

*J. McHenry*

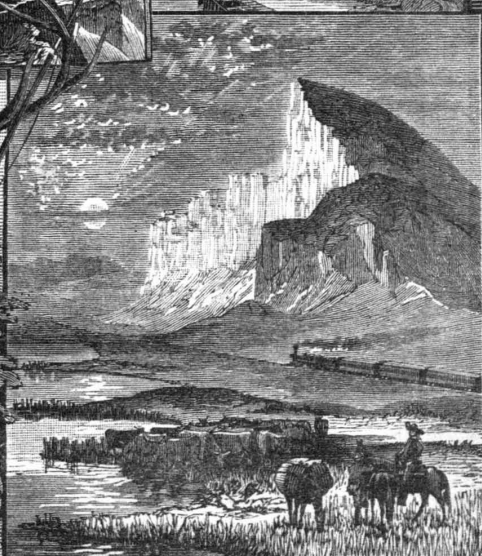
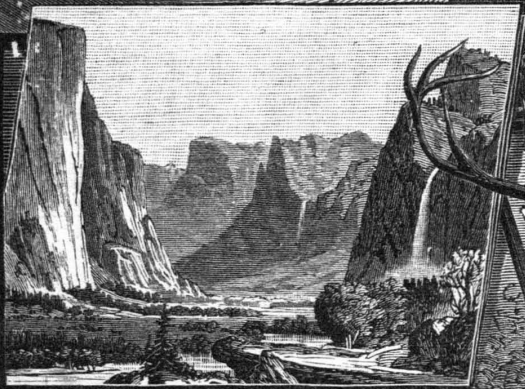
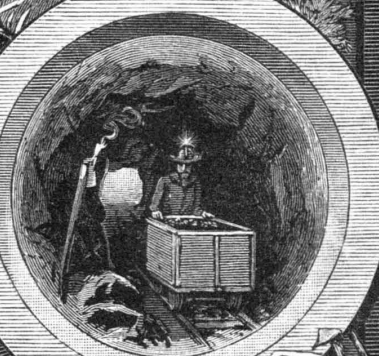
JANUARY, 1885.

1885

# West Shore

ESTABLISHED 1875

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



L. SAMUEL, PUBLISHER, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered for transmission through the mails at second class rates.

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C. H. WOODARD.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

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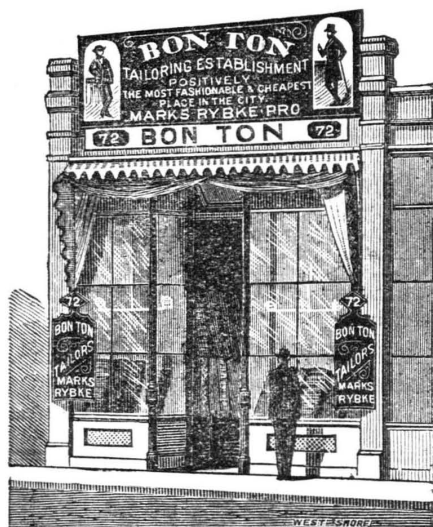
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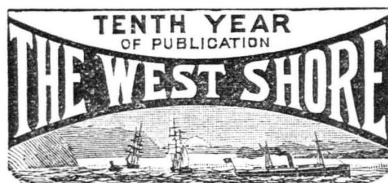
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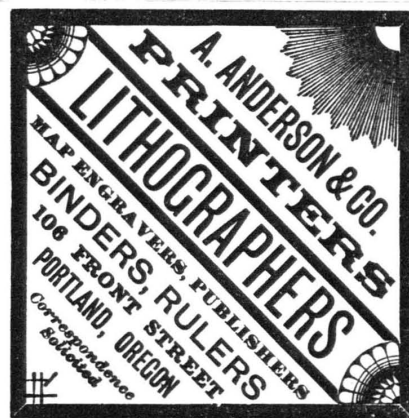


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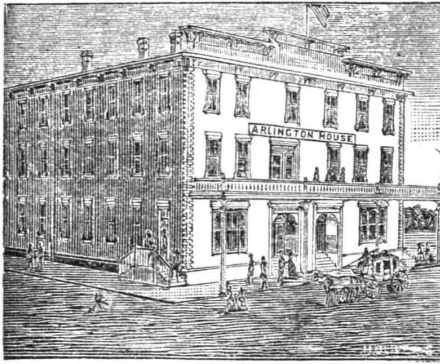
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# THE WEST SHORE.

Vol. XI.

Portland, Oregon, January, 1885.

No. 1.

ESTABLISHED 1875.

## THE WEST SHORE,

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

Subscription price, per annum.....\$2 00  
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Single copies.....25  
Subscription can be forwarded by registered letter or postal order at our risk.  
Postmasters and News Agents will receive subscriptions at above rates.

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

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

THE WEST SHORE begins this month detailed descriptions, with appropriate illustrations, of the large counties which lie in Eastern Oregon. Umatilla and Union are treated in the current number, and the mining, agricultural and pastoral counties of Baker and Grant will receive attention in the next. These articles are commended to the attention of those who would learn something about the resources of that great region.

Just how much damage was occasioned by the late storm it will require some time to ascertain. The first and most noticeable, of course, is the added strain upon our merchants caused by the loss of a large portion of the holiday trade, coming, as it does, upon the heels of a dull season. Next there is the unexpected expense occasioned everywhere by this sudden interruption of traffic and overthrow of business and domestic routine. Agricultural interests have suffered comparatively little, as the snow was ample protection for the crops. It was cold weather without the accompanying snow which did so much damage two years ago. It came that year after a warm season had started the fruit buds. This year, probably, no damage to fruit trees was done. The greatest injury was, no doubt, inflicted upon the owners of cattle and sheep on our ranges east of the mountains. The snow was deep, and if it became crusted the mortality must have been great among stock not provided with fodder. Had the storm continued a week longer there would have been no doubt of serious loss, but as the Chinook began blowing within sixteen days there is much hope that stockmen were able to weather the storm. It will take several weeks to ascertain the exact condition of stock, and, in fact, not until spring can the true facts be known, since another storm, though not so severe, might be too much for stock weakened by the exposure and fasting of the past three weeks.

### OREGON ENTERPRISE.

THE enterprise of Oregon is proverbial. It is self-evident that our citizens must have been extremely diligent to have accumulated their great back-loads of moss. Every assemblage of representative citizens imparts a general tone of *terre vert* to the landscape. During the quarter of a century that Oregon has been a State, their intelligent and unflagging efforts have succeeded in increasing the population from 50,000 to 200,000, while the whole city of Chicago has increased only three times that amount; and this, too, in spite of the discouraging fact that Oregon has illimitable agricultural, pastoral, mineral and timber resources, enormous water power and navigable streams. They live in a fine country, and they do not care who knows it—provided he will ascertain the fact for himself. They would not selfishly deny such information to any one. On the contrary, they are rather pleased than otherwise when some astute individual manages to discover it; but that they should go to the expense and trouble of disseminating such intelligence is a little too much to ask of men who are already bending under such heavy loads—of moss. Yet, even this has been undertaken by the Portland Board of Trade. If there ever is a concentration of the business sagacity, enterprise and liberality of a city it is to be found in such an organization, and our Board is a shining light. Hitherto its energies have been directed exclusively to the pleasant task of dredging the river bar and making a voluminous annual report. Recently it somehow imbibed the idea that the city, and the business of its members, would be benefited by inducing immigration to this region. Possibly the thought was original, and again it may have been suggested by the wonderful success of similar operations in California. Be that as it may, they undertook the work with all the characteristic liberality and energy of Oregonians. The munificent sum of o-n-e h-u-n-d-r-e-d a-n-d s-e-v-e-n-t-y-f-i-v-e d-o-l-l-a-r-s per month was appropriated to defray the expenses of maintaining a board of immigration, the manager of which ought to receive a salary of \$200. He now sits in his office prepared to receive and entertain such as may hear of the existence of such an institution or stumble upon it while walking about the city. An invitation to sit down and make themselves at home is extended to all, but it is "base mockery" to one unaccustomed to sitting on the floor. The room is seldom densely crowded; the agile tongue of the secretary is never pushed to its fullest capacity, nor do the scrap books, newspapers and maps bear the marks of constant thumbing. The places for the thumb marks are there, but the thumbs have not yet reported. The Board has ignited its candle, but omitted to remove the four-peck measure. Oregon is emphatically not "one of those places you read about," and emigrants are stubborn enough to persist in going to just such places.

Oregon has a commissioner at New Orleans whose sole duty seems to be to prevent his one little car-load from becoming lost among the scores sent by other States. Yet he might find time to distribute a few thousand pamphlets descriptive of Oregon. The publisher presented him with a thousand copies of *THE WEST SHORE* for that purpose, and when these are all gone he can, no doubt, borrow a few pamphlets from the Dakota, Nebraska or Kansas commissioners, who are supplied with enormous quantities of them. The Board of Trade might send him a written request to the representative of Dakota to grant him such favors. This is only a suggestion, however, and perhaps some one else can think of something even better.

Take it all in all, there was never a more characteristic exhibition of Oregon enterprise than that we have witnessed during the snow blockade the past few weeks. Passengers, express and mail were snowed in some fifty miles from the city, and yet, though individuals walked in to the city from the beleaguered train, the business men permitted the mail to lie there in the snow, and more to accumulate at Wallula daily, for three weeks, before an order was procured by telegraph from Washington, authorizing the Postmaster to bring it in on sleds. All this time business remained stagnant. What other community in America would have been so nerveless and inert? Not long since the Chicago post office was destroyed by fire early in the morning, and before night a new one was opened and the regular delivery of the mail of 500,000 people resumed. The Postmaster did not bother his head with what was done in '62 or '52, or even '43, but confined his attention to what ought to be done right then. Possibly the Superintendent of the Mails will say that he had no authority to spend the department money for any such purpose; but there is no doubt our liberal Board of Trade would have supplied the means had an appeal been made, even though its enterprising members did not happen to think of such a thing themselves. Then the energy and public spirit displayed in clearing the snow from walks and street car tracks are worthy of comment. It was in the height of the holiday season, when it was hoped that trade would be good enough to compensate for the great dullness of the previous few months, and yet the street car lines were permitted to become blockaded and remain so for days at a time, the old Oregonian reason, that it "cost too much," being given for not keeping them clear. Thus Christmas came and went and the holiday trade was lost, while only one merchant seemed to appreciate the situation enough to offer to bear part of the expense of opening the lines. A labored walk about the city revealed the fact that it was chiefly the poorer classes and those whose sojourn in Webfoot had been brief, who made any effort to clear the snow from off their walks. Our model capitalists, many of them, can boast of still having on their front porches the snow that fell the first day of the storm; and had the elements permitted, these same men would be in possession of the snow that fell in 1862. It is possible they look upon snow as an Eastern import which they should

not encourage by too much attention; for these men are patriotic in the highest degree, and are opposed to the importation of manufactured articles. They do not express their sentiments by establishing here glove, hat and other factories; it would be too much to ask of them when they can loan their money on an assured percentage; but they discourage importation of such things by refusing to purchase gloves and trusting to their pants' pockets to keep their hands warm, and wearing their old hats till they become, like ancient Babylon, "a crumbling ruin." To be sure, this has also a tendency to reduce the volume of trade, make times hard, and discourage home manufactures as well; but that cannot be helped; those patriotic men cannot be expected to carry water on both shoulders. Verily do we exclaim with the much afflicted Job, "There is no relief but in the grave."

#### OREGON'S PARALYZER.

E. W. ALLEN is one of Oregon's representatives at New Orleans. Everybody knows Allen—some frequently—and general satisfaction was expressed when he was selected for the position. By dint of considerable scratching around, he and the other gentlemen appointed by the Governor succeeded in raking together enough of the milk and honey of divers kinds with which Oregon is overflowing to make a car-load. When this was done, Mr. Allen tacked a big yellow placard on the door, and waybilled it to New Orleans, confident that he had something there which would "just paralyze them fellers down there," as a bystander expressed it, when it should be displayed before the admiring eyes of those to whom Providence had denied the boon of a residence in Webfoot. A few days later, having fortified himself with a volume of *THE WEST SHORE*, the blonde Commissioner chartered a limited portion of a Pullman and hied him to the Creole capital. Somehow—and just how will always remain a mystery to strangers—it became whispered on the train that he was not as other men were, but a Commissioner. His fellow-passengers gazed upon that graceful form, in which reposed all the dignity of the great State of Oregon, with feelings akin to awe. The porter, usually so skilled in "sizing up" his passengers, felt ashamed of himself, and immediately raised his former estimate of a silver dollar to five—one for Allen and four for the sovereign State of Oregon. He was all right as far as Allen was concerned, but most sadly deceived on Oregon. Poor fellow, he had not lived here as long as some of us. He knows better now. It was while under the hilarious enthusiasm for commissioners, caused by this sudden unexpected raise in the possible amount of his perquisites, that the sable porter inserted Allen's title in the list of passengers telegraphed to St. Paul. The result was that thenceforth the Commissioner's journey eclipsed the brilliant meteoric flight across the continent executed by the famous Cronin in 1876. He was besieged with questions, interviewed by item-hungry reporters, solicited for the privilege of transferring his baggage and august person from depot to depot, warmly urged to write letters of introduction to the Governor and



other dignitaries for college graduates and unsuccessful preachers, who thought something of going to Oregon and regulating things, and whenever he stepped from the train in the numerous cities along the route, received boisterous and cordial invitations to ride from hackmen and bus drivers, and had his hand heartily shaken by bunko steerers. It was glorious, enough to confuse and turn the head of the most modest, and yet Mr. Allen stood it like a major. One could not imagine from his demeanor that he had not always been the centre of admiring throngs; and yet, if he were taken aside and interviewed privately, he might, perhaps, be coaxed into the admission that he had not. With his new high hat pushed imposingly back from his classic brow, whose aspirations in the direction of the apex of his cranium have long since been realized, and his shapely hands resting in the capacious depths of his trousers pockets, he smiled serenely upon the enthusiastic throngs that poured out their spontaneous tributes to Oregon. His heart beat high with mingled pride and gratification, as he disclaimed any personal merit whatever, and even declared that he was but a common man, little as they might think it. It is reported that when he smiled upon a number of ladies whose eyes rested upon him with admiration, his smile was bereft of all personality, and was but the official smile of a commissioner; but this report lacks confirmation. The ovation reached its climax when he debarked from the cars at New Orleans. It was with the greatest difficulty, and only by asserting the urgency of his mission, that he finally forced his way through the cordon of hackmen, bus drivers, porters, men who desired to show him to a hotel for a dollar, who wanted to borrow ten dollars on a hundred-dollar check, or to exchange new, crisp greenbacks for some of the cumbersome gold he was supposed to be laden with. At last he reached headquarters, profoundly impressed with the greatness of Oregon and its vital importance in the show about to be opened. Indeed, so full did he become of this idea, that immediately upon entering the room, and before introducing himself, he gave expression to the deep gratification it afforded him to arrive on time, and thus prevent any delay in the opening of the Exposition.

"I beg your pardon" said the chairman of the committee, "I did not hear your name."

"Allen is my name, sir."

"Oh, ah, I beg pardon. Why yes, certainly, of course, Sir Percy Newgate Pickayune Allen, of England. Take a chair, Sir Percy. Certainly we would have been sorry not to have had you present at the opening ceremonies."

"Sir nothing," sniffed Allen, "I'm the Commissioner from Oregon, sir."

"Oh, yes, certainly, of course, excuse me," stammered the chairman.

"Oh, that's all right. What kind of a place have you got for me. I've got a paralyzer, and I want lots of room to spread myself."

"I think, Mr. Allen, you will find that we have allotted

you ample space. It was the desire of the committee that our Western Territories should be made quite prominent, so we have placed Idaho, Oregon, British Columbia and the other Territories in as conspicuous position as possible."

It was several seconds before Allen could subdue his indignation, but as he gazed upon the bland and innocent countenance of the chairman his anger gave way to pity. He called the chairman one side and whispered in his ear, so gently that the people in the next room came in to see what the row was about, the astonishing information that British Columbia was a Province of Canada and that Oregon had been a State for lo! these twenty-six years; furthermore, that he had a display of velvet wheat, moss-backs, etc., that would denude the bush of every rag upon it. The chairman apologized most profusely, and then said that the Oregon train had not yet arrived. Twenty-five cars had just come in from Kansas, forty from Nebraska and thirty from Minnesota, but the Oregon train must be blockaded somewhere. Allen sat down hastily and wept, and then, excusing his tears, he told the chairman very privately that he had sent one car-load in advance of the regular train, and if he would inform him where to look for it he would try to hunt it up. Being directed to the rear of the Exposition grounds, he found a perfect babel scene. A multitude of side tracks were filled with cars which were being unloaded, while switch engines whistled and sputtered, trucks rattled and men shouted and bawled at each other. With one hand toying with his silky whiskers, and the other fondling a bunch of keys and an anti-rheumatic potato, which he had carried in his breechaloons pocket since his knee joints had acquired thermometric properties on the tented field of the "late unpleasantness," Mr. Allen gazed upon the scene, and endeavored to select from the four or five hundred cars in the yard the one which bore Oregon's yellow placard. After two hours' diligent searching he found it among the Utah cars, the superintendent of the yard having supposed it to be a car-load of Mormon products from Ogden. Having rescued it from its polygamous surroundings, it was the work of but a few hours to unload its contents and arrange them for display. Allen is nothing if not Scriptural, and repeating softly to himself, "The last shall be first, and the first last," he thrust his hands into his pockets and gazed serenely upon the labors of other commissioners who had been there for a week. He is now studying on the problem presented by the slimmness of his "paralyzer" when compared with other displays, and has about concluded, in case any one should notice it at all, which is by no means certain, that he will assure them it is from Oregon County, Alaska. Yet this is not the full extent of his perplexity. He is extremely bothered about the best use to make of the large space allotted to Oregon, of which his display only fills one corner. He is now halting between two courses, uncertain whether to fill it with chairs and raise much-needed revenue by renting them to visitors at ten cents an hour, or to invest in four dozen pairs of rollers and turn it into a skating rink.

## COWBOY OR HOME BUILDER?

THE great Cattle Convention at St. Louis and the exposure of the effort being made by "cattle kings" of Colorado to secure a lease of 3,500,000 acres of the idle lands embraced in the Crow Reservation, have called attention to the immensity of the cattle business. It is estimated that in 1883 the cattle west of the Mississippi River numbered 22,790,800, valued at \$518,575,889. The highest value per head was credited to Iowa—\$27 per head—where only the superior breeds are raised. The same conditions exist in Illinois, Indiana and other States east of the Mississippi whose statistics are not given. Texas is credited with a value of only \$16 per head, owing to the inferior nature of the greater portion of the stock grazing on her almost limitless ranges. The value differs in each section in proportion to the attention which has been paid to improving the breeds. There has been a great increase in numbers and value per head since the above statistics were compiled. It might seem that the renting for grazing purposes of a vast tract of land now held in idleness would be a desirable thing; and so it would—to a few. But the land can be put to better use. Our national domain has limits, as the thousands seeking homesteads in the West are beginning to learn. It will not be many years before there will be no more desirable Government land to be had. In view of this, does it seem judicious, or even just to the people, to permit millions of acres to be thus withheld from the home-seekers and devoted to the enrichment of a few men? In his last report Secretary Teller thus speaks of this reservation: "Since my last report the Indians have been located on the Big Horn. This reservation is much larger than required for their support. The reservation is situated in the Territory of Montana, and contains 7,364 square miles, or 4,713,000 acres of land. At least 3,000,000 acres might be disposed of, leaving the Indians sufficient agricultural lands to become self-supporting if they desire to become agriculturists, and a sufficient amount of grazing land should they prefer to become stock raisers. The 1,713,000 acres of land that would be left would give nearly, if not quite, 600 acres of land to each individual member of their tribe. The proceeds of the surplus lands, properly used, would make the Crows self-supporting in a few years at the furthest."

What the Government should do in this matter is to extinguish the Indian title to these surplus acres, and throw them open to settlement under the homestead laws only. Where they might furnish grass for vast bands of cattle and employment for a few hundred cowboys, they might, in the other case, give homes to as many thousand families, multiply their value and the value of their products, and increase largely the population of the Territory. In one case the land is made to swell the pockets of a few "cattle kings," and in the other it keeps burning thousands of domestic hearths. There need be no fear that the cattle business will suffer, or that the world will be stinted in its supply of beef. Invasion of the free ranges by settlers may reduce the size of "kingdoms," but not the number of cattle. It will simply increase the

number of owners. There are no vast cattle ranges in Iowa, and yet that State possesses nearly 4,000,000 cattle, all of a superior breed, while Montana has but one-fourth that amount. It is better for the country that one thousand men should own ten cattle each than that ten men should possess a thousand each. Dividing them thus among many owners has a tendency to increase, not only the value per head, but the number of cattle supported by each acre of ground devoted to that purpose. It eliminates, also, that feature of monopoly, and consequent arrogance and oppression, which is becoming so noticeable in the cattle business. Serious complaints are made of the fencing in of public lands, the acquiring of color of title by fraudulent means to thousands of acres of land from which home-seekers are excluded at the muzzle of the rifle, the "freezing out" of settlers and consequent forced sale to the "kings" of their land claims for a nominal sum, and a score of other abuses which naturally follow the aggregation of large capital in the hands of a few men whose interests are not in harmony with the poorer people surrounding them. Not until our Territories are settled by a thrifty class of farmers, their fertile acres tilled, their cattle increased fourfold in numbers and supported upon cultivated grass and cereals, the number of cattle owners increased a thousand fold, and the nomadic cowboy superseded by the home builder, will they enjoy the full measure of prosperity to be derived from supplying hungry humanity with beef.

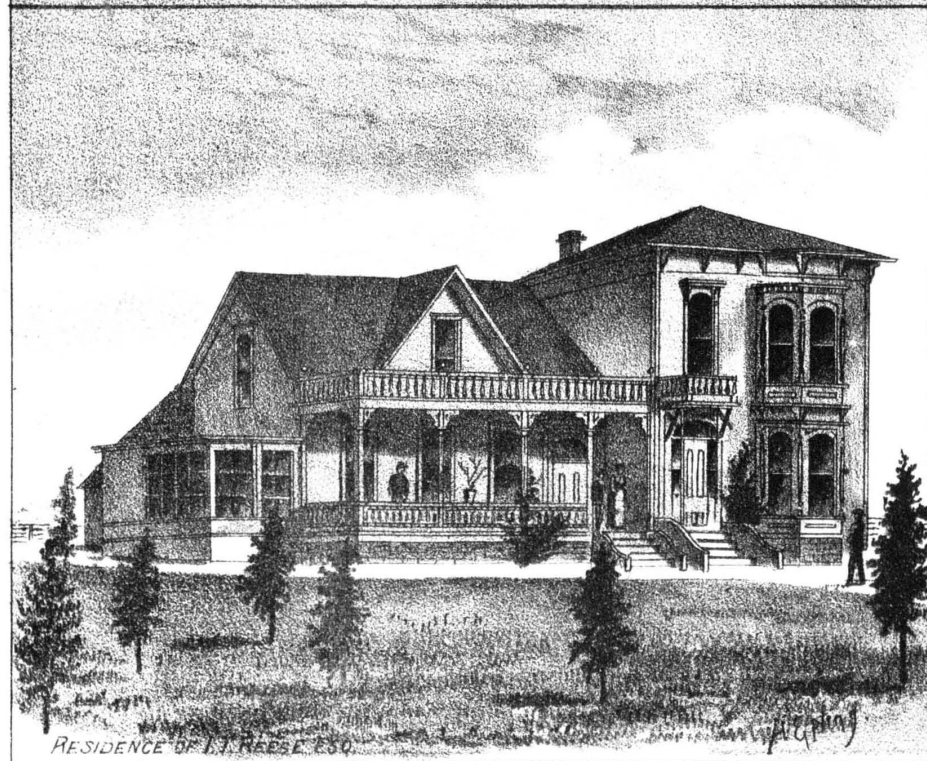
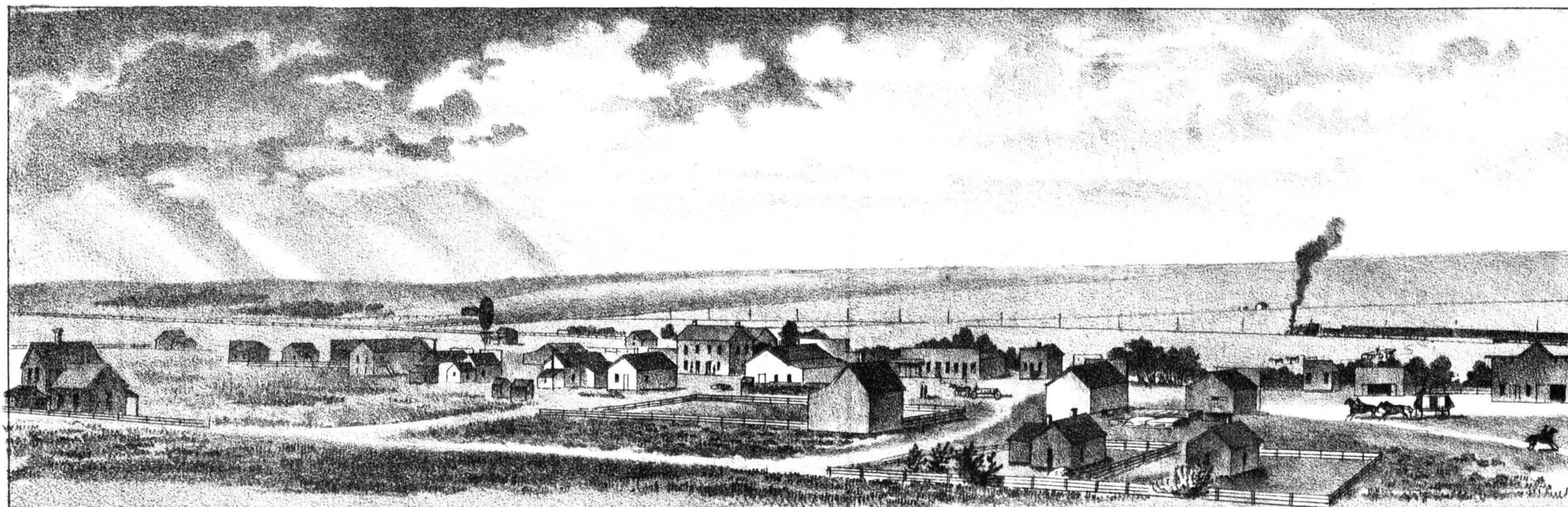
In the exuberance of his joy at being permitted a taste of the mild climate of the Pacific Coast, our artist gave his fancy rein in our last issue, and drew a picture strongly contrasting the winters of the "Atlantic" and "Pacific." Hardly had the number been distributed and universally praised, when there came a "spell of weather." The young lady in the hammock hastened into the house for her sealskin sacque; the little girl picking flowers had her fingers frost bitten, and the gentleman out driving was compelled to have a pair of runners made for his buggy in order to get home through the snow. He will never do it again. In future the climate must take care of itself. It can expect no more aid from one whom it has so treacherously deserted in the hour of need.

THE people of Southern Oregon are to be congratulated. During the past storm no snow fell in Umpqua or Rogue River valleys, but copious and much-needed rain. Snow lies deep on the mountains, so that the miners will have an abundance of water for a number of months to come. This is a blessing they have not enjoyed for several years, and it will do much to make times better in that region. The crop and fruit outlook is also highly encouraging.

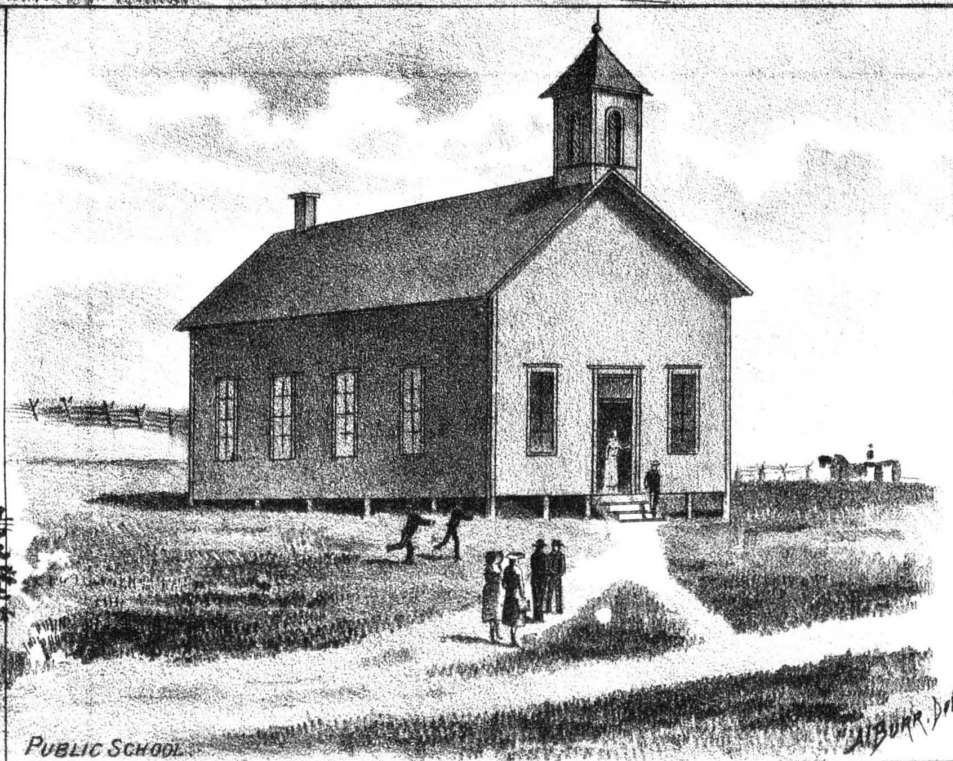
THE December number of the *Decorator and Furnisher* is a most excellent one. This journal, published at No. 32 East Fourteenth street, New York, is invaluable to one who is about to furnish a house, or who would keep posted on the latest artistic designs and novelties in the art of house decoration and furnishing.



THE WEST SHORE.



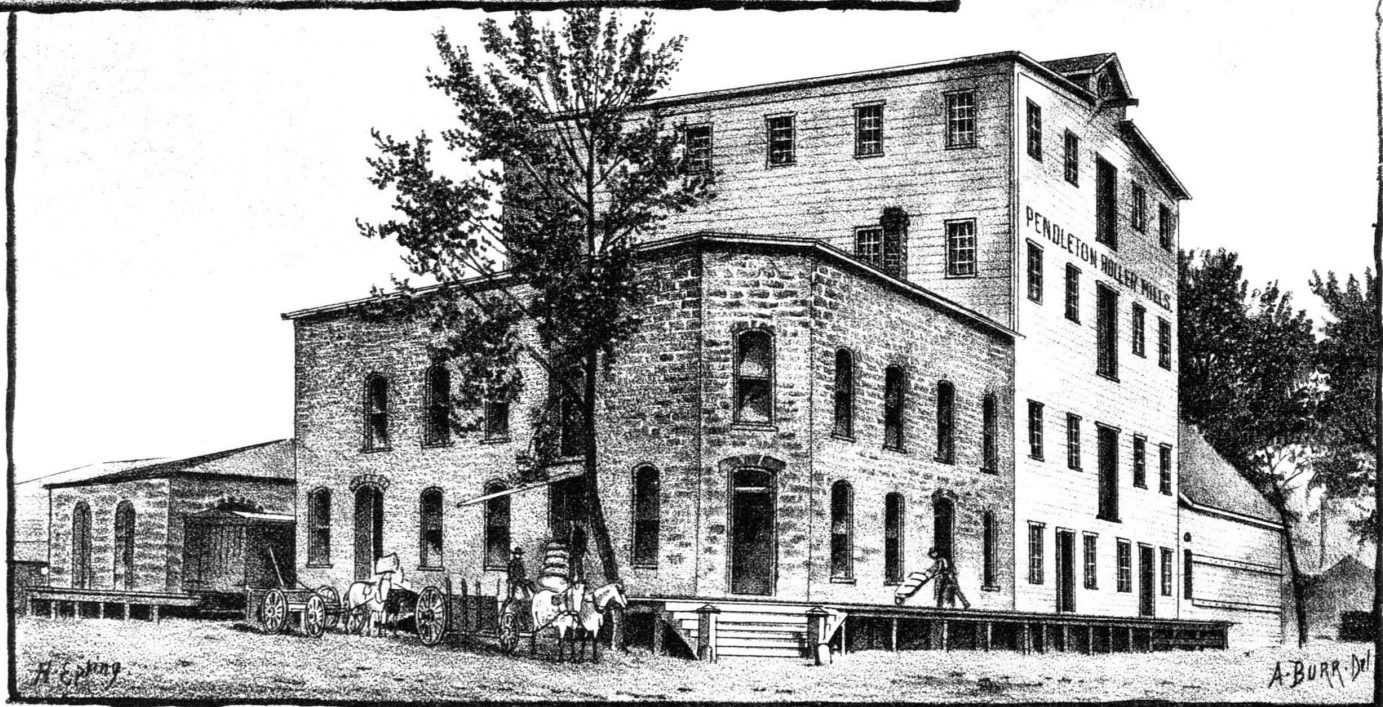
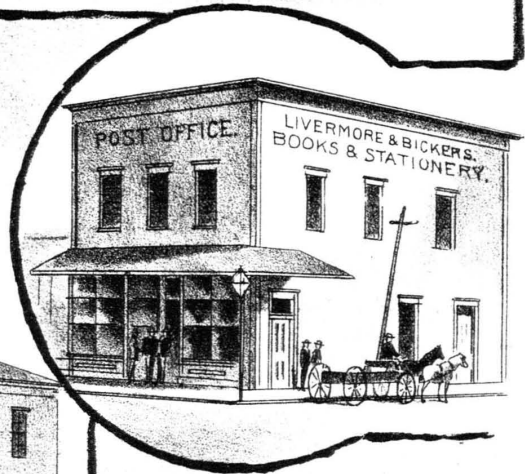
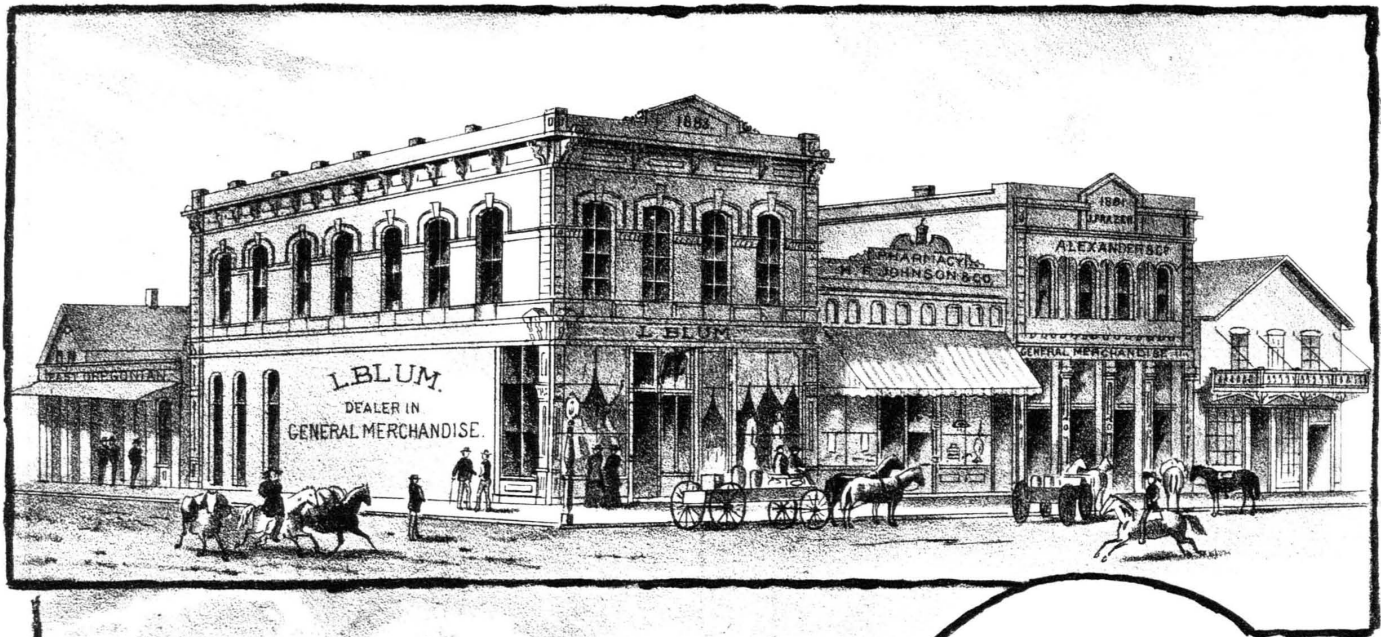
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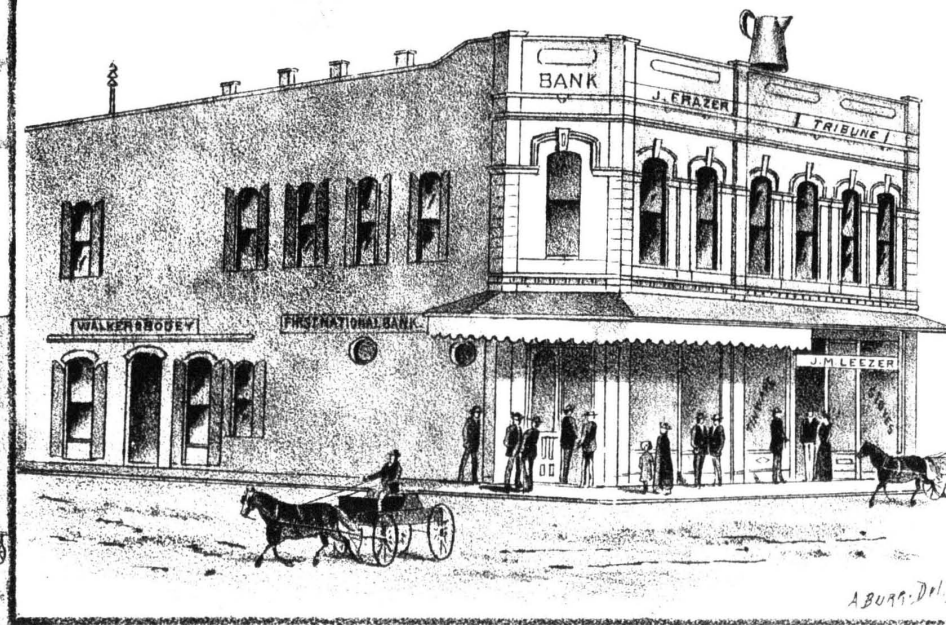
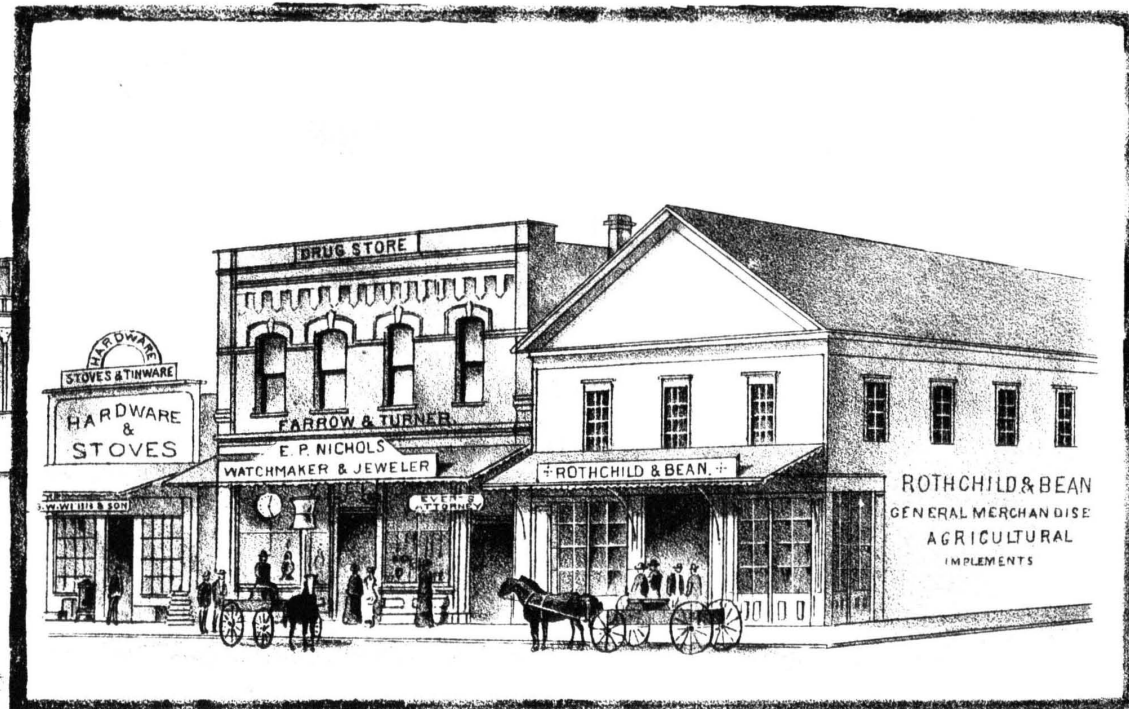
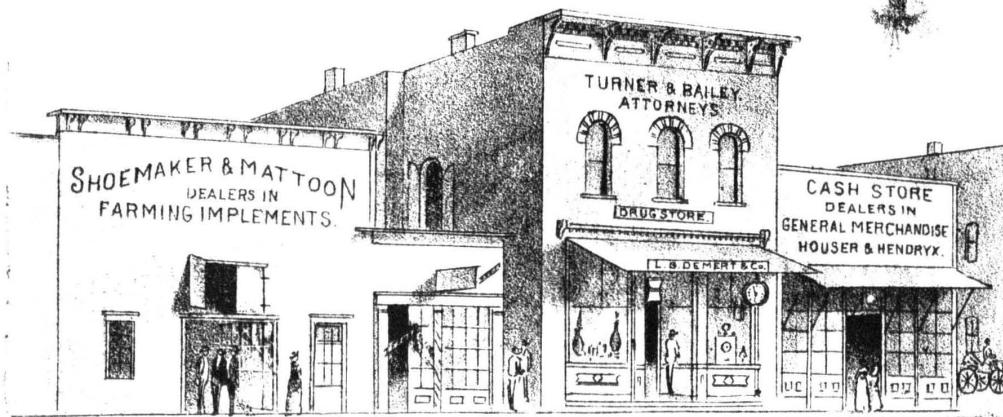
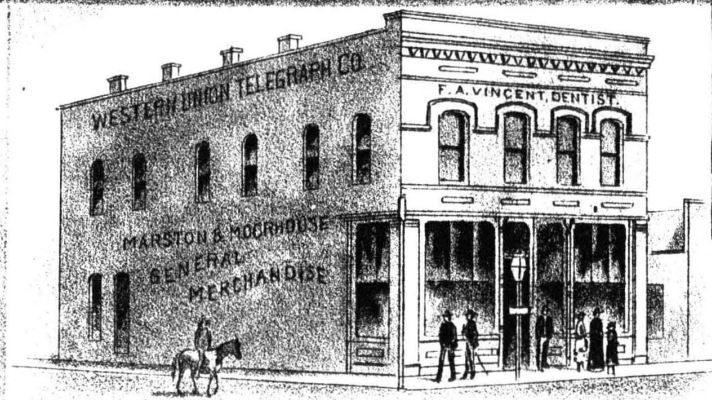
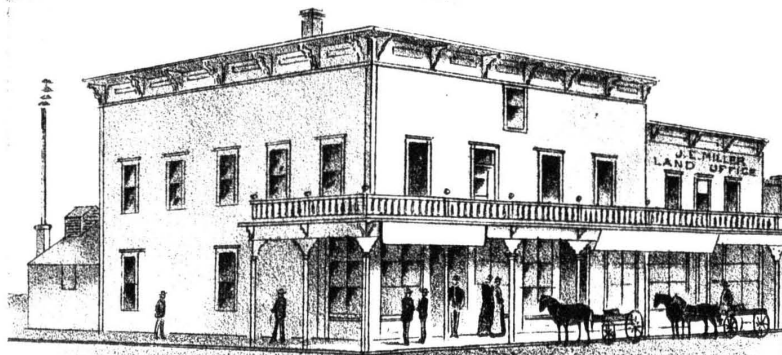
ADAMS, UMATILLA CO. OR.

# THE WEST SHORE.



BUSINESS HOUSES, PENDLETON, OR.



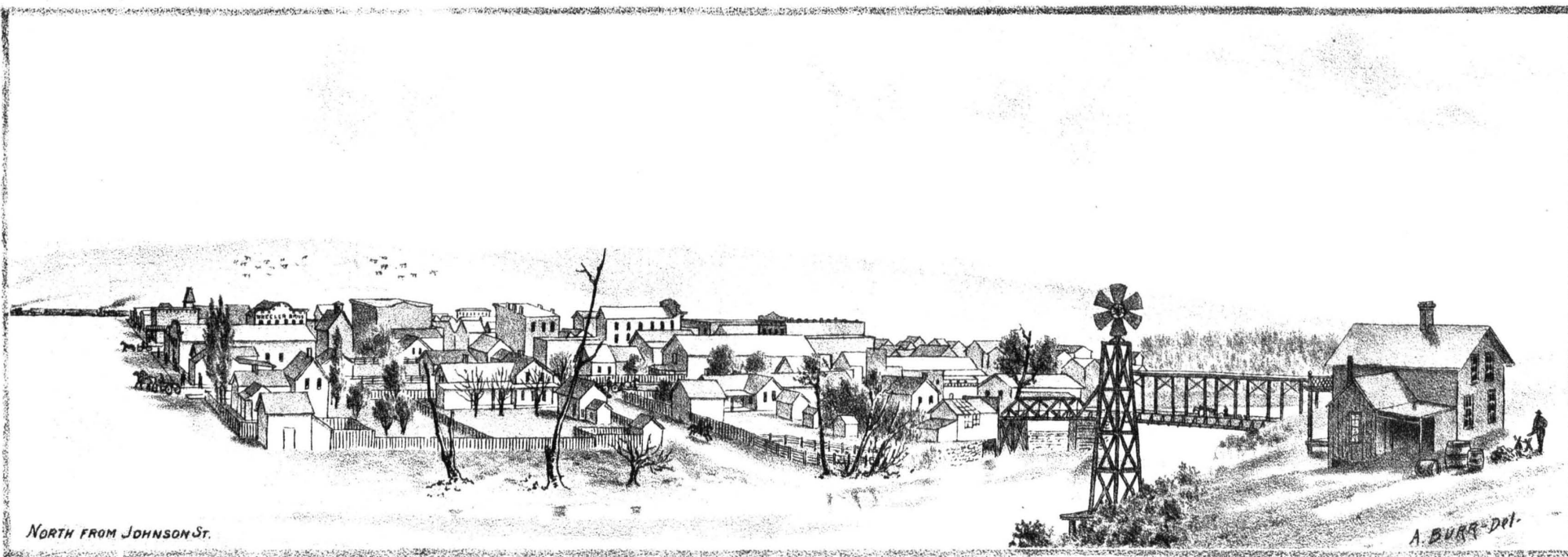
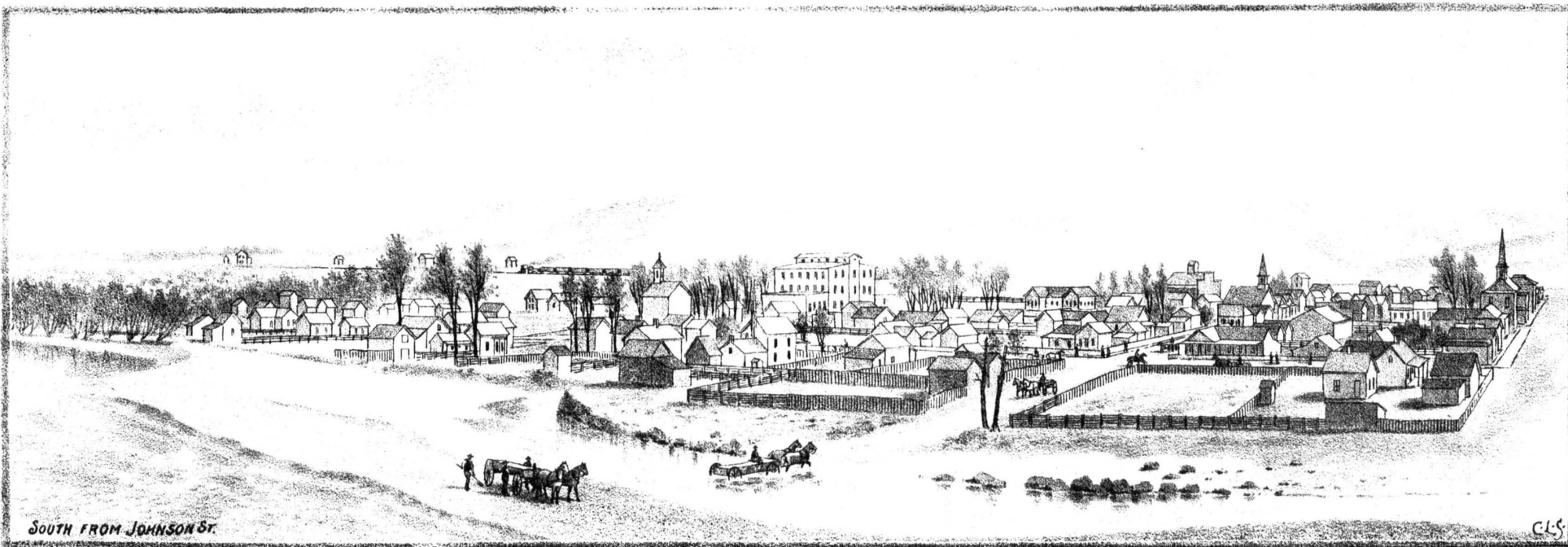


THE WEST SHORE

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THE WEST SHORE.



PENDLETON, OR.

WEST SHORE - LITH.



## UMATILLA COUNTY.

THE County of Umatilla is one of the leading agricultural and pastoral counties of Oregon, and is both populous and prosperous. It is bounded on the north by the Columbia River and Walla Walla County, in Washington Territory. The summit ridge of the Blue Mountains separates it from Union County on the east, and Grant and Wasco counties border it on the south and west. The main water-courses flow from the springs of the Blue Mountains in a general northwesterly direction to the Columbia, and with their tributaries give an inexhaustible supply of pure water, with power almost unlimited. Walla Walla River and the Tumalum, with Pine Creek, their principal tributary, run through the northern end and pass into Walla Walla County. Umatilla River flows northwesterly from the mountains to the Columbia, receiving on its way the waters of Wild Horse, Cottonwood, McKay, Butter and Birch creeks. Willow Creek, which has several forks and tributaries, runs through the southwestern portion of the county, and several tributaries of John Day River flow near the border of Wasco County, into which they cross. Wells of pure, living water can be found almost anywhere at a depth of from fifteen to sixty feet. Many drive wells have been successfully put down on numerous farms, water being found easily, even in the driest portions of the county.

The county's greatest length is 140 miles from northeast to southwest—transversely it is eighty miles; and it includes within its limits 5,040 square miles, or 3,225,000 acres. Much of this is grain land of the finest quality, while the remainder is divided between timbered mountains, in which are many fertile, grassy valleys, large tracts valuable for grazing for horses, cattle and sheep, and considerable bordering the Columbia which is practically valueless without irrigation, owing to the lightness of the rainfall. Lying along the base of the Blue Mountains are thousands of acres of wheat lands which have no superior in the world. They possess to a high degree all the requisites necessary to grain producing. The soil contains the highly desirable alkaline properties, is rich and deep; the rainfall is always sufficient and never excessive; frosts do not come early enough to injure the crop; and it is seldom that harvest is interfered with by the elements. Taken on the average, by the summer fallow system, winter wheat will yield thirty bushels to the acre. A yield in certain fields of fifty bushels is not uncommon—not small patches, but fields of from 100 to 500 acres—and the average land, under careful cultivation, will produce at least thirty bushels. It is being done year after year, with no apparent deterioration of the soil. It is of this class of lands that the Umatilla Indian Reservation is largely composed. The line of the reserve is as clear cut and discernible as the track of a cyclone in a forest. On one side of the narrow stream which forms its boundary are to be seen farms stretched out in endless succession, their tilled acres, long lines of fences, neat residences and substantial improvements contrasting strongly with the receding vista of wild, bar-

ren bunch grass hills lying on the other side, upon which a few cattle and cayuse ponies may be seen grazing. Ere long, no doubt, this reservation will be declared open to settlement. When this is done thousands of acres will be added to the productive area of Umatilla, and hundreds of happy homes will be founded where now the intractable cayuse crops the nutritious bunch grass in untrammelled freedom.

A detailed description of the county, beginning at the point where it is first entered from the west, will, perhaps, be taking it in the order in which it is encountered by the majority of strangers; though, of course, now that the Oregon Short Line is completed, many more than formerly are entering the county from the opposite direction. In passing up the Columbia above The Dalles one is struck with the utter barrenness of the country. Long ridges of sand are about all that is observable from the car window, while the grating and grinding of the sand by the revolving wheels of the car is far from agreeable to one of too sensitive a nervous composition. The impression produced is far from favorable, and the natural impulse of the stranger is to class the whole region as a desert. Yet, back from the river, and only a few miles inland, are to be found mile upon mile of rolling bunch grass hills, verdant meadows and bottom lands, and thousands of those fertile acres which have placed Umatilla at the head of the wheat producing counties of Oregon. Umatilla is like the rough diamond, the gem is on the inside; she presents her poorest and most uninviting aspect to him who only judges from outside appearances.

Arriving at Umatilla Junction, a relic of the effervescent prosperity of early mining times, still reposing on the wind-swept sands of the Columbia, the train heads southeastward and parallel with, and a short distance north of, the Umatilla River, through the very heart of the county. It is now that the agricultural resources of Umatilla begin to unfold. Several tributaries enter the Umatilla from the south, each flowing through a long, wide valley, or bottom; but leaving these for subsequent description, we will confine our attention to the region lying northeast of the river. Beginning a few miles from the Columbia, there lies for miles up and down the stream a strip of country where the soil is of undoubted fertility, and, except on the ridges, of sufficient depth to render cultivation easy. Bunch grass, sage brush and flowers grow upon it in profusion, and for years stock have roamed over the hills and fattened on the little green tufts of grass. The rainfall is very slight, and until very recently was considered entirely inadequate to the demands of wheat culture. In 1880 a company was organized and a tract of 5,000 acres of this land secured. Amid all the prophecies of utter failure the proprietors of Prospect Farm went to work systematically, and astonished everybody by raising a crop of wheat averaging twenty-five bushels to the acre. This success was repeated the following year, and people began to change their opinion of this dry land. Since then many claims have been taken up by settlers, and in a few years there will no doubt be a continuous line of farms in a region

formerly considered as fitted only for the grazing of sheep and cattle. For more extended information of the northern portion of the county the reader is referred to the description of the Cold Spring country at the end of this article.

As progress is made inland the quantity of rainfall increases, and this dry land gradually blends with that which has been held in better esteem, there being no clearly defined line of separation. Evidences of more extensive and older cultivation are observed. Farms present a less new and crude appearance. The houses and improvements generally indicate an older settlement—older by a few years only, of course, as all the settlements dating back a score of years are to be found along the bottom lands of the various streams, since the hills were then considered valueless for agricultural purposes. It is now that we enter the region whose astonishing yields of wheat have made the name of Umatilla famous in Oregon. The rolling hills, covered in the summer time from base to crest with fields of grain or stretches of plowed ground fallowing in the health-giving rays of the sun, rise gradually to the southeastward until they become a portion of the Blue Mountains, whose timbered ridges stretch out as far as the eye can reach. This region is one immense wheat field. Except along the margin of the streams not a tree obstructs the view, and standing on the brow of one of the rolling hills we can see for miles, and our gaze will fall upon nothing but fields of grain, stretching away in one continuous succession of farms until they blend with the distance. Looking toward the mountains, the fields are seen to climb the foothills and sloping sides of the mountains till they lose themselves in the timber. It is in the heart of this fertile region that a large portion of the Umatilla Reservation lies, contrasting with it so strongly by its unproductiveness. The average distance across the reservation, north and south, is thirty miles; east and west, fifteen. The greater portion of it, some eight or nine townships, or about 300,000 acres, is of the most desirable wheat lands. It extends to the summit of the mountains, and includes a valuable tract of timber. Across it runs the railroad leading eastward from Pendleton. In this region lie the prosperous towns of Pendleton, Adams, Centreville, Weston and Milton, the elements of their prosperity being plainly evident in the surrounding country.

After crossing the reservation to Pendleton, which lies on its western edge, we pursue our journey along the base of the mountains southwestward. Here we find a region which has been occupied by stockmen for years, and which, until recently, has not claimed the attention of the farmer. The influx of immigrants during the past two years has been very great. They are settling down upon their quarter sections, turning the bunch grass under with their plows, and converting the vast stock ranges into long successions of grain fields. Thousands of acres are thus newly brought under cultivation every year, and the end is not yet. As stockmen, there was room for only a few; as farmers, there is room for all who have come and for many more. The journey through this

region carries us to Heppner, about which and beyond to the line of Wasco County practically the same conditions prevail. Owing to the great influx of immigrants to this end of the country during the past two years, large areas of grazing land are now being rapidly transformed into grain fields. Land that a few years ago was thought valuable only for grazing is now producing from twenty to forty bushels of grain, or from two to three tons of hay, to the acre. But owing to the hilly and broken aspect of much of the country, stock raising will continue to be a leading industry here, thus adding to the material wealth and prosperity. The folly of grain raising, to the exclusion of all other branches of husbandry, has been sufficiently demonstrated in other States, and, be it said to the credit of the farmers here, they are wisely adopting the New England method of diversified farming, which will largely increase their annual income.

Until recent years the principal source of revenue to this section of the county has been the stock industry. Perhaps there is no country in the world in which stock raising could be more profitably engaged in than here, especially horses, cattle and sheep. Within the past five years sheep raising has, to a great extent, superseded the cattle business. Owing to the decline of the cattle market a few years ago, many of the leading cattle men were induced to sell off their cattle and embark in the wool growing industry. To verify the statement as to the adaptability of this part of the county to stock raising, it is only necessary to state that there are over two hundred thousand sheep within a radius of fifteen miles of Heppner, to say nothing of the vast herds of horses and cattle that roam the hills, finding their own living feasting on the luxuriant bunch grass, many of them never having seen a hay stack. Another evidence of the nutritious qualities possessed by the native grass, is the fact that new settlers are enabled to put in their crops without feeding grain, by simply turning their horses out to grass at night.

Having thus made a broad sweep around the county, we will now return to the mouth of the Umatilla, and follow up that stream, to take a look at the tributaries mentioned as entering it from the south. The first one is Butter Creek, eight miles above. This is quite a considerable stream, flowing down from the mountains some seventy miles south, passing all the way in a deep depression between the hills on either hand, and having much fine meadow land along its course. It is well named, for with proper effort the water and grass of this stream can be literally converted into butter. Going up the creek we find some quite extensive grain and hay ranches for a distance of twenty or thirty miles, when the canyon becomes narrower, the bluffs higher and more precipitous, and the dwellers on the creek find room only for a little garden. We travel up this stream some sixty or seventy miles before we are fairly in the mountains. Nearly all who live on the creek have been or are extensive stock raisers, their cattle grazing for miles over the adjacent hills, and care little for the farming qualities of their rough ranches. They can make money far easier and

more surely than by raising grain, or could until the plow began encroaching upon their ranges, as it has already in many cases. It is to be hoped that more attention will be turned to dairying by the owners of the grassy bottoms along the stream.

The next stream of importance is Birch Creek, falling into the Umatilla thirty miles above the mouth of Butter Creek. In all its essentials this stream is similar to the one just described. It is in the transition period from the pastoral to agricultural industry. This means that more people are settling here every year, and that the herders' camp-fire is giving place to the domestic hearth. Uncle Sam owns thousands of acres of bunch grass hills which he is willing to give to those who will build there a home. Many settlers think they have a soil equal to that of the famous wheat lands about Weston and Centreville; but it has not been tried sufficiently to demonstrate this fact. It is undoubtedly excellent. There are, however, great stretches of grass-covered hills not fit for grain raising, which will always be devoted to grazing for stock. In such places the soil is thin and the rocks close to the surface. We find much land of this character adjacent to the bluffs of most of the principal streams, and on the ridges between streams where they approach somewhat near together, as is the case on the ridge between Butter and Birch creeks, north of Willow Springs, and between Birch and McKay creeks in some localities where they are not far apart, and in other instances. Other tributaries of the Umatilla are McKay, Wild Horse and Cottonwood creeks. Willow Creek is an important stream, entering the Columbia near the western end of the county. It runs northward from the mountains down a canyon, where the conditions are in most respects similar to those described as existing along Butter Creek. The stream forks into two branches, on one of which—the north—lies the town of Heppner. Willow Creek canyon is the route by which the whole region in which that prosperous town is situated finds an outlet to the railroad on the bank of the Columbia. Thousands of pounds of wool annually go out of the county by this route, and thousands of pounds of goods enter by the same way.

In the extreme southeastern corner of the county, in the very heart of a western spur of the Blue Mountains, the North Fork of John Day River sweeps into it from Grant County. Numerous small tributaries fall into it, along which are many little mountain valleys. There is one of these mountain valleys of considerable size, known as Camas Prairie, which is a paradise of beauty and fertility. It is a nearly circular basin, some twelve miles in diameter, entirely surrounded by mountains covered from base to peak with forests of pine and fir. The valley is crossed here and there with dark green belts of pines, and gently swells up to the base of the foothills, back of which rise the towering mountains, with streams of ice cold water running down the rugged canyons. The prairie is divided up into four small valleys—viz., "Snipe," "Round," "Wilson" and "Big (or Main) Camas," with intervening ridges of upland, which are

covered with large, stately pines. It is claimed by some that this upland will produce wheat when it is cleared. There are a few places in Camas Prairie where wheat can be grown without fear of frost; but take the valley in its entirety, it is too frosty for successful wheat growing, except it be used for hay. Barley and oats do well, however. Good gardens can be made on most of the places claimed, or ever likely to be claimed. It is well adapted to dairying and stock raising, being watered by Camas Creek, Owens Creek, Snipe Creek and other tributaries to the John Day. Besides, there are countless numbers of never-failing springs along the foothills and in the valley, some of them running nearly an inch stream of water the year round. It is difficult to find a section of land that has not one or more of these springs.

Then there are the hot springs within a few miles of Alba, which are already becoming famous as a pleasure and health resort. Two and one-half miles south of Alba is a mineral spring with remarkable curative properties. For some years past this valley has been the Mecca of all cattle and sheep men of Eastern Oregon, who would drive their immense herds in here every summer to pasture on the rich, nutritious grasses. But all this is changed now; for what was once one of the finest stock ranges in the world is fast being broken by the plow, and stockmen are obliged to seek "pastures new." To the sportsman Camas Prairie offers superior inducements. In the spring large numbers of salmon find their way from the Columbia up the John Day, thence up the various creeks, where they are easily caught; and these streams abound with the delicious mountain trout. Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, wolves, cougars, wild cats, etc., are numerous; while if any one thinks he has lost a bear he can very soon find him in the mountains on the south side of the valley. Of game fowls there are grouse, pheasants, chickens, and in the spring myriads of geese, ducks and cranes. A new era has opened for Camas Prairie. Those who settled there three years ago with little or nothing have made a good start on the highway to prosperity. Some 2,000 tons of hay, 25,000 pounds of butter and 4,000 pounds of cheese are made there annually. There are three school houses in the prairie, and a good store and post office, shops, etc., are located in the little town of Alba, in the northern end of the prairie.

We have now passed over the entire county, but there is one section already mentioned which merits a more extended description, since it offers splendid opportunities for settlement. This is known as the "Cold Spring Country," and lies to the southeast of that portion of the Columbia River between Umatilla and Wallula. The following description of that rapidly developing section was written by Mr. A. F. Parker, a resident of that region, and a journalist well known in the Pacific Northwest. Careful attention is invited to his statements, which are made from personal observation. Mr. Parker says:

With the exception of a narrow belt of sand and sage brush, about one mile in width, bordering on the Columbia River, there is scarcely an acre of waste land in the



whole region. The soil is the black loam common to all the Northwestern country. The native grass is the famous "bunch grass," which in this particular region attains such a luxuriant growth as I have never seen excelled. The Cold Spring prairies are devoid of timber, the sources of supply being the timber belt of the Blue Mountains twenty miles to the southeastward. The surface water is confined to the numerous springs which gave the name to the country; but an unfailing supply is found in wells varying from thirty to sixty feet in depth, the depth of wells in this country depending upon that of the soil, which, in some instances, has been found to be sixty feet in depth before bedrock was struck. As a rule, a stream of running water is found fifteen feet below the bedrock, and in no instance has the supply ever failed. Under the provisions of the Timber Culture Act some tracts have been devoted to the growth of timber, with fair success, considering that the people know so little of the cultivation of timber, and that the possibilities of the soil are only just becoming known.

When I first became acquainted with the Cold Spring country the number of settlers could be almost counted upon the fingers of one hand. Eight years ago lands that now comprise some of the best farms in the county could have been had for the locating. At that time the Cold Spring country was occupied exclusively by sheep men, who were interested in spreading discouraging reports about its quality. It was said, and for many years was believed, to be an inhospitable desert of sage brush and sand; but as the settlements extended more and more to the northward the soil was found to be rich, and deeper than in any other part of the county. The work of developing the Cold Spring country began about five years ago. The first settlers were poor men, and they had to undergo the vicissitudes which fall to the lot of the pioneers in every latitude. To-day the country presents an aspect of prosperity. County roads have been laid out, and are enclosed in endless lanes of substantial fences. On every hand are evidences of the thrift of the farmers and the fertility of the soil, in the substantial improvements which are going on, in the fine new barns and commodious residences, and, in some instances, high stepping trotters and stylish buggies. We have a soil of great depth and inexhaustible fertility, upon which, even with the most slovenly style of raising "volunteer" crops, the farmer assumes a yield of fifteen bushels to the acre; while with crops farmed on the summer fallow system, a yield of thirty bushels to the acre can be safely counted on. The wheat raising craze is here in full blast, and that it has paid to raise wheat exclusively appears to be self-evident, and the acreage devoted to that purpose is increasing every year. The conditions of soil and climate are eminently adapted to it, and under the summer fallow system there is no possibility of failure of crops.

The system of farming for wheat exclusively is, however, not a good one in the long run, but it has its advantages in enabling poor men to make a start in improving their ranches. With a fair price for the product, it is no uncommon thing for a man to make enough from one

crop to clear expenses and pay for the land besides. One of its worst features is that it creates the impression that our soil is good for nothing else, whereas, with proper cultivation, there is no soil in the State more prolific in its yield of fruits and vegetables. Potatoes are large and many to a hill. Melons, squash, onions, tomatoes and corn need only to be planted to attain a fine growth without further care. I have known grape vine cuttings planted in a badger hole to flourish until eaten by sheep. Tobacco can also be raised here, but it needs attention. "Garden truck" grows spontaneously in so far that the only aid required is to seed and gather the fruit. It is literally a soil that will "laugh" an abundant harvest if "tickled with a hoe." When its merits shall be fully tested under a more diversified system of farming than now prevails, it will be the modern Canaan, a land flowing with the "milk and honey" of its cereal and vegetable productions.

One feature of the country is worth noticing. There are no rocks to be seen—not an acre of waste ground. Even on the highest points, where an extensive view can be obtained, there is not a spot discernible which is not covered to a greater or less depth with soil. It is a country rich in all the elements required by steady progression, and it will in time be the home of a dense population.

There is still some vacant Government land subject to entry and purchase by the usual methods. The best locations, of course, were naturally taken by the first comers, but there is much left that is good. The time is coming when Uncle Sam will no longer be able to give a farm to all applicants. In point of fact, vacant farming lands are already scarce, and are becoming more and more so each year, as reference to the records of all the Land Offices proves; and when an opportunity occurs, such as is offered here, those who have the qualities of good settlers, and are anxious to obtain homes on this fertile part of the public domain, should hasten to avail themselves of it before too late. The reason why this Cold Spring country is not fully settled up is because it is the newest of all the agricultural settlements and has never been "boomed." Until last year there were but one or two organized county roads leading this way, and although surrounded by railroads, so that the most distant part is not fifteen miles from a station, yet we are somewhat isolated. We have, however, a fine quality of settlers who have established their homes here, and built at every country cross-roads a district school house, and are earnest in similar matters of intellectual advancement, while we are surrounded on the east, west and south by a network of towns. Walla Walla is only twenty-eight miles northeastward, while to the east are the towns of Milton, Weston, Centreville and Adams, each about fifteen miles from the very heart of the Cold Spring country. Distant about eighteen miles from Cold Spring is Pendleton, the county seat, the principal rendezvous for Cold Spring people. Located in such a neighborhood, it will be easily seen that the Cold Spring country offers inducements to settlers that cannot be

overlooked. It is advantageous in every respect, and those may regard themselves as lucky men who obtain land here, for a quarter section of land in any part of Umatilla County is not a thing to be sneezed at, and is growing in value every day.

In regard to climate, I will say that the altitude varies from 500 feet on the Columbia River to 1,200 feet at the head of the Cold Spring canyon. Down to December 10 (the date of this writing), plows have been running all over the country, and a large amount of new soil has been broken since the Presidential election. No snow has fallen in the Blue Mountains to date, although it has rained every week since October. Snow generally falls about the middle of December, and remains on the ground until removed by the Chinook wind, which may put in an appearance in three days or three weeks. Late in January we usually have a week's hard frost, with another Chinook, and then "spells of weather" until the spring rains. Stock have been wintered here for years without shelter, and with no other feed than the natural bunch grass, and in no instance has the loss ever exceeded five per cent., even in the most severe winter.

People coming to this country to make homes are heartily welcome, and will receive all encouragement from their neighbors. A poor man with nothing but a large family is heavily handicapped, and will have a sorry time of it making headway in a new country. All new countries are proverbially poor, and it is the poor men who make them so. I would earnestly advise every new-comer to have at least \$1,000 at his command before starting for this country, for with that amount he will be practically master of the situation. It is essential to successful farming to own a wagon and team, which cost money. Lumber for house and barn must also be purchased, as well as feed for man and beast. If desired to farm extensively the first year it would be advisable to have 100 acres broken by contract at \$2 per acre and seeded on sod. All these things a man with a little cash capital can do and speedily have returns from the investment; but the poor man has a constant struggle for existence and is always behind. The objective point for all intending immigrants to the Cold Spring country is Pendleton. It is, however, not advisable to spend too much time idling round the towns. Make directly for Helix, and inquire for the writer, or for W. W. Caviness, at the Cold Spring ranch, and either of us will assist in locating new-comers all we can.

The chief products of Umatilla County are wheat, wool and live stock. Of the first two there were shipped in the year ending May 31, 1884, by rail, 44,723 tons (1,474,100 bushels) of wheat and 2,790,000 pounds of wool. The Assessor's returns for last year, which, of course, are not absolutely reliable, show the following statistics of the condition of the county: Acres of improved land, 490,000; horses and mules, 12,632; cattle, 11,295; sheep, 240,951 (wrong, as there are between 400,000 and 500,000 sheep in the county); swine, 4,438; gross value of property, \$5,759,624; net value for assessment purposes, \$3,895,902; rate of tax, \$1.96 on \$100;

number of inhabitants, 9,607; wealth per capita, \$599.52; number of school children, 4,536.

Coal has been found in the mountains south of Heppner, and though it has not been mined to any extent, the quality has been tested with good results, and prospecting enough has been done to show that it exists in great quantity. Some day, when a railroad has been extended up Willow Creek, these coal deposits will be extremely valuable. Several saw mills are located in the mountains, supplying the adjacent territory with lumber for the improvements constantly being made by the settlers. In summing up the condition of the county, the *East Oregonian* recently said: "This is a large country; none too large while it was sparsely settled, for it needs people as well as territory to organize and maintain a county government. Within the last two or three years, however, the population has so increased that both political conventions held last spring decided that it was expedient to form a new county in the western portion. Whether this will be done or not next year depends upon the view taken of the subject by the Legislature, though all the representatives from this county will favor such a division. The second reflection is that the pursuits, and with them the very character of the people, have to some extent undergone a change in the past few years. Formerly about the only business which men came here to pursue was that of stock raising, for which nearly the whole of this county was excellently adapted. It was a hardy, healthful, yet not a very hard-working sort of a life, and if properly pursued could hardly fail of success. But the plow has driven the flocks and herds almost entirely from some portions of the county, and greatly restricted them in others; and though the stock raising interests will always be large, this is even now, and will be still more so henceforth, an agricultural county. Scores of townships (thousands of sections), which four years ago were uninhabited except by roaming herds of stock, are now traversed by wire fences and dotted with settlers' cabins. Many, indeed most, of these people who intend to pursue farming as a business are poor. They are obliged to go in debt; consequently, the plentiful and "flush" times of years ago are no longer with us. We must henceforth be mostly a county of farmers, and ordinarily a farmer's life means hard and incessant work and small profits, even with strict economy and moderate good luck. This is not peculiar to us—it is so the world over; and here, after a few years of experiment and resultant wisdom—after the transformation from a pastoral to an agricultural life has become more complete and better recognized—the opportunities for farmers will be fully equal to those in almost any county in the Union."

The county seat and chief commercial centre of Umatilla County is Pendleton, a town of 1,800 inhabitants, situated on Umatilla River, on the western verge of the reservation. It is now seventeen years since the town was laid out and became the seat of justice, and its career has been one of steady advancement. It is admirably situated for a commercial centre, being centrally located

in a superb agricultural country, and approached by good roads from all directions. It more than any other place will be benefited by the opening of the reservation, since the greater portion of that tract is naturally tributary to it. Its railroad advantages are superior. The Baker City Branch of the O. R. & N. Co.'s line passes through it, thus placing it on the recently completed through route to the East by way of the Oregon Short Line. A branch line runs north from the city to the new town of Adams, within a few miles of Blue Mountain Station, the terminus of a line running south from Walla Walla. When this is completed there will be a route to Walla Walla and beyond. The Pendleton Roller Mills, owned by Messrs. W. S. Byers & Co., have recently been fitted up with the most approved system of gradual reduction machinery, and have a daily capacity of 500 barrels of flour. Messrs. Watson & Luhrs have a large planing mill and sash and door factory. The business men are liberal and enterprising, as becomes the citizens of the most conspicuous town in Eastern Oregon. There are a national bank, five large general merchandise stores and a great many other stores of a special nature, such as crockery, hardware, groceries, furniture, drugs, etc., with the usual number of hotels, shops, etc. The semi-weekly *East Oregonian* is the leading newspaper of that region, and is a political journal of wide influence and a most excellent local paper. It is published by an association, J. P. Wager being editor and C. S. Jackson business manager. The *Tribune* is an ably conducted weekly paper, devoted to the best interests of the county, and is published by Messrs. Burroughs & Reading. The Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist and Catholic denominations are represented and possess neat edifices. A good public school and several private schools afford most excellent educational facilities. The Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Good Templars have lodges of the various degrees of their orders, and, with other social organizations, have a large membership. On the 10th of June, 1884, J. H. Turner, J. Despain, Lehman Blum, J. B. Keeney, W. F. Matlock, S. L. Morse, C. J. Matlock, R. Sargent, J. H. Raley and Homer Howard incorporated the Eastern Oregon Agricultural Association, with a capital stock of \$10,000, divided into 400 shares, each incorporator subscribing for twenty shares. Thirty-eight acres were purchased from the Government at the time 640 acres of the reservation were sold to the city as an addition to its limits a few months ago. The association has expended upwards of \$8,000 since its organization in fitting up the grounds. The first annual meeting was held in October, and attracted many of the turfmen of Oregon and adjoining Territories. The track is one of the best mile tracks in the State, and the accommodations for stock are excellent. The meeting was financially successful. To the energy of Mr. C. J. Matlock, the President, is largely due this success, as well as the excellent condition of the track and all the varied appointments of the grounds. The officers of the association are: C. J. Matlock, President; J. Despain, Vice-President; J. H. Turner, Secretary; Lehman Blum, Treasurer; J. H.

Raley, Homer Howard, R. Sargent and J. B. Keeney Directors. Pendleton is rapidly assuming the position of metropolis of Eastern Oregon. Its business is very great, and the assessed valuation of its property is about one-third that of the whole county. There are a few substantial brick structures, and the cheap wooden buildings that were erected in former years are gradually being supplanted by more permanent and commodious brick ones. Few cities of the "Inland Empire" have better prospects for the future than has Pendleton, and none of them are surrounded by a better agricultural country.

The terminus of the branch railroad running northward along the edge of the reservation from Pendleton is Adams, a town laid out in July, 1883. Its advantages as a business centre were recognized by enterprising men, since it was fourteen miles from Pendleton, in the midst of a rich farming section, and was destined to be, for a time at least, the terminal station, and several at once located there. It has now a population of 300, and has become a thriving trade centre. Nearly every line of business is represented. The prospects for Adams becoming a commercial town of considerable size, such as the surrounding country can well support, are very flattering. Mr. I. T. Reese, of the firm of Reese & Redman, has erected a handsome residence at a cost of \$6,000, which is an evidence that his removal there from Weston was a permanent one, and is an expression of his confidence in the future of Adams. A good public school is a feature of the town.

Five miles northeast of Adams, and opposite the extreme corner of the reservation, lies the town of Centreville, containing a population of about 400. It lies in the very heart of the famous wheat lands which have given Umatilla County its reputation, and is a thriving commercial point. It is on the line of the railroad to Walla Walla, which is completed to that point but is not yet in operation. There are two churches—Christian and Methodist—Masonic and Odd Fellows lodges, and a good public school, which is maintained in a handsome brick structure, the only brick school house in the county. As in the case of Pendleton and Adams, the opening of the reservation will help Centreville wonderfully. There are in the town two general merchandise stores and a full complement of other stores, shops, etc. The *Examiner* is a good local paper, published weekly by F. R. Mitchell.

The next town in this great wheat belt is Weston, three miles northeast of Centreville. It is prettily located on Pine Creek, and is a flourishing business point, notwithstanding it suffered severely a few months ago from fire. The surrounding country is one broad expanse of grain-covered hills. Weston has a population of about 600, a steam flouring mill, steam planing mill, a two-story school house, Episcopal and Methodist churches, lodges of Masons, Odd Fellows and Workmen, two general merchandise stores and numerous other stores and shops. The *Leader* is an excellent weekly paper, published by Dr. G. P. McColl. Weston possesses all the elements of permanent prosperity, and must keep pace



in its growth with the development of the surrounding country.

Milton lies near the extreme northern end of the county, in the edge of the famous Walla Walla Valley, and nine miles from the city of Walla Walla. It is a prosperous town of about 400 inhabitants. Through it runs the Walla Walla River, whose waters furnish power for a large flouring mill and a planing mill. Two general merchandise stores and a number of other commercial establishments and shops constitute the business features. There are also a large school house, three religious congregations and a lodge of Odd Fellows. The railroad leading south from Walla Walla passes through Milton, thus making it a shipping point for the surrounding country. Grain, stock and fruit are the principal productions of the large section tributary to the town.

Pilot Rock is a flourishing village of 150 inhabitants, situated fourteen miles south of Pendleton, and in the midst of that splendid stock region which has been described as being rapidly settled by farmers and converted to the uses of agriculture. Four stores, a number of shops, a school house and church, are its leading features. The town must grow rapidly with the settlement of the tributary country.

Heppner is the one great commercial centre of southwestern Umatilla, and is situated on the North Fork of Willow Creek. This is the chief centre of the stock and sheep industry, whose prosperity has built up here a thriving business community. It is sixty miles distant from Alkali, the railroad point on the Columbia where it ships its wool and other products and receives its supplies. The country about Heppner is now being rapidly taken up for agricultural purposes, thus increasing the population of that region to such an extent that the movement to create a new county in southwestern Umatilla, already well advanced, must ere long be successful. Of this, Heppner will, no doubt, become the county seat. Three large general merchandise stores transact the bulk of the business, besides which are numerous other stores, shops, etc., a good flouring mill, a planing mill, and a large school house, which presents an imposing appearance. Two good weekly papers are published in Heppner—the *Gazette*, by J. W. Redington, and the *Times*, by the Times Publishing Company.

Castle Rock is a village on the O. R. & N. line, about midway between Alkali and Umatilla, with a population somewhat in excess of 100. It has a good ferry across the Columbia, rendering considerable territory on the north side of the river tributary to it. This region is rapidly settling up with a thrifty class of people. Two good stores transact the business. Much wool is forwarded from Castle Rock, and it is becoming a grain shipping point, since the surrounding country is being converted into farms.

Umatilla is situated at the mouth of Umatilla River, and is the point of junction of the two lines of the O. R. & N. Co. which connect with the overland roads—one with the Northern Pacific at Wallula and the other with the Oregon Short Line at Huntington. Two good stores

transact the business which reaches it from both sides of the Columbia. Considerable shipping of wheat and wool is done from this point. In former years it was a prosperous town, and was the shipping point on the river for nearly all of Eastern Oregon.

Foster is a station on the road between Umatilla and Pendleton, and is the shipping point of the large Prospect Hill Farm and the adjacent country. A large store and a good school house are the leading features of the town.

Echo is a flourishing town, three years of age, and lying on the railroad three miles south of Foster and twenty-two miles north of Pendleton. It is a progressive town, with a population of 150. A substantial free bridge spans the Umatilla at this point, rendering a large expanse of country west of that stream tributary to the town. This whole region is settling up rapidly, and Echo is keeping pace with its growth. It has two large general stores and numerous other stores, shops, etc., a commodious school house, Odd Fellows and Town Hall, and railroad buildings, and will soon possess a good flouring mill. This is an important shipping point for wheat and wool.

Sweazea has recently been laid out on Butter Creek, sixteen miles southwest of Echo, upon a tract of thirty acres. Lots are offered free to those who will build upon them. As this region is being rapidly settled up, there is no question but that a town must spring up and prosper on Butter Creek.

A CONTEMPORARY calls attention anew to the non-use of the waste of saw mills, estimating that only 35 per cent. of the raw material reaches the consumer, 65 per cent. being put to none or little use. As usual, the mill men are mostly held responsible for this waste, and Government interference is looked to for a remedy. When we look at the matter with a business eye the waste question is very simple. Where slabs, edging or sawdust can be sold or worked into a useful product at a profit, it will be done. But when it costs more to get waste to market, or manufacture it than it is worth after being converted into money, that settles it, so far as the mill runners are concerned. A large portion of the slabs are worked into lath, and in some places both the lath and edgings are converted into kindling wood. Retorts for making charcoal, tar, etc., out of mill waste are in operation. There is a machine for compressing sawdust into portable shape for transportation as fuel. Slabs are useful for firewood where it can be transported cheaply enough to the consumer. Effort has been made to utilize sawdust for paper pulp, and a successful invention has been patented for making illuminating gas out of it. But after all has been done to make a useful disposition of mill waste, there will remain the bulk to go into wharfage, sloughs and burners. So long as mill run lumber can be bought for \$12 to \$15 a thousand, manufacturers will not bother their heads about saving the waste. Yet it would be a good thing to study methods by which it could be converted into something better than nothing.—*Chicago Lumberman*.

## MONTANA CATTLE AND SHEEP.

THE present condition of the cattle and sheep industry in Montana is gleaned from the *Helena Live Stock and Mining Journal*:

On January 1, 1884, there were in Montana (estimated) 600,000 head of cattle, valued at about \$21,000,000. During the year 1884 there were brought into the Territory about 100,000 head, which, with the natural increase, about 25 per cent., has brought the number up to 850,000, worth \$30,000,000. Of the cattle shipped into the Territory a large proportion came from Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and other Eastern cattle raising States. The animals are all of good grade, and great attention has been given to the selection of thoroughbred bulls. The total number of cattle is apportioned among the different counties as follows, the value being estimated on the present selling price, \$35 per head:

Counties.	No. Head.	Value.
Beaverhead.....	39,307	\$1,375,745
Choteau.....	119,860	4,195,100
Custer.....	189,769	6,642,860
Dawson.....	51,992	1,819,720
Deer Lodge.....	32,830	1,149,050
Gallatin.....	59,125	2,069,375
Jefferson.....	26,554	829,390
Lewis and Clarke.....	47,855	1,674,925
Madison.....	24,050	841,750
Meagher.....	193,171	6,760,985
Missoula.....	19,152	670,420
Silver Bow.....	4,214	147,490
Yellowstone.....	53,084	1,857,940
Total.....	855,963	\$30,340,850

Over 90 per cent. is owned by fewer than ten companies, the members of which are nearly all home capitalists, and many of them are men who have made all their money in raising cattle in Montana. This industry has been very profitable in the past, and those who owned any considerable bands at the time the railroad reached the Territory became suddenly rich by reason of their herds doubling in value. There are several cases in which men who were poor ten years ago now rank as "cattle kings."

Prior to 1873 there were practically no sheep in the Territory. There are now over 600,000, valued at about \$2,000,000. With the increase of this industry there has come a corresponding improvement in the character of the sheep raised. Montana wool now ranks next to the highest raised in the United States. The winter, as a general rule, being remarkable for absence of severe snow storms, neither shelter nor winter feeding is often required, and it needs no argument to prove that the high and dry ranges of the Northwest form the natural home of the sheep, it being next to impossible to originate disease where, as in Montana, they have the benefit of a sun bath almost every day in the year. There is no moisture to saturate the hoof and produce foot rot, or wet the fleece and invite scab and other skin diseases. Browsing on ranges that are never muddy, the sheep never get their fleeces dirty or matted, and though the animals are rarely washed previous to being sheared, the wool is as clear as that which is washed in many of the States. Profits on wool growing are estimated by many as greater than on cattle raising, and even the more conservative breeders figure a profit of from 25 to 35 per cent. per annum upon all capital invested, and all agree

that the wool clip will pay every item of expense, leaving the increase a clear gain. The loss from all causes is estimated at from 2 to 3 per cent. The annual increase of flocks is placed at 48 per cent., and the increase of 1,000 ewes, two years old and upward, from 80 to 150 per cent., probably averaging 90 per cent. Sheep sell readily at from \$3 to \$3.50 per head. One herder can take care of 2,000 head. Sheep raising is emphatically the poor man's industry in Montana, for, having a free range, timber at hand for construction of sheds and corrals, and, in fact, no capital needed for running expenses after the first season, he is master of the situation if he can command any sum from \$500 upward, for the purchase of a small flock.

## VANCOUVER ISLAND LANDS.

IN regard to the chances for settlers to find good locations on Vancouver Island, W. M. Halpenny, Government Guide for British Columbia, says substantially as follows: Alberni is situated at the head of an arm of the sea running in from the west coast of Vancouver Island. This arm is forty or forty-five miles long, and is called "Barclay Sound." The largest ships could sail to the head of this sound. The beautiful valley of Alberni, at the head of the sound, is from ten to fifteen miles long, and on an average of five miles wide. It is almost all timber land, but some of it will be quite easy to clear and bring under cultivation, as it is chiefly alder bottom. There are now twenty-eight settlers in the district, all of whom have a large tract of alder wood in their 160 acres. The soil is black and heavy. There was some prairie land, which the first ten or twelve settlers took up. But there is much timber land still to be taken up, one acre of which is worth three of the prairie land. The Sumas River is a beautiful stream, rising in the mountains and flowing south into the head of Barclay Sound. Steam schooners could ascend this river for two and a half miles, beyond which it is navigable for canoes and boats for ten miles further. Along this river there is a good deal of land to be had. The Government has just completed a trunk road up the valley, and is now seeking the best mail route from Victoria, via Alberni. It will not run oftener than twice a month, or perhaps only once a month at first; but as the valley settles up the service will be increased. To go to Alberni, by way of Nanaimo and the Big Qualicum River, it is 144 miles; 80 miles to Nanaimo, 42 from Nanaimo to Qualicum, then on foot 22 miles on a good trail over the mountain. There is room for ninety or a hundred more settlers at Alberni, and there are several flat sections of land suitable for farming along the east coast of Vancouver Island from Nanaimo to Big Qualicum, where several farmers have settled during the past summer. Between Comox and the mouth of the Campbell River, a distance of eighty-five miles, and on Denman and Hornby islands, there is good land to be had, and also in Cowichan River Valley. Mr. Halpenny is always prepared to give information and aid to intending settlers, and all such are advised to call upon him as soon as they reach Victoria.

## A GHOSTLY FESTIVAL.

## I.

IN a neat but picturesque room of a small house—it was little more than a cottage—on the skirts of the New Forest, sat two persons. The one was a handsome man, still young, but bearing on his face the traces of sorrow and care, and an air of deep, but not ungraceful, melancholy. On his knees lay an open letter, which had evidently produced a painful impression on his mind; for his eyes, raised to the ceiling, had a look of heavy trouble. By his side, on a chair drawn closely up to his, was a lovely woman, whose charms were enhanced rather than diminished by a mien which approached, without reaching, the matronly. She had laid her hand gently and fondly on his shoulder; and she gazed on him with evident uneasiness.

“Urban dear,” she said, after a long pause, “come to yourself! Surely there is nothing in this letter which can tend to increase your sorrow.”

“Nothing!” exclaimed the man, with much bitterness, and without lowering his eyes to the fond being nestling by his side. “Nothing! Cannot you divine what the world will say? Have I not been accused of the murder of my cousin Emeric, for the purpose of clearing off one obstacle in the way of my accession to the Ashford title and estates? And now the old steward writes to me that Sir Randolph’s only son is dead! What will the world say? I ask. Malice and foul scandal will declare that I have contrived to get rid of the boy in order to remove the last bar to my inheritance on my cousin’s death. When I assert my innocence, shall I be believed any more than I was when Emeric was so foully assassinated? No! the damning stigma will cling more closely to me still. What will avail that seclusion to which I have doomed myself? Will my retirement from the accursed world of calumny and falsehood afford me any justification? No! the lying hounds will point the finger of scorn at me more surely than ever! They will howl against Urban Ashford, the murderer, with still louder denunciation; and you can ask how this letter adds to the bitterness of my lot, you—you Muriel, my wife!”

“I am sorry to have distressed you, Urban,” said Muriel Ashford, fondly, as she drew away her chair, and rose. “I only thought to comfort you. But I was wrong—I was foolish—forgive me!”

“Forgive me! Muriel!” said the husband, springing up. “I did not wish to speak harshly to you—you, who have taken the miserable misanthrope to be your husband—you, who have loved him so affectionately—you, who have so often chased the dark cloud from his mind, as David soothed the soul of Saul.” And he took her in his arms and embraced her fondly. Then, turning away, he exclaimed, bitterly, “Perish the inheritance of Ashford! Perish the very name!”

As he spoke a little girl, of about nine years of age, entered the room with an old, curiously-bound volume in her hand. She was a strange-looking child, but very beautiful, with that air of fresh innocence on her face,

and that sweet smile on her lips! There was a peculiarly wild look about her large dark grey eyes, and a general aspect of weirdness about her whole person, which was heightened by the long fair hair that swept down her back and floated lightly in the air as she ran into the room.

“Why, mamma, you have been crying,” said the child, checking her first impulse. Muriel Ashford shook her head, smiling. “And you, too, papa, are looking so strangely—why did you say ‘Perish Ashford,’ when it is our name?” Urban did not answer. “’Tis very odd,” continued the little girl, dreamily, “very curious.”

“What is curious, Edna?” said her father.

“Why! I was in your little study, papa; and somehow—I don’t know how it was, I was all alone in the room—a hand I could not see seemed to lead me to one shelf, where was this old volume. I took it down and opened it. It was all about our family. So I read with curiosity; and presently I found these strange lines.” The child placed the book open on a table, and read with peculiar emphasis:

If Ashford stain proud Ashford’s name,  
Must Ashford sit in Judgment Hall.  
From Ashford dead the doom of shame  
On Ashford dead shall surely fall?

“What does it all mean, papa? You know I am a big girl now; and I can understand most things; but I can’t understand this.”

Urban Ashford started, as if some long forgotten dream had suddenly flashed over his brain.

“It is only an old family song,” he said. “It means nothing; it is mere nonsense—a thing to laugh at!”

“No, papa, that cannot be,” was Edna’s decided reply. “It has to do with our name; and it is printed in a book.”

The father smiled.

“I might have told you jestingly, Edna, that all which is printed in a book is not worth heeding. But I will explain to you that this strange distich, which had long since gone out of my mind, refers to a family legend of the Ashfords. It is said that when any one of the family has misbehaved himself, the dead ancestors all appear in the great hall of the mansion on some holy eve, and acquit or condemn the person accused of misdeed; and thus the place of meeting is generally called the Judgment Hall. But, of course, my dear child, you know that this is but a foolish fable—an old tale, not fit even to frighten children. There are no such things as ghosts.”

“Why do you say so, papa?” cried the child, with an air of the most solemn conviction. “I see them very often. They come round my bed at night and look at me so pleasantly and sing me the sweetest lullabies. But they don’t frighten me. They always seem to me like kind, good friends.”

The father and mother darted glances of anxiety at one another. But neither of them ventured to controvert the strange assertion of their child.

Edna returned again to the book, and seemed to be absorbed in the legend.



"I always knew there was something uncanny about the poor child," whispered Urban to his wife.

"Alas! she was born," said Muriel, low, "at the sad time when my mind was nigh distraught by that fearful inquest, and I lay in fever and delirium. She has never been as other children. I often marvel at her strange words. But she is clever, bright, happy, good, and beyond her years in sense. There can be no fear that her head is really affected. I have never had cause to dread such a terrible lot for her."

"Please God!" murmured the father. "Surely Providence would never add so great a curse to that which has already fallen on us."

"Do not say a curse!" whispered his wife. "Who knows but her peculiar condition may prove a blessing?"

"It is all very odd," cried Edna, suddenly, as she stood at the table. "I *should* so like to see this Judgment Hall."

"That, in all probability, you will never do," replied Urban.

"But why, papa, why?" said the child, eagerly, as she came to her parents. "Does it not belong to the Ashfords? And are we not Ashfords all?"

"Can I tell her?" questioned Urban Ashford of his wife. After a moment's consideration Muriel nodded her head.

"Come here, Edna, and sit on my knee," said her father. "I have a tale to tell. You are a great girl now, as you say, and can understand most things. Perhaps the time is come when you ought to know that which I am about to say to you. Listen, my darling. Once on a time—"

"That is the way all the pretty fairy tales begin," cried the child, eagerly, as she nestled to her father on his knee. "Is this a fairy tale?"

"Would that it were," pursued Urban, with a sigh. "No; it is a true story, dear. There lived a Sir Randolph Ashford. He had a younger brother whose name was Emeric, and an orphan cousin, who was looked on as a sort of dependent of his family, and who was called Urban—"

"Urban?" said Edna, looking up. "Why, that is you, papa."

"Sir Randolph Ashford was, for a time, childless; and had he no son his brother Emeric would have succeeded, on his death, to the title and estates, or, failing Emeric, his cousin Urban. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, papa. I understand perfectly."

"Well," pursued the father, "one day the sounds of a quarrel were heard in the woods of Ashford Hall. A gamekeeper came up and found Emeric Ashford lying senseless—dead! His skull was fractured! A bloody stake was found by his side; it had evidently been lately cut from a tree. Can you bear to hear this wretched story, my child?"

"Why not, papa?" said the child, dreamily. "Somehow I feel as if I had heard all this before; though I don't know who told me." The father and mother looked again at each other. "Go on, papa; please go on!"

"As a wretched fatality would have it, Urban Ashford, who had likewise heard the sounds of quarrel, also came up. He was horrified at the sight of his murdered cousin, as he lay before him. The corpse was conveyed to the hall. What is called a 'coroner's inquest' was held. It was a sort of trial; for suspicion fell on Urban Ashford. He alone would have profited by Emeric's death—he alone would have any cause for wishing to rid the world of him."

"But you were innocent, father—you were innocent, I know," said Edna, in violent excitement.

"Urban was innocent, my child. God knows his innocence!" and the man paused in strong emotion. "The only shadow of a proof against him lay in the fact that he had in his possession a clasp-knife—just such a knife as the stake with which the deed was done might have been cut by. The coroner's jury returned a verdict which went to say that Emeric Ashford had been 'murdered by some person or persons unknown.' The real murderer was never discovered. The foulest suspicions rested on poor Urban's guiltless head. Whatever the verdict of the jury, the verdict of the world for him was 'guilty.' He retired into seclusion, with such small fortune as was his, to bring with him his dear wife and his darling little child, who was born just at this fatal time."

"And they loved him. *They*," said Edna, twining her arms about her father's neck and kissing him, "although the wicked, cruel world might hate him."

"They did," said the father, returning her caress; "they were his only solace."

"And that was all?" asked his child.

"Not quite," said Urban. "A son was afterwards born to Sir Randolph Ashford. Had Urban committed so fearful a crime he would have sinned in vain. Lady Ashford, the mother, died. But the boy lived and thrived; and Urban thanked God that it should be so. But now—"

"What, papa?"

"That boy is dead."

"And this causes you sorrow?"

"More than you can think, Edna," said Urban Ashford, in a despairing tone. "Between Urban and his cousin Randolph stands now no relative. The malice of the world will assail him more cruelly than ever. It will again accuse him."

"No, no, it cannot," cried the child, springing up. "Accuse my own papa—my good, dear papa! it cannot—it shall not!"

"What can *you* do, my poor little girl. You cannot brave the malice of the world."

"I can—I will!" exclaimed Edna, with an inspired look. "I can hear voices—soft, pleasant voices—whispering in my ear that it will be so. They sound louder and louder, nearer and nearer."

"What does she mean?" cried Muriel Ashford. "I hear sounds, too; but they are as those of a horse's hoofs."

In truth, the noise of a galloping horse might be distinctly heard. It stopped before the house door. Urban and his wife looked at one another inquiringly.

Presently a female servant entered with a sealed packet.

"What does this mean?" cried Urban, as he looked at the superscription, pale as death. It was addressed to "Sir Urban Ashford." He tore open the envelope and read hastily. The letter, from old Herbert, the steward, informed a new master that Sir Randolph was no more. For a very long time past he had been in deplorable health, and had seemed to have led a painful existence. The death of his boy had appeared to have broken his heart, and he had died suddenly. His cousin Urban, his only remaining relative, was now the baronet, and the heir to Ashford Hall and all the proud demesnes. His attendance was respectfully requested at Sir Randolph's funeral, etc.

"Never, never will I claim the wretched inheritance," cried Urban, as he flung down the letter in great excitement, and began pacing the room. "No, no! I cannot face the world!"

"The world will receive you now with open arms," urged his wife, timidly. "Urban, dear, you are too sensitive."

"I cannot, I say—I will not!" and he hid his face in his hands.

"Papa," said little Edna, solemnly, gently separating her father's hands and looking in his face. "What are you afraid of? You have never stained proud Ashford's name. No doom of shame can fall on you—you need not fear her Judgment Hall."

"You are right, my child," said Sir Urban Ashford, looking up and kissing Edna. "Why should I be afraid? My conscience is clear. My soul is free from sin. I will go!"

## II.

So Sir Urban Ashford took possession of Ashford Hall, the proud residence of his ancestors. His wife proved correct in her judgment of what is called "society." Urban Ashford was now the baronet, and the possessor of wide domains. He was no longer the poor outcast, whose name could be attacked, and whose honor impugned, without cavil, by malice and scandal. The "world" seemed disposed to obliterate the past from its memory. The younger generation of neighbors especially—however the elder one might still shake its head—visited Sir Urban and Lady Ashford, and held out the hand of seemingly unaffected cordiality to them.

A cloud, nevertheless, still hung over Urban Ashford's brow. He felt that, however the world to all appearance might be inclined to forget, the old stigma on his name was not yet removed; and the old calumny, which accused him of the murder of his cousin Emeric, might at any time be revived by enmity and malice. His wife and child were a perpetual solace to his gloomy mind, it was true; but even they could not fully chase away that cloud; and Muriel Ashford often sighed when the dark spirit fell on her beloved husband.

Edna alone was the ray of sunshine in the house. Her strange romantic nature revelled in all the picturesque accessories of the Hall. Her chief delight lay in

the collection of portraits of all the ancestors in the long line of Ashfords which hung on the walls of the vast gallery that, on the first floor, traversed the entire length of Ashford Hall from end to end. Edna knew all the names of the ancestors by heart, from Sir Eustace, who lived in the long gone-by days of the Second Henry, to the powdered and patched Sir Ronald and his pretty wife, with the sweet languishing eyes, known in family traditions as "the fair and accomplished Lady Arethusa." And, with a little wand in her hand, she would often go alone from picture to picture, pointing out each ancestor or ancestress to an imaginary crowd of visitors, and relating every legend or anecdote attached to each. At other times she would talk to the portraits as familiar friends with pretty, childlike, affectionate prattle, passing from one to the other with profound courtesies to each. Sometimes she would pause and listen, as if the figure before whom she stood had spoken to her, and then give a quaint answer to the imaginary address, laughing at one time, at another shaking her finger archly as if in reproof, but always with the air of being on the most friendly and confidential terms with all the Ashfords of the past.

One object seemed to have inspired little Edna with feelings rather of solemn awe than pleasure. This was a huge organ, which occupied a large space at one end of the gallery. Brought up, as Edna had been, in seclusion, she had no acquaintance with any musical exercises; yet she longed to touch that organ. It was closed, however, and probably had been disused for a century or more. Baffled as she was in her examination of the instrument, Edna looked on it as an object of mystery and, at the same time, of veneration.

Christmastide was approaching; and, at his wife's urgent exhortation, Urban Ashford had resolved, at last, to invite a party of so-called friends to a great supper which was to be given on Christmas Eve—that anniversary having always been considered, by family tradition, as a festival to be specially observed. With few exceptions the invitations had been cordially accepted; and Muriel Ashford smiled, with legitimate pride, in her husband's face, as each acquiescing answer arrived, in her joy at seeing how sound had been her judgment and advice. The "banquet," as Lady Ashford laughingly called the supper, was to be set out for the family and guests on the large round table in the great hall. It was a wide oak-panelled room, gloomy and mysterious in its aspect, with heavy old-fashioned sconces on the walls—scarcely a room, it might be thought, fitted for a festive entertainment. But it had always been considered by Ashford tradition as the fitting place for all family meetings; and in Edna's mind it was stamped as the awe-inspiring Judgment Hall, where the solemn tribunal sat, when Ashford pronounced its "doom of shame" on the unworthy scion of the race who had "stained proud Ashford's name."

And now Christmas Eve was there! Sir Urban and Lady Ashford were ready to receive their guests in the spacious and picturesque, though old-fashioned, drawing room on the first floor, when Edna bounded excitedly

into their apartment. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes gleamed with more than usual fire.

"Beautiful! beautiful! was it not?" she cried.

"What was so beautiful, Edna?" said Sir Urban.

"Why! the music to be sure!" said the little girl, with animation. "The beautiful music from the organ. You heard it of course."

Urban Ashford shook his head.

"You did not hear it!" asked Edna, astonished. "That's very odd! I thought the sound must have gone through the whole house. As I came through the long gallery I thought I saw a lady in the dress of the beautiful Lady Arethusa, only faintly shining, as if in moonlight, sitting before the organ. But it was very dark, you know, and I could not distinguish well. The music, however, was very fine—so fine, it made me tremble with delight. It seemed to sing a Christmas welcome to us all—to you, papa, and to mamma, and me, and all our guests—a welcome to Ashford Hall!"

"You had better not speak of these things before our company, dear," said Lady Ashford.

"Why not if they are true?" said her child, doubtfully.

"They may not care to hear them, darling."

"How odd the world must be," muttered Edna. Then with sudden animation, urged by that spirit of restlessness which is the attribute of childhood, she suddenly cried, "I will go down into the Judgment Hall and see that all looks pretty for the company," and before her parents could interfere, she darted out of the room and sped down the winding staircase to the place where the Christmas Eve supper was to be spread.

As the child descended the last stairs she became aware that the hall was lighted with a strange phosphoric glare, through which the illuminated sconces on the walls gleamed luridly. As she came further down she distinctly saw that the supper table was already fully occupied by unexpected visitants. But Edna experienced no feeling of surprise, not the remotest spasm of terror, as she recognized in the assembled party the forms of the ancestors of the House of Ashford, so intimately known to her by the portraits in the great gallery. She had no reason for fear. Were they not her old familiar friends? There was Sir Eustace, and there Sir Hubert, and there again Sir Reginald, and all her acquaintances down to Sir Ronald with his pretty wife.

The child had almost advanced to greet them as living creatures, when her attention was arrested by the sight of one figure unknown to her. It stood on the further side of the table facing her, and was in the attire of the day. Pale, and wan, and haggard, and aghast stood his form! Suddenly the thought crossed Edna's mind that, on this holy eve of Christmas, the race of Ashford, as the legend had taught her, sat to hold its tribunal in the Judgment Hall to pronounce the "doom of shame" on one who had cast a "stain on proud Ashford's name"—to judge, to condemn, or to acquit.

Edna drew back. To intrude on that solemn tribunal would have seemed to be an act of almost blasphemous

irreverence. And yet she thought, was she not an Ashford? could her presence be a vile intrusion in the councils of her family? She stood, half-concealed by the entrance, and listened with the devotion of a worshipper on the threshold of a temple. What she heard, or dreamed she heard, was this:

"Randolph Ashford," said the figure of Sir Eustace, who, as the eldest of his race, seemed to preside over the tribunal, in solemn tones, "what have you to say that the doom of shame should not be pronounced on you by your injured and offended race? Your brother Emeric fell foully slaughtered by *your* hand? What have you to say?"

"He provoked me with bitter and insulting words," said the form of Sir Randolph faintly, with sunken head. "I struck him; but I did not mean to deal a fatal blow. I have expiated the deed by the bitterest remorse."

"But you allowed a false accusation to fall upon the innocent."

"I wrote a full confession of my crime."

"Which you concealed where none could find it."

"I hoped it would be placed in Urban's hands before my death. Fate willed it otherwise. My confession still lies yonder."

The form of Sir Randolph raised its arm toward a carved oak cabinet, which stood on one side of the hall.

"Thou hast been cruel, cowardly, unjust," spoke the figure of Sir Eustace. "Thou hast sealed thine own doom. Is it not so?" The other figures bowed their heads. "Go, unworthy Ashford, to thy eternal fate. The doom of shame is on thee—Cain! Cain! Cain!"

The form of Sir Randolph uttered a faint wail of despair and disappeared.

Edna slowly returned up the winding staircase to the drawing room, appalled but nothing terrified. The guests were already assembled, having been ushered in by the main staircase from the entrance hall. She heeded them not. She went straight to Sir Urban.

"Father!" she said, in eager but solemn tones, "the tribunal of your ancestors has sat in the Judgment Hall; and you, my good, poor innocent father, have been acquitted of all crime. Come! come! and learn yourself!"

"Hush! hush! my child! we cannot speak of these things now," said Sir Urban, in much embarrassment; "there are strangers here."

"Come, father! come!" was all the child would answer, taking her father's hand to lead him away.

Sir Urban and Lady Ashford looked at one another, troubled and bewildered. The child still clung to her father and pulled him forward.

"Pardon me," said Sir Urban to his guests, "my little child here is somewhat singular; you cannot understand her ways. Will you permit me to precede you to the hall, and will you kindly follow me?"

It was vain for the father to moderate the eagerness of his excited child. Led on by her, he descended the winding staircase with his wife, to the hall where the supper was prepared.

"Do you not see them? They are all there!" said Edna, pointing to the visions still clear to her eyes.



"I see nothing," said Sir Urban.

"There! there!" persisted the child, excitedly.

But as she pointed, at the sound of the approaching steps, the forms of the ancestors of the house of Ashford slowly faded away even from Edna's eyes.

"My darling child," said her father, tenderly, to Edna. "You must control yourself. These fancies are not for the ears of every one."

"They were no fancies," persisted his child. "My own eyes saw them. They are gone now; but they have told me all! In that cabinet lies the confession of a crime of which you were innocent."

Spite of his resistance, Edna led her father to the cabinet, and entreated him to open it. Drawer upon drawer was opened at Edna's instigation.

"What is this?" said Sir Urban, at last, "a paper! It is in Randolph's writing! Good heavens! what do I see?" and he read rapidly. "He confesses to having been the cause of the death of his brother Emeric, and—Ah, Providence is merciful! My innocence is thus proclaimed!"

Lady Ashford flew to her husband's arms. All crowded around them with expressions of wonder and congratulation.

"Hark!" cried Edna, nestling to her father. "Hark! it is the organ; it plays again. But now it is a song of jubilee!"

I am told that since these strange occurrences at Ashford Hall, little Edna has exhibited no further symptoms of that peculiar temperament, which may be fancied to have connected her with the spirit-world. It seemed to have been generated in her at the period of her mother's bitterest sorrow in order to clear away that fearful cloud on her father's name when the fitting time should come.

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

ADAPTATION OF SHEEP TO CLIMATE.—Sheep adapt themselves to a wider latitude than any domesticated animal except dogs, says the *Journal of Agriculture*. For more than a thousand years they have been raised with profit in Iceland, where the climate is so cold that few cultivated crops can be produced. They are also raised with profit in all the countries of Europe and Asia that border on the North Sea. Sheep raising has lately been undertaken in Patagonia, with excellent promise of success. South Africa and all the islands in the Indian Ocean are found to be well adapted to the raising of sheep. Spain and Asiatic Turkey have long produced most excellent wool, although the climate of these countries is very warm. Sheep do well in every State and Territory in this country, and are better adapted to poor land than any other domesticated animal except the goat. They utilize the feed that grows on hills and mountains that are too steep for horses and cattle to climb. They will eat more kinds of forage than any animal except the goat. There is economy in keeping a few sheep in pastures that are chiefly devoted to other animals, for the reason that the former will eat many kinds of weeds and grasses that the latter will leave.

#### UNION COUNTY.

THAT portion of Oregon lying between the summit of the Blue Mountains and Snake River, and extending from Baker County to the line of Washington Territory, is known as the "County of Union." It has a superficial area of 5,400 square miles, the surface being much broken by the Blue Mountains, whose summit ridge forms the dividing line between Union and Umatilla counties and the Eagle Creek Mountains, which lie in the eastern portion of the county. These mountains give the country a greatly diversified character. Into the general make-up of the whole Nature has woven, in a most wonderful manner, many elements of picturesqueness, grandeur and beauty. Lofty, rugged peaks, with crowns of perpetual snow; beautiful little lakes, hidden in the depths of the forests; sparkling streams of cold mountain water, and numerous valleys, dotted with thriving towns and villages, all combine to make Union County an interesting subject, either from a picturesque or industrial point of view.

The climate is as diversified as the surface. It is not difficult to find localities which are subject to the same extremes of heat and cold that prevail in the northeastern portion of the United States; and from such a climate, in a journey of a few hours, one may pass into a temperature where snow seldom falls, or to one where frosts come every month in the year. By reason of this diversity no general description can do justice to any single locality or convey a correct idea of the whole. For that reason we will consider it according to the natural divisions occasioned by the two mountain ranges.

The most western portion consists of the eastern slope of the Blue Mountains. It is about twenty-five miles wide and extends the full length of the county. It supports large forests of timber, including fir, pine, spruce and tamarack. These forests abound in elk, deer, bear, grouse, pheasants, etc., and the streams are full of trout. All the larger streams find their sources in small lakes among the highest mountains. Along them are narrow valleys, where the soil is exceedingly fertile, and where wild redtop and several other grasses grow, affording excellent hay and pasturage for live stock. Many places in the mountains are susceptible of cultivation, yet but few settlements have been made. In the summer time sheep herders and stockmen resort to this region with their stock, for here they find valuable pasturage for sheep, horses and cattle. The Blue Mountains are of volcanic formation, and there are several places which have the appearance of having once been craters of volcanoes, and there are many springs of warm mineral waters.

East of the Blue Mountains, and west of the Eagle Creek Range, is Grande Ronde Valley, a circular, grassy plain, thirty miles in diameter. It is one of the most fertile valleys on the Pacific Slope, well watered, and very productive of fruit, grain, vegetables and hay. Wheat often yields from forty to sixty bushels to the acre, and oats and barley from sixty to eighty. It is cut off on the south by a high range of hills, which extends in an easterly and westerly direction, connecting the mountains on

each side. On the north the valley is terminated by the mountains coming into close proximity to each other, being only separated by the gorge through which the Grande Ronde River flows. Either in winter, spring, summer or autumn it is a magnificent picture when viewed from any of the surrounding heights. The river, which bears the same name as the valley, flows in from the Blue Mountains on the western side. It takes a straight easterly course until it reaches the hills on the eastern side, thence it takes a northerly course, becoming very sluggish, and follows an exceedingly crooked channel. There are many smaller streams running down from the mountains, and along the foothills copious springs break forth, thus affording an abundance of water, which converts most of the valley into a natural meadow. In the southern part many of the springs consist of warm mineral waters, often used for medicinal purposes. The largest of these springs has been named the Hot Lake, for the reason that the water rises from the ground in quite a large stream and then spreads out, forming a small lake, covering about three acres. The water where it rises from the ground is at boiling heat. Timber is conveniently near in the surrounding mountains. The climate is subject to greater extremes than that of Umatilla County west of the Blue Mountains, though the winters are not extremely severe. Snow seldom lies on the ground more than three weeks, and, as a general thing, cattle remain out all winter, only occasionally, as during the past season, requiring care or feeding at any time. Though there is considerable agriculture, stock raising and dairying are the leading industries. Thousands of cattle, sheep and hogs are raised, the cattle grazing on the fine grass of the rolling hills and up the mountain sides, and the sheep in the mountain valleys in summer and the lower valley in winter.

La Grande is the oldest of the six towns which lie in Grande Ronde Valley, and was formerly the county seat. It is admirably situated in the foothills of the western side of the valley, and is well protected from the prevailing winds, which in the winter time blow from the south. It commands an excellent view of a large portion of the valley, and is well supplied with water, which is conducted from neighboring springs in mains. The O. R. & N. Co. have laid out an addition to the town, and intend to build round houses, machine shops and other improvements, and make it the central depot for the whole valley. Here is located the United States Land Office for the counties of Umatilla, Union, Baker and Grant. Two good schools and the Blue Mountain University supply most excellent educational facilities. There are three churches—Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist. The *La Grande Gazette* is a well-conducted weekly newspaper, devoted to the interests of the county. The Masons, Odd Fellows and Workmen have thriving lodges. Besides the usual number of prosperous stores, there are two saw and planing mills, a soap factory, furniture factory and steam flouring mill. The present population is about 600.

Union is the county seat and largest town in the

county, having a population approximating 800. It is prettily situated on Catherine Creek, in the southern end of the valley, sixteen miles from La Grande and thirty-six from Baker City. Its water power is very valuable, though at present but partially utilized. There are a new flouring mill of 100 barrels daily capacity, a furniture, sash and door factory, tannery, soda water factory, brewery, planing mill, town hall, national bank, six general merchandise stores and a number of other stores, shops, etc. A number of stores are built of brick, as are also the public school building and court house. The educational, religious and social influences consist of a good public school, three churches—Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal—lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows, and two excellent newspapers. The *Mountain Sentinel* is a thoroughly established paper, enterprising and ably conducted. The *Oregon Scout* is a bright and newsy semi-weekly, whose initial number made its appearance in July last. The streets are broad, the private residences are neat and attractive, and both rent and taxes are low. Not far from the town good copper mines are being developed. The town has been growing rapidly during the past five years, and under the impulse given the valley by the railroad must increase at a still greater ratio during the next few years.

Island City is situated on Grande Ronde River, in a most beautiful location, about five miles from La Grande. It has a population of some 250 and is growing rapidly, being a comparatively new town. It lies in the midst of a rich farming community, of which it is the commercial centre. Its chief industry is the manufacture of flour, the town having sprung up around the mill, which was the first structure erected. There are also a planing mill, four stores, a hotel and various other business enterprises, also a good school and religious organizations. The river supplies an abundance of water power which might be still further utilized, and the "Island" is a perfect garden spot, in summer producing flowers and fruit in great abundance.

Oro Dell is a small town situated at the mouth of the Grande Ronde River Canyon, two miles north of La Grande. For many years it has been a trading point for the farmers in the neighborhood and teamsters on the road. It possesses an excellent water power, which has been improved by W. J. Snodgrass, who has erected a dam across the river, with a fall of about sixteen feet. His old dam and a grist mill and planing mill were destroyed by the floods of 1882. The mills are being reconstructed upon new and improved plans, and this little town will soon be the centre of a manufacturing community which will be a source of wealth to the county.

The most beautiful spot in Eastern Oregon is the Cove, four miles from Union. Here a village has grown up around a grist mill, but the name is applied to a large farming country which runs back from the main valley into the mountains, this fact giving it its name. It is exceedingly fertile, thickly settled and well improved. It contains more dwellings than any farming community of its size in Eastern Oregon. All kinds of fruit grow

exceedingly well, consequently there are many large and productive orchards. The inhabitants are all well-to-do. The late S. G. French, who was for many years a resident of the Cove, and one of Union County's most energetic citizens, in his will provided for the establishing of a girls' school upon his place, which he bequeathed to Bishop Morris, in trust, for that purpose. This school, under the management of a competent lady teacher, has recently been opened, and is meeting with much favor among the people. Mr. French also gave an endowment of \$5,000 to the beautiful little church which he and his friends had caused to be built in the Cove.

Summerville is situated in the north end of Grande Ronde Valley, in the centre of the largest farming community in the valley, sixteen miles from Union and thirteen from Island City. The population is between 250 and 300. It has two flouring mills, a planing mill, several good stores, shops, etc., lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows, and an excellent public school. Its location guarantees it a prosperous future.

The Eagle Creek Mountains lie east of Grande Ronde Valley. They are very rugged, and valuable only for timber and grazing, so far as their surface is concerned; but they are known to contain gold, silver and copper quartz ledges, which have yet to be sufficiently developed to ascertain their true value. It is expected that certain capitalists will undertake the development of some of these ledges ere long.

A section of the county as yet but thinly settled, and offering free homes to thousands, is the beautiful Wallowa Valley, the former home of Chief Joseph and his Nez Percés. The valley proper is some forty miles long and about twenty wide, including the arable foothills. It is occupied chiefly by stockmen, and is for the most part unfenced, though there are a number of fine farms, gardens and orchards. In civilization this is the newest country in Eastern Oregon, having been almost entirely settled and occupied during the last twelve years. In general it is a high, rolling country, with a colder climate than any other portion of Union County, excepting, of course, the mountainous regions. It is an excellent stock country, and the inhabitants are largely occupied in stock raising. The hardest vegetables are grown, and various kinds of grain in most localities mature and ripen, but often more or less injured by frosts. Although the country has been settling up very rapidly during the last three years, the population is yet very sparse, and there is room for many thousand emigrants. This region, like Union County in general, is well watered. The Wallowa River is a clear, rapid stream, which finds its source in a beautiful lake at the southern end of the valley. This lake is about four miles long and one and one-half wide. In the lake are several varieties of fish in large quantities, and it is the home of the celebrated "red fish." Already many people resort to this lake in the summer time, and eventually it will become a famous watering place. Another locality worthy of special mention is the great Imnaha Canyon. It is best described as a huge crack in the surface of the earth. Its sides are masses of

cliff rock. The bed of the canyon is about 1,500 feet lower than the Wallowa Valley and the table lands, which lie on either side of it. A clear stream of water runs swiftly through this canyon, and in many places there are small tracts of very fertile soil. The climate in this canyon is semi-tropical, and the cactus—which only grows in very warm climates—is found here growing plentifully. Several families have taken up their homes here, and have found the soil and climate well adapted to the culture of grapes, peaches and many other varieties of tender fruits. Snow seldom falls in this canyon, and stock fatten upon the green bunch grass which comes and matures before the snow is fairly off of the high lands adjacent. The Imnaha will, in the near future, be noted for its delicious fruits and early vegetables. To the east and north of Wallowa Valley lies a belt of open, rolling hills similar to the celebrated wheat lands at the western base of the Blue Mountains. This belt is forty miles long and about twelve wide, fully one-third being good arable land.

In the Wallowa Valley there are several small towns, each consisting of one or two stores, a post office, perhaps a blacksmith shop, and a few dwellings. Some of them will, doubtless, in the future, be of considerable importance, as they are all growing in business and population with the settlement of the surrounding country. Joseph, Lostine and Alder are the three leading ones, each advantageously situated as regards tributary country.

There are several small valleys in the county, fertile and productive. One of these, Indian Valley, situated north of Grande Ronde Valley, is quite thickly settled, and is a rich grain producing section. Pine Valley is a very beautiful place, nestling high up in the roughest part of the Eagle Creek Mountains, very much isolated, but containing at present about 100 families. Eagle Valley and Lower Powder River, in the southeastern part of the county, are places occupied by but a few people, who are engaged in gold mining and stock raising. North Powder is a new place, which promises to become an important railroad depot. It is supported by a large farming community which has settled along the valleys of Wolf Creek, North Powder River and Clover Creek. There is room in this vicinity for many families to find good homes. The Big Creek country, in which is the little community of Jamestown, is also a growing one, and offers good opportunities for settlement.

Bunch grass ranges border the valleys on all sides, making the county one of the best stock regions on the Coast. More than one-half of the farming lands are yet open to settlement under the homestead and pre-emption laws. Saw mills to cut the heavy timber of the mountains, and grist mills to grind the wheat of the valleys, already exist, and their number annually increases. The Baker City Branch of the O. R. & N. Co. passes through Grande Ronde Valley, and this county is on a direct route to the East by way of the Oregon Short Line. Stock, grain, butter, cheese, etc., can now be shipped to markets either east or west. From the above description no one can fail to see that this county is one of the



largest, richest and most inviting in the West; that, compared to its extent and capabilities, its population is small, and that it is capable of supporting a population many times greater than it at present has; that many thousand homes are only waiting to be claimed by those who will take them; that it has many natural advantages which the counties adjoining it do not possess; and that one may find within its boundaries health, wealth and such a climate as will insure long life and continual happiness. The inducements held out by Union County are attracting hundreds of families, and it will not be long before the best lands will be settled and brought under cultivation.

A resident of the county, well informed, thus speaks on the subject of the opportunities for settlers: "Notwithstanding the considerable extent of country settled upon in Union County the last few years, there is still room for many thousand more settlers on good Government land. I am assured by persons of credibility that there is quite a large tract of country lying between the settlements of Wallowa and Snake River, and I know there are many good claims yet vacant in the Lower Powder River country, as well as other localities, while all through the low mountains of the county there are many open places of splendid soil, water and grass, where some day, in the near future, strong arms and stout hearts will make comfortable and happy homes. These places can be improved much cheaper and quicker than lands more remote from timber, and I think very much of this character of land is especially adapted to the growth of fruit and hops, as fruit trees are much less liable to winter kill, and the fruit not so subject to damage by the frosts of spring, as the lands of the valleys. It is unfortunate for Grande Ronde Valley that so much of the land here is owned in large tracts by speculators, who do not attempt to improve it, but hold it at so high a figure as to virtually put it out of the market. Land monopoly is the very worst incubus the country generally has to contend with. Of course, a man has a right to hold his land as high as he pleases, or to refuse to sell at all, but it would be much more to the interest of our schools, and roads especially, if all the lands were settled and improved."

The manufacturing industries of the county are quite considerable, and are constantly increasing. First in importance, because first in necessity, stand the lumber and flouring mills. Of the former there are now eighteen running in the county, with an average capacity of 10,000 feet daily. The output from these mills equals a quantity of lumber sufficient for the erection of a large house and barn and for fencing a 160-acre tract of land every day, and still have lumber to spare. There is an increasing demand for lumber among the farmers, who are daily making very creditable progress in the improvement of their farms. The lumbering interest of this county, even now, is only in its infancy. There are eight flouring mills in the county, all kept running to their full capacity. This industry, like that of the lumberman, has received a new impetus upon the completion of the rail-

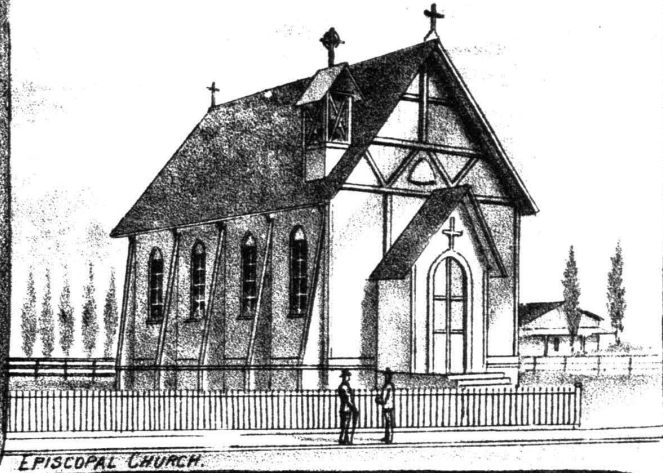
road. Flour made from Union County wheat now finds a market in all quarters. To these important industries may be added quite a list of smaller manufactories, which are being carried on in the county, and which are of incalculable value in supplying at home what people of many other localities have to send away for; in furnishing a variety of employment; and, above all, in keeping money at home to enter into active use in other lines of business, which would otherwise be sent out of the county altogether. There are two tanneries—one at the Cove and the other at Union—both of which turn out a very good article of leather. The manufacture of lime is carried on to quite an extent, but principally at the Big Creek kiln, where an inexhaustible supply of lime rock, easily quarried, is found, and within convenient distance of wood. The lime from this kiln is used all over Union and Baker counties, and even in Idaho, the quality being equal to the best that is found anywhere. The facilities for making brick are excellent, and the industry is carried on to the same extent that the demands of the county may require. In Union there is a chain pump factory; also machinery for the manufacture of continuous concrete water pipe, drain tiles and flues. All over the county may be found carpenter, blacksmith and cooper shops, planing and shingle mills, while both in La Grande and Union the manufacture of furniture is extensively carried on. All are kept busy in supplying the demands of a rapidly increasing population. A soap factory at La Grande, although but recently established, is sending out a considerable quantity of an excellent article of soap. In two different places in the county the manufacture of cheese is made an exclusive business—one in the Wallowa and the other in the Cove. In both places the buildings have been fitted up for the express purpose. The Cove factory turned out during the past season an immense quantity of cheese, supplying nearly the whole upper country, besides the home demand. The Cove is also the recognized fruit store house of this section. Two fruit dryers are run, and the necessity for sending away for dried fruits is thus very materially lessened. Hop growing has recently been experimented upon with results highly satisfactory, and the industry is certain to become an important one in this county. There are many other industries which it is needless to dwell upon at this time. This is simply a showing of what this comparatively new county is doing. To what extent manufacturing industries may increase it is impossible to conjecture. All the raw materials which Nature can give have been lavished here, with abundant water power to turn them to man's use.

That Union County will become of great importance as a manufacturing centre is without doubt, as no place on the Pacific Slope offers superior inducements for the investment of capital in the various industries, and that the capital will come we have no reason to doubt, when the county becomes better known. One of the best inducements to outside capital is for the citizens themselves to show their faith in the future of the county by establishing enterprises of their own, however small.

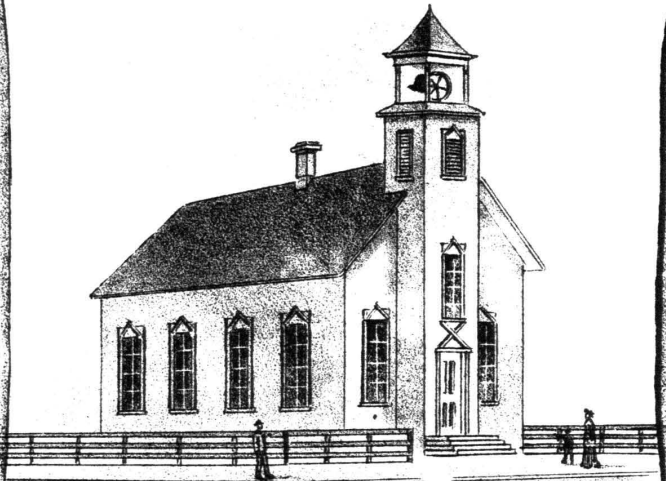
# THE WEST SHORE.



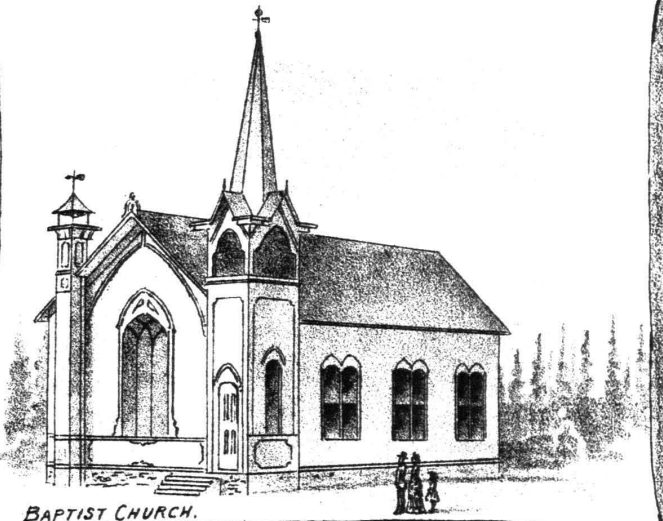
PUBLIC SCHOOL.



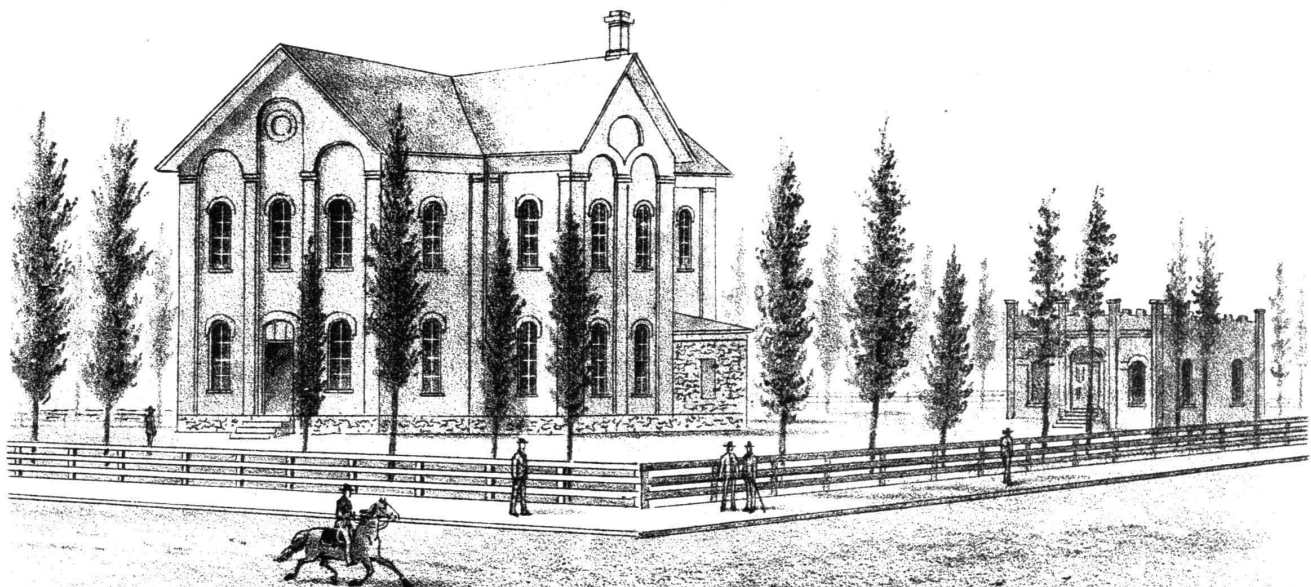
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



METHODIST CHURCH.



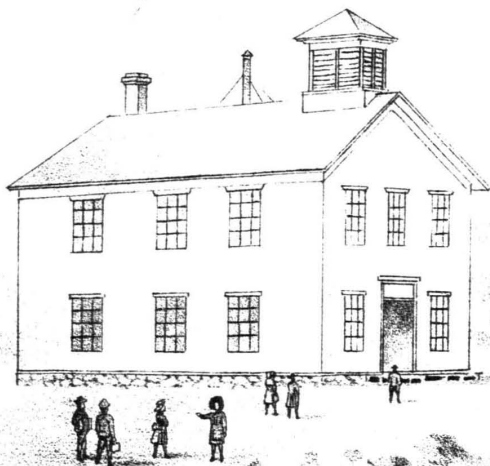
BAPTIST CHURCH.



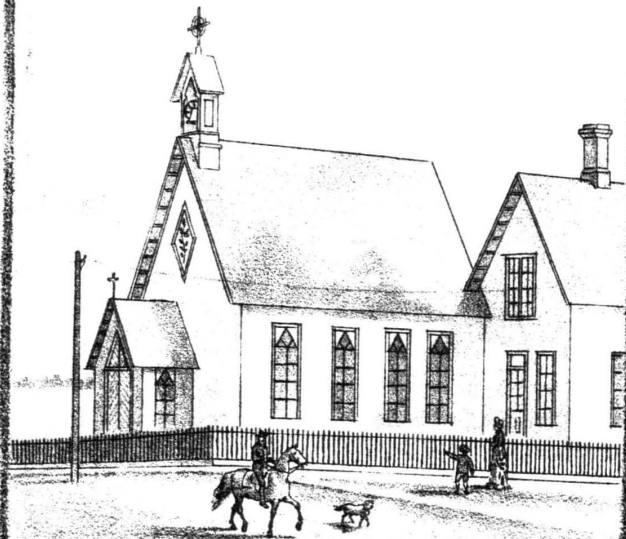
COURT HOUSE.  
A. BURR DEL.

H. EPTING

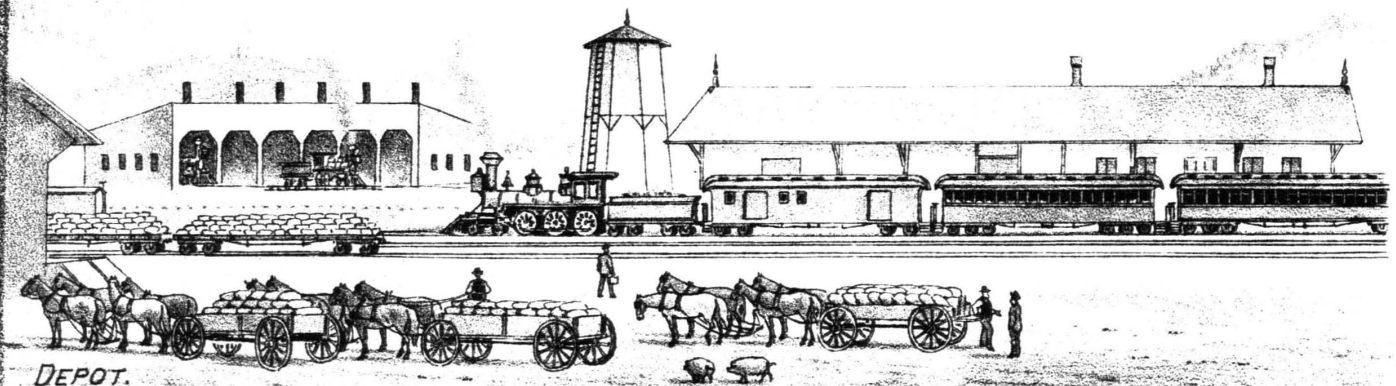
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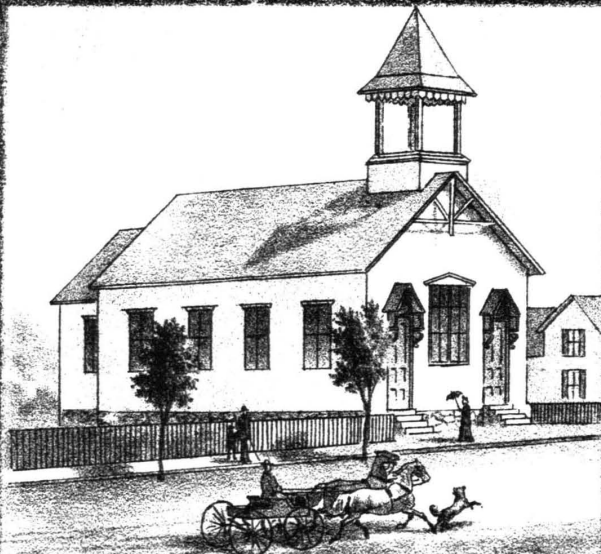
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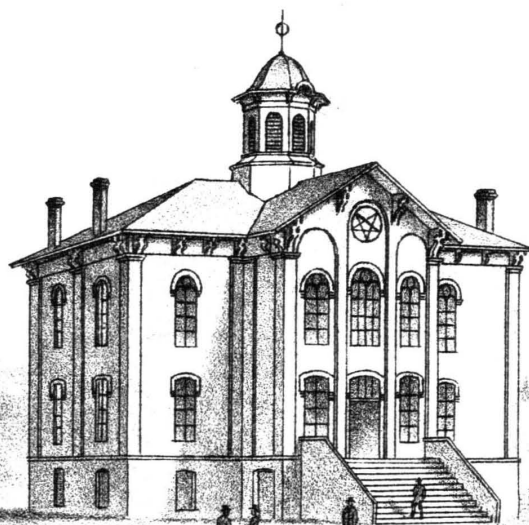
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



DEPOT.

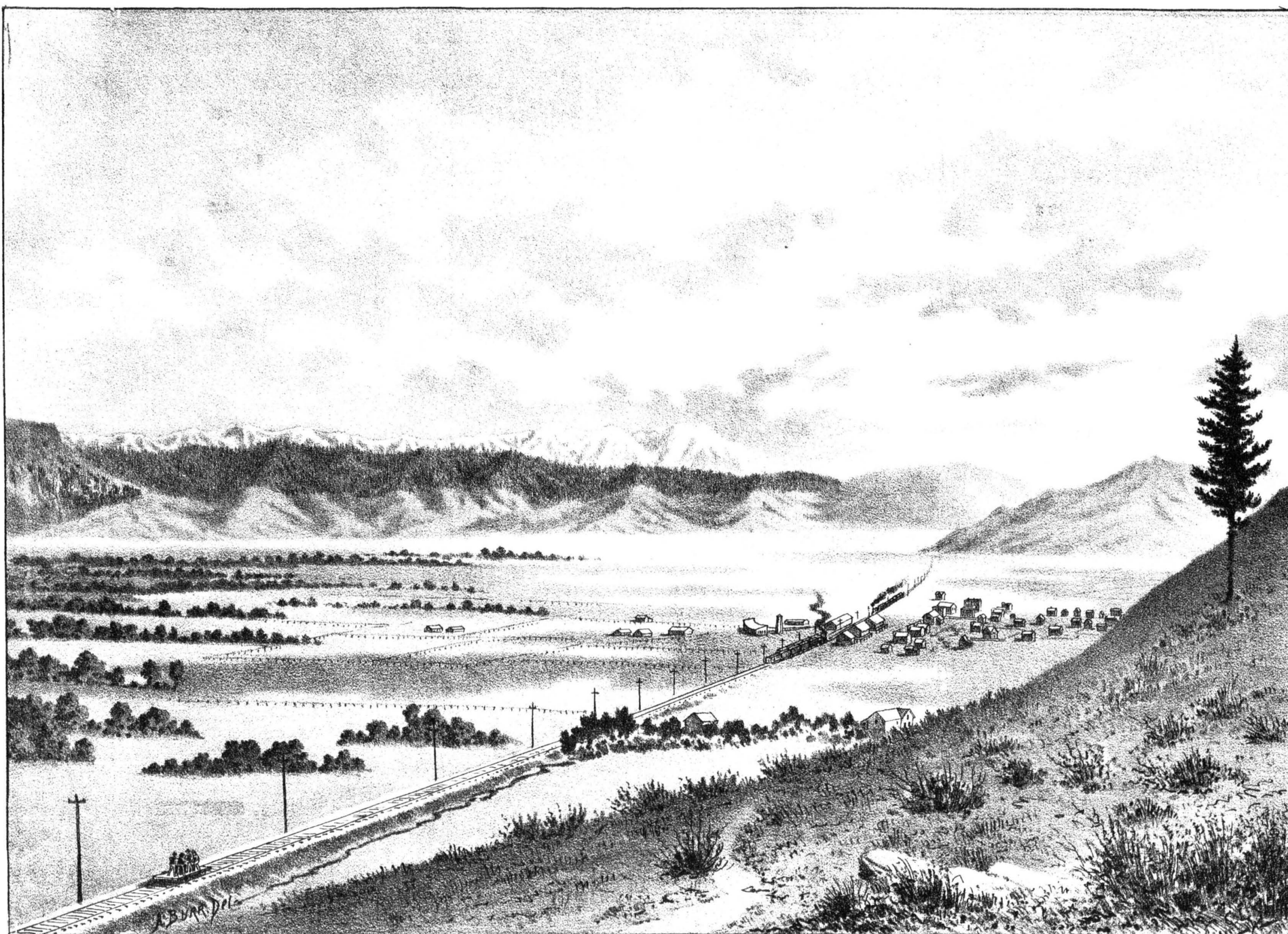


BAPTIST CHURCH.



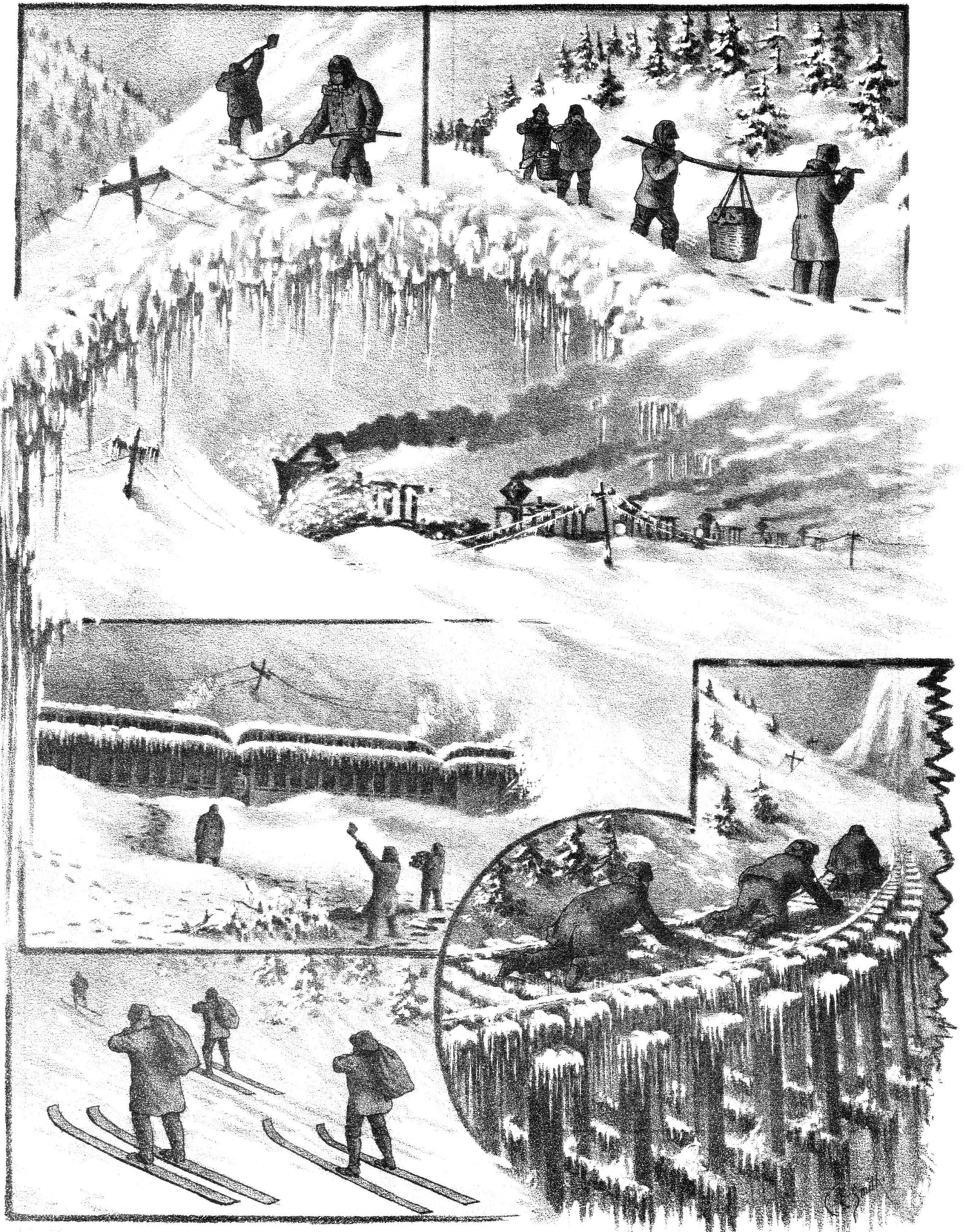
BLUE MOUNTAIN UNIVERSITY.





GRAND RONDE VALLEY, OREGON.

## THE WEST SHORE.



THE SNOW BLOCKADE ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER. (SEE PAGE 29.)  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR STAFF ARTIST.



## SNOW BLOCKADE ON THE COLUMBIA.

A TRAIN snow bound three weeks in Oregon! It will be difficult to make old Oregonians believe such a statement until it is added that the location of the blockade is in the gorge of the Columbia. That strangers may also understand, a brief description of the topography of this region is necessary. Oregon and Washington are divided into eastern and western districts by the Cascade Mountains, a high range running nearly due north and south from California to British Columbia. Through this the Columbia River has forced its way in a deep gorge some forty miles in length. Along this gorge, following the south bank of the stream, runs the track of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. The sides of the gorge are so steep, and border so closely upon the river, that in numerous places the track is forced out into the stream and runs over the water on long trestles. In other places a passage has been blasted around the face of precipices or tunneled through jutting points of rock. When it rains in the Willamette Valley it snows in the mountains, but, as these storms are generally the product of a warm southern wind, there is comparatively little drifting of the snow. It is only at long intervals, when a portion of an Eastern "blizzard" flies off on a tangent and comes whirling westward across the Territories and down the Columbia, that a genuine snow storm prevails. Then the Middle Columbia freezes solid, the snow drifts into the gorge and banks up against the bluffs and in the cuts to a great depth. A few hours are sufficient to block it completely, and were such storms prevalent—as, happily, they are not—the only protection possible would be staunch and highly expensive snow sheds, such as the Central Pacific has been compelled to construct on the summit of the Sierra Nevada.

Monday evening, December 15, a cold eastern wind began blowing down the Columbia, and as it encountered the warmer, moisture-laden air from the ocean, a heavy precipitation of snow was the result. The wind blew that night with a velocity of twenty-five miles an hour, and the snow was swirled about like a plaything, and lodged against every bank or obstruction, packing down solid. In some places it was solidified almost to the consistency of ice. This was in the neighborhood of the numerous waterfalls which plunge over the edge of the gorge and fall from great heights—one of them, the Multnomah, a distance of 800 feet. The strong wind picked up this falling water and whirled it about with the snow, until it packed so deep and solid that, in some places, giant powder has been used to blast it out. There is one section of three miles, near Oneonta Gorge, where this frozen snow and water accumulated on the track to a depth of forty-five feet before the storm ceased.

Shortly after midnight the train which left The Dalles on the 17th, following a snow plow, was almost buried beneath an avalanche of snow. Conductor Lyons, realizing that he was blockaded till the storm was over, walked through the blinding storm four miles to a station and telegraphed for food. For fifteen days the train, which had been shoveled out and backed upon a trestle to pre-

serve it from the avalanches that were constantly sliding down the sides of the gorge, lay there before the four snow plows at work effected its release. Food was brought from both directions—Hood River and the Cascades—by men who struggled through the snow with infinite difficulty and much suffering from exposure. Wood was plentiful, though there was much difficulty in cutting it. On the fifth day, for fear food would run short, all the able-bodied men (some seventy) started through the snow for this city. When they came to the ice gorge they were compelled to chop a trail around the bluff, and across the long and slippery trestles, some of them more than a hundred feet high, they crawled on hands and knees, in imminent danger of being blown from their precarious position by the terrific gale. However, they all reached the Cascades in safety, and finally this city. The company kept four snow plows and a thousand men with shovels constantly at work clearing the track, but for many days they made little progress because of the violence of the storm, new snow constantly falling and drifting. Even after the storm had ceased it took more than a week to break through the almost solid barrier, the ice gorge above Multnomah Falls being almost impenetrable. The various phases of the blockade have been depicted by our artist, who could also relate many personal experiences with the wind and snow.

The storm lessened in violence as it proceeded up the Willamette Valley, and did not penetrate into Southern Oregon. In the valley snow accumulated to a depth of ten to fifteen inches, and the thermometer never fell below twelve degrees above zero. In contrast with this is the reported temperature of Minnesota and other States of the upper Mississippi during the same period, reaching, in some instances, forty degrees below zero, or fifty-two degrees colder than in the city of Portland. Even as it was, the storm was remarkably severe for Oregon, one not experienced before for years, and such as we will probably not see again for many winters. It was the peculiar conditions which blocked up the Columbia Gorge, and by shutting us out from all communication with the East paralyzed business for three weeks, which have caused us the most inconvenience. It simply shows what a "tempest in a teapot" a snow storm in a mountain pass can create.

FROM the mass of statistics of 1884, given in the most excellent New Year's edition of the *Oregonian*, the following leading totals for the city of Portland are extracted:

Hands employed in manufacturing.....	5,269
Value of manufactured products.....	\$11,232,000
Value of wholesale trade.....	40,650,000
Value of building improvements in Portland, East Portland, Albina and Sellwood.....	2,103,300
Domestic exports (two-thirds to San Francisco).....	4,291,738
Foreign exports (chiefly wheat and flour).....	3,795,854
Domestic imports.....	18,686,129
Foreign imports.....	1,013,360

The principal produce receipts were:

Wheat, bushels.....	5,045,100
Flour, barrels.....	403,463
Wool, pounds.....	8,573,920
Hides, pounds.....	1,313,968
Hops, pounds.....	3,894,171



## CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

## November.

- 28—Steamer *Durango* sunk by collision in English Channel; 20 drowned.  
29—\$25,000 fire at Spokane Falls, W. T.  
30—\$10,000 fire at Independence, Or.

## December.

- 1—Congress assembled... Porfirio Diaz inaugurated President of Mexico.  
2—\$18,000 fire at Oakland, Or.  
6—Washington Monument completed; 550 feet high.  
10—Centennial Conference of Methodism at Baltimore.  
13—Great storm on the Rappahannock; many oystermen drowned... Attempt made to blow up London Bridge.  
14—Rebellion in Corea reported.  
16—World's Fair and Cotton Exposition opened at New Orleans... Bill to admit Southern Dakota passed the Senate.  
17—Death of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot.  
18—B. Platt Carpenter appointed Governor of Montana... Catholic Orphan Asylum in Brooklyn burned; several lives lost.  
21—Astral Oil Works in Brooklyn burned; loss, \$500,000.  
24—Collision between engine and runaway train near Careyville, Tenn.; 3 killed and 1 wounded.  
25—\$200,000 fire at Minneapolis.  
26—Oil tanks near Elmira, N. Y., burned; loss, \$100,000.  
27—Severe earthquake in Spain; about 1,000 people killed.  
29—Blake Opera House and Hotel in Racine, Wis., burned; loss, \$175,000, and 3 people burned to death... French transport loaded with troops sunk by Chinese cruiser.  
31—Boiler of a tugboat exploded at Chicago; 5 killed and several injured.

## CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean st., Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

We acknowledge the receipt of a handsome, engraved New Year's Card from the popular real estate firm of Seattle, Messrs. Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co. They are not only courteous gentlemen but thorough business men, and familiar with values of property of all kinds in Seattle and vicinity.



The above is an interior view of the leading Jewelry Establishment in the Pacific Northwest, located on the northwest corner First and Morrison streets, Portland, Or.

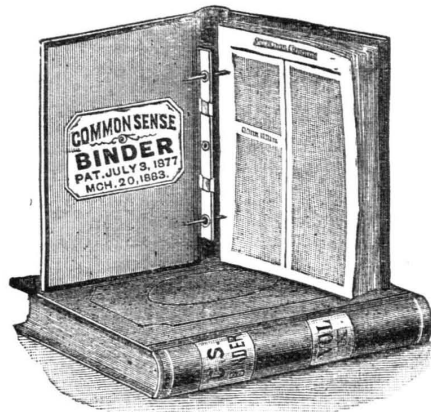
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Main Line Passenger Trains run daily, connecting at Wallula Junction for points on Northern Pacific Railroad.

Through Sleeping Cars—Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars between Portland and St. Paul. Emigrant Trains leave East Portland at 6:30 a. m. and arrive at 7:10 p. m. daily.

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

## MIDDLE COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION.

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

Leave Portland for	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
Astoria & Low'r Columbia	a. m. 6 00	a. m. 6 00	a. m. 6 00	a. m. 6 00	a. m. 6 00	a. m. 6 00
Dayton, Or.	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00
Corvallis.	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00
Salem.	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00

## NARROW GAUGE DIVISION—EAST SIDE.

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

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

## WEST SIDE.

Between Portland, Sheridan and Airlie, via O. & C. R. R. to White's. Leave Portland at 9 a. m. Returning, leave Airlie for Portland at 6:55 a. m.

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

General Offices, cor. Front and D Sts.

C. H. PRESCOTT, Manager.

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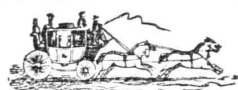
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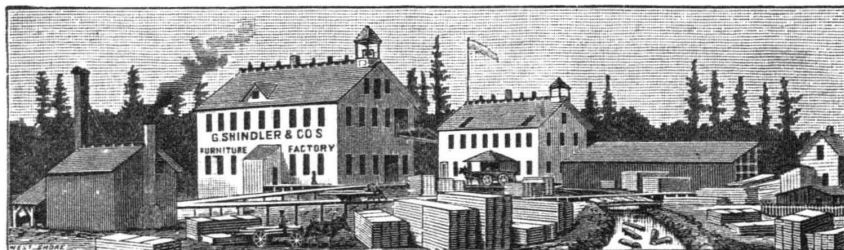
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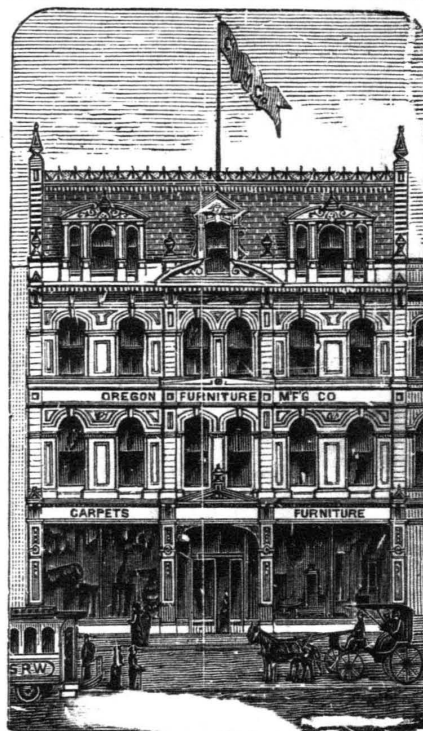
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