

THE WEST SHORE.

Vol. 10.

Portland, Oregon, October, 1884.

No. 10.

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		Page
An Unmixed Evil.....	307	Newspaper Hyperbole.....	313
Ben Wright Massacre.....	314	Notes of the Northwest.....	336
Brazilian Diamond Mines.....	332	Oregon Dairy Products.....	335
Chronology of Events.....	338	Our Illustrations (Descriptive of the numerous Engravings).....	309
Editorial.....	307-308	Secret of Strange Noises.....	327
Electricity Ubiquitous.....	328	Something About Canals.....	320
Fireplace Ornaments.....	313	Stolen Public Lands.....	334
First Saw Mills.....	313	Tame Snakes: A True Story.....	331
Found in a Wagon Box.....	325	The Potato.....	328
Geese Are Profitable.....	328	Too Much Exaggeration.....	335
Goose Lake Valley, Oregon.....	335	What Damp Feet Mean.....	328
Marvelous Contrasts.....	334		
Missoula Gold Mines.....	335		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page		Page
Alaska—		Idaho—	
The Idaho in Glacier Bay.....	316	Fort Cœur d'Alene.....	315
British Columbia—		Oregon—	
Along the Fraser.....	324	Linkville.....	321
Across the Skuzzy.....	324	Link River.....	321
California—		Mount Hood.....	322
McLeod River Falls.....	316	Montana—	
Columbia River—		Rocky Canyon, near Bozeman.....	330
Iron Transfer Boat Tacoma.....	323	Washington—	
Crossing of Eagle Creek.....	329	Fort Canby.....	315
Rock Bluff.....	329	Mount Adams.....	322
Dakota—		Mount St. Helens.....	322
Bad Lands, Mauvaises Terres.....	330	Indian Encampment.....	323

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

THE Oregon State Fair was a disastrous failure, owing partially to a waning interest in these annual exhibitions. The people were far more interested in saving the large portion of their crops from threatened destruction than they were in exhibiting the small portion already harvested. Besides this, the directors seemed to labor under the impression that it was their duty to keep the fact that a fair was to be held a profound secret, and no one can accuse them of being unfaithful to their convictions. We need and can support a good State Fair, and Salem is the only proper place to hold it, but the directors must manage it in a more thorough and business-like manner to make it a success.

THERE have been rich discoveries of placer diggings in the Little Rockies, a range of mountains in Choteau County, Montana, and there seems to be a disposition displayed by certain newspapers of the Territory to work up a boom similar to the Cœur d'Alene stampede which cursed this country but a few months ago. We advise them to go very slow in this matter, even if absolutely certain—as they by no means are—of the value and extent of the new diggings. Otherwise they may have the sin upon their souls which now oppresses—or should if it does not—several over zealous papers of the Cœur d'Alene stripe. Such a stampede as was witnessed at the latter place would do Benton vastly more harm than good, and her citizens should not recklessly create it.

AN UNMIXED EVIL.

A pamphlet, from the pen of Mr. C. B. Carlisle, has recently been issued under the title, "What Readest Thou?" calling the attention of thinking men and women to the corrupting and debasing influence upon the rising generation exerted by the immoral and pernicious literature which covers the counters of our news dealers. Nothing in Mr. Carlisle's long career as a journalist has given him so extended a reputation, and brought him into such favorable notice among the better class of our citizens, as his efforts to cleanse the filthy stream flowing into the minds of the youth of our land. His pamphlet should have the widest circulation, and receive the thoughtful consideration of all fathers and mothers who would remove the snares set for the feet of their children. Do what they may, parents cannot wholly remove their children from these contaminating influences so long as the flaming pictures are posted up to catch the public eye, and the papers, with their poisonous contents, are hawked about the streets, thrust before the face of virtuous women and innocent children in railway cars, left lying on the ground or upon chairs and tables in private offices and places of public resort. Nothing but the absolute prohibition by the Legislature of the printing and sale of such a class of publications, with a penalty sufficient to render the statute effective, can be of avail to check this growing evil. The matter has been taken hold of vigorously in several States on the Atlantic Coast, and will be urged upon the Legislatures of Oregon and Washington during the next session of those bodies. Every journalist who believes that the people, and especially the young, whose minds are as plastic clay, receiving lasting impressions from everything with which they come in contact, should be supplied with clean and wholesome reading, should do his part in arousing the community in which he lives to the deep gravity of this subject. Mr. Carlisle says:

Unless you have narrowed in your own mental activities, unless you have lost interest in the welfare and up-building of the race, you cannot remain an apathetic spectator in the presence of such a monstrous evil. When you learn, as you must in any investigation of the subject, what vast sewers of impure thought are running beneath our social life, how much of the morally poisonous gases these sewers are emitting into our homes, your intellectual and moral sense will be outraged. When you come to realize that the youth of the land; youth of both sexes; those in the formative period of life; those who are coming on to mould opinion and sentiment, are made the chief objective point of attack, well may you be alarmed. When you know that through the influence of these evil agencies hundreds and thousands have gone down from the coronal summits of a maiden's pure-heartedness to the basilar depths, where in the endless gloom and unlifting miasm of a polluted life no pure thing lives, is it not enough to fire the heart of every rational being against the men who in this way are coining souls into dollars and cents, who are putting honor and innocence under the minting die? Should it not be enough to make every decent man an unrelenting, untiring enemy of these moral Attilas? It is the colossal villainy of this day. Every attribute of the rational, order-loving, home-loving, children-loving man builds in the air an indignant protest against this merchandise of that which is best and most worthy in life. Language is too impoverished in its invective and withering quality to adequately denounce such a monstrous thing. No man can rise to a commensurate pitch of denunciation of the evil, and there were never alabaster boxes enough in the world to celebrate with fragrance the blighted characters and careers of the beings who

engage in it. The fearful environments of the ends of such careers will give pungency to the truth that, even in the most favoring conditions, the law of the Infinite cannot be violated with impunity. Is it not enough to array against the evil the reason, the moral sense and the practical effort of every right-thinking man in this land? Ought there not to be arrayed against it a public sentiment that, in its wholeness, includes the top and bottom and middle of society? There ought not to be any compromise; there must be radicalism here, if anywhere.

Now, a few words to the people of Oregon, and especially to the intelligent and moral portion of the citizens of Portland. You have in your midst a paper breathing weekly upon this city fumes as foul and poisonous as the worst of those which have aroused the parents of the East to an effort to protect their children from the immoral contagion. Like a deadly miasma, it penetrates through every barrier erected against it and defies all efforts to quarantine or disinfect it. Though a measure of protection can be thus secured, there is no effective safeguard but a complete removal of the cause of the contagion itself. That such a moral cancer should exist in our midst, and thrive upon the destruction of purity and morality, is a disgrace to the city of Portland. Lacking the gaudy and suggestive pictures of the *Police Gazette* and other wealthier, but no more corrupt or degrading, publications, its printed contents are sufficiently more nasty and impure to bring it down to the depths occupied by the lowest of them. Emanating from the brains of men who live in public and notorious immorality, it sketches pen pictures of the most revolting scenes, the greater portion of them purely imaginary, couched in repulsive and ungrammatical language, and then, with a hypocritical sigh, draws such a moral as Mephistopheles might upon the fall of Marguerite. It even mockingly calls upon the ministers of the gospel to aid it in suppressing the great immorality of the city, of the existence of which it certainly has the most direct and positive information, and is in itself the most convincing evidence. Of the tendency of such publications and the aim of such publishers, Mr. Carlisle says:

We are environed by the grandest civilization the world has ever known, and from the summit of Time's slow-building pyramid we exultingly watch this phenomenal growth and development. But what will it all be worth adown the years to come if the sentiment is to prevail that makes a surrender to the men who live by hunting virtue and honor and honesty down? What will it avail if we allow these enemies of the race to place the heart and soul morality of our children under the weight of temporal and eternal calamities? What if we by inaction defend the men who fill our homes with the subtle gases that eat away our children's hearts and brains; men who help most of all others to fill our jails and asylums, our penitentiaries, poor houses and dens of infamy. The victims lie in hospitals, grasp the iron bars of asylums, drift through the wide avenues and mere bridle-paths of life, and abide in the morgues of the morally dead. To-day these men are hewing persistently at the fair palace of conscience and morality, knowing the while that on its site would rise the pest-house of a universal brothel.

For the existence of such a sheet the business men are alone responsible. Without the financial support derived from its advertising columns its career would be a brief one. With its circulation chiefly in the slums of the city, sought after by gamblers and scarlet women, devoured by loafers and men who work only when compelled by the decree of necessity, and read hastily on the sly by the youth of both sexes, who fear to be observed in its perusal, it is difficult to conceive how an advertisement in its columns can be of the slightest value to a merchant in any legitimate line of trade; and even admitting that it has value, our business men owe it as a

duty to themselves, their children and the community at large, to withhold from it the patronage which enables it to live and taint the air with its impurities. Fear of invented scandalous stories, often threatened and hinted at to procure business, should not lead them to longer suffer this evil to exist. What possible injury can the vilest slander of such a sheet do to the character of a man who has lived an upright life and gained a reputation for integrity and morality during years of social intercourse and business dealings with his neighbors? It cannot have the slightest weight, and considerations of that character should not lead our business men to commit the crime—for it is a crime against their families and against civilization—of sustaining it in its degrading career. What will you do about it?

THERE is no denying the fact that National political campaigns are of vast injury to the general prosperity of the country. They encourage idleness; stir up strife and discontent; compel the expenditure of vast sums of money in utterly useless and unprofitable ways; encourage the corruption of a large class of people already possessing too low a standard of morals; dull the senses of the people to the heinousness of many offences, both political and moral; and by slanders manufactured by unscrupulous men, and repeated by better, but thoughtless, citizens, destroy our confidence in the men who administer our public affairs and stand in the front rank of our representative statesmen. For six months the people are consumed by a raging fever, whose effects linger long after the cause of excitement has died away, and are never fully eradicated from the national system. The millions of dollars wasted for political purposes, if invested in needed and useful enterprises, or added to the savings of the thousands of comparatively poor men who are led by contagious enthusiasm into excessive and needless expenditures, would add greatly to the material wealth and prosperity of the country, increase the sum total of happiness and contentment, and thus do much to guarantee the safety and perpetuity of our National Government. The easiest and most natural remedy, which is by no means a cure, but a partial alleviation, is a less frequent occurrence of these exciting periods; and to this measure of relief we will be ultimately impelled by force of circumstances.

THE Knights of Labor in British Columbia are criticising very severely the conduct of the Commission appointed by the Dominion Government to investigate the Chinese question. They charge that when the Commission visited Nanaimo they refused to hold a sitting at that place, the Knights being prepared to give strong anti-Chinese testimony; that they only sat a few hours in New Westminster; that in Victoria they listened to full pro-Chinese testimony, but when the Knights offered to give evidence on the other side they were told to "put it in writing" and send it to Ottawa. They have "put it in writing" in the shape of a long history of the Chinese in British Columbia, which document will be laid before the Dominion Parliament.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN preparing illustrations for the current number our artists have selected representative scenes from every State and Territory in the Northwest, including California, the Province of British Columbia and the newly created Territory of Alaska. In each Nature seems to have done her utmost to please the eye and captivate the senses. Everywhere, be it the swaying pines and singing waters of the Sierras; the fir forests that crown the summits of the Cascades; the broad fields of white that drape the barren sides of lofty Hood; the crags and canyons of the Rockies, or the verdant coast of Alaska, skirted by fields of floating ice, broken from the huge glaciers pushed seaward from the Borean regions of the interior, she has set her seal and calls upon man to admire the perfection of her handiwork. Go where you will throughout this broad expanse objects are found to excite the deepest admiration. Nor are they a monotonous repetition—to weary the eye and dull the awakened senses. No two are cast in the same mould, and the wealth of material commanded by the moulder has given us an endless variety of objects of grandeur, beauty and wonder. Mountain torrents and lovely valley streams; graceful waterfalls and grand cataracts, whose roar resounds for miles, and causes the very ground to tremble; spouting geysers and boiling springs; rocky peaks, timber-clad summit ridges and snow-draped mountain giants, whose white crowns aspire to pierce the zenith; rocky or timber-covered mountain ranges and green-carpeted valleys; great bays and inland seas; deep lakes and mirror-like mountain tarns; rivers rushing tumultuously between high canyon walls or spreading out into broad and peaceful estuaries; rocky promontories thrusting themselves far out into the ocean to do battle with the billows, and long, gracefully curving stretches of sandy beach, where the tides peacefully come and go, or the angry breakers, lashed into fury by the wind, rush impetuously up the gentle slope, until their force is exhausted in vain effort to find something to oppose them—such are the scenes, ever fresh and inspiring, which the traveler through the Great West has constantly revealed to him, appealing to his nobler nature, and lifting him, for the time, above the harassing cares and vexations of life.

* *

Army life in the Department of the Columbia is robbed of many of those hardships traditionally associated with the lot of a soldier. With a climate far from distressing at any season, with large and cleanly-kept barracks for the privates, and for the officers comfortable houses possessing all the requisites of a home, including the families of those who possess such military *impedimenta*, with a beautiful green-turfed parade ground and lovely surrounding landscapes, it would seem as though few complaints should be made. A glance at the engravings of Fort Canby and Fort Cœur d'Alene will give one a splendid idea of the character of our military posts, the latter being more typical in its style, since Fort Canby was compelled to accommodate itself to circumstances. A large, rectangular parade ground, as nearly level as

possible, and covered by a thick and closely cut turf, in the center of which rises the flagstaff, is surrounded by the houses of the officers, the barracks of the soldiers, hospital, guard house, gymnasium, etc., the whole presenting a highly pleasing appearance. The various posts have been selected with special reference to their convenient location for military purposes and the beauty of their surroundings. Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the department, stands on the north bank of the Columbia, on a bench sloping gently from the water's edge, and commands a fine view of the river, the Cascade Mountains and the kingly Mount Hood. Cœur d'Alene rests on the bank of that beautiful mountain lake, surrounded by the grand landscapes of the Cœur d'Alene Mountains. Fort Canby lies at the inside base of the promontory at the north side of the entrance to the Columbia River, known as "Cape Disappointment" or "Hancock." It is one of the regular attractions of that region, and is annually visited by the thousands who go every season to Ilwaco and North Beach to spend a few days at "the coast." Fort Walla Walla, a favorite cavalry post, stands on an elevated bench in the valley, at the very edge of the city of Walla Walla, back of which, in the evening, rise the purple and indigo summits of the Blue Mountains. Other posts, all of them in most beautiful locations, are Forts Boise, Lapwai, Klamath, Spokane, Colville, Adams and Townsend. The Twenty-first Infantry and Second Cavalry will never forget these beautiful homes they occupied so long, which will no doubt become ere long as dear to their successors, the First Cavalry and Fourteenth Infantry, to whose former stations in Montana and Nebraska our old friends have gone.

* *

The McLeod (usually and improperly spelled "McCloud") is one of the most beautiful streams of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and with Pit River forms the chief source of the Sacramento. The latter stream heads in Goose Lake, a large body of water lying along the California and Oregon boundary line, and is, in fact, the true source of the Sacramento, being much longer and larger above the point of junction than the branch which now bears the title of the main stream from its source at the base of the white-robed Shasta. In early years Pit River was called the "East Fork of the Sacramento," and it was up this stream that Fremont passed in the spring of 1846, and down which he returned a few weeks later on his way to inaugurate the campaign which wrested California from Mexico. Pit River received its name from the custom of the natives along its banks of digging pits in which to capture bear and deer, and even entrap strange warriors who might set hostile foot in their hunting grounds. The pits were dug in the regular trails made by animals, and were from twelve to fourteen feet deep and conical in shape, with a small opening at the top, which was covered with brush and dirt so carefully as to completely deceive the unpracticed eye. All loose dirt was removed and a trail made over the pit, near which signs, such as broken twigs, etc., were placed, that gave warning to members of the tribe of the location

of the dreaded pitfall. Sharpened stakes were sometimes set up in the bottom, upon which any object falling into the pit was certain to impale itself. The name is usually spelled "Pitt," the mistake arising from ignorance of its origin.

The McLeod, which flows along the eastern side of Mount Shasta, was named in memory of Alexander Roderick McLeod, the leader of the first party of trappers sent by the Hudson's Bay Company into California. In the spring of 1828 the party set out from Vancouver, and passed up the Willamette Valley, through Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, and across Siskiyou Mountain, following very closely the present route of travel by land from Oregon to California. They trapped very successfully on the various streams of Northern California until winter set in, when they became snowed in on the banks of this beautiful mountain stream. Three members of the company, the celebrated Tom McKay, Joe McLaughlin, son of the Chief Factor, and J. B. Pairroult, volunteered to go to Vancouver for supplies, an undertaking of peril in a region of which they were entirely ignorant. After much hardship and privation they succeeded in reaching headquarters on the Columbia by following up the eastern base of the Cascades to the Dalles. McLeod, however, was unable to await relief, since he could not by hunting procure a sufficient supply of food. Consequently he made a *cache* of his furs, and with the remainder of his company struggled through the deep snow of the mountains and made his way back to Vancouver. A party went out the following summer to secure the furs, but found them all ruined by water, the rains and melting snow having caused the river to rise far above the banks it occupied when the unfortunate trappers camped there the fall before. Among the trappers the stream was ever afterwards known as "McLeod River." Years later, when white men had settled in this region, a well known and worthy citizen, Ross McCloud, a surveyor by profession, lived on this stream, and the similarity of pronunciation in the two names led to the common error of supposing that his name was the one the river bore, and thus it stands upon the maps. It is an error that should be corrected, and the name of the first white trapper to penetrate that region should be handed down in history associated with the mountain stream upon whose banks he and his party suffered so much.

The McLeod River is a sportsman's paradise, teeming with the gamiest trout. The forests which clothe the mountain sides abound in deer, bear and the smaller game, while on the sides of Mount Shasta are occasionally seen the celebrated mountain sheep, whose agility has won for them such a fabulous reputation for leaping. Professor Muir, who has carefully studied the habits of those animals in their native wilds, asserts that their reported feat of leaping down precipices and landing upon their hard and elastic horns is untrue; that their bodies are so heavy that such an effort would result in complete transformation of the animal from a sheep to a conglomerate mass of horns, bones, mutton and wool. They do, however, manage to slide down almost perpen-

dicular declivities, and to maintain a high rate of speed along the steep side of a bluff on a trail it would be impossible for a man to follow. Their sudden disappearance in this manner led to the stories so commonly related of them. Many tourists who visit Mount Shasta cross over to the McLeod and enjoy a few days of fishing and hunting along that matchless stream, whose seclusion from settlement and remoteness from the usual lines of travel have preserved it in its primeval condition. Near the mouth of the stream, where the stage road skirts it for some distance, the United States Fish Commission maintains a hatchery, where the spawn of several kinds of food fish are hatched and prepared for distribution. It is this establishment which keeps the Sacramento so well stocked with the royal salmon. The falls, of which we present an engraving, are some distance up the stream, and are among the most beautiful of the numerous waterfalls of the Western mountains. Worthy of the deepest admiration, their seclusion hides them from the eyes of all, save the few lovers of Nature who make a special effort to reach them.

* * *

Our engraving of the *Idaho*, the Alaska excursion steamer, surrounded by masses of floating ice, represents one of the phases of a trip to our northern possessions. The traveler along the Alaskan coast has all his previous ideas of the fitness of things constantly outraged. With ice surrounding his vessel, he sees the densest of green foliage on the shore, back of which rise high mountains, in whose gorges lie masses of perpetual snow and ice. Everywhere Nature seems fitful and eccentric in her conduct, appearing to delight in setting Winter and Summer together by the ears and mixing them up in a most promiscuous and confusing manner. Such quantities of ice as shown in the engraving are not seen in Alaskan waters except in Glacier Bay, the scene of the illustration, and at other points where glaciers enter the sea, since the temperature of the water is too high for their long existence in the solid state. Navigation of that region is not attended by the danger from floating icebergs, which render so perilous the waters of the North Atlantic. The Japan Current maintains the water and atmosphere at a temperature which quickly works their dissolution.

* * *

In Southern Oregon, just east of the Cascade Range, lie the Klamath lakes, two large bodies of water joined together by a short and turbulent stream known as "Link River." This is the source of the Klamath River, spelled "Tlamath" by Fremont, Wilkes and other early explorers and pioneers, that representing more accurately the Indian pronunciation. The natives of that region were the Klamaths and Modocs, the former occupying the upper and the latter the lower portion, and extending eastward beyond Tule Lake and the Lava Beds. The former were also known as "La Lakes," a title bestowed upon them by the Canadian trappers because of their residence near the lakes, and also as "Muk-a-luks" and "Luuami," their true tribal name. They are now gathered,

with a few Modocs and a portion of the Snakes, or Sahaptins, on a reservation extending northward and eastward from Upper Klamath Lake. Here is situated Fort Klamath, a cavalry post belonging to the Department of the Columbia, and generally occupied by four companies of troops. Since the Modoc war, which was not participated in by Indians on the reservation, the band of the famous Captain Jack being but a small and turbulent portion of the tribe which had refused to live upon the reservation, there has been no trouble with Indians in the vicinity of Klamath Lake. At the end of that memorable campaign Captain Jack and three of his most influential braves were hanged at Fort Klamath, and the remainder of his band, some 150 men, women and children, were sent to a small reserve in Indian Territory, where they still live. The portion of the tribe now on the Klamath Reserve took no part in the war, and are peaceful and contented.

Link River runs but a brief course, but the descent is considerable, causing a swift current, which runs noisily over a rocky bed. At one place there are cascades so steep as to amount almost to a waterfall, and as the water rushes violently over and around the rocky obstructions it presents a beautiful sight, while the noise is carried a long distance by the breeze. The water power is valuable, and is partially utilized by a saw mill. On the banks of the stream is Linkville, seat of justice of the county of Klamath. This is the base of supplies for quite an extensive stock country, and is a growing town. A visit to that region, and especially to Crater Lake, which lies a few miles to the northward of Fort Klamath, would amply reward one who is traveling for pleasure.

* *

The snow peaks of the Columbia are the most prominent features of our landscape. Three of these are distinctly visible from the streets of Portland, and we present engravings of them. Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens are shown as they are seen from this city, the most common points of observation, while Mount Adams, being more distant and partially obscured by intervening hills, is given from a nearer standpoint. Two others may be seen from the hills back of the city—the apex of Mount Rainier to the north, and the crown of Mount Jefferson to the southeast. In outline and general appearance these peaks differ as widely as possible. St. Helens is a rounded cone, with apparently smooth sides sloping regularly toward the base. Mount Hood, whose lines are more sweeping and graceful, has long ridges and deep canyons filled with living glaciers, which cause it to present a different outline from varying points of view. Hood is 11,225 feet high, and has been frequently ascended, the route presenting no particular difficulty until almost to the summit. At that point there is a wide and unfathomable chasm, across which is suspended a natural bridge of ice. Over this precarious viaduct, where a misstep would lead to instant destruction, the venturesome climber must pass if he would gain the summit. Some of the earlier explorers of the mountain, before the present route was discovered, were compelled to tie

themselves together, as a safeguard in passing along the edge of steep and slippery precipices, and there are several instances related where the wisdom of this precaution was demonstrated. St. Helens is 9,750 feet in height, but, because of its steep sides, presents greater difficulties of ascent. Mount Adams, 9,250 feet high, has been ascended several times of late, and the country around its base is asserted by the enthusiastic explorers to present the grandest scenery of the Cascades. Trout Lake, which appears in the foreground of our engraving, is but one of a number of deep, clear, mountain lakes to be found in that region. It is a perfect paradise for the angler, and the huntsman will find deer, bear and smaller game in abundance in the forests that encircle the mountain's base.

* *

Ever since the Central Pacific constructed the mammoth boat *Solano*, for ferrying trains across San Pablo Bay, thus saving many miles of travel by rail, such a method of transit across wide and deep bodies of water has come into favor with railroads. The system has been adopted by the Northern Pacific for crossing the Columbia on the route from this city to Puget Sound. With the exception of the river, a continuous track is laid from Portland to Tacoma and Seattle, and the 1st of October is the date set for opening the all rail route, by which time it is confidently expected the ferrying arrangements will have been perfected. More than a year ago a large iron ferry boat was ordered in New York, which was constructed and shipped around the Horn in pieces, arriving early last spring. She has been put together, painted, supplied with machinery and otherwise fitted for her arduous duties, and is ready to begin her trips, waiting only for the completion of the ferry slips. Though not as large as the *Solano*, she is a ferry boat of enormous proportions. Her length is 336 feet; width of beam, 40 feet; over guards, 76 feet; depth of hold, 13 feet 6 inches. She has two engines, with 36-inch cylinders and 9-foot stroke, and two 25-foot boilers, with a diameter of 8 feet. The *Tacoma*, for such she has been christened, is capable of transferring twelve passenger coaches or twenty-seven loaded box cars at one trip. She is a staunch craft and possesses all the requirements for a speedy and safe transfer of trains across the Columbia at any stage of the water. The ferry slips are in the vicinity of Kalama, the point where the boats from Portland connect with the train for Puget Sound under the old arrangement. When the new system is inaugurated the expense and tedious delays of handling all freight and baggage at Kalama will be obviated, and the schedule time between this city and points north of the Columbia will be reduced several hours.

* *

The Yakima River is an important tributary of the Columbia, flowing into it from the west a few miles above the mouth of Snake River. It is up this stream, and through the region of fertile valleys and bunch grass hills, the Cascades Division of the Northern Pacific is being constructed. The rainfall is light, but the soil is

extremely fertile, and, wherever so situated as to be irrigated by ditches taken from the main stream or some of its numerous tributaries, produces abundant crops of grain, hay, vegetables, fruit and hops. Vast tracts are thus favorably located, and several extensive irrigating canals are under construction by companies for the purpose of bringing water upon land owned by themselves, and supplying it at a low rate to others who may settle in the region tributary to their ditches. We present an engraving of a characteristic scene on the river at Union Gap. The Indians are camped on the bank for the purpose of catching and drying their annual supply of salmon, which forms one of their chief articles of diet during the winter. The fish are captured in various ways; they are speared at the base of cascades or in shallow rapids, caught in traps or by means of brush dams, and by several other methods employed exclusively by the natives. They are then split down the back and hung up in the sun to dry, being subsequently tied up in packs and laid away for future use. Since 1855, when the great Yakima chief, Kam-a-i-akun, was the leading spirit in a war which involved all the tribes of Oregon and Washington east of the Cascades, no trouble whatever has been experienced with these Indians. Under the guardianship and instruction of the agent, Father Wilbur, they are contented and industrious, cultivating considerable land on their reservation and raising large numbers of cattle and horses. The Indians are rapidly passing away, and in a few years such scenes as the artist has given will be things of the past. No uneasiness is felt by the settlers at the proximity of the Indians. Their numbers are not so great as to render them formidable, and they know full well the uselessness of undertaking a war with the white people, in which they could only expect ultimate defeat, and possible extermination or removal from the land of their ancestors. Their wise men look forward to the time when the Indian race shall become extinct, and accept the decree of fate with quiet and philosophical resignation.

* * *

The route of the Canadian Pacific Railway along the rocky and tortuous canyon of Fraser River is one calculated to inspire the traveler with a feeling of awe. On one side rushes the swift torrent, while on the other rise the rugged walls of the canyon thousands of feet above the river, often almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. The track is carried along one side of the canyon, far above the noisy stream and far below the top of the frowning precipice. It crosses long stretches of trestle work, passes through innumerable tunnels piercing the heart of projecting bluffs, is carried safely over deep chasms and gorges by iron suspension bridges, far above foaming mountain torrents, winds at a dizzy height around the face of promontories upon a roadbed blasted out of the solid rock, the initial work being performed by men suspended by ropes from the brink above, and at one place crosses the river itself on an iron cantilever bridge, 530 feet long, the piers of masonry upon which the superstructure rests at either end being ninety-six feet above

the water. Inspiring and delightful as the scenery of the Columbia is, it has not the rugged grandeur of Fraser River, nor, probably has any stream in the world, except the Colorado, whose Grand Canyon is one of the greatest wonders of Nature's workshop. Our engravings show some of these features of railroad building along the Fraser, there being mile after mile of similarly constructed road, costing frequently over \$300,000 per mile.

* * *

The scenery of Montana, through which run the Rocky Mountains and their various spurs, lateral ranges and outlying parallel ridges, has yet to receive full justice from the artist. A few glimpses here and there along the Northern Pacific and Utah & Northern have been given us, but her grand panorama of mountains, lakes, rivers, waterfalls and valleys has yet to be put on canvas. Here is a field for brush and pencil to busy themselves for years. We present one of them, characteristic of the rugged Rockies, which gives a good idea of the nature of the mountain passes through which the railroads run. Rocky Canyon, down which the Northern Pacific runs in descending the Belt Mountains from Bozeman Tunnel, is the course of a mountain stream seeking the waters of the valley below, a stream which in winter becomes an impetuous, roaring torrent. It is hemmed in by steep walls of rock and mountain ridges, whose summits, thinly clad with patches of timber, are often draped with masses of clouds that cling to them like a garment.

* * *

We present this month several more of those picturesque scenes along the Columbia, on the line of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. The crossing of the mouth of Eagle Creek (generally known as "Tooth Bridge") and Rock Bluff are but examples of the landscapes along that stream for many miles. After passing the long stretch of sandy waste further up the river, the sudden transformation to the beautiful scenery below The Dalles is always a pleasing surprise to the traveler.

* * *

The Bad Lands, or *Mauvaises Terres*, of Dakota, now somewhat widely known by the more fanciful title of "Pyramid Park," are prominent among the many objects of interest in the West, not for their beauty, for to such distinction they can scarcely lay claim, but because of their peculiar formation and the many fantastic forms fashioned there by the erosion of the elements. Professor Denton has shown how these were formed by the action of the Little Missouri and its tributaries cutting deep ravines and gulches through the country, intersecting each other in all directions. He says: "As this process continued, beds of coal that were exposed to the air and moisture spontaneously took fire and burned the clay above them into brick, and where the heat was very great into scoria-like masses and bodies of semi-jasper. These, being harder than the sand and clay beds, are left, giving a strange burnt-up appearance to the country. Certain of these beds are still on fire near the Little Missouri. On the lignite beds are stumps and parts of

trunks of large trees transformed, apparently, into solid quartz. There are thousands of these; it is difficult to travel without meeting them. Petrified stumps of four and five feet in diameter are quite common, and some are from six to eight feet in diameter. When in place they stand erect in the soil in the position they once grew."

This particular locality is not the only one presenting these physical characteristics. Between Miles City and Glendive the road passes through many miles of a formation very similar but not quite so marked, and on the upper Missouri, above the mouth of Judith River, the Bad Lands and Castellated Rocks have long been objects of interest to travelers. It is, however, in Pyramid Park the most fantastic shapes appear.

Every form of man or beast,
The broad empire of Rome could furnish,

is here carved by the elements and placed in one long gallery of art. Monuments, cathedrals, pyramids, cones and houses appear like excavations of a buried city. Loud reports are frequently heard, resembling much the sound of distant cannon, not only here but in other places of a similar formation. These explosions, the smoke and heat from burning coal, and the weird forms and figures, appealed to the superstitious nature of the Indians, and led them to believe this region the abode of evil spirits. This, added to the fact that it was difficult to pass through them because of their broken nature, caused them to assure the early French trappers that it was a bad country. In the latter respect the whites found the report to be true, and called them "*Mauvaises Terres pour traverser*," which was soon contracted to *Mauvaises Terres*, or Bad Lands. In an agricultural sense this is far from being the case, for the soil on top of the buttes and bluffs and on the high prairie lands lying between and around the different groups of these peculiar formations is extremely fertile. Large herds of cattle and bands of sheep are grazed in and about the Bad Lands, and this is the headquarters of the Marquis de Mores, the originator of the business of slaughtering beef on the ranges and shipping it East in refrigerator cars. This business is a growing one, and the Marquis has facilities for conducting it at various places along the Northern Pacific in Dakota and Montana.

NEWSPAPER HYPERBOLE.

WITH a certain class of newspapers, when a barn blows down, there will first be a diagram of the premises; view of the barn before being blown down; view of the barn while being blown down; view of the ruins; interview with the hired man, who said he always knowed it was a-going to blow down; interview with the owner, with his and other theories on barns blowing down; interview with Professor Mugwump, the distinguished Chicago savant, with his views as to the reason why barns blow down rather than up; comparative table of barn mortality for the last forty years, showing percentage of barns blowing down compared with the illiterate vote; history of barns from the earliest times to the present; statement of loss, \$500.

FIREPLACE ORNAMENTS.

THE employment of plants for the decoration of the fireplaces in the principal apartments is steadily increasing, and much might be said in its favor, for, when the plants are appropriate and tastefully arranged, they present a far more attractive appearance than any of the so-called grate ornaments. The most useful plants are such as afford striking forms and pleasing tones of green or variegated foliage. The palms, *Dracænas*, grasses and miscellaneous "foliage" plants of neat and, generally speaking, light habit should predominate—lumpy plants presenting large surfaces are not suitable—and there must be a fair proportion of colors to light up the group. For this purpose the flowers should be choice as well as showy. A general objection may be urged against all kinds of bedding plants as unsuitable; the same principle should be followed in selecting the flowers as the leaves, form and a certain airiness of style being of great importance. Hence a neat tuft of white *Marguerites* peeping out from among grassy leafage will be far preferable to a scarlet geranium. Many greenhouse plants answer admirably for this kind of decoration, which never need be costly, but must always be tasteful, and combine richness and delicacy without any strong display of color. A simple procedure that may or may not answer, as the case may be, consists in covering the back of the grate with cheap thin paper of a very dark green color and putting it on as much crumpled as possible, so as to be practically invisible, to afford a kind of distance rather than a background, its real purpose being to conceal ugly iron work and to prevent the intrusion into the midst of the plants of any such features. The plants must be all clean and dry when placed in position, but the soil in the pots should be moist enough to carry them through for a few days, when a change must be made for the sake of the plants.

THE FIRST SAW MILLS.

THE old practice of making boards was to split up the logs with wedges, and, inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in any better way. Saw mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; but so late as 1655 an English ambassador, having seen a saw mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved particular description. It is amusing to note how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new fangled machine was so violent that the proprietor was forced to decamp with greater expedition than ever did a Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1768 an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time the public would be less watchful of its interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces.

THE BEN WRIGHT MASSACRE.

WHAT was the Ben Wright massacre? Until it was given prominence by the great Modoc war in 1873, few people, not residents of Northern California or Southern Oregon, had ever heard of it, and yet it is one of the most stirring incidents of our Indian history. The first question that suggests itself is, Who and what was Ben Wright? The first half of the query can be readily answered, but the last is still a matter of dispute. People who knew him vary in their estimate of his character, in proportion to their divergent ideals of true manhood. I will place him before you as he is described by those who knew him best, including his warmest friends—and I do not know that he had any enemies—and each can measure him by his own ideal standard of humanity and classify him accordingly.

Ben Wright, so those who knew him intimately assert, was reared in the State of Indiana, where his father was a manufacturer of considerable wealth. His parents belonged to the brotherhood of Quakers, but the peaceful tenets of that sect found no lodgment in the heart of young Wright. Possessed of a dauntless spirit and a restless desire for adventure, he left the home of his boyhood, while yet a beardless youth, and sought the wild frontier of the West. There he found kindred spirits from every State in the Union from Maine to Florida, as well as the French, English and Scotch trappers from Canada and the "Greasers" of Mexico. They were a wild, reckless set of men, with whom strength, firmness and bravery were the standard of manhood; with whom whisky was a necessity, and whose only female associates were the Indian women of the various tribes with whom they came in contact. In such society young Wright's character was moulded and shaped for its life work. For years he traversed the plains and mountains of the West with the brigades of trappers, enduring hardships of every description, fighting Indians and wild animals, until he came to have few equals and no superiors in all the arts of the mountaineer. When gold was discovered in California, like hundreds of his companions, he went to the mines in search of new adventures. It was in this way we find him in the mines on Scott River and then on the Klamath in 1851.

He mined a little and hunted a great deal, living the life of a "squaw man," a term used to signify one whose cabin was occupied by an Indian woman either temporarily or permanently. With the character and customs of the savages he was thoroughly familiar, and all the arts of savage warfare had been acquired in a school where one must either learn or perish. He seemed to pride himself upon his resemblance to an Indian. His glossy black hair fell in long, waving tresses upon his shoulders, and this, with his buckskin suit, made the resemblance very striking when his back was turned; nor was the illusion entirely dispelled by a glimpse at his face, bronzed by years of frontier life. One night, during a campaign against the Modocs the previous fall, a disturbance was heard among the horses picketed near camp, and two Modocs, who were prisoners in the camp, think-

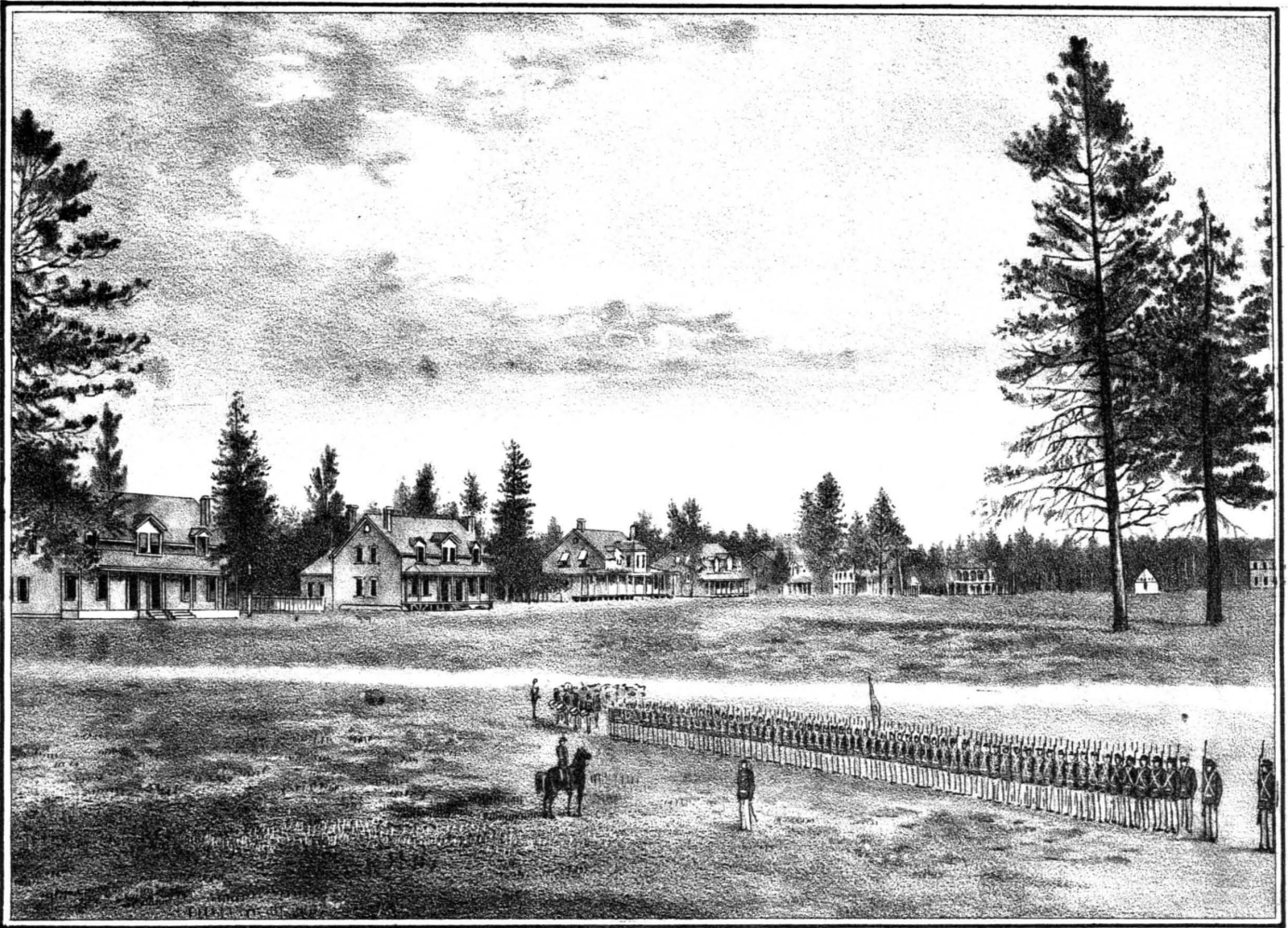
ing their friends were stampeding the animals, broke from their guards and made a dash for liberty. Wright was one of the first to rush out into the darkness in pursuit, but before he had taken half a dozen steps one of the men, thinking he was an Indian, seized him by his streaming hair and jerked him backwards upon the ground. The mistake was discovered in time to save his life; and though often urged to cut his hair, and thus prevent such mistakes in the future, Wright would never consent to part with his flowing locks. Not only did he look like an Indian, but he acted like one in all his dealings with them, scalping the fallen and committing other barbarities, such as cutting off the ears, noses and fingers of the wounded before their eyes had closed in death. He was not alone in this, for other members of the company followed their leader's example with all the zeal of a disciple. He was an ideal man in their eyes. Added to his other qualifications, for such they were in Indian warfare, was the fact that he scarcely knew the sensation of fear, tempering his bravery with a cautiousness that experience had taught him was necessary in dealing with so treacherous a foe. He hesitated not to crawl into the very heart of an Indian camp when out reconnoitering, trusting to his agility and nerve in case of discovery. He fought Indians for the love of excitement, as did some of his followers, and took as much delight in being on the warpath as did the proudest warrior that ever bore a scalp home in triumph to his lodge. Such was Ben Wright. The men who composed his company in 1852 varied from those who sought to pattern after him as closely as possible to those who, having gone into the field at first from a sense of duty and a desire to defend helpless emigrants from the attacks of ruthless savages, remained to punish the perpetrators of the horrible butcheries they had witnessed.

Having seen who were the actors in this memorable campaign, let us proceed with its details and the horrible incidents that led to it.

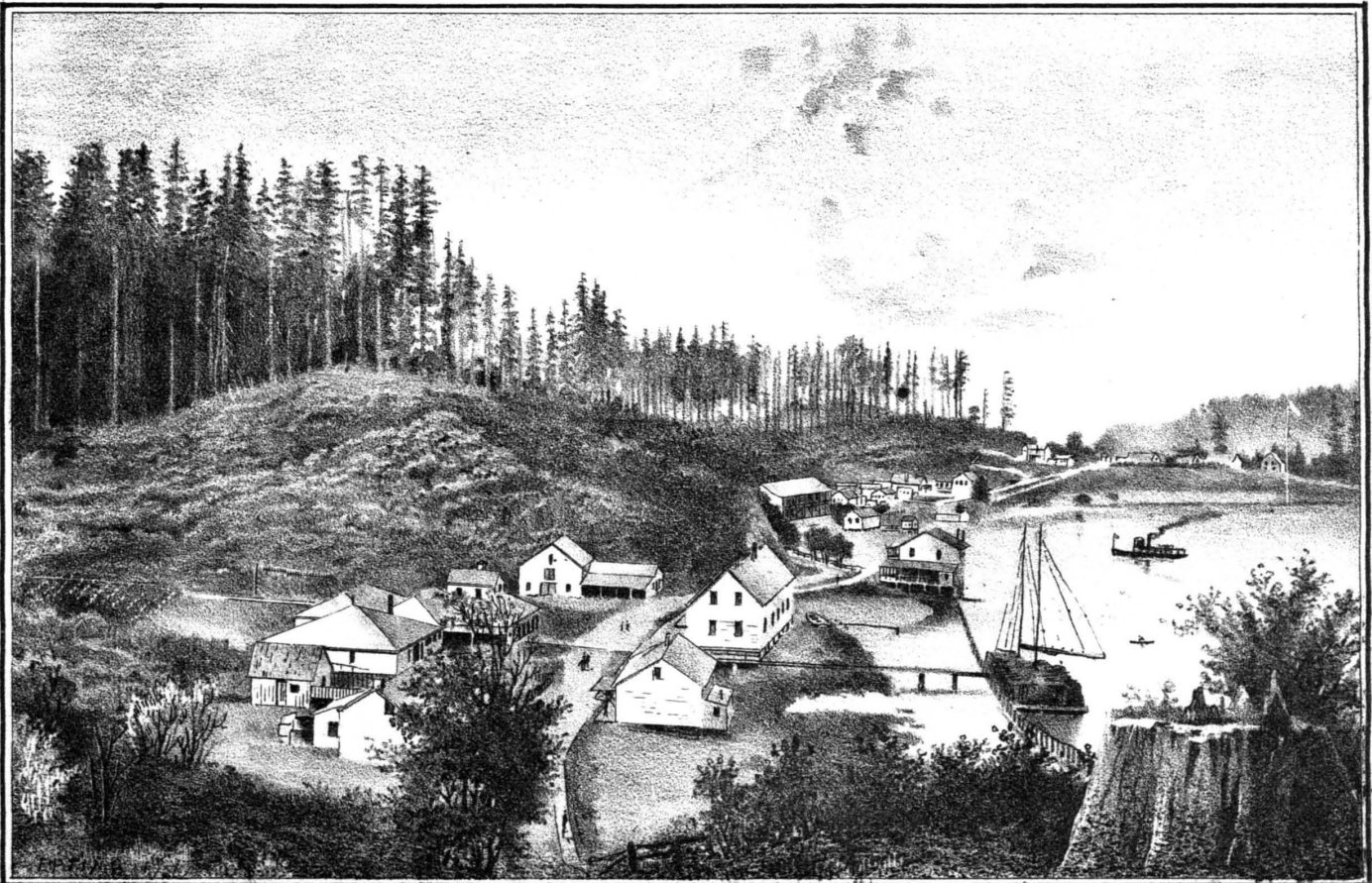
The Applegate Trail, which led from Fort Hall to Southern Oregon, was laid out in 1846, and was used that fall by a few emigrants. They suffered so severely in the Umpqua Canyon that the route was shunned by emigrants after the next year. In 1848 Peter Lassen laid out the celebrated Lassen Road, using this trail as far as Pit River. In 1849 the emigrants on this route were snowed in and suffered severely in the mountains of Plumas County, California, and again the route was abandoned by emigrants. In 1852, however, those bound for Northern California and Southern Oregon came over this trail because of its shortness, and the fact that causes which had brought it into disrepute did not exist between Yreka or Rogue River Valley and Fort Hall. The trail led through the heart of the Modoc country, passing along the bank of Tule Lake and across the Natural Bridge on Lost River.

Early in August, 1852, John Onsby received a letter at Yreka from his uncle, having come by the way of Sacramento, stating that he and many others were coming on the old Oregon trail to Yreka, and that great suffering

THE WEST SHORE.



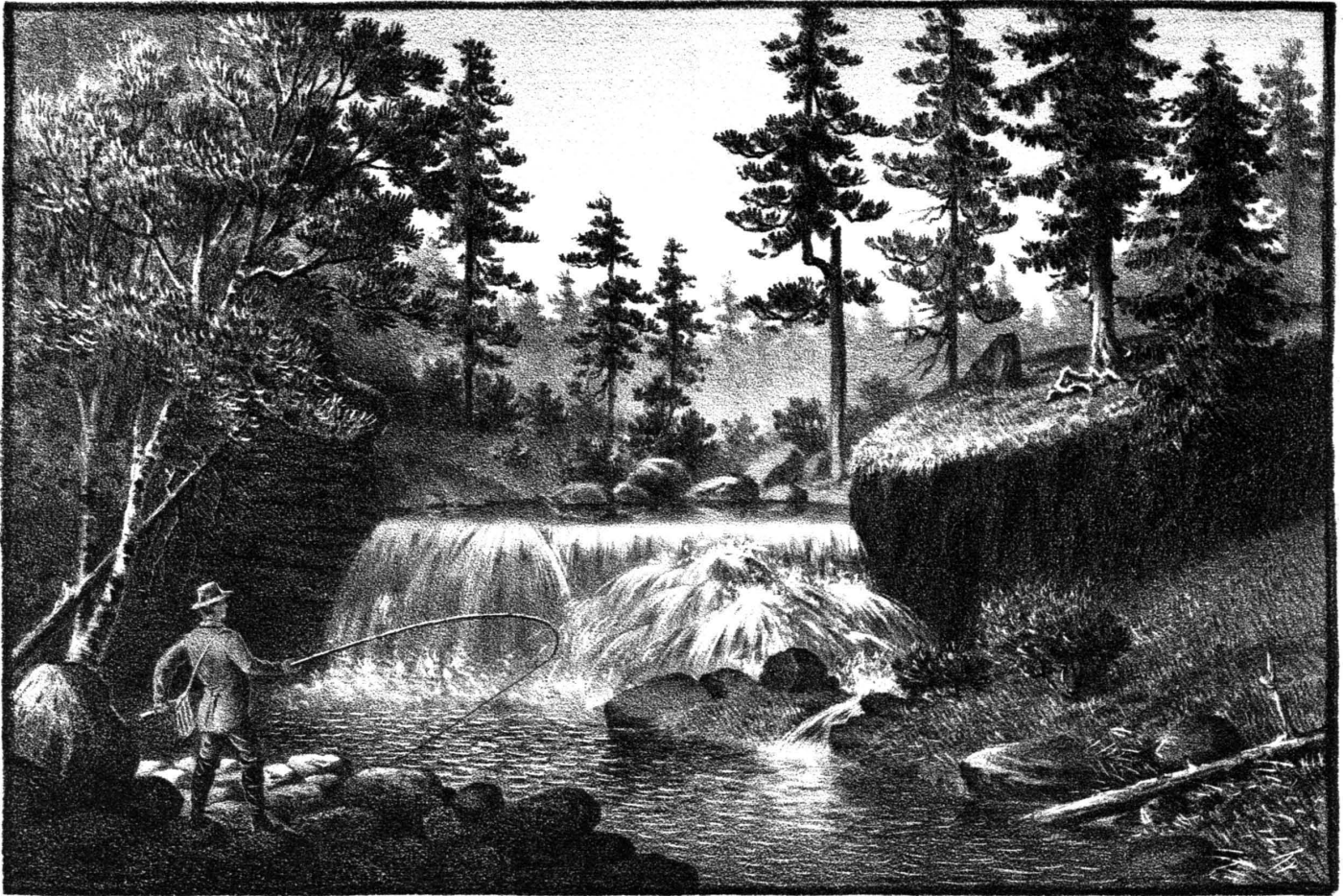
IDAHO.— FORT COEUR D'ALENE.



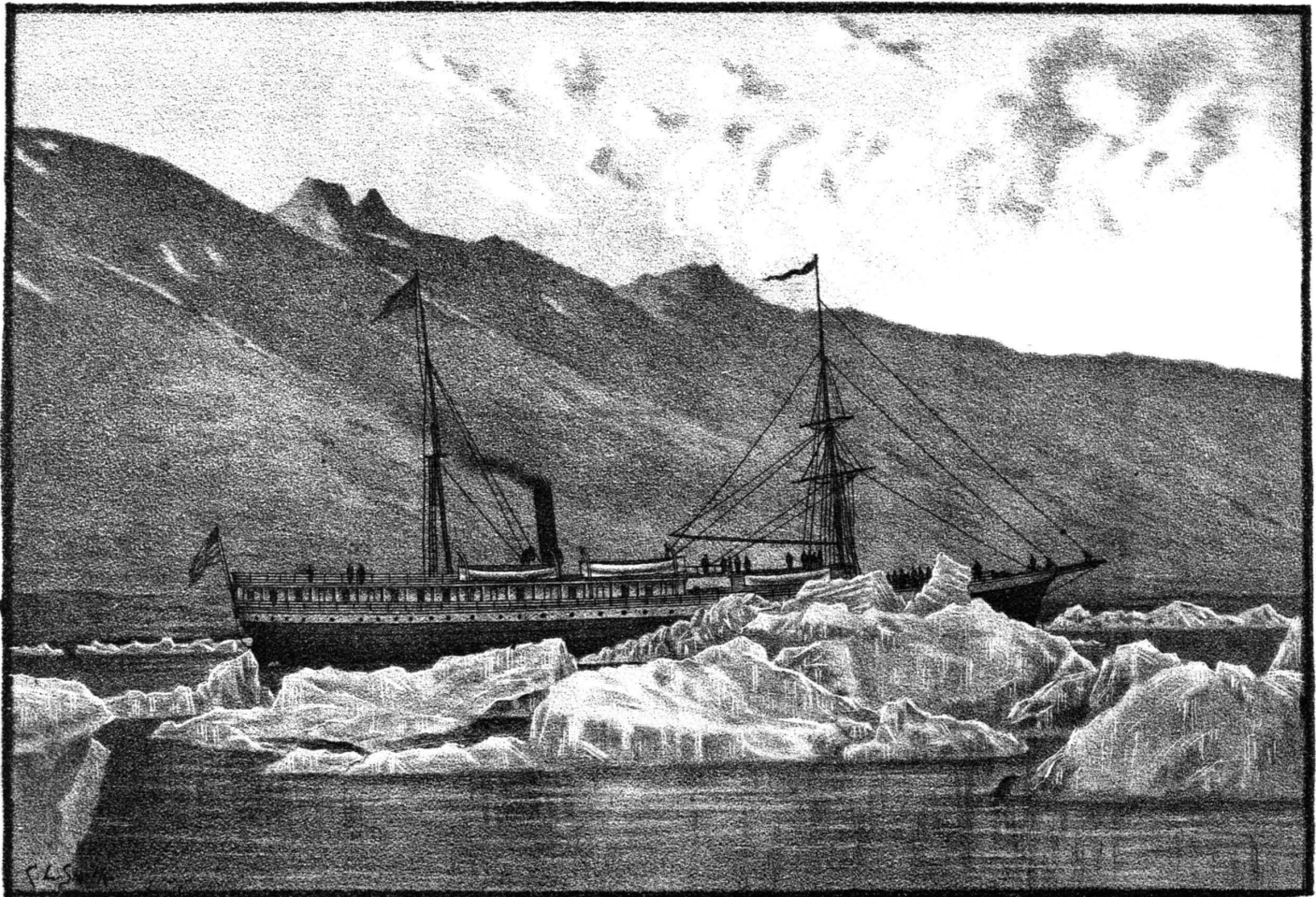
WASHINGTON.— FORT CANBY.

WEST SHORE—LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.



CALIFORNIA.—MCLEOD RIVER FALLS.



ALASKA.—STEAMER IDAHO AMONG THE ICEBERGS, GLACIER BAY.

WEST SHORE—LITH.

would ensue if they were not met by a supply of provisions. James Thomas, an auctioneer, took the letter in his hand and rode up Miner street, calling the people together. Before the crowd which quickly gathered the letter was read and a call made for volunteers and subscriptions. Such a call was never made in vain in a mining camp; volunteers and gold dust poured in thick and fast. Preparations were completed as quickly as possible, and a company of men, well armed, and with pack animals carrying a generous supply of provisions, started in the direction of Lost River, with the hearty cheers of the benevolent citizens of Yreka. Captain Charles McDermit, after whom Camp McDermit, Nev., is named, was in command of the expedition. When the Rebellion broke out Captain McDermit joined the army, rose to the rank of colonel, and died in battle with the Indians, in 1866, in Nevada.

The relief party encountered the first train of emigrants before reaching Lost River, who reported that they had been annoyed by the Modocs. They pushed on through the Modoc country, and after passing Tule Lake met a party of eight or nine men who had come across the plains with pack animals. Warning them to look out for the Indians, McDermit and his men continued on, while the packers resumed their journey towards Yreka.

The emigrant road after it crosses the divide between Clear and Tule lakes, going west, passes along the south base of a high ridge which terminates in a rocky bluff on the east shore of Tule Lake. Winding around this point of rocks on the very margin of the water, it opens out into a large flat covered with wild rye and grass. This was a favorite place of ambuscade, and has been well named "Bloody Point."

As the packers passed around the bluff at Bloody Point they were attacked by scores of Indians, and all save a man named Coffin were killed. This man cut the pack from one of the animals, charged through the yelling savages on horseback and made his escape. The Modocs, unlike most of the tribes of the West, were not horsemen, and were unable to pursue the fugitive.

When Coffin arrived in Yreka with news of the massacre the excitement and horror were great. Ben Wright was sent for, and within a few hours a volunteer company of twenty-seven men, bountifully supplied with arms, horses and provisions by the citizens, were riding in haste toward Tule Lake, to rescue the emigrants that were supposed to be following close behind the murdered packers.

Meanwhile the work of death went on in the Modoc country. At Black Rock Springs McDermit had met two trains, and had detailed three of his men, John Onsbys, Thomas H. Coats and — Long, to guide and guard them to Yreka. He then went on, distributing his men and provisions among the trains he met until both were exhausted.

It was about the 1st of August that the two trains referred to encamped on Clear Lake, but two or three days behind the packers. In the morning Coats, Long and Onsbys rode ahead to select a camping place for noon.

One of the trains remained behind to make some repairs, while the other, consisting of six wagons, thirty men, one woman and a boy, slowly followed the trail. The captain of this train was David M. Morrison, and the woman and boy were the family of W. L. Donnellan, who was with them.

As they crossed the divide and the road to Tule Lake was spread out before them, they could plainly see the Indians swarming in the rocks at Bloody Point, while the three guides were riding directly into the jaws of death. In vain they endeavored to warn them. Unconscious of danger the men rode on, passing around the fatal point, and were never seen alive again. The sound of rifle shots was soon borne to the anxious ears of the emigrants, telling the story of a brave defence, while the silence that followed was vocal with its tale of death.

The train moved slowly on, and the Indians again concealed themselves in the rocks and tules to await their new victims. As the emigrants rounded Bloody Point they were greeted with a shower of arrows and yells that might well fill their hearts with fear. Two men were wounded. These were placed in wagons, and the others, divided into a front and rear guard, kept the savages at bay with the few rifles they possessed until they reached the open flat, where they made a corral of the wagons and retired within it for protection.

The Modocs, well hidden among the rocks and tules, bombarded the corral with arrows, though their fear of the rifles kept them at so long a range that they did but little damage. The day wore away and the darkness of night settled around that beleaguered camp and its distressed occupants, many of whom scarcely hoped to see the light of another day. Oh, the horrors of a night spent in the midst of savage enemies! Only one who has experienced them can realize their hours of agony. What form the attack will take, or from what point the enemy will appear, are unknown; the faintest sound is magnified into a footfall, and the slightest waving of the grass becomes the form of a crouching, creeping savage.

Intervals of fierce yelling and then a profound silence, followed by an attack upon the camp, first on one side and then on another, succeeded each other throughout that terrible night. At one time the Indians set fire to the wild rye, and made a rush upon the corral under cover of the smoke; but a counter fire built by the emigrants burned out and met the other, leaving a clear space across which they dared not come. A howl of rage and a shower of arrows told of their disappointment and anger.

At length the welcome daylight came, and the men began to dig for water. The lake was only a few hundred yards away, but the tules on its bank were full of savages, and to reach it was impossible.

As noon approached the Modocs were seen to again take their stations among the rocks at Bloody Point, and by this they knew that the other train was approaching. With that train was an old mountaineer who had seen Indians before, and knew better than to run into a trap when he could see it plainly before him. Roads were nothing to him; and when the emigrants were listening

for sounds of the expected conflict, lo! over the brow of the ridge, appeared the old trapper and his train, and entered the corral with the others. The Indians were baffled, and filled the air with yells of rage and disappointment.

Slowly the day wore along. In the afternoon a band of horsemen was seen riding down the lake shore from the north, at break-neck speed, toward the camp. Here was a new enemy, they thought, another band of savages, and they looked carefully to the priming of their rifles. Surely those red and blue shirts and broad slouch hats could not be the habiliments of savages. The approaching horsemen had rifles in their hands, and each had tied a handkerchief to his gun and waved it aloft as a token of peace and friendship. It was Ben Wright and his brave company of volunteers, who had ridden day and night since leaving Yreka, and were now coming boldly to the rescue.

They knew nothing of the death of Coats, Long and Onsby, but they grasped the situation at a glance; and now, stopping not to speak or draw breath, on they rushed past the corral of emigrants, down toward Bloody Point, between the Indians among the rocks and their canoes in the water. Leaping from their saddles and leaving their animals to run where they would, they made a fierce onslaught upon the surprised and terrified savages.

The Indians had seen their approach, and from their dress and conduct knew them to be Californians who had come to fight. They might fool around a train of emigrants with considerable impunity, but a company of mounted Californians was a different proposition, as some of these same men had taught them the year before; and when they saw them ride for the point to cut off retreat, instead of going to the corral as they had expected, the savages stampeded for their canoes in terror.

Then commenced a slaughter—a carnage. The Modocs thought only of flight, and madly rushed for their canoes, while rifle, revolver and knife made havoc among them. For a mile up and down the lake shore did the battle rage, each man fighting independently, and being sometimes among a dozen fleeing braves, dealing death blows right and left. Even when the Indians had reached their canoes the deadly bullets followed them till they were out of range or had hidden themselves in the tules.

Not one of that brave band of avengers was injured, while the death cry had been given by at least forty* Modoc braves, and as many more had carried to their island home in the tules aching reminders of the fight, to live or die as Nature might decree.

For several days search was made among the tules for victims of the Modocs. They found the mangled bodies of many emigrants whose death had not before been known. Two of these were women and one a little child. They were mutilated and disfigured in a most horrible manner, causing even these strong men to turn away from the ghastly spectacle with a shudder. In reading of the massacre that occurred on Lost River a few months

later the horrible sights those men had witnessed here must not be forgotten.

They found also portions of wagons, and the Indians were discovered to be in possession of firearms, clothing, camp utensils, money and a great variety of domestic articles, showing that a whole train of emigrants, how many none could tell, had fallen a complete prey to the savages. Verily, it was a Bloody Point indeed! Twenty-two bodies were found and buried by Wright's company, and fourteen by a company that had come out from Jacksonville, Or., commanded by Colonel John E. Ross. Of these last several were women and children, their bodies gashed and mutilated in a most revolting manner.

Ross returned to Jacksonville, while Wright escorted the trains that had collected here as far as Lost River, when he returned and established a camp on Clear Lake. At that point scattered bands of emigrants were collected into large trains and sent through the hostile country under escort.

About the end of October the last train passed along, accompanied by Captain McDermit, whose men had all returned in details. Their labor of duty was over, and they could have returned to Yreka with honor and glory, but they wanted to remain and chastise the Modocs so severely that they would forever remember it was dangerous to murder even helpless emigrants. In this they were supported by the people of Yreka, who supplied them bountifully with provisions. This motive was strong enough to keep them all there, and was the only one that actuated many of them; but it must be admitted that Wright and a few others had an additional object in opening an aggressive campaign. The savages were known to have stock, property and money, taken from the murdered emigrants, and this they hoped to secure.

The company had now dwindled to nineteen, who established a camp on the lake shore at a point known as the "Peninsula," and endeavored to open communication with the savages, whose rancheria was on an island some distance out in the lake. Here they were visited by Major Fitzgerald with a company of dragoons, accompanied by Captain McDermit. This party brought a boat with them, which they turned over to Wright a few days later, and departed for Yreka.

They had spent some time in camp here in their futile efforts to reach the Indians, and their stock of provisions and ammunition was running low. Four men were sent to Yreka for supplies, with instructions to return at once.

There was a thick growth of tules between the camp and the island, and the men were baffled in all their efforts to reach it. Being unable to either go to the savages or induce them to come out and fight, Ben Wright determined to open negotiations with them, and get them in his power under cover of a truce. To this end he dispatched several men in the boat with Old Mary, a squaw belonging to one of the men, with a message of peace. They returned unsuccessful. The next day they went again, and this time were accompanied on their return by two young Indians in a canoe. These

* In after years the Modocs would only admit a loss of twenty in this battle at Bloody Point.

were feasted and sent back, returning the next day with forty more. The men, fifteen in all, dared not risk a fight then, but closely watched the Modocs to prevent treachery on their part. The result of thus hob-nobbing with their intended victims was that in a few days their provisions were entirely exhausted.

They then moved camp to the mouth of Lost River, to be nearer the expected supplies, and failed to invite their guests to accompany them. Here they were absolutely without food for six days, save old duck bones and scraps dug from the sand, thrown away when they were in camp here before. Had the Modocs known of their distressed condition and loss of ammunition they would probably not have left them in undisturbed possession of their camp.

The cause of delay was that the messengers arrived in Yreka on election day, and, being good Democrats, aided to elect Franklin Pierce President of the United States. This made it necessary for them to get gloriously drunk, and to so remain for several days; then the supplies contributed by the people were gathered up slowly, and when they again started for the field they were a week behind time.

The famishing men could have killed a horse for food, but they feared to deprive themselves of their animals. At length, on the sixth day, it was decided that one of their number, who was still strong enough to accomplish the feat, should climb a neighboring hill that overlooked the trail and see if he could espy the expected train. If so, he was to fire his pistol; if not, they were to kill one of their animals for food and return to Yreka. Slowly the man dragged his toilsome way up the hill, with fourteen pairs of hungry eyes following his every step. At last he stood upon the summit and scanned the distant horizon. Five—ten—minutes, that seemed like hours, passed, and still he stood like a stone monument on the brow of the hill. At length he slowly raised his arm, and a puff of white smoke shot upward from his hand.

Then ensued a scene of frantic joy. Men hurrahed and hugged each other, and started with feeble footsteps to meet the coming train. When they reached it they made a fierce onslaught upon the provisions. Again and again they filled their stomachs with food they were too weak to retain. In a few days they were recruited; and now fully supplied with provisions and ammunition, were again ready for their work of vengeance.

Invitation was sent to the Modocs to visit the new camp, and some half hundred braves, with their families, came and camped on the bank of the river, living on the provisions of the whites. Wright sought by specious promises to induce them to deliver up the property taken from the emigrants, and this they agreed to do. They brought in a few old guns and pistols, and then said they would give no more; that they were stronger than the whites, and would as soon fight as not. Old Schonchin, the head chief, left the camp with a number of others when he saw that trouble was brewing.

To properly understand the scene, a correct idea must first be had of the location of the camp. The river at

that time, the middle of November, 1852, was very low, and had two banks—one low bench down by the water's edge, and the other rising like a terrace back of it. On the low bench the men did their cooking, while they slept on the high bank above. The Indian camp was but a few yards down the stream on the low ground.

It was the custom of both parties to leave their weapons in camp and mingle unarmed where the cooking was done. One night Old Mary informed Wright that the Modocs had planned a massacre of the whites for the following morning. When the men were gathered on the lower ground eating their breakfast, the savages were to slip in between them and their camp, where their guns were, and kill every one of them.

This was not pleasant news for Wright. It had been his intention from the first to coax all the valuables possible from them, then pick a quarrel and kill all he could of them. It seemed now that they were likely to get ahead of him, and the biter would be bitten. It was evident to him that he must either depart hastily in the night, or else forestall their treachery by equal treachery on his part. He decided to do the latter, and quickly formed a plan to slay the whole band.

Six men were sent across the river at the Natural Bridge and posted on the bank just opposite the Indian camp, where they lay on their arms all night. The other men were stationed on the high bank in the rear of the Modoc camp and within twenty paces of it. It was arranged that Wright would go into the Indian camp at daylight, and when all was ready, shoot one of the braves and fall to the ground out of harm's way. This was to be the signal for them to pour a deadly rain of bullets among the doomed savages.

Taking some beef* in his hand, Wright advanced into the Indian camp, threw down his load and sat down

* The story has been circulated and generally believed that an attempt was first made to poison the Indians by inviting them to banquet upon a beef that had been prepared with strychnine. I investigated this matter carefully and am satisfied the story is not founded upon fact. The only evidence to support it was of the poorest kind of hearsay, while all the direct testimony that can be had, that of surviving members of the company, controverts it. Even old citizens of Yreka, with equal opportunities to judge of the facts, differ in their opinions on the subject. J. A. Hallick and J. C. Burgess, two members of the company, say that when their men were in Yreka after provisions a certain physician suggested that they poison the savages, and offered to furnish the material. The fiendish barbarities they had committed upon helpless emigrants had so filled the people of Yreka with utter horror and indignation that they wanted the perpetrators exterminated. It was with this feeling that they supplied the company with provisions and ammunition. The physician, who looked upon the savages as so many ravenous wild beasts, proposed this way of disposing of them as the cheapest and most effectual. The men said they would consult with their companions about it, and departed without taking the poison with them. The proposition was rejected with scorn by the better element of the company, and with contempt by the others. The latter were hunting Indians for excitement and pleasure; they wanted to shoot them, and would as soon think of killing them with poison as the enthusiastic hunter would think of placing out arsenic for the noble buck his hounds had aroused on the mountains. Nevertheless, it was whispered about in Yreka that Ben Wright was going to poison the Modocs; and when he returned and showed that the Indians had been killed in battle, it was then reported that he had attempted to do so and failed. No amount of denial was able to head off the slander. It was spread abroad, and even carried to the ears of the Modocs in after years, who now firmly believe that Wright had attempted to poison them. These, I believe, to be the bottom facts of the poison story. The beef Wright took to camp on the morning of the massacre was but one of several pieces he had given his intended victims, who were boarding with him, as it were. Meacham, Joaquin Miller and others have laid considerable stress in their writings about the Modocs upon this poison story, but have done so because they did not take the time to investigate. However well written and entertaining their writings may be, they are very poor history.

upon the ground. The Indians were drying their bows by the fire and straightening their arrows, a slight rain during the night having damaged them. He was satisfied from this and the scowls upon their faces that the warning he had received was true. They seemed to be in an ill-humor at being temporarily foiled in their design by the interposition of the elements. Old Mary came into the camp and sat down upon the ground beside Wright, a short distance from the fire.

Calling his attention to a young brave whose sister had been given him as a wife a few days before, she said, "That is your brother-in-law."

"I'll make a brother-in-law of him," exclaimed he, as he shot the young warrior dead with his pistol, and fell prone upon the ground to escape the volley of bullets that was poured into the Indians about the fire.

The onslaught was so sudden that the survivors of that rain of death stood for a moment as though stunned, and then fled in terror. As they sought to escape across the river they were turned back by a deadly volley from the six men in ambush on the other side. Seeing all avenues of escape were closed, and that half of their number already lay dead upon the ground, the Modocs turned at bay and fought desperately for their lives. They charged up the bank to grapple with their assailants, and a most sanguinary hand-to-hand struggle followed. Their arrows and knives were no match for the revolvers of the whites, and the contest was soon ended by the death of the last Modoc who made that desperate charge.

Of the forty-nine braves who stood about the camp-fire that November morning but two escaped to relate the treachery which had sealed the lips of the flower of their tribe. Those two were John Schonchin* and Curley-Headed Doctor, who twenty years later took a terrible revenge in the murder of the Peace Commissioners.

A few squaws were hit by the flying bullets and went the way of all good Indians. Three of the attacking party were wounded; two of them so badly that their companions had to make litters upon which to convey them to Yreka.

The names of the men who made such sad havoc among the Modocs were: Ben Wright (killed by Indians in 1856), J. G. Hallick (now living in Yreka), William T. Kershaw, David Helm (Old Tex), Isaac Sandbanch (Buckskin), George Rodgers, Morris Rodgers, John C. Burgess (now living in Yreka), Jacob Rhodes, E. P. Jenner (now living in Scott Valley), — Coffin, William Chance, William White, a man called "Rabbit," William Brown, — Poland, Nigger Bill, and two Oregon Indians named Benice and Bob.

Notice of the coming of the party had been received, and every man in town [there were but few women and less children there at that time] was on the street to

welcome them home. It was a grand triumphal march. Escorted by a company that had gone out to meet them, they rode through the streets, dirty, shaggy and brown from their long campaign. Indian scalps dangled from their rifles, hats and bridles, and were thus flaunted to show to the admiring crowd the work they had accomplished in the field. Cheers and shouts rent the air as they slowly rode along, and at last they were fairly lifted from their horses and borne in triumph to the saloons, where a grand scene of revelry commenced.

For a week the carousal was maintained by a majority of the company and a host of their admirers, chiefly the riff-raff and scum of the town. They carried things with a high hand; everything had to give way to them. The warriors exhibited their hirsute trophies, flourished their weapons and recounted their deeds of valor. As their revolvers were generally kept in hand ready to convince any one who doubted, the number of open skeptics was small.* Finally the better class of citizens began to exert their influence, and the noisy ones subsided into nothingness when they realized that their outrageous conduct would no longer be endured.

HARRY L. WELLS.

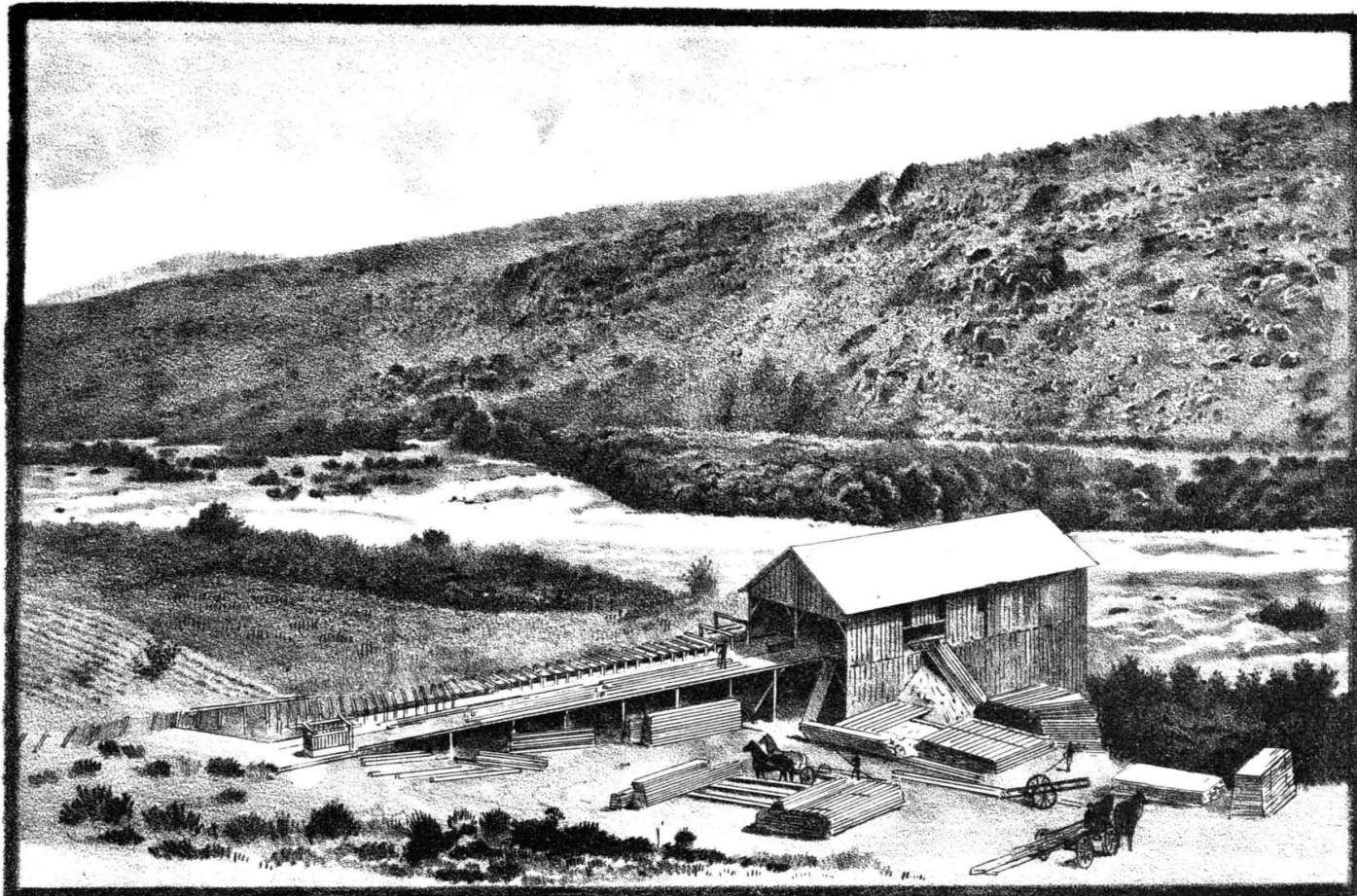
SOMETHING ABOUT CANALS.

THE Imperial Canal of China is over 1,000 miles long. In the year 1681 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in Europe—the Canal of Languedoc, or the Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. Its length is 148 miles; it has more than 100 locks and about 50 aqueducts, and in its highest part it is no less than 600 feet above the sea. It is navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland Canal, completed in 1825. It is 124 feet wide at the water surface, 31 feet wide at the bottom, and has a depth of 20 feet. It extends from Amsterdam to the Helder, 51 miles. The Caledonian Canal, in Scotland, has a total length of 60 miles, including 3 lakes. The Suez Canal is 80 miles long, of which 66 miles are actual canal. The Erie Canal is 350½ miles long; the Ohio Canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami and Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 291; the Wabash and Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374. The Suez Canal is 26 feet 4 inches deep, 72 feet 5 inches wide at bottom, and 329 feet wide at water surface; length a little short of 100 miles. The Panama Canal, when completed, is to be 45½ miles in length.

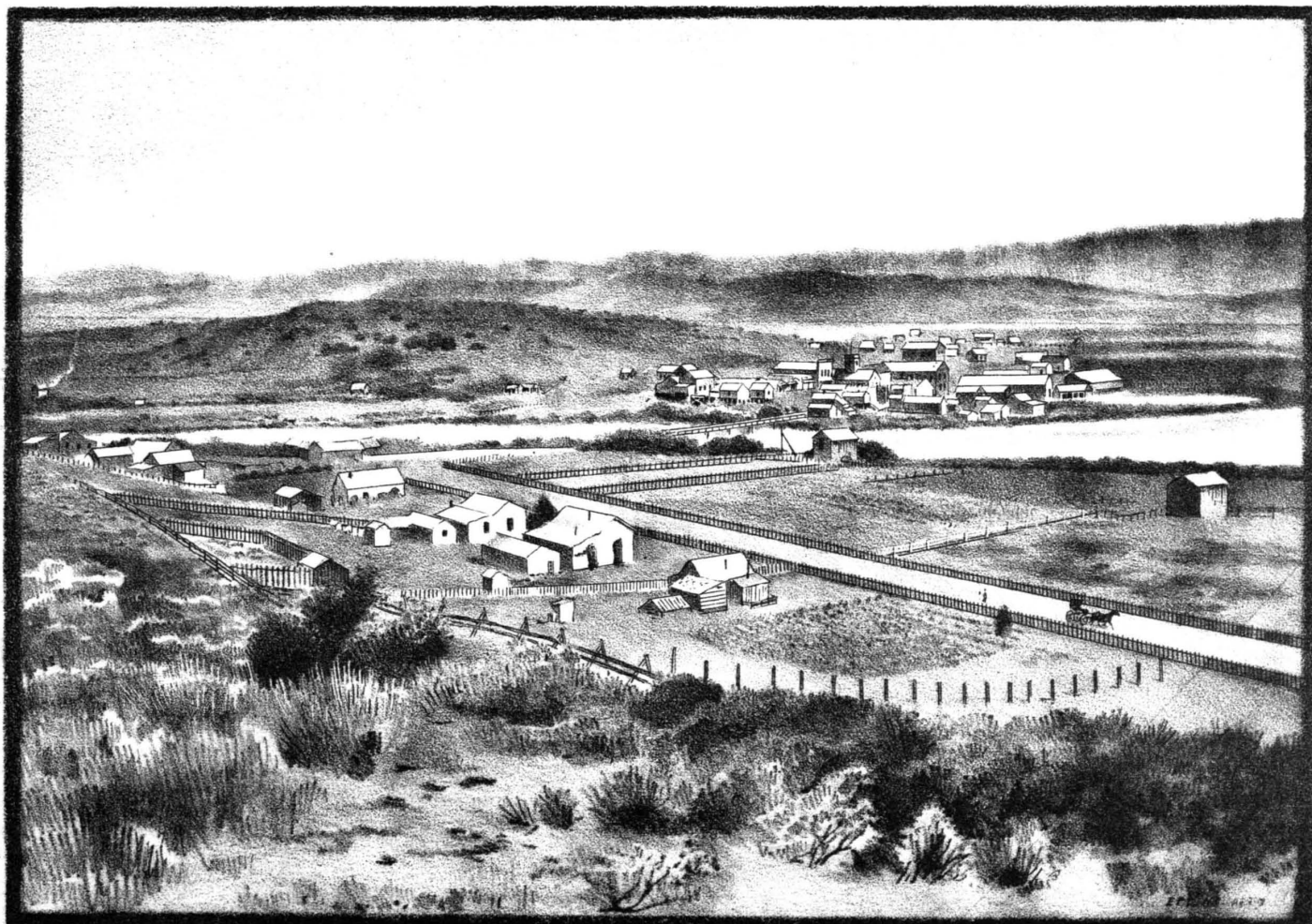
* Mr. Hallick and Mr. Burgess both say that John Schonchin was not present; but that Indian himself, during the negotiations in 1873, claimed to have been one of the two survivors of that bloody massacre, and on that based his inflexible determination to be revenged.

* One instance of the way they managed things is as follows: The kitchen of the American Hotel at that time was presided over by a negro, who had the temerity to speak in a slighting manner of them and their valor. One evening there was an outcry at the door of Joe Goodwin's saloon, and upon the crowd rushing to the door to ascertain the cause they found one of the exterminators, who accused this negro of having knocked him down. This offense, whether it had been committed or not, was more than they could endure. The next morning they made a raid upon the hotel kitchen and captured the offender. He was taken to a vacant lot, stretched over a pine log, and severely whipped on his bare back with a raw hide. Having thus vindicated their honor and demonstrated their valor, they gave the negro notice to leave town on pain of death. Nearly fainting from the terrible scourging he had endured, their victim turned his bleeding back upon the town where such things could be done forever. To the credit of Hallick, Burgess and a few others, be it said, they severed their connection with their late companions when they became too violent.

THE WEST SHORE.

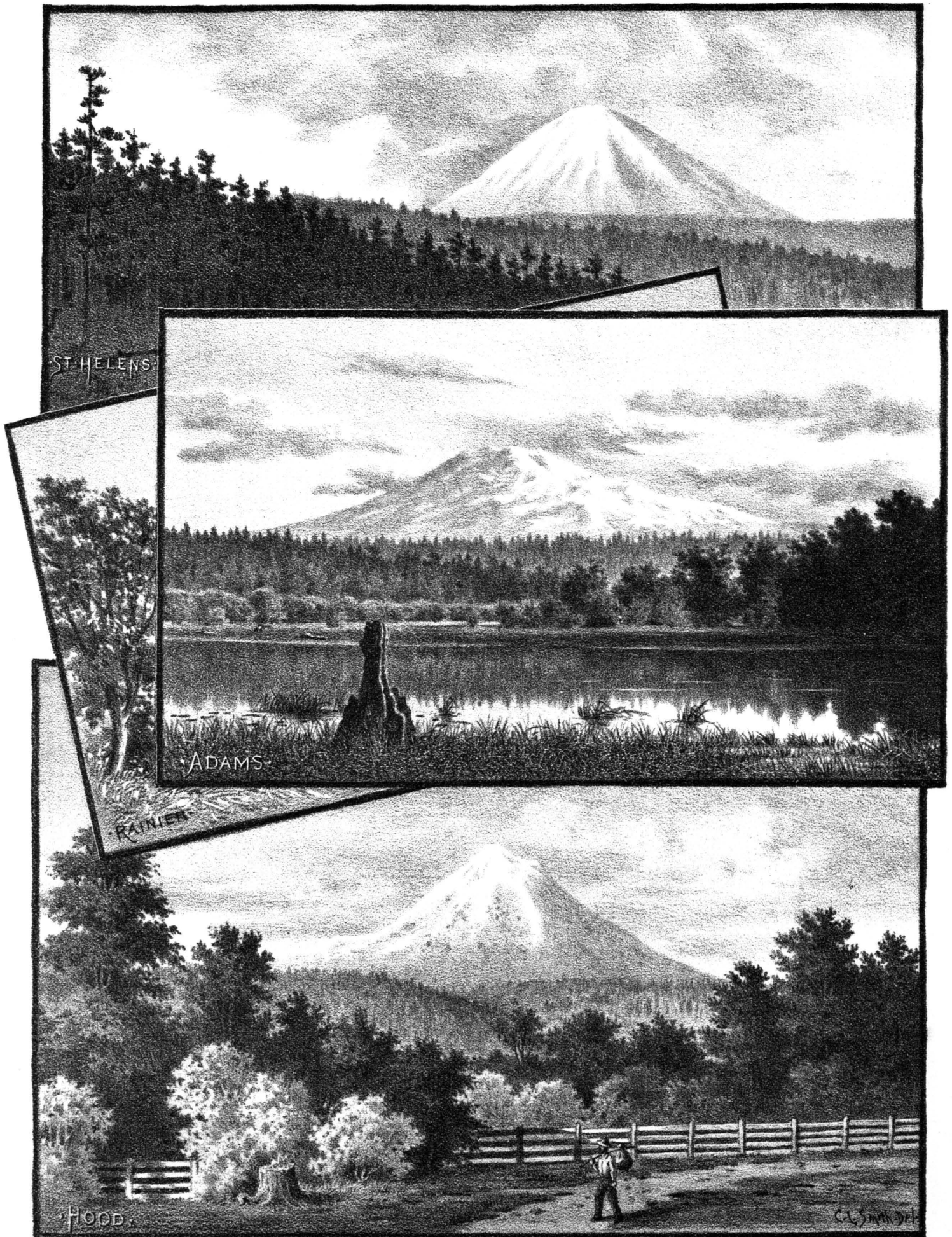


OREGON.—THE LINK RIVER NEAR MOORE'S SAW MILL.



OREGON.—LINKVILLE, KLAMATH COUNTY.

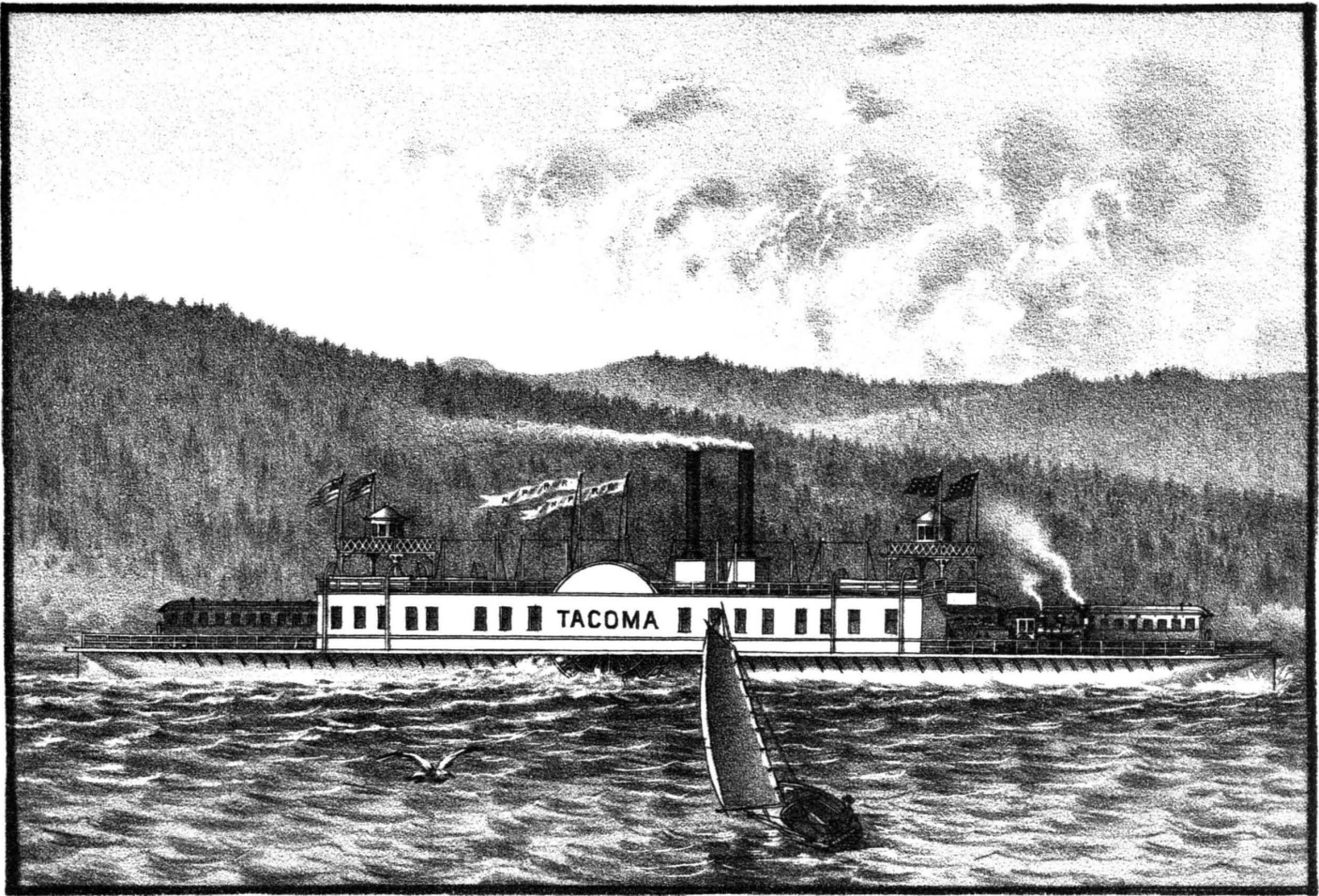
THE WEST SHORE.



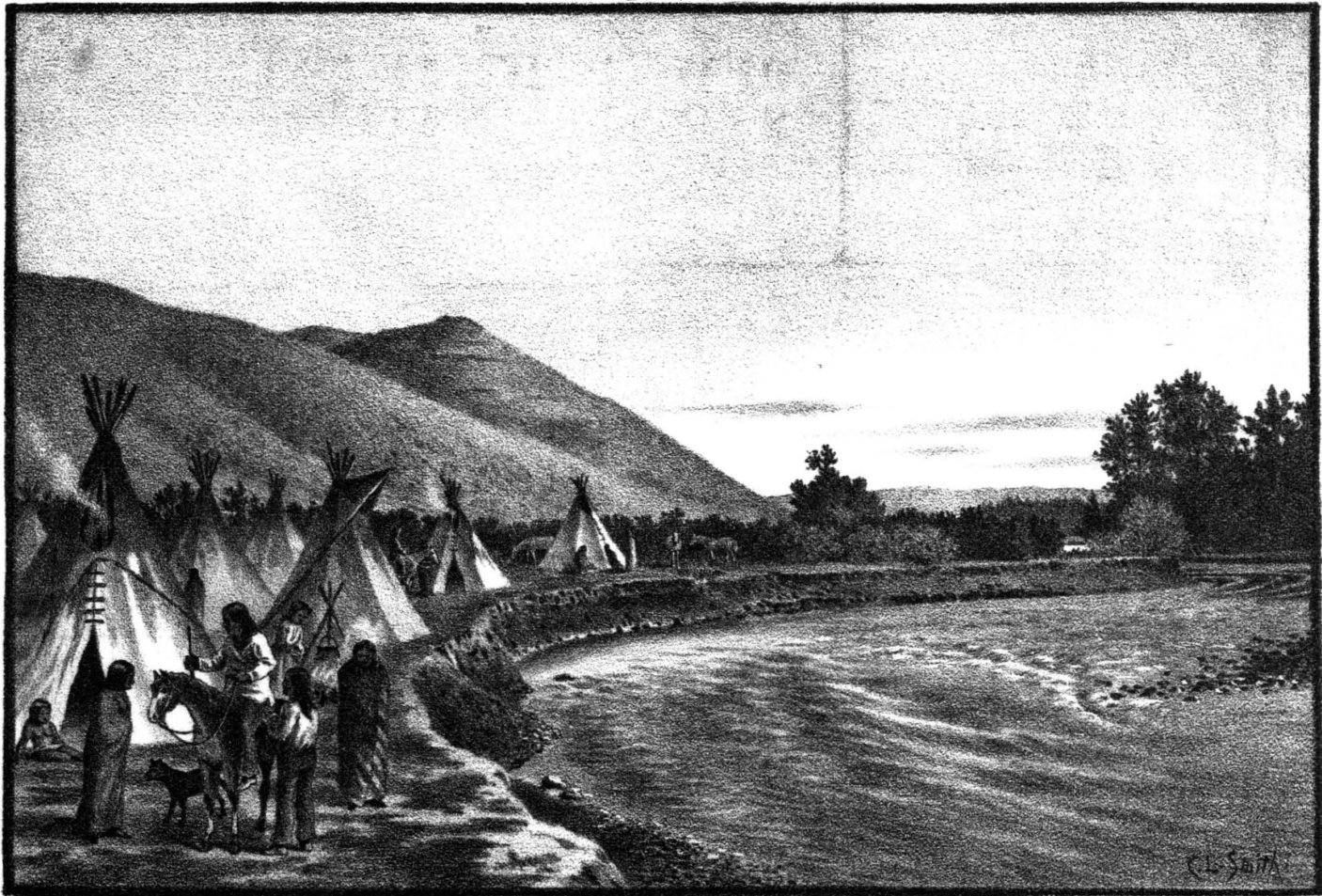
MONARCHS OF THE CASCADES.

WEST SHORE - LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.

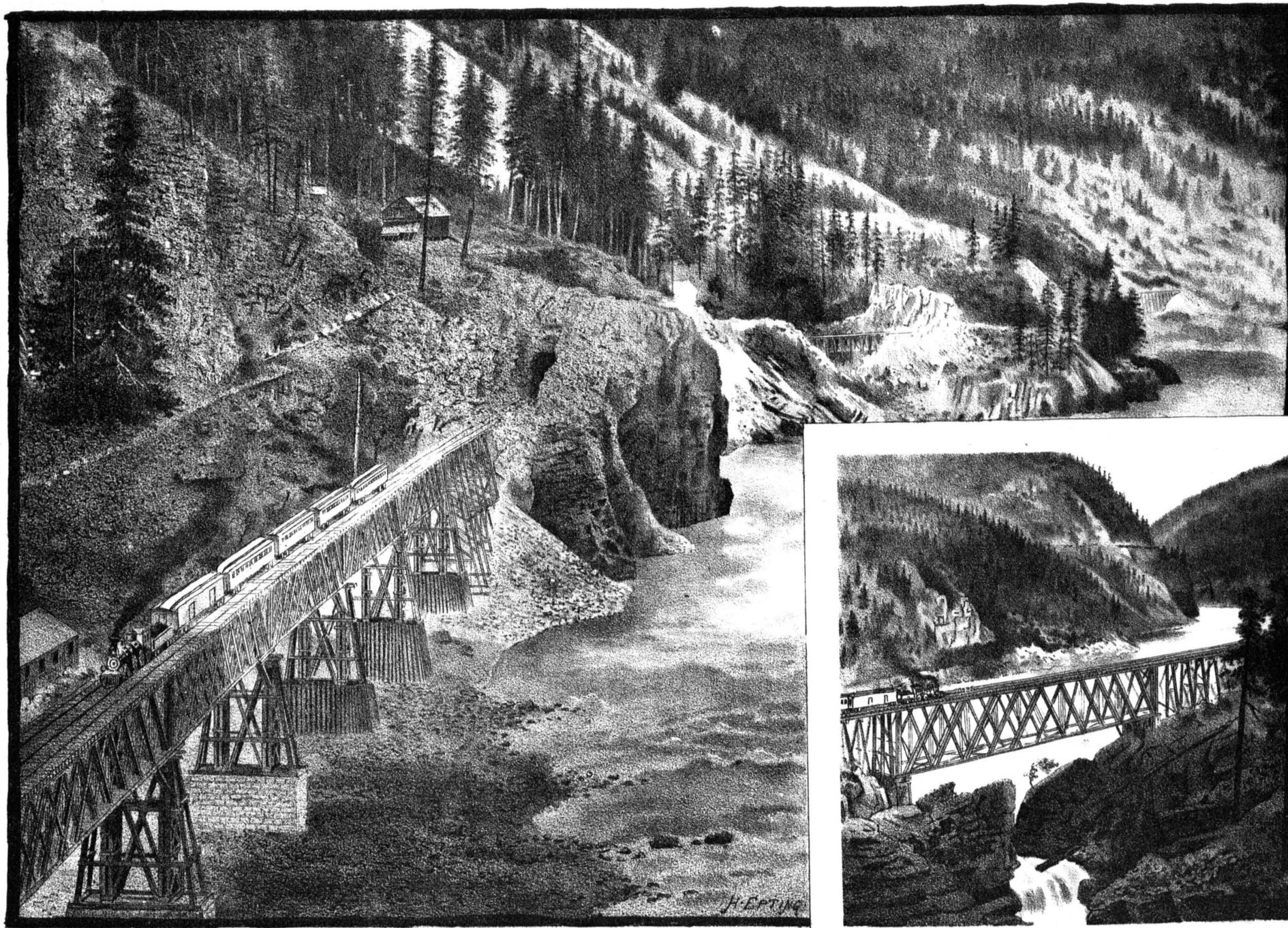


WASHINGTON.— THE NEW TRANSFER AT KALAMA.

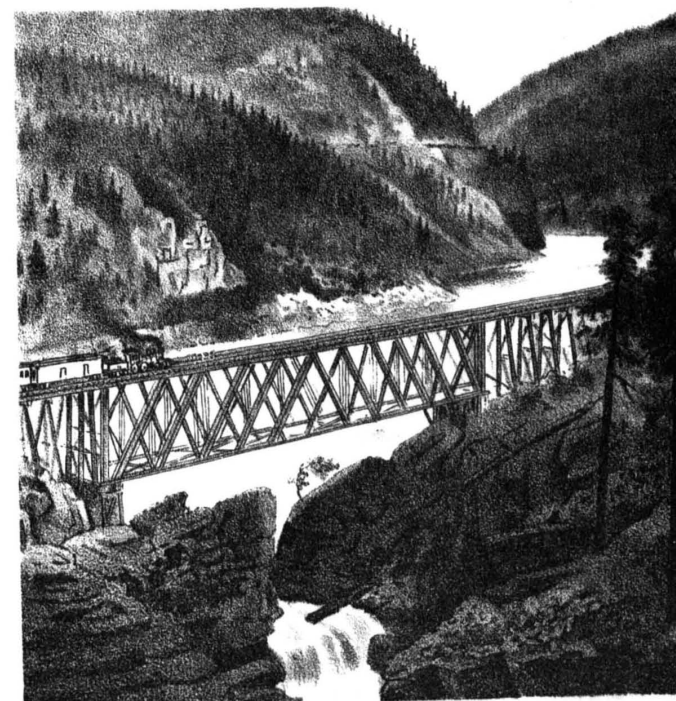


WASHINGTON.— AN INDIAN CAMP AT UNION GAP, YAKIMA RIVER.

WEST SHORE.— LITH.



ALONG THE FRASER.
BRITISH COLUMBIA.—CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.



ACROSS THE SKUZZY.

FOUND IN A WAGON BOX.

"THE bloody villains," muttered Sandy McGovern to himself, as he sat on his horse surveying the scene of desolation and death; "the bloody, murderin' scoundrels!"

In front of a little knoll on which Sandy had reined his horse in was a confused heap of broken wagons. Here and there a dead horse, already partially stripped by the coyotes, and scattered up and down the line of wagons the bodies of men who evidently died fighting. It did not need the hideous red patches on top of the skulls, where the scalps had been torn off, to tell the old frontiersman that he saw before him all that was left of an emigrant train that had been surprised by Indians. The arrows in the men's bodies, the wanton destruction of the wagons, told the tale but too plainly.

Sandy lifted his horse's rein, and the trained animal picked his way down the little descent to where the fight had been. Here the "signs" were plainer than ever, and as Sandy rode slowly along the line where the unavailing battle had been fought, his mind was filled with regret that he, in company with a score of stout fighters like himself, had not been there. Mingled with this was a feeling of desire for vengeance. To his experienced eyes the slight signs, which would have escaped a man new to the plains, told him that the massacre had taken place, at the most, but two days before. The most horrible, and yet the surest, proof was the fact that the coyotes had not had time to finish their work of eating the dead.

As he rode slowly along he suddenly heard a faint sound. The silence of the desert is so intense that one becomes accustomed to it, and any noise, however slight, attracts the attention instantly. With his nerves strung by the scene which lay before him, the frontiersman, whose senses were always alert, found his attention attracted at once, and stopping his horse he listened intently.

In about a minute he heard it again, and noticed that it came from one of the wagons. Dismounting and walking to the place, he listened once more. In another minute he heard it again. It was something like a faint cry, and it seemed to be smothered in some way. Sandy stood close by the wagon, his hand resting upon the foot-board in front. Again he heard it, and this time more plainly than before. Fairly leaping to the foot-board, he opened the long box in front, the top of which forms in a prairie schooner the driver's seat, and saw lying in it a little child.

The big frontiersman lifted the baby—for it was scarcely more—out of its strange resting place as tenderly as a mother. He saw that the child was very weak from its long fast, and, placing it gently on his blankets, he began a search for something fit for it to eat. Finding a bag of flour, he made, with a little sugar, a kind of thin gruel, heating it over a fire he had hastily kindled. Taking the baby in his arms, he fed it slowly and cautiously. With infinite patience the big man went through his strange task, until, after some time, he had the satisfaction of seeing the little one refuse to swallow any

more. Then, sitting on the tongue of the wagon, with the dead lying all around him, Sandy rocked the baby in his arms until it went to sleep.

Placing it in his blankets and covering it up carefully, he examined the box in which he had found it. In the bottom was a rough horse blanket. Thrown over the edge was a piece of rope, placed there to prevent the lid shutting tight. Alongside of the child he found half of a bracelet, evidently a cheap imitation one, which looked as though it had been torn off from the other half. At the lower end of the box there was a confused heap of baby clothes, thrust in hastily. All of these things Sandy took. He found even the water in the spring, beside which the train had camped, to give his newly-discovered treasure a bath, which seemed to do the little one a great deal of good.

For one week Sandy stayed there, spending his whole time looking after the baby. He saw the child grow strong and bright, and he found that the feeding, washing and dressing of the "kid," as he had already christened it, a source of ever-increasing delight. At the end of that time, having the broken bracelet carefully stowed away in his saddle-bags, Sandy mounted his horse, and taking the "kid" in his arms, left the scene of the massacre never to see it again.

* * * * *

What a wonderful change sixteen years make in men and women. The glossy brown hair may have become thin in that time, and on the once smooth face time may print more than one fine wrinkle, telling of the deep furrows to come. Sixteen years have somewhat whitened Sandy McGovern's hair, and his figure is more portly than it was when he rode away from the scene of the desert massacre. And sixteen years have transformed the "kid" into a tall, stalwart lad of eighteen, full of health and strength.

Robert McGovern, as Sandy had called the baby he found in the old wagon box, looked magnificently as he rode up to the house, crossing the little stream in one easy leap of his horse.

The sixteen years had brought wealth to Sandy with the gray hairs. It really seemed as if everything he touched prospered after he rescued the baby. He made more money in trapping that year than he had in any two before. He got contracts to supply the stage line with horses, and made money out of them. He bought a share in a claim for almost nothing, and it turned out to be enormously rich. "Lucky Sandy," as he was called, began to be noted for his uniform success. Finally he turned his attention to cattle, and purchasing a large tract of land, stocked it and became a ranchero. He placed the "kid" at school as soon as he was old enough to go, and after giving him a good education, brought him home to live on the ranch and learn to manage it.

"Father," said Bob (Sandy never called him "kid" unless they were by themselves), "there's a party down there on the road and the stage has broken down. I told them I'd ride up here and send a wagon to bring them up. I said you'd be glad to have them as long as they'd stay."

"That's right, my boy; of course, we're glad to have 'em. Here you, Pedro, harness up and go down to the road. Bring up all the passengers on the coach. How many is there of them, Bob?"

"Five in all. There's the prettiest girl, father, you ever saw, an old lady who kept looking at me, and three gentlemen."

"Well, my boy, we'll try and make them comfortable. You better go and see about rooms being got ready for 'em, and I'll ride down to bring 'em up."

Bob dismounted, and throwing the bridle-rein over the hitching post, walked into the house.

Sandy looked after him, and muttered to himself, as he prepared to ride down to the rescue of the passengers:

"I decla' that boy gets better every day."

It was not very long before the whole party reached the house, glad enough for the chance of staying there until they could go on with their journey. It consisted of Mrs. Barnston and Mr. Barnston, his niece, Miss Edith Hovey, and two friends of theirs, Messrs. James and Flynn. Sandy's welcome was so cordial, and he was so unaffectedly glad to see them, that all idea of formality vanished, and before supper time the whole party had become as familiar as old friends. Bob seemed to get along very well with Miss Edith, and while Sandy and the other gentlemen chatted together, the young people talked about anything and everything that could furnish a topic of conversation.

Both Sandy and Bob noticed that Mrs. Barnston was very silent, and that she did not seem to be able to keep her eyes off the young man's face. She would look at him with a half puzzled and anxious expression until she saw that she was noticed by the others, when, with an effort, she would join in the general conversation.

After supper the whole party went out upon the piazza, when the men lit their cigars and talked. At length Sandy, who never missed a chance of showing his boy off, called upon Bob to sing, and he at once began, in a beautiful tenor voice, some simple melody. As he sang Mrs. Barnston became more nervous, until suddenly starting up, she hastily left the piazza. Her husband followed her, and after a short absence returned. Turning to Sandy, he said:

"You must excuse my wife, Mr. McGovern; but she lost her first husband and her boy many years ago under peculiarly distressing circumstances, and your son's singing has reminded her so of her first husband's voice that she was unable to stay with us any longer."

Sandy paused for a minute before replying, and then in a deep tone said:

"Bob ain't my son."

"Not your son! Why, I thought—but I beg your pardon," said Mr. Barnston.

"Pardon's granted," said Sandy, sententiously. "What I mean is, I ain't Bob's real father. He's my son in affection and in love, but he ain't my natural son."

"Well, if you'll excuse my curiosity, where did you get him?"

"It's sixteen years ago now," said Sandy, slowly,

"that I was riding along the South Platte. One day I came across a place whar the red devils had been fightin' a train. When I come thar ther' weren't no man alive nor no horses nor nothing. I rode along and I hearn a kind o' wail, feeble like. I stopped and listened, an' then I looked whar the sound come from, and I found Bob thar, nothing but a kid he were then, in a—"

"You found him in the wagon box! Oh, for God's sake, say you found him there!" and Mrs. Barnston fairly ran from the door in which she was standing and threw her arms about Bob's neck, turning her head toward Sandy as she spoke.

Sandy started and half rose from his chair. Then looking at Bob with an eye full of affection for a moment, he allowed his gaze to rest upon the eager, questioning face of the woman. Then he said slowly:

"Thar wer' something as I found alongside o' the little one."

"I know," said Mrs. Barnston; "the half of a bracelet."

Sandy nodded, and with a wild, inarticulate cry of delight Mrs. Barnston fell fainting on the floor. The spectators of this intensely dramatic scene hastened to her assistance, and when she recovered, it was to find the arms of her son around her. She hugged him, kissed him, laughed and cried at the same time over him. She called him her boy, her Willie, her darling—every term of endearment ever heard she lavished upon him.

Bob, or Willie Thorndike, as his name really was, behaved very well. While it was impossible for him to realize that he had found a new name and a mother, he yet showed a great deal of affection. He was the first to realize, however, that Sandy had left them.

"Mother," he said, "father must be told that this makes no difference. Come with me."

Mrs. Barnston got up, and holding her son's arm tightly went with him. They found Sandy walking to and fro outside the house.

"Mother," said Will, "you must speak to father. He has been a true father to me."

At the sound of the title he had so long been accustomed to, Sandy turned toward them.

"Father," continued Will, "I have found a mother, but I have not lost you."

"I do not know what to say to you," began Mrs. Barnston; "words would be poor and weak. God bless you, Mr. McGovern, and He will bless you for what you have done. I cannot thank you, but I can pray to Him that He will. Do not think that I wish to take Will away from you. You have been a father to him, and it is right that he should be your son. But he is my boy, my darling—"

"Wa'al, marm," said Sandy, as his face softened into a smile as full of pleasantness as a May morning, grasping, as he spoke, Will's hand, "thar ain't no reason, as I knows, why we can't both love this youngster. He's a good boy, as good as they make 'em, and I reckon we can 'range things so as to suit all parties. You and your husband had better stay on the ranch for a month or two,

and we'll have plenty of time to talk it all out. I was afeared," continued Sandy, after a pause, "as how I might hev lost the boy 'long o' your coming, but I sees that ain't so, and I bless God for the joy He has given you this day. Let's all go into the house and talk it over."

So it was arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Barnston and Edith stayed at the ranch for three months. During that time Will's mother had a chance to tell how she had been carried off by the Indians and rescued by the United States troops within a week; how she had met her then husband some eight years afterward and married him, and how she had never ceased thinking about her boy that had died, as she supposed, in the desert.

During the three months Will discovered the fact that he was very glad that Edith Hovey was not his relation by blood. When the Barnstons did leave, they did so two days after Mr. and Mrs. William Thorndike had taken the cars on their wedding tour. Sandy gave Will one-half the ranch, stocking it for him, and the last time I saw Will he told me he was going to run for Congress. He was full of the pleasure he expected to have in getting his mother, his wife and babies, and his father, as he always called old Sandy, together once more in his home at Washington.

ALFRED BALCH.

THE SECRET.

UNEXPLAINED noises at night are always mysterious, and to the superstitious especially so. That a very old house should gain the reputation of being haunted is not surprising, especially if it has been neglected and allowed to fall out of repair. The wood-work shrinks, the plaster crumbles away, and through minute slits and chasms in window frames and door cases there come weird and uncanny noises. The wind sighs and whispers through unseen fissures, suggesting to the superstitious the wailings of disembodied spirits. A whole household was thrown into consternation and had its repose disturbed one stormy winter by a series of lamentable howls and shrieks that rang through the rooms. The sounds were harrowing, and as they rose fitfully and at intervals, breaking the silence of the night, the stoutest nerves among the listeners were shaken. For a long time the visitation continued to harass the family, recurring by day as well as night, and especially in rough weather. When there was a storm piercing yells and shrieks would come, sudden and startling, changing anon into low melancholy wails. It was unaccountable. At length the mystery was solved. Complaints had been made of draughts through the house, and as a remedy strips of gutta percha had at some former time been nailed along the window frames while its owners were at the seaside. This, for some reason explainable upon acoustic principles, had caused the disturbance. Even after the gutta percha had been torn away, a sudden blast of wind striking near some spot to which a fragment still adhered would bring a shriek or moan, to remind the family of the annoyance they had so long endured.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

THE Egyptians had a funeral tribunal, by which the dead were tried before they could be buried. After death every Egyptian was brought before this tribunal, and if convicted of having in his life acted unworthily, he was denied a place in the burial place of his ancestors. This was a great disgrace to his family, and, according to the Egyptian theology, it deprived the spirit of the deceased of an entrance into heaven. One of the things which caused the infliction of this mark of disgrace was that of dying in debt. If, however, the children or friends of the deceased should pay his debts, as they sometimes did, he was allowed to be buried. Such an institution as this must have had a powerful effect upon the conduct of the people in their commercial transactions with each other. A man who knew that every act of dishonesty, unfair representation, falsehood or trickery, which he might practice in the course of business, might be remembered and uttered to the disgrace of his family over his dead body, would be cautious not to give occasion for such a procedure. As we have no exact information with regard to the mode of trial, we may perhaps be allowed to picture to our imagination the form of the proceedings. Let us suppose it was something like this:

An Egyptian merchant dies; the day arrives for the investigation of his conduct. The hall of judgment is thronged with citizens; the body, followed by a long train of mourning relatives, is brought in and placed in the midst; the judges take their seats, and the whole assembly is hushed into silence.

"If any of you know any just cause or impediment," an officer of the court proclaims, "why the body of our deceased fellow citizen should not be committed to the grave, ye are now to declare it."

"I object to the burial," said a voice, "for I had often dealings with the deceased, and I could never depend upon his word."

"I object to the burial," said another voice, "for the deceased attempted to injure my character, in order to get away my customers."

"I object to the burial," said a third voice, "for he lived at a most extravagant rate, when he knew he was unable to pay his debts."

"I object to the burial," said a fourth voice, "for he made over his property to a friend, and then took the benefit of the insolvent act."

The judges rise and exclaim: "Enough! enough! Take him away! Take him away! You may throw the body to be devoured by the beasts of the field or the fowls of the air; but never let the earth be polluted by receiving into its bosom the worthless remnant of so vile a man."

At an auction sale of old Government medical supplies, among other things one man bought 17,308 pills for thirty cents. A local paper says: "The books and instruments sold have been used before, but the pills were entirely new."

ELECTRICITY UBIQUITOUS.

OWING principally to the ignorance of writers in the newspapers, to the artificial system of education imposed upon elementary schoolmasters by the existing system, and also, perhaps, to the rate at which men live, the universality of electric phenomena is but little understood. The servant brushing a coat, cleaning windows, beating a carpet, placing a kettle on the fire to boil, sifting cinders, etc.; the carpenter using his plane or brush; the school boy or girl rubbing out the lines in his or her book; the master making or mending his pen is, during the time he or she is so employed, as effectually an electrical machine as the most elaborate apparatus made by the art of Elliot or Holtz. Many manufacturers find "electricity" a nuisance. In the weaving of various fabrics—such, for example, as those in which silk and wool are used—the work is very electrical. Mr. E. Bright's paper before the Society of Telegraph Engineers will give full details of the troubles arising in weaving and the methods of overcoming the difficulties. In making chocolate, sealing wax, in the manufacture of glass, in the grinding of coffee, and so on, care has to be exercised, or instead of the pure article we should obtain one highly charged with dust, not usable, and therefore unsalable. Even the glamour of the action of electricity must be taken into our corn mills, for electricity is one of the principal causes assisting to make the miller white. When we brush our hair, or walk over the carpet, we are generators of electricity. In fact, it would seem that the greater portion of the work of the world is done in rendering electrical phenomena cognizant to our senses. Friction is largely, or wholly, an electrical phenomena. It must not be supposed that electricity is always in the way. The gilders, if they only knew, could tell a different tale, for their work is oft-times aided by electricity, as is that of various workers with paper, and so on. Electricity is as universal as gravitation.

GEESE ARE PROFITABLE.

THERE are thousands of places all through this vast country where geese could be readily and profitably reared, if there were efforts made to cultivate them. In large numbers they pay better than any other class of poultry, from the simple fact that they are great grazers, obtaining the principal part of their food from grass and aquatic vegetation along fields, meadows and margins of ponds, streams and rivers. Geese, however, are not well suited to villages, nor to small places where garden produce and small fruits and berries are growing unprotected and exposed, for they must have a large place to forage over, and are not very discriminating about where they go or what they take into their capacious crops in the way of edibles. It is on the farm they do best. In summer they will take care of themselves, and should be allowed some waste place near a pond or stream—an unclaimed swamp or boggy marsh. But little food is required for the goslings after they have a full dress of feathers. Before that time they should be kept in an inclosure (a movable one), where there is short young

grass, and should be fed in the beginning on stale bread crumbs, moistened with milk, and later on johnny-cake, ground oats and barley meal, to which may be added onion tops, cut fine, and a dash of pepper occasionally. Goslings make rapid growth, and consequently are weak and require protection from pelting storms. A hard shower will often destroy a whole brood of a month's growth, simply from the beating of the heavy rain drops upon their uncovered backs. By fall any of the improved breeds, particularly those of large size, will be so far forward that they can be "pushed" for early market. The feathers are no inconsiderable item of profit, especially as good live geese feathers readily bring an average of seventy-five cents per pound at wholesale.

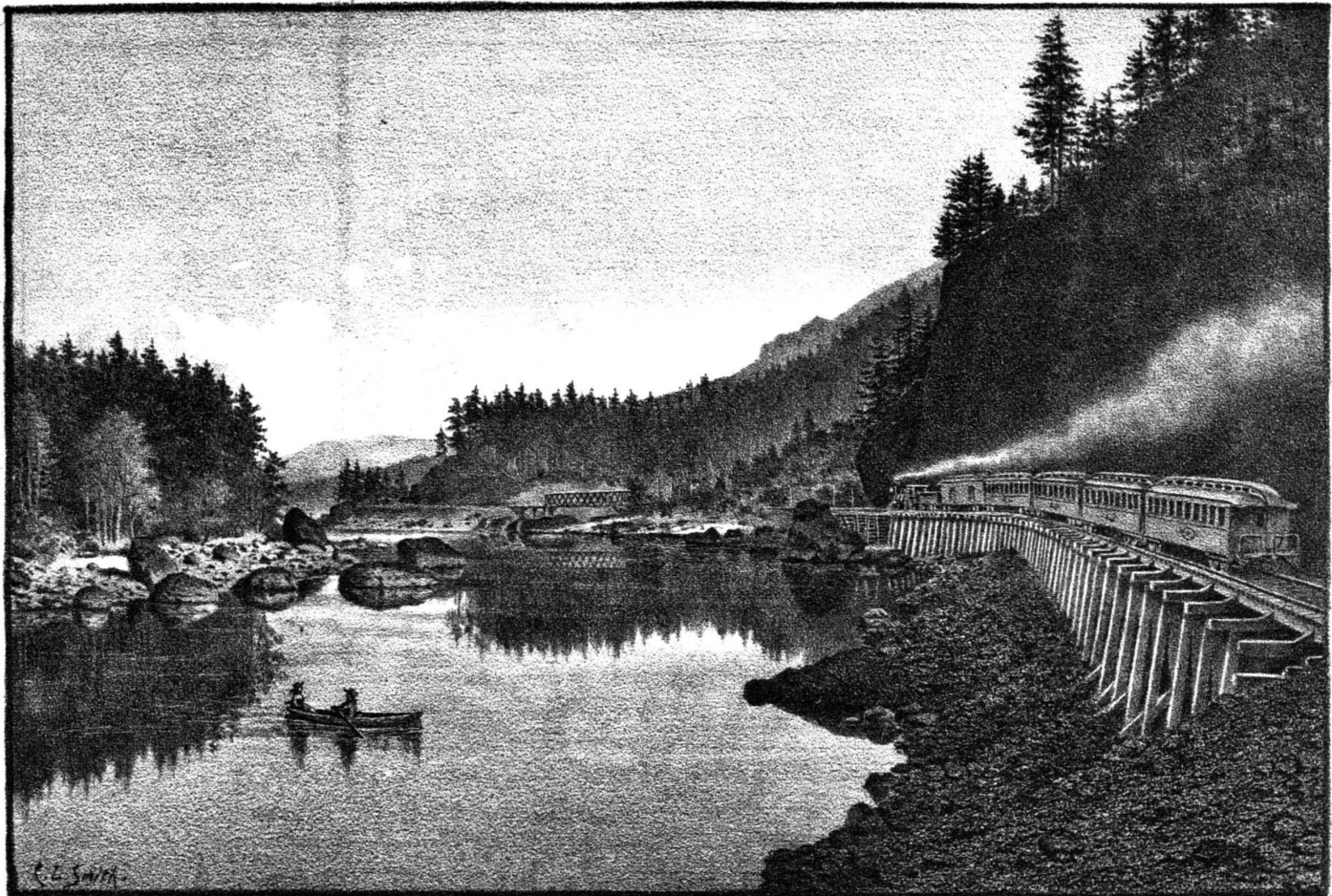
WHAT DAMP FEET MEAN.

NINE-TENTHS of the merely physical troubles women bring on themselves are due to no more terrible cause than damp feet. Men, for once in a way, are sensible in this respect. They do not habitually tramp around in their slippers, or wear strips of leather which are as thin as blotting paper. One-half the boots and shoes seen in our streets ought to be used exclusively for indoor wear. Outside, with a climate like ours, they are a splendid example of the way in which people go about literally hunting for a sharp attack of illness. It is perfectly meet and right that the modern Eve should take a pride in her foot. Well shod, and with a dainty military and not high French heel to her boot, it is proper she should be conscious of the charms of youth and compliment. But thin cashmere uppers never make a foot look well. At best they are flimsy hearth rug wear. A fairly drenching shower of rain, and the spray beats up from the descending drops, wets the stockings through, laying the foundations of any one of a dozen nasty complaints. Poor Mrs. Caudle, the good lady whose curtain lectures so long kept patient Job Caudle awake, came to her death, so it stands written, through no more serious cause than a pair of thin shoes. For the foundation of a lucrative doctor's practice nothing better could be recommended than an out-of-door picnic on a slightly damp afternoon, for which all the women folk attired themselves in thin shoes and stockings.

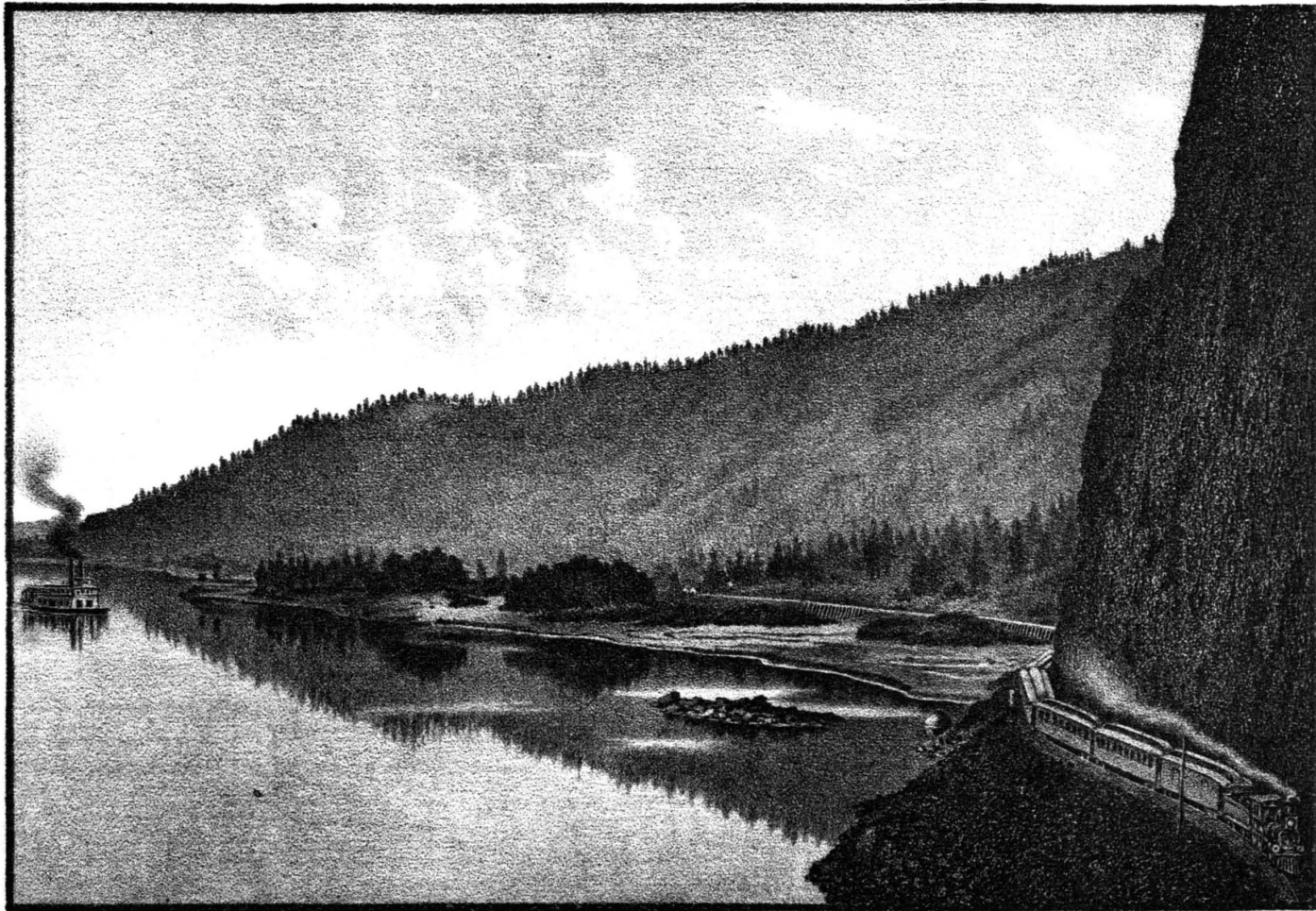
THE POTATO.

THIS useful vegetable is not alone valuable as an article of diet. In Europe, and especially in France, it is utilized in many and various ways. The cologne of the toilet is made from potatoes. Settin brandy, often sold as the product of the vine, is derived from potatoes. The farina extracted from potatoes is largely used abroad for culinary purposes, being much used in making pastry and sauces. After the farina is extracted the remaining pulp is molded into ornamental articles and toys. No less articles than picture frames, snuff boxes, etc., are made from it. The water that is expressed is used for scouring purposes. For cleansing woollens few articles are superior. Most housewives know the value of potato water for scouring purposes.

THE WEST SHORE.



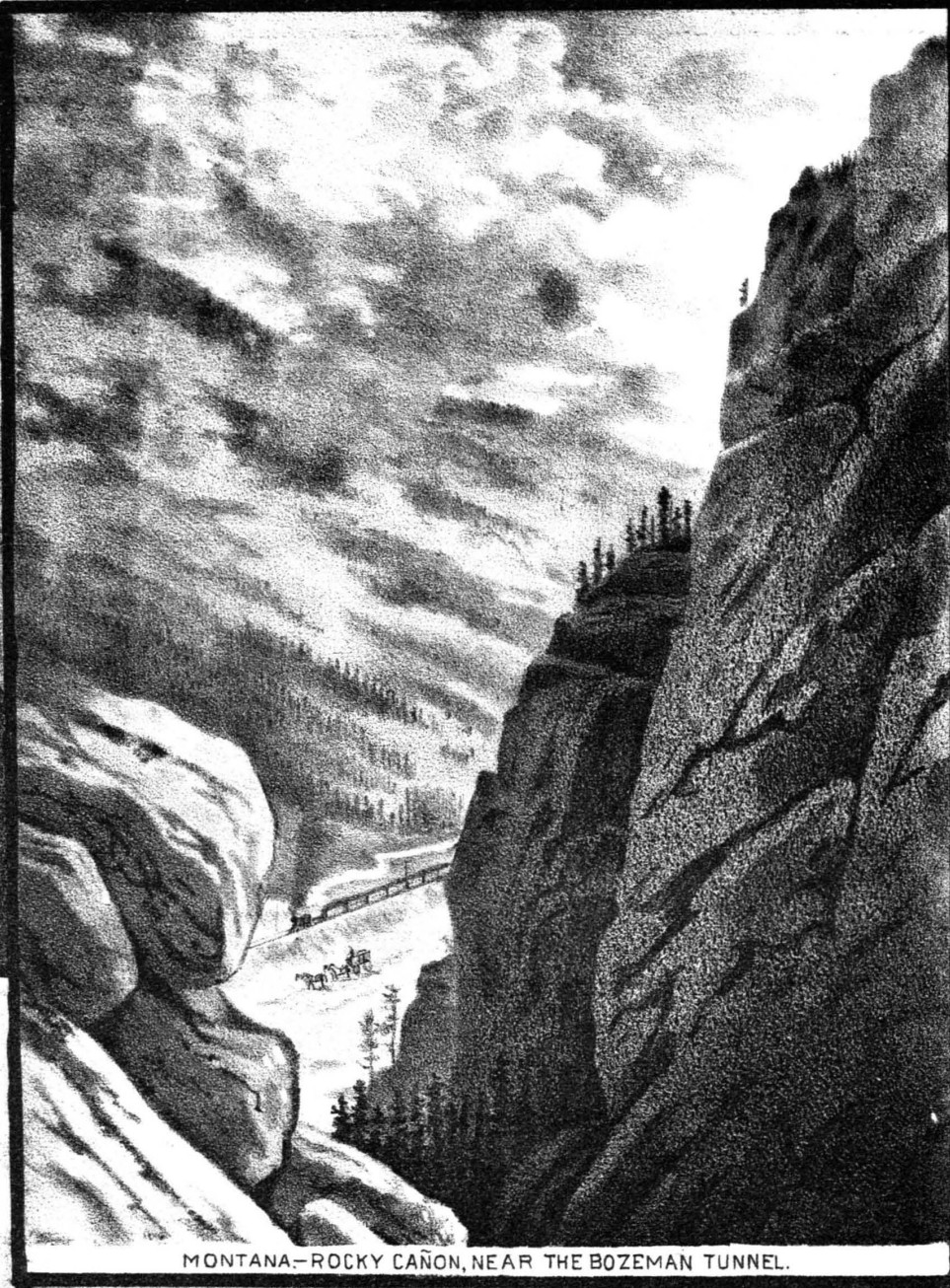
OREGON.—COLUMBIA RIVER AT EAGLE CREEK CROSSING.



OREGON.—ROCK BLUFF, COLUMBIA RIVER.

WEST SHORE—LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.



MONTANA.—ROCKY CAÑON, NEAR THE BOZEMAN TUNNEL.



DAKOTA.—THE BAD LANDS.

WEST SHORE-LITH.

TAME SNAKES: A TRUE STORY.

ON a dull afternoon during the Easter recess of 1872 I went out for a holiday stroll toward the river at Chelsea, and on finding myself near to that Dutch-looking quarter, Cheyne Walk, I determined to discover the abode of an old friend, who I had reason to know lodged in the locality. As I knew he was an inveterate smoker, I inquired about him at a tobacconist's, who told me that he had apartments in one of the quaint old houses with ornamental iron gates.

On passing through the gate and ringing the bell the door was opened by an individual in shirt sleeves, who informed me that my friend was away. Attracted by the gentlemanly bearing of the coatless individual, whom I had at first taken for a carpenter, I remained talking to him about the quaintness of the old hall and its paintings. I am sure we both felt that there was something sympathetic in our natures—perhaps this consisted in a touch of æsthetic Bohemianism; at all events, he pressed me to stay and smoke with him.

We sat in the front parlor and chatted pleasantly over a log fire, which was burning in a fireplace from which the grate had been removed. Of course, we soon discovered that we had mutual friends. Where did I ever go, or whom did I ever meet, without making this discovery? After a time I began to look round the room; no carpet, an old table, a dilapidated sofa and a few chairs; an impression of curious untidiness was left on my mind.

While looking at some small pictures hanging crooked on the wall, I noticed, what struck me as being very odd, a red blanket protruding from a hole in the wainscoting, near the mantelpiece. In reply to my inquiry as to what this meant, my host said: "Oh! that is where we keep our snakes; are you afraid of snakes?" Before I could stammer out a reply, and while I was trying to steady my nerves, he thrust in his arm and pulled out with the blanket a lot of serpents, which tumbled on to the ground and the table. Another dive brought out the rest of the blanket, and with it two large snakes, which he informed me were special favorites—a python and a boa constrictor. These at once coiled themselves all round my host's body, in and out of his arms, and about his neck.

Dazed with astonishment and shaking with fear, I tried to retreat, but he assured me in winning accents and soft words that the "dear things" were quite tame; and for some minutes we stood, I close to the window—which I thought might afford a means of escape—and he between me and the door. Suddenly my eccentric host, who had very large, excited eyes, called out that he must really fetch down his wife, and shovelling off the two monsters on to the floor (which he did not do without some difficulty), he darted from the room, closing the door behind him.

I leave you, kind readers, to imagine my feelings! I experienced a creepy sensation in my hair, and strange feelings of fascination, faintness and fear stole over me, as I stood rooted to the floor, afraid even to look round

at my possible window escape. The two huge monsters crawled stealthily up the sofa, and kept stretching out their necks to gaze at me, their forked tongues jerking in and out, and their eyes staring with what seemed to me a devilish inquisitiveness. Dante's *Inferno*, the Laocoon group and other horrors filled my brain.

The silence was only disturbed by the beating of my poor heart, and I knew not how long it was before the door opened and my host reappeared with a pretty lady, who, after a smiling curtesy to me, lifted the snakes from the sofa, or rather, leaning toward them, allowed them to entwine themselves quickly round her comely figure. Although still frightened, I began to heave sighs of relief, and I could not help being impressed by the picturesqueness of the scene. The lady's black velvet bodice showed off to great advantage the large snake coils, with their curious markings, and her rich brown hair was soon charmingly ruffled by the caresses of the snakes as they poked their noses through it. In a few minutes two little girls appeared, and, tripping up to their mother, began playing with the snakes, calling the boa "Cleopatra dear," and actually kissing its nose, until the snake tried impatiently to withdraw its neck from their fond little hands.

Mrs. M., who seemed overweighted with the two snakes, asked her husband to relieve her of the python, and she then proposed that we should have some coffee, which was brought in by the little girls. By this time I had regained my self-possession, and watched her with the keen interest of an artist as she poured out the coffee, and tapped occasionally the head of the boa, which was inquisitively stretched out toward me. During this time the smaller snakes were all about the room, a green one half hidden in the blotting book, and others hanging from the table and chairs and from Mr. M.'s pockets.

Several months after this adventure I happened to be at a rather smart wedding, and meeting Lord Arthur Russell (who I knew was a lover of snakes), I narrated the circumstances to him, and was rather taken aback by his proposal that we should go away, there and then, in a hansom cab to Chelsea. "Surely," I exclaimed, "you don't propose to leave this goodly company" [Mr. Gladstone was there among many other celebrities] "and this goodly cheer to see the snakes?"

The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din."

But he was evidently determined. So off we drove to Cheyne Walk, where we fortunately found the snake-charmers at home, and saw much the same scene that I have already described. Lord Arthur was more venturesome than I was, and got one of the smaller reptiles up his sleeve, and Mr. M. had to come to the rescue and draw it forth through his shirt cuff. We were shown a very perfect skin, apparently about three yards long, which Mr. M. coolly told us the boa had cast while in bed with him one cold night. He felt "the poor thing fretting about," and kept telling it to be quiet, but it would persist in squeezing between his legs and feet, and in the morning he found that it had shed its skin!

Mr. and Mrs. M. informed us that once, when they were away for two months, they left the two big snakes in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. On their return the keeper said that if they had delayed much longer the boa might have died, as it was refusing food; and when he produced the snake, it recognized Mrs. M.'s voice, and sprang at her with such vehement affection as nearly to upset her, coiling itself closely round her until they reached home in a cab. Our hosts also informed us that one summer's evening, when the family (including all the snakes) were having tea in the garden, Cleopatra kept swinging from a tree by its tail, and Mr. M., thinking it a good opportunity to gauge the strength of the boa, placed himself under the tree and allowed the snake to coil itself round his waist. He then found that he could lift his feet from the ground. We were also informed that if the big snakes once made pets of live animals given for food—which they were apt to do when not hungry—they would never eat them, but would wait until fresh beasts or birds were provided.

I must now narrate, in his own language, an incident about these snakes, written out for me by an Italian friend, who says:

"Ecco il racconto dell'aneddoto dei serpenti; but please correct the English and clean it up. I cannot do better in your language, so much in hurry as you are for it. Mr. M. he was a composer of music; he was very fond of serpents or snakes, and he made a very particular study in the natural history about such kind of fearful reptiles. He very often spoke to me desirous to show me these animals, which he nursed with care, and brooded the eggs to generate the little ones. At the back of his appartement there was a small garden, and next a kind of orchard court, where a merchant of chickens and fowls had a nursery of these domestic animals, which he kept for trade. At that time Mr. M. had in his bedroom two enormous boa constrictors, which slept with him as two little babies, as Mr. M. was confident that not treason or mischief could come from them, so beloved and well trained by him. So he took his sleep confidently every night. But the wild ibrid animals, with a natural bad instinct for rapine and murder, would smell often their prey, the poor, innocent chickens, and when Mr. M. peacefully slept, the horrid reptiles oozed from the bed and silently crept to the gardens where the chickens were, killing and eating often of them. During this assault the chickens began to cack, and some time the proprietor was awaked, and visited the garden, and when he discovered a chicken dying and others destroyed, he began for to watch during many nights, till, what was the horror and fright of the master when, at the feeble light of the break of the day, he discovered a sterminate serpent with a large chicken strangled in its coils! At sudden he gave the alarm and called the police; all the neighbors' houses were also frightened; at last he discovers that Mr. M. was the keeper of such extraordinary nuisible things, and went to the court, where the magistrate summoned Mr. M.; but, strange to say, there was not a slight intention found

on the part of the unconscious Mr. M. to give harm to anybody, and he was not at all punished for it, but only warned to take measures as to assure that the two serpents would have not in future to make so romantic assays in like excursions nightly to the mild and useful race of bipeds so good for human food."

Some years later, while I was abroad, I noticed in the English newspapers an account of a Chancery suit affecting my friends and their beloved snakes, and on my return, finding that they were likely to be turned out of their house, owing to a stray snake having frightened a neighbor's servant into a fit, I wrote a letter to the *Times*, in defence of the snakes, which will be found quoted in Dr. Romane's book on "Animal Intelligence." In spite of my protestations, the serpents were declared to be a dangerous nuisance, and my friends were turned out, nearly broken-hearted and ruined.

After a long interval I heard of them again from the late Frank Buckland, who was a kind friend to the family. They were living quietly with their snakes in small lodgings near Leicester square. One day Mr. M., who was a delicate man, was seized with a fainting fit, and remained on his bed insensible while Mrs. M. hastened out for the doctor. On her return with Buckland, they found Mr. M. still on the bed, but regaining his consciousness. He was weeping over the prostrate body of his beloved Cleopatra. The snake, suspecting something wrong, had evidently crept up stairs, and when it found its beloved master insensible had experienced some kind of shock. Partly on the bed and partly trailing on the ground, the poor boa was found stone dead!

WALTER SEVERN.

BRAZILIAN DIAMOND MINES.

THE diamond beds of Bahia and Minas Geraes, in Brazil, are very similar in character as regards the minerals composing them and their plateau form, or situation on water-courses. A new bed has been recently opened on the Rio Pardo, in Bahia, which presents some differences to those hitherto known in Brazil. The country around is low and marshy and covered with forests. The working of these forests has led to the discovery of the diamonds, which are found in a white clay along with beds of decomposed leaves. The deposit appears of modern formation. The minerals of the clay accompanying the diamond are, according to M. Gorceux, quartz, silex, monazite, zircon, disthene, staurotode, grenat almandine, corindon, and some oxides of iron. There are no oxides of titanium, or tourmalines, as is frequently the case in diamond beds. The clay appears to be from its character and situation the débris of the granite mountains bordering on the Bahia coasts.

EMIGRATION from Italy to foreign countries is yearly increasing; in 1883 it reached, according to official statistics, 169,101, mostly peasants and the lowest lazzaroni. The two Americas receive a little over a third of all the emigrants, and latterly a drift from the Buenos Ayres coast to the United States has been noticeable.

ACROSS SIBERIA.

THE people are very hospitable. No matter how early you may awaken in the morning, you will always find the mistress of the household already up—that is, her position changed from reclining to sitting; and as soon as she observes that you are really awake she sends you a few small pieces of meat, not much, only an ounce or two, perhaps, but it steadies your nerves till breakfast time—that is, until the others wake up. Then she goes into the adjoining apartment, which is merely an inclosure to keep the dogs away from the household stores, and after fifteen or twenty minutes of pounding, or chopping, returns with the breakfast. A large, flat, wooden tray is placed on the floor, and the landlady takes her position at one end, in a position inelegantly but accurately described as “squatting.” The family and their guests gather around the board on either side, lying flat on their stomachs, with their heads toward the breakfast and feet out, so that a bird’s-eye view of the table and guests would look something like an immense beetle. The first course consists of frozen weeds mixed with seal oil, and eaten with small portions of fresh blubber, which the lady of the house cuts with a large chopping knife. The approved method of eating this food is to take a piece of blubber and place it somewhere on the pile of weeds, and then press as much as you can gather between your thumb and the three adjoining fingers into a mass, which will, if you are lucky, stick together until you get it into your mouth. The man with the biggest thumb has the biggest chance here. One poor fellow whom I saw further up the coast, who has lost his right hand and the thumb of his left, has to be fed by his wife. The next course is walrus meat. This is also cut up by the presiding lady, and is served with no stinting hand. At this portion of the meal the one who can swallow the largest piece without chewing has the advantage, and the only way to get even with him is to keep one piece in your mouth and two in your hand all the time. After this joint there comes a large piece of walrus hide, which has a small portion of blubber attached to it and the hair still on the outside. When the meat is rotten the hair can be easily scraped off, but otherwise it is eaten with the rest of the hide. This hide is about an inch thick and very tough, so that it is absolutely impossible to chew it, or rather affect it by chewing. Even the dogs will chew perhaps for half a day upon a small piece of walrus hide hanging from a bag of meat and fail to detach it. This is, therefore, cut into very small slices by the hostess, and finishes the meal. It is really the most palatable dish of the meal, and furnishes something for the stomach to act upon that generally occupies its attention till the following meal, but it is astonishing how easily a meat diet is digested and how soon one’s appetite returns after having gorged at such a meal.

NEVER boast about anything that your conscience tells you you ought to be ashamed of. If you are a bachelor now, and ever were engaged to be married, don’t acknowledge it.

MADE-OVER PEOPLE.

YOUNG MEN are fond of the making-over process as applied to some one else—their wives, for instance. As soon as the honeymoon is ended the making-over process begins. It has its regular formulas, one of which is like this:

“Did you make those biscuits, Helen?”

“Yes, dear; they’re not quite right, but I am going to improve on them.”

“I supposed you knew how to make bread when I married you.”

“Why, Charlie! didn’t I want to wait a year on purpose to learn how to cook, and you said you never cared what you ate, and didn’t want to marry a cook, and all that?”

“Pshaw! never said such a word. Give these bullets to the cat and kill her. I’d give anything for one of my mother’s tea rolls.”

“Well, dear, I will write to her for the recipe. I’ll try hard to learn.”

But a man who finds fault with one thing will find fault with another. It does not occur to the young husband that his mother is fifty years old and a farmer’s daughter, and that he married a school girl who is as different from the mother-stripe as he is from the father-pattern. He is just capable of expecting her to make sausage and soft soap as mother did. Eventually he makes her over into a nondescript that is neither a companionable wife nor a comfortable housekeeper. And his highest praise is the omission of fault-finding. The world is full of made-over people. A great many went early to their graves, discouraged with the demands made upon them. “What shall I do to cure my young daughter of laughing and of looking in the glass?” wrote a mother to a celebrated divine. And the answer came: “Let her alone. Time and sorrow will cure her of both, all too soon.” A popular novelist has depicted a scene between a husband and wife, where the wife wishes to take a journey for her health. “You don’t want to travel,” says the considerate husband; “it will disagree with you—traveling always disagrees with me.” She urges a sea voyage. “You will be seasick—a sea voyage always makes me seasick.” Made-over people, like made-over clothes, are weak and unreliable. It is no sign because John’s father is a shoemaker or a farmer that John will be. He might do worse, but he may do better. At any rate, he has a right to ascertain his own value and do that best fitted for him.

A GENTLEMAN having been introduced to a charming young lady at a Washington reception, was told by his friend that she was a countess. The next day, in passing through the Treasury, he discovered her with a large pile of bills in front of her. On meeting his friend that evening he remarked:

“I thought you said that lady you introduced me to was a countess?”

“I did,” replied the other. “She is one of the quickest countesses in the Treasury Department.”

STOLEN PUBLIC LANDS.

THE report issued from the General Land Office at Washington recently concerning the fraudulent methods adopted by the cattle companies of the West, in possessing themselves of the public lands of that section, calls for prompt and energetic action on the part of the Secretary of the Interior and Attorney-General Brewster. From this report it appears that in Colorado alone it has been proved on investigation that the big cattle-raising corporations have fraudulently enclosed 2,800,000 acres of the best land in the West, and it is the opinion of the agents now prosecuting the inquiry that it will be established that about 6,000,000 acres have been stolen in that State. One company, composed entirely of foreigners, who have no intention of becoming American citizens, had gobbled 336 square miles of Colorado lands without any warrant. In New Mexico 1,500,000 acres have been stolen from the public domain; in Kansas 600,000 acres have been stolen; in Wyoming 250,000 acres; in Nebraska 300,000. The statement is officially made that in Dakota 75 per cent. of the entries on public lands have been fraudulent, and in New Mexico the frauds amount to 90 per cent. of the entries. The lands thus seized without warrant or justification of any kind are the most fertile in the Territories. The entries, we are told, are made along the streams.

The methods pursued in obtaining a colorable title are peculiar to greedy corporations. They employ a number of men, ostensibly to herd cattle, but really to make entries on the land. After the entry is made and the employe has secured his patent the corporation buys the pretended interest in the tract for a mere trifle, and then claims ownership. Those grasping monopolists, not content with seizing the unoccupied lands, compel settlers in their neighborhood to sell to them, threatening loss of employment and ruinous competition if they refuse to do so. They adopt the law of the plunderer not only towards the United States, but also towards the individual citizen.

One peculiarity about those corporations which will not escape notice is that a large percentage of the members are foreign capitalists. Many of the companies are composed entirely of foreigners, who spend the entire profits arising from the use of American lands in Great Britain. These men have not the least sympathy with America; they not only will not do anything to advance American interests, but do all they can to injure them. It was only the other day that one of the leading men among the monopolists—Mr. Morton Frewen, the wealthy English ranch-owner of Wyoming, tried to divert the entire cattle traffic of Wyoming, Montana and Dakota into Canadian channels with the avowed purpose of benefiting Canadian commerce at the expense of America. Mr. Frewen is a type of the whole class.

It is high time under the circumstances that these foreign monopolists and their American allies were obliged to disgorge. The system of plunder introduced during Mr. Schurz's free-and-easy administration of the Interior Department has been permitted to go too long unchecked. If it is permitted to proceed the monopolists will have

squatted over all the unoccupied lands of the country, to the exclusion of intending settlers, and it will be as difficult to dispossess them as the railroad corporations of the lands which they illegally retain. Let the plank of the Republican National platform on this question be given full effect. Let the public lands be reserved for actual settlers.—*Astorian*.

MARVELOUS CONTRASTS.

IN the City of Mexico the palaces of the millionaires and the cabins of the poor and squalid are side by side; indeed, they are frequently under the same roof, entered from different doors. In its two thousand miles of latitude and its three miles of altitude, Mexico produces all the vegetables, fruits and grain of every zone—every edible thing from the equator to the poles—yet her people are the poorest fed I have ever known. She produces all articles of clothing—wool in endless abundance, leather, cotton of every grade, hemp, linen, felt, ramie, and even silk—yet her peasantry are arrayed in soiled and tattered bagging, sufficient for the most primitive modesty. Upon her plains sleeps eternal summer, guaranteeing two, and often three, crops of the cereals every year, and both highland and lowland swarm with peons eager to work for eighteen to thirty cents a day. And yet food of all sorts is so high here as well nigh to bankrupt a visitor. Mexico could grow more wheat than Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri, and in the tierra templada, on the central table lands, two crops of wheat are grown every twelve months, yet wheat flour is \$30 a barrel in the City of Mexico. There is enough grazing land in Mexico in all seasons to support 10,000,000 head of cattle, and cows seem to be plentiful, yet butter in these streets sells at \$1 a pound. The food of the poorer classes consists of beans and corn meal baked, and they protect themselves from sunstrokes by a counter irritation and internal illumination produced by eating a sort of red pepper that they call chilly, on the lucas-anon principle. But beans are \$2 a bushel, and even Indian corn is selling at the same price. Potatoes can be grown in Mexico for twenty-five cents a bushel, but they are selling at ten times that, and hogs can be grown at a cent a pound, but ham is selling at fifty cents, and it is from New York! Bananas and pineapples, which grow almost within sight, are higher in front of the houses than they are in Portland. Yet the poor keep fat on six cents a day.

"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?"

"Yes, George, I will," she said, drooping her lashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?"

"Only a little song at the piano, love; I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."

It is now said that the crazy quilt originated with a country editor's wife. She got the idea from the patches on her husband's clothes.

OREGON DAIRY PRODUCTS.

A YEAR ago, soon after the Northern Pacific was opened with such a grand flourish—and everything was done with a flourish in those times—a quantity of Elgin dairy butter was imported and met with ready sale at sixty cents. For a long time Oregon and Washington have failed to manufacture sufficient butter for home consumption and have imported thousands of pounds of it annually from California. There seemed to be a wide field open for this gilt-edged butter from the East. But hard times set in; people began to drop their flourishes, among which was the use of sixty-cent butter. Our Eastern friends, appreciating our natural and laudable desire to economise, began supplying us with that cheaper article manufactured from the refuse of their great slaughter houses, a product which has received the legislative stigma of nearly every State in the Union. It did not take long, however, for the palates of our people, long familiar with nothing but good grass and clover butter, to give this tinted grease its proper classification; and now it is only to be found on the tables of cheap restaurants and boarding houses whose proprietors have not the fear of angry and disgusted boarders before their eyes. There is a good market here for a fair quality of butter at thirty cents per pound, rising, at times, to even fifty cents. The home product has largely increased during the past year; and the Oregon and California Railroad to Ashland has offered to us a large source of supply from Southern Oregon and Northern California, where is made butter not excelled on the Coast. There is great a demand for good butter east of the Cascade Mountains, which is now chiefly supplied by importations from California. This is naturally a dairy region of superior advantages, and the man who embarks in that business here in a systematic and practical manner cannot fail to meet with the highest success.

MISSOULA GOLD MINES.

R. J. CUDNER, of Missoula, who was in town yesterday, reports that the gold excitement continues unabated. It is not exactly an excitement either, but more of a quiet business move, in which a large portion of the business men of the town have interested themselves. Some 200 or 300 claims of twenty acres each have been taken up within three miles of town, and in some cases wheat fields even have been staked off. Some of the owners are very enthusiastic in regard to the future of the discovery. The pay on the surface seems to be good, and from this it is argued that when bedrock (supposed to be some twenty feet deep) is reached the amount of gold taken out will be great. One enthusiastic individual who owns only five acres has refused to take (even if anybody should be wild enough to offer it) \$50,000 for his claim. He expects on reaching bedrock to find a layer of nuggets three inches thick, he says.

Some of the old residents of Missoula, however, refuse to place any faith in the discovery. They say that all the gold that is there is on the surface along the bank of Missoula River and at the mouth of Deer Creek, and that

it is merely a few scattering grains of gold that have been scooped by the ice while moving out of Gold Creek, and deposited here a grain or two at a time during hundreds or thousands of spring thaws. It is a fact that so far no gold has been found excepting on the river bank, but how tenable the theory above recited may be remains to be seen. In the meantime the claim owners intend to go right on with their work, as generally they are satisfied that they have fortunes almost in hand.—*Missoulian*.

TOO MUCH EXAGGERATION.

THE agricultural department call attention to the fact that while it is to the advantage of every town and county in wheat-raising sections to boom themselves through the press by publishing good results in crop raising, it is very harmful to every farmer to have excessive figures sent out broadcast. If the crop of the country be exaggerated in the early estimates, the direct result is a decline in prices, which necessarily comes from the pocket of the farmer. Conservative estimates can do no harm and if results show that they are too low, the section is more surely benefitted than if the outcome compelled a reduction in figures showing the size of the crop. It is high time for the editors of the country to learn this lesson. Another matter deserves their attention as well. The annual crop estimates of S. W. Tallmadge, of Milwaukee, have been worthy of some credence in previous years, but this year they are so wide of the mark as to be worthless. This fact has been generally circulated, yet we frequently see editorials and comments based on them. Tallmadge's inaccuracy this year will undoubtedly cost the farmers thousands of dollars, and the only reason we can see for his ridiculous blunders is that he found it more profitable to over-estimate than to do otherwise. The press should sit down on him.—*Northwestern Miller, Minneapolis*.

GOOSE LAKE VALLEY, OREGON.

ANY one who may have doubts as to Goose Lake Valley being a first-class agricultural country need only to take a glimpse at the products of the farms to be convinced to the contrary. Big pumpkins, cabbage and corn greet the eye everywhere. One stalk of corn sent to this office by Mr. George Rhodes measured twelve feet in length, and it was seven feet and a half from the ground up to the first ear of corn. An onion sent to us by Mr. Grimes, the Hot Spring gardener, was eighteen inches in circumference. Beets grow altogether too big to talk about, and "garden truck" of all kinds do extraordinarily well. This is not altogether a stock country, as a great many people west of the Cascade Mountains appear to imagine, but is a place where the industrious farmer will meet with an abundant return for his toil.—*Examiner, Lakeview*.

"WELL, I do hope," said Mrs. Parvenu, as she strolled across her elegant lawn in Clifton, "if the cholera comes here this year it won't assume an epidermis form," and she fanned herself till her haughty chin stuck out above her neck at an angle of 89½ degrees.

NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

Prospecting is quite brisk in the Kootenay Lake region. Miners are examining the country thoroughly, and have made over sixty locations within the past two months, all or them of high grade galena. The railroad survey has been completed.

The total assessment value of property in Crook County, one of the new counties of Oregon, is \$1,612,323, one-half of which is represented by cattle, horses and sheep in nearly equal proportions. It is one of the foremost stock regions of the State.

A quartz mill, costing \$160,000, and containing 120 stamps, has been shipped to Alaska, to be erected on Douglas Island. It will cost \$100,000 more to get it in running order; but the owners, among whom is Senator J. P. Jones, are confident of the value of their ledge, and are wealthy enough to stand the loss in case they are mistaken in their judgment.

Hop picking in the 192 hop yards of Oregon, one-third of which are located in Linn County, has been in progress for several weeks. Scarcity of pickers has led many growers to employ Chinese, but it seems to be the universal opinion that their work is not as satisfactory as that of the whites and Indians. They do not accomplish as much and are not so thorough.

The Big Casino Saw Mill, in Meagher County, Montana, was recently destroyed by fire, together with a large quantity of lumber and logs. The mill was the property of W. H. Watson, and had a daily capacity of 25,000 feet. Its loss is a disaster to the people of that region, where saw mills are few and transportation expensive. It will be rebuilt as speedily as possible.

The contract has been let for constructing the first twenty-five miles of the Island Railway, on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. This section extends from Nanaimo to Chemainus River. The contract was awarded to Graham & Busk, of Winnipeg, and includes only the clearing, grading and bridging. Work has already been commenced, and will be followed up by track laying and ballasting.

There is a quartz mining excitement in the Big Horn Mountains, Montana. The new camp is on Wolf Creek, a tributary of Tongue River. A similar excitement five years ago in the same region ended in nothing but a location of numerous barren quartz ledges. What has now been discovered will be revealed in due time at somebody's expense. It costs money to experiment with quartz ledges.

The advisability of dividing Madison County, Montana, and creating a new county out of the northern portion, is being considered by the citizens. The part proposed to be segregated possesses excellent stock ranges, much good agricultural land, and many rich mines just beginning to be successfully developed. The county seat would probably be located at Sterling or on Meadow Creek.

The people of Grant County, Oregon, are anxious to secure a good wagon road to some point on the Baker City Branch of the O. R. & N. Company's line. Pendleton and Baker City are the two objective points. To the former the wagon road would be longer, but the railroad route to this city about 100 miles shorter. The route to be adopted seems to depend upon the action taken by the people of the two railroad towns; whichever bestirs itself sufficiently will secure it.

Mr. Charles Maltby, of Bellingham, is putting up a steam saw mill at Lynden, Whatcom County, W. T. The machinery is now on the way from the Eastern States; the engine and boilers are being manufactured at Seattle, and will be shipped to Lynden this week. The mill will be provided with planer, matcher, etc., and will have a cutting capacity of from 5,000 to 8,000 feet per day. The mill will be ready for business on or about November 1, and will be of great convenience to the citizens of the Upper Nooksack.

New Chicago is the name of the latest candidate for admission into the list of towns in Umatilla County, Oregon. It is on the line of the O. R. & N. Company, five miles above Echo, and will begin its career with a store, post office and chop mill. Another town has been laid out on the main line of that road, at the crossing of the Touchet River, between Walla Walla and Wallula, and sixteen miles from the former. It bears the name of "Touchet," and contains two stores, a blacksmith shop, post office and telegraph office.

The great smelting works at Anaconda, Montana, which have been under construction for a year past, have at last begun operations. The first fire was kindled in the furnace on the 3d of September. The Anaconda Company has expended nearly \$4,000,000 in the development of their property and erection of smelting works, and have now the greatest and most thoroughly developed copper mine in the world. The company will give permanent employment to 1,000 men and be the means of supporting a town of considerable size, and such an one has already sprung up at that point.

The Hurlbut-Conrad Land and Cattle Company of Chicago has recently been incorporated with a capital stock of \$500,000, being a reorganization, with increased capital, of the well-known Hurlbut-Conrad Live Stock Company. The herd has been increased by the purchase of 5,000 head of cattle, and the company has acquired a large tract of corn land in Iowa for the purpose of fattening their stock before putting it on the market. It is the intention, after cutting out their beef steers, to drive them to the Iowa ranch, and sell them from there as the demand may require. This, we believe, is a new departure in the cattle business, and promises to be profitable. The range of the company is in Wyoming.

The war upon sea lions at the mouth of Coquille River, Oregon, has, it appears, been completely successful. Not a lion is now visible, but the expected increase in the quantity of salmon has not taken place. It was estimated that there were formerly 1,000 of those animals

before the war was inaugurated, down whose capacious maws fully 3,000 fish disappeared daily. Why, then, is there not a greater number of fish in the river? is the question the fishermen are asking themselves. They now have a theory that formerly fear of the lions guarding the entrance kept the salmon in the river, but now, there being no danger of that kind, they go out to sea. The fishermen now believe that a few lions to do blockade duty would be a grand institution.

It is estimated that there are in the vicinity of Yakima at least 165 acres of hops. Supposing that they will yield on the average 1,500 pounds per acre, the total yield will aggregate the sum of 247,500 pounds, which, if sold at twenty cents per pound, will amount to \$49,500. That sum scattered among our people will do much toward relieving the present stringency in money matters, and we may suppose that there is a good time coming. This estimate has been purposely put at a low figure. While in most hop countries 1,500 pounds per acre is considered an enormous yield, here our hop raisers are disappointed if the crop falls below that figure, and a much larger yield is the rule. Mr. Charles Carpenter, our pioneer hop grower, has just finished picking two acres that yielded a ton and a quarter per acre, and says he has some that are yet unpicked that will yield equally as much. Where is the hop country that can make as good a showing?—*Yakima Signal*.

The most flattering reports still continue to come in regarding the crops in Choteau County. We hear of oats yielding seventy-five bushels to the acre, vegetables of all kinds of mammoth proportions, and a general feeling of satisfaction among the farmers at the outcome. We are glad to hear these reports, as it proves what has always been claimed—that Choteau County can produce crops equal to any in the Territory. It is also a benefit to the county. When the fact becomes generally known attention will be directed this way, and with the opening of the reservation settlers will come from all parts and add their industry to the material wealth of the county. We are sorry that our people did not make an exhibit at the fair, as it is one of the cheapest and best means to advertise our agricultural resources. The Cloteau County exhibit last year attracted considerable attention, but had one been made this season it is certain it would have attracted more than a passing mention.—*River Press, Fort Benton, Montana*.

Work is progressing quietly but effectively on the eastern end of the Cascades Division, running in the direction of Yakima City from the Columbia, above the mouth of Snake River. Trains are being run on the twenty-five miles which were completed under the old contract. Another section of twenty-five miles has been graded, and track laying is now in progress. This carries the road to the edge of the Indian Reserve, across which for fifty miles there will be comparatively little grading to be done. The construction will consequently be very rapid, and it is expected that Yakima City will be reached before the end of the year. Just what are

the intentions of the company, of course, no one knows, and whether the line will be produced beyond that point at present cannot yet be stated. Nor is it certain what effect the contemplated lease of the O. R. & N. Company's lines will have upon the completion of the Cascades Division. This is good for Yakima as far as it goes, but she wants a railroad to Puget Sound—not to the East.

The *Journal* is informed of a movement on foot for the shipment, next spring, to Montana and Wyoming, of an extraordinary number of calves and yearlings picked up in Illinois and other dubiously healthy sections. The bringing of this extremely young stock to our local ranges is a business full of danger and should be watched at every state with unrelaxing vigilance. There is always the imminent risk of conveying to our healthy herds the fatal contagious diseases dominant in the East, which always prevail although little is known by the outside world. There is also the almost absolute certainty of the conveyance of minor disorders, such as lung-worms, which has killed thousands of imported young cattle, death in such cases being ascribed to acclimating influences, etc., but which, in reality, was the disorders mentioned, aggravated by a change of feed and air. Of course, when the disorder is not contagious, the loss falls entirely upon the importer; but otherwise it becomes necessary for innocent parties to protest.—*Montana Live Stock and Mining Journal*.

Seattle is supplied with an abundance of pure water by five distinct systems of water works, four of them having the numerous springs back of the city as their source of supply. The fifth and most extensive one uses the water of Lake Washington. The pump lifts 1,500,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, two reservoirs of 500,000 gallons capacity each supplying the mains. Their elevation is 180 feet above the water front, furnishing a strong head for fire purposes. Another tank, with 175,000 gallons capacity, is being constructed, giving 365 feet pressure. This will supply the higher portions of the city and furnish a valuable reserve in case of fire. Besides the fire-plugs attached to the water mains, the city has five cisterns at convenient locations, containing 158,000 gallons of water. To use this great water supply in case of fire there are two steam and one hand engines, a hook and ladder truck, four hose carriages and 2,500 feet of hose. The C. & P. S. R. R. Company also has a powerful engine, which is available along the water front. With such protection from fire property owners are encouraged to build those costly structures which are the pride of Seattle.

Two gentlemen recently returned to Victoria from an exploring tour in the interior of Vancouver Island. They brought in specimens of ore from lodes of argentiferous galena which were discovered while on the trip. They traced a lode of magnetic iron ore fifteen miles, running through the Government land as well as through the railway belt. Evidences of coal formation were numerous. They found extensive tracts of farming land. These

discoveries are very important, and may prove the means of opening up numerous mines of wealth in Cowichan and adjacent valleys. The woods and lands of Cowichan are swarming with new settlers who are seeking locations there, and the forest echoes the sound of the woodman's axe. The party came from the head of Cowichan Lake to Cowichan Harbor in a canoe, the river having swollen by the recent rains, rendering navigation impossible. There is sufficient unoccupied arable land from the present Cowichan settlement to the head of Cowichan Lake on the south side to support a large population. There is also a good deal of land on the north side of the lake. In some localities game is very plentiful, and a bear and several deer were killed. The weather was rainy during most of the time consumed by the trip.

A few days ago the Central Pacific began operating the northern extension of its Oregon branch, forty miles this side of Redding. The new terminus is at Dog Creek, a well-known point on the stage line. The town site is a picturesque spot on the west bank of the Sacramento River, between Dog and Little Dog creeks. Directly opposite rises a precipitous mountain of rock and earth, with the waters of the Sacramento lazily flowing at its base. The town site was, and is now, heavily timbered with black oak, and the soil deep and rich. About twenty blocks have been laid off, with lots of twenty-five feet on front or business street. A portion of four blocks is on comparatively level ground, the balance located on a side hill and on top of the ridge, at least eighty feet above the depot, and access to which is gained by a steep and winding road. Water has been brought by pipes into the town by the company, the source of supply being Little Dog Creek, a mile distant. The terminus has been christened "Delta," owing probably to its location between the two creeks, but it seems like straining things a little to bestow such a name upon a town far up in the Sierra Mountains. An auction of lots was held at the town site a few days ago, at which those most desirable for business purposes were disposed of at prices ranging from \$80 to \$345.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the tourist season in the National Park of the Yellowstone, and the failure of the mammoth hotel to make a living, there seems to be a desire entertained by all railroads which approach within a few hundred miles of the national reserve to own and operate a branch line to that great Wonderland. Of the efforts to reach it from the Wyoming side the *Cheyenne Sun* says: "One hundred miles of the Cheyenne, Black Hills & Montana Railroad are to be built in a year. The Wyoming and Yellowstone Park Railroad, or Wyoming Central Company, is a part of the Cheyenne, Black Hills & Montana Railroad Company, and the two roads are one in purpose. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, or Burlington & Missouri, Railroad, is a joint partner in the enterprise, and will strike for Cheyenne as soon as dirt begins to fly on the Cheyenne, Black Hills & Montana. The name under which the Burlington & Missouri Company will appear in this

enterprise is understood to be the Wyoming Southern. That the last named railroad is already among the corporate bodies of the Territory is well known. There are four surveying parties in the field of the Yellowstone Park railroads. One is on the Chugwater, with the expectation of reaching Laramie River by October 1. Another is in the vicinity of the southern part of Johnson County, surveying both ways. The other two have been at work in the Park almost entirely, and running lines southeastwardly from that national resort."

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

September.

- 1—Decrease of national debt in August, \$8,542,852.... Flouring mill and wheat elevator burned at Waterloo, Ill.; loss, \$200,000.
- 2—U. S. Senator Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, died.... Vermont State election; 22,000 Republican majority.... Fire at Missoula, Montana; loss, \$23,000.
- 4—Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, died at Geneva, N. Y.
- 8—Maine State election; 20,000 Republican majority.
- 10—Destructive cyclone at Clear Lake, Wis.... Culmination of a heated term of ten days on the Atlantic Slope; thermometer reached 100 degrees.
- 12—Fire at Pierre, Dakota; loss, \$100,000.
- 14—News of great floods in China; 70,000 people perished.
- 15—Boiler explosion at Eufala, Ala.; loss, \$100,000; 30 killed.
- 19—Earthquake in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky.
- 21—Incendiary fires in Cleveland, Ohio; loss, \$275,000.... Esmond Hotel burned at Portland, Ore.; loss, \$160,000.
- 22—Coloma dock burned at Portland, Ore.; loss, \$100,000.
- 23—Wreck of British gunboat *Wasp* off coast of Ireland; 52 lives lost.
- 24—Passenger train on Grand Trunk Railway derailed near Pickering, Canada; 12 persons injured.
- 25—To date there were 10,203 cases of cholera in Naples and 5,385 deaths; the disease is increasing at Genoa.... Fire at Dayton, W. T.; loss, \$28,000.... Fire at Pittsburgh, Pa.; loss, \$200,000.... Walter Q. Gresham appointed Secretary of the Treasury.... Death of John W. Garrett, President of the B. & O. R. R.

While tourists are picking up curiosities of all descriptions, both natural and artificial, they are apt to overlook a place where their collection can be materially added to and enriched by many exceedingly rare and interesting ones. James Jones, of Port Townsend, W. T., has a stock of curiosities from the South Sea Islands which every visitor should examine. The boats always stop a sufficient length of time at Port Townsend to permit travelers to avail themselves of this opportunity to secure desirable curios.

The Farmers and Mechanics' Store, Prager Bros. proprietors, opened its doors in their new quarters, southeast corner First and Taylor streets, on the 25th of September. The public is especially indebted to this firm for low prices in goods, as they were the first to inaugurate "The small profit and strictly one price system" in Portland. Now with increased facilities and large salesrooms all on one floor, under the immediate supervision of the proprietors, the public can rest assured of being served better than ever. Intending purchasers will receive the full benefit of an entirely fresh stock, purchased during the late general depression in Eastern markets, by calling at the "Farmers and Mechanics."

Scenery of the Pacific Northwest.

The desire to possess artistic pictures of the scenery of the Pacific Northwest is a feeling shared in common by the residents of this region and the thousands of tourists who annually travel great distances to behold it. To make a satisfactory collection of photographs is almost impossible, and is only accomplished at an expense far greater than the majority of people are willing or able to undergo. To meet this urgent want a "Souvenir Album of the Pacific Northwest" has been issued, containing 35 art photographs of the most prominent and representative scenes of Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho and Montana. Among them are excellent pictures of Pyramid Park, Lake Cœur d'Alene, Mount Hood, Multnomah Falls, Yellowstone Park, etc. The album is neatly bound in cloth, embossed with gold, and makes a neat ornament for the center table. The price, 75 cents, only represents the cost of three ordinary photographs, and brings this collection of 35 beautiful scenes within the means of all. Sent postage paid upon the receipt of 75 cents. L. Samuel, Publisher, Portland, Oregon.—*East Oregonian*.

Under the title "How to Build, Furnish and Decorate" the Co-operative Building Plan Association, of New York (24 Beekman street), has recently published a magnificent quarto volume of 220 pages, containing 650 illustrations, and elegantly bound in old gold cloth, with ornamental stamp. This great work covers the whole subject indicated in its title, one in which everybody who is not homeless is deeply interested. It shows how to build in the most economical manner good and substantial houses, in the most pleasing and artistic modern styles, and ranging in cost from \$500 up to \$50,000; how to furnish and decorate their interiors thoroughly and tastefully, and with due regard to economy and durability; and how to construct all kinds of barns and outhouses after the best and cheapest plans. It also gives approved forms of specifications, building contracts and bonds, and shows how to select sites, buy land, secure loans, give mortgages, etc. No similar work of equal completeness and value has ever appeared. The possession of a copy of this book is the next best thing to owning a house and lot, because it demonstrates how easy it is to get a house and lot. It shows how to build with little or no money, giving facts, figures, practical instructions, and, if necessary, the Association extends a helping hand in the solution of the question. The Association negotiates loans of money for all persons desiring financial accommodation, who intend to build from designs in this book, furnish working plans and specifications, and purchase building materials, furniture, fixtures, etc. Price, \$5; club rate, \$3.75, for not less than two copies; one copy free for every club of four; mail and express charges prepaid by Association; copy sent C. O. D. upon receipt of 50 cents.