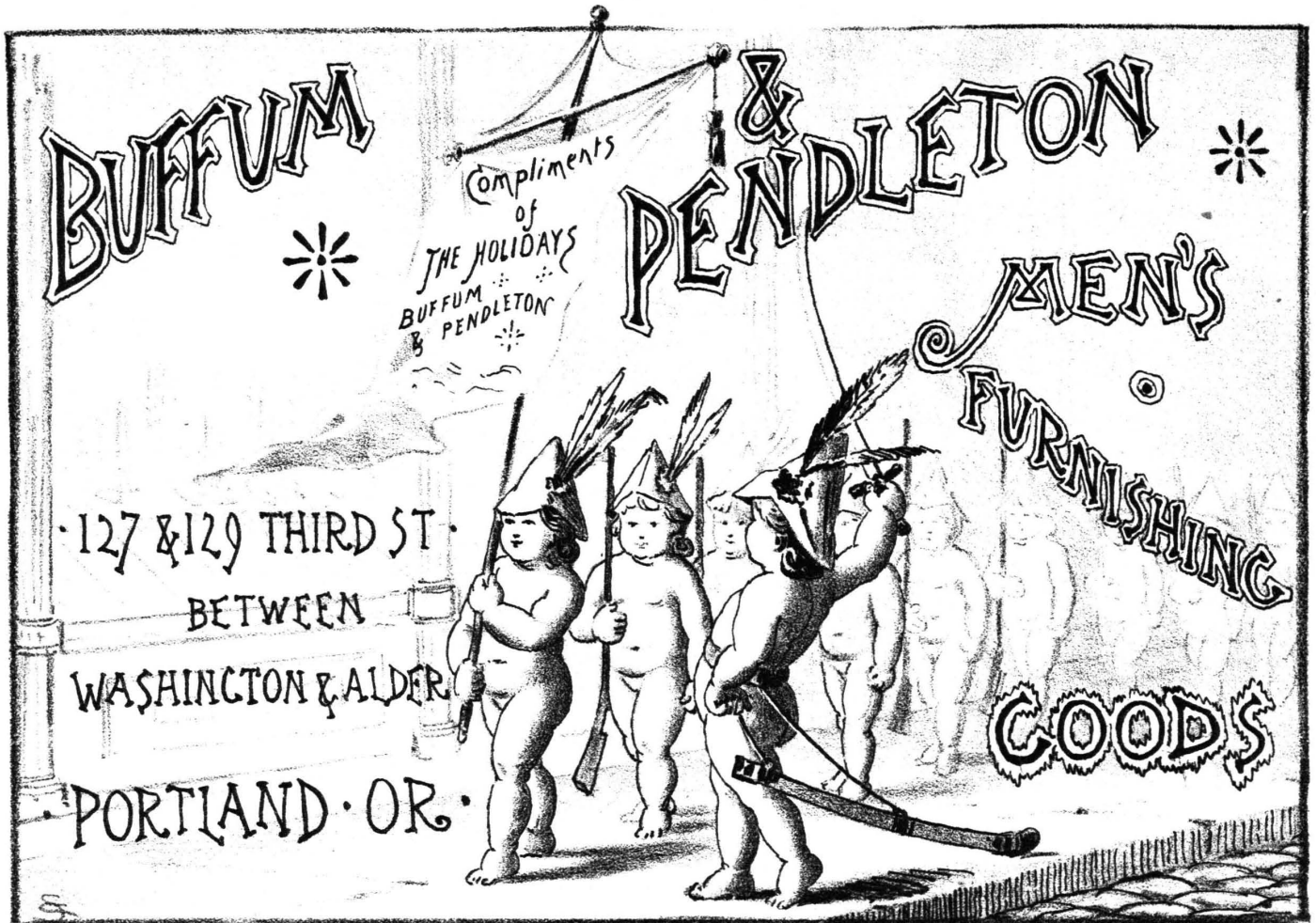
DALLES TO PRINEVILLE.

Stages leave Dalles at 4 a. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Schutz & McBean, Proprietors. N. B. Sinnott, Agent at The Dalles. Howard & Baldwin, Agents at Prineville.

TO DRUMMERS.

You can save time and money when you wish to cross from Pendleton to Walla Walla by going by stage to Adams; there take livery to Centreville and Weston. This arrangement will enable you to do Adams, Centreville and Weston in one day. Adams ask for IRA J. CROFUT'S Stage. We will put you through in first class style at living prices.

THE WEST SHORE.



A RARE CHANCE TO IMMIGRANTS OR INVESTORS!

A Farm of 760 Acres for only \$10,000,
AND ON EASY TERMS.

This excellent bargain is located in Yamhill County; ten minutes' walk to West Side train; good orchard; three barns, dwelling and outhouses, wells and brook. Of these 760 acres, all of which is excellent land,

125 ACRES ARE IN CULTIVATION.

Sixty-five acres fir, balance young oak timber.

Title perfect.

TERMS:

One-third down; balance, time to suit purchaser.

Address

A. S. WATT,
CARE WEST SHORE, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

OCEAN DIVISION.

Between Portland and San Francisco.

Fr'm Portland—Midnight.	Fr'm San Francisco—10 a.m.
Queen, Tuesday....Dec. 2	Columbia, Fri....Dec. 5
Oregon, Sunday....Dec. 7	Queen, Wednesday Dec. 10
Columbia, Friday. Dec. 12	Oregon, Monday....Dec. 15
Queen, Wednesday Dec. 17	Columbia, Satur...Dec. 20
Oregon, Monday....Dec. 22	Queen, Thursday...Dec. 25
Columbia, Satur...Dec. 27	Oregon, Tuesday...Dec. 30

Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing days.

RAIL DIVISION.

Transfer steamer connecting with Atlantic Express leaves Ash street wharf, Portland, daily at 5:30 p. m. Pacific Exp. arrives at Portland daily at 8:10 a. m.

Main Line Passenger Trains run daily, connecting at Wallula Junction for points on Northern Pacific Railroad.

Through Sleeping Cars—Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars between Portland and St. Paul.

Emigrant Trains leave East Portland at 6:30 a. m. and arrive at 7:10 p. m. daily.

Emigrant Sleepers are run through to St. Paul without change. Between Heron, Montana, and St. Paul emigrants are carried on Express trains.

MIDDLE COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION.

Daily, except Sunday. Boat leaves Portland for Dalles at 7 a. m. Boat arrives at Portland from Dalles at 5 p. m. Leaves Portland for Astoria at 6 a. m.

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION—EAST SIDE.

Between Portland and West Stayton, via O. & C. R. R. to Woodburn. Trains for West Stayton leave Portland at 7:30 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

For Brownsville (via Lebanon Junction) leave Portland at 4 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

WEST SIDE.

Between Portland, Sheridan and Airlie, via O. & C. R. R. to White's. Leave Portland at 9 a. m. Returning, leave Airlie for Portland at 6:35 a. m.

Freight for all points on Narrow Gauge Division will be received and forwarded by the O. & C. R. R., East and West Side Divisions, respectively.

General Offices, cor. Front and D Sts.

C. H. PRESCOTT, Manager.

A. L. STOKES, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agent.

A. L. MAXWELL, Ticket Agent, Portland.