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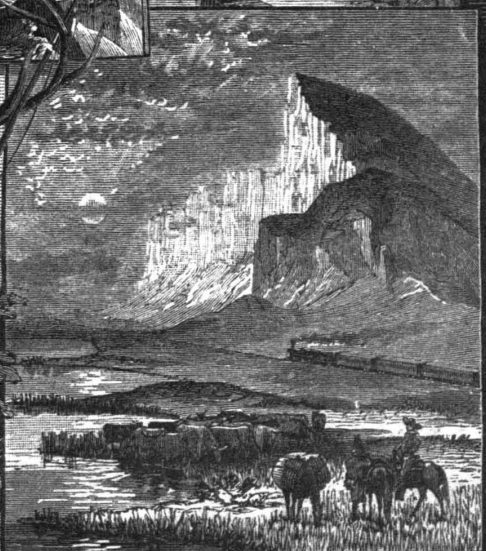
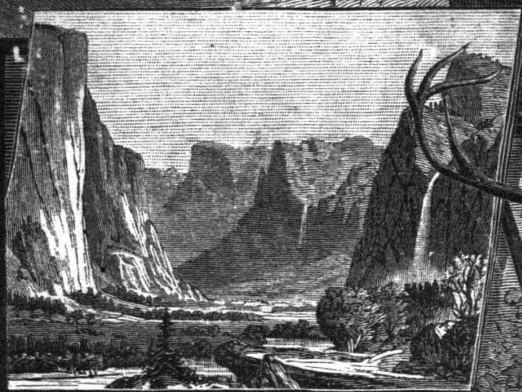
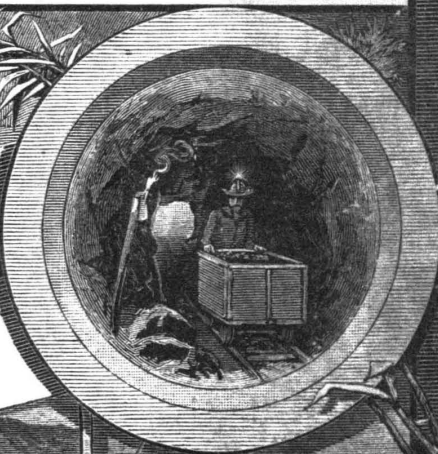
FEBRUARY, 1885.

1860

ESTABLISHED 1875

West Shore

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



L. SAMUEL, PUBLISHER, PORTLAND, OREGON

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THE WEST SHORE.

Vol. XI.

Portland, Oregon, February, 1885.

No. 2.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

THE WEST SHORE.

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TRANSPORTATION has not kept pace with the rapid settlement of the region lying on both sides of Snake River in Garfield, Asotin and Whitman counties, Washington Territory, and Nez Percé County, Idaho. It is estimated that at the close of navigation on the river the present season there were 60,000 tons of wheat yet unshipped. The annual increase of acreage and consequent output of that region is enormous, and yet there is no increase of transportation facilities. If the much-needed railroad from Riparia to Lewiston is not soon constructed, it is hard to tell how the farmers of that region will ever be able to market their crops.

THE people of Oregon, through their officials and those mercantile organizations which are supposed to represent them, have made a sad mistake in permitting such a small and totally insufficient exhibit to be made at New Orleans, one which fails to show many of our most important resources and industries; and they are also making the greater mistake—one which is not yet irreparable, but soon will be—of not supplying the Oregon Commissioners there with an abundance of suitable, exhaustive and attractive printed matter describing the State and its resources and advantages.

THE Oregon & California road, having defaulted in the interest on first mortgage bonds, has been placed in the hands of receivers, at the instance of interested bondholders. R. Koehler, Vice-President and Manager, and A. G. Cunningham have been designated receivers by the court. This is the first step of a number necessary to place title to the road in the bondholders, who have for several years had actual control. When all legal complications are terminated, Oregon will receive far greater benefit from this most necessary road than has yet been derived.

THE operations of timber land speculators have been heretofore limited by the clause of the Timber Act which provides that only such land may be purchased which is valuable only for its timber, and which, when cleared, shall not be valuable for agriculture. The object of this was to save all valuable agricultural land for the occupation of actual homestead and pre-emption settlers. A bill has been introduced by Senator Dolph in the United States Senate modifying this section, so that even agriculturally valuable timber land may be purchased under the Timber Act. This, should it pass, will open the door wide for the speculators to acquire possession, by easy and familiar means, of the best land in our forest regions. The bill is supported by the specious argument that it costs more to clear such land than it is worth, and that actual settlers cannot afford to undertake it. This, in a measure, is true, but the remedy lies not in facilitating the operations of speculators, but in modifying the homestead and pre-emption laws so that settlers will be able to clear these lands at a much less expense, even, possibly, at a profit. At present the settler is not permitted to cut any timber, except such as is done for actual and *bona fide* improvement in the pursuit of occupation and cultivation of the claim, until after he acquires complete title. Why not permit him to cut timber for market, not to exceed a certain limit annually, and thus aid him to improve his claim. Is it not better to thus assist the actual settler than to permit speculators to seize upon these same lands and exclude the homesteader from them entirely? Every step which makes it more difficult for the home-seeker to acquire land is a step in the interest of moneyed speculators, and should receive the disapproval of the people of the country.

STATISTICS of population based upon the number of votes cast at a general election are but approximately correct at the best. No fixed ratio can be relied upon, so varied are the conditions existing in different localities and in different years, owing chiefly to the uncertainty as to what proportion the vote cast bears to the full voting strength of the community. The ratio of five persons to one voter has generally been adopted in the West; but if this is correct in the older and agricultural sections, it is obviously too high in the mining regions and newly settled areas. In Washington Territory 15,765 votes were cast in 1880, the United States census the same year giving a population of 75,120. This is a shade under a ratio of five to one. Allowing that among the immigrants who have flocked to the Territory during the past four years there is a greater proportion of single men than there was among the residents in 1880, it will be sufficiently conservative to estimate the present ratio at four to one, which is certainly lower than appearances indicate. The vote in November, exclusive of women, was

31,858, indicating a population of 127,432 at four to one, or 159,290 at the old ratio of five. That portion of Idaho which it is proposed to include in the State of Washington cast 3,300 votes, showing a population of 13,200 or 16,500, according to the ratio used. It is evident that the proposed State had last fall a population ranging between 140,632 and 175,790. Several thousand have come in since, and before a State government could be organized the above figures would be increased fully one-third. The value of assessed property in Washington in 1884 was \$51,008,484, as compared with \$44,107,567, in 1883. At that rate of increase it would exceed \$60,000,000 before the earliest moment when it could be called upon to support a State government.

It certainly required an expert to discover that for 400 miles along its course the Columbia has no tributary offering all the requisites of a salmon hatchery. This stream, which fairly teems in the early summer with the most royal of all salmon, has no place upon its banks where these fish may be cheaply and successfully propagated by artificial means. The expert, Mr. Livingston Stone, requires the whole side of a newspaper to impart this information. He found one place, he tells us, where the conditions were all favorable but one, which was the trifling matter of the absence of the salmon proposed to be propagated. He finally winds up by telling us what we all knew before—that the site of the old hatchery on the Clackamas is as good as can be found, since the difficulty of obtaining pure water may be overcome at no great expense. Let some regulation be made whereby a sufficient number of breeding salmon can manage to run the gauntlet of the two thousand nets spread for them on the Lower Columbia, and Clackamas will again be filled with the royal Chinook as in days of yore, and artificial propagation of them be commenced under favorable conditions. This we have always known; but now that an expert has told us so we will know it better, perhaps, and do something.

THERE is a wealth of suggestion to the Oregon Immigration Board, and any other organization which may be effected in the Northwest for inducing and aiding immigration, to be found in the operations of the California Excursion Association. For several years the association has been running monthly excursion trains from Chicago to Los Angeles, and carrying immigrants and intended settlers in emigrant cars and at emigrant rates, but with accommodations hardly inferior to those to be found in a Pullman. They have brought to Los Angeles every month 150, 200 or even a larger number of immigrants, principally from the so-called Western States, and most of whom have settled in Southern California. The association has now turned its attention to the northern portion of the State, and has perfected arrangements for similar excursions over the Union and Central Pacific roads to Sacramento, to begin early in the spring. The success of this association is worthy of consideration by those who aim to accomplish the same end.

A CORRESPONDENT urges upon us the importance of shade trees, not only for the private residence but the public highway. The white maple of Oregon and Washington, he contends, is of quick growth, and superior in beauty and wealth of shade to the favorite maples, oaks, chestnuts, elms and locusts of the East. "With its shapely trunk and branches and its large leaves," he says, "I can conceive of no tree giving more shade or of greater beauty. The fallen autumn leaves furnish a natural mulch. The teamster and the farmer enjoy the shade in summer, and all kinds of stock find beneath its protection a retreat from the piercing rays of the sun." It is a valuable suggestion. Beautify your homes and line the highway in front of your farms, and you will add ten times as much to their market value as the time, labor and expense amount to, besides rendering yourself more contented, your home more attractive to yourself and children, and doing much more to bring sunshine into your life than you can now be made to believe. It is the treeless, barren, desolate farm whose occupants are never contented, and from which the younger generation flee as from a prison. More trees and comforts at home mean less pedro and poker in the neighboring town.

THE military authorities at Fort Keogh have decided to bore an artesian well at that point. This makes the third in the Yellowstone Valley. If good flowing wells can be bored one of the problems of the West has been solved. There are millions of acres of splendid soil in regions where the rainfall is too light for agricultural purposes, and so situated as to be beyond the reach of irrigation ditches taken from the watercourses and natural reservoirs of the country. If such land can be successfully irrigated by means of artesian wells, the cultivable area of the country will be widely extended. It is lack of water, and not sterility of soil, that renders Nevada so valueless for agriculture. Supply Nevada with water and she will furnish homes for a million of people in a few years.

A REDUCTION of emigrant rates between St. Paul and Portland, from \$45 to \$30, has been brought about by the Northern Pacific, whose officials strongly urged it before the Transcontinental Association. The company wisely believes that immigration into this region should be fostered, and that it is good business policy to offer it all the encouragement possible. Agents of the company are now in Europe, and it is confidently predicted that foreign emigration direct to the Pacific Northwest will be much larger this year than ever before.

THE daily and weekly Walla Walla *Statesman*, published by Colonel Frank J. Parker, is a model newspaper in every respect. The *Statesman* has been identified with Walla Walla from its infancy, and much of the prosperity of that city is the result of its enterprise and energetic championing of every progressive public measure. It deserves the liberal support it receives from the citizens of the Inland Empire.

NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

A saw mill of 10,000 feet daily capacity will soon be erected on the Lower Siuslaw, Oregon.

A new town, called "Pasco," has been laid out by the Northern Pacific three miles from Ainsworth, at the point where the Cascades Division leaves the main line.

A new industry is about to be inaugurated in British Columbia—the manufacture of powder and other explosives. A representative of the Hamilton Powder Company, of Montreal, has selected a location on Vancouver Island, where works costing \$150,000 will soon be erected.

In 1883 Wyoming sent 148,612 beef cattle to market, chiefly over the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1884 this number was increased to 174,824, of which the Union Pacific carried 114,000 and the Northern Pacific 60,824. At \$30 a head, these represent an export value of \$5,125,920.

Statistics kept in the Land Office of the Northern Pacific show that 13,263 intending settlers came over that company's line into Washington and Oregon in 1884. It is estimated that the arrivals by steamer and "prairie schooner" were about equal to those by rail. These figures indicate that this class of the population of Oregon and Washington was increased about 25,000 during the past year.

In the Ten-Mile District, near Helena, Montana, a company of Minnesota capitalists have bonded twenty-two quartz locations and paid a forfeit of \$13,500. There seems to be little doubt that the mines will be thoroughly developed and the purchase completed. In that event a branch road will be constructed to the district from Helena. A new fifty-ton concentrator will soon be completed and in operation in the district.

An agreement has been signed between the Provincial Government of British Columbia and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, by which the road will be extended to Coal Harbor and English Bay, which will be its actual terminus on the Pacific. Arrangements have also been made with the Dominion Government to have terminal works erected at Coal Harbor instead of Port Moody. This settles the vexed terminal question. It is proposed to name the town on Coal Harbor "Vancouver," but this is objected to for the obvious reason that the adjacent island bears the same name. Some other title will probably be selected for the future city.

Developments continue to be made in the matter of the attempt by Colorado cattle kings to secure a lease of a portion of the Crow Reservation. The proposed annual rental was one cent and three mills per acre for 3,968,000 acres, or \$51,584. It is estimated that the land is capable of sustaining nearly 400,000 head of cattle. Put the selling value at \$30 per head, the net percentage of gain, at 20 per cent., a very moderate estimate on the capital invested, and it would amount to about \$2,000,000 a year. For the part taken in this nefarious transaction, Armstrong, the Crow Indian Agent, has had charges preferred against him, and will probably be removed.

During the year 1884 Montana shipped to market 1,248,038 pounds of wool, 863,213 hides, pelts and furs, 20,000 sheep, 200 horses, 85,300 cattle and 3,040 dressed beef. With but slight exception this was handled by the Northern Pacific, about one-tenth of the cattle going by the Central Pacific, and one-half the wool and one-fifth the hides by the Missouri River. The dressed beef was all forwarded from the slaughter house of Marquis de Mores, the only one in the Territory. This business has been so successful that the Marquis is preparing for a

great extension of it the coming season. The increase in cattle shipments over 1883 was 180 per cent., and this rate is expected to be maintained in 1885.

A statement has been compiled from the County Assessors' reports, and forwarded to the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, showing the number and value of live stock in Montana. It is a well known fact that the assessments invariably underestimate, and it is safe to say that the actual number of stock is at least one-third greater than shown in these totals. The valuation per head is very near the market value on the farms and ranges. The statement shows the following totals:

Name.	Number.	Value.
Horses.....	105,830	\$3,439,075
Mules and asses.....	2,797	153,735
Milch cows.....	22,100	1,060,808
All other cattle.....	584,557	20,450,395
Sheep.....	624,596	1,599,389
Swine.....	11,030	231,525
Total.....	1,350,910	\$26,943,119

The attention of those who imagine that Washington Territory is a frontier wilderness is called to the following school statistics, taken from the report of the Superintendent of Education for 1884: Amount paid for teachers' wages, \$152,016; amount for school furniture, rent, school house sites, buildings, etc., \$127,417; total amount for school purposes, \$279,433. Estimated value of school houses and grounds, \$382,703; school furniture, \$38,057; school apparatus, \$3,387; average salary paid male teachers, per month, \$48; average salary paid female teachers, per month, \$38. Number of children enrolled, 24,007; children not attending school, 7,808; teachers employed, 850; holding first grade certificates, 194; second grade certificates, 335; average number of months school was taught, 4½; institutes held, 11; school houses built, 95; school districts, 795; graded schools, 22.

The large saw mills of Washington Territory are not confined to Puget Sound. The Hoquiam Mill, on the Chehalis, a few miles from Gray's Harbor, recently cut 1,500,000 feet in one week's run. The lumbering business has revived, and the mills are being crowded to their full capacity. Other mills on the Chehalis are giving that region quite a reputation in lumbering circles. The recent sale of 7,200 acres of timber land to an Eastern lumbering firm for \$60,000, will probably lead to the building of another large mill near Gray's Harbor. All the indications point to great activity in the lumbering industry on Puget Sound in the near future. The Blakeley Mill has received foreign orders for 15,000,000 feet and the Tacoma Mill 10,000,000. It is estimated that less than 60,000,000 feet of logs are in the water, and as the above orders will consume nearly half that amount, logging will soon be commenced with great activity. This revival of one of our leading industries will do much to relieve the financial stringency.

The *Victoria Times* says that Mr. C. S. Torkelson is agent for a syndicate of English capitalists who will shortly construct extensive iron works in Washington Territory. The company is composed of leading iron manufacturers in various parts of England, and a large amount of money has been subscribed to carry out the enterprise. Mr. Davis, an expert from England, has visited the iron mines in the Skagit country several times, and reports the ore as being very fine. Mr. Davis also thinks the iron ore from Texada Island good to mix with that from the Skagit mines. The experts sent out from England report that iron near the Sound can be manufactured at the rate of \$8.25 per ton and sold at \$12, giving them a good profit. It is not definitely known yet where the smelting furnaces of the company will be located. Some people are of the opinion that the most available

spot will be on Ship Harbor, which is a short distance south of Whatcom. The company estimate that 90 per cent. of their manufactured iron will be shipped to foreign countries; hence a good harbor is one of the principal objects for consideration. Mr. Torkelson thinks that from £500,000 to £600,000 will be invested in the new enterprise.

Professor R. Pumpelly, who had charge of the extensive scientific explorations carried on for some time by the Northern Pacific in the region tributary to its road, read a paper recently at Newport, R. I., at a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, on the subject of the coal beds of the Northwest. From this it appears that the coals in Washington Territory, Northern Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Dakota are all cretaceous, from the top of the Laramie Formation down. From the Missouri River west to the Rocky Mountains the coal layers are thirteen to sixteen feet thick, but are lignitic and crumble on exposure. West of that the layers are two to six feet thick, but are bituminous coking coals. In Judith Basin, up to or past the British line, are coking coals from eighteen inches to five or six feet thick. The next great coal fields are west of the Cascade Range. Here the thickness of the carboniferous formation is at least 13,000 feet. All the bituminous coal has been studied, but not yet the lignite, which is less valuable. Some of these coals have been converted into natural coke, having the same chemical composition as anthracite. The bituminous coal is confined to strips along the Cascade Range and Vancouver Island. The total amount of carboniferous material is very great. The coal fields of Wyoming Territory have no representative in the north.

In constructing the Oregon Short Line across the lava plains of Idaho, in Snake River Valley, it required almost as many teams to haul food and water for the men and animals as it did to do the grading. To supply these long stretches of road with water after construction required several water trains. The company wisely attempted the experiment of sinking artesian wells. Eight such wells have proved successful, and one other is yet incomplete. The lava is full of crevices and so porous that water cannot rise in it, hence tubing is required all the way down. This lava ranges in thickness from 150 to 250 feet, resting on soil, gravel beds and hard-pan. Water is struck after passing through the hard-pan, and it rises in the tube about eighty feet, leaving the pumps to raise it from that level to the tanks. The depths of the completed wells are as follows: Wapi, 240 feet; Minidaka, 425; Kimami, 325; Owinza, 400; Bliss, 438; Cleft, 450; Bisuka, 380; Nampa, 155. The bore of these wells is four inches in diameter. It would seem that these experiments have demonstrated the practicability of procuring water for irrigating purposes in Southern Idaho, so that land not situated within easy reach of a ditch taken from some natural reservoir or running stream need not be looked upon as utterly uncultivable. A little greater depth would probably reach water which would rise above the surface.

There is a large area of good bituminous coal lying in Whatcom County. W. T., between the Nooksack River and Lake Whatcom, a distance of seven miles. Some 7,000 acres of this land have been filed upon as coal land. It is understood that capital for the development of these mines has already been secured. An extensive vein of semi-bituminous coal has been reported as discovered north of Skagit River and on the proposed line of the Bellingham Bay Railway & Navigation Company. It is now being explored by the company with a view of ascertaining its extent and value. The development of these mines would be of great benefit to Whatcom County.

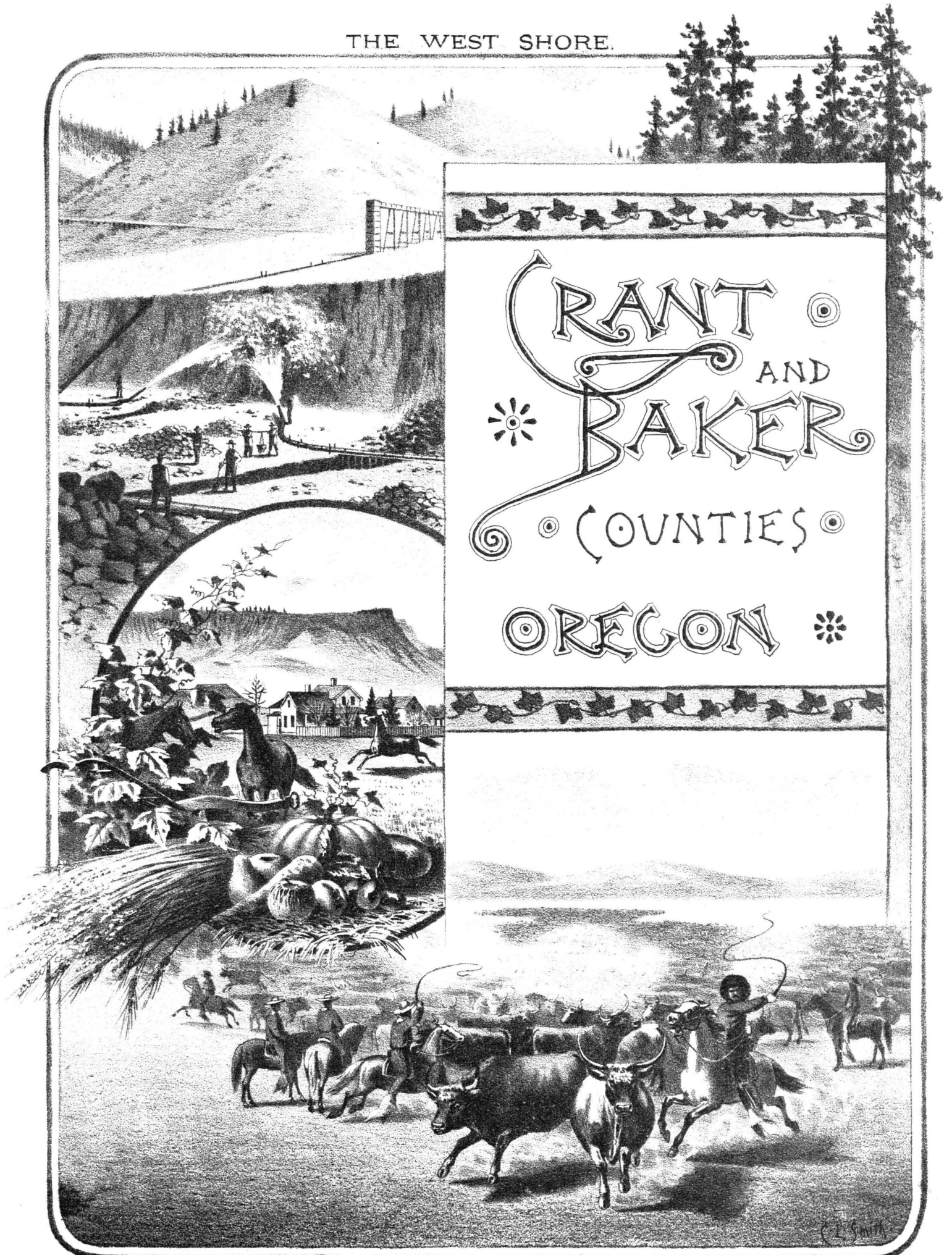
The Skagit coal mines, which will also find a shipping point at Bellingham Bay, are located on the south side of Skagit River, twenty-four miles from tide-water. Five seams, varying from three to eight feet in width, have shafts and tunnels from ten to one hundred and seventy-five feet. All these seams can be worked from one main tunnel, which has now been driven thirty-five feet, and which will give access to 10,000,000 tons of coal lying above water level. The veins of iron ore, of which there are five in the vicinity of these coal measures, vary in thickness from eight to fifty feet. Three of them are embraced within the limits of the coal mines, and are all susceptible of being worked from the end by tunnel above water level, thus reducing the cost of mining to the minimum. This is all brown hematite, and the amount of it easily accessible is so enormous as to make an estimate valueless. There are, also, in that region large ledges of marble, limestone, red granite and black granite, and large tracts of fire clay.

The region of the Upper Marias, Teton and Sun rivers, in Northern Montana, is destined to become famous as an agricultural country, and to support a farming population of considerable numbers. The soil is adapted to the production of wheat and other cereals in the highest degree, and only requires irrigation, and ample means for this are at hand. Water is abundant and streams ramify the country. Irrigating ditches that will supply thousands upon thousands of acres can be easily constructed. A description of such an enterprise now under way will serve to show what can be done in numerous localities. The Dupuyer Canal takes water from the river of that name, about five miles above its confluence with the Marias. The ditch is nine feet six inches on the bottom and twelve feet six inches at the top, and will carry 5,000 inches of water. Its length, so far as projected, is some seven miles. After winding about the hillside for a little more than two miles, it attains the top of the bench, following a ridge from which the land slopes gently on either side, and which can be readily irrigated to an almost unlimited extent. This land is all of an alluvial nature, the soil being black, soft and deep, and entirely free from gravel. Better land for wheat growing and general agriculture cannot be found, and it cannot fail to become an important factor in adding to the wealth and prosperity of Northern Montana. As now projected (and the work is almost completed) this ditch will irrigate fifty sections of land of the character described, showing it to be an enterprise of no small magnitude. It can be extended either to Schultz's Coulee or the Dry Fork of the Marias, and its value as a "land redeemer" largely increased. It is not by any means a "land grabbing" scheme, as several sections of desirable land remain open to entry, and it is desired that they should be taken up by parties who will settle upon the same and take advantage of the opportunities given. Besides this ditch, there is an important one on Birch Creek completed; a large canal tapping the Teton, which will cover an immense stretch of bench land between that stream and the Muddy; canals under construction from the North and South Forks of Sun River; all of which will have an important bearing on the development and progress of that portion of Montana, rendering it, although farthest north, the most extensive and prominent agricultural section of the Territory.

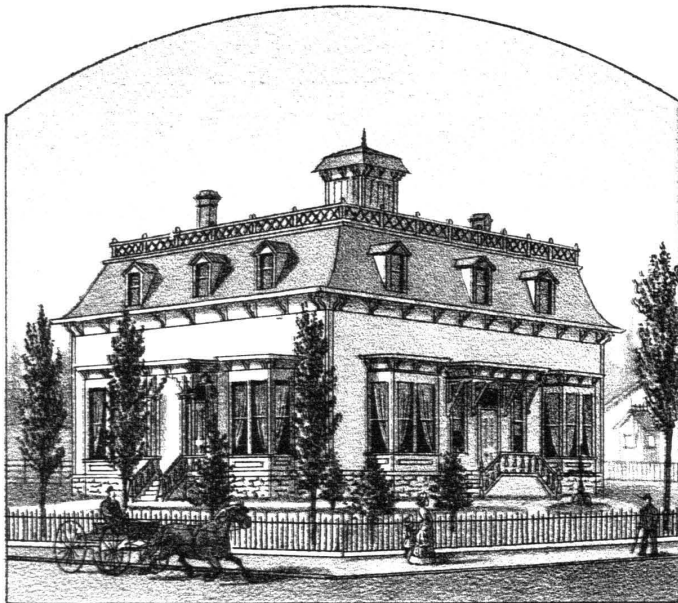
THE strike that generally results in good to all parties concerned is that made by the mothers on the bosom of the boys' pants. The boy don't like it any more than wealthy corporations, but it does him good in the end.

THE WEST SHORE.

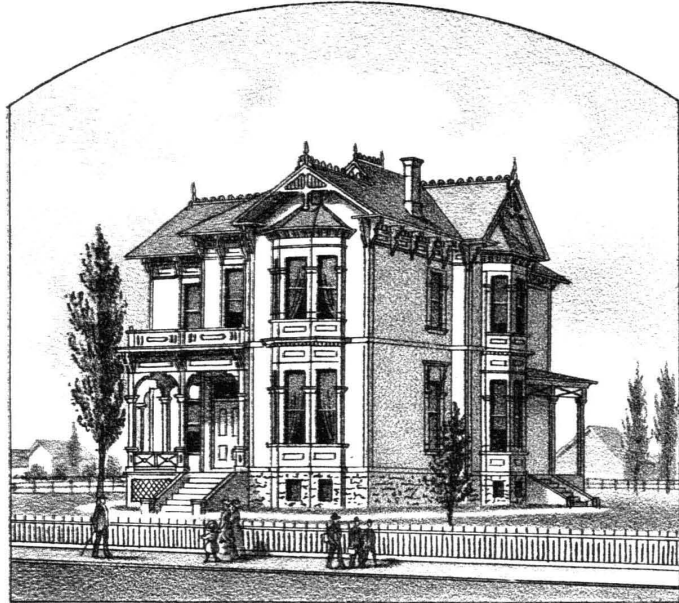
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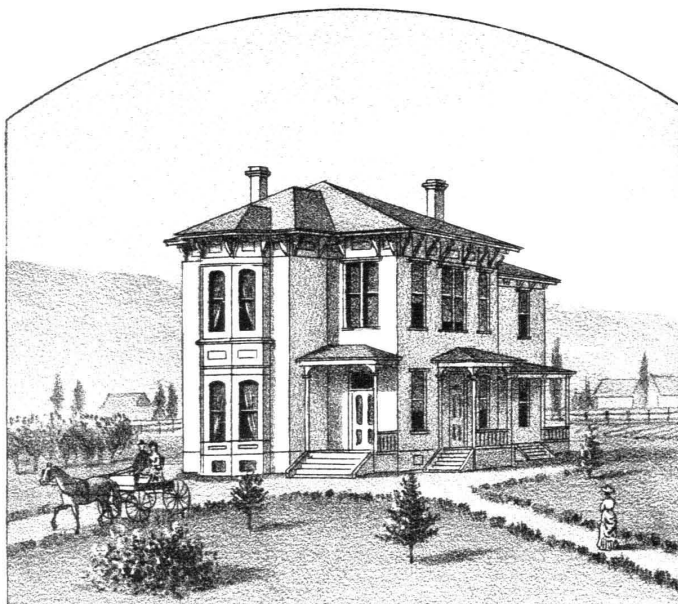
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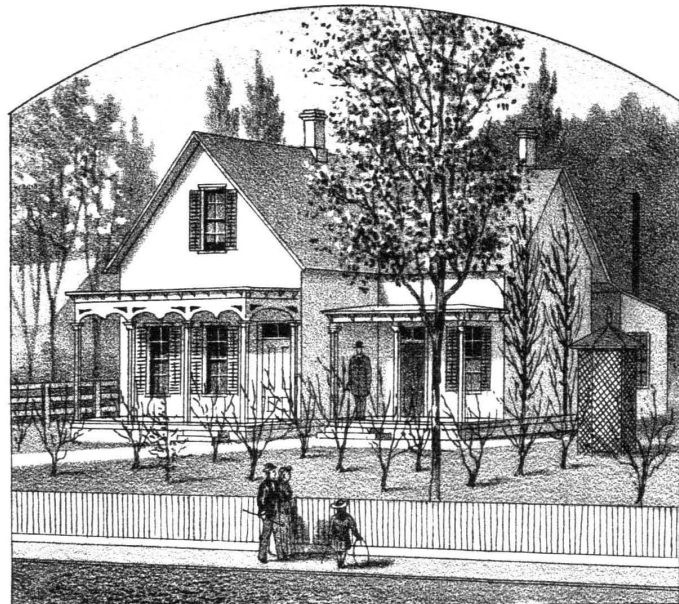
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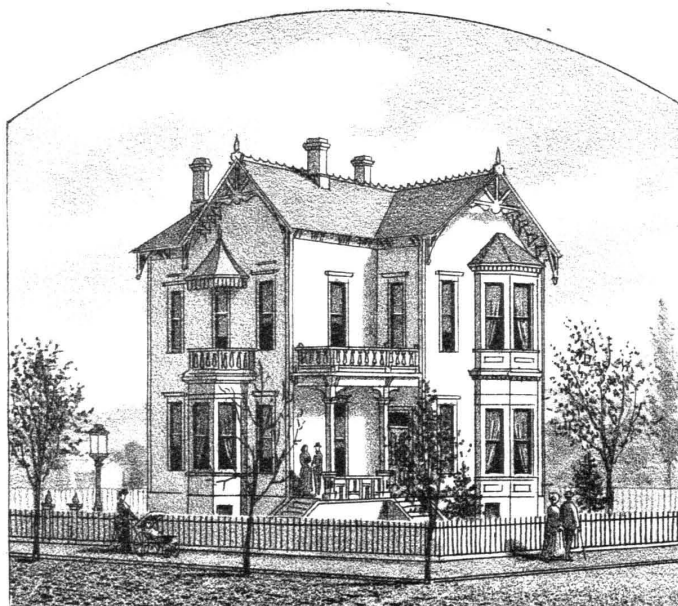
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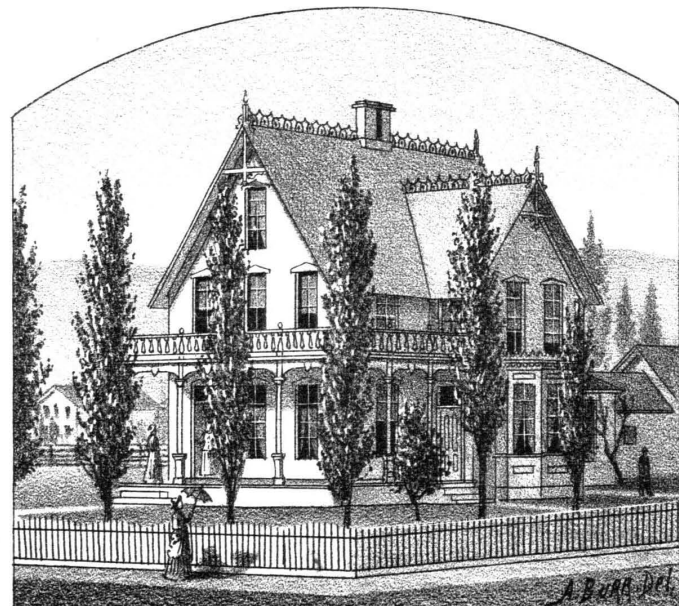
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BAKER CITY, OR.

BAKER COUNTY.

THE County of Baker occupies the extreme southeastern corner of Oregon, and is the second largest in the State. Powder River separates it from Union County on the north, while on the east the great Snake River—in early years known as the Lewis or Sahaptin—flows between it and the adjoining Territory of Idaho for nearly half its length, the fortieth Washington Meridian forming the boundary line for the southern half. On the south lies the State of Nevada. It is separated from Grant County on the west by the line between Townships 36 and 37, west of the Willamette Meridian, for three-fourths of its entire length, the line on the northern quarter following the summit ridge of the Blue Mountains. In shape it is nearly a rectangle, its length from north to south being 200 miles, and its width sixty. High, timber-clad mountains in the north, breaking, as progress is made southward, into lower and more barren mountains, elevated plateaus, sage-covered or barren plains, characteristic of the great Nevada Basin on whose edge it lies, and many streams, both large and small, along whose courses are numerous fertile valleys and natural meadows, are the leading topographical features. Of the estimated area of 11,000,000 acres, only one-third has been surveyed. There are vast tracts of good arable land, now covered with sage brush, which require only irrigation to render the soil extremely productive. The watercourses are numerous and never failing, and from these much of this dry land may be easily irrigated, while other tracts are not so conveniently situated. Here, as elsewhere, it has been observed that the bringing of large tracts under cultivation has a tendency to increase the rainfall, and the result is that already land that was formerly considered too dry for cultivation now receives enough natural moisture to render it productive. It is evident that gradually lands now irrigated will require such artificial watering less and less every year. For that matter, however, irrigated land, where the means for rendering it such are not too expensive, is preferable to any which depends upon the clouds to “rain fatness” upon them, since they may be depended upon to produce good crops even in the driest of seasons, and need never fear the excessive moisture often showered upon the farms otherwise situated. A farmer in a dry country, with good soil and an unfailing supply of water at his command, which he can, at will, turn upon any portion of his land which may require moisture, and shut it off from other portions which may already have sufficient, is independent of the caprices of Nature, and as near being his own master as the agriculturist ever comes. A comparison of what has been accomplished in California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Montana, Idaho and other points upon irrigated lands, with the results of operations on lands in the same regions dependent upon natural rainfall, is most flatteringly favorable to the former. There is a prejudice, springing solely from ignorance, against irrigated lands, which time will remove so completely that people will wonder that it ever existed. The greatest agricultural achievements of ancient civilizations were

accomplished by this means; and in the “scientific farming” of the future there is no doubt that the proper manipulation of the irrigation ditch will be counted as one of the most essential features.

The watercourses of the county are numerous and convey continuously a great volume of water. Flowing northward along the upper half of its eastern boundary is the great Snake River, the final repository of all the running water in the county, save that of a few small streams in the extreme southern end of the county which flow into the Humboldt. The leading tributaries of Snake River, beginning at the north, are Powder, Burnt, Malheur and Owyhee, each of which has numerous large and small tributaries. The bottom lands along these streams are very fertile, and frequently spread out into grassy valleys of considerable width. Some of this land, lying back from the streams and slightly elevated above them, requires irrigating to render it productive, much of it being favorably located for that purpose. Some of it, however, requires but slight irrigation, and still other portions none whatever. When all the land in Baker County which can be irrigated cheaply and handily shall be placed under cultivation the productive area will be increased tenfold. There are in this region no land grant complications, with the exception of the military roads, two narrow strips, crossing between the Malheur and Owyhee rivers. The land all belongs to the Government, save the two sections of each township granted to the State for school purposes, and now that the Desert Land Act will probably be repealed by the present Congress, *bona fide* settlers will find no obstacles in the way of settling upon desirable Government land and securing title as soon as the land laws are complied with. The most desirable portions have been surveyed, so that settlers need have none of the difficulties encountered by those who locate upon unsurveyed lands.

The most thickly settled portion is the northern, in the region of Powder and Burnt rivers. Powder River flows down from the Blue Mountains, just above the Second Standard Parallel, till it reaches the Grande Ronde Meridian, when it turns sharply to the north, flowing through Baker City and the Powder River Valley till it reaches the First Standard. There it receives the waters of the North Powder, a smaller stream which forms the northern boundary line of the county west of that point. It then turns southeasterly and forms the line of separation between Baker and Union counties till it discharges into Snake River. Powder River Valley is twenty miles long and about sixteen wide. This is the large valley shown in the accompanying illustration of Baker City. Along its whole course, however, the Powder has fertile bottom lands, spreading out at times into quite considerable valleys, in many of which there may be found excellent vacant locations for settlement. The large valley is well settled, and is the centre of the greatest population of the county. Through it runs the line of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, a portion of the new overland route *via* the Oregon Short Line. The soil is fertile and susceptible of the highest state of cultivation.

At the upper end of the valley lies Baker City, the county seat, and largest commercial point in that portion of Oregon lying east of the Blue Mountains. Since the town site was laid out in 1868 it has received eight additions. Baker City has always been a thriving and enterprising town. As the supply point for a large area of agricultural, mining and grazing country it has enjoyed great prosperity, and now that it has received railroad advantages, its business and importance are increasing rapidly. Regions which formerly found an outlet to railroad lines in other directions, now are rendered tributary to this city, which has become the most accessible to them.

Baker City is substantially built, containing many quite expensive business blocks and private residences. Its location is good, and the view across the valley to the timbered sides and snowy summits of the Blue Mountains is surpassingly beautiful, especially when the sun has just sunk to rest behind them, and the roseate hues of the sky and snowy peaks contrast strongly with the deep blue, indigo and purple of the lower hills. The population at present is estimated to exceed 1,500. The growth of the past few years has been quite marked and permanent. There are fifteen large two-story brick or stone business blocks. The business interests may be summarized as follows: There are four large stores of general merchandise and one clothing store, five provision and grocery stores, two bakeries, two drug stores, three livery stables, five hotels, one book store, three blacksmith shops, one wagon shop, two butcher shops, two millinery stores, one hide and fur store, one National bank, one private bank, nine lawyers, five physicians, two saddle and harness shops, three hardware stores, three jewellers, three shoemakers, two planing mills, one saw mill, one grist mill, four newspapers, two express offices, one tailor, three breweries, one surveyor, fourteen saloons, a large number of carpenters and blacksmiths, three painters, two barber shops, four hardware implement stores, two large Chinese stores, two cigar stores, three laundries, two dentists, one brickmaker, one undertaker, two furniture stores. There are seven secret societies, also six religious denominations represented, four of which have good church edifices. There is an excellent public school, employing three teachers; also a school for boys and one for girls, under the auspices of the Roman Catholics. The boys' school occupies a large three-story brick building, and has four instructors. The enterprise and intelligence of the city is shown by the number and character of its newspapers. The daily *Sage Brush* is a sprightly little sheet, while the *Bedrock Democrat*, *Reveille* and *Tribune* are well conducted and influential weeklies, giving much attention to home matters and working for the interests of the county. As the centre of population, trade and capital of the county, Baker City must thrive and increase in prosperity and population under the new order of things inaugurated by the construction of the railroad. Here must continue to be the metropolis of Southeastern Oregon, growing with the development of the surrounding and tributary country.

Below the great valley, both along the main stream

and the North Powder, is much fine arable land not yet fully occupied, where settlers can find some most desirable locations. Burnt River, down which the railroad runs, and at the mouth of which it crosses Snake River, is the next important tributary of the latter stream above the mouth of the Powder. This stream rises in the Blue Mountains, in the same region which gives birth to the Powder and John Day, and flows almost due east to Snake River. Along its course, and on many of its numerous tributaries, is a strip of fine bottom land, occasionally widening out into little valleys. Many settlements have been made by men who are prosperously engaged in farming and raising sheep and cattle. Near the mouth of the stream is the new town of Huntington, the point of junction between the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company.

The Malheur is the next large stream entering the Snake south of, or above, Burnt River. Between the mouths of these two streams the Oregon Short Line follows closely the course of Snake River, on the Idaho side. A few miles above the Malheur it crosses into Oregon and enters the new town of Ontario, which has been built as the railroad point for the valley. The town is situated on the bank of Snake River, and is destined to become quite an important commercial point. It is surrounded by a large body of good arable land, and is the natural shipping point for the whole Malheur Valley. By means of a ferry across the Snake, Payette Valley, in Idaho, will find this a desirable trading point. From Ontario, following up the Malheur, the valley has an average width of four miles until the canyon is reached, thirty miles above. Three ditches have been constructed, which supply all the water needed for irrigating this tract. Until the railroad was built the valley was comparatively unsettled, but about a year ago, when the route of the Short Line became known, settlements in this region were quickly made. Grain, vegetables and fruits produce abundantly, and the climate of the valley proper, as distinguished from the surrounding uplands, is extremely mild. Near the centre of the valley is the little town of Vale, consisting of a store, saloon, feed stable, blacksmith shop and post office. Below the town Willow Creek, a stream of considerable size, enters the river. From its source, fifty miles to the northwest, it flows through a splendid region. Willow Creek Valley is one of the oldest settlements in the county, and is an excellent farming country. The farms lie along the stream, which carries water sufficient for all the needs of the settlers, and the surrounding hills are covered with bunch grass, upon which large quantities of stock are grazed. Good roads run through the valley, and several post offices have been established for the convenience of the people. Just above Vale, Bully Creek enters the Malheur. With its tributaries, Cottonwood, Indian, Clover and Dry creeks, this stream drains an area of 400 square miles, which is now ranged by stockmen, with the exception of that portion along the creek bottoms occupied by farmers. This is a newly settled region, but one which a little enterprise can convert into a veritable garden spot. It is

expected that it will soon be traversed by a county road, which will aid materially the rapid settlement of the valley. An effort is being made to secure a mail route from Ontario, through this region to Harney Valley, in Grant County, a distance of 110 miles. Many settlers on Bully Creek, and North and Middle Forks of the Malheur, who are now from thirty to seventy-five miles from a post office, would be much benefited by such a route. Above the canyon the valley land along the Malheur varies in width from absolutely none whatever to a strip six miles across. Wherever it thus opens out into valleys, facilities exist for irrigating, the construction of ditches being all that is required. The soil is fertile, and enterprise will soon render it a very productive region. The river dwindles into three forks—"North," "Middle" and "South." The first two head in the Blue Mountains, and flow southeasterly till they unite with the South Fork coming from the southwest. Along these three branches there is much excellent land, similar in many respects to that lower down the main stream. It is only of late years that the value of this region has been recognized and its agricultural possibilities known. Settlements which have been made all attest its qualifications for farming purposes. The chief industry at present is stock raising, but this will gradually be superseded by agriculture. Stock raising in connection with farming will always be a profitable industry, as there are thousands of acres lying contiguous to the valleys which will never be valuable for any purpose but grazing. Every farmer will have a free range for a limited number of cattle. A few years will see a vast improvement in the Malheur country.

The Snake River Valley, between the Owyhee and Malheur, consists of the river bottom and the bench, or plateau, elevated above the river from twenty to forty feet, and three to six miles wide, is composed of what is called sage brush land, and is very fertile when irrigated, water for which can be brought from the Owyhee, and when done will bring into cultivation about 40,000 acres of good land. The bottom and low bench land below the mouth of the Malheur can be irrigated by a ditch from that river, taken out below the butte, and another nice location be made subject to the plow.

The southern end of the county, fully one-third of the entire area, is drained by the Owyhee River and its forks and tributaries—Rattlesnake, Jordan, Soldier and other creeks. This is a region of short mountain ranges, plateaus and vast plains, some of them covered with the choicest bunch grass, and others having no vegetation save the ubiquitous sage brush. Along the streams are numerous fertile valleys, which form the headquarters of stockmen, who own the bands of cattle grazing on the limitless ranges. Much of this region is worthless for any purpose whatever, other portions of it make excellent cattle ranges, while there is not a little which is adapted to the pursuit of agriculture. The great drawback, in an agricultural sense, is its remoteness from railroads, though in that respect it is one hundred per cent. better than a year ago, since the Oregon Short Line passes the mouth of the Owyhee. Formerly the most accessible railroad

was the Central Pacific, far to the southward in Nevada. Remoteness from railroads, however, will not of itself deter settlers from seeking homes in the Owyhee country, and in a few years, when the choicer portions of the county further north have been taken, settlers will invade this region and locate farms in wherever a sufficient body of arable land may be found. When this is done it will be discovered that the quantity of arable land is greatly in excess of what it is now believed to be. Public opinion has been formed from the repeated assertions of the cattle men that this whole region is worthless for agriculture. Just how much salt must be taken with this statement the enterprising homestead prospector will ascertain when he turns his attention in this direction. It is natural that stockmen should endeavor to discourage settlement, in order to retain free and undisturbed use of the ranges as long as possible. Jordan Valley has quite a settlement, and the land there is surveyed, as is, also, that along Rattlesnake and Crooked creeks and tributary streams.

The stock ranges of the Malheur and Owyhee are among the best in the West. The climate is in every way suited for that industry. But little rain falls in summer and not much snow in winter. Cattle have grazed here for fifteen years without other food than that obtained by them on the ranges, and have never suffered serious loss. Generally they are fat and in good condition in the spring; but occasionally, as during the present winter, they suffer some deterioration. As on all ranges, a small percentage die every winter from various causes. Running water is abundant in the streams, fed constantly by the living springs and melting snow of the mountains, and stock do not suffer for lack of water in the driest season. It is estimated that 80,000 cattle are grazed in the county, valued at \$2,000,000, though the Assessor's returns fall far short of these figures both in number and value per head. Formerly a long drive was necessary to get cattle to a railroad for shipment, but now an overland road is within comparatively easy reach. The stock industry dominates a large portion of the county, and however extensive the farming settlements may become in that region, this pursuit will always be an important and profitable one. The wool interests are also quite considerable, and large bands of sheep graze on the hills and in the little mountain valleys. The railroad now offers facilities for the shipment of wool not previously enjoyed, and this industry must necessarily show a marked increase during the next few years.

The first great industry of this region was mining, and the county was first settled by a mining population. Gold and silver quartz ledges and gold placers have annually yielded large returns. Copper ore has been found in good working quantities, but no ledge of that metal has been developed by working. The great drawback has been a lack of capital by those to whom the ledges belong and the inability to induce outside capital to take hold of mines so remote from any line of transportation, in view of the enormous expense of transporting machinery for the reduction of ore. Now, happily,

both of these obstacles are removed. The railroad affords an opportunity to either bring in machinery or ship selected ore to other points for reduction, and the attention of capitalists has already been attracted. There is every prospect that the rich mineral resources of Baker County will soon be developed to a degree hitherto unknown, increasing its wealth and population, and aiding materially to sustain the home market upon which the agricultural interests of the county have in the past so largely depended. Yet the enterprising citizens have not been content with idly waiting for outside capital to come to their relief, but have been at work developing the mineral resources themselves as rapidly as possible. Several quartz lodes have been mined quite extensively, and have acquired a reputation not confined to the limits of the county. Among these may be mentioned the Virtue Mine and Mill, situated eight miles east of Baker City. This is a United States patent mine, containing 3,000 feet of free milling ore, a true fissure vein from two to six feet wide. The ledge has been thoroughly developed and its value established for 550 feet in depth and 1,000 feet on the vein, paying splendidly, and the quality and quantity continuing. A new vertical shaft, 6x9 double compartment, is down 400 feet, and when completed will tap the vein 600 feet lower than any former working. This will develop an ore body 600 feet deep and 1,000 feet in length, which will mill on an average \$40 per ton, at a cost of only \$7.50 per ton for mining and milling. The mine is fully equipped with first class hoisting works, a twenty-stamp steam mill, workshops, superintendent's office, etc., a view of which we give. The property is one of the best in Eastern Oregon, and a most inviting one for capitalists. Mr. J. W. Virtue is a most enthusiastic mineralogist, and has at his bank in Baker City the finest and largest cabinet of minerals in the State. These ores are selected from the mines of Eastern Oregon, and make a truly magnificent display. Mr. Virtue will be pleased to give the benefit of his twenty years of experience and knowledge of the mines of Baker County to those desiring to make investments.

There is another industry which will be greatly benefited by the improvement in shipping facilities, and that is the culture of fruit. The bottom lands of Snake River and its tributaries, where sheltered from the rigors of winter by the high bluffs on either side, are especially adapted to orchards. Peaches, plums, pears, etc., yield prolifically, and Baker County has never wanted for the choicest of fruit in abundance. With the facilities now enjoyed for shipping to outside markets, Baker County ought to build up quite an extensive industry in this line.

When everything is considered, it is evident that Baker offers inducements to immigrants that should draw thither during the next few years both population and capital. The large amount of arable Government land, and the fact that good improved land may now be purchased at from \$5 to \$30 per acre, combined with the fact that the heart of the county can now be reached by rail, guarantees a rapid increase in population and wealth, and that ere long Baker will be one of our foremost counties.

SALT AND SAW MILL WASTE.

THERE are doubtless many saw mill operators in the South, and on the Pacific Coast, to whom saw mill waste is a nuisance, who are not acquainted with the part which this waste plays in the production of salt at several points in Michigan, notably in the Saginaw Valley, where salt springs of great strength and purity occur adjacent to some of the largest lumber industries in the country.

The principal item in the cost of manufacturing salt is the fuel required to evaporate the brine, which, as pumped from depths of from 700 to 800 feet, and occasionally much deeper, usually contain about 95 per cent. of a saturated solution of salt, and a certain amount of the water it contains must be expelled by heat before crystallization of the salt can take place. This operation is performed in the Saginaw Valley in what appears at first to be a very crude and primitive method, but closer examination shows it to be the most effective which can be devised where artificial heat is used.

The salt solution, or brine, is pumped directly from the wells, or springs, into wooden tanks, from which it is allowed to flow as required into shallow evaporating troughs of wood, about 20 feet long, 6 feet wide and 18 inches deep, each trough containing a series of galvanized iron steam pipes, immersed in the salt solution, from which the heat necessary for the evaporation is obtained. In large works a series of these evaporating pans are placed side by side in the same building and the steam coil carried through the whole series, the steam entering the coil in the first pan and the condensed water being discharged from the last.

Where the salt works are on a small scale the exhaust steam from the saw mill engine is sufficient to perform the work of evaporation, while in large works this supply is supplemented with live steam. In both cases, however, the steam used for evaporating the salt solution, as well as that required for power to drive the saw mill engine, is generated by the combustion of sawdust which is taken directly from the saws, usually by means of a conveyor chain, and carried through a sheet-iron trough extending over the boiler furnaces, from which, through openings in the bottom, it drops between the boilers into the fires.

During the sawing season steam is generated for both these purposes almost exclusively with sawdust, the remainder of the waste, consisting of slabs, edgings, etc., being piled in the vicinity, and held in reserve to generate steam for evaporating the salt solution in the winter, when the mills are not running and no sawdust is being produced.

By these means nearly all the saw mill waste produced in the locality named above is very advantageously utilized, and the salt manufacturers, who are generally also saw mill operators, as has been seen, have an effectual method of "killing two birds with one stone," a method which gives them a decided economical advantage over their less fortunate brethren in other localities, who are obliged to purchase fuel to evaporate their brine.—*North-western Lumberman.*

GRANT COUNTY.

THE largest and, agriculturally, least developed county in Oregon is Grant, lying just east of the Cascade Mountains, and extending from Umatilla County to the Nevada line. It is nearly a rectangle in shape, about two hundred miles long from north to south, and ninety miles from east to west, and contains a superficial area of 13,000 square miles, equal to the combined area of the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. It is one of the "cow counties," so often spoken of; in fact, it stands at the head of the stock industry in Oregon. Its population (some six thousand) is engaged chiefly in mining and stock raising. The reason why it has not been settled by an agricultural population is its isolation from navigable rivers or railroads and a misapprehension by the people of the quantity and quality of its arable land. The construction of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's line through Baker County has greatly reduced the distance from the centre of population in Grant County to a railroad outlet, and the indications are that, in a few years at the most, a railroad will traverse the centre of the county from east to west. For this reason, and because it contains a large portion of desirable vacant Government land, unencumbered by railroad grants, the county offers inducements which should receive the careful consideration of immigrants.

The main ridge of the Blue Mountains enters the county at the northeastern corner and forms the eastern boundary for some distance, when it turns to the west and is finally lost in the great plateau of Central Oregon. A spur also extends westward from the main ridge through the southern part of the county, and the mountains being mostly covered with a dense growth of timber, have the appearance of a vast forest. A closer examination, however, will show that the numerous small valleys and their adjacent foothills occupy quite a large share of the country. The western bend of the mountains, which passes across the county north of the centre, forms the northern wall of the great plateau that extends southward to the Colorado River. That part of it which is in Grant County is about the same altitude as it is in Nevada. Across the southeastern corner runs a low range known as the "Stein Mountains." There is little land, except on the lower John Day and its tributaries, that is less than three thousand feet above the sea level. Considering the altitude and elevation, one might expect a climate of great severity; but such is not the case. The mercury falls sometimes quite low, but these cold snaps are infrequent and of short duration. Among the mountains, of course, the climate is subject to sudden changes. Snow seldom falls to any great depth, except in the mountains, and seldom remains on the ground more than a few days below the timber line. Rain seldom falls from June to September, except in sudden thunder showers that sometimes occur with great fury. Although the summers are warm, the heat is not uncomfortable, owing to the dryness and rarity of the atmosphere. The nights are always cool.

The agricultural possibilities of this region have never

been fully recognized. The farming lands consist chiefly of narrow valleys and adjacent foothills. "Bonanza farming," as conducted on the immense prairies of Dakota, is not here possible, but the small farm, producing diversified crops of grain, hay and vegetables, and giving support to a limited number of cattle, sheep, horses and swine, can be made to yield a splendid living to thousands of energetic families. The great trouble with this region at present is that a few wealthy men have monopolized the valleys and hills and covered them with vast bands of stock, to the exclusion of the small farmer. Not only this, but they have persistently slandered the country, asserting that it had no agricultural value whatever, and was fit only for the grazing of stock in large bands, such as would require many square miles to be under the domination of each cattle owner. The facts are that there are thousands upon thousands of acres of arable land, some of it, to be sure, requiring irrigation, which are suitable for farms, where farming and stock raising may be profitably united. When these numerous valleys are wrested from the grip of the cattle kings and divided up into homesteads for actual settlers; when they are made to yield the diversified products of which they are capable; when the numerous farmers shall utilize the adjacent hills for the grazing of as many cattle, sheep, etc., as each can properly care for; when the school house shall replace the cowboy's hut, and the settler's cabin shall be seen in every nook and corner of these vacant valleys, then the county will multiply its population and wealth, and the era of its real prosperity will dawn. The tendency toward this happy state of affairs is already marked, and the tide sets in stronger every year. Land is too valuable to be devoted exclusively to pastoral pursuits for the benefit of a few fortunate men, while thousands of energetic, intelligent and worthy men are seeking homes for themselves and families. Were the vast bands of cattle grazing within the limits of the county divided among two thousand, instead of two score, owners, each with his family occupying a small, well-cultivated farm, the population and assessable value of property would be increased tenfold, and that region would enjoy a prosperity it has never known. There would then be no need to travel a hundred miles to reach a railroad; railroads would go further than that to seek the county. Then can the great mineral resources of that region be properly developed and made to yield their store to add to the general wealth. This is the ideal future of Grant County, and her citizens should bend every effort to attain it as quickly as possible. There need be no fear that the settlement of those valleys by an agricultural people will be a deathblow to the stock industry. It will simply change the system of conducting it, and will place the ownership of cattle in many hands instead of those of a few. It will, in fact, if the history of other sections may be relied upon as an indication of what may be expected, actually increase the total number of cattle, the value per head, and the value per acre of land. The States of Illinois and Iowa, divided up into multitudes of small farms, besides producing their millions of bushels of corn, grain

and countless other products, support more cattle, and of a far better quality, than an equal area of the finest cattle ranges of the West. This is because by cultivation of cereals and tame grasses, each acre, in addition to its other products, is made to yield the nourishment for stock which a dozen acres of purely grazing land will not give. The result is schools, churches, colleges, factories and a dense population enjoying all the comforts and refinements of an advanced civilization.

The soil and climate of Grant County are adapted to the raising of all the hardier grains, fruits and vegetables. Wheat, oats, barley and hay are the leading crops. The nights are too cool for corn to do well, though corn is raised in the warmer valleys. Apples, pears, plums, cherries and berries of all kinds thrive, but peaches can not be depended upon; yet good peaches are raised in certain portions of the county, where the topography favors them and gives them shelter from the extreme cold. Except in the southern portion, the country is well watered by numerous large and small streams and springs of pure water. The northern portion is well timbered, while the southern is nearly barren of trees. The leading varieties of timber are pine, fir and tamarack. A dozen saw mills are at work cutting lumber for the home market, which has to be hauled long distances in many cases before reaching the point for using. Increase in settlements will lead to an increase in the number of mills and the consequent facility for procuring cheap lumber. Nothing but a detailed description of the county by its natural subdivisions can give an adequate idea of its great agricultural possibilities. In proportion to its total area the amount of arable land is small, but when the numerous valleys are considered by themselves, and their areas added together, the result carries the total far up into the millions of acres. Put together in one body, it would make a compact arable tract equal in size to some of the best counties in the State.

The most important stream is the John Day, rising in four great streams in the Blue Mountains, and, after uniting, flowing easterly and northerly to the Columbia. Along this stream, its various forks and tributaries, are thousands of acres of the finest arable land, much of which has been occupied for years, while much more is still open to settlement. The main stream rises in the mountains to the northeast of Strawberry Peak, that bold mountain giant which forms one of our illustrations, and flows directly east till it is joined by the South Fork. Along it lies what is known as the "John Day Valley," a tract of fertile bottom land seventy miles long, and varying from one to six miles in width. The Gundlach Farm shows what can be done in this region. It consists of two sections, lying one and one-half miles west of Canyon City. The land was purchased in 1878 and first broken in 1880. Since then six miles of fence, eight of irrigation ditch, dwelling, barn, cellar, outhouses, etc., have been constructed. About half is arable, the remainder being good pasture land. The soil is prolific, and especially adapted to wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, alfalfa and fruit. Wheat averages from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels

per acre, and barley thirty to fifty. The wheat makes a superior quality of flour, is always free from rust, and can be kept clear of smut and weeds. The crop is not subject to injury by frost. The crop of 1884 was sown on the stubble without plowing, and simply cultivated in, yet the yield was twenty-five bushels per acre. There are now 100 acres of white chaff velvet wheat growing finely and promising a large yield. The general altitude of the valley is 3,600 feet. Along the South Fork, above its junction with the main stream, is a valley fifteen miles in length and from one to two in width.

There are a large number of fine valleys further north, along the Middle Fork of the John Day and its numerous tributaries. Fox Valley lies about fifteen miles north of Canyon City, and is a fertile tract about eight miles square, nearly all settled, and having many fine, productive farms. Long Creek Valley is about six by seven miles in area, and is nearly all settled upon. Along the Middle Fork are several small valleys from three to five miles square, and separated from each other by narrow canyons. They are all settled. There is in this region a section about forty miles square, which is the warmest in the county. Haystack and Corncob valleys, as well as numerous smaller ones, are situated in this warm tract, where many excellent locations may yet be found upon Government land. Melons, strawberries and fruits grow here in abundance and to perfection.

Murderer's Creek Valley is twelve by five miles in extent, and is the largest along any tributary to the South Fork. It is occupied exclusively by stockmen. Southwest of this, lying along the headwaters of Crooked River, a stream which flows through the adjoining county of Crook, lies Beaver Creek Valley, thirty miles in length and from three to fifteen wide. Tributary to it are Rabbit and Paulina valleys, four miles each in diameter and nearly round. South are the beautiful valley of Twelve-Mile Creek, three miles wide and twenty miles in length, and a valley on the South Fork of Crooked River, eight by twenty miles. This region is occupied by cattle men.

Silvie's Creek rises between the headwaters of Murderer's and Canyon creeks, and flows south into Harney Valley. Near its source is Bear Valley, twenty miles south of Canyon City, twenty-five miles long and from seven to ten wide. The altitude is high, and for this reason the valley is said to be fit only for a stock region. It is well watered and has abundance of the finest grass, rendering it specially adapted to dairying. School and Government land can be found there in abundance by those who desire to purchase or homestead it. At present it is utilized by the stockmen. Four miles below the lower end of Bear Valley, Silvie's Valley begins, and runs south for twenty miles, with an average width of seven miles. It is all Government and school land, and open to occupation by settlers, though at present dominated by a large stock firm. Emigrant Creek Valley, lying on a tributary of Silvie's Creek, is fifteen miles long and from five to six wide, also occupied by stockmen. Another large stream flowing into Harney Valley is Silver Creek, west of Silvie's Creek. The valley along this stream is

twenty-five miles long and ten wide, and is occupied exclusively by a large stock firm. The same firm dominates Warm Spring Valley, a tract eight by eighteen miles, lying just below Silver Valley.

Going south from Silver Valley, the road follows up a grade through timber. At the summit the timber breaks away, and a vast expanse of level land stretches out before the vision like an ocean. This is the great Harney Valley, into which the road passes by a gradual descent of five miles. The valley has an altitude of 3,500 feet. Some idea of its size may be obtained from the statement that it contains Harney Lake, a body of water forty miles long and from two to fourteen wide, and that this lake is not visible when the valley is first entered. Harney Valley is composed of a succession of large valleys, through which the lake runs, and a number of lateral and tributary valleys, each possessing a distinct appellation. Lake Harney has no visible outlet, and varies from eight to fifty feet in depth. The eastern end was formerly known as "Malheur Lake," being connected with Harney Lake proper simply by a stretch of marsh, but now the name "Harney" is used to designate the whole body of water. The main valley is twenty-four by thirty-five miles in extent. Sage Hen Valley, at the point where the road first enters it, is eighteen miles long by four wide. Warm Spring Valley is connected with Harney on the west. On the south is Happy Valley, a beautiful tract twelve by three miles in extent, in which grain farming has been successfully carried on for years, and in which there is still some vacant Government land. Also connected with Harney on the south are Diamond Valley, twenty by five miles, and Dunder and Blitzen Valley, forty-five by eight miles, all fenced in by a large stock firm, and held simply by right of occupation. All the land in the upper portion of Harney Valley belongs to the Government, except the school sections and a strip six miles wide granted to the Cascade Mountains Military Road. Much land has been taken up under the State Swamp Land Act, all land of that character having been granted to the State by Congress. That this act has been much abused there is no question, and there are probably thousands of acres taken possession of as "swamp and overflowed land" which can not properly be classed as such. This is as true in many other places in Southeastern Oregon as in this region. A number of settlers have recently gone into Harney Valley, disregarding the assertion of cattle men that it is unfit for agriculture, and it is to be hoped that their success will induce homesteaders to seek locations in all these valleys.

In the region to the south and southwest of Lake Harney there are numerous valleys, some of them of considerable size and others smaller and without names. Apparently these contain good arable soil, and afford fine locations for settlers. At present, like the region just under consideration, they are utilized solely by stockmen. Catlow Valley is four by twelve miles. Warner Lake Valley lies in the extreme southwestern corner of the county, and is fifty miles long by eight wide. Through its centre, from north to south, extends Warner Lake, a

body of water forty miles long, and varying in width from one-half to four miles.

Along the eastern edge of the county are numerous tributaries of the Middle Fork of the Malheur, along which is much desirable bottom land, all occupied by cattle men. Juniper Valley is four by six miles in extent. On White Horse Creek is White Horse Ranch, the headquarters of Todhunter & Devine, the largest cattle owners in the county. It is the home of Mr. Todhunter, and shows what this country is capable of agriculturally. The ranch is a model in every respect, producing grain, vegetables, fruits and flowers in abundance. Fowls and domestic animals of the best strains may here be found. The ranch, which occupies the whole valley, is eighteen miles long by six wide. "P" Ranch, headquarters of French & Glenn, is another illustration of the productiveness of this region. Crane Creek Valley, tributary to the Malheur, is twenty miles long and two wide, and is occupied by a stock firm. The same is true of Otis Valley, a tract four by fifteen miles in extent. On the Middle Fork of the Malheur there is, within the limits of Grant County, a tract of valley land eighteen miles long and six wide; also several arms stretching out from the main valley from three to six miles. Below this the river passes into Baker County, and flows across it to a junction with the Snake.

One cannot peruse the foregoing review of the location, size and condition of the numerous valleys of the county without being forcibly impressed with the fact that the stockmen have appropriated the lion's share. This they have been permitted to do because the public has been led to believe they were fit for nothing else. These men have steadily and persistently asserted that the lands of these valleys could not be successfully cultivated, and this in the very face of the fact that whenever they have found it necessary to cultivate them for their own use—as in the case of the "P" and White Horse ranches—they have met with the highest success. They have thus far been successful in keeping settlers out and appropriating the whole country to their own use, even completely fencing in many of the valleys, and grazing their vast bands of cattle free of expense on the public domain. In this every taxpayer in the county has been wronged. Were these valleys settled as they should be, and as they soon will be, the assessable valuation of county property, now \$3,300,000, would soon reach five times that amount. The cattle men are nearly all non-residents; the cattle are sold out of the county and the money used elsewhere; all the benefit the county derives is the presence of the few men needed to care for the stock and the taxes upon the cattle, greatly undervalued both in quantity and price. Todhunter & Devine have 40,000 cattle; French & Glenn, 30,000; Thomas Overfelt, 30,000; Riley & Herdin, 25,000; C. G. Alexander, 15,000; Sweetzer Bros., 25,000; George W. Mapes, 10,000; Wm. Hydespath, 6,000. Without counting the many smaller bands, this gives a total of 181,000, and yet the total number assessed for the year 1883-4 was but 74,611, valued at \$20 each, at a time when cattle were selling on

the ranges, big and little, old and young, for \$30, and good beef cattle were worth \$50. There are, also, from 15,000 to 20,000 horses, and from 125,000 to 150,000 sheep. Settlers would keep fully as many cattle, besides adding to the assessment roll the value of their farms and improvements. Some of the best wheat lands in the Walla Walla region were for years held for free occupation by stockmen by this same plan of decrying their value for agricultural purposes. The truth was finally discovered, and now farms, towns, school houses, churches and millions of dollars worth of property may be seen where were formerly but a few bands of cattle. Good locations for homesteads are becoming harder to find every year, while the number of people seeking them suffers no diminution. In the nature of things these valleys cannot much longer be sequestered. It has been the history of every region that the home-seeker has searched patiently till every desirable spot was found, and so it will be here. The citizens of Grant County are desirous that these valleys shall be filled with an enterprising and industrious population, and they extend to all such who are seeking homes a cordial invitation to come here with their families and settle.

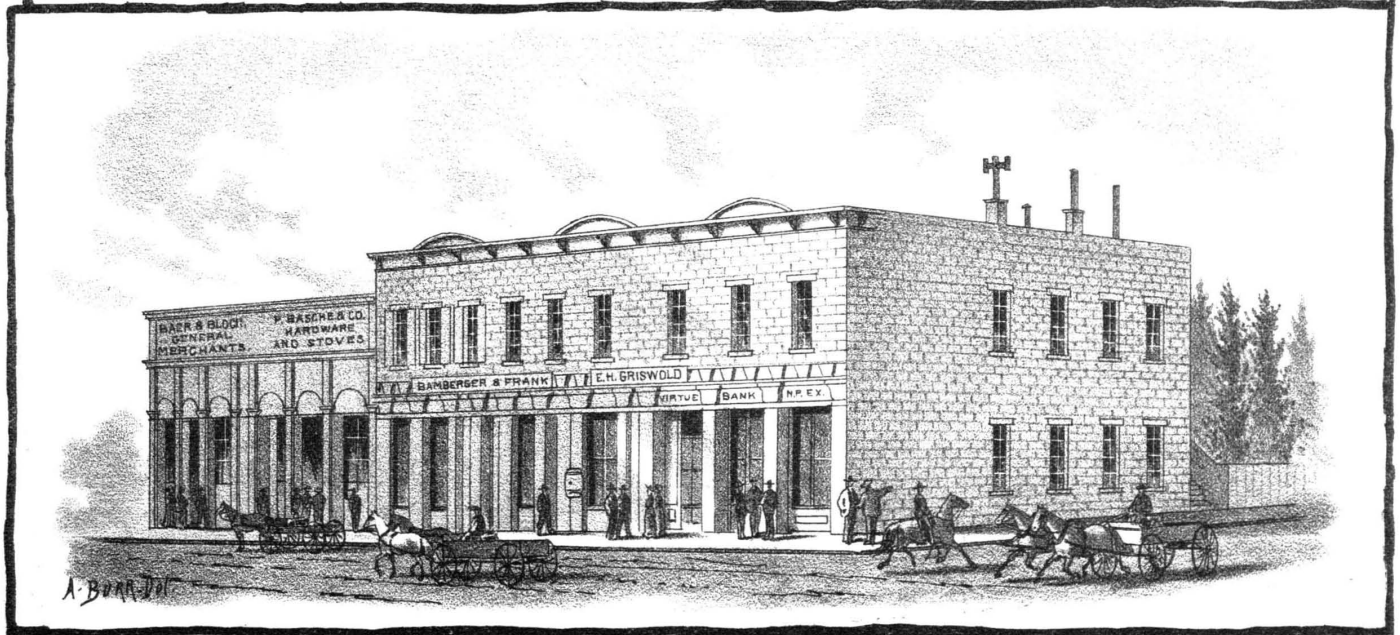
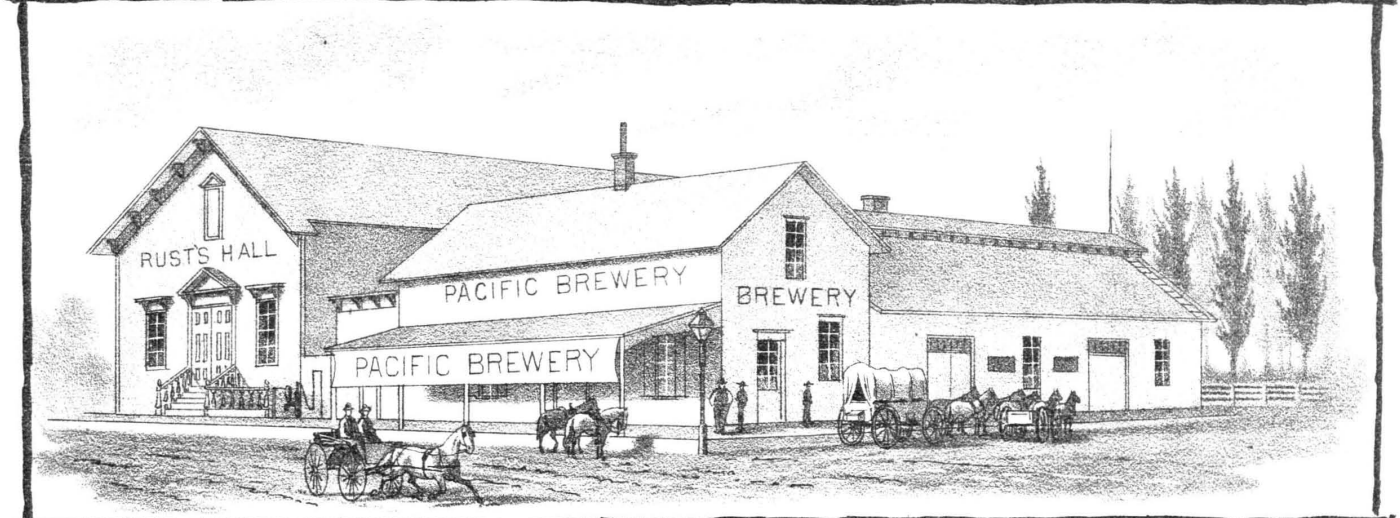
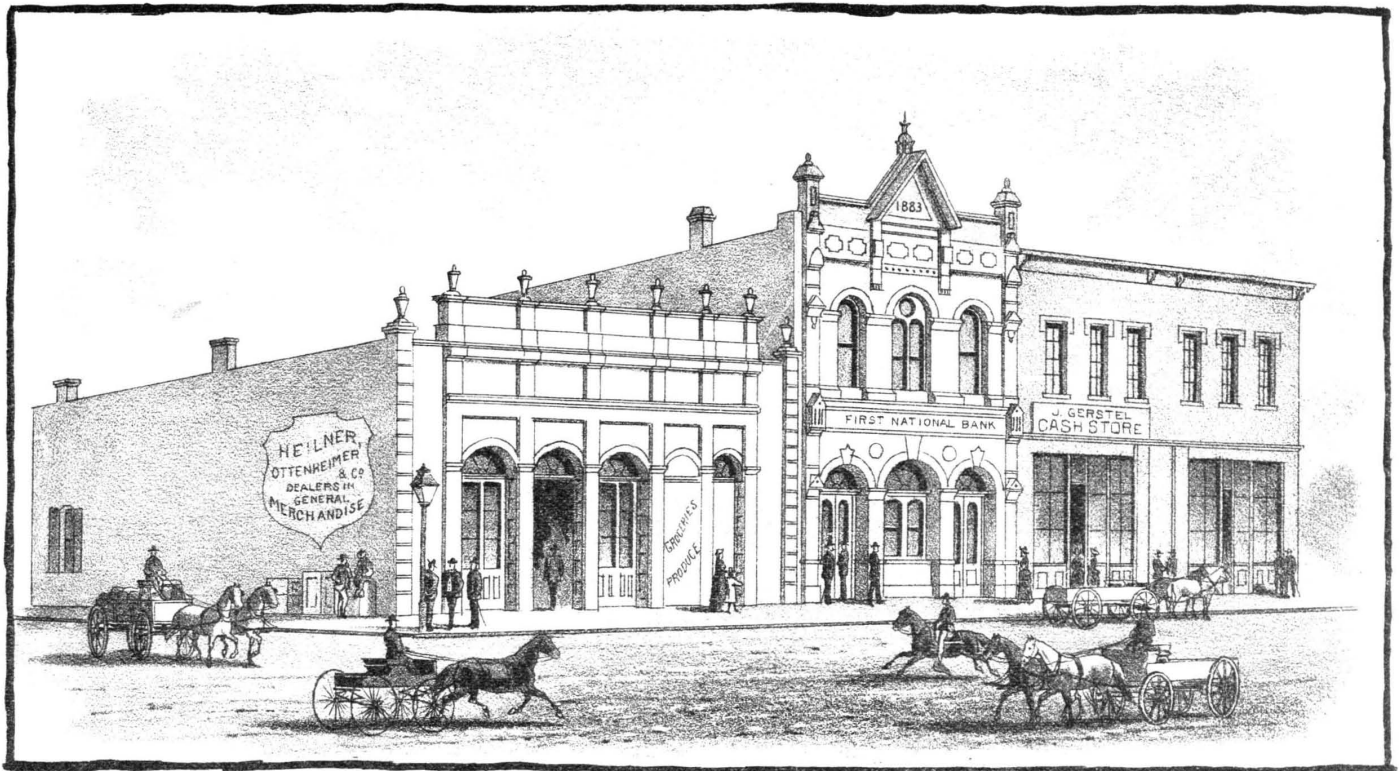
There are five towns in Grant County—Canyon City, Prairie City, John Day, Burns and Drewsy. Canyon City is situated on Canyon Creek, near its junction with the main stream of John Day River, and has a population of about four hundred. It is the chief commercial point in the county, and is connected by stage lines with The Dalles and Baker City. The latter point is ninety-six miles distant, and is the railroad station for this region, mail being received daily by that route. Formerly The Dalles, 200 miles to the northwest, was the nearest railroad point. The town was originally a mining camp, and the mining interests of that section still lend it considerable support; but the development of the agricultural resources of the John Day Valley, and the growth of extensive stock and sheep interests throughout the county, have given it other permanent elements of prosperity. Its business interests consist of four large general merchandise stores, two drug stores, two variety stores, two jewellers, brewery, livery stable, two blacksmith shops and two hotels. There are three churches—Catholic, Methodist and Episcopal—and a good public school. The *Grant County News* is a most excellent local paper, published weekly by Messrs. Donnelly & Asbury. It is well edited, neatly printed, and reflects the enterprise and intelligence of the community. In the new era of settlement of its vacant lands now dawning upon the county, Canyon City will draw to itself much added population, wealth and volume of trade.

Prairie City lies on the north side of John Day River, fifteen miles northeast of Canyon City, in the midst of the fertile lands of John Day Valley. It has a population of about 250, and contains a flouring mill, planing mill, five general stores, several other stores and shops, a livery stable and a hotel. Prairie City is an enterprising town, and its volume of trade is much larger than its population indicates, extending into the surrounding

country for many miles. It has daily stage connection with Baker City and with The Dalles, *via* Canyon City. It possesses a good public school and an Episcopal church. John Day is a village of 200 people, situated on the river of that name, two miles north of Canyon City. It contains two general stores, a hotel, livery stable, flouring mill, two churches and a public school. Mail is received daily by way of Baker City. Burns (formerly Egan) is a small village on Silvie's Creek, in the northern edge of Harney Valley. It is eighty miles south of Canyon City, with which it is connected by stage. A stage route also runs to Prineville, in Crook County. The population of Burns and vicinity is about one hundred. There are two general stores, drug store, hotel, livery stable, two blacksmith shops, two markets and a jeweller's shop. Camp Harney is another post office in the valley, formerly an important military station, at the time a portion of this region was an Indian reservation, but abandoned by the War Department when the reserve was added to the public domain. In Malheur Valley is the new village of Drewsy, having a population of about fifty. It contains one store, hotel, livery stable, market and blacksmith shop. Twelve miles west of Canyon City is Mount Vernon, the place where the county agricultural fairs are held. A post office and store are located at that point. There are other post offices located at various points for the convenience of settlers and stockmen, but none of them possess commercial importance.

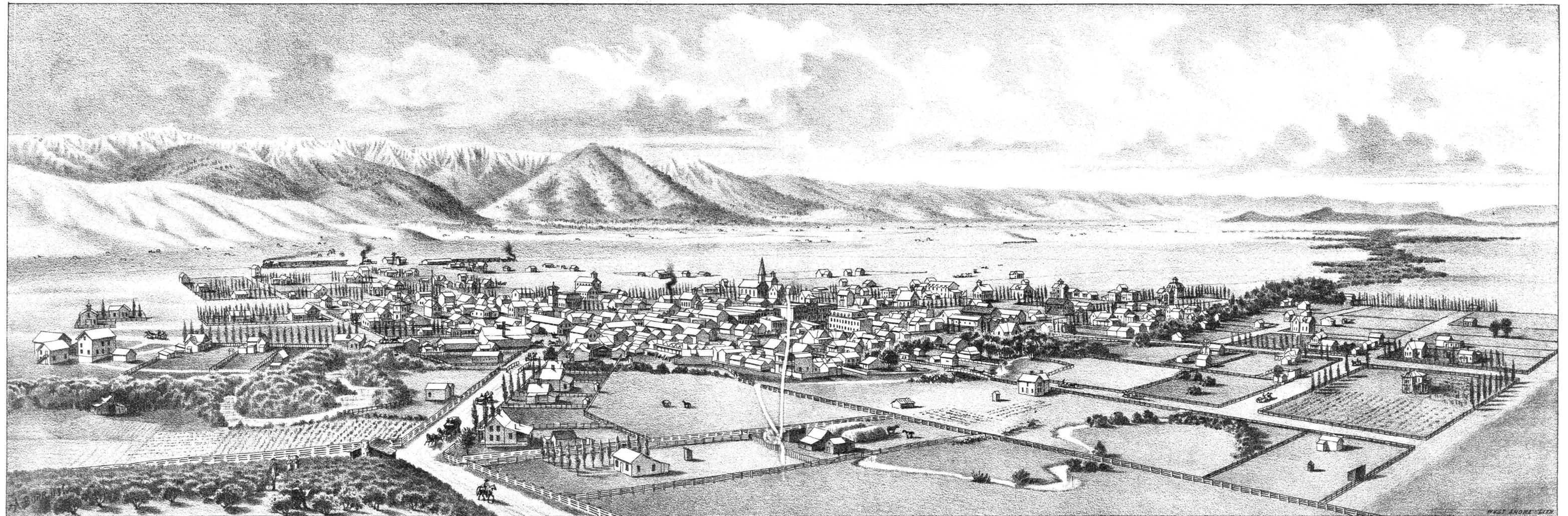
Grant County is rich in minerals. It was the discovery of gold on the John Day that first led to its occupation. On the 9th of June, 1862, a party of 150 men, on their way from California to the Idaho mines, camped on the bank of the John Day to spend the night. One of them, Mr. J. L. Cummings, who is still a citizen of the county, and resides twenty-three miles from Canyon City, suggested the idea of prospecting for "color" on the stream. The result was satisfactory, and in a few weeks 6,000 miners were at work on the stream and on Canyon Creek. J. J. Cozard, who now lives in Strawberry Valley, brought in a pack train from The Dalles in July, and opened the first store at Canyon City. For years placer mining was the sole industry, and millions of dollars worth of gold dust were taken out. Gradually the best ground became worked out, such as could be easily reached. There are, however, many good claims being worked, and the large gravel channels are yielding good returns for the investment of capital necessary to open them. The Humboldt Hydraulic Mining Association owns a claim of 140 acres, which is worked by two No. 2 hydraulic giants, with a pressure of 186 feet. They have a ditch six and three-fourths miles long, with three-fourths of a mile of flume, carrying from 800 to 900 inches of water. This is but one of a number of successful mining enterprises. Numerous valuable quartz ledges have been discovered and located, but none have been developed to a great extent. Roy & Sloan will erect a ten-ton mill on Elk Creek during the present year, upon a ledge which prospects \$100 to the ton of free milling ore. The enormous expense of bringing heavy machinery into this

THE WEST SHORE

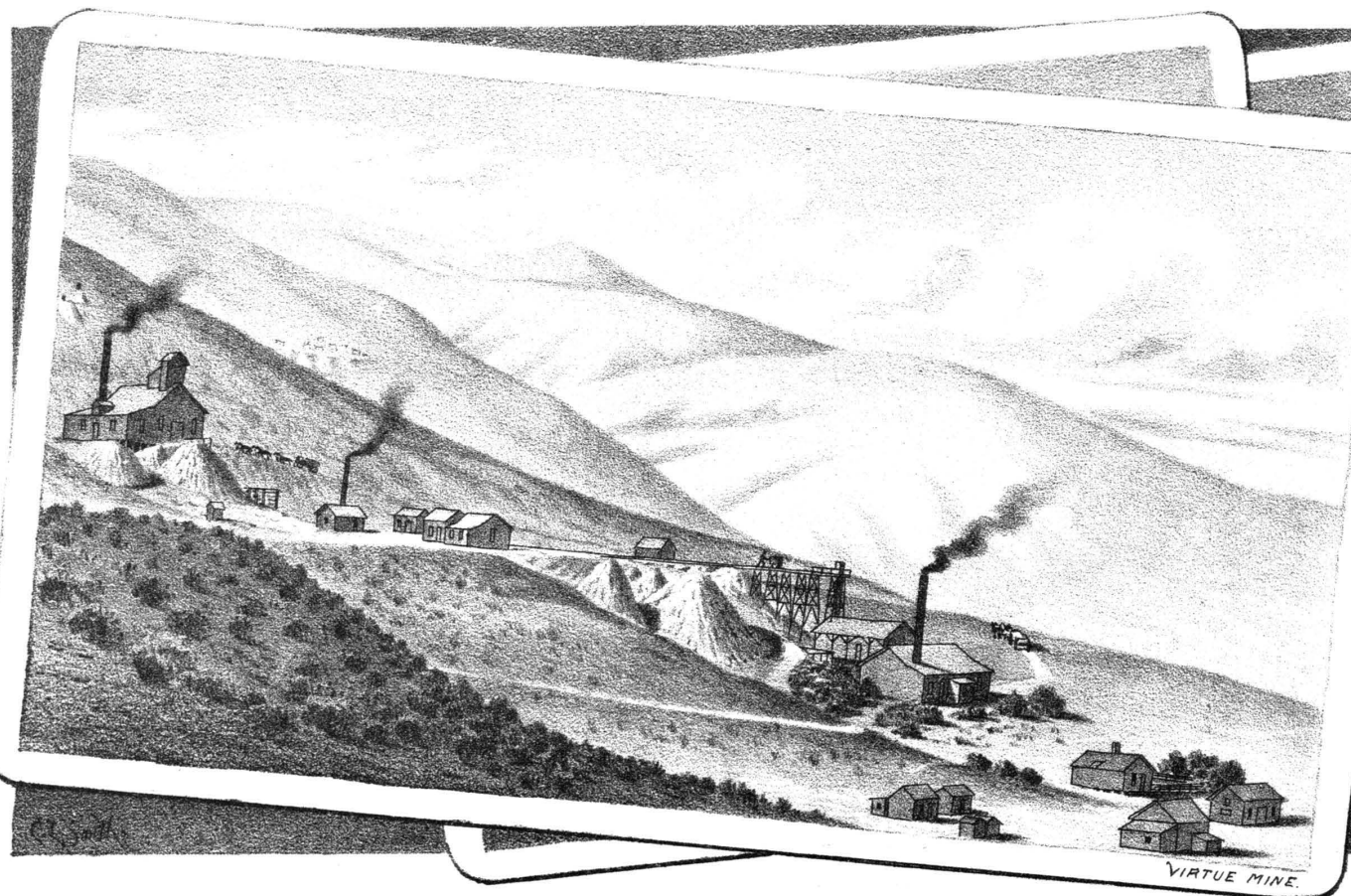


BUSINESS BLOCKS, BAKER CITY, OR.

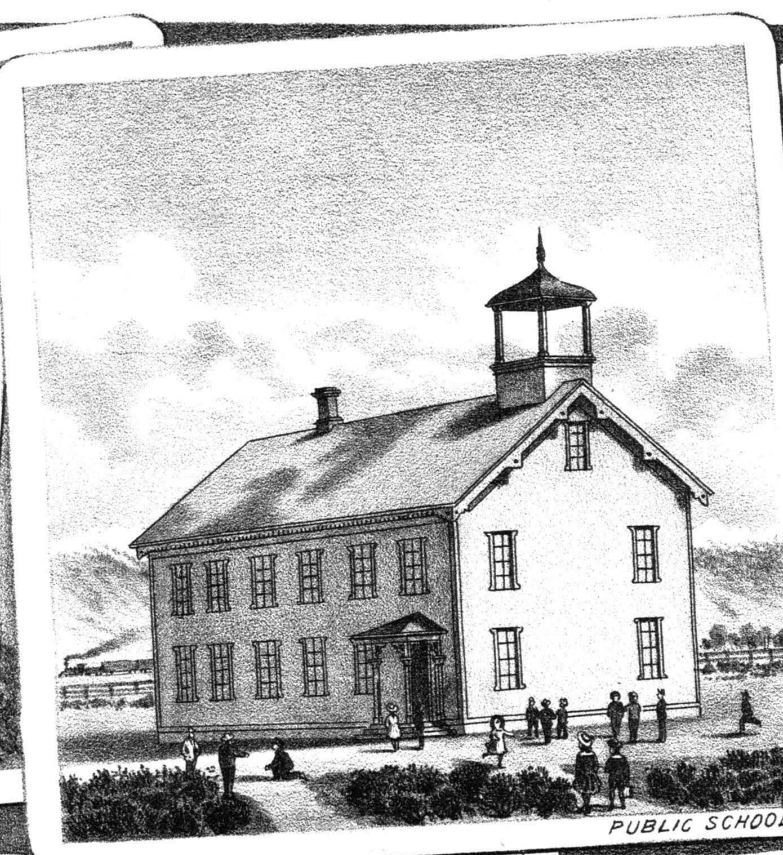
THE WEST SHORE.



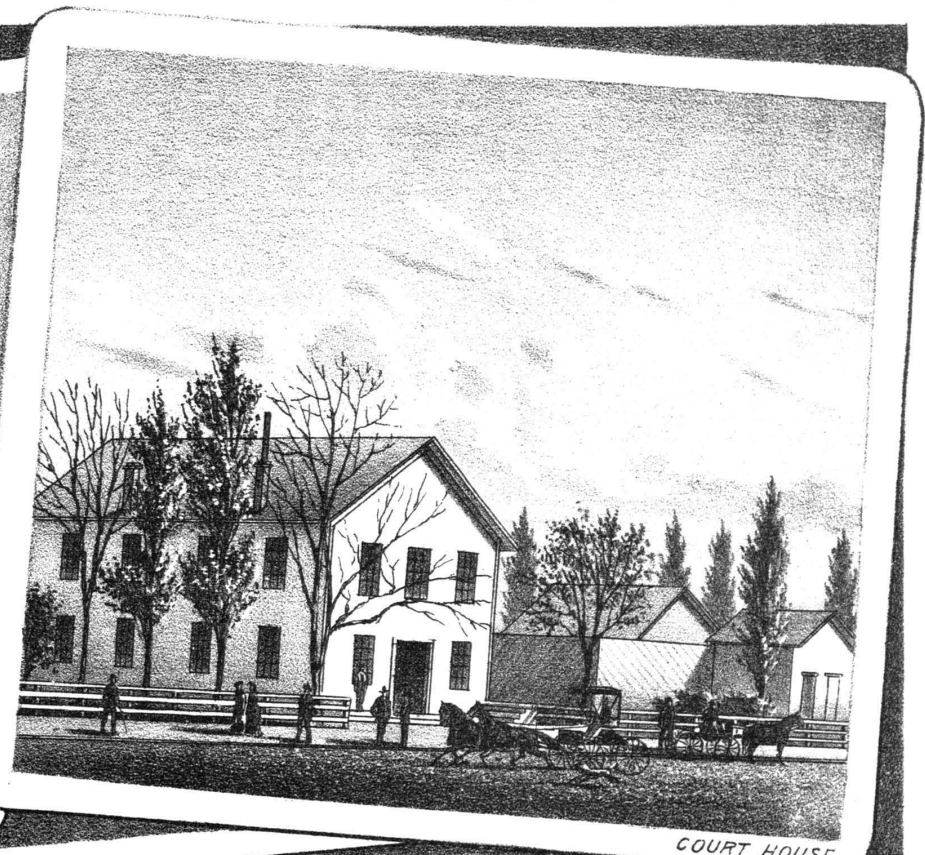
POWDER RIVER VALLEY, FROM BAKER CITY, OR.



VIRTUE MINE.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.



COURT HOUSE.

BAKER CITY, OREGON.

THE WEST SHORE.

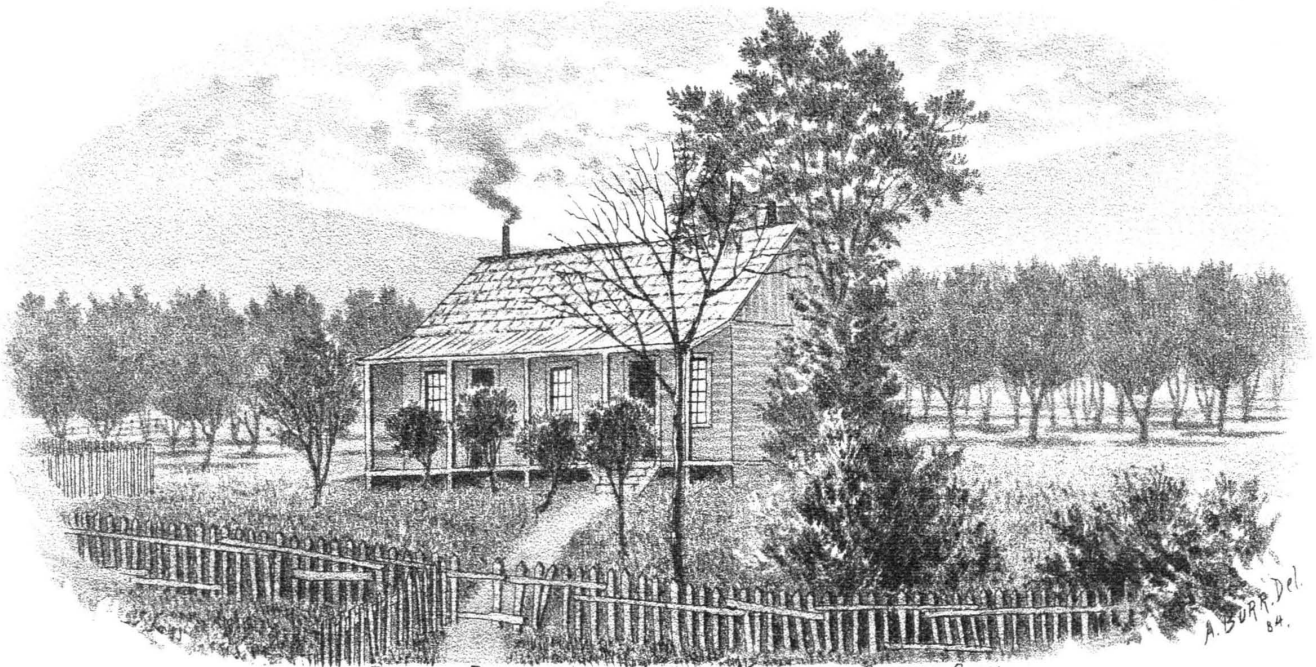


HON. F. C. SELLS, CANYON CITY.



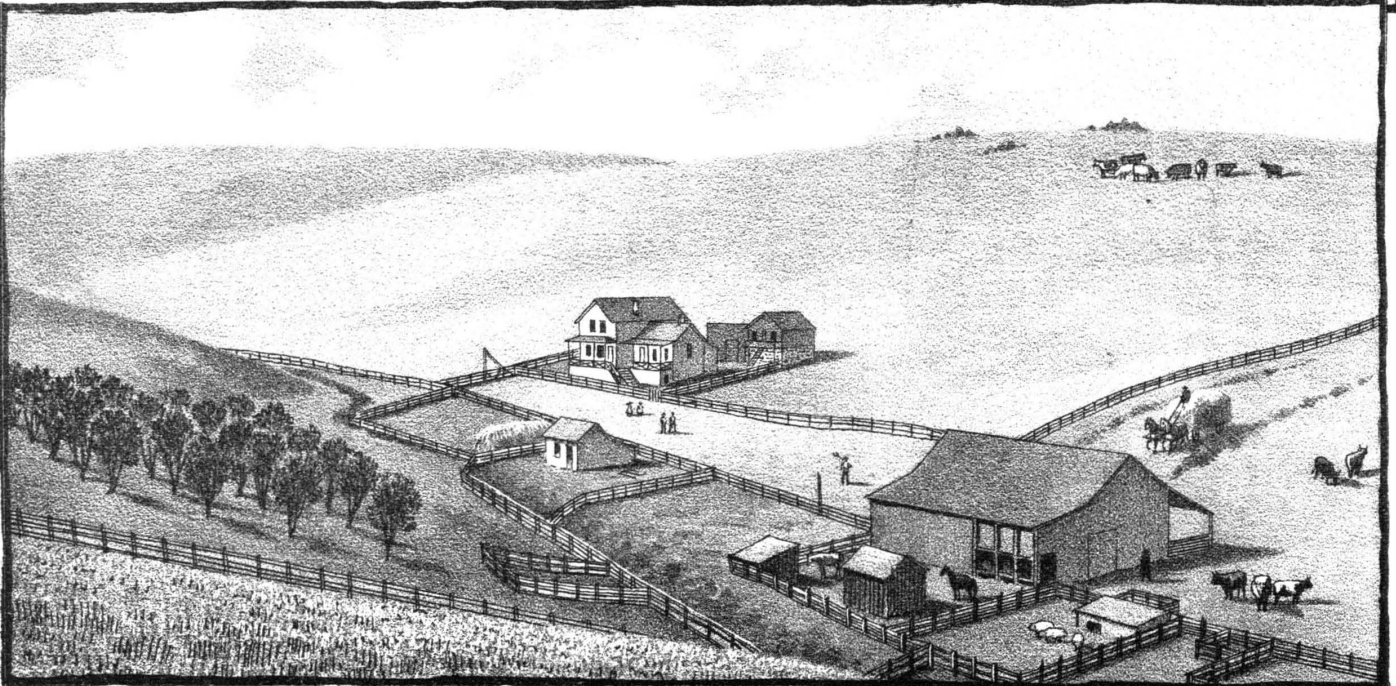
HON. PHIL. METCHAN, CANYON CITY.

SEE PAGE 60.



FORMER RESIDENCE OF JOAQUIN MILLER AT CANYON CITY.

A. BURR Del.
84.



GUNDLACH FARM. 1 1/2 MILES WEST OF CANYON CITY.

WEST SHORE - LITH.

region has caused practical quartz miners and capitalists to neglect it and develop more accessible districts. This drawback has been partially removed by the recent great reduction of the distance to a railroad point, and the chances for a thorough development of the ledges of Grant County wear a brighter aspect. So anxious are the people to have the era of quartz mining fully inaugurated, there is no doubt that a good practical milling man can obtain a half interest in any of a number of promising ledges in exchange for his experience and aid in developing them. Here is a rare field for practical miners with a little capital.

There are numerous other minerals found in the county. Copper exists on Dixie Creek and galena on Elk Creek. Coal has been discovered in several places, but not yet in quantity. Limestone and marble are found on Dog Creek, four miles from Canyon City, of excellent quality and in great quantity. On Indian Creek, fifteen miles from the county seat, is a spring which overflows its sides and deposits limestone, which burns a most excellent quality of lime. There are acres of this deposit. Iron ore has been discovered in several places, but has never been practically tested.

There exist in the county many of those curiosities of Nature so frequently seen throughout the whole Nevada Basin. Here are to be found those sage plains famous for their fossil deposits, from which bones of animals now unknown have been taken. Silver Lake, eight by five miles in area, is a body of salt water. In the lower end of Bear Valley is a soda spring, and there are several mineral springs in that vicinity and on the South Fork of John Day River. There is a remarkable warm spring twenty-five miles east of Canyon City, whose water, with the addition of a little pepper and salt for seasoning, resembles chicken broth both in appearance and flavor. A mud spring at the head of the South Fork of the Malheur; a hot spring on Beach Creek, near Mount Vernon; several warm springs in Harney Valley and on the Middle Fork of the John Day, are among some of the other peculiar features. Twenty-five miles east of Burns, in Harney Valley, is a hot lake covering an acre of ground, the water of which is too hot to be entered by animals, but which is utilized for a sheep dip by conveying the water to a distance through a ditch.

The forests, valleys and sage-covered hills and plains of this region abound in game worthy the most enthusiastic sportsman, such as elk, deer, antelope, cinnamon bear, black bear, grizzly bear (scarce), mountain sheep, California lion, coyote, fox, wolverine, beaver, otter, fisher, marten, mink, sable, wild cat and coon. Of fowls there are the prairie chicken, sage hen, grouse, pheasant, quail and myriads of ducks, swans, geese, crane, snipe, curlew and other water fowl. Salmon come up the John Day and its tributaries in countless numbers, and the creeks abound with the matchless mountain trout.

Grant County as a place of residence would meet the ideal of a large proportion of immigrants seeking homes. Free from excessive rains, its winters and summers both contrasting favorably with those to which they have been

accustomed, the soil fertile, the landscapes beautiful always and often grand in the extreme, it would seem as though the aspirations of most of them might here be realized. Many of the foremost men of Oregon, some of them with a national reputation, have lived within its limits, and still look upon it as one of the most pleasant localities in which their lot was ever cast. Among them are some of Portland's most eminent attorneys. Joaquin Miller, the well-known "Poet of the Sierras," at one time occupied the position of County Judge, and the little cabin in which he lived is still pointed out to strangers by his old neighbors. This cabin, as it now appears, forms one of our illustrations on another page. The orchard which surrounds this cabin is a sample of what may be done in Grant County soil. The trees were planted by Mr. Miller and have received careful attention. Some of them are now three feet in circumference. Apples, pears, plums, etc., produced by this orchard are equal to the best in Oregon. There is a bright future before Grant County, and it augurs well for its early realization that the business men are awake to the needs of the hour.

PILGRIM CATTLE IN MONTANA.

A CORRESPONDENT from Montana writes to an Eastern paper that the folly of bringing "pilgrim cattle" (those raised in a warmer climate or accustomed to being fed in winter) into the Territory in July, and expecting them to "rustle" on the ranges for food during the succeeding winter, will be amply shown before the departure of snow in the spring. From his statement it appears that such cattle are wintering badly. It is estimated that 215,000 "pilgrims" were brought into Montana last season. Of these 125,000 were driven in from the south, and are especially known as "Texans," though many of them came from Colorado and Nebraska. Most of these reached the ranges before July, were not worn down by quick or hard journeys, and although a large percentage will die, the number is not likely to exceed 15,000. The principal sufferers are Minnesota and Iowa cattle. Of these the Northern Pacific brought into Montana last season 92,000, in round numbers. Of this number about 62,000 come in before July, and are getting along as well as could be expected. The other 30,000, all authorities agree, and from numbers of reliable sources has information been obtained, are in a pitiable condition. Fully 50 per cent. of them have not the slightest chance for life, and of the 50 per cent. probably 30 per cent. are already dead. Some authorities place the percentage of certain loss at 75 per cent., but with the smaller figure the damage is heavy enough, in all conscience. These "pilgrims" have generally been brought in by new men seeking ranges in Montana, in spite of the assertion made by the old stockmen that the ranges were already too crowded. They predicted disaster, and, of course, there is a tendency to exaggeration in such statements as the above. These things should be taken into consideration by one who is simply seeking true information instead of endeavoring to "make a point."

"THE LITTLE HATCHET."

MY dear father, one of the best men that ever breathed, but also one of the dullest and least successful in life, when he lay on his deathbed called me to his side, and pressing my hand said: "Bob, I have nothing to leave you but my example and advice. Be honest, be upright, strive to do good in your generation, and the reward of an approving conscience will be yours. Remember Tommy."

When he had said this, thinking he had said a good thing, he shut his mouth with a snap, and said nothing more in this world.

When I say that he thought he had spoken a "good thing," I do not mean a witty thing. Of that my dear father was incapable; and I do him nothing but justice when I say that he had a very humble opinion of his own powers. He did what he thought was right, and he said what he believed was true; but his most brilliant coruscations of wit were second-hand fireworks from Joe Miller, and his moral sentiments were taken from copy-book slips. I say nothing but the truth when I add that he ruled his life by these copy-book slips. He was everything that the most advanced copy-book would have a man be—except that he was unsuccessful in life.

After his funeral, when I returned to the house, I went to the study, a *lucus a non lucendo*—there was no studying done there except the perusal of novels—and took down an old illustrated "Reader for Children," and opened it at the "History of Tommy." Then I pulled up the blind, and re-read the well-remembered tale, with full resolution to impress its lessons deep into my heart. This is what I read:

Tommy was a good boy. But Harry was a bad boy. Tommy and Harry were one day playing with a round ball. Then the ball went through a window of a good man's house, and Tommy and Harry were afraid. Harry ran away. But Tommy stood still. Then the good man came out of his house, and said, "Who broke my glass?" Then Tommy said, "Sir, I did, with my ball." And the good man said, "You are a good boy to tell the truth. Here is a dollar, to show you that virtue is its own reward." But when Harry's father saw this, he took Harry over his knee and smacked him, and he said, "You have not got a dollar, but you have got a whipping. Learn that vice brings to ruin."

One day Tommy saw that bad boy Harry with a little dog. He had put a string round the neck of the dog, and tied a heavy stone to the dog by the string. He was going to drown that poor little dog. Then Tommy said, "Take my dollar and spare the dog." So Harry gave up the dog, and took the dollar, and he said to Tommy, "You are an ass!" But Tommy was above minding such vulgar words.

That night bad men, called robbers, came to Tommy's house to break in and steal his dollar. But the little dog barked, and that woke Tommy's father, and he lit a candle, and drew on his trowsers, and the robbers were so frightened that they went away. Then they went to Harry's house, to steal his dollar. And there was no dog there, so the bad men got in, and they killed Harry, and his father, and his mother, and his grandfather and grandmother, and his brother and sister, and his uncle and aunt, and cousins, and his nephew and niece, before they could light a candle and frighten the robbers away. They also took the dollar. Were they not wicked men? So you see, my dear children, that if you are truthful, and kind, and good, virtue will bring its own reward.

I am not ashamed to say that the tears rose to my eyes, and I felt my heart soften, and my conscience braced, when I read this moving and moral tale. I rose from my seat, and, with streaming cheeks, I extended my arms and said, "Tommy! be thou my guide through the paths of virtue to prosperity."

My dear father overstated the truth, of course unconsciously, when he assured me that he left me nothing. I found that he left me less than nothing. He died in embarrassed circumstances; and if he had not died when he did, I really cannot see how he could have lived. I found that he was greatly in debt, and the bills came in after the funeral. I behaved with honor, in the spirit of "Tommy." I had a little money of my own, that came

to me from my mother, which my father could not touch. With this I discharged all my father's liabilities. To do this I had to sacrifice not only my own little property, but to sell every stick of furniture the house contained, and the books, down to "Tommy." But that mattered little. I had "Tommy" graven on my heart; and the principles which actuated Tommy filled my bosom, and were certain to carry me into prosperity. The creditors confirmed me in this opinion. They shook me by the hand and said: "Nothing could be more honorable than the way you have behaved in this business, and there is a bright future in store for you, Mr. Robert Flopjohn. Virtue is its own reward."

I was now left without anything except my principles and my education. My dear father, acting on copy-book advice, had insisted that education was the best gift that could be given a child, and he had taken care that I should be well instructed in Greek, Latin, mathematics and French, to which I added some free-hand and perspective drawing. My father believed that a sound grammar-school education was the best equipment for a start in life. I did not, however, find it so. I found the market drugged with education. If he had apprenticed me to a trade, I could at once have found work as carpenter, mason or plumber; but as I was cultured, I had to look out for a tutorship, and found that there were five hundred applicants for each vacancy. A carpenter can make his three dollars a day by merely working his arms up and down, but I could not earn three cents with all my education.

At length, however, through the recommendations of the lawyer who had wound up my father's affairs, I did get a situation in the house of a country gentleman. My manners were gentlemanly, my appearance agreeable, and my principles, as you know, those of Tommy. I was received with kindness, and soon placed myself on an easy footing in the house. The only son was a delicate boy, and his father regarded him with the tenderest solicitude, as the heir to his name and fortune. There was a daughter, older, a very sweet, beautiful girl, with golden hair and eyes of the sunniest blue. I gave her lessons in French and drawing. Then she took a fancy to learn Greek, and got well on to the paradigms. As for the poor boy, his hours of work were few. He was allowed to do pretty much what he liked, and to be out of doors as much as the weather permitted, riding or walking. I accompanied him, and not unfrequently his sister joined our party. The country was very beautiful, and there were numerous objects of interest in the neighborhood. Maud took advantage of these excursions to get on with her drawing, with which she made such progress that she began to venture on water-colors.

The natural result followed. I fell desperately in love with beautiful Maud, and she reciprocated my attachment. I was far too honorable to give utterance to my sentiments. What was I—what my position, that I should aspire to the hand of the daughter of a wealthy man? I was worth nothing pecuniarily; she had a nice property of her mother's. I had no position in the

world, and she belonged to one of the first families in the county. I was not blind to the affection I had inspired; the father had no suspicions. He would have thought it impossible for his daughter to stoop so low. I was conscious of a struggle in my heart, but thought over my father's dying words, and the example of Tommy, and conquered. Neither by word nor sign did I show Maud how dear she was to me. I had to exercise the utmost control over myself, and the effort cost me much pain. I hesitated about resigning my position, when my pupil fell ill.

His sickness became serious—dangerous. Then I volunteered to sit with him and nurse him night and day. I knew what was necessary. He must be fed with beef tea every twenty minutes. Everything depended on this, and the nurses could not be relied on. For three weeks I was with the poor child. Had he been my own I could not have done more for him. I saved his life. The doctor said so. No sooner was he out of danger than I broke down. I had overstrained myself, and was attacked with nervous fever. They thought it advisable to move me to a neighboring cottage. My illness, following so closely on that of my pupil, was more than the servants could stand. They rebelled; and the housekeeper suggested the change to my employer, who gave his consent, with the proviso that I should be supplied from the house with everything wanted. So I was taken to the cottage; there to be nursed; and the best port wine, beef tea and grapes were sent from the house for my consumption. The farmer drank the port; his wife, who was nursing, found the beef tea nutritious; and her children greatly enjoyed the grapes. The stalks of the latter were, however, always put on a white plate at my bedside, together with the few skins and pips that could be rescued.

I think that at last some suspicion that I was not well treated entered Maud's mind; for she brought me grapes herself, and insisted on my taking the wine and extract of meat from her own hand. As I got better, she visited me more frequently, kept a posy of flowers always fresh near my seat in the latticed window, read to me, talked to me, and brightened my convalescence with her sunny presence.

One day, as she rose to leave, and extended her hand to me, her eyes met mine, and then, unable to control her emotions, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, dear Miss Maud?" I asked. My heart sank. I dreaded what would follow, and yet I felt a secret, a wicked, joy at the explanation.

"I am so sorry for you; and it seems so ungrateful in us, after your noble self-devotion to my darling brother. I know that he owes his life to you, and am ready to sink into the ground for shame when I think how little care we have taken of you in return. Papa does not see it; but I can think of nothing else. He says that the farmer's wife is a worthy person, and attends to you very kindly; but then—she has seven children to look after also, and she cannot devote her undivided attention to you. Oh, Mr. Flopjohn! it ought not to be; and you—so good—so generous—so honorable—I feel—I feel—that

my whole life would be too little repayment for all you have done for us!"

I was overcome also. For a moment I forgot Tommy, everything, and clasped beautiful Maud to my heart.

"Noble, generous, heroic soul!" I said.

"Robert," she whispered, "you have loved me. I knew it, though you did everything to conceal your passion. I also have loved you, as I revere your principles. I can do no better than intrust my future to one so upright."

"But your father?" I stammered.

"My father will not consent," she said. "But I have forty thousand dollars of my own, which, at four and a half per cent., amounts to eighteen hundred dollars per annum. Surely we can live and love and be happy on that! We will run away together and get married, and then return and throw ourselves on papa's generosity. He is proud, but kind and forgiving. He would not give consent, but he will accept the *fait accompli*."

I held her hands and looked into her eyes. I could not speak. She said: "I will return to-morrow, and we will make our plans together." We kissed, and she departed.

I could not sleep that night. Here was the sweetest, most charming girl in the world—a girl with \$40,000, with high family connections and the bluest of blue blood in her veins—ready to throw herself into my arms. I tossed on my bed. Toward morning I became calmer. I thought of Tommy. Then I rose from my bed, dressed, put my poor traps together into a bundle, and at early daybreak, before any one was stirring, left the house. I fled the temptation to do what I knew Tommy would have scorned to do. As in the cold morning air I walked away, I thought how Harry would have acted if placed in my position. He would not have nursed the sick boy, called thereto by no obligation. Then the boy would have died, and Maud have been the heiress of a great fortune. Harry would not have run away alone, but run away with the heiress, and reconciled himself with the father-in-law, and succeeded to the estate. I sighed, and felt in my pocket, and found only six dollars and twenty-five cents there. I had left without drawing my quarter's salary. But if light in purse, I was also light in conscience. I was treading the paths of virtue under the guidance of Tommy.

The next place where I found a situation was in the family of a well-to-do farmer, who had amassed sufficient money to think of bringing up his boys to be gentlemen. I had considerable trouble with these urchins. They were wayward, undisciplined and overflowing with animal spirits. Indeed, I doubt much whether they had in them any other spirit than animal spirit. At least, I never lit on the symptoms. They were very full of blood; their lips and cheeks swollen, and looking ready to burst. They hated books and loved and smelt of dogs. They had no power of concentrating their thoughts; I should have almost said they had not the faculty of thinking. They were wholly destitute of the moral sense. I tried to appeal to their consciences—they had none; to the

sense of dignity and decency imbued in man—they were without it. I did my best to humanize them, but found my labor thrown away. I did get them to learn *rosa, rosce*, but that was only by threatening not to allow them to see a pig killed unless the first declension were repeated. They made booby-traps for me. They sewed up the legs and sleeves of my pantaloons and coat. They made me apple-pie beds. They put the soap into the toe of my boot. They gummed together the pages of the grammar. They put gunpowder into the candle. They cut up hair very fine and strewed my nightdress with it. Lastly, they mimicked me. Their parents, so far from reprimanding them, laughed at these frolics and regarded them as exhibitions of daring originality.

I have always held that moral suasion is a far better vehicle of education than the cane, but doubt whether moral suasion is of any avail where the moral sense is dormant or non-existent. I believe that, just as Nature has provided the auditory sense with an organ, the ear, and the olfactory sense with an organ, the nose, and the sense of sight with an organ, the eye, so she has fashioned an organ for the reception of moral impressions, connected by a nerve with the brain. She has developed this organ into some prominence, no doubt to show how primary and important the moral sense is. She has withdrawn from it all arteries, and has invested it in a delicate network of highly sensitive nerves, to make it serve much as the drum to the ear. The waves of sound beat on this latter and resolve themselves into ideas in the brain; so precisely the pulsations of the cane on this other organ are rapidly transformed into a moral idea, and as such impress itself on the mind.

I tried very hard to do my duty. I tried to get these boys to study. I tried to lead them to look to higher things than pig killing and rat hunting. I tried to infuse into them a sense of honor. But I found in them none of the material of which the Tommies are made. I was drawing my salary and doing nothing for it. I had not got these boys to say "horse" instead of "hoss," or to use pocket handkerchiefs instead of the back of their hands. At length the climax arrived. These urchins made a dummy, which was intended to bear, and did bear, a striking likeness to myself. It could hardly do other, as it was invested in my new suit of clothes, not yet paid for. What with the mud with which it was pelted, and the general rough usage it received, my best Sunday suit of clothes was utterly ruined. I told Mr. Clodd plainly that I would no longer teach such unruly cubs as his sons, and I left the situation. As a man of honor I first paid the tailor for the spoilt suit, and then found myself with ninety-five cents in my pocket.

I received no thanks for my pains, no recognition that I had done my utmost. The blame was thrown on my head. I did not understand the temperament of the boys; I made no allowances for their exuberant vitality; I was exacting, stiff and ungenial. I felt that these wretched louts must come to bad ends; they were the raw clay out of which the villainous Harries are molded. I have lived to see them grow up. My predictions have not been

realized. They are now rough, sporting young men, with good incomes, farming good estates, and farming them well; and the gallows to which I had consigned them does not seem destined to suspend them.

When I left Mr. Clodd's I reviewed my conduct; and then I felt that I had acted throughout in the conscientious spirit of Tommy. I had striven to do good to these wretches, and I had striven to do my duty, and to do it thoroughly. The result was my dismissal, with ninety-five cents in my pocket. Now, had I been Harry, how different would have been my conduct, how different my situation! I would have winked at the boys' misconduct, excused their mischievous pranks, allowed them to shirk lessons, praised their gallant spirits to the father and mother, assured them that genius lurked behind all their exuberant play of spirit, allowed them to go on in their brutal pursuits unreprieved, without an effort to elevate them, have reported their sallies of wit to their parents, and I would have had my salary raised, my position in the house secured, and a future opened to me among the marriageable girls of means who frequented the place.

On leaving Mr. Clodd's I was appointed principal of the district school, which was managed by a board of trustees. Some of the farmers on the board took my part against the Clodds, of whom they were envious; and so, out of spite to the Clodds, and because I could be secured cheap, gave me the vacant situation.

When offered the school I hesitated about accepting it. It was not that my pride suffered; it was that I mis-doubted my powers. My self-confidence had received a rude shock in the house of the Clodds. I had believed firmly hitherto in moral suasion, and had disapproved of corporal punishment. My views on this point were disturbed. You can make a racer run with a word of praise and a pat, but not a donkey. I had had to do with a well-bred youth, and had managed him with perfect success. I had tried the Clodds, and had failed. Should I succeed with children of still another class? My diffidence, and my strong Tommeian sense of honor, forced me to accept the principalship conditionally. My tenure of the post was to be terminable at the end of the quarter, without notice on either side. I felt that, should I fail, I would be unable to continue in the situation for three months more with justice to the children, the trustees and myself.

I found the school in a neglected and utterly unsatisfactory condition. The assistant teacher and the late principal had played into each other's hands, giving each other half holidays alternately, coming unpunctually in the mornings, and cutting the hours short in the afternoons, spending their time together gossiping in the class room, leaving the classes under the charge of scholars. This I stopped. The result was that I made an enemy of the assistant, and he went about among his friends and acquaintances making complaints and stirring up a party against me.

I discovered that several of the children did more scratching than scribbling. Thereupon I laid in a supply of carbolic soap, at my own expense, and a fine-tooth comb, and began operations with vigor. What a storm this raised! The parents of the urchins I had combed and carbolized came to me, livid with fury, and dared me to touch their children's heads again. Those with the dirtiest brats were the most indignant. Never before had it been insinuated that their little ones were not so clean that you might have made a meal off them. Why were they to be combed and carbolized, whilst the sons

and daughters of the others were left unmolested? They were as good as others, and as clean as those who stuck themselves up to be their betters. Several children were withdrawn from the school because of my efforts to make their heads clean. Cleanliness, says the proverb, is next to godliness. At all events, if I might not make the children clean, I might make them godly, I thought. So I turned my attention in that direction.

I was pained to hear the ribald language used in the play-ground by the boys. Nor was the ribaldry confined to words. I caught some of the worst offenders, and gave them a solemn lecture before the entire school on the use of unseemly language, and the obligations they lay under of restraining their tongues from the use of words improper and profane. Several parents took this up. They complained to the board that I gave religious instruction out of the half hour limited to such teaching by the rules hung up in the school room, and I was rather sharply taken to task by the trustees for what I had done, as the school was strictly unsectarian in its teaching. So I was not allowed to make the pupils committed to me either cleanly or godly. I would try to teach them the strictly secular learning thoroughly.

I soon found that there was a rotten system of copy-book writing in vogue. Each child was required to make a copy in his best writing every week and show it to the parents; but these copies were in reality done for them by the principal, the assistant and monitors. I insisted on the children writing their own copies; whether bad or good, the example of penmanship should be genuine. Soon after I heard from members of the board that a general complaint had been made of the falling off in the writing of the scholars. It was evident that in this respect the standard of excellence was deteriorating, and it was conjectured that in other respects the pupils were likewise going back. I was requested to devote myself particularly to the improvement of the writing of the school.

It is well known that the amount of school funds apportioned is determined to a large extent by attendance. I was therefore most scrupulous to mark these and the absences in accordance with fact. One or two of the board were detailed to call occasionally and check my entries. I found that my scrupulousness gave dissatisfaction. If a child attended half a day I might surely stretch a point and make it a whole attendance. When the weather was bad, some allowance must be made for that, and the children not deprived of a mark when it was practically impossible for them to attend; besides—and here lay the sting—I was adding to their personal taxes by my nicety in this matter, and was not considering either the pockets of the taxpayers or my own, as half the apportionment would be allowed the principal and his assistant.

I now resolved to devote myself to the fulfilment of the educational department requisitions with all my earnestness. I soon found that to do so was to commit the greatest injustice of all, for I would force on the clever and neglect the stupid; cultivate the few at the expense of the many. I found, however, that this was likely to gratify the superintendent and obtain the largest apportionment, and that the greater the wrong done to the bulk of the scholars, the greater the satisfaction given to the county authorities. I was too conscientious to do this, which would have gained me the approval of the superintendent and the support of the board.

There was a poor old widow who lived near the school, half blind, nearly wholly deaf, crippled with rheumatism, living partly on town charity and partly on the sale of a few eggs and poultry she reared. She had nearly white hair; the cataract in her eyes made them blear, and

gave a vacant expression to her face. How the unfortunate creature managed to live through the winter was a wonder to me, as she was too poor to be able to afford fuel, and too blind to collect sticks. This unfortunate creature was the object of mockery to the ill-conditioned boys of the school, who played on her numerous practical jokes. At one time they stole her eggs and sucked them, at another they pelted and killed her goslings. They carried away her little winter store of firewood to make a bonfire. They pelted her with snowballs. One day they laid a noose on the ground before her, and when she unwittingly put her stick into the loop, they pulled it, tightened the noose about the staff and whipped it out of her hand, so that she fell on her face in the road. The aged woman was unable to rise without assistance, and then it was found that her forehead was cut and bleeding, and that she had broken her remaining teeth.

I discovered the authors of this wanton piece of wickedness and gave them a good hiding. My blood boiled with indignation. There were five boys concerned in the matter—the same who had killed her goslings in the spring and had stolen her firewood in November.

That settled matters.

The offence had been committed out of school hours and out of school bounds. I had no jurisdiction over the boys when they left the precincts of the school. I was complained against by the parents of the boys I had chastised, and had to appear before the justice of the peace. I was unable to obtain a lawyer, being without the means of paying for one. The plaintiffs were ably represented by attorneys. A harrowing picture was painted of my ferocity and of the tortures to which I had subjected the boys. The condition of the parts of their person operated upon was described graphically and very highly charged with color.

I defended myself to the best of my ability. The justice then pronounced sentence. He said that the cases were proved against me; that there was no doubt I had exceeded my powers, and had acted with injudicious and intemperate violence. The laws of the land were not framed for the protection of the weak and helpless. The old woman, if aggrieved, was able to prosecute those who had wronged her. (As if she was capable of doing so! As if in her blindness she could find out the culprits!) The laws did not encourage Quixotic interference in behalf of the old, infirm and poor; they discouraged it in every way. There could be no doubt that I had acted in a manner wholly unjustifiable and illegal. He had, therefore, on mature deliberation, resolved to fine me \$10 for each assault, and costs; that amounted to \$52. I paid the money. I had that morning received my discharge from the school trustees, and my salary for the quarter. I paid the fine, and found that I was left with ten cents in my pocket.

As I walked away I reviewed my conduct. In all I had done I had followed the dictates of conscience. I had tried to be honorable, truthful, and to do good. I had been a Tommy in that situation. Would Harry have tried to make the dirty children clean and the ribald children godly? Would he have eschewed tricks, savoring of dishonesty, toward parents and trustees? Would he have interfered to protect the old widow? Would he not rather have shut his eyes and passed by on the other side? I was sure of it; and I was sure also that he would have been a favorite with the parents, would have ingratiated himself into the good-will of the trustees, and would have obtained a glowing eulogy from the superintendent and a large apportionment. I was quite sure also that he would never have been taken before the justice for the protection of the feeble and helpless, and would not have been dismissed from his situation with

ignominy. No! he would never have taken the place with the stipulation that it should be "on trial"; and if he had been required to leave it, would have walked away with a quarter's unearned salary in his pocket, and not, like me, with ten cents. No! Harry, on resigning his "sphere of usefulness, where he had discharged his duties with such exemplary faithfulness as to win the admiration of all," would have been presented with an electro-plate cruet stand by the minister, a time-piece by the trustees, and half a dozen spoons and forks by the parents.

The only person who at all favored me was the minister, and only in a timid and vacillating manner. He was one of those typical parsons who either have no opinions of their own, or who, having opinions, have not the courage to stand by them. He was admirable at hedging. He never made a statement without hedging it; never offered an opinion without saddling it with a doubt; never tendered a suggestion without knocking away its legs. He even ventured to address the school trustees in my favor. "He believed I was a high-principled and excellent young man, *but* rash and injudicious; that I always strove to do my duty, *but* mistook the direction in which it ran; that I must have learned experience by the past, *but* that it had been at the cost of the school; that it would be hard to find another to take my place so painstaking and so conscientious, *but* that the attempt must be made," etc., *pro* and *con* so exactly balanced as to leave the matter exactly where he had found it.

The minister was about to publish two volumes of his sermons, and he asked of me to make clean copies of them for the press, as his own writing resembled the scrawl of a spider that had tumbled into an inkpot, and was drying his legs on the paper. He undertook to pay me fifty cents a sermon for my transcript. There were a hundred in all; that would bring me in just \$50. Flushed with the prospect of making so much money, and gaining simultaneously so much spiritual profit, I set vigorously to work on the manuscript.

I soon found that it was impossible for me to transcribe the discourses verbatim. They were full of inanities, exaggerations, confusion of metaphors, *non sequiturs* and grammatical errors. As I made my copy I cut out the inanities, toned down the exaggerations, reduced the metaphors, supplied the deficiencies in the arguments and corrected the grammar. After I had treated four of the sermons in this manner I received a call from the minister. He looked flush and moist. His voice and hand shook. His manner was abrupt. He told me that he had engaged my services as scribe and not as critic. He tendered me \$2 for the discourses already done, which, he said, it was impossible for him to use, as I had extracted from them their point, fine flavor and poetry; and then he read me a lecture on my impertinence in attempting to correct and improve the literary composition of a university man so much my senior; and he wound up with an exhortation to humility, which, I believe, formed part of one of the uncopied sermons.

I paid my bill at the cottage where I had lodged, and left with fifteen cents in my pocket. Would Harry have acted as I had done? No! he would have transcribed all the rapid, inflated stuff, and sniggered over it as he wrote, and have earned the \$50.

The next situation in which I found myself was that of clerk to an architect, who was related to my late dear father in a roundabout way, and who took me partly out of charity. He offered me \$12 a week, and promised to increase my pay after six months, should I suit him. He hinted as much as that, as he had no sons of his own, if I took to the business and made myself useful and agreeable, he might eventually receive me into partnership.

His profession was bringing him in about \$5,000 a year, taking one year with another.

I was detailed by the architect to supervise the execution of his designs in the erection of a business block. The works were contracted for. I was to be paid \$10 a week by the gentleman for whom the block was to be erected, to see that the specifications of the architect were carried out. This was arranged between the gentleman and my employer. I had the plans and specifications as my guide. I soon found that the latter were not being complied with. First, the earth was to be taken out to the depth of four feet for foundations. I measured and found the depth nowhere exceed three feet. I complained to the contractor. He winked and said: "I see; you want greasing. Here are ten dollars. Leave us alone. Talk to the architect; he knows all about it."

I found that it was stipulated that the mortar should be made of one load of lime to two of sand. The proportions used by the mason were one load of lime to three of earth, and none of sand. I remonstrated indignantly, and received as answer: "The architect knows all about it, and has been greased. But as you want greasing also, to make all smooth, here are ten dollars."

Then, by the specifications, the slates were to have a lap of four inches; they were not given more than three. I complained to the slater. "Oh, ah!" said he; "I see how the land lies. Here are ten dollars; say no more about it, and talk to your boss."

The plumber was bound by his contract to use lead for the valleys of the roof, and about the chimneys, of five pound to the square foot. It was actually half that weight, as I found by trying. I pointed this out to the plumber. "You be easy," said he; "your employer knows all about it. But I see you want greasing as well as he. Here are ten dollars."

According to the specification, the glazing was to be done with *best* glass, twenty-six ounces to the foot. In all the windows thirds of fifteen ounces was being put in, which was half the price exactly. I was indignant, and ordered it all out. The glazier shook his head. "Be comfortable," he said; "we've greased the boss' palm to overlook it, and I suppose you ain't content because we've not greased yours. So here are ten dollars."

The carpenter was putting in green wood. I actually found him drying some panels for a door at his stove; they were too full of sap to take the paint. This was a gross infringement of the contract. I pointed it out to him. "Stuff and fiddlesticks!" he said; "the boss has undertaken to shut his eye. I suppose you, too, want to be greased. So here are ten dollars."

The plasterer, in like manner, was cutting short the hair he had undertaken to mix with the white lime. When I showed this to him I met with the same reply: "The old man knows all about it. But you, no doubt, require greasing as well. Here are ten dollars."

I need hardly say that I refused these seven offers of \$10. I would not sell my conscience, and sequence of the example of Tommy, for \$70. I went to my employer in high indignation and disgust, and told him of the general fraud which was being carried on. Indeed, I said I was taking part in the fraud if I received \$10 a week from the gentleman to protect his interests against the contractors and betrayed my trust for bribes.

My boss rubbed his chin and looked at me over his gold spectacles, a little uncertain at first what to say. I persisted in putting my view of the case before him in strong language. Then at last he interrupted me and said: "My dear Mr. Flopjohn, we must live; we belong to the nineteenth century. Your theories are admirable; your morals those of the copy-book. But they cannot be carried out. They are as impossible in this century as

martyrdom or the crusades. Where the deuce did you pick up your antiquated notions?"

"From Tommy," said I, solemnly.

"And pray," he asked, "who is that individual?"

Then I replied: "Tommy was a good boy. But Harry was a bad boy. Tommy and Harry were one day playing with a round ball. Then the ball went through a window of a good man's house."

"That will do," said the architect, interrupting me. "I distinctly recall Tommy and Harry. The first sentences of their history as you recite them come back to me, and recall old days, like the smell of painted toys and the strains of Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl,' 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' and so on." He bowed his head in his hands for a moment, then shook off his momentary weakness, and said in a firm, grave voice: "My dear Mr. Flopjohn, Tommy was an incubus to me in my youth, and I never got on in life till I had broken my idol and cast him to the bats and owls, and till I realized how much greater a man was Harry, and how false was the moral of that miserable tale. If children are taught that honor, truth, conscientiousness lead to success in this world, they are taught lies." He beat his desk with his fist. "No! what succeeds is the semblance of Tommy and the spirit of Harry. Rectitude and sincerity have no place in our nineteenth century civilization. They are impracticable virtues. Business, trade, cannot be carried on till the conscience is rid of them. By a spirit of irony we call our civilization by the name of one who, when offered wealth and success and honor by the spirit of the age, refused them; and he ended his days on a gallows. It is the same now. We must stoop to and do homage to the spirit of the age, if we are to attain to prosperity, wealth and the approval of our fellow-men. He who resists that and follows his conscience, comes to utter and irremediable grief—in this world. And the sooner children are taught that the better, that they may not start in life with erroneous notions, and may make their choice with the several ends clear before them." He paused and looked at me steadily. Then he resumed: "I see that you are quite unfit to be with me. I make my five thousand a year because I am not a Tommy. You are a Tommy, and how much has that brought in to you?"

I put my hand in my pocket, and drew forth—nothing.

"You may go," he continued. "Unlearn as quick as you can the maxims instilled into you by your father, unless you desire to end like him. Now you have nothing. Go on a little longer, as you are now, and you will come, like him, to minus nothing. I wish you a good day, and more wisdom."

I turned to leave the room. As my hand was on the door, he called to me: "By the way, Flopjohn, have you seen anywhere my anti-stylograph pen-filler? I have mislaid or lost it. You know what I mean—the apparatus for injecting into it its supply of ink?"

"No, sir," I answered; "I have not." Then I went out. I walked away, my head down, and both hands in my empty pockets. I had lost my salary, my \$10 a week, the \$70—through Tommy.

Then the gall in my heart mounted. I ground my teeth; my eyes sparkled with rage; I clenched my fists in my pockets; I cast myself beside the fence, and gazing before me into the glaring, dusty road, cursed Tommy.

At that moment my eye rested on something glittering before me on the road; it flashed in the sun like glass. I paid no attention to it at first, but its light attracted my curiosity, and presently I stooped to see what it was. I picked up a little glass vessel, with a nozzle at one end of the tube and an india-rubber receiver at the other. I knew at once what it was—the lost filler of the anti-stylograph pen.

Then the thought rushed scalding through my brain, Under the circumstances, what would Tommy do? Would he not at once return to the owner, and say to him, "Sir, you discharged me because I did my duty; now I heap coals of fire on your head—for your evil I return good; here is the ink-injector of your anti-stylographic pen, which you had lost, but I have had the felicity to find."

Then I sprang up and said: "I will *not* do it. I renounce you, Tommy. I will be led by you no more."

Pacified by having formed this resolution, I sat down beside the fence again. I had no purpose where to go or what to do. I had no money in my pocket. Tommy had cleaned me out completely. I drew forth my pockets and let them hang out out on either side—limp evidences against Tommy.

Then, hardly knowing what I did, I filled my left palm with dust out of the road, and amused myself with charging the little ink-syringe with it, and driving it forth again in a cloud, by compressing the india-rubber vessel at the end. I thought of nothing all the time, and observed nothing but this toy, till I was roused by a voice addressing me, and then I looked up. Opposite me stood a farmer, as I conjectured by his dress and general appearance. He was watching my proceedings with great curiosity.

"Well, young man," said he, "I reckon you've a queer sort of an instrument there? What is that now? You are a doctor, I suppose?"

"What else could I be?" I asked, ironically.

"And what is that queer sort of a thing in your hand?"

"A surgical instrument, of course."

"And what is that there powder in the t'other hand?"

"That! Oh, that is the best possible of medicines, the very elixir of life, a compound of the rarest and most valuable of all condiments. Its scientific name is Ton-d'apameibomenos-prosephepodas-okus-Achilles."

The farmer was immensely impressed with the words (a line of the Iliad which rose uncalled for to my lips).

"And now," he said, "might I make so bold as to ask what that medicine is good for?"

"Every malady man is heir to. We all come to it at last, and the sooner the better."

"I'm bad in my liver," said he. "Now, if I may take the liberty to ask, does it touch the liver?"

"Touch the liver!" laughed I, with bitterness in my tone; "it touches it more strongly than calomel or podophyllin."

"Is it to be swallowed?"

"Well, I can't but say that I've eaten a lot of it; but that is not the way I would administer it."

"May I—you'll excuse the freedom, but I suffer from the liver—may I further inquire how you would administer it?"

"I would throw it in people's eyes," said I, savagely.

"Dear heart alive! and what good would that do?"

"Now, look you here," I said. I was in a bitter and scornful mood. My misfortunes had made me so. I was in no merciful mood; I had had no mercy shown to me. I was in a reckless mood; my idols were broken, I had no more faith. "Now, attend to me. What is the centre and seat of all sensation and life? Is it not the head? You see with your head, you taste, you smell, you hear, you think with your head. Your head is the focus of all your powers; it is to you what the root is to the flower; and Aristotle well said that man is an inverted plant. His bulb is upwards and his branches downward. If you desire the health of a plant you nurture the root—you give that proper dressing. So, if a man is ill, it is trifling to attack his malady through the stomach, or with foot-baths, poultices, embrocations. No, my good man, you

must operate on the head; and as the brain is the core of the head, you must strike at that, and the readiest way to reach the brain is through the eye. Are you aware that a nerve, called the optic nerve, passes from the back of the eye to the brain, and at once conveys to it what affects the organ of vision? I dare say you are not aware of that, and yet that is known to every medical student—I may say, to every educated individual. Strange to relate, this has been universally known; and yet, entangled in erroneous traditions, the faculty have failed to act on their knowledge. Here it is that my system comes in to overturn all exploded doctrines of medicine. I do not give baths, poultices, embrocations, powders, pills, elixirs, draughts. I go direct to the brain through the eye. I warrant you, my medicine and my treatment are infallible."

The farmer was greatly impressed.

"Dang it!" said he, "I wish you would throw your dust into my eyes. I don't mind paying you for it. What is your charge?"

"Five dollars for such as you," I said; "rich folks—ten."

He drew forth his purse at once and handed me the money.

"There now," said he, "blow away."

I sent a puff of dust into his eyes.

He applied his handkerchief to them, and then said, shaking himself, "Dang it! I believe you are right. I feel easier in my liver already. There is my old woman; she's bad with lumbago. Now, do you think you could do her any good?"

"Try me," said I.

"Well, I will," he said. "Come along. It's not far to our place, and if I might make so bold as to ask you to take a bite of dinner with us, I'd take it kindly. Here's another five dollars, paid beforehand for the old lady; and if she is better, dang it! in a day or two we'll have you throw your dust in our eyes again."

Ten minutes after I had deserted the paths of Tommy I had \$10 in my pocket.

After I had puffed dust into the eyes of the farmer's wife, and promised to call again, I hastened to the office of the principal local newspaper and inserted an advertisement:

DR. ROBERT FLOPJOHN, M. C. S., SALAMANCA; D. P. L., MANTUA; Professor of Experimental Chemistry, Leyden, is visiting this town for a few days only. He is in possession of a panacea for all maladies, having arrived by a concatenation of evidence at a conclusion which has escaped all empirics. Dr. R. F. has practiced for a number of years in the principal towns of Europe, and tried his specific on a number of complicated cases, and has *never known it to fail*. In offering this new—yet world-old—remedy to the public, it is not like bringing out an untried article. For over twenty-five years it has been put to the severest test of experience. Fully understanding its ingredients, Dr. R. F. is prepared to say that not only will no injurious results follow, but that absolute success must ensue. He has never known it to fail to either relieve or cure the disease for which it was taken. He has letters from all parts of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Russia, Turkey and Greece, from those that have been cured of different complaints, which he will be proud to show to any one who desires to see them. Consultation from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., and again from 6 P. M. to 9 P. M.

It was really amazing to see how my door was besieged with persons desirous of having dust thrown in their eyes after this advertisement had circulated. Money poured in. I was engaged in blowing dust into the eyes of my patients all day and till late at night. Ten P. M. was too late to receive; nine P. M. too early to knock off work. Patients of all classes came to me. I was now easy as to my future; it was secured. It was secured a week after I had trampled on Tommy.

As time passed, and I found that I had more patients than I could attend to, I extended my operations. I advertised in every country paper I could hear of. I spent hundreds of dollars in advertisements, and every hundred I spent thus brought me in a thousand. Of course I could not attend to all who sought an interview. I therefore did up little parcels of dust in blue, red and gold

paper. I had them stamped and sold them at \$1 each. The injector I sold separate at \$2.

But even this did not satisfy me. I announced that I would give away a packet to every one who would apply to me gratis. I put this advertisement in something like three hundred newspapers, and the result was that applications poured in to me from every quarter. I am afraid to say how many thousand packets of common road dust I thus distributed free of charge. With each packet I enclosed a printed form, to the effect that though the powder was given gratis, yet the necessary apparatus for its injection into the eyes could not be given away without a small charge of \$2, to cover the outlay of its manufacture. These little squirts of glass and india-rubber cost me ten cents each of the manufacturers. After that I had numerous orders for packets of eye-dust. On an average, I sold five to each syringe. By visits and personal attendance on cases I made as much as \$200 per week. That made per annum:

Sale of squirts.....	\$7,200
Sale of dust.....	18,000
Professional attendance.....	10,400
Total.....	\$35,600

I have not deducted the cost of advertising and printing, nor of the red, blue and gold paper in which I wrapped up the dust, nor of the sealing-wax impressed with my seal (without which none was genuine). Roughly calculated, throwing dust in folk's eyes brought me in an annual income of \$30,000.

But the most extraordinary feature of the case was that I received testimonials as to the efficacy of my remedy from all quarters, without any solicitation. I subjoin a few—a very few—as samples:

CASE 1.—J. B. O'Kelly, of Germantown, Pa., says: "I have suffered from rheumatism for years. I expected to be in bed the last attack five or six weeks as usual. The Ton-d'apameibomenos-prosephopodas-okus-Achilles powder soon eased my pain, particularly in the back; I am now able to go about the house as usual."

CASE 2.—Peter Simpson, of Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "I have been affected for eighteen months with acute headache, which had quite incapacitated me from work. I am now, thanks to the application of five of your eye-powders, entirely free from pain, and able to return to my business."

CASE 3.—Henry Walker, of Ellsworth, Me., says: "The eye-powders have completely cured my chilblains. I have been a martyr to this distressing complaint every winter since I was a child. The chilblains form on hands, feet, ears, and, most distressing of all, on the point of my nose. Since I have used your eye-dust, my chilblains have entirely disappeared."

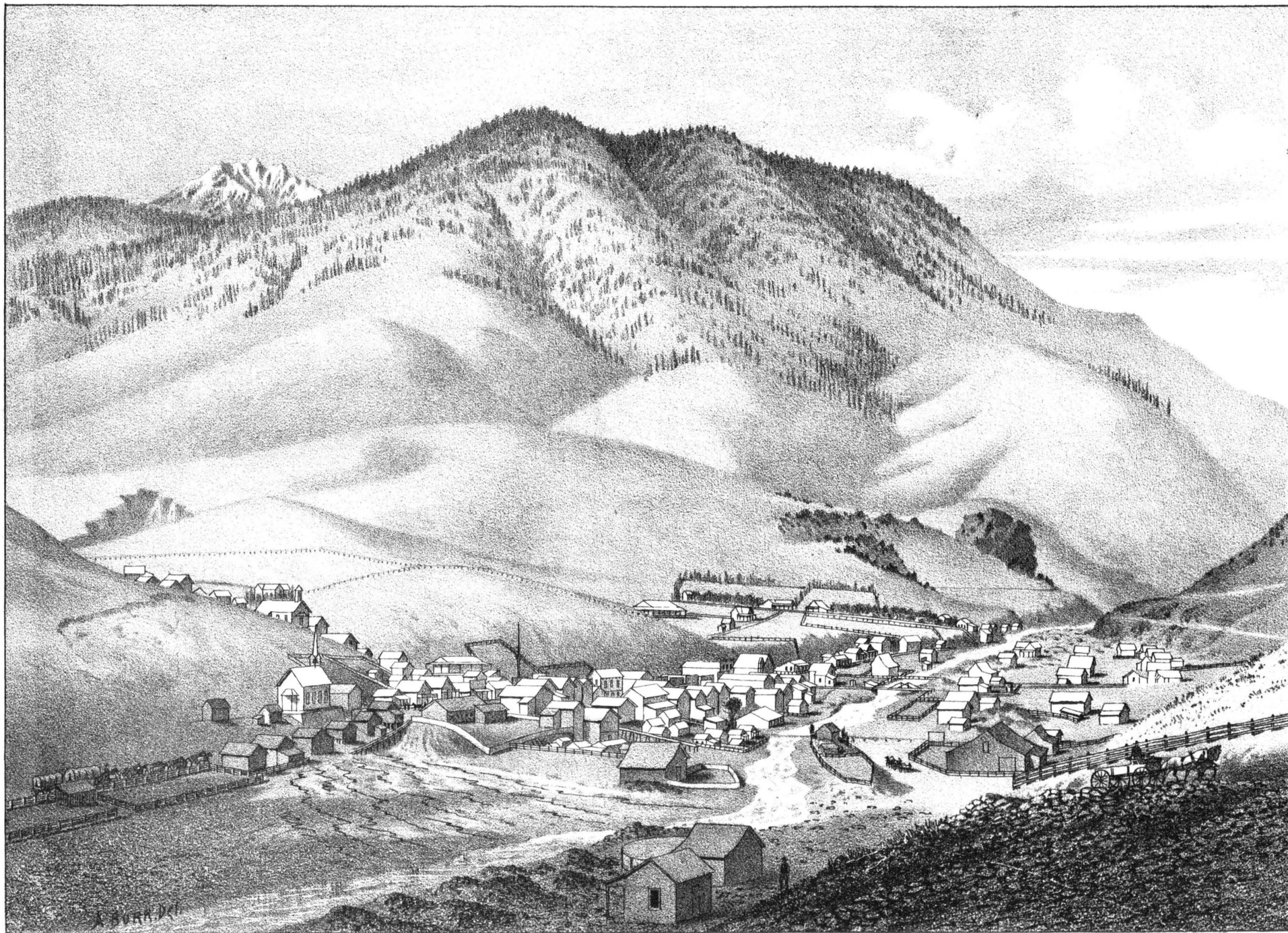
CASE 4.—A lady from New Orleans writes: "My child was suffering from the thrush. I administered a few of your powders with such an unpronounceable name, and a wonderful cure has been effected. I would not be without them in the house for worlds."

These will suffice; they are taken at random from a vast pile of similar letters. Indeed, every mail brings me in recognitions of the wonderful results that have followed on the throwing of dust into people's eyes. You might suppose that those who had once tried my remedy and found it to fail would have given it up in disgust. No such thing. They went on with it with unshaken credulity, till laid hold of by some other quack.

I was not, however, quite easy in mind that the nature of my specific would not be found out and my method "blown." I therefore cast about for a more durable foundation than common road-dust on which to rear the fabric of my fortunes.

There was an ugly lady who was still an old maid, very rich, who suffered from a complication of imaginary disorders. I attended her for some time, and blew a great amount of dust into her eyes. At last I proposed to her, and she became my wife, and made me absolute master of her fortune. I have no love for her; indeed, her presence inspires me with disgust. This, however, I do not let her see. I still blow dust into her eyes, as I do into the eyes of all the world; and I find that the secret of success in *this world* consists in maintaining the outward demeanor and expressing the sentiments of Tommy, but modeling the conduct upon the principles of Harry.

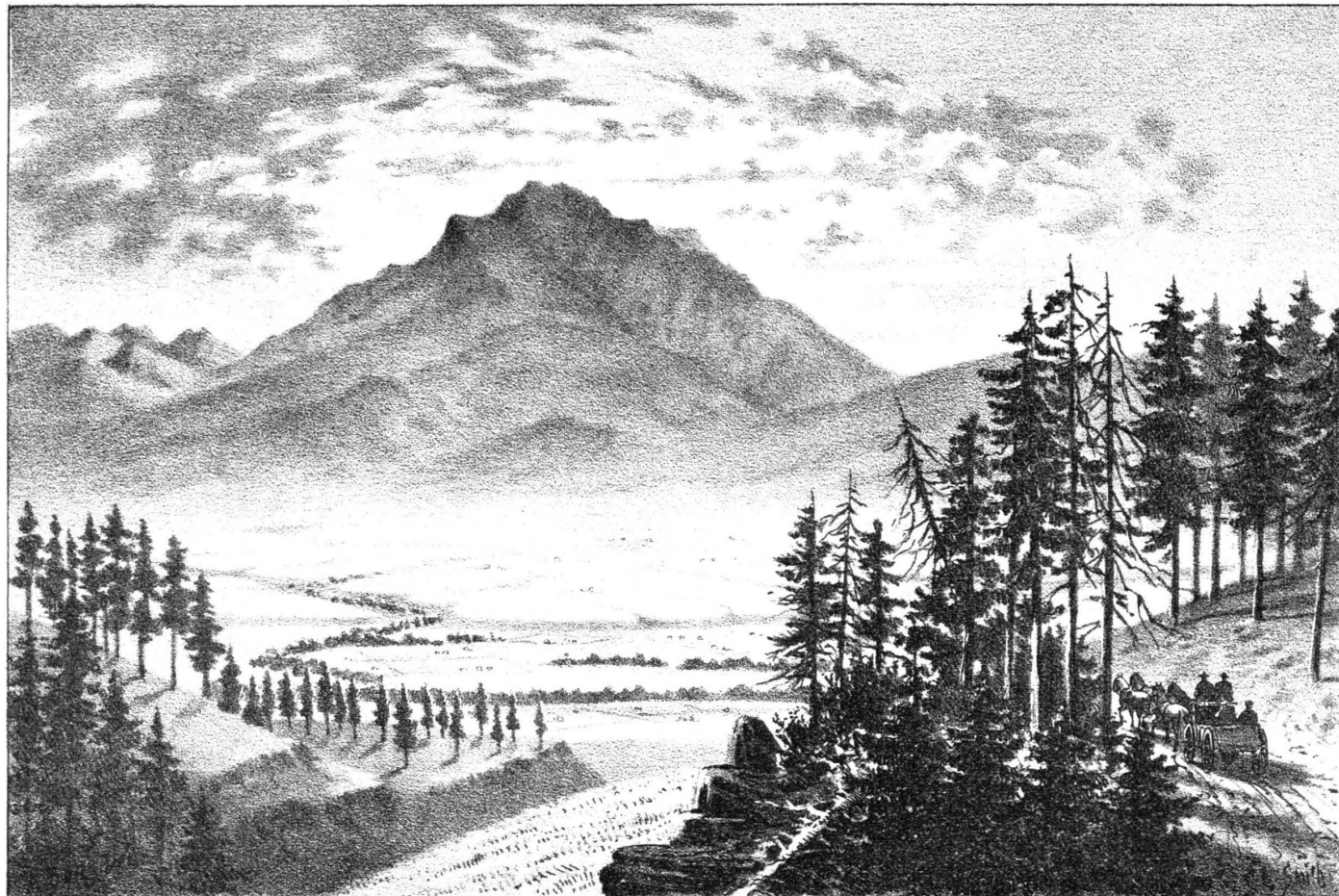
THE WEST SHORE



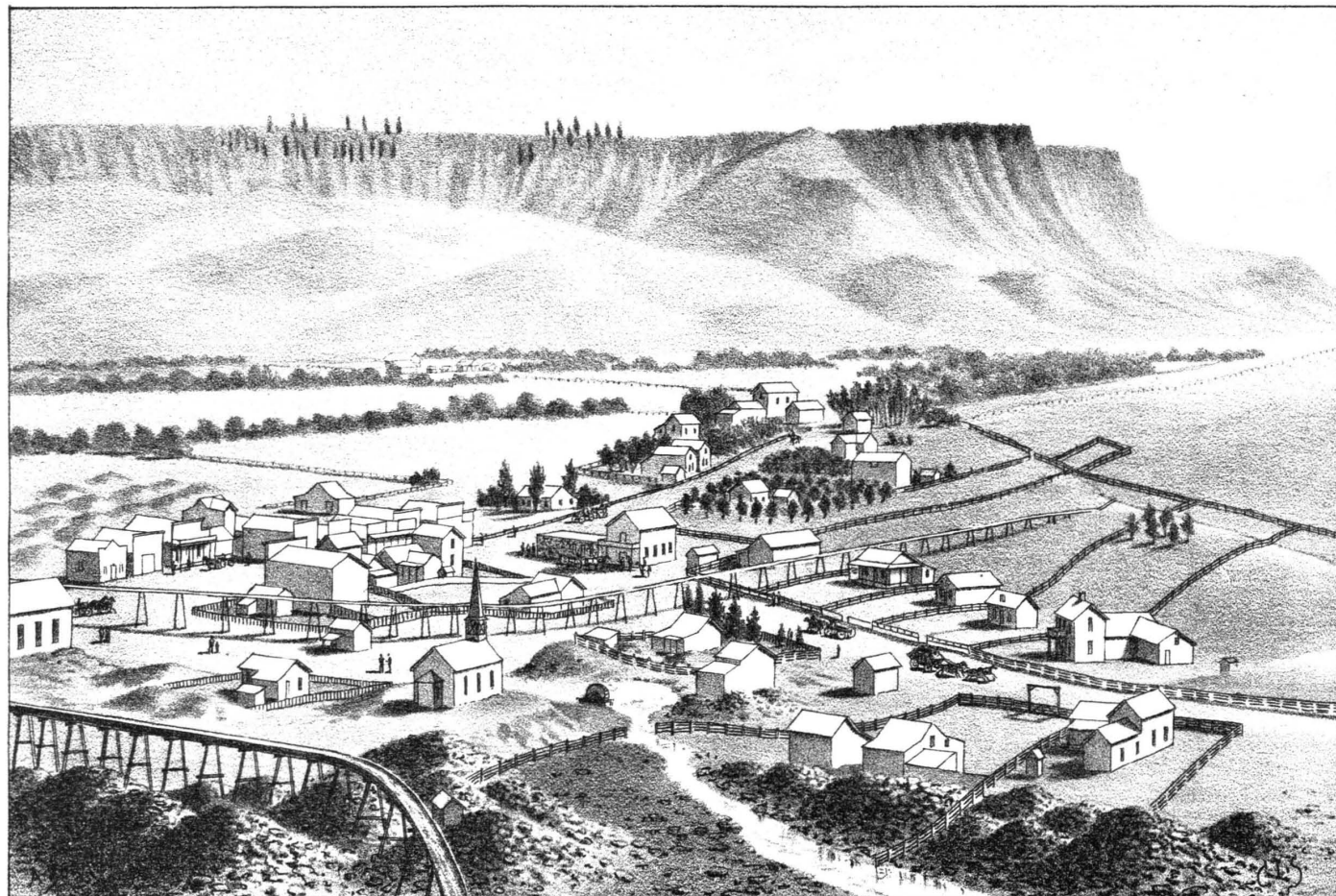
CANYON CITY, GRANT CO., OR.

WEST SHORE-LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.



STRAWBERRY MOUNTAIN, GRANT CO., OREGON.



JOHN DAY, GRANT CO., OREGON.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.

CAST IRON CUTLERY.—This title may appear anomalous, but cast iron cutlery of certain forms is far more common than its purchasers generally imagine. And it is not necessarily of a poor quality, although made of nothing but cast iron. In the writer's family is a pair of scissors of cast iron that has been used for three years, and has been several times sharpened. The writer has shaved with a cast iron razor, which did excellent work for months. There are in Connecticut two quite extensive establishments which reckon cast iron cutlery as among the important products of their work. This allusion to cast iron shears and scissors does not refer to the combined cast iron and steel articles which are usually considered superior to the forged ones. These have a steel inner plate cemented on each blade by the fused iron when it is poured into the mould; but the cast iron shears and scissors are wholly and entirely of cast iron, and they are finished for the market precisely as they come from the mould. The quality of the iron used is the same or similar to that used in casting for malleable iron, and for cutlery it is cast in chills. When broken, the crystallization is very similar to that of hardened cast steel, and, except for lack of elasticity, it serves the same general purposes. But although this cast iron is not adapted to tools which work by blows, it is sometimes made into ice picks and axes, hatchets and steak choppers. The manufacturers of cast iron shears and scissors make no secret of the material, and sell their goods for just what they are. Of course they are sold cheaper than forged work of steel can be sold. Retailers, also, know that this cheap cutlery is not steel, and usually—unless dishonest—they will answer truthfully questions on the subject. But, really, a pair of cast iron shears or scissors for ordinary household work is just as good as one of forged cast steel. There is only one difficulty in the way of superseding cast steel forgings by cast iron castings in these implements, which is that the chill that makes the iron hard does not always extend to a depth that will allow of repeated grindings and resharpenings, the material crumbling before it can be brought to an edge. But when first ground and edged, the shears are as keen as those of tempered cast steel, and the blades retain their edges longer.—*Scientific American.*

HE HAD HIM.—"I keep my eyes and ears open all the while when I am travelling, I do," remarked a garrulous passenger, by way of explanation of the great fund of information which he had occupied a solid hour in giving up to his not over-patient companions.

"And your mouth, too," observed a tired listener, *sotto voce*.

"Nothing escapes me," continued the talkative man, not hearing the other's remark; "I don't take much stock in education nohow. I believe in a man keeping his eyes open, learning for himself by observation. Now, there's a horse—I know all about a horse, from tooth to tail, an' I never studied none o' yer geographies nor natural histories, either."

"So you know all about a horse, do you?" inquired another listener, with a demure air, which gave promise of a "catch."

"Yes, indeed; I know all about 'em. There ain't no question about a horse I can't answer. I've handled 'em and studied 'em for twenty years, and that's wuth mor'n all the books in creation. I—"

"Am glad to meet you, sir," interrupted the demure one. "There's a point I am in doubt about, and perhaps you can settle it. Why is it when a horse goes away from home he goes along 'tending to his own business,

annoying no one and attracting no attention, while just as soon as a jackass gets away from home he goes to wagging his ears, braying, and giving himself away?"

The know-it-all man suddenly remembered that his wife was waiting for him in the next car.

TRAINING ELEPHANTS.—To the uninitiated it seems wonderful that these huge creatures can be trained at all. But the process is not so difficult. They are first tied between two trees, and are rubbed down by a number of men with long bamboos to an accompaniment of the most extravagant eulogies of the animal, sung and shouted at it at the top of their voices. The animal lashes out furiously at first, but in a few days it ceases to act on the offensive, and stands with its trunk curled up, shrinking from the men. Ropes are now tied round its body, and it is mounted at its picket for several days. It is then taken out for exercise, secured between two tame elephants. The ropes still remain round its body, to enable the *mahout* to hold on should the elephant try to shake him off. A man precedes it with a spear, to teach it to halt when ordered to do so, while, as the tame elephants wheel to the right or left, the *mahout* presses its neck with his knees, and taps it on the head with a small stick, to train it to turn in the required direction. To teach an elephant to kneel, it is taken into water five feet deep when the sun is hot, and, upon being pricked on the back with a pointed stick, it soon lies down, partly to avoid the pain, partly from inclination for a bath. By taking it into shallow water daily it is soon taught to kneel even on land.

KEEP OUT THE COLD.—Cracks in floors, around the mould board, or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

HEISCH'S test for sewage contamination in water is simple and effective. Fill a clean pint bottle three-fourths full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in the water a teaspoonful of loaf or granulated sugar. Cork the bottle and place it in a warm place for two days. If in twenty-four or forty-eight hours the water becomes cloudy or muddy it is unfit for domestic use. If it remains clear it is safe to use.

TRACING PAPER is very expensive in the market, and every one who would like to make his own may do it in the following manner: Mix well together 75 parts of olive oil and 25 parts of benzine. With a brush put it on best tissue paper and hang it up for about thirty-six hours. This is a very transparent tracing paper; until the benzine has evaporated it is also extremely inflammable.

WHEN vessels or timber sink to great depths in the ocean the pressure is so great that water is forced into the pores, and the wood becomes too heavy to rise again. Even when a ship is broken up the detached portions sink like lead. It is this pressure that makes it impossible for divers to descend to any great depths.

LUMINOUS keyhole trimmings and door knobs are said to be in great favor with the bibulously inclined person, and convenient for others. They are made of glass, and the back is covered with luminous paint, giving forth a light which may be seen a considerable distance on the darkest nights.

MEN OF OREGON.

WE present this month portraits of two of the most enterprising, public-spirited and successful men of Oregon, both citizens of Grant County, and, at times, incumbents of important official positions, and men whose reputation extends far beyond the limits of the county in which they live.

HON. PHIL METSCHAN.

This gentleman was born in Hesse-Cassel, Germany, on the 24th of March, 1840. He attended with much profit the common schools of his native land until fourteen years of age, when he bid adieu to his parents, brothers, sisters and friends, and sailed for America, to woo fortune in the New World. December 27, 1854, he landed in New York, and proceeded at once to Cincinnati, where he served as an apprentice to a butcher for three years. In the spring of 1855 he journeyed Westward, working at his trade in St. Louis, Mo., and Leavenworth, Kan. The discovery of gold on the banks of Cherry Creek, where now the bustling city of Denver stands, drew him to the mines of Colorado. From early in 1860 till the summer of 1861 he followed his trade in California Gulch, now the famous Leadville, when he again headed toward the Pacific Coast. After a brief sojourn in California, Victoria, B. C., and Portland, he arrived at Canyon City on the 18th of July, 1863. He essayed mining for a time, with financially disastrous results, and then engaged in his old business, which he pursued till the 1st of September, 1873, amassing a small fortune. At the general election in June, 1870, Mr. Metschan was elected Treasurer of Grant County on the Republican ticket, being one of but two successful candidates on that ticket. In July, 1872, the gentleman chosen to succeed him having died, Mr. Metschan was appointed to the vacancy, his second term expiring in July, 1874. In 1876 he was elected County Clerk, and filled the position most acceptably for two years. In 1878 Mr. Metschan embarked in merchandising, bringing to bear the same qualities of integrity and business tact which had rendered him so successful in other pursuits. He gradually built up the business till now the house of which he is the head is the leading mercantile firm in Grant County. In June, 1882, Mr. Metschan was chosen by the people to serve them in the capacity of County Judge by one of the largest majorities ever given in the county. His term of office expired in 1884. Both the Masonic and Odd Fellows fraternities claim him as a member. In the latter he filled the position of Grand Master of the State from 1881 to 1882, and Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Oregon from 1882 to 1883. He has also been Master of the Masonic lodge several terms. Mr. Metschan has a family consisting of a wife and eight children.

HON. F. C. SELS.

Mr. Sels was born in 1837, in Merschede, Westphalia, Germany, which place he left while yet a youth and came to America. December 31, 1854, he arrived in California, and July 1, 1862, reached Canyon City, where he still resides and enjoys the fruits of a life of honorable business activity. In the summer of 1862 he mined at Prairie Diggings, about four miles northeast of Canyon City, and in the spring of 1863 opened a general merchandise store in Canyon City in partnership with Mr. E. J. Stemme, under the firm name of Sels & Stemme. In the fall of 1866 he sold his interest to his brother, Henry R. Sels. July 28, 1870, he purchased the Canyon City Brewery from John H. Stahl, which was two weeks later destroyed by the great fire of August 12. He at once rebuilt, erecting fire-proof buildings, cellars and ware-

house. In 1883, having been very successful, he sold the property to John Kuhl, the present proprietor. He is heavily interested in Grant County, and intends making his home there for an indefinite time, perhaps to the end of his days. Mr. Sels has been prominent in the political councils of the Republican party of Grant County, and has held many important and honorable positions. From 1864 to 1866 he acted as Justice of the Peace, when he was appointed Postmaster. This position he soon resigned to accept the office of County Judge, to which he was chosen at the June election, 1866, being the only Republican elected. In 1868 he was chosen State Senator, leading John Dribblesby, the Democratic nominee, by five votes, and again being the only successful Republican candidate in Grant County. Mr. Dribblesby contested the seat, and as he had also an undecided contest on hand with L. O. Sterns from the election of 1866, the Senate seated him under the first contest, Mr. Sels thus losing his seat. In 1870 he was elected County Judge, and served two terms, till July, 1874. Since then he has never been a candidate for office, but is still looked upon as a staunch and influential Republican.

LITERARY NOTES.

The intelligent and earnest efforts of a corps of trained writers, aided by good management in every way, have placed in the foremost ranks of trade journalism the *Northwestern Miller*, a weekly newspaper published at Minneapolis, Minn., the milling centre of the world. The holiday issue is a departure from its usual course. Illustrated profusely, containing several stories of great interest and a number of poems of merit, together with descriptive articles and correspondence, and sketches by humorists like Bob Burdette and Bill Nye, the whole forms a book of over 100 pages. An interesting feature is an exhaustive description of the milling industry of Minneapolis. The cost of publication is placed at \$5,000. Single copies are mailed to any address for 25 cents.

Babyhood is the title of a new magazine which occupies a field as yet uncovered in literature. It is not a story or picture book for the amusement of the babies, but a magazine filled with sound advice and practical suggestions to mothers and all who have the charge of little ones. Edited by Dr. Leroy M. Yale and Marian Harland, and filled with scientific information and the results of the experiences of many thinking people, it should commend itself to every one who is responsible for the physical and mental development of a child. Parents owe it to those plastic minds and delicate organizations to fit themselves for the task of caring for and instructing them aright. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Address "Babyhood," 18 Spruce street, New York.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

January.

- 3—Cordage works at Plymouth, Mass., burned; loss, \$400,000.
- 5—Train broke through trestle at Salem, Or.; 3 injured.
- 6—News of defeat of Chinese, with great loss, near Chu, by the French.
- 10—Fire at Oregon City, Or.; loss, \$10,000.
- 11—Destructive cyclone in Georgia and Alabama.
- 13—Death of Schuyler Colfax at Mankato, Minn.... Riot at South Bend, Ind.; 1 killed and several wounded.
- 15—Revolution progressing in the Republic of Colombia.... Forty-eight men killed by explosion in a coal mine in France.... Earlina, Iowa, nearly destroyed by fire; loss, \$50,000.... Failure of bank of John J. Cisco & Co., New York, and of Oliver Bros. & Phillips, of Pittsburgh.
- 16—Steamer *Admiral Moorson* sunk by collision on Irish Coast; about 20 people drowned.
- 17—Death of Edmond About, the French author.... Egyptian rebels defeated by English under General Stewart, near Abou Klea Wells, Egypt.
- 18—Twenty people killed by an avalanche at Carinthia, Austria.... Ship *Dewa Gungadur* wrecked on bar at Shoalwater Bay, W. T.... Infirmary of Insane Asylum at Kankakee, Ill., burned; 17 patients burned to death.
- 19—\$18,000 fire at Tacoma, W. T.... Egyptian rebels again defeated.
- 20—News of extensive avalanches in Italy and France; many lives lost.
- 24—Partly successful attempt to blow up Tower of London and Parliament buildings, in London; many people injured.
- 26—Slight earthquake in San Francisco.

THE WEST SHORE

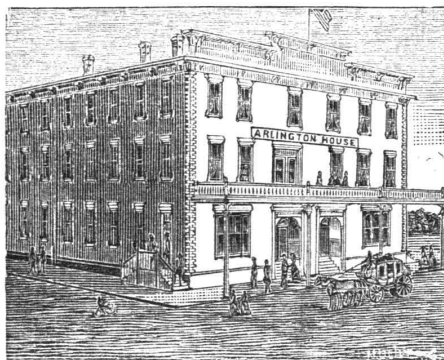
The well-known Tacoma real estate firm of Traver & Colburn has dissolved, and the business is now carried on by the senior member, Mr. George W. Traver. Parties seeking reliable information in regard to investments in Tacoma and vicinity should communicate with that gentleman. He has a large assortment of desirable properties listed, and is thoroughly posted upon the actual selling value of property of all kinds.

The Best Maps of Oregon and Washington
ARE PUBLISHED
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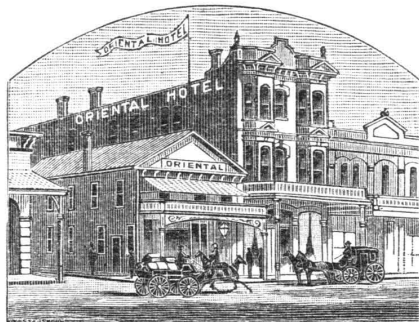
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Southeast cor. of Main and Commercial sts., Seattle.
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\$2, \$2 50, \$3. Especial accommodations for families.

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Centrally located. Rooms single or in suits. No dark rooms. Meals at all hours. Charges moderate. Private Dining Rooms for ladies.

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The ONLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL
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A new book, just published. It contains illustrations and clear descriptions; describes 70 flowers, and tells how each should be worked. Contains also a chapter on finishing fancy work, with numerous illustrations. Tells what colors look best together; how to press embroidery, how to wash silk, etc. Price, 35 cents. Any lady who sends 35 cents for the above book will receive the Illustrated Household Monthly, a 16-page paper devoted to fashions, household matters, fancy work, etc., 3 months, FREE. This is the greatest offer ever made by any publishers.

W. N. SWETT & CO., Lynn, Mass.

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Sample copies, 10 cents. Send for it. Address

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Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Need no capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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MAY speedily BECOME PLUMP AND FAIR by plain Home Treatment. Particulars 6 cts. SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Permanently Removed, root and branch, in 5 minutes without pain, discoloration or injury. Particulars 6c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE STATESMAN, Walla Walla, W. T.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N. Y.

WHAT every lady wants

OF NEEDLEWORK." It plainly teaches them to do Kensington, Ar-rasene, and other embroidery, and gives diagrams of the various stitches. It also has chapters on Knitting, Crocheting, Tatting, Honiton, Point Macramé, Lace Making, Rug Making, etc., with instructions for making many articles for home adornment. 100 pages fully illustrated. Price, postpaid, 50 cts. Agents wanted. Fatten Pub. Co., 25 W. 4th St., New York.

LA GRANDE

Is situated in Grande Ronde Valley, Union County, Oregon, and is the end of a division on the line of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, which has recently been completed to a connection with the Oregon Short Line and Union Pacific Railroad, making this route 463 miles the shortest transcontinental railroad between Portland, Or., and Omaha, running daily Pullman and emigrant sleepers without change of cars, three and a half days' time between said points. La Grande enjoys the influence and support of the railroad company, as they own valuable real estate in the town. The company have here the finest yard on the line of their road, having nine tracks, a depot, round house, machine and car shops, coal bunkers, etc.

La Grande is backed by the richest and most extensive agricultural and pastoral district in Eastern Oregon. Grande Ronde Valley proper contains about 500 square miles, or 320,000 acres, of the richest agricultural lands; and Wallowa Valley, which is tributary to La Grande, is about the same size as Grande Ronde Valley, and the pastoral resources of the Blue Mountains are almost unlimited. La Grande is the principal distributing point for Grande Ronde and Wallowa valleys. Four thousand tons of wheat and a large amount of other grain and hay were shipped from here last fall, and not a tithe of the agricultural lands is yet in cultivation. Daily stages, carrying the United States mail and express, arrive and depart for Summerville and Wallowa.

The town of La Grande is laid out with streets 80 feet wide and alleys 20 feet. Business lots are 30x110 feet, and residence lots 60x110 feet. It has hydraulic water mains. Its population is about 1,200. Its business is represented by eight dry goods and general merchandise stores, two drug stores, two furniture, two tobacco and notions, two tin and hardware stores, four livery stables, four blacksmith shops, two wagon shops, two planing mills, three meat markets, four hotels, two restaurants, four warehouses, one weekly newspaper (*La Grande Gazette*), three shoe shops, one harness shop, three town halls, Odd Fellows, Masonic and Workmen's halls, one soap factory, one cooper shop, United States Land Office, two law offices, three churches (Methodist, Episcopal and Baptist), two public school houses, one of which is just completed at a cost of \$10,000, and the Blue Mountain University, a three-story brick building, where are taught the higher mathematics and a collegiate preparatory course; eleven saloons, one brewery, one music store, two barber shops, four millinery and dressmaking shops, United States post office and Wells-Fargo and Northern Pacific express, one steam flouring mill and an undeveloped water power, one real estate and engineer's office, one agricultural implement store, four physicians.

What we now want is a bank, a grain elevator, a first class flouring mill, gas works, a foundry and machine shop, a good brickmaker and all kinds of mechanics and manufacturers. All enterprising men or companies with capital will receive substantial encouragement.

Good water is obtained by digging from twelve to thirty feet. Cordwood is \$4 per cord, and common lumber from \$12 to \$15 per M. Town lots are sold from \$150 to \$200, and on easy terms of payment; good farms in the valley are from \$10 to \$30 per acre.

For further particulars call on or address the undersigned, at La Grande, Oregon, Town Proprietor, Agent for Farming Lands, Mills, etc.,

DANIEL CHAPLIN.



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—AND—

STONE CARVINGS.

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A. A. AARONSON'S,

Johnson St., bet. Government & Broad,

VICTORIA, B. C.

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

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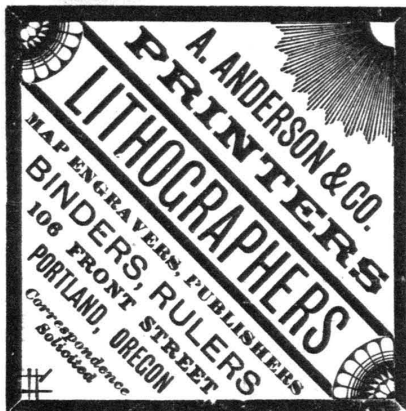
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Columbia	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00
Dayton, Or.						
Corvallis				6 00		
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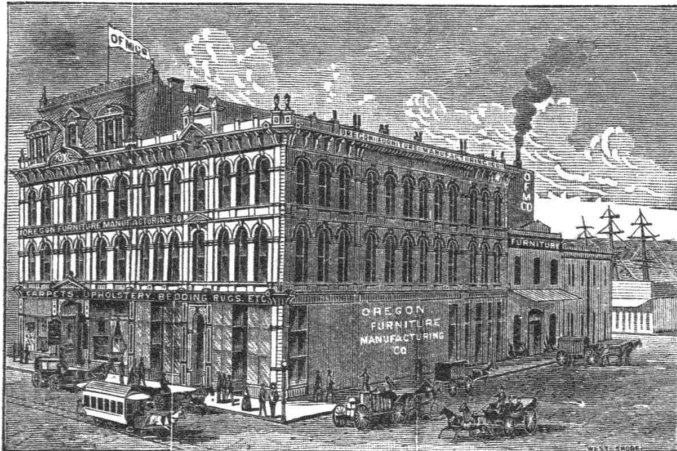
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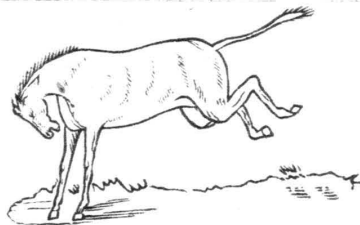
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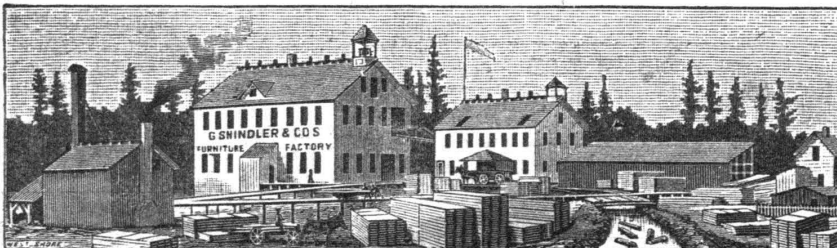
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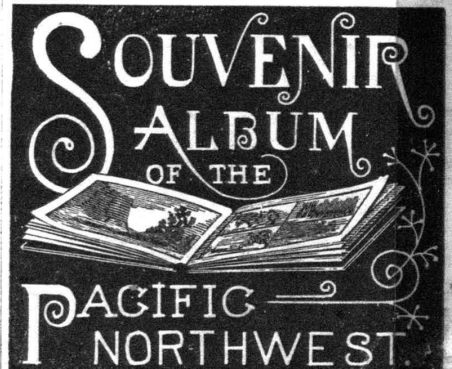
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