

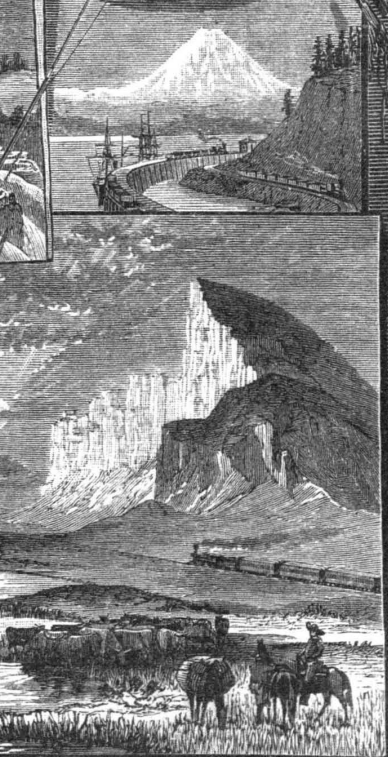
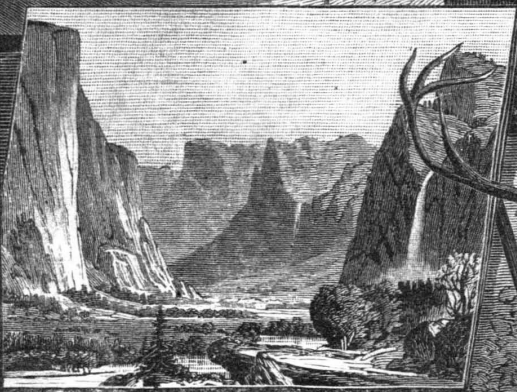
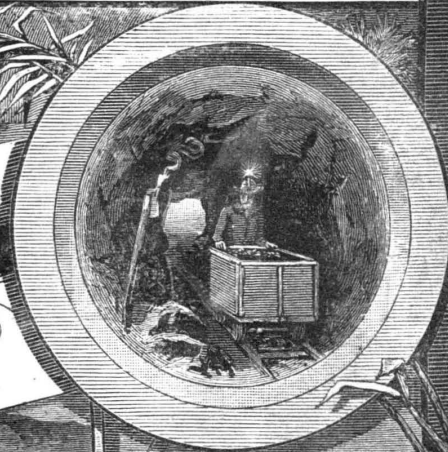
D. J. McHenry

AUGUST, 1885.

West Shore

ESTABLISHED 1875

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL
OF GENERAL INFORMATION
DEVOTED TO THE
DEVELOPMENT OF
THE GREAT WEST



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In every age of the world's history and in every civilized clime, in all of the varied pursuits that have engaged personal ambition, there have been men who have so far distanced the field of competition that they have been recognized by universal consent as leaders. Such is the record of the past, the status of to-day, and such will be the future so long as the immutability of the laws that underlie cause and effect shall be preserved. It may be true that the corner-stone of success is oft-times laid by the trowel of inspiration, but the massive stones that compose the towers of the superstructure must all be quarried and hewn out of the rough granite and placed in position by long continued, intelligent, personal effort.

The New Northwest is to-day the embryo of a vast and mighty empire, and as such it has already attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. The great diversity and magnitude of its resources are without a parallel, as is the enterprise that has so successfully utilized them in a material development which has astonished the growth of centuries. It is the particular and avowed mission of THE WEST SHORE to assist in the continued advancement of this great field of promise; to hasten its development by the dissemination of reliable information concerning it and the men to whose genius and thrift it owes its remarkable prestige. Our present number teems with unusual interest, for it is largely devoted to authentic information concerning the great mining town of the world—Butte City, Montana, and this must necessarily include sketches of its representative men (as well as the great interests which they control), and among whom none are more conspicuous than

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To whom and the vast business which they have directed with such signal success this article is especially dedicated.

The firm is composed of A. Sands, Denver; J. Sands, New York, and J. R. Boyce, Jr., the latter of whom is the resident and managing partner. The business of the house is that of wholesale and retail dealers in foreign and domestic dry goods, ladies', misses' and children's wraps and dresses (including seal wraps), carpets, wall paper, ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps, etc., and its magnitude is perhaps greater than any other similar business in the Northwest, extending not only throughout the Territory of Montana, but throughout those Territories that are contiguous as well. The firm's principal place of business occupies one of the most eligible locations in Butte, on the corner of Main st. and Broadway, having a large frontage on both streets. The several salesrooms contain more square feet than any similar establishment on the Pacific Coast. They are lighted by the Brush electric light, and contain every other modern appointment calculated to facilitate the easy and rapid dispatch of a colossal business. An engraving of the building appears elsewhere in this number of THE WEST SHORE. At the present time the firm is engaged in the addition of another story to the present building, the introduction of a fine passenger elevator, and many other improvements which the very rapid growth of their business has made necessary.

The New York office is at 54 Worth street, and Mr. J. Sands is the resident buyer in that market, and his long experience and natural qualifications eminently fit him for the position. He and Mr. A. Sands are also the senior partners of the well-known mercantile house of Sands Bros., of Helena; they have also large cattle and other interests in the Territory; and the latter, Mr. A. Sands, has extensive interests in Denver, to which he gives his close personal attention. Mr. J. R. Boyce, Jr., has also extensive mining and other interests, all of which have prospered under his careful and wise direction. As the managing member of the firm of Sands & Boyce he has achieved a remarkable success, and one that entitles him to an honorable place among the representative men of the great Northwest. Under his direction a branch house was recently established in the flourishing town of Anaconda, about forty miles distant from Butte, and the success of which has been already demonstrated. The parent house of Butte is the best advertised house on the Coast, and its policy in every particular has been both wise and liberal, and it has won such marked success simply because it has been deserved.

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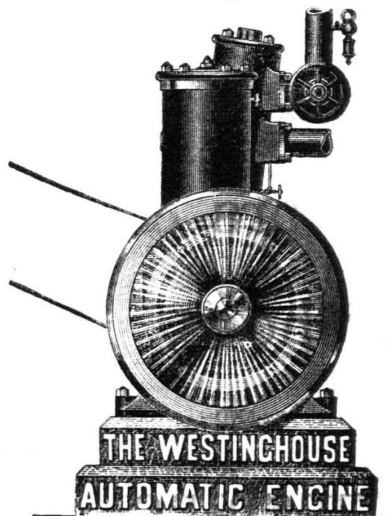
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Tacoma, W. T.

August, 1885.

Portland, Or.

VOL. XI. ESTABLISHED 1873. NO. 8.
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Ulysses Simpson Grant,

GENERAL OF THE ARMY

—AND—

TWICE PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES.

Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio,

APRIL 27, 1822.

Died at Mount McGregor, N. Y.,

JULY 23, 1885.

In Life a Nation's Preserver, in Death a National Inheritance.

GRATIFYING as it is to know that THE WEST SHORE has the good will of the press of the Northwest in general, and pleasant as it is to see flattering notices of our publication in their columns, we must decline to hold ourselves in any way responsible for any statements they may see fit to make about us and our future movements. Whenever THE WEST SHORE decides to do anything of interest to its patrons or the public, due announcement will be made in its own columns, and until this has been done all may rest assured that no important changes of any kind will be made. This, of course, does not apply to that steady improvement in all the departments of the magazine which is being made from month to month, and which requires no announcement but its own presence.

WITHIN the next sixty days the great Canadian Pacific Railway will be completed, and another iron band will link the Atlantic to the Pacific. In several respects it will have a greater effect upon the conditions of trade and travel than any of its predecessors except the original transcontinental line. Probably not until the 1st of January will it be in complete operation for freight and passenger traffic. The scenery along the route is grand, and the resources of the country through which it passes

are varied and valuable, and to the general public little known. It will be the pleasant duty of THE WEST SHORE, with both pen and brush, to make the public better acquainted with them, and for this purpose our artists and correspondents are now at work along the line.

THERE is a lesson for Portland to be gleaned from a study of the illustrations and descriptions of Butte given in this issue. Of all the cities of the West, Butte has been the least sufferer from "hard times," and the reason is a simple one. Her population contains a large proportion of wage earners, all of them having steady employment, earning good wages, and receiving their pay regularly. Such a city keeps hard times at a distance. It is in our power to place ourselves, to a degree at least, in the same situation, and one of the means of accomplishing such a result is the establishment of the reduction works so often spoken of. We need, as a city, more people living by their own labor, and fewer subsisting on the labor of others.

FREQUENTLY we hear of the discovery of mica deposits in quantity, accompanied by the assertion that they contain enough to supply the world; but as time passes it transpires that the deposits are not commercially valuable, chiefly because sheets of sufficient size cannot be split from them. Deposits of this character are quite numerous on the Coast, also gypsum, which is frequently mistaken for mica. There are, however, several valuable deposits which are being worked. One of these is in Idaho, not far from Lewiston, and another in the vicinity of Spokane Falls. A fine quality of mica is being mined in British Columbia, 450 miles northeast of Victoria, by F. A. Foster. This splits into large and beautiful transparent sheets. This mineral is improperly called isinglass, and with many of its uses the general public is familiar.

HARVEST is now progressing under the most favorable conditions everywhere, and reports of a magnificent crop are coming in from all directions. Estimates of the total yield of Oregon and Washington vary widely, ranging from 15,000,000 to 30,000,000 bushels, owing to the difficulty of determining the total acreage or the probable average yield. Even at the lowest estimate, with a fair price, such as may be reasonably looked for before the 1st of January, we may anticipate far better times financially before many months. Grave doubts are expressed of the ability of the O. R. & N. Co. to handle the wheat crop of the interior, especially in the Snake River region, and the extension of the Palouse branch to Moscow, and the Riparia branch into the Pataha country, is urged as at least a partial removal of the difficulty. Work on the Moscow extension is now in progress, but the other project remains in abeyance. The whole Inland Empire

is developing so rapidly that added transportation facilities will be constantly required.

FORTY years ago the first American settlement was made on Puget Sound, and yet there are large areas in Western Washington practically unexplored and unknown. One of these is the great Olympic Range, lying between the Sound and the Pacific Ocean. These mountains were first noted and named by the early explorers, before the existence of that great inland sea to the east of them was even suspected, and their beauty has always been one of the chief attractions of a voyage upon the placid waters of the Sound. Their white, jagged tops are familiar, but the lower hills and mountains about them are an unknown wilderness to a great extent. Lieutenant Joseph P. McNeill, of the Fourteenth Infantry, has been detailed, with three enlisted men, to make a reconnaissance of that region the present season. It is a rough, rugged country, and it is doubtful if Lieutenant McNeill succeeds in doing more than to confirm the present opinion held of it—that it is comparatively valueless except for its mass of timber.

GREAT are railroads. They have done more to cement the Union, to bind the North to the South and the East to the West, than any other factor, through enabling a free interchange of visits by the people of all quarters of the Union. They have also, in the same manner, redeemed the veracity of the people of the Pacific Coast from the taint which has always clung to it in the East. If we mentioned our big trees, big waterfalls, big crops, or big anything, our mild winters and rainless harvests, we were met with smiles of incredulity, and, worse yet, our statements were picked up and improved upon by writers of "Western sketches" who had never seen the Rocky Mountains from their farthest eastern horizon, much to the detriment of our credit generally. Now, it seems, the railroads have brought us so many visitors during the past two years that the spread of knowledge has wrought a wonderful change in our favor, and an old pioneer can return to the scenes of his youth and speak of the many wonders of this region without being threatened with a commission to inquire into his lunacy or indictment as a common liar.

PROBABLY few of the thousands who will read our description on another page of the immense copper mines and smelters of Butte, will not express astonishment at their magnitude and have their ideas of the copper industry of the United States greatly expanded. Butte is, however, but one factor in the copper world, though, to be sure, a large one. Copper is produced throughout the Pacific Coast, as well as in the older and better known mines of Lake Superior, where large deposits of native copper are found, and other places in the East. Recent reports by General McClellan, President of the Grand Belt Copper Company, and A. J. Womelsdorf, civil and mining engineer, indicate that Texas will soon become an important factor in the industry. For some time past there have been rumors of a copper revolution to be

effected by a great discovery in Texas, and the report of these gentlemen discloses their foundation. It seems that the Grand Belt property consists of 36,000 acres in Hardman, King, Knox and Stonewall counties, showing copper ore in surface deposits and croppings. It is pronounced a contact vein from seven to ten feet thick. The ore is an arenaceous copper-impregnated schist, the copper being both carbonates and sulphides, assaying from 15 to 75 per cent., and can be worked by open cuts, without the enormous expense of tunnels, shafts and hoisting works. The report says that 5,000 tons have already been mined, and smelting works will soon be in operation. The result of operations by the Grand Belt will be looked for with considerable interest. New lodes are being developed in a number of places, and it would seem as though the copper product would be largely increased during the next few years. It is probable that the demand for its use in the mechanical arts will increase in a like ratio, and render the copper industry a continuously profitable one.

MUCH has been said in these columns from time to time about the future establishment of a route for Asiatic trade by the way of Puget Sound and the Northern Pacific. People who imagine that commerce, like their own ideas, will run continually in the same old ruts, have honored such predictions with nothing but smiles of incredulity. Yet there is nothing more certain than that a portion, at least, of the Asiatic through trade will be ere long diverted from San Francisco and the transcontinental routes terminating in that city, to go by the way of Puget Sound. It is folly to suppose that two such great roads as the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific will permit the old routes to retain this traffic unmolested. It is only a question of time, and a brief time at that, when regular lines of vessels will be running from the terminal points of both of those great overland routes. In fact, the expected arrival at Tacoma within a few days of the British bark *Isabel*, 1,260 tons, from Yokohama, loaded with teas, silks, rice and other goods, and consigned to the Northern Pacific Railroad, shows that this trade is not even to wait upon the establishment of those regular lines. These goods are destined to St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Montreal, and will be carried across the continent by the Northern Pacific and connecting lines. It would seem as though Tacoma's dream of future commercial importance were less of a creation of the fancy than some people have been inclined to think. There is another point to be considered. The Union Pacific, which now has a virtual terminus in Portland, cannot be expected to remain idle while rival lines are thus taking possession of this through traffic. It has already been hinted that this company will establish a trans-Pacific steamer line from Portland in its own interests. When this is done the prophetic vision of Missouri's great Senator nearly forty years ago will materialize, and a stream of Asiatic trade will pour into the mouth of the Columbia; though, probably, Mr. Benton's idea that the Columbia will become the one great channel of Asiatic

commerce will never be realized. Nothing is more certain, however, than that there will soon be some radical changes in the routes of Pacific commerce.

WHETHER it is that "The wish is father to the thought," or because their mental vision is bounded by the narrow horizon of local prejudice and self-interest, or whatever other cause may, in charity, be assigned to it, the fact remains undeniable that it is impossible for the citizens of one section of the West to recognize the palpable advantages and future prospects of a rival, or to admit the existence of facts and conditions which seem clear and indisputable to a stranger who has no local interest to warp his judgment. Daily we hear the remark made that when certain events happen they will "lay out" this or that place "cold." The party making these assertions is certain those events will happen, for no better reason than that he desires them, and that they will have the predicted effect because his supposed interests lead him to feel antagonistic to the place doomed in his imagination to be blotted out. On the contrary, through the same process of reasoning, a citizen of the place referred to is equally positive no such events will occur, or, if they do, will not have the disastrous effects ascribed to them. He even goes further and sees in his mind another train of events that will bring inevitable ruin to the home of the individual first spoken of. To one not influenced by local pride or personal interest it is plainly apparent that both parties are deceiving themselves. Whoever believes that the completion of the Cascades branch, the opening of the Upper Columbia River, the construction of a line across the mountains from Yaquina Bay, or any or all of a dozen mooted projects, will be a death-blow to Portland; that the lease of the O. R. & N. Co. will prevent the completion of the Cascades branch; that a failure to build that branch will be a mortal stroke to Tacoma; that its completion to Tacoma will kill Seattle, or will prevent any other road from seeking a Puget Sound outlet; or that by the happening of any of a number of possible events their town will be placed in the lead in the race for metropolitan honors and their rivals "squashed," is a sadly mistaken individual. His judgment is warped by prejudice; he is reasoning from false premises to a wrong conclusion; he has not given the subject dispassionate investigation; he has not sufficiently informed himself of the great resources of this region, nor of the commercial history of older communities. If he had he would know that each section has its elements of strength; that none are dependent solely upon the happening of any future event or series of events; that all are established and will grow as the country becomes better developed, and that in no case will either the lugubrious predictions of the croaker nor the rose-tinted visions of the enthusiast be realized. We are all here to stay, to grow and thrive, and it would be more seemly, as well as of more profit to us all, to view this subject in the light of common sense, friendliness and that community of interest which, whether we realize it or not, our position gives us.

SCIENCE APPLIED TO AGRICULTURE.

AGRICULTURE involves all physical science. Earth, air, light, heat and moisture are ever factors in vegetable germination and growth. Natural laws direct and control the operations of the husbandman, however ignorant, and his practice, if wise and judicious, is an unconscious formula of the results of science applied to agriculture. Thus we find in every rural community, however primitive and unlettered, peculiar methods and traditionary practices, which are crystalized common sense and unwritten science.

Statistical research shows that a crude agriculture is not abundant in product, that it is deficient in working capital, and that it is compelled to pay high interest on borrowed money. A low grade of farming is cursed with mortgages and mildews, with insects and ignorance. Uncertainty broods over its harvests and famine decimates its people. Famine is unknown in a country of advanced agriculture, though a fourth of its people only may be engaged in rural production. On the contrary, millions famish in India, while most of its people are in agriculture. It is said that in 1270, in England, "parents ate their children when wheat rose to 336 shillings a quarter at the present value of money." Five hundred years ago, when nearly every Englishman lived by agriculture, the product only sufficed for a home supply; now, with a population of 446 to the square mile, of which only one in eight is an agricultural worker, six-tenths of all the food required for consumption is produced at home, though half the island is occupied for residences, pleasure grounds and hunting preserves.

The Latin races of Southern Europe, slower than the Anglo-Saxon in utilizing in rural practice the discoveries of modern science, are still making sure progress toward a higher and more profitable agriculture. In Italy lands are more productive, buildings more numerous and convenient, and the peasant is better paid and better lodged and clothed. An official commission has recognized the improvement as a measure of progress in scientific agriculture, and made the future prosperity of Italy dependent upon schools and scientific experiment.

Spain is mainly agricultural, yet its entire value of rural production could be purchased with the value of the corn crop of the United States. It is because the yield is small and the price low. Russia, with labor employed principally in agriculture, yields but nineteen bushels of cereals per head, while Great Britain, with seven-eighths of her people employed outside of agriculture, last year produced ten bushels of cereals for every inhabitant of the country. In Great Britain the yield per acre of wheat is twenty-eight bushels; in Russia scarcely more than a third as much. This high yield has been attained by science applied to agriculture. A single individual has given his fortune to experimental agriculture, and endowed his farm with the income from \$500,000.

In seasons unfavorable to production the money value of skill and science in agriculture is immensely enhanced. It is often remarked that farmers receive as much for a very small crop as for a very large one. In

1881 1,195,000,000 bushels of corn were worth \$760,000,000; in 1884 1,795,000,000 bushels were valued at \$641,000,000; a small crop was worth 63.6 cents per bushel, a larger one 35.7 cents. Nevertheless, there is disaster in a small crop. The failure is unequally distributed. The few advanced farmers grow nearly full crops and receive larger revenues than usual; the many unskilled and careless suffer disastrous reduction of yield and quality, and fail to make return for seed and labor. Given unscientific agriculture, with an unauspicious season, and the poor may grow poorer, while the scientific farmer in the same year may grow richer.

These contrasts in present production and profit of agriculture are sufficiently striking. But the present will soon be past. We are confronted with a future full of possibilities as of dangers and difficulties. Experiment, skill, science applied to industry, can only avert the latter. Fifteen years ago 47 per cent. of our people were employed in agriculture; five years ago, 44 per cent.; to-day perhaps 42 per cent. We find that all nations in which more than half of the laborers are in agriculture are comparatively poor, and their rural processes are primitive, their implements rude, their rate of production low. We find that in the highest development of agriculture, 20 per cent., or 25 at most, can furnish food for all. In this country, allowing for surplus production, 40 per cent. can readily meet the demand of home consumption, and 33 per cent. will probably do it in the not far distant future, leaving two-thirds to produce other forms of wealth. With increase of permanent wealth there will come demands for luxuries of living which will add to the profit of the farmer. As the facilities for production increase, one danger from an unscientific, primitive, routine agriculture is great excess in certain crops that have been cultivated from the earliest days with little labor. Already our wheat has encountered the lowest markets of a century in Great Britain. The present price of wheat in Liverpool is to-day lower than in the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries. I have known a crop of cotton to sell for \$40,000,000 less than the preceding crop 1,000,000 bales smaller.

What is needed, then? Evidently experiment in collecting new plants, in producing new varieties by scientific process, in cheapening the cost of cultivation to compete with foreign production by cheap labor. It will not do to say that, having learned how to compete with the world in certain products that are very cheap, we can never learn to compete in the matter of products that are dear. In our desire for speed, for large results by labor-saving machinery, we must not fall into routine, and decline investigation, inventive research and experimental effort. Thought in agriculture must be alert and practical in this era of mental activity.

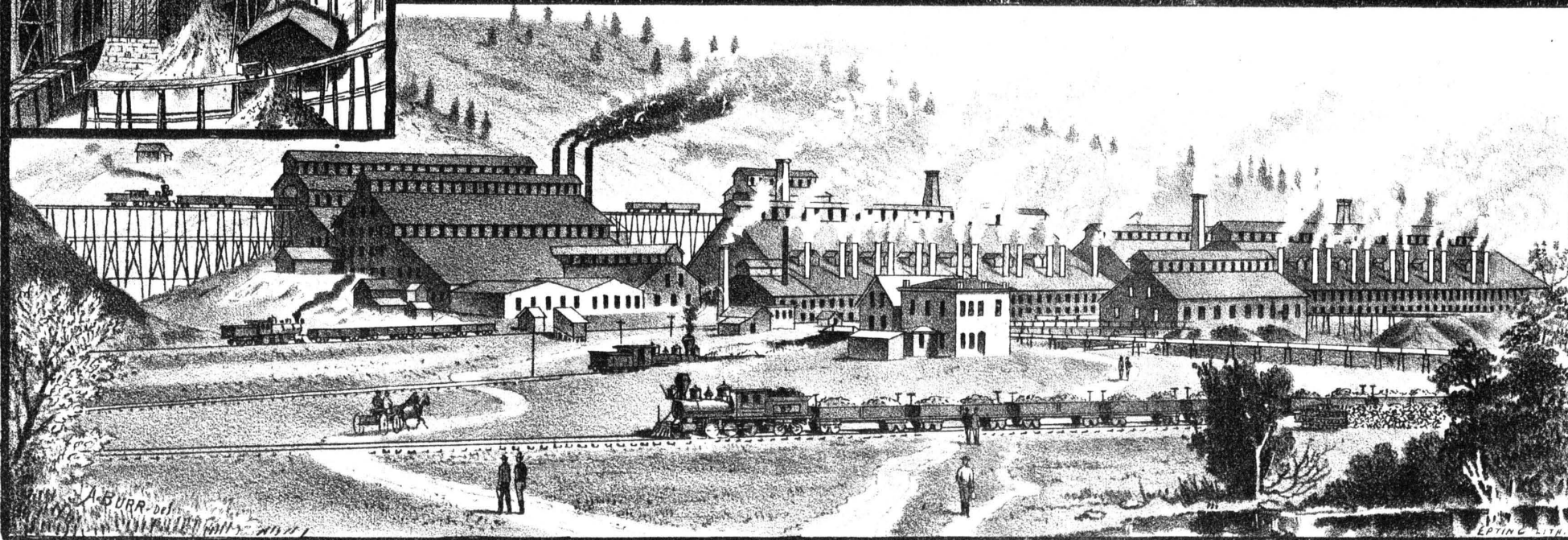
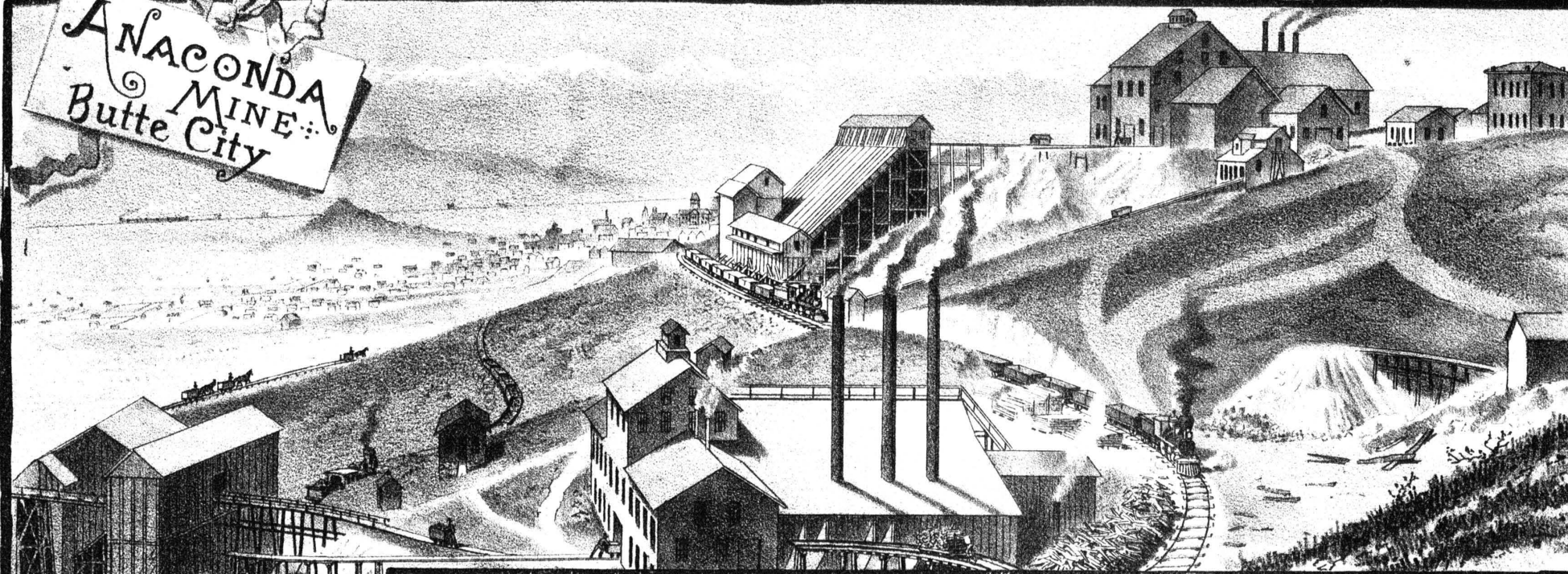
Our agriculture is too much controlled by accident and caprice. Free prairie lands, improved reapers and railroad extension make a glut in wheat. The cotton gin, slavery and a strong foreign demand once made the South poor in buying supplies for man and beast engaged in growing cotton. Thus unequal development reduces

profits. While one-third of the wheat is exported, one-seventh of the consumption of barley is imported. We do not grow even the cereals required.

We boast of our exports of products of agriculture. We foolishly talk of feeding the nations of the world. We do not feed ourselves. In 1883 we paid \$240,000,000 for food and drink imported, and the freights, commissions and customs duties in addition; and our food exports, at prices on the farm and in the packing house, scarcely sufficed to pay the bill of costs of such imports. A large item of this was sugar. Thirty years ago half the sugar used in the United States was produced in Louisiana. Is it possible that European agriculture can be threatened with paralysis by American competition, and that this country cannot produce sugar on account of European competition? Less than a century ago it cost \$1 a pound to produce it there; now three cents. While we do not expect to manufacture it from sorghum at a cost of one cent per pound, or flood the markets of the world with our surplus of production in five years, it is fair to assume that the great maize-producing country of the world will ultimately obtain much of its sugar from sorghum. The cane regions of Louisiana, Florida and Texas, by the aid of some process which shall not allow a waste of 40 per cent. of unexpressed sugar, should aid materially in the home supply for the wants of consumption. In addition to the cane in the southern belt and to sorghum in the great central zone, there is a belt along the northern frontier suited to beet sugar, and there has been no test that throws a shadow of doubt of success on the experiment. The Maine experiment was a successful manufacture, except that the farmers would supply the beets only from garden patches in insufficient quantities for economic manufacture. They lacked land in proper condition, rotation, fertilization and high culture necessary to success; with all these requisites, experience in the cultivation of sugar beets would be essential to full success. In California a single factory produced two to three million pounds of sugar last year, and has made it at a profit for several consecutive years. If one can do it, so also can one thousand. The trouble with our farmers, with all their energy and dash, is a dislike for new methods, an adherence to routine, and impatience in waiting for results. They will exchange sheep for hogs, or *vice versa*, in a twinkling, as prices veer, but will not experiment for the ultimate success of new rural industries. As a rule, they cannot well afford to; it is the duty of the Government, the proper business of the Agricultural Department and of the agricultural colleges to do the necessary experimental work which shall usher in new and profitable enterprises in production, which shall relieve the crowded competition in cereals and cotton, give to the laborer a demand for his work, the producer a market for his varied products, and the country added wealth and foreign exchanges in its favor. But the prosperous farmer should cultivate a generous public spirit, as well as a laudable *esprit de corps*, and take some risk in intelligent experiment that promises beneficent results.

—J. R. Dodge, Statistician Department of Agriculture.

ANACONDA
MINE
Butte City



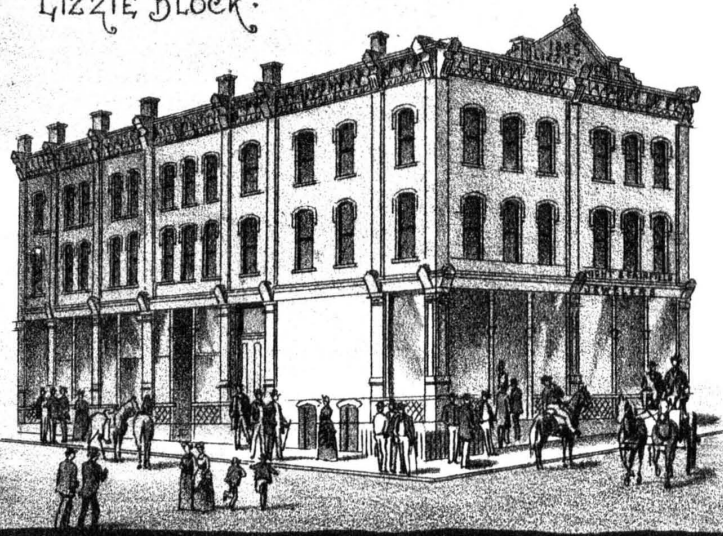
THE WEST SHORE

ANACONDA SMELTERS.

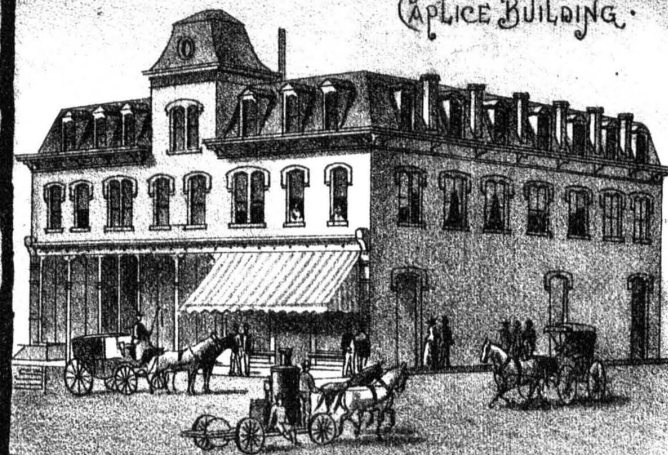
WEST SHORE LITH.

LEITCH LITH.

LIZZIE BLOCK.



CAPLICE BUILDING.



A. BURR-DEL.

COURT HOUSE

WEST SHORE LITH.

THE CAMP OF BUTTE.

THE largest, busiest and richest mining camp in the world to-day is Butte, Montana. Once that honor was enjoyed by Virginia City and then by Leadville, but now it unquestionably belongs to the "Silver City" of the Rockies. In many respects it has not a counterpart in the United States. It is the only city in the Union where the cry of "hard times" is never heard, where labor is kept fully employed, and where money circulates freely in all the avenues of trade. With the substantial business blocks and all the public and private conveniences and advantages of the most progressive city in the East, it is still a typical Western town, pulsating with business activity, full of nervous energy and enterprise, and spending its money with true Western prodigality.

The great mining district of which Butte is the business centre is situated in Silver Bow County, on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, and is about three miles square. Within its limits are located 4,500 mineral claims, of which 1,490 are held under United States patent. The daily production of copper and silver bearing ore is 1,900 tons, fully twice that produced at Leadville, which is reduced to bullion and copper matte, or, as in some cases, shipped in the crude state to Baltimore or Liverpool. The various mining, milling and smelting companies give employment to 2,500 men, and pay monthly for wages and supplies the enormous sum of \$540,000. This is the secret of the prosperity of Butte. A large proportion of wage earners, receiving their pay promptly and earning per man a large average rate of wages. Labor is fully employed, yet at all hours of the day the streets are full of apparently idle men. To a stranger this would seem to indicate a lack of work, yet as the mines are worked by shifts, it is a fact that all those apparently idle men have regular employment and are only waiting the hour when their shift shall go on duty. The mines are worked night and day, for in the bowels of the earth it is of little consequence whether Apollo or Diana rules the firmament, and, as a consequence, the city itself turns night into day as completely as electric lights can do so.

Butte, with its environs, has a busy population of 14,000, and property valued for assessment at \$7,000,000. It contains eight churches, three daily papers (*Miner*, *Inter Mountain* and *Town Talk*), three banks, a court house which cost \$150,000, school facilities of a high order and school property to the value of \$75,000, large brick business structures, the finest opera house on the Pacific Coast outside of San Francisco, immense quartz mills and smelters, a good city government, two good fire departments, electric light and telephone systems (the latter extending throughout the whole district and to important points many miles distant), gas works (now building), water works, and all the conveniences and necessities of modern civilization. The merchants are enterprising and awake to all the needs of their business, while their stores and stocks of goods can be equaled by few, if any, cities of the same size in the world. Although "lively," in the sense that money flows freely and is spent

liberally for amusement in a multitude of forms, it is by no means so in the old and commonly accepted meaning of the term when applied to a mining camp. Law and order are supreme, life and property are secure, and there, as elsewhere, he who behaves himself will not be molested, while he who does not will probably only be interfered with by the police. Socially Butte contains as large a proportion of educated and refined people as any manufacturing city in the Union, a statement to which its many fine churches and schools bear ample witness.

Quartz locations were made in the vicinity of Butte as early as 1864-5, but the expense of freighting in machinery prevented the development of its ledges. Ten years later the Utah & Northern Railroad opened it up to the world, and in the decade which has followed this awakening it has grown from a straggling mining camp of 500 people to its present position as the greatest mining centre in the world. The Utah & Northern is a narrow gauge division of the Union Pacific, running northward from the terminus of the main line at Ogden a distance of 454 miles to a junction with the Northern Pacific at Garrison. It taps the Oregon Short Line at Pocatello, Idaho, and the Northern Pacific at Garrison, Montana, and the overland traveler by either route who fails to switch off at those points and visit the famous "Silver City" will miss one of the most interesting and profitable features of a tour through the West. A narrow gauge line also connects the city with Anaconda, where are located the immense smelters of one of Butte's largest mines. The freight shipments from Butte by the Utah & Northern average 12,000 tons per week. Outgoing freight consists chiefly of ore and copper matte, while the receipts are mainly composed of mining machinery, building material, merchandise and produce. The cash receipts for freight at the Butte depot in 1884 approximated \$5,000,000, the two towns of Butte and Anaconda paying to the Union Pacific one-tenth of the gross receipts of the entire system of that great corporation. Careful statisticians estimate for the current year a total bullion shipment from Butte of \$5,000,000, and of copper matte, with its percentage of silver, of \$10,000,000, making a total of \$15,000,000. This will exceed the combined production of Idaho, New Mexico and Arizona, will be twice the product of Utah, greater than the whole of California, and thrice that of Nevada. It takes such comparative statistics as these to make one fully realize the commanding position of Butte in the mineral world.

The following careful description of the leading mines, mills and smelters, and the various methods of reducing the ore, will be found full of interest:

THE MINES.

The mines may be divided into three classes: First, those which produce only silver ores; second, those which yield exclusively copper ores; third, those whose ores contain both silver and copper. The silver ores may be subdivided into two classes—viz., free and base. In the first the silver contents are extracted after the ore has been stamped by simply mixing it with mercury in water, the precious metal amalgamating readily with the quick-

silver. In the case of base ores, however, the process is more expensive and complex. After the ore has been hoisted from the mine it is conveyed in hand cars to the upper part of the mill, where it is put through large iron crushers, which reduce it to about the size of walnuts. From the crushers it drops to the drying floor, where all the moisture it contains is evaporated, and where it is mixed with a proportion of salt varying from 8 to 14 per cent. of its weight, the amount of salt depending on the baseness of the ore. When thoroughly dried it is shoveled under the stamps, large perpendicular iron bars weighing 900 pounds, which are raised by machinery and permitted to drop on the ore below at the rate of about fifty strokes per minute. The effect, of course, is to crush the ore to powder, in which condition it is taken automatically to the roasters. These are huge hollow cylinders revolving slowly and filled with flames of intense heat conveyed from the furnaces below by means of a draft. As the cylinders revolve the action of the heat drives off the sulphur in the ore, liberates the chlorine in the salt, and a chemical change takes place in the nature of the silver in the ore, making a chloride of what was formerly a sulphide of silver, and rendering it susceptible of amalgamation with quicksilver the same as the silver in the "free" ore above mentioned. From the roasters the pulp is then conveyed by tramway to the pans, large tubs filled with water, in which quicksilver is placed with the pulp. The mass is then violently agitated so that every particle of the silver chloride comes in contact with the quicksilver, by which it is taken up. The whole is then conveyed to the settlers, another series of tubs in which the water settles, and from which the quicksilver is drawn in the form of amalgam. This is afterwards subjected to heat, volatilizing the quicksilver, which is afterwards condensed for use again by means of cold water pipes, leaving the silver in a pure metallic state, to be melted into bars and shipped for coinage.

The process by which the copper ores are smelted is simple enough. Like the silver ores of Butte they are of a sulphurous composition and require to be roasted before their metal contents can be put into marketable shape. The copper ores of Butte are either desulphurized by what is called heat roasting, or by being put through reverberatory furnaces, *i. e.*, long brick ovens, into which heat and flame are introduced to drive off the sulphur and other impurities. After this initial treatment the ore, which had, of course, been previously crushed and "rolled" to the fineness of sand, is dumped into the matting furnaces, where it is reduced to a molten state for the separation, as far as possible, of the worthless ingredients from the metal base. The metal is then drawn off into sand cavities, where it cools and becomes copper matte. It generally assays from 55 to 65 per cent. of copper and what silver the ore contained, though the Parrot Company, by new and improved processes, produces a matte carrying only 2 per cent. of impurities. Several of the Butte companies ship ore in a crude state, as it contains from 40 to 76 per cent. of copper, and pays handsomely to ship without smelting.

THE SILVER MINES AND MILLS.

Alice.—This mine has been extensively developed. The three-compartment shaft has reached a perpendicular depth of 800 feet. At intervals of 100 feet cross cuts intersect the ledge, and drifts have been run east and west for distances varying from 500 to 1,000 feet, opening up a regular and continuous vein of ore for extraction. The Magna Charta, owned by the same company, is similarly developed to a depth of 600 feet, and for three years past has contributed sixty tons per day to the mills, an amount which it could readily double if required. In the development of these two properties the most improved appliances have been employed. The Cornish pump is a magnificent piece of machinery. It cost \$40,000, and is a monument alike to the splendid enterprise of the Alice Company and to the mechanical skill of the great machinery firm of Fraser & Chalmers, of Denver, Chicago and New York, who built it. It appears in the accompanying engraving of the interior of the Alice hoisting works. The pump saves the company \$50 per day for wood, and guarantees it against possible loss by reason of the flooding or other accident to the old style of pump used below the surface. The Alice mills are two in number, one containing twenty and one sixty stamps. They are chloridizing or roasting mills, and daily treat 100 tons of ore, from which the bullion proceeds vary from \$80,000 to \$90,000 per month. The company employs 300 men and pays out monthly from \$40,000 to \$50,000 for wages and local supplies. Dividends amounting in all to \$525,000 have been paid.

Lexington.—This great property was sold a few years ago to a French company, and has since paid \$540,000 in dividends. The shaft is now 650 feet deep and is still going down. For four years past the property has produced \$1,000,000 per annum, and in the 400 and 500 foot levels alone enough ore is in sight and available for extraction to supply the mill for two years without further exploration. The mine is well equipped with a costly and powerful hoisting plant, air compressor and steam drills, and every other appliance to insure vigorous and economical work. The mill is the most complete in the Western Territories. It contains sixty stamps and daily crushes sixty tons of ore, varying in value from \$40 to \$70 in silver. The Lexington is justly regarded as one of the richest, most extensive and most permanent properties in the Territory. The excellence of its management is conceded by all.

Moulton.—Butte has every reason to be proud of the Moulton mine and its management. The property is developed to a depth of 500 feet, and is traversed by three separate and distinct ledges. For three years past a steady product of forty tons of good ore per day has been maintained. Three years ago the company was indebted in the sum of \$140,000. Since that time the mine has been systematically and thoroughly developed, the debt has been paid off, \$75,000 have been paid in dividends, and the company treasury to-day contains \$100,000 free from every incumbrance. Such, in brief, is the history of one of the silver mines of Butte. The Moulton mill

contains forty stamps and two cylinder roasters, and is a model structure in every respect. The bullion product runs from \$50,000 to \$60,000 per month, the ore being worked to a higher percentage of its value than in any other mill in the district. W. A. Clark, the banker, is president and general manager of the company. He is also the heaviest stockholder.

Silver Bow Company.—This corporation owns a group of mines among which are some of the best in the district—viz., the Grey Rock, 300 feet deep; the La Plata, 350 feet deep; the Mount Moriah, 200 feet deep, and the Belle of Butte, 300 feet deep. They are well developed and productive properties, but cannot be worked on a scale commensurate with their magnitude owing to the fact that the company has but a thirty-stamp mill in which to treat their product. The mill is kept constantly busy, and is producing \$1,000 per day in silver bullion. It is in contemplation to double its capacity before the end of the year, and the result will be the infusion of new life in the development of the mines above named. The Belle of Butte shows twelve feet of ore in the lower levels, the La Plata from four to six feet, and the Mount Moriah three feet. The first mentioned property was one of the first discoveries in the district, and has profits of upwards of \$300,000 standing to its credit.

The other silver mills of the district are the Dexter, with fifteen wet crushing stamps and a capacity of twenty-eight tons daily; the Old Lexington, with ten stamps (dry), and the Clipper, with five stamps (dry). Together they are reducing about forty-five tons of ore daily. The stamps and amount of silver ore worked in the district may therefore be summed up as follows:

Company.	Stamps.	Daily Capacity.
Alice.....	80	100
Lexington.....	60	60
Moulton.....	40	40
Silver Bow.....	30	30
Other mills.....	30	45
Total.....	240	275

Prominent and productive silver mines not mentioned in the above report are the Blue Bird, 300 feet deep, and showing twenty feet of ore; Rising Star, 500 feet; Silver Safe, 500 feet; Little Darling, 200 feet; Original, 400 feet, and many less developed properties. Considerable quantities of silver ores are also worked in the smelters.

COPPER MINES AND SMELTERS.

Anaconda.—Chief among the copper mines of the district is the Anaconda. Four years ago it was purchased by J. B. Haggin, of San Francisco, for \$30,000. It is now rated as a fifteen million dollar property. The expenditures for machinery, development and the erection of a concentrating and smelting plant amount to fully \$4,000,000. The mine is opened up by a shaft 800 feet deep, from which, 100 feet apart, seven levels have been extended in ore along the ledge, which varies in width from forty to sixty feet, every pound of it being workable ore. The product is divided into three grades: The first class ore assaying from 35 to 76 per cent. copper, mostly copper glance, is shipped East in a crude state. The second class is treated at the smelter, and assays from 18 to 35 per cent. The third class is concen-

trated before being calcined. It carries from 10 to 18 per cent. before the initial treatment. The Anaconda is equipped with the most powerful machinery on the Pacific Coast. The plant is complete in every detail, from hand drill to mammoth air compressor. The present hoisting capacity of the machinery is 1,000 tons per day, which, however, is considerably less than the productive capacity of the mine.

The Anaconda smelter is the largest enterprise of its kind in the world. It contains twenty-six furnaces, which daily reduce 600 tons of ore, producing ninety tons of matte, assaying 60 per cent. copper. The machinery in the entire plant is run by water power, though the furnaces consume ninety cords of wood daily. The concentrator and smelter buildings are the largest structures in the Rocky Mountains, and the marvel of the many hundreds of visitors who flock to see the "Montana Swansea," as Anaconda is called. The company has recently let a contract to Caplice & McCune for 300,000 cords of wood, which is now being delivered, and which will cost over \$1,000,000. This item alone gives an idea of the immensity of the works and earnestness of the company. The Anaconda mine is conceded to be the greatest copper property in America, and when the contemplated increase is made in the capacity of the concentrator and smelter, 1,000 tons of ore will be daily extracted and reduced. The company gives direct employment to 800 men in Butte and Anaconda. Marcus Daly is General Superintendent.

Parrot.—Second in importance to the Anaconda in the amount of its production and shipments is the Parrot. The mine is 350 feet deep and splendidly developed. It daily produces 350 tons of copper ore, averaging in value 17 per cent. copper. The smelter is an extensive affair, with eleven reverberatories, six matting furnaces, two blast furnaces and a concentrator, capable of handling 300 tons of ore every twenty-four hours. The company last year produced 9,400,000 pounds of pure copper. The capacity of the works has been almost doubled this year, and a new and improved process of preparing the ore has been introduced. The concern will produce this year about 15,000,000 pounds of pure copper.

Montana Company.—The Montana smelter is almost as large as the Parrot, having six matting furnaces and one blast. Its ore supply is drawn mainly from the Colusa mine, which is fully developed to a depth of 600 feet. The vein varies in width from six to twenty-two feet, and has been, and is now, wonderfully productive, having for the past five years maintained a continuous production of 100 tons of ore per day, carrying both silver and copper, thus giving an added richness to the matte product. The machinery equipment of the company is perfect. The concern is now actively developing two other copper properties whose extent and richness are fully as great as those of the Colusa. In the lower levels of all the company's mines immense reserves of ore are in sight.

Colorado.—This is chiefly operated as a custom smelter, paying more attention to silver than to copper ores.

It contains six matting furnaces, and produces a matte which assays from \$1,200 to \$1,500 in silver and 50 per cent. copper, and which is sent to Denver for separation. The value of the annual output of the Colorado works has been \$1,000,000 per annum since 1882. The capacity of the plant is being increased yearly. W. A. Clark, of Butte, is one of the heaviest owners in the enterprise.

Bell.—This is a two-stack smelter, which has been in constant operation for the past year, drawing its ore supply from the Bell mine, one of the richest in the district, as its product, like that of the Colusa, carries silver with the copper. Bell matte assays 50 per cent. copper and \$50 in silver.

Clark's Colusa.—On this property a concentrator and smelter, having a capacity of 100 tons, have been lately erected, and are in active and successful operation. The mine has a productive capacity of 200 tons a day, and could produce more if the hoister machinery were larger. The mine is 400 feet deep, and shows in the stopes of the 300-foot level a forty-foot ore body.

Other great copper mines of the district are the Mountain View, 600 feet deep; Clear Grit, 300 feet; Ramsdall Parrot, 300 feet; Gagnon, 600 feet.

In conclusion it may be said that Butte is the most productive and permanent mining camp in the world. The ledges are regular in dip and strike the ore bodies from three to sixty feet wide, with well defined walls, in a granite formation, and its machinery, mills and smelters the best that money can buy. The camp is destined to have a population of 20,000 before the close of another year.

WESTERN MONTANA.

THE main divide of the Rocky Mountains separates Western Montana into two parts. To the north and west lie the counties of Missoula and Deer Lodge, and to the south and east Silver Bow, Beaverhead, Madison and Jefferson. Through the very heart of this region, and touching all the counties named except Missoula and Jefferson, passes the Utah & Northern, a narrow gauge division of the Union Pacific, running north from Ogden through Northern Utah, Eastern Idaho and Western Montana to a connection with the Northern Pacific at Garrison, in Deer Lodge County. The Oregon Short Line, the branch by which the Union Pacific reaches Portland, leaves the main line at Granger, Wyoming, and runs westerly across Southern Idaho. This line is crossed by the Utah & Northern at Pocatello, on the Port Neuf River, and only a few miles east of Snake River. These routes render Western Montana accessible by the Utah & Northern from every portion of the United States, viz.: From all Eastern points by the Union Pacific to Ogden, or by the main line to Granger and Oregon Short Line to Pocatello; from California by the Central Pacific to Ogden; from Oregon and Washington by the Oregon Short Line to Pocatello, connection being made with the Utah & Northern at both Ogden and Pocatello.

The industries of Western Montana are three-fold, embracing agriculture, stock raising and mining, the last

being the leading feature, especially in Silver Bow County, of which, with Butte City, the great mining metropolis of Montana, a more particular description is given in the preceding article. The agricultural resources of this region are entitled to far more consideration than they have received in the past. As is usually the case, the allurements of mining have drawn the attention of the people from the more commonplace pursuits of agriculture, leaving, therefore, a better opening than is to be found in many other places for those who wisely choose the certain prosperity which follows industry and thrift intelligently applied to the soil, to the excitements and uncertainties of the mines. The interdependence of mining and agriculture, where both exist in proximity, as they do in this region, renders the arable tracts especially valuable. The mines look to the farms for support, and the latter find in the former a good cash market. To be sure, much of this region is not so immediately contiguous to mines now being extensively worked as to render farms especially valuable, yet new mining localities are constantly springing up, and as the whole area is mineral bearing, it would be folly to assert that any particular section would not in the near future contain one of these thriving mining centres. Aside from this, the increasing population, the springing up of towns and industries, the extension of transportation facilities, and the general success of cattle, horse and sheep raising, to which this section is peculiarly adapted, render Western Montana worthy the careful attention of the intending settler. Briefly the status of this region may be defined by counties as follows:

Beaverhead County, which ranks third as a mineral producer, contains the richest veins of silver-bearing ore in the Territory. The leading mining camps are Glendale, where the Hecla Consolidated Company is operating on a large scale, Argenta, Bannock City and Blue Wing. Dillon, the county seat, is on the line of the Utah & Northern, and contains a population of 1,500. It is a most important business centre, and supplies the region lying on both sides of the road for many miles. It is the distributing point for Beaverhead and Madison counties, as well as many localities in Idaho. Through the county flow the Beaverhead and Big Hole rivers, which unite to form the Jefferson, one of the triple parents of the great Missouri. Along these streams and their principal tributaries are to be found many thousand acres of pasture and farming land still open to settlement. Timber is abundant on the mountain slopes, and the whole region is well watered with never-failing streams. The valley of the Big Hole, the largest in the county, is a vast expanse suitable for agriculture, and its contiguous cattle ranges furnish excellent grazing for cattle and sheep. The total assessment of the county for 1884 was \$4,500,000.

Madison County lies east of Beaverhead, and is one of the oldest mining regions in Montana. Alder Gulch, which in the four years following its discovery in 1863 yielded upwards of \$30,000,000, is still being worked. On Alder Creek is situated Virginia City, the former capital of the Territory and the present seat of justice of

the county. Quartz mining may be said to be only in its infancy, so great are the possibilities of the future. There are in the county 25,000 cattle, 18,000 horses and 20,000 sheep. Much fertile agricultural land, well situated for irrigation, lies along the Madison, Jefferson, Ruby, Red Rock and other streams. Of this about 100,000 acres are taken and much of it improved. There is, however, a large quantity of good farming land open to settlement, with good grazing land adjacent. This region is reached from the Utah & Northern by a daily stage line from Dillon. Through it, probably, the Union Pacific will construct a branch line to the National Park of the Yellowstone, which lies at the head of Madison River.

Jefferson County lies north of Madison and east of Silver Bow. It has an area of 5,000 square miles, and is divided in interests between mining, stock raising and farming. The Jefferson and Missouri rivers form its southern and eastern boundaries. The valleys of those streams are large and fertile, also of Boulder, Crow, Pipestone, Fish, Prickly Pear and White Tail creeks, which flow through the county. There is yet much desirable land vacant. The mining interests are quite extensive, especially at Wickes, Elkhorn, Gregory, Boulder and Basin. The county seat is Boulder, reached from the Utah & Northern by daily stage from Butte. Placer mining is carried on at Radersburg, the former county seat. The Northern Pacific crosses the northern portion of the county, and that section is tributary to Helena.

Deer Lodge County lies north and east of the main divide, and is crossed from east to west by the Northern Pacific, while the southern and most developed portion is traversed by the Utah & Northern. Its placer mines are extensive and rich. There are also valuable gold, silver and copper quartz ledges, the most valuable of which are the Cable and those at Phillipsburg. At Anaconda are immense smelting works, costing \$1,000,000, which are connected by a branch with the Utah & Northern and the mines at Butte. The beautiful Deer Lodge Valley is sixty miles long and from five to ten wide, and has a number of lateral valleys opening into it. Many fine farms are located in these valleys, while the foothills and mountain sides furnish splendid grazing for cattle. A heavy growth of timber covers the mountain slopes. Hell Gate, Big Blackfoot, Little Blackfoot and Rock Creek are other important streams. Deer Lodge, the county seat, lies on the Utah & Northern, and contains the Territorial Penitentiary and the College of Montana.

Missoula County occupies the extreme western end of the Territory, and contains 30,000 square miles. The county is one-third mountains and two-thirds valley and plateau. Its agricultural, stock, fruit and lumber interests are considerable. The principal streams are the Missoula, Bitter Root, Jocko, Flathead, Pen d'Oreille and Big Blackfoot. The valleys of these streams are from thirty to one hundred miles long and from one to ten wide. The most thickly settled portions are the Bitter Root and Missoula valleys, but even in those sections there is room for thousands more. Many of these

fertile valleys are little known except to the sportsman. Numerous small towns have sprung up and will grow as the settlements increase in number. Missoula, the county seat, has a population of about 2,000, and lies on the Northern Pacific, which crosses the county near its centre. It is reached from the Utah & Northern by changing cars at Garrison. A road into the Bitter Root Valley is one of the probabilities of the future. Many promising quartz ledges have been discovered in various portions of Missoula County, and in future mining will probably become an important industry.

From the above brief descriptions it will be seen that Western Montana offers homes upon valuable agricultural land to thousands, and that aside from its mineral wealth it has much to attract the immigrant. The climate is far from being the extremely rigorous one popularly believed in the East. Protected by its mountains from long and severe blizzards, and open to the warm breezes from the Pacific Ocean, which penetrate inland beyond the summit of the Rockies, its winter climate is, in the main, a pleasant one. Occasional cold snaps close the streams with ice, only to be released again by the warm breath of the west wind. Cattle remain out all winter and subsist upon the dried bunch grass, suffering only a few days at a time from having the grass covered with snow or the streams closed by ice. Even when the thermometer is low the dry atmosphere renders the cold less perceptible than in the more humid East. The spring opens early. The summers are not excessively warm, while the nights, even after the hottest days, are almost invariably cool. The autumn months are almost perfect.

One feature of farming in Montana is irrigation, which is practiced in nearly every section. The water supply is abundant, and, as a rule, the lands lie so that irrigation is simple, easy and comparatively inexpensive. To the thinking man the advantages of irrigation need not be set forth in detail. The fact of being independent of the elements more than overbalance the expense of constructing ditches. With the ability to secure full crops in the driest season, with no fear of a season too wet or of rain to damage the grain in harvest time, the lot of the Montana farmer is a pleasant one.

To the tourist Western Montana offers special attractions in her lovely valleys and grand mountains, while her streams, forests and mountains offer temptations such as seldom woo the sportsman in vain. Whether in search of a home or in pursuit of pleasure, this magnificent region should not be neglected.

ENDURANCE OF WOODS.—In some tests made with small squares of various woods buried one inch in the ground, the following results, says the *Garden*, were noted: Birch and aspen decayed in three years; willow and horse chestnut, in four years; maple and red beech, in five years; elm, ash, hornbeam and Lombardy poplar, in seven years; oak, Scotch fir, Weymouth pine and silver fir decayed to a depth of half an inch in seven years; larch, juniper and arbor-vitæ were uninjured at the expiration of the seven years.

HER STORY AND HIS.

HER STORY.

"CLARE," I said, "I wish that we had brought some better clothes, if it were only one frock. You look the oddest figure."

And she did. She was lying head to head with me on the thick moss that clothed one part of the river bank above Breistolen, near the Sogn Fiord. We were staying at Breistolen, but there was no moss thereabouts, nor in all the Sogn district, I often thought, so deep and soft, and so dazzling orange and white and crimson, as that particular patch. It lay quite high upon the hills, and there were great gray boulders peeping through the moss here and there, very fit to break your legs if you were careless. Little more than a mile higher up was the watershed, where our river, putting away with reluctance a first thought of going down the farther slope toward Bysberg, parted from its twin brother who was thither bound with scores upon scores of puny, green-backed fishlets; and instead, came down our side gliding and swishing and swirling faster and faster, and deeper and wider every hundred yards to Breistolen, full of red-speckled yellow trout, all half a pound a piece, and very good to eat.

But they were not so sweet or toothsome to our girl-ish tastes as the tawny-orange cloud-berries which Clare and I were eating as we lay. So busy was she with the luscious pile we had gathered that I had to wait for an answer. And then, "Speak for yourself," she said. "I'm sure you look like a short-coated baby. He is somewhere up the river, too." Munch, munch, munch!

"Who is, you impertinent, greedy little chit?"

"Oh, you know," she answered. "Don't you wish you had your gray plush here, Bab?"

I flung a look of calm disdain at her; but whether it was the berry juice which stained our faces that took from its effect, or the free mountain air, which papa says saps the fountains of despotism, that made her callous, at any rate she only laughed scornfully and got up and went off down the stream with her rod, leaving me to finish the cloud-berries, and stare lazily up at the snow patches on the hillside.

Clare has a wicked story of how I gave in to papa, and came to start without anything but those rough clothes. She says he said—and Jack Buchanan has told me that lawyers put no faith in anything that he says she says, or she says he says, which proves how much truth there is in this—that if Bab took none but her oldest clothes, and fished all day and had no one to run upon her errands—he meant Jack and the others, I suppose—she might possibly grow an inch in Norway. Just as if I wanted to grow an inch! An inch, indeed! I am five feet one and a half high, and papa, who puts me an inch shorter, is the worst measurer in the world. As for Miss Clare, she would give all her inches for my eyes. So there!

After Clare left it began to be dull and chilly. I grew tired of the snow patches, and started up stream, stumbling and falling into holes, and clambering over rocks,

and only careful to save my rod and my face. It was no occasion for the gray plush, but I had made up my mind to reach a pool which lay, I knew, a little above me, having filched a yellow-bodied fly from Clare's hat with a view to that particular place.

Our river did the oddest things hereabouts—pleased to be so young, I suppose. It was not a great churning stream of snow water foaming and milky, such as we had seen in some parts, streams that affected to be always in flood, and had the look of forcing the rocks asunder and clearing their path even while you watched them with your fingers in your ears. Our river was none of these: still it was swifter than English rivers are wont to be, and in parts deeper, and transparent as glass. In one place it would sweep over a ledge and fall wreathed in spray into a spreading lake of black, rock-bound water. Then it would narrow again until, where you could almost jump across, it darted smooth and unbroken down a polished shoot with a swoop like a swallow's. Out of this it would hurry afresh to brawl along a gravelly bed, skipping jauntily over first one and then another ridge of stones that had silted up weir-wise and made as if they would bar the channel. Under the lee of these there were lovely pools.

To be able to throw into mine, I had to walk out along the ridge on which the water was shallow, yet sufficiently deep to cover my boots. But I was well rewarded. The *forellin*—the Norse name for trout—were rising so merrily that I hooked and landed one in five minutes, the fly falling from its mouth as it touched the stones.

I had just got back to my place and made a fine cast, when there came—not the leap, and splash, and tug which announced the half-pounder, but a deep, rich gurgle as the fly was gently sucked under, and then a quiet, growing strain upon the line, which began to move away down the pool in a way that made the winch spin again and filled me with mysterious pleasure. I was not conscious of striking or of anything but that I had hooked a really good fish, and I clutched the rod with both hands and set my feet as tightly as I could upon the slippery gravel. The line moved up and down, and this way and that, now steadily and as with a purpose, and then again with an eccentric rush that made the top of the rod spring and bend so that I looked for it to snap each moment. My hands began to grow numb, and the landing-net, hitherto an ornament, fell out of my waist belt and went I knew not whither. I suppose I must have stepped unwittingly into deeper water, for I felt that my skirts were afloat, and altogether things were going dreadfully against me, when the presence of an ally close at hand was announced by a cheery shout from the far side of the river.

"Keep up your point! Keep up your point!" some one cried briskly. "That is better!"

The unexpected sound—it was a man's voice—did something to keep my heart up. But for answer I could only shriek, "I can't! It will break!" watching the top of my rod as it jiggled up and down, very much in the fashion of Clare performing what she calls a waltz.

"No, it will not," he cried back bluntly. "Keep it up, and let out a little line with your fingers when he pulls hardest."

By the time he reached me I was in a sad plight, feet like ice and hands benumbed. But wet and cold went for nothing five minutes later, when the fish lay upon the bank, its prismatic sides slowly turning pale and dull, and I knelt over it half in pity and half in triumph.

"You did that very pluckily, little one, but I am afraid you will suffer for it by and by. You must be chilled through."

Quickly as I looked up at him I only met a good-humored smile. He did not mean to be rude. And after all, when I was in such a mess, it was not possible that he could see what I was like. He was wet enough himself. As for his hands, they looked red and knuckly enough, and he had been wading almost to his waist. But he looked, I don't know why, all the stronger and manlier and nicer for these things, because, perhaps, he cared for them not one whit. What I looked like myself I dared not think. My skirts were as short as short could be, and they were soaked; most of my hair was unplaited, my gloves were split, and my sodden boots were out of shape. I was forced, too, to shiver and shake from cold, which was provoking, for I knew it made me seem half as small again.

"Thank you, I am a little cold, Mr. —, Mr. —, I said, only my teeth would chatter so that he laughed outright as he took me up with—

"Herapath. And to whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"I am Miss Guest," I said miserably. It was too cold to be frigid to advantage.

"Commonly called Bab, I think," the wretch answered. "The walls of our hut are not sound-proof, you see. But come, the sooner you get back to dry clothes and the stove the better, Bab. You can cross the river just below and cut off half a mile that way."

"I can't," I said obstinately. Bab, indeed! How dared he?

"Oh yes, you can," with intolerable good temper. "You shall take your rod and I the prey. You cannot be wetter than you are now."

He had his way, of course, since I did not foresee that at the ford he would lift me up bodily and carry me over the deeper part without a pretence of asking leave, or a word of apology. It was done so quickly that I had no time to remonstrate. And while I was still choking with rage, he seized my hands and set off at a trot, lugging me through the sloppy places much as I have seen a nurse drag a fractious child down Constitution Hill. It was not wonderful that I soon lost the little breath his speech had left me, and was powerless to complain when we reached the bridge. I could only thank heaven that there was no sign of Clare. I think I should have died of mortification if she had seen us come down the hill hand in hand in that ridiculous fashion. But she had gone home, and at any rate I escaped that degradation.

"Well, I never!" Clare said, surveying me from a

respectful distance, when at last I was safe in our room. "I would not be seen in such a state by a man for all the fish in the sea!"

And she looked so tall, and trim, and neat, that it was the more provoking. Papa was in the plot against me, too. What right had he to thank Mr. Herapath for bringing "his little girl" home safe? He can be pompous enough at times. Mr. Herapath dined with us that evening; but nothing I could do, though I made the best of my wretched frock and was as stiff as Clare herself, could alter his first impression. It was too bad: he had no eyes! He either could not or would not see any one but the draggled Bab—fifteen at most and a very tomboy—whom he had carried across the river. He styled Clare, who talked Baedeker to him in her primmest and most precocious way, Miss Guest, and once at least during the evening dubbed me plain Bab. I tried to freeze him with a look then, and papa gave him a taste of the pompous manner, saying coldly that I was older than I seemed. But it was not a bit of use: I could see that he set it all down to the grand airs of a spoiled child.

When I asked him if he was fond of dancing, he said good-naturedly: "I don't visit very much, Miss Bab. I am generally engaged in the evening."

Here was a chance. I was going to say that that no doubt was the reason why I had never met him, when papa ruthlessly cut me short by asking, "You are not in the law?"

"No," he said. "I am in the London Fire Brigade."

I think that we all upon the instant saw him in a helmet sitting at the door of the fire station by St. Martin's Church. Clare turned crimson and papa seemed on a sudden to call his patent to mind. The moment before I had been as angry as angry could be with our guest, but I was not going to look on and see him snubbed when he was dining with us and all. So I rushed into the gap as quickly as surprise would let me with "Good gracious, how nice! Do tell me all about a fire!"

It made matters—my matters—worse, for I could have cried with vexation when I read in his face next moment that he had looked for their astonishment; while the ungrateful fellow set down my eager remark to mere childish ignorance.

"Some time I will," he said with a quiet smile; "but I do not often attend one in person. I am Captain —'s private secretary, aide-de-camp and general factotum."

And it turned out that he was the son of a certain Canon Herapath, so papa set to discussing Mr. Gladstone, while I slipped off to bed feeling as small as I ever did in my life and out of temper with everybody. It was a long time since I had been used to young men talking politics to papa, when they could talk—politics—to me.

Possibly I deserved the week of vexation which followed; but it was almost more than I could bear. He—Mr. Herapath, of course—was always about fishing or lounging outside the little white posting house, taking walks and meals with us, and seeming heartily to enjoy papa's society.

He was such an elder brother to me—a thing I never

had and do not want—that it was quite enough to make me dislike him.

However, a sunny morning in the holidays is a cheerful thing, and when I strolled down stream with my rod I felt I could enjoy myself very nearly as much as I had before his coming spoiled our party. I had chosen the lower river because Mr. Herapath usually fished the upper part, and I would not be ruffled this nice day. So I was the more vexed to come suddenly upon him fishing, and fishing where he had no right to be. It was a spot where one bank rose into quite a cliff, frowning over a deep pool at the foot of some falls. Close to the cliff the water still ran with the speed of a mill race, so fast as to endanger a good swimmer. But on the far side of this current there was a bit of slack water which was tempting enough to have set one's wits to work to devise means to fish it, which from the top of the cliff was impossible. Just above the water was a ledge, a foot wide, perhaps, which might have done only it did not reach to this end of the cliff. However, some foolhardy person had espied this, and got over the gap by bridging the latter with a bit of plank, and then had drowned himself or gone away, in either case leaving his board to tempt others to do likewise.

And there was Mr. Herapath fishing from the ledge. It made me giddy to look at him. The rock overhung the water so much that he could not stand upright. When I had walked a few yards, meaning to pass round the rear of the cliff, I began to fancy all sorts of foolish things would happen. I felt sure that I should have no more peace or pleasure if I left him there. I hesitated. Yes, I would. I would go down and ask him to leave the place, and, of course, he would do it.

I lost no time, but ran down the slope smartly and carelessly. My way lay over loose shale mingled with large stones, and it was steep. It is wonderful how quickly an accident happens. I was checking myself near the bottom, when a big stone on which I stepped moved under me. The shale began to slip in a mass and the stone to roll. It was all done in a moment. I stayed myself, that was easy enough, but the stone took two bounds, jumped sideways, struck the piece of board which was only resting lightly at either end, and before I could take it all in the little bridge plunged end first into the current, which swept it out of sight in an instant.

He threw up his hands in affright, for he had turned, and we both saw it happen. He made indeed as if he would try to save it, but that was impossible; and then, while I cowered in dismay, he waved his arm to me in the direction of home—again and again. The roar of the falls drowned what he said, but I guessed his meaning. I could not help him myself, but I could fetch help. It was three miles to Breistolen, rough, rocky ones, and I doubted whether he could keep his cramped position with that noise deafening him, and the endless whirling stream before his eyes, while I was going and coming. But there was no better way I could think of; and even as I wavered, he signaled to me again imperatively.

I cannot tell at all how I did it; how I passed over

the uneven ground, or whether I went quickly or slowly, save by the reckoning papa made afterwards. I can only remember one long hurrying scramble; now I panted uphill, now I ran down, now I was on my face in a hole, breathless and half-stunned, and now I was up to my knees in water. I slipped and dropped down places I should at other times have shrunk from, and hurt myself so that I bore the marks for months. But I thought nothing of these things: all my being was spent in hurrying on for his life, the clamor of every cataract I passed seeming to stop my heart's beating with very fear. So I reached Breistolen, and panted over the bridge and up to the little white house lying so quiet in the afternoon sunshine, papa's stool-car even then at the door ready to take him to some favorite pool. Somehow I made him understand in broken words that Herapath was in danger, drowning already, for all I knew, and then I seized a great pole which was leaning against the porch, and climbed into the car. Papa was not slow either; he snatched a coil of rope from the luggage, and away we went, a man and boy whom he had hastily called running behind us. We had lost very little time, but so much may happen in so little time.

We were forced to leave the car a quarter of a mile from that part of the river, and walk or run the rest of the way. We all ran, even papa, as I had never known him run before. My heart sank at the groan he let escape him when I pointed out the spot. We came to it one by one, and we all looked. The ledge was empty. Jem Herapath was gone. I suppose it startled me. At any rate, I could only look at the water in a dazed way, and cry quietly without much feeling that it was my doing; while the men shouting to one another in strange, hushed voices, searched about for any sign of his fate.

"Bab! Why, Miss Bab, what is the matter?"

Safe and sound! Yes, there he was when I turned, safe, and strong, and cool, rod in hand, and a quiet smile in his eyes. Just as I had seen him yesterday, and thought never to see him again, and saying "Bab" exactly as of old, so that something in my throat—it may have been anger at his rudeness, but I do not think it was—prevented my saying a word until all the others came round us, and a babel of Norse and English, and something that was neither, yet both, set in.

"But how is this?" objected my father when he could be heard, "you are quite dry, my boy?"

"Dry! Why not, sir? For goodness' sake, what is the matter?"

"The matter! Didn't you fall in, or something of the kind?" papa asked, bewildered by this new aspect of the case.

"It does not look like it, does it? Your daughter gave me a very uncomfortable start by nearly doing so."

Every one looked at him for an explanation. "How did you manage to get from the ledge?" I said feebly.

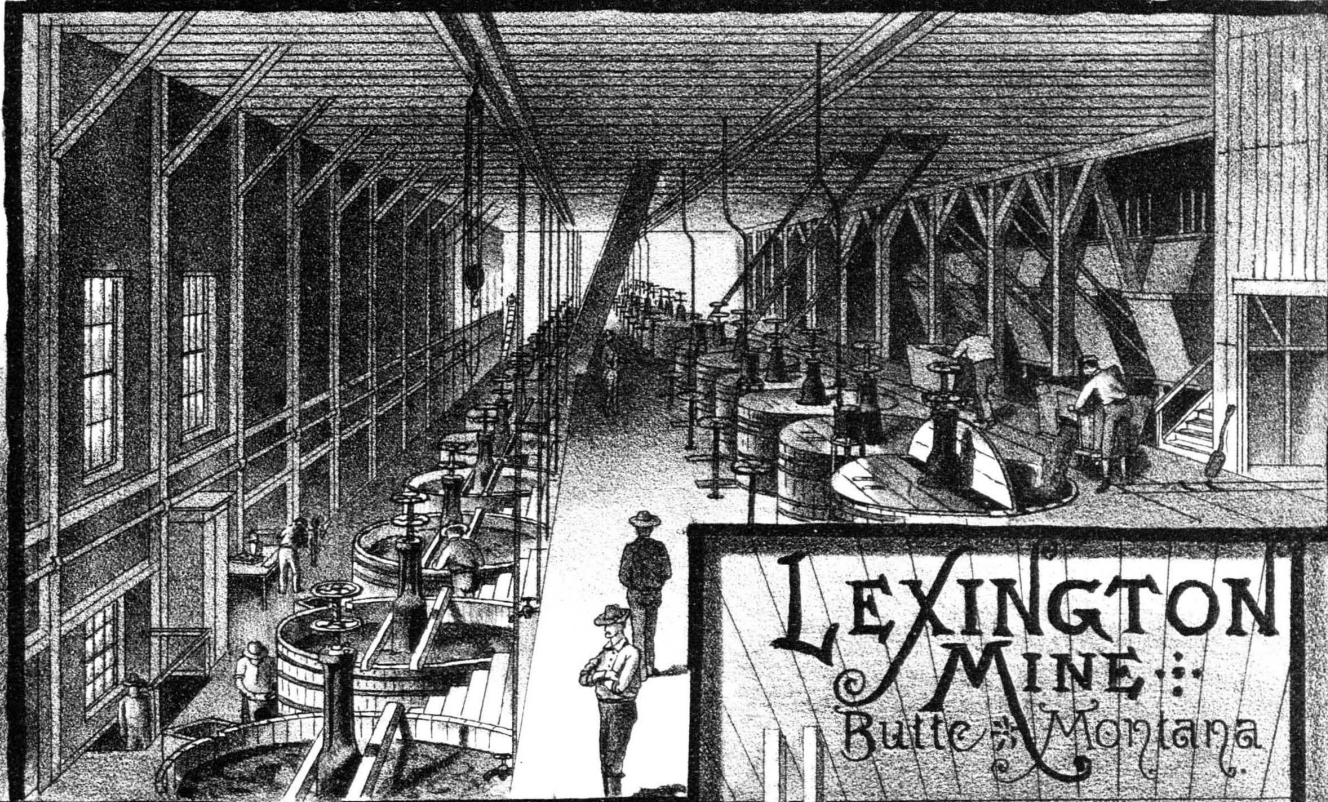
"From the ledge? Why, by the other end to be sure, so that I had to walk back round the hill. Still I did not mind, for I was thankful that it was the plank and not you that fell in."

·SETTLERS·

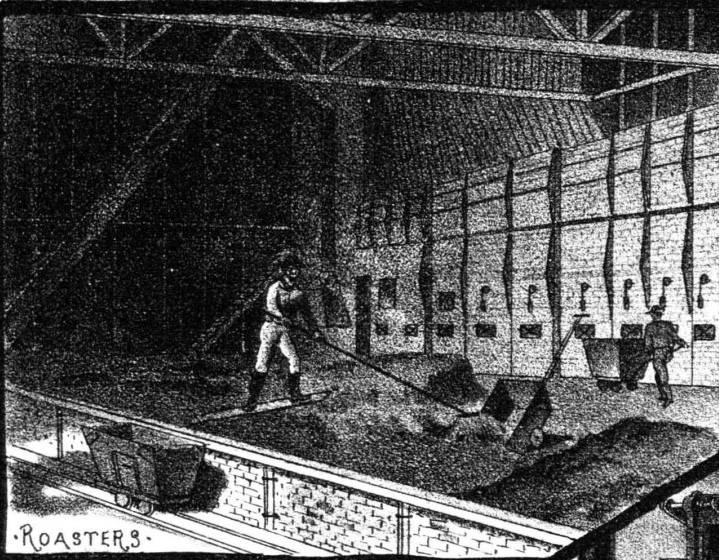
THE WEST SHORE

·PANS·

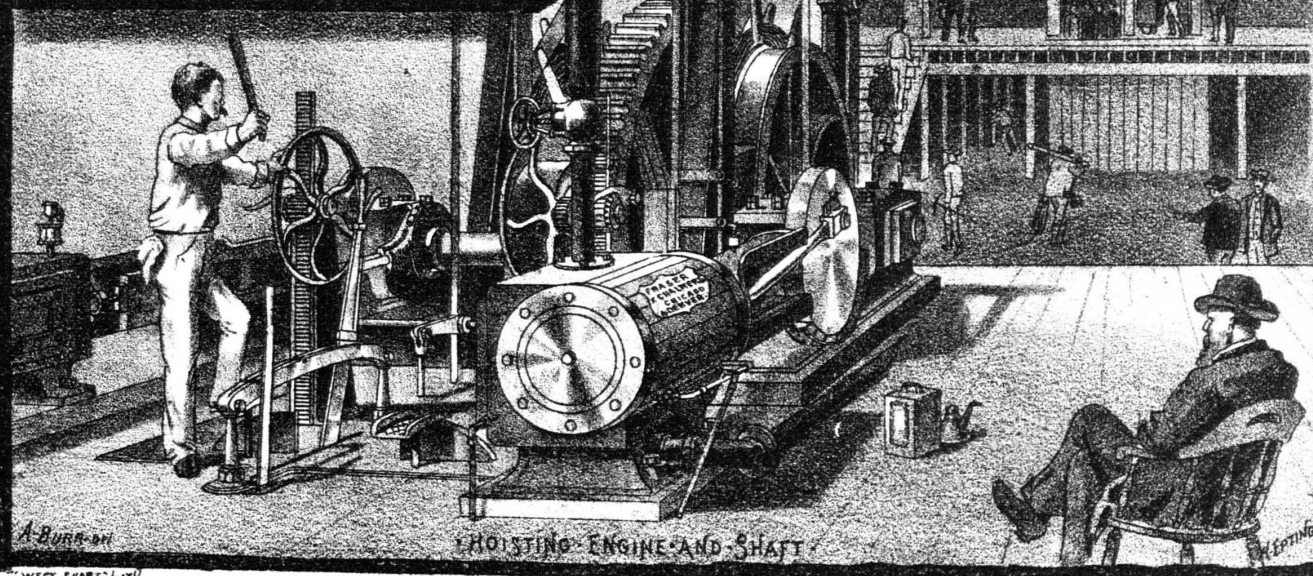
·STAMPS·



LEXINGTON
MINE
Butte Montana



·ROASTERS·



A. BURRILL

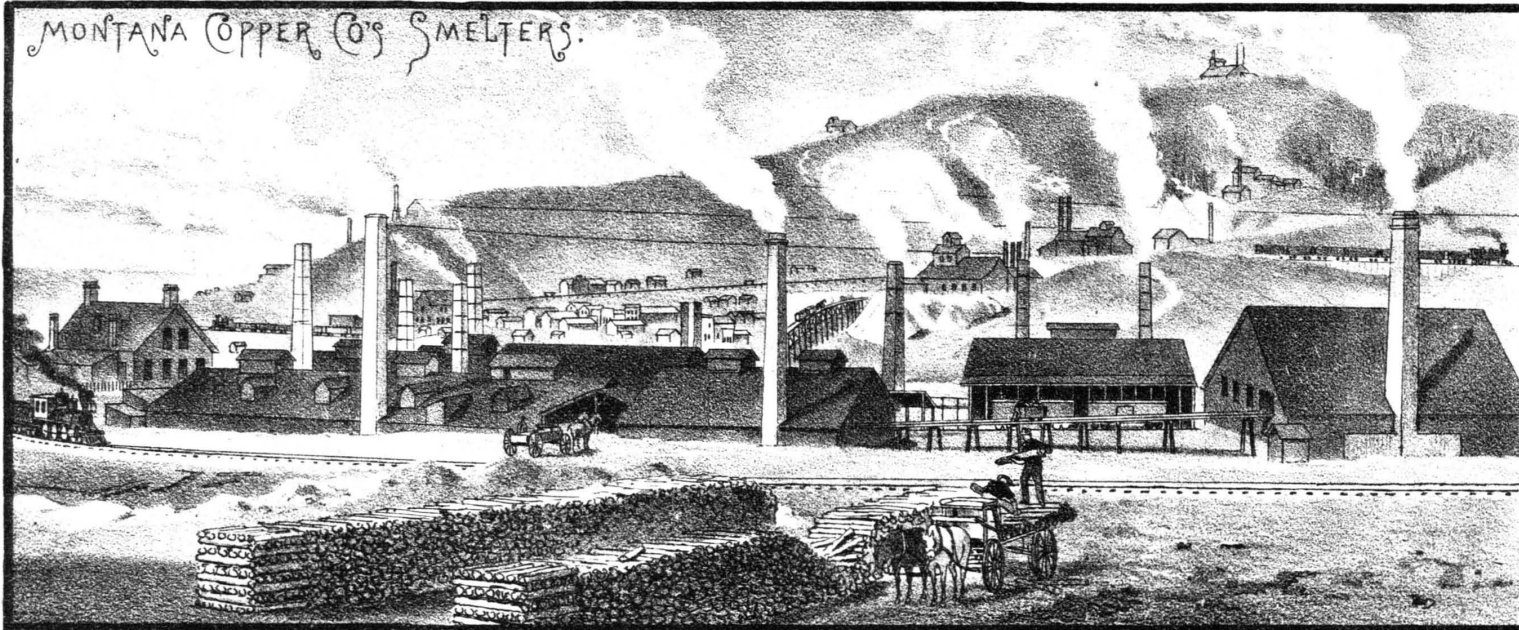
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HOISTING ENGINE AND SHAFT

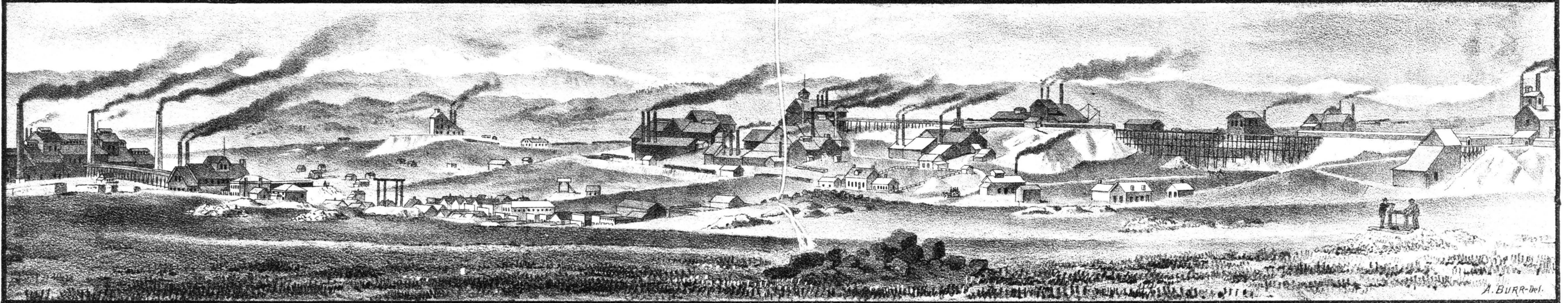
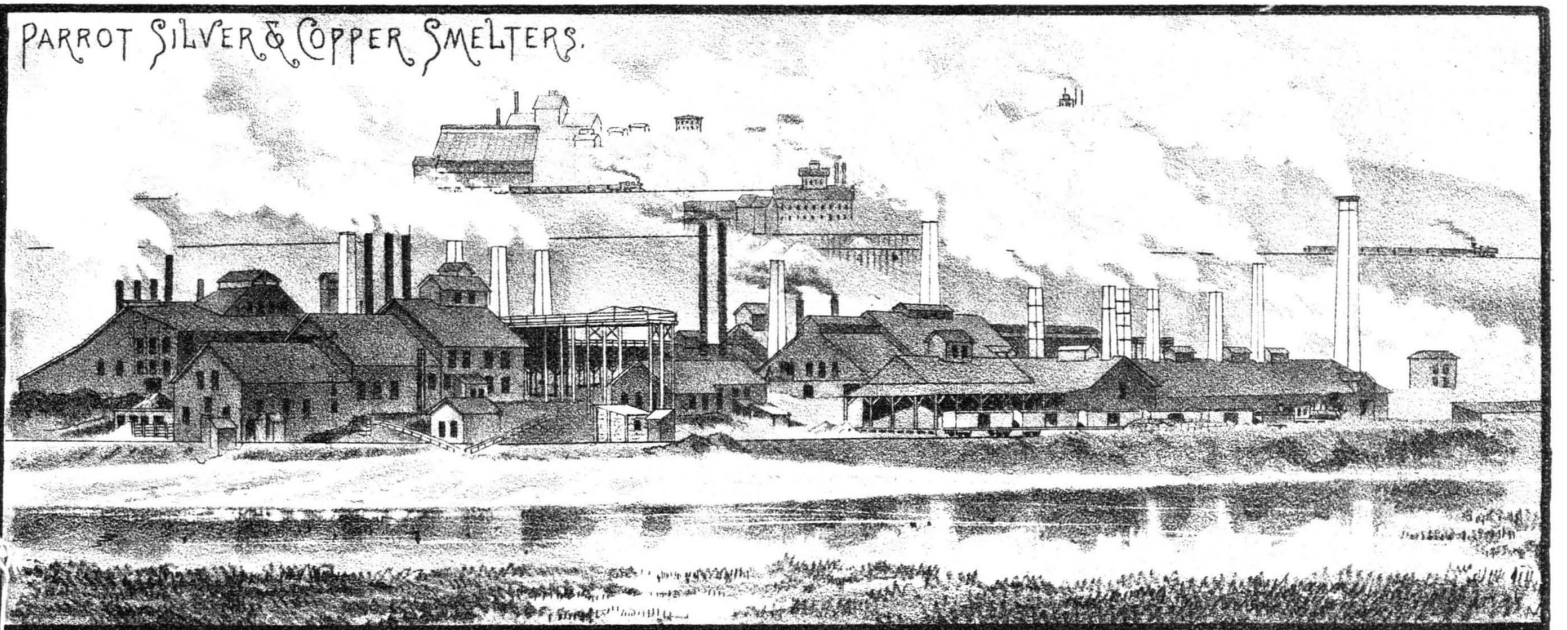
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THE WEST SHORE

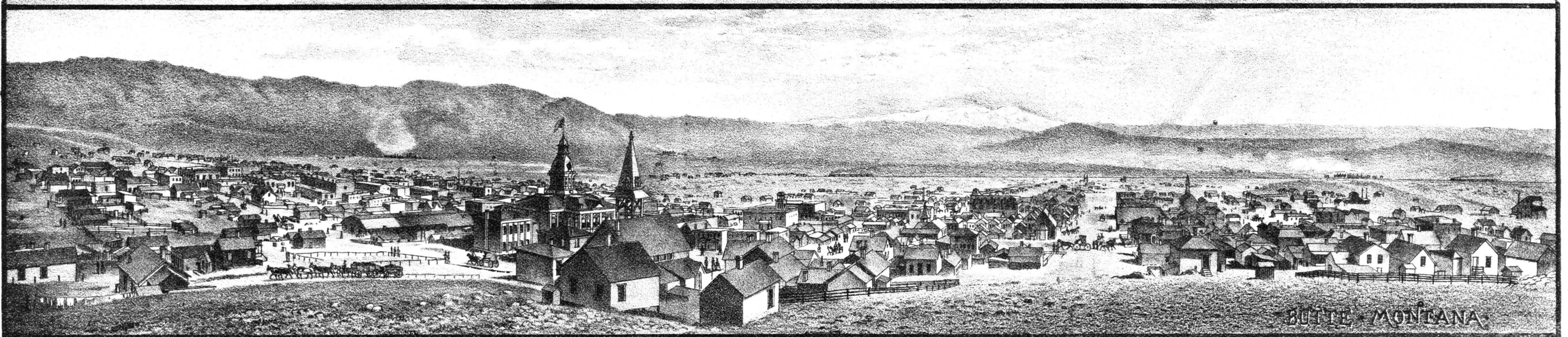
MONTANA COPPER CO'S SMELTERS.



PARROT SILVER & COPPER SMELTERS.

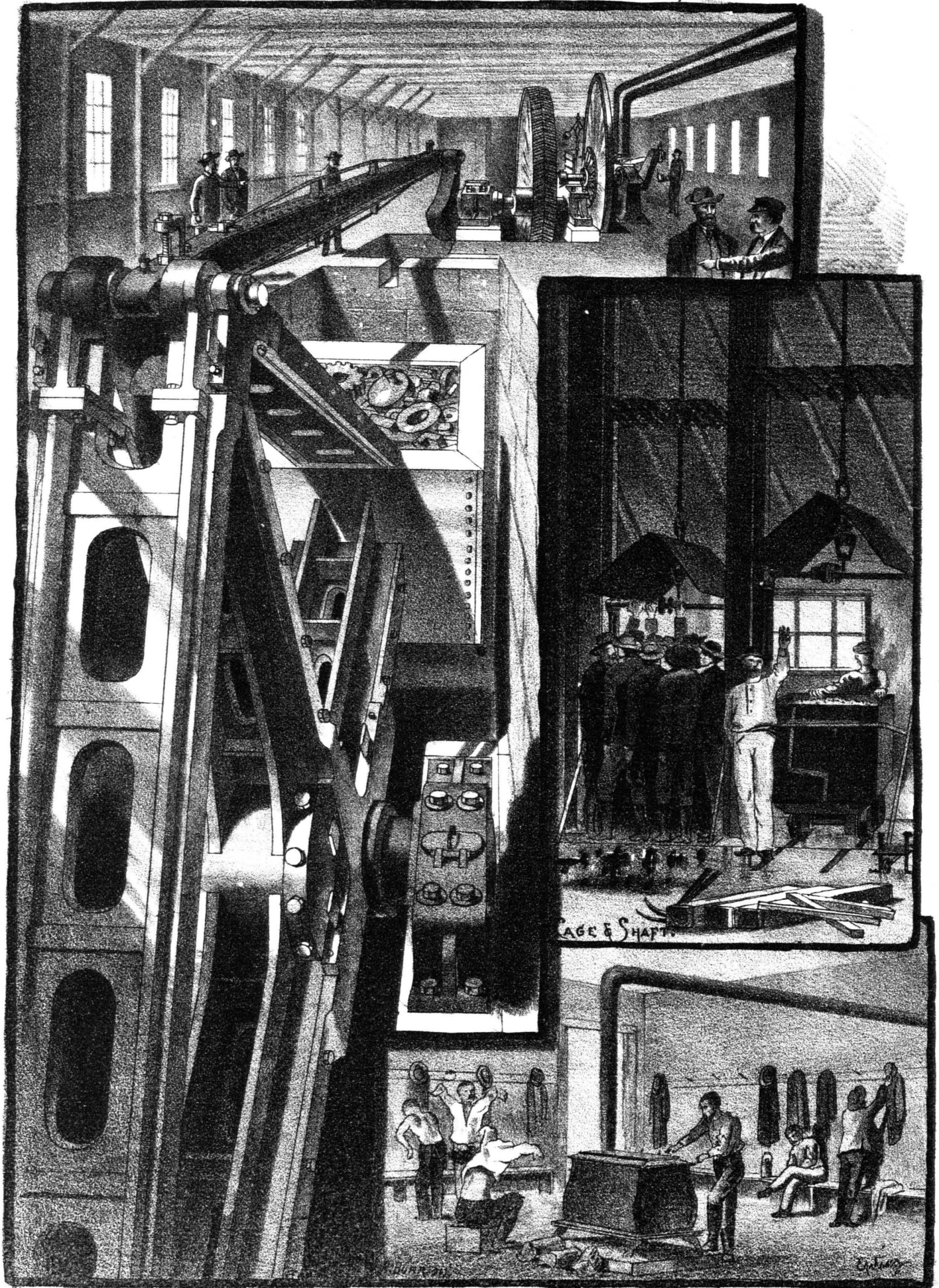


MILL. HOISTING WORKS. OFFICE, THE LEXINGTON MINE. RISING STAR. MOULTON MILL. MOULTON MINE. ALICE MINE. CLARK'S FRACTION HOIST. MAGNA CHARTA ORE HOUSE & MINE. ALICE NEW MILL. OFFICE, ALICE OLD MILL. BELLE OF BUTTE.



BUTTE MONTANA

THE WEST SHORE



WEST SHORE MOUNTAIN

CORNISH PUMP

ALICE MINE BUTTE MONTANA

DRESSING ROOM

"I—I thought—you could not get from the ledge," I muttered. It was too absurd, too ridiculous. It was no wonder that they all screamed with laughter at the fool's errand they had come upon, and stamped about and clung to one another. But when *he* laughed, too, there was not an ache or pain in my body—and I had cut my wrist to the bone against a splinter of rock—that hurt me one-half as much. Surely *he* might have seen another side to it. But he did not; and so I managed to hide my bandaged wrist from him, and papa drove me home. There I broke down entirely, and Clare put me to bed, and petted me, and was very good to me. And when I came down next day with an ache in every part of me he was gone.

"He asked me to tell you," said Clare, not looking up from the fly she was tying at the window, "that he thought you were the bravest girl he had ever met."

So he understood now, when others had explained it to him. "No, Clare," I said coldly, "he did not say that exactly; he said 'the bravest little girl.'" For, indeed, lying up stairs with the window open, I had heard him set off on his long drive to Laerdalsören.

HIS STORY.

I was not dining out much at that time, partly because my acquaintance in town was limited, and something too because I cared little for it. But these were pleasant people, the old gentleman witty and amusing, the children, lively girls, nice to look at and good to talk with. The party had, too, a holiday flavor about them wholesome to recall in Scotland Yard; and as I had thought, playtime over, I should see no more of them, I was proportionately pleased to find that Mr. Guest had not forgotten me, and pleased also to regard his invitation to dinner at a quarter to eight as a royal command.

What with one delay owing to work, and another caused by a cabman strange to the ways of the town, it was twenty-five minutes after the hour named when I reached Bolton Gardens. Mr. Guest greeted me kindly, hushed my apologies, took me down the table, and said, "My daughter," and Miss Guest shook hands with me and pointed to the chair at her left.

I think that I never saw so remarkable a likeness—to her younger sister—in my life. She might have been little Bab herself, but for her dress and some striking differences. Miss Guest could not be more than eighteen, in form almost as fairy-like as the little one, with the same childlike, innocent look on her face. She had the big, grey eyes, too, that were so charming in Bab; but in her they were more soft and tender and thoughtful, and a thousand times more charming. Her hair, too, was brown and wavy; only, instead of hanging loose or in a pig-tail anywhere and anyhow in a fashion I well remembered, it was coiled in a coronal on the shapely little head, that was so Greek, and in its gracious, stately, old-fashioned pose, so unlike Bab's. Her dress, of some creamy, gauzy stuff, revealed the prettiest white throat in the world, and arms decked in pearls, and, so far, no more recalled my little fishing mate than the sedate self-

possession and assured dignity of this girl, as she talked to her other neighbor, suggested Bab making pancakes and chattering with the landlady's children in her strangely and wonderfully acquired Norse.

"Have you quite settled down after your holiday?" she asked, staying the apologies I was for pouring into her ear.

"I had until this evening, but the sight of your father is like a breath of fiord air. I hope your sisters are well."

"My sisters?" she murmured wonderingly, her fork half-way to her pretty mouth and her attitude one of questioning.

"Yes," I said, rather puzzled. "You know they were with your father when I had the good fortune to meet him. Miss Clare and Bab."

I really began to feel uncomfortable. Her color rose, and she looked me in the face in a half-proud, half-fearful way as if she resented the inquiry. It was a relief to me, when, with some show of confusion, she at length stammered, "Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, of course they were! How very foolish of me. They are quite well, thank you," and so was silent again. But I understood now. Mr. Guest had omitted to mention my name, and she had taken me for some one else of whose holiday she knew. I gathered from the aspect of the table and the room that the Guests saw a good deal of company, and it was a very natural mistake, though by the grave look she bent upon her plate it was clear that the young hostess was taking herself to task for it.

"You were nearly drowned, or something of the kind, were you not?" she asked, after an interval during which we had both talked to others.

"Well, not precisely. Your sister fancied I was in danger, and behaved in the pluckiest manner—so bravely that I can almost feel sorry that the danger was not there to dignify her heroism."

"That was like her," she answered in a tone just a little scornful. "You must have thought her a terrible tomboy. Now tell me did you not think so?" she murmured, graciously leaning the slightest bit toward me, and opening her eyes as they looked into mine in a way that to a man who had spent the day in a dusty room in Great Scotland Yard was sufficiently intoxicating.

"No," I said, lowering my voice in imitation of hers. "No, Miss Guest, I did not think so at all. I thought your sister a brave little thing, rather careless as children are apt to be, but likely to grow into a charming girl."

I wondered, marking how she bit her lip and refrained from assent, whether, impossible as it must seem to any one looking in her face, there might not be something of the shrew about my beautiful neighbor. Her tone when she spoke of her sister seemed to impart no great goodwill.

"So that is your opinion?" she said, after a pause. "Do you know," with a laughing glance, "that some people think I am like her?"

"Yes?" I answered gravely. "Well, I should be able to judge, who have seen you both and yet am not an

old friend. And I think you are both like and unlike. Your sister has very beautiful eyes"—she lowered her's swiftly—"and hair like yours, but her manner and style were very different. I can no more fancy Bab in your place than I can picture you, Miss Guest, as I saw her for the first time—and on many after occasions," I added, laughing as much to cover my own hardihood as at the queer little figure I had conjured up.

"Thank you," Mr. Herapath," she replied, with coldness, though she had blushed darkly to her ears. "That I think must be enough of compliments for to-night—as you are not an old friend."

Later I stood in the drawing room. I felt alone. Mr. Guest had passed on to others and I stood aside, the sense that I was not one of these people troubling me in a manner as new as it was absurd; for I had been in the habit of rather despising "society." Miss Guest was at the piano, the centre of a circle of soft light, which showed up also a keen-faced, dark-whiskered man leaning over her with the air of one used to the position. Every one else was so fully engaged that I may have looked, as well as felt, forlorn, and meeting her eyes could have fancied she was regarding me with amusement—almost triumph. It must have been mere fancy, bred of self-consciousness, for the next moment she beckoned me to her, and said to her cavalier:

"There, Jack, Mr. Herapath is going to talk to me about Norway now, so that I don't want you any longer. Perhaps you won't mind stepping up to the school-room—Fräulein and Clare are there—and telling Clare that—that—oh, anything."

She did not speak; and I, content to watch the slender hands stealing over the keys would not, until my eyes fell upon her right wrist. She had put off her bracelets and so disclosed a scar upon it, something about which—not its newness—so startled me that I said abruptly, "That is very strange! Pray tell me how you did it?"

She looked up, saw what I meant, and stopping hastily, put on her bracelets; to all appearance so vexed by my thoughtless question, and anxious to hide the mark, that I was quick to add humbly, "I asked because your sister hurt her wrist in nearly the same place on the day when she thought I was in trouble, and the coincidence struck me."

"Yes, I remember," looking at me I thought with a certain suspicion, as though she were not sure that I was giving the right motive. "I did this much in the same way. By falling, I mean. Isn't it a hateful disfigurement?"

No, it was no disfigurement. Even to her, with a woman's love of conquest, it must have seemed anything but a disfigurement had she known what the quiet, awkward man at her side was thinking, who stood looking shyly at it, and found no words to contradict her, though she asked him twice, and thought him stupid enough.

After an interval, "Are you going to the Goldmaces' dance?"

"No," I answered her humbly. "I go out so little."

"Indeed," with an odd smile not too kindly; "I wish

—no I don't—that we could say the same. We are engaged, I think"—she paused, her attention divided between myself and Boccherini's minuet, the low strains of which she was sending through the room—"for every afternoon—this week—except Saturday. By the way, Mr. Herapath, do you remember what was the name Bab told me you teased her with?"

"Wee, bonnie Bab," I answered absently. My thoughts had gone forward to Saturday.

"Oh, yes, wee, bonnie Bab," she murmured softly. "Poor Bab!" and suddenly cut short Boccherini's music and our chat by striking a terrific discord and laughing merrily at my start of discomfiture. Every one took it as a signal to leave.

I went away with something before me—that call upon Saturday afternoon. Quite unreasonably I fancied I should see her alone. And so when the day came and I stood outside the opening door of the drawing-room, and heard voices and laughter within, I was hurt and aggrieved beyond measure. There was quite a party, and a merry one, assembled, who were playing at some game as it seemed to me, for I caught sight of Clare whipping off an impromptu bandage from her eyes, and striving by her stiffest air to give the lie to a pair of flushed cheeks. The black-whiskered man was there, and two men of his kind, and a German governess, and a very old lady in a wheel-chair, who was called "grand-mamma," and Miss Guest herself looking, in the prettiest dress of silvery plush, to the full as bright and fair and graceful as I had been picturing her each hour since we parted.

She dropped me a stately courtesy. "Will you play the part of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, Mr. Herapath, while I act honest Burchell, and say 'Fudge!' or will you burn nuts and play games with neighbor Flamborough? You will join us, won't you? Clare does not so misbehave every day, only it is such a wet afternoon and so cold and wretched, and we did not think there would be any more callers—and tea will be up in five minutes."

She did not think there would be any more callers! Something in her smile belied the words and taught me that she had thought—she had known—that there would be one more caller.

It was a simple game enough. One sat in the middle blindfolded, while the rest disguised their own or assumed each other's voices, and spoke one by one some gibe or quip at his expense. When he succeeded in naming the speaker, the detected satirist put on the poke, and in his turn heard things good for his soul's health. Now this *role* unhappily soon fell to me, and proved a heavy one, because I was not so familiar with the other's voices as were the rest; and Miss Guest—whose faintest tones I thought to have known—had a wondrous knack of cheating me, now taking off Clare's voice, and now—after the door had been opened to admit the tea—her father's. So I failed again and again to earn my release. But when a voice behind me cried with well-feigned eagerness, "How nice! Do tell me all about a fire!"

though no fresh creaking of the door had reached me, nor warning been given of an addition to the players, I had not the smallest doubt who was the speaker, but exclaimed at once, "That is Bab! Now I cry you mercy. I am right this time. That was Bab!"

I looked for a burst of applause and laughter, such as had before attended a good thrust home, but none came. On the contrary, with my words so odd a silence fell upon the room that it was clear that something was wrong, and I pulled off my handkerchief in haste, repeating, "That was Bab, I am sure."

But if it was, I could not see her. What had come over them all? Jack's face wore a provoking smile, and his friends were clearly bent upon sniggering. Clare looked horrified, and grandmamma gently tittilated, while Miss Guest, who had risen and half turned away toward the windows, seemed to be in a state of proud confusion. What was the matter?

"I beg every one's pardon by anticipation," I said, looking round in a bewildered way; "but have I said anything wrong?"

"Oh, dear no," cried the fellow they called Jack, with a familiarity that was in the worst taste—as if I had meant to apologise to him! "Most natural thing in the world!"

"Jack, how dare you?" exclaimed Miss Guest, stamping her foot.

"Well, it seemed all right. It sounded very natural, I am sure."

"Oh, you are unbearable! Mr. Herapath, I am sure that you did not know that my name was Barbara."

"Certainly not," I cried. "What a strange thing!"

"But it is, and that is why grandmamma is looking so shocked, and Mr. Buchanan is wearing threadbare an old friend's privilege of being rude. I freely forgive you if you will make allowance for him. And you shall come off the stool of repentance and have your tea first, since you are the greatest stranger. It is a stupid game, after all!"

She would hear no apologies from me. And when I would have asked why her sister bore the same name, and thus excused myself, she was intent upon tea-making, and the few moments I could with decency add to my call gave me scant opportunity. And so I should have gone—but that the door-handle was stiff, and Miss Guest came to my aid as I fumbled with it. "We are always at home on Saturdays, if you like to call, Mr. Herapath," she murmured, and I found myself in the street.

So carelessly she said it, that with a sudden change of feeling I vowed I would not call. Why should I? Why should I worry myself with the sight of those other fellows parading their favor? With the babble of that society chit-chat, which I had so often scorned—and still scorned, and had no part or concern in. They were not people to suit me or do me good. I would not go, I said, and repeated it firmly on Monday and Tuesday; on Wednesday only so far modified it that I thought at some distant time to leave a card—to avoid discourtesy; on Friday preferred an earlier date as wiser and more polite,

and on Saturday walked shamefaced down the street and knocked and rang, and went up stairs—to taste a pleasant misery. Yes, and on the next Saturday too, and the next, and the next; and that one on which we all went to the theatre, and that other one on which Mr. Guest kept me to dinner. Ay, and on other days that were not Saturdays, among which two stand high out of the waters of forgetfulness—days like twin pillars of Hercules, through which I thought to reach, as did the seamen of old, I knew not what treasures of unknown lands stretching away under the setting sun. First, that one on which I found Barbara Guest alone and blurted out that I had the audacity to wish to make her my wife; and then heard, before I had well—or badly—told my tale, the wheels of grandmamma's chair outside.

"Hush!" the girl said, her face turned from me. "Hush, Mr. Herapath. You don't know me, indeed. You have seen so little of me. Please say nothing more about it. You are completely under a delusion."

"It is no delusion that I love you, Barbara!"

"It is, it is," she repeated, freeing her hand. "There, if you will not take an answer—come—come at three to-morrow. But mind, I promise you nothing—I promise nothing," she added feverishly, and fled from the room, leaving me to talk to grandmamma as best and escape as quickly as I might.

"I will tell Miss Guest you are here, sir," the man said, as he opened the door for me the next day. I looked at all the little things in the room which I had come to know well—her work-basket, the music upon the piano, the table-easel, her photograph, and wondered if I were to see them no more, or if they were to become a part of my every-day life. Then I heard her come in, and turned quickly, feeling that I should learn my fate from her greeting.

"Bab!" The word was wrung from me perforce. And then we stood and looked at one another; she with a strange pride and defiance in her eyes, though her cheek was dark with blushes, and I with wonder and perplexity in mine. Wonder and perplexity that quickly grew into a conviction, a certainty that the girl standing before me in the short-skirted brown dress, with tangled hair and loose neck-ribbon, was the Bab I had known in Norway; and yet that the eyes—I could not mistake them now, no matter what unaccustomed look they might wear—were Barbara Guest's!

"Miss Guest—Barbara," I stammered, grappling with the truth, "why have you played this trick upon me?"

"It is Miss Guest and Barbara now," she cried, with a mocking courtesy. "Do you remember, Mr. Herapath, when it was Bab? When you treated me as a kind of toy, and a plaything, with which you might be as intimate as you liked; and hurt my feelings—yes, it is weak to confess it, I know—day by day, and hour by hour?"

"But surely that is forgiven now?" I said, dazed by an attack so sudden and so bitter. "It is atonement enough that I am at your feet now, Barbara!"

"You are not," she retorted hotly. "Don't say you have offered love to me, who am the same with the child

you teased at Breistolen. You have fallen in love with my fine clothes, and my pearls, and my maid's work! not with me. You have fancied the girl you saw other men make much of. But you have not loved the woman who might have prized that which Miss Guest has never learned to value."

"How old are you?" I said hoarsely.

"Nineteen!" she snapped out. And then for a moment we were both silent.

"I begin to understand now," I answered slowly, as soon as I could conquer something in my throat. "Long ago, when I hardly knew you, I hurt your woman's pride, and since that you have plotted—"

"No, you have tricked yourself!"

"And schemed to bring me to your feet that you might have the pleasure of trampling on me. Miss Guest, your triumph is complete, more complete than you are able to understand. I loved you this morning above all the world—as my own life—as every hope I had. See, I tell you this that you may have a moment's keener pleasure when I am gone."

"Don't! don't!" she cried, throwing herself into a chair and covering her face.

"You have won a man's heart and cast it aside to gratify an old pique. You may rest content now, for there is nothing wanting to your vengeance. You have given me as much pain as a woman, the vainest and the most heartless, can give a man. Good-bye."

And with that I was leaving her, fighting my own pain and passion, so that the little hands she raised as though they would ward off my words were nothing to me. I felt a savage delight in seeing that I could hurt her, which deadened my own grief. The victory was not all with her lying there sobbing. Only where was my hat? Let me get my hat and go. Let me escape from this room wherein every trifle upon which my eye rested awoke some memory that was a pang.

Where was the hat? I had brought it up. I could not go without it. It must be under her chair by all that was unlucky, for it was nowhere else. I could not stand and wait, and so I had to go up to her, with cold words of apology upon my lips, and being close to her and seeing on her wrist, half hidden by fallen hair, the scar she had brought home from Norway, I don't know how it was that I fell on my knees by her and cried:

"Oh, Bab, I loved you so! Let us part friends."

For a moment—silence. Then she whispered, her hand in mine: "Why did you not say Bab to begin? I only told you that Miss Guest had not learned to value your love."

"And Bab?" I murmured, my brain in a whirl.

"Learned long ago, poor girl!"

And the fair, tear-stained face of my tyrant looked into mine for a moment, and then came quite naturally to its resting place.

"Now," she said, "you may have your hat, sir."

"I believe that you sat upon this chair on purpose."

And Bab blushed. I believe she did.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

A SUNKEN CONTINENT ON THE PACIFIC.

THE fact is quite generally conceded among scientists that the probabilities are strongly in favor of the supposition that there formerly existed a large island of continental dimensions between the West Indies and the western coast of Africa. This continent is supposed to be the "Atlantis" of the ancients. Recent discoveries point to the further probability that there also once existed a similar continental area of land in the Pacific Ocean, between the west coast of South America and the present Australian continent. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco, Captain Churchill read a very interesting paper in relation to this matter. His paper referred especially to the gigantic sculptured figures still to be seen upon Easter Island, and evidently the work of a different race than that which now inhabits the island, and one much more numerous, since the works referred to are on too large a scale to have been constructed except by many hands. He argued that a vast continent once existed where there is now nothing but a waste of ocean, dotted with countless isles and islets of varying size and character, the majority showing in their formation the traces of that former volcanic action which either upheaved them from the depths of the sea or shattered and sunk the continent of which they are now the only vestige. Easter Island, it is believed, was once the home of a population numbering many thousands, of whom scarcely any now remain. Besides dwelling upon the sculptured figures to be found there, Captain Churchill laid much stress upon the hieroglyphic tablets of wood discovered upon Easter Island, and which are the only instance of a written language in Oceanica. He thought sufficient attention had not been given them. From other sources we learn that a German government vessel recently visited that island, and made a large collection of prehistoric remains, and made copious notes of other matters of scientific interest. The German Government, it is understood, are making preparations to send another expedition to Easter Island with a corps of scientists and engineers to sketch the island, survey the ground, and to make plans and sections of the prehistoric buildings and ruins. Our own Government has also taken steps to secure some of these valuable remains representing the prehistoric and known races of this hemisphere. Instructions have already been sent to Admiral Upshur, in command of the South Pacific squadron, to send one of his vessels on a cruise in the direction of Easter Island, and to make such explorations, collections and reports as he may think important in the interests of his Government. The Government of France is also turning its attention to this island, with a view to the establishment of a protectorate.

It is reported in the accounts given by the German vessel that the island, which is small, is strewn with large stone images and sculptured tablets. The inhabitants of the island know nothing about the remains, and even tradition gives no account of a people living there when their ancestors arrived on the island.—*From the Jewelers' Journal.*

EARLY DAYS ON PUGET SOUND.

EXTRACTS from the annual address delivered by the Hon. Elwood Evans, at Tacoma, June 16, 1885, at the Second Annual Reunion of Washington Territory Pioneers. To the old settlers of the original Oregon Territory, of which at the time of the incidents related the Puget Sound region was a portion, they will be especially interesting:

Hon. William P. Bryant, the first Chief Justice of the organized Territory of Oregon, held the first court north of the Columbia River at Fort Steilacoom, on the 1st day of October, 1849. It was a special term, authorized by an act of the Oregon Legislature, for the purpose of trying the murderers of Leander C. Wallace. Lewis County, in which the murder had been committed, extended northward to the forty-ninth parallel, and included the whole of the present Washington Territory north of Clarke and Pacific counties, and for the purposes of this trial had been attached to Judge Bryant's district (the First Judicial District of Oregon). The Court convened in one of the old log-houses on the site of the present Territorial Insane Asylum, in a room inadequate to seat either grand or petit jury, and adjourned to an open shed, used as a carpenter shop in the progress of erecting quarters for the soldiers.

Those houses which had been built for and until recently occupied by the herders of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company were the most remote of the outposts of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Nisqually, hence the *ultima thule* of the civilization of Northern Oregon. Three such log shanties with a barn constituted the officers' quarters and guard-house, the soldiers being camped in tents near at hand. These huts were rented by the United States of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company for a military post, at which was stationed Company M, Fourth Artillery, Captain Bennett H. Hill, to defend Northern Oregon. Such was Fort Steilacoom in the fall of 1849. The site of the present city of Steilacoom was primeval forest, and not an American settler disturbed the virgin quietude of the shores of our magnificent inland sea from the mouth of Sisqualitchew Creek to the Pacific Ocean.

Leander C. Wallace, who had located a claim upon the island now bearing his name, was the murdered pioneer; his murderers were Snoqualmie Indians. The tragedy itself, the first murder by the natives of an American settler on Puget Sound, the first appeal to the courts to redress by law the wrongs upon our people perpetrated by savages, then so greatly outnumbering the little handful of Americans who were here, not only invest that trial with the greatest interest, but manifest triumphantly the regard for law and right of those primitive settlers.

In tracing the causes as they lead up to that first tragedy, the native characteristics of the aborigines become apparent. We acquire an idea of that race by whom the American pioneer was surrounded—with whom he was required to come in daily contact; we are advised of the nature of the labors incident to occupying the country—his condition of life as an American settler.

The settlement of a new country by many is regarded as the invasion of proprietary rights of native population, and it is cheerfully conceded that where there has been appropriation of lands, or utilization thereof, any privation of occupants without compensation is a wrong. I do not purpose to discuss the assumption that the North American continent belonged to the Indian race; that such race had proprietary rights to its lands, or rivers, or seas. Practical experience teaches that American su-

premacy means the very best civilization; that it means recognition of man's individuality; that it can only be extended by Americans utilizing the whole continent as the homes of American men, women and children. Such is the life-lesson of the American pioneer—

He is but as the instrument of Heaven;
His work is not design, but Destiny.

His faith—that Infinite wisdom beneficently purposed that this continent should become the abiding place of civilization, science and the arts, a land of homes—home, "The resort of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where supporting and supported, polished friends and dear relations mingle into bliss." That the march of civilization steadily supplants barbarism and ignorance, necessitating a conflict between an obstructing race and that one whose advance is marked by progress. The former, savage, content to live as have lived his progenitors; no advancement is sought; the very earth which he inhabits partakes of lethargy; the region remains in its virgin wildness. The aggressive race, obedient to the first great commandment, "Subdues the earth and replenishes it," levels the forest and makes it yield life and bread to man. Thus civilization drives before it the savage, together with the wild game which has furnished him subsistence. The earth thus subdued promptly responds to tillage and abundantly affords sustenance to man. The very presence of our race means aggressive civilization. Its presence is the standing menace that the earth shall afford homes to civilized men and women. In the very nature of things the Indian must recede before the advancing civilization or be absorbed by and merged into the advancing column. No revision of the Old Testament will diminish the broad significance of the Almighty fiat at the dawn of creation "To subdue the earth and replenish it." The New Testament will forever command, "Go ye into all lands and preach its gospel" of civilization and succeeding peace. If those keynotes of civilization be error; if it was wrong to establish the United States of America; if it was wrong for John Adams, in 1787, to have predicted "That the United States of America were destined to spread over the northern part of this whole quarter of the globe"; if it was wrong "To go forth and preach the gospel unto all nations," "To subdue the earth and replenish it," then was it wrong for the pioneers to have wended their perilous way to the shores of the Pacific, and for us to be here to-day to commemorate their deeds; then American settlement, which means only American civilization, is wrong. But if such be right, if manifest destiny be right, if the great commands of the Old and New Dispensations be right, then, indeed, is the calling of the pioneer a rightful one, his presence in new countries is obedience to the highest of duties, his mission the most justifiable. But for the pioneers, those who have in all ages paved the way for civilization, the great United States of America would not be the greatest nation upon the map of the world. Its territory would simply have been left in the condition it was when Columbus discovered the New World. The pioneer rightfully settled here; the ultimate purpose of his presence was proper; the result of that presence has proven of incalculable benefit to humanity. The right, the purpose and the result of that presence are all suggested as matters of reflection by that first murder; that first court upon Puget Sound; that first assertion of criminal jurisdiction, under the forms of law, in adjudicating upon the wrongs between the races present in the country.

The murdered victim was a good man, a quiet, unoffending citizen. He gave no provocation for his taking off. He was simply known to the Indians as a "Boston." He was lawfully, and in pursuit of his business, outside of the stockade of Fort Nisqually. He was there wan-

tonly, deliberately and cold-bloodedly shot to death. It was inexcusable, unmitigated, unprovoked murder. It was Indian protest against white settlements on Puget Sound. Its first direct consequence was the establishment of a military post at Fort Steilacoom.

The Snoqualmie nation was at that time the most numerous and most Indian of the tribes upon this great inland sea. Patykinum (our people knew him in the war days of 1855-6 as Patkanum), his brothers, cousins and other young men had grown restless of the authority of the older chiefs. The Selish races occupied the territory between the Columbia River and Rocky Mountains. Of the most western tribes of that race those living at Isle de Pierre and White Bluffs (called by the Yakimas the "Winatshapam") had for their chief Queita-la-han, better known now as Moses. He becoming troublesome of latter days has been duly rewarded under our Indian policy with a reservation, embracing about a ninth part of the whole Territory. In 1848 his father, Skutaleoosim, visited Fort Nisqually, accompanied by a Tomanawos Indian. Journeying thither that chief wantonly shot a Yakima youth at Kittitas. Returning homeward, Skutaleoosim hired a crew of Nisqually Indians to convey him and his companion to Snoqualmie Falls. A white man named Washington Hall accompanied. In the meantime the Yakimas, to avenge the murder of their youth, had hired a party of the Snoqualmies to kill Skutaleoosim and his companion. The canoe was waylaid at several points, but the Snoqualmie assassins failed in their purpose. Arrived at the falls, the chief and his companion fled to the woods and escaped. Descending the river on the home-bound trip, the Nisqually crew were mercilessly plundered and poor Hall was subjected to untold annoyances. This produced a rupture of the peaceful relations between the Nisquallies and Snoqualmies. Peace was, however, restored by intermarriage of Wyamooch, son of the Nisqually chief (Lahalet), and Why-it, a Snoqualmie daughter of the royal household. Agreeably to Indian custom, such marriage occasioned frequent trips of the Snoqualmies to see their relatives, who dwelt in the vicinity of Fort Nisqually. On one of such trips, on the bay which fronts this city, a Snoqualmie party captured an Indian boy of the Des Shutes tribe, who lived in the vicinity of Olympia. In their grief, occasioned by the enslavement of their youth, the Olympia Indians sought the good offices of Sahalim, an old and faithful Nisqually Indian employé of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company. Upon his credit was advanced the requisite number of blankets with which to ransom the captive from Snoqualmie slavery.

How grand these two successes of Patykinum and his malcontent relatives appeared in his eyes, in the eyes of his tribe! They emboldened him for further predatory excursions, for further freebooting.

Secretly before, but avowedly after the Whitman massacre (November 29, 1847), the Indians of Northern Oregon (now Washington Territory) had generally become impressed with the desire to exterminate the white settlers—i. e., Americans. This is proven by warnings given by friendly natives and the intimidation and expulsion of solitary settlers from their homes.

Prior to the Whitman massacre Owhi and Kamiakim, the great chiefs of the Upper and Lower Yakima nations, while on a visit to Fort Nisqually, had observed to Dr. Tolmie that the Hudson's Bay Company posts, with their white employés, were a great convenience to the natives; but that the influx of whites (American immigrants), who had for several years been passing the Dalles, *en route* to Oregon, had excited the alarm and was the constant theme of hostile conversation among the interior tribes. The erection, in 1848, at Fort Nisqually of a stockade

and block house had also been the subject of angry criticism by the visiting northern tribes. So insolent and defiant had been their conduct that upon one afternoon, for over an hour, the officers and men of the post had guns pointed through the loopholes at a number of Skywamish Indians, who, with their weapons ready for assault, had posted themselves under cover of adjacent stumps and trees.

Shortly before the shooting of Wallace rumors had reached the fort that the Snoqualmies were coming in force to redress alleged cruel treatment of Why-it, the Snoqualmie wife of the young Nisqually chief. Dr. Tolmie treated such pretext as a mere cloak for a marauding expedition of Snoqualmies. Sheep shearing had gathered numbers of extra hands, chiefly Snohomish, who were occupying mat lodges close to the fort, besides unemployed stragglers. On Tuesday, May 1, 1849, about noon, numbers of Indian women and children fled in great alarm from their lodges and sought refuge within the fort. A Snoqualmie war party, led by Patykinum, approached from the southwestern end of the American Plain. Dr. Tolmie having posted a party of Kanakas in the northwest bastion, went out to meet them. The Doctor accrediting their motives as free from hostility to the fort, but as an intimidating visit to the Nisquallies, furnished the Indians the usual tobacco to smoke, enjoined moderate conduct and good behavior, and induced Patykinum to return with him to the fort, closing the gate after their entrance. The journals kept at Fort Nisqually by the Hudson's Bay Company officials thus detail the incidents which followed:

The gate nearest to the mat lodges was guarded by a white man and an Indian servant. While Dr. Tolmie was engaged in attending a patient he heard a single shot fired, speedily followed by two or three others. He hastily rushed to the bastion, whence a volley was being discharged at a number of retreating Indians, who had made a stand and found cover behind the sheep-washing dam of the Segalitchew Creek. Through a loophole bodies of an Indian and white man were discernible at a few yards distance from the North gate, where the firing had commenced. He hastened thither and found poor Wallace breathing his last with a full charge of shot in the pit of his stomach. The dying man was immediately carried inside the fort. The dead Indian was a young Skywamish who had accompanied the Snoqualmies. A thoughtless act of the Indian sentry posted at the Water gate firing into the air had occasioned a general rush of the Snohomish, who had been cool observers of all that had passed outside. Walter Ross, the clerk, came to the gate armed, and seeing Kussass, a Snoqualmie, pointing at him with his gun, fired but missed him. Kussass then fired at Wallace. With Lewis, an American friend (a new-comer), he had been quietly observing proceedings outside, fearing nothing, as the Snoqualmies well knew they did not belong to the fort. They had visited the fort on business. Wallace was a shingle maker, and while waiting for lunch was thus wantonly shot. Lewis had a narrow escape, one ball passing through his vest and trousers and another grazing his left arm. Quallawowt, as soon as the firing began, shot through the pickets and wounded Tziass, an Indian, in the muscles of the shoulder, which soon after occasioned his death. The Snoqualmies, as they retreated to the beach, killed two Indian ponies, and then hastily departed in their canoes. At the commencement of the shooting Patykinum, guided by Wyamooch, had escaped from the fort—a fortunate occurrence, as upon his rejoining his party the retreat at once commenced. The Snohomish immediately communicated the names of four other Indians besides Kussass and Quallawowt who had made the hostile demonstration at the Water gate. One of those Snohomish informers was Sywultukynum, afterwards known about Olympia as "The Priest," father-in-law of Joachim Thiebault, the white sentry at the Water gate, and he it was who shot the Skywamish. When Dr. Tolmie stooped to raise poor Wallace, and the Snoqualmies leveled their guns to kill that old and revered friend, "The Priest" pushed aside those guns, exclaiming "Enough mischief has been already done." Four names of the Snoqualmie party were given by the Snohomish informers to Dr. Tolmie. Those, together with Kussass and Quallawowt, were afterwards tried for the murder of Wallace.

Upon the visit of Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, United States Sub-Indian Agent for Oregon Territory, to Fort Nisqually, Dr. Tolmie recommended the offering of so many blankets for the delivery of the six alleged murderers, and such delivery was the result of his zealous labors and his influence with the Indians. He says:

I greatly desired that the innocent should not suffer and the guilty escape. All had to be surrendered or no pay. The degrees of guilt and punishment were to be ascertained and decided by the Court. To Captain B. H. Hill, in command of the Steilacoom Barracks, the accused were to surrender themselves.

Hon. J. Quinn Thornton thus officially reports his agency in the matter to Governor Joseph Lane (Oregon's first, our then Territorial Governor):

On the 7th ult. I arrived at Fort Nisqually. I immediately proceeded to investigate the facts connected with the killing of Mr. Wallace. I sent messengers to Patykinum, head chief of the Snoqualmie tribe. I advised him to arrest the offenders and deliver them over to Captain B. H. Hill, and as an inducement offered him eighty blankets as a reward if this was done in three weeks. I authorized Captain Hill, of the First Artillery, to double the reward, and to offer it in my name as sub-agent if the murderers were not delivered up in three weeks.

Governor Lane thus comments:

In my instructions to Mr. Thornton I said nothing about the murder of Wallace, nor did I intend that he should interfere in the premises, as it was my intention on the arrival of the troops at Nisqually to visit the Sound and demand the murderers, and make the Indians know that they should give them up for punishment, and that hereafter all outrages should be promptly punished, being well satisfied that there is no mode of treatment so appropriate as prompt and severe punishment for wrongdoing. It is bad policy, under any consideration, to hire them to make reparation, for the reasons, to wit: First, it holds out inducements to the Indians for the commission of murder by way of speculation; for instance, they would murder some American, await the offering of a large reward for the apprehension of the murderers; this done, they would deliver up some of their slaves as the guilty, for whom they would receive ten times the amount that they would otherwise get for them. Second, it has a tendency to make them underestimate our ability and inclination to chastise by force, or make war upon them for such conduct, which, in my opinion, is the only proper method of treating them for such offences.

May I here digress to refer to the situation of the American settler, the relation borne by him to the native population, to the presence of the Hudson's Bay Company and the paramount influence exerted through its able and discreet officials over that population, and also to the then recognized preference by the Indians for the "King George," the name by which the company's officials and employes were known, over the "Boston," the name by which our pioneers were called by the Indians? It is doubtless true that the presence of the company had rendered the native population acquainted with the white race; that the dangers to be apprehended by American settlers from hostility of the Indians were greatly lessened by the fact that the natives were in awe of the company's authority. The Indian trade had proven a source of considerable wealth, and to secure its continuance, as also to maintain its own prestige, the company continued here pursuing its wise and beneficent Indian policy of making the Indians dependent upon them, and at the same time utilizing and appropriating all their labor. On the advent of Americans a struggle between the latter and the company for the control of the native element, both for the purposes of trade and self-protection, was inaugurated. The company had completely molded the Indian mind to its purposes. The American was therefore compelled to render the Indian friendly to his presence and measurably to wean him from his devotion to the rival power. Constituted as is the Indian mind how delicate and difficult such a task. It is not claimed that the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company incited direct Indian hostility to the Americans; but it cannot be successfully denied that the educated preference for the "King George" was an actual prejudice akin to hostility against the "Boston." Nor is it necessary to condemn the company for the effect of a policy which is rather due to the peculiar characteristics of the Indian than to any effort or design. The British and American elements were hostile in interest. Their objects, too, were widely variant. The former cared only to reap the wealth of the country—to carry it away. The latter, intending to appropriate the country itself, desired to retain within it all its elements of wealth for the benefit of its resident population. The friendship of the Indian for the time being was alike essential to both; but the method of securing it, based on such different objects, was necessarily essentially different.

"No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." In this exalted authority is illustrated the relation of the Indian to the white races then present in this country. Where, then, did he incline in his sympathies? Dr. Tolmie, through Agent Thornton, made Hudson's Bay Company blankets induce the Snoqualmies to give up the murderers. English influence brought temporary peace. General Lane's attempt to assert American supremacy was entirely ignored. To the Indians it appeared that the American authorities were dependent upon the company's influence to secure the redress of American grievances. The success of the

Hudson's Bay Company was contributed to by employment of the Indian. Bands or tribes were broken up, hunting parties were fitted out and kept constantly on excursions, and thus was defeated concentration of Indians. Nor did their purposes require dispossession of the Indian, and their surest reliance for profit was in putting to the best account the native habits of the Indian upon his own hunting grounds—in fact, making to him his lands the more appreciable. He was the company's servant in peace; he was their willing volunteer if occasion invoked the necessity. On the other hand, the American settler came here to stay. He required the exclusive occupancy of land, the cultivation of which destroyed its value as estimated by the Indian. The presence of settlements dissipated the game upon which he subsisted. Such a population was dangerous in its native disposition, but vastly more so when molded or impressed by the presence of the *quasi* hostile Hudson's Bay Company. On previous occasions I have compared the then situation with a tinder box. The flint and steel may represent the American and British elements, the Indian population the tinder. While the flint and steel do not collide the tinder is harmless. In such a tinder box, at any moment liable to ignition, the tinder was around and about our pioneers and their homes.

To return: The Hudson's Bay Company blankets purchased the surrender of Wallace's murderers. The Snoqualmies came to Steilacoom as a war party, in all the paint and paraphernalia of Indian parade, the six accused in their ranks. With Indian audacity and native perfidy they had fully reckoned upon their ability to fix the guilt upon Quarthlimkyne, the D'wamish dupe who had participated in their raid. It was their purpose to have given him up, as the compensation or forfeiture for the life of Leander C. Wallace. It must be remembered that one of the purposes for which Indian captives were taken was if a murderer or thief was demanded for punishment a slave or member of some other tribe would be surrendered in lieu of the real offender. As the names of the six accused were called each stepped forward and was made prisoner. The news of the surrender of these Indians reached Oregon City while the Legislative Assembly (the first under the Oregon territorial government) was in session. An act attaching Lewis County to the First Judicial District, and providing for a special term of Court at Steilacoom, to be held by Chief Justice Bryant, on the first Monday of October, was promptly passed. That Court commenced on the 1st of October, 1849, the first United States Court held north of the Columbia River. Kussass, Quallawowt, Stulharrier, Tatam, Why-ek, all Snoqualmies, and Quarthlimkyne, were indicted for the murder of Leander C. Wallace. The prosecution was conducted by Judge Alonzo A. Skinner. David Stone, Esq., defended the prisoners. The Court lasted two days. On the third day the two condemned murderers were executed in the presence of their tribe and a large concourse of natives.

Chief Justice Bryant thus reported the trial:

OREGON CITY, October 10, 1849.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOSEPH LANE:

SIR—In compliance with your request to know the result of the trial of the six Snoqualmie Indians for the murder of Wallace on the 1st of May last, I have the honor to inform you that in pursuance of the provisions of an act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Oregon, attaching the county of Lewis to the First Judicial District in said Territory, and appointing the first Monday in October at Steilacoom as the place of holding the District Court of the United States for said county, I opened and held said Court at the time and place appointed. Captain B. H. Hill, of the First Artillery, U. S. A., delivered to the Marshal of the Territory six Indians of the Snoqualmie tribe, given up by said tribe as the murderers of Wallace, namely: Kussass, Quallawowt, Stulharrier, Tatam, Why-ek and Quarthlimkyne, all of whom were indicted for murder, and the two first named, Kussass and Quallawowt, were convicted and executed. The other four were found not guilty by the jury. Those who were found guilty were clearly so; as to three of the others who were acquitted, I was satisfied with the finding of the jury. It was quite evident that they were guilty in a less degree, if guilty at all, than those convicted. As to the fourth (Quarthlimkyne), I had no idea that he was guilty at all; there was no evidence against him, and all the witnesses swore they did not see him during the affray or attack on Fort Nisqually.

It is not improbable that he (Quarthlimkyne) was a slave whom the guilty chiefs who were convicted expected to place in their stead, as a satisfaction for the American murdered. Two others (Americans) were wounded badly by the shots, and an Indian child that afterwards died. The effect produced by the trial was salutary, and I have no doubt will long be remembered by the tribe. The whole tribe, I would judge, were present at the execution, and a vast gathering of the Indians from other tribes on the Sound, and they were made to understand that our laws would punish them promptly for every murder they committed, and that we would have no satisfaction short of all who acted in the murder of our citizens. To the end that the trial might be conducted fairly, I appointed Judge A. P. Skinner, whom you had engaged to go out to attend to their prosecution, district attorney for the time, and ordered that he be allowed for his services \$250; and I also appointed to defend them David Stone, Esq., an attorney also sent out by you to defend them, and I made an allowance of record to him for \$250. This compensation I deemed reasonable. They had to travel 200 miles from their respective homes, camp in the woods, as well as the rest of us, and endure a great deal of fatigue in the manner of traveling in bateaux and canoes by water. Many of the grand and petit jurors were summoned at a distance of 200 miles from their homes, and although the transportation may have cost some more to the department than bringing the Indians into the more settled district, and with them the witnesses, with a sufficient escort for protection (which I very much doubt), yet I have no hesitation in believing that the policy pursued here more than repaid any additional expense that may have been incurred. I directed the Marshal to keep a careful account of expenses and report the same to you, which he has doubtless done. There are not in the judicial district the requisite number of lawful jurors nearer than this place to the place appointed to hold the Court (which is the only American fort on the Sound), so sparsely is the country around the Sound settled. I will be glad to furnish you any particulars if it be found necessary. And have the honor to be, very truly, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM P. BRYANT.

Governor Lane as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, in reporting to the Commissioner, thus comments:

For the purpose of affording a fair, impartial and properly conducted trial, I employed Mr. Skinner to go with the Court to prosecute the criminals, and Mr. Stone to defend them. The Court ordered an allowance of \$250 to each of them, which I have paid out of the Indian funds in my hands. I have also paid to the Indians who worked the boats for the conveyance of the court jury \$180. The expense was necessary for the reason that there is no other mode of travel, there being no road in the direction of Puget Sound, and consequently have to go down the Columbia to the mouth of the Cowlitz, and up that rapid stream to the settlements, and then across the country to the Sound.

The total expense of holding the Court at Steilacoom for the trial of these Indians amounts to \$1,890.54. Reward of eighty blankets, \$480, making the sum total of \$2,370.54. Deduct from this sum the \$680 and the reward of \$480 will leave a balance of \$1,210.54 to be paid by the Marshal, as soon as he can get funds. I have paid the amount specified out of the Indian fund, there being no other Government funds in the Territory. The law of Congress appropriates a certain amount to defray the expenses of the Legislative Assembly, but the Secretary of the Territory has not received a single cent. The Legislative Assembly have been convened, held their session and adjourned, without funds to pay their per diem allowance or to print the laws. No funds have been forwarded to the Marshal, which subjects the Court to great inconvenience, and operates oppressively upon the people, who have had to travel, as in the case above mentioned, a distance of 200 miles, to serve as jurymen, and seriously obstructs the affording of that justice which the people are entitled to.

In the official journal of Fort Nisqually there was entered this sequel:

On Wednesday, October 3, 1849, Kussass and Quallawowt were hanged at Steilacoom, near the barracks.

Leschi, who in our war of 1855 became the prominent and most insidious war chief of the hostiles in Western Washington, witnessed that execution. Riding away in bitterness of thought and feeling, he denounced the injustice of two lives being given for one. Had that radical Indian view—life for life—thus violated, anything to do with his subsequent distrust and enmity for Americans? Did not, "What he regarded as injustice," rankle in his bosom and mold him more easily for that rôle he so ably assumed, for that line of conduct so conspicuously pursued which occasioned the end of his career upon the gallows, near the same spot where the murderers of Wallace had paid the penalty for the first murder of an American on the shores of Puget Sound? The incidents we have referred to cluster closely to the year of grace 1850. Practically our point of view begins when Oregon was about to enter the last half of the nineteenth century. Then Newmarket, or Tumwater (the first had been the largest American settlement north of the Columbia River, but Olympia later in location and settlement), was the only American town on Puget Sound. Fort Nisqually was the only other white establishment on its shores. There was no city of Steilacoom, no city of Tacoma, no city of Seattle, no city of Port Townsend, no La Conner, no Whatcom—nay, not a settler dwelt upon the shores of these waters, from Fort Nisqually northward and westward to Cape Flattery. No humble cabin, with its solitary inhabitant, skirted these shores north of Bolton's Shipyard, a short distance this side of the site of Steilacoom. Since that first year of the present half century Puget Sound settlements have increased a thousand-fold. Each favored locality has its history; each would furnish

a chapter of reminiscences of early settlement; each has its pioneers, its just reason for local pride. In 1852, so evident had been the progress of settlement on Puget Sound, so promising was its early future, that it was conceded that Oregon north of the Columbia River possessed all of the elements to constitute a prosperous State. Congress therefore (March 3, 1853,) set off the territory north of the Columbia River, established a Territorial Government and nominated it "Washington." Fitting name to perpetuate the record of the geographical discoveries and commercial ventures of the little sloop, consort of the ship *Columbia* on the memorable voyage to the Pacific Ocean and Northwest America, when, for the first time, was carried at the mastheads of the gallant little fleet the starry national emblem of the United States of America, "as the credential of their seamen." The ship *Columbia* in that pioneer voyage was commanded by Robert Gray, the immortal discoverer of the river to which he gave the name of his ship. Washington should be retained as the name of these regions, were it for no other reason than to remind us of that little sloop and those discoveries made in the adjacent seas by Captain John Kendrick, that daring American sailor, who commanded her, discoveries which, in a scientific view, were of greater importance than Gray's discovery of the great river of the West.

* * * * *

I have trespassed too long to pursue further a local history, replete with novelty and interest. Now the Indian has no longer power or inclination for mischief; the hardships of pioneer life have given way to the halcyon times of peace and prosperity. Now roads and railways spread their busy network over the country; the telegraph quickens the intercourse of man; the school house, the church, the factory, the mill, exhibit progress and material prosperity. Now life and property are secure because the law is supreme. If I have stimulated an increased interest in our early history and those who made it I am satisfied. As memory weakens, as time wanes, and we approach the end of our journey, be it the duty of each to contribute individual effort to treasure the incidents of the past. Oftentimes I find myself contemplating old Rainier, the foothills and forests at his base, and the valley before us with its beautiful river rolling between the side hills in its course to the sea. Thus has it been since creation placed them there, and I stand in solemn silence loving them because they are grand—because of their venerable age. These old hills, this old river, skirted on both its banks with these old trees that have bowed their aged heads as the blasts for centuries have passed over them, and so oft have defied the fury of the tempests, inspire adoration. Yes! I love old books, old memories, old settlers. I love to dwell upon those men and those acts, who though gone from our sight live in our memories, live again, live always in the impress they have stamped upon passing history. The reminiscences of the past are full of interest; will you suffer them to be lost? I see before me those who have passed through trying scenes—helped to transmute the wilderness and bring hither American civilization. The evidences of thrift, of comfort, of enlightenment, surround on all sides. Let that inspire renewed courage for the future. This progress, this happiness, this safety, we share with those whose labors so eminently contributed to such results. On this day, and at each recurring annual reunion, we meet to perpetuate the remembrance of pioneer labors and pioneer sacrifices. We come to hold up to the people and to posterity the example set by our pioneers, and to commend that patience, that constancy and devotion to country and race which prepared these regions to become "Home, Sweet Home" for untold thousands of humanity.

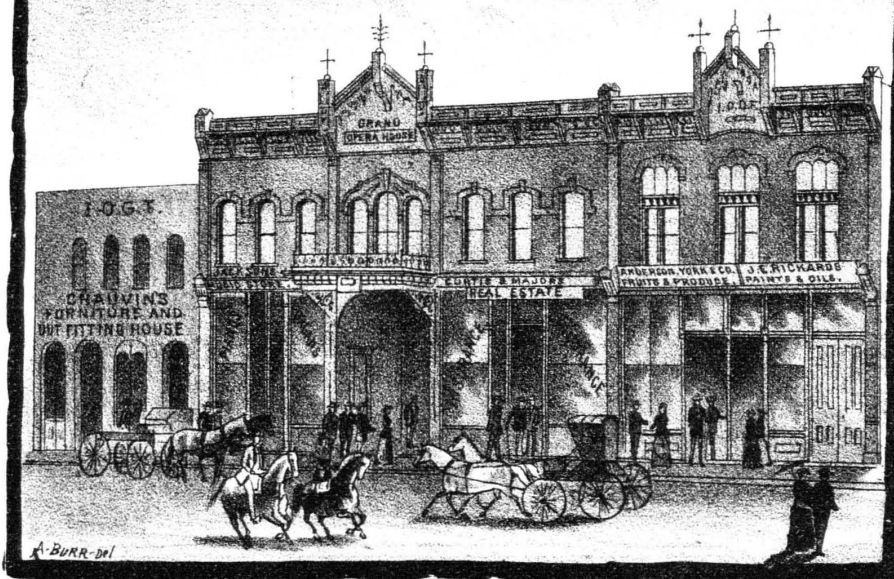
THE WEST SHORE.



RES. OF W. M. JACK, ESQ.



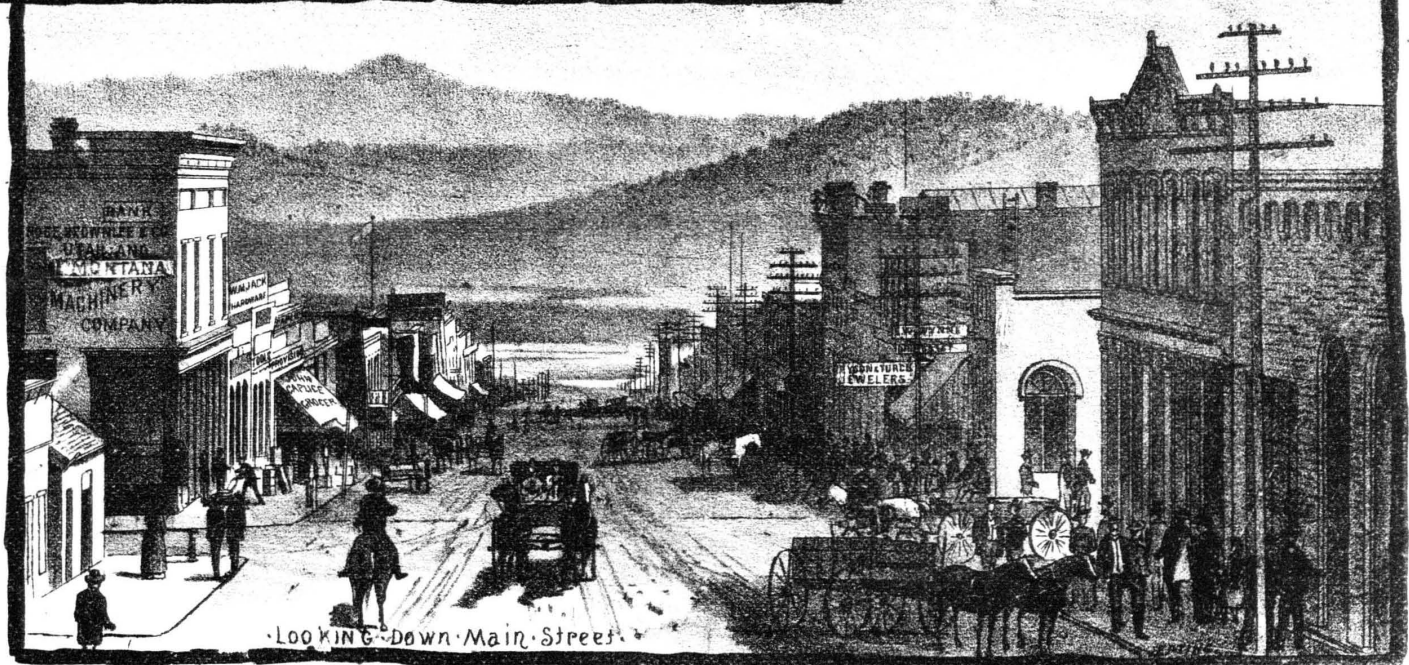
RES. OF M. J. CONNELL, ESQ.



A. BURR-DI



RES. OF H. J. BROWN, ESQ.



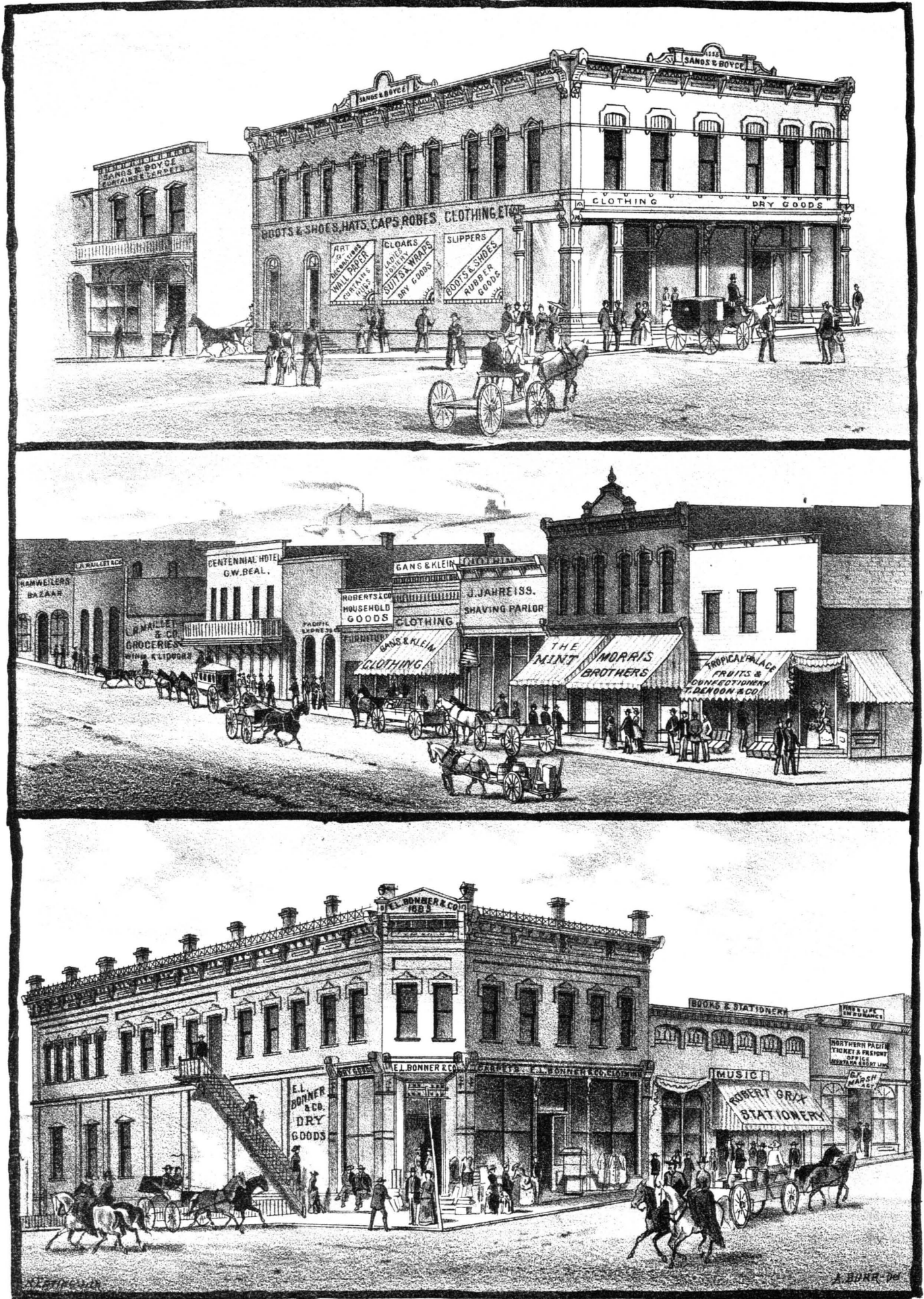
Looking Down Main Street.

"WEST SHORE" LIT.

BUTTE, MONTANA.

A. J. DEJSEAD-PH

THE WEST SHORE



WEST SHORE LITH

BUTTE, MONTANA.

OUR BRITISH NEIGHBORS.

IN the minds of the average Oregonian the name Victoria is at once associated with thoughts of defaulting cashiers, postmasters and refugees from justice in general. No sooner do we hear of a bank suspension in Oregon or Washington Territory, of some postmaster's ingenious methods of duplicating accounts, of some coniving rascal who has cheated an unfortunate widow out of her last dollar, than we read in our Victoria dispatches of the safe arrival in that city of those distinguished individuals. A man can at 11:45 o'clock to-day close his office in Portland, after putting all his available assets beyond the reach of his creditors, and in less than twenty-four hours step ashore at Victoria with his ill-gotten gains in his possession and be beyond the reach of American justice. Leaving the wrong-doer in his haven of rest and security, let us turn our attention to Victoria as the more legitimate traveler finds her, and in place of the hoard of wealth which is forced upon her by peculating cashiers and postmasters, pay particular attention to the extensive trade which comes to her through legitimate channels.

Victoria is more than prosperous—she is solid. From her business blocks to her Government buildings—all is stability. Her business firms are solid, and what cannot be said of some of Oregon's thoroughfares, even her roads are solid. Wherever you find the English doing business there will you always find a volume of business to be done, and wherever the English element is predominant there will you always find prosperity. Give an American twenty thousand dollars and he will either make one hundred thousand or lose the entire amount of his original capital. Give an Englishman the same amount of money and he at once seeks for a permanent, secure investment. The English look to a steady development, not to a rapid growth. Their buildings are constructed to stand; their roads are made to last, and their trade once established is retained.

Victoria holds the key to the entire trade of British Columbia. The large fishing interests of Fraser River, the extensive coal interests of Vancouver Island, the immense fur trade of the thousand islands to the north, all pay tribute to Victoria. The Indian in his frail dugout, with his squaw by his side, makes this annual thousand mile trip to Victoria to dispose of his yearly collection of furs. The miner after his year's hard toil in the gold fields of the Stickeen and Fraser comes to Victoria to lay in his winter's supply of provisions. It is in Victoria that those of profligate tendencies from the coal fields of the north spend their hard-earned wages, and it is in Victoria that the cry of "dull times" is never heard.

Nowhere on the Pacific Coast are there such drives as those leading out from Victoria. A drive to Esquimalt, the British naval station, four miles distant, is a most pleasant one. With not a loose stone or a rut to mar the general evenness of the road; with the glistening surface of the waters of San Juan de Fuca and the Royal Roads, and a view of the most beautiful stretch of country imaginable constantly before the eyes, the short drive is replete

with pleasure. At Esquimalt the pleasure seeker will find much to interest him. There he can visit one or more of the immense iron-clads lying peacefully at anchor in the harbor; there he can see in process of construction one of the largest dry docks on the Pacific Coast, and there he can listen to the somewhat lengthy sketches of Indian character from the mouth of the "oldest settler" to his heart's content. At the dry docks he cannot but note the general solidity of the work. When completed this will be the most substantial dock on the Coast. It will receive a vessel 450 feet in length, and in a few hours at most she can be scraped, painted and again ready for sea. Esquimalt will in the near future be a place of no little importance. She will not only enjoy what advantages must accrue to her from her position as the English naval station for the Pacific Coast, but being the western terminus of the Island Railway, she will, on the completion of that road to Nanaimo, enjoy the immense trade of the Nanaimo coal fields.

North of Victoria the next place of importance is Nanaimo. This place is full of historic interest. It was here in the early "50's" that the Hudson's Bay Company established one of their large trading stations. Here, in 1853, this company built for protection against the treacherous Indians the bastion which is still standing intact. The Indian has long ere this learned to not only respect but fear the paleface, and to-day the once dangerous native is feared by the whites no more. The Indian has discovered that retributive justice is sure to follow any of his encroachments on the rights of the white man, and the once untamed savage is now the most docile and harmless of individuals.

At Nanaimo is located the extensive coal mines of the Vancouver Coal & Land Company. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 600 feet, and from the bottom of this shaft a tunnel, following the ever widening vein of coal, has been run for over 3,000 feet under the harbor. The coal supply here is simply inexhaustible. The coal taken from this mine is of the best quality, as attested by its constant use by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, San Francisco Gaslight Company, Pacific Coast Steamship Company, Oregon Improvement Company, California Sugar Refinery and the Victoria Gas Company.

Among the contemplated improvements in Nanaimo are the new water works, to be erected by a syndicate of gentlemen composed of W. H. Halleck, J. W. Sterling, Dr. O'Brien, E. Pimbury and others. Water will be brought from the headwaters of Nanaimo River at a point near Stark's Falls, about ten miles from the city. The quality of water supplied from this source is unexcelled. The estimated cost of these improvements is about \$45,000.

The trade of Nanaimo is steady. The miners are paid off weekly and their earnings are mostly spent at home. The merchants doing a cash business are able to meet their payments promptly. There is on record but a single bad debt ever contracted by a Nanaimo merchant, and as facetiously remarked by one of Nanaimo's most solid

men, "He was from the United States, whither he departed after his short sojourn among us." Nanaimo must for all time maintain her present flourishing condition from the one fact that her vast stores of as yet undeveloped wealth are practically inexhaustible.

On the trip by water from Victoria to Nanaimo there is one point worthy of special mention. This is Dodd's Narrows, a narrow passage barely 100 feet in width, where the tide ebbs and flows with fearful force. All regular steamboats on this route pass through this channel, and it is not infrequent during spring tides for boats to be kept waiting for hours for the turn of the tide.

Crossing the Gulf of Georgia from Nanaimo the steamer enters the murky waters of the Fraser, one of the great rivers of the West. Here the traveler sees the salmon canneries of the Fraser, only excelled in magnitude by the world renowned canneries of the Columbia River. It is at this season that these canneries are being tested to their fullest capacity, and the dexterity with which the numerous attachés of these institutions handle the thousands of fish which are caught daily is marvelous. With practically one movement of his knife, the grim butcher, covered and bespattered with blood like some fiend incarnate, removes head, entrails and dorsal appendages of the succulent salmon, and in a wonderfully brief time the fish is canned, sealed, cooked, labeled and boxed ready for shipment to England at \$5.50 per case.

Sixteen miles above the mouth of the Fraser is New Westminster, a flourishing city of some 3,000 people. This city was formerly the capital of British Columbia. New Westminster enjoys the trade of the rich mineral and agricultural country which is drained by the Fraser. The many substantial improvements noticeable during the past year in New Westminster indicate a feeling of confidence among the wealthy inhabitants in the future importance of the city. In conclusion it may be well to add that, taking into consideration the prevailing depression in all departments of business throughout the country, nowhere is there noticeable more pleasing evidence of prosperity than in New Westminster. E. G. JONES.

TACOMA OIL COMPANY.

WHILE the *Oregonian*, the leading daily of the Northwest, is scoring the business men and capitalists for their lack of enterprise and want of foresight in not investing money in manufacturing enterprises that will aid in building up Portland, the business men of Tacoma are setting an example which will strongly emphasize the point the *Oregonian* is seeking to make. The people of Tacoma realize that all healthy growth must come from within, or, at least, find there its chief impulse and support; that the individual and collective enterprise of its citizens is the great fountain from which flows the life blood of a city, carrying health into every portion of its system and promoting a vigorous growth. These men have done everything in their power to build up the city of Tacoma, having built substantial business blocks, encouraged enterprises of every description, not only verbally but substantially, and are prepared to lend

a helping hand to any industry that may seek a location there. Not only this, but they have originated and established industries of their own, of which the Tacoma Oil Company promises to become the most important.

Evidences of the existence of coal oil in quantity in the Puyallup Valley have been noticed and commented upon from time to time, but it was not until last March that a company was organized to sink a well and fully test the question. The idea quickly became popular, and as a substantial result may be mentioned the laying, on the 11th of July, of the corner-stone at Elhi of the first oil derrick in this region. The derrick will be one of the best ever built in the United States, and great results are anticipated when, within the next three or four months, the well will be completed. The ceremonies were participated in by a number of prominent citizens of Tacoma and other places. The remarks of Judge Hamilton on that occasion will convey a good idea of the plans and expectations of the promoters of this great enterprise. He said:

GENTLEMEN—The corner-stone of this structure now being laid by my friend, Mr. Thompson, is a beginning of a great work—a work full of bright promises to this whole region of country. It promises more material development and prosperity for Western Washington than all other enterprises thus far begun or even mooted. [Several in the crowd responded "That's so."] And I confess to some feeling of pride at the work going so rapidly along, and I look forward with pleasure to the happy achievements it is destined to work out. When I first came to Elhi some months ago to examine the country, with a view to its oil producing character, I became convinced that oil existed here in large paying quantities, and so informed my friends. I found nearly all skeptical on the oil question, but that did not discourage me. I went to work and gradually, one by one, the multitude fell into line, until now, in a word, all are believers. So far as I am informed every man who has felt sufficient interest to come out here and examine for himself has gone away convinced that a great oil reservoir is stored away a thousand or fifteen hundred feet below where we now stand. * * * All the evidences point to this as an extensive, rich oil field. It is along the great petroleum belt on which all the oil so far discovered in America and Europe has been found. Take a map of the world, and on it mark all the oil producing districts, then draw a line from one end to the other, and you will find it passing through this valley. Men of scientific attainments, of well-established character, have examined this country and tell us that all the geological indications point to this as an oil territory. Practical men of long and varied experience in oil regions tell us this is the right place. But machinery cannot be bought nor wells drilled without money, and a great deal of it. The machinery for this well has, however, been bought, and, what is better still, it has been paid for. Although there is not quite enough money in the treasury to pay for drilling the well, it will be placed there as fast as it is absolutely wanted. People begin to appreciate the merits and importance of the enterprise. The best men in the Territory and in Oregon are now subscribing for stock and paying in their subscriptions. * * * The success in the oil business has been truly marvelous. It had been known to exist in Pennsylvania for years before a man could be found with sufficient pluck to sink the first well. It was then thought a daring experiment, but it proved a great success, bringing about results which, in their influence, are beyond computation; and I expect the results of this effort will be enormous for good all over this country. I expect to see a flowing well here within sixty days, and I expect the announcement of such a well will send a thrill of joy to every heart west of the Cascade Range. It will enhance the value of every man's property a hundred per cent. It will cause a thousand other wells to be sunk in this valley within the succeeding ninety days. It will build up towns and cities. It will give employment to the unemployed, give money to the moneyless, and instead of poverty and depression will be joy and prosperity. The more wells the better; there is room enough for all. I shall be glad to see any man or party of men who can command the capital commence a well and drill till a flowing well is struck in any part of this valley. It is an easy thing for a man to sit down and talk, find fault, criticize and slur others, but it is an altogether different thing to put his shoulder to the wheel and accomplish a good work. To L. F. Thompson will belong the honor of being the president of the first oil company, and of having laid the corner-stone of the first oil derrick west of the Cascade Mountains, and it is fitting that it be so. He is one of the oldest settlers in the county. He was a member of the first Legislative Assembly of Washington Territory. He was one of the most vigilant and active of the pioneers during the Indian war. He is at present a director in the Merchants' National Bank. He has accumulated a handsome fortune which is free from mortgage plasters, and he has always paid his debts dollar for dollar. This is a pretty good record, gentlemen, and it is right that such a man should be at the head of such an enterprise.

The officers of the Tacoma Oil Company are L. F.

Thompson, President, and W. H. Fife, Secretary. To these gentlemen and their associates Tacoma and the whole Pacific Northwest will owe a debt of gratitude if the most moderate of their anticipations be realized, and this example of enterprise during the hard times is one that should be followed by every city in this region which aspires to commercial importance, but which is now, like a man consumed with fever, living upon its own vitality. Let them all, like Tacoma, build up their wasted tissues by establishing fountains of health within themselves.

LABEL THE LITTLE ONES.—The anxiety so often caused by the wandering away of a little child from his usual familiar surroundings, or his being separated from his parents in a crowd, is made unnecessarily distressing by the fact that usually he carries with him no certain means of identification. To label him with his full name and address would be so simple a precaution that it is surprising that it is not a universal practice. We brand our cattle, punch cabalistic characters in the webfeet of our fowls, engrave dog-collars and scrupulously tag umbrellas and bunches of keys, while giving hardly a passing thought to what would happen to our little speechless toddlers and ourselves should they stray into unknown streets or meet with some accident in the domains of strangers. In the customary marking of undergarments with indelible ink it would be but little more trouble to use the full name instead of initials, and on outer garments a convenient place could be selected—say the inside of the collar band or of the end of the sleeve—where the full address could be placed. If every reader of *Babyhood* would adopt such a plan and recommend it to others, there would be at once a beginning which might go far toward establishing a uniform custom, the usefulness of which would seem to be beyond question.—*Babyhood*.

THE Galloway Cattle Company has been organized in Helena, and has secured a range south of the Snowy Mountains and east of the Judith Gap, which they are stocking with Durham cows, Galloway bulls and other blooded stock. Polled cattle, such as the Galloway and Polled Angus, are coming into great favor among the most intelligent of our stockmen, if for no other reason than that they are more gentle, easier to handle, can be shipped in cars to better advantage, and do each other less damage than the horned breeds. Of the Galloways the *Husbandman* says: "On good authority we learn that the Galloways were hornless 150 years ago. From the remotest times Galloways prevailed extensively in several counties in Scotland, where they first originated, also in some of the adjacent counties in England. As far back as 100 years ago English graders were partial to the Galloway cattle, and thousands were annually sent from Scotland to England. Their long, thick hair is no doubt due to the climate where they have been reared—the northeast of Scotland. The transition to our Montana climate is not great, and there is no doubt but what this hardy breed will thrive and multiply here as well as in their own Highland hills. Their fixity of character is so great that they transmit their distinguishing features with great uniformity. The first cross will in nearly every instance produce an animal black, hardy and hornless, and, what is quite as important, one in demand and salable at a top price."

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

July.

- 1—News of fight between troops and Apaches June 25; 16 Indians killed.... News of defeat of Mexican troops by Yaqui Indians; 400 troops killed, including General Garcia.
- 3—William M. Bunn, Governor of Idaho, resigned.... S. T. Hauser appointed Governor of Montana.
- 4—The 100th anniversary of American Independence celebrated throughout the United States.... Battle in Peru between revolutionists and National troops.
- 5—Uprising in Hue against the French by the Anamites.
- 6—Much excitement created in London by exposure by *Pall Mall Gazette* of great immorality among the wealthy classes.
- 7—\$6,000 fire in Astoria, Or.... Outbreak of Cheyenne Indians imminent; several outrages committed.
- 8—Destructive cyclone in Wisconsin.... \$25,000 fire in Fort Benton, Montana.
- 12—\$30,000 fire in Redding, Cal.
- 15—Fermal transfer of Niagara Falls property to State of New York.
- 21—Steamer *Cheerful* sunk by collision; 13 lives lost.... Steamer *Wildwood* burned at Olympia, W. T.
- 22—Reported death of El Mahdi by small-pox.
- 23—General Ulysses S. Grant died at Mount McGregor, N. Y.
- 28—Sir Moses Montefiore died at Ramsgate, England.
- 29—Steamer *Enterprise* sunk near Victoria, B. C., by collision with steamer *R. P. Rithet*.

Our old friend, R. H. Wilkinson, formerly proprietor of the leading book store in Tacoma, has gone into the more extensive business of dealing in agricultural implements and grain at Dayton, W. T., as a member of the firm of Austin & Wilkinson. He is an honorable and thorough business man, and the new firm will be a desirable addition to Dayton.

Mr. M. B. Goldstein, recently Treasurer of the Casino, Portland, has removed to Butte, Montana, where he will go into business. He is one of our young business men whose advent is an acquisition to any city, and while we think the citizens of Butte will be the gainer by his presence among them, we congratulate him upon his good judgment in selecting such a live business city in which to locate.

The Committee on Musical Instruments at the New Orleans Exposition awarded the first premium to the Behr Bros. & Co. piano and the A. B. Chase organ, an endorsement which stamps them as the best in the world. G. W. Jackson is agent for these celebrated instruments at Butte, Montana, and they can be seen at his handsome store in the Grand Opera House. He also has a large stock of instruments of all kinds, musical materials and sheet music.

The firm of Gans & Klein is the most widely known in Montana, having houses in Helena, Butte and Benton. The Butte house is under the management of Mr. M. Gensberger, one of the best business men in the Territory, and under his careful supervision has become a favorite with the people of Butte and vicinity. The immense wholesale and retail business in clothing, etc., is carried on under the personal direction of Mr. Gensberger, who aims to leave nothing imperfect either in character of the stock or treatment of patrons, which explains the great popularity of the house.

Just Issued—The G. A. R. Grand March.

A very patriotic and artistic piece of musical enterprise is the publication of the G. A. R. March, composed by John Wiegand, and dedicated to John S. Kountz, late Commander-in-Chief, by Ign. Fischer, Toledo, Ohio. The title page bears a portrait of the late Commander, with a setting of appropriate military emblems—banners, cannon, drum corps at the head of the parade, a glimpse of battle, and so on. The music is very spirited, with a majestic melody running through the entire march. Price, 50 cents; duet, 75 cents.

The finest collection of elegant Japanese goods to be found on the Pacific Coast may be seen at the Bazaar in Victoria. The stock embraces silks, embroidered work, lacquered goods, and painted and carved articles of utility and ornament of all kinds. A visit to the Bazaar is like a trip to Japan itself, and tourists are urged to call and select from the stock some mementoes and presents for friends at home, inexpensive and beautiful. This collection was made by Mr. Charles Gabriel, after a residence of several years in Japan, and represents the best of Japanese art and skill in those departments in which they are unrivalled in the world.

The New York *Nation* printed in its issue of June 25 a retrospect of the twenty years of its existence which were completed with that number. The *Nation* was founded in July, 1865, in recognition of the new order of things which was sure to follow the end of the war and the abolition of slavery. It at once espoused the cause of pure, unpartisan administration of the National Government; and the present condition of civil service reform is owing to it more than to any other instrumentality. It has been conducted in its two leading departments, Politics and Literature, by the same editors from the first number, and holds to-day, as for the past twenty years, the first rank in each. It is the medium of the most thoughtful and cultivated discussion in the country—is, in fact, the only truly national journalistic forum. Its foreign correspondence is unrivalled. Its book reviews (by the leading scholars of the country) possess the highest authority. Each number contains a careful news summary, and the bound volumes are prized as the best obtainable chronicle of current history. [24 pp., quarto. 10 cents a number; \$3 a year. 210 Broadway, New York.]

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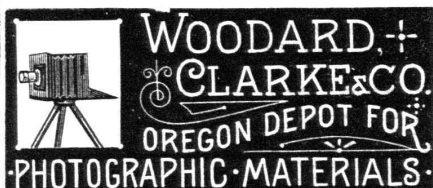
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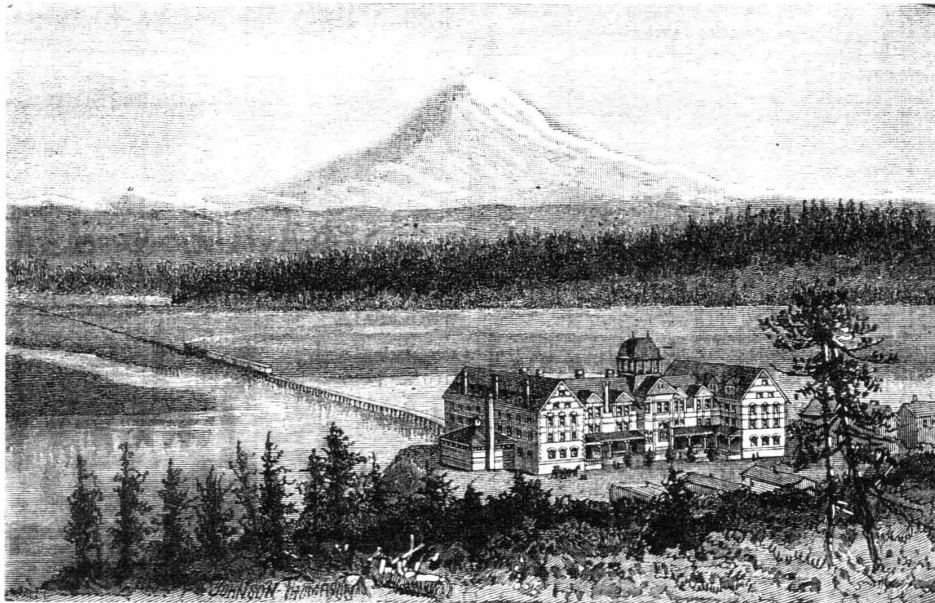
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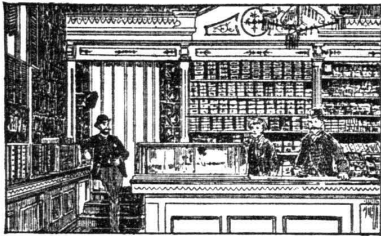
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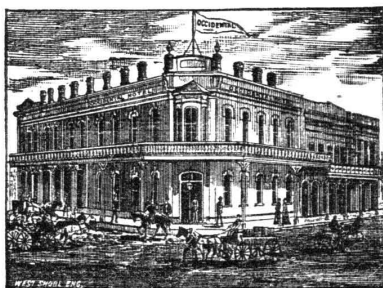
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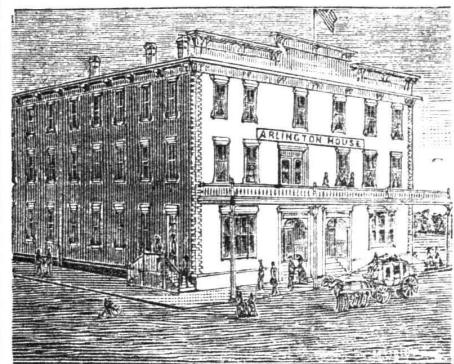
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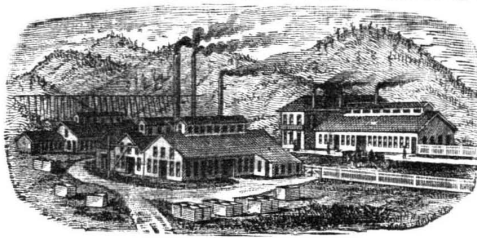
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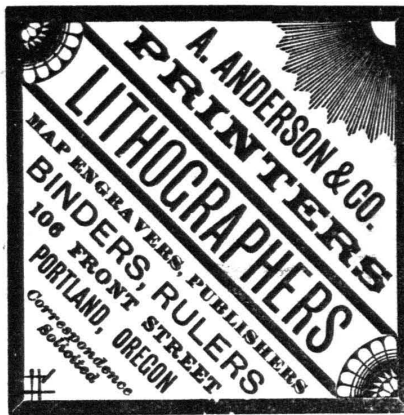
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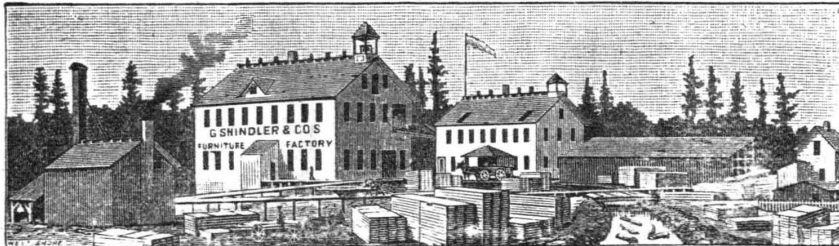
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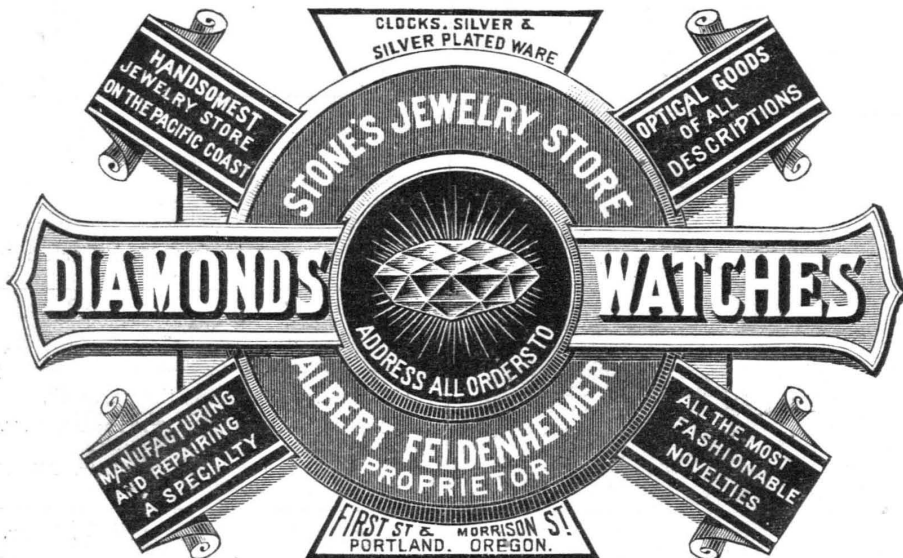
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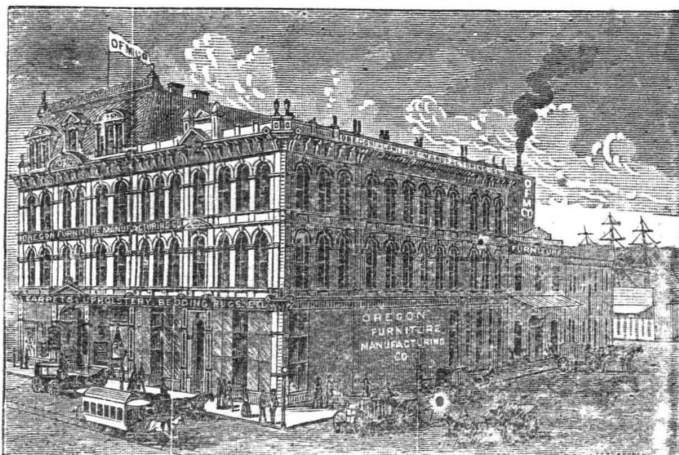
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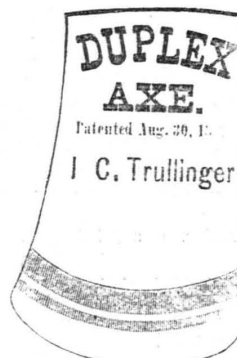
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