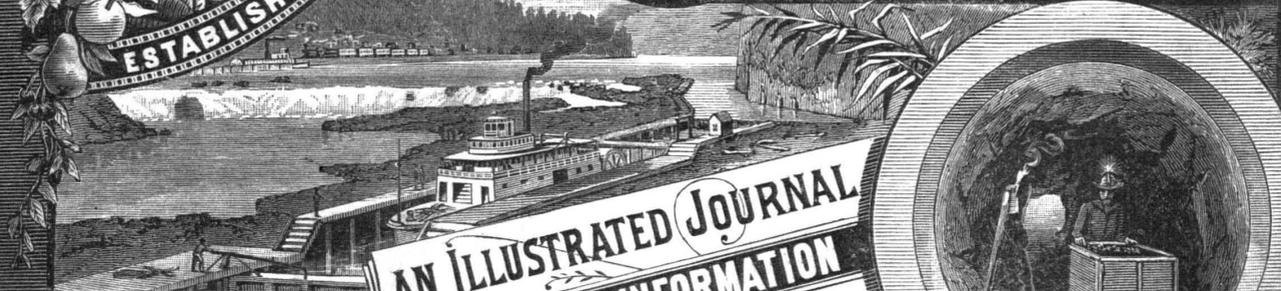


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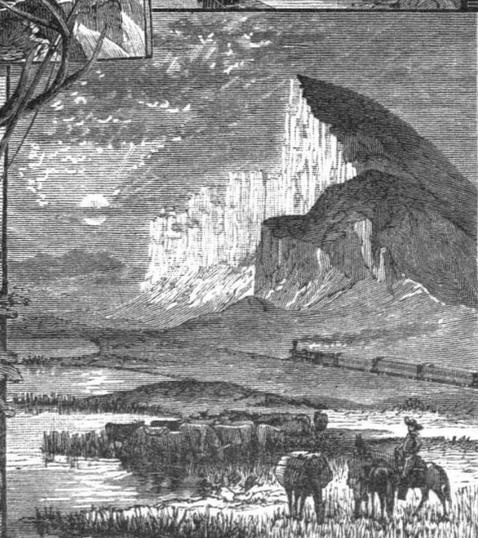
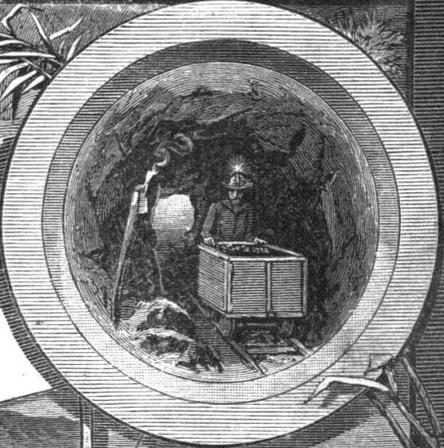
JULY, 1885.



# West Shore



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



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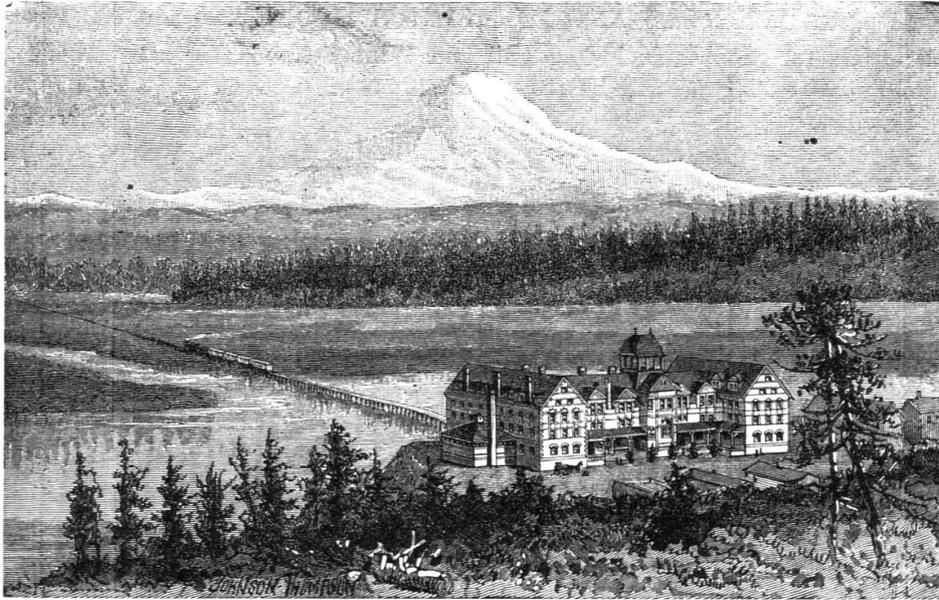
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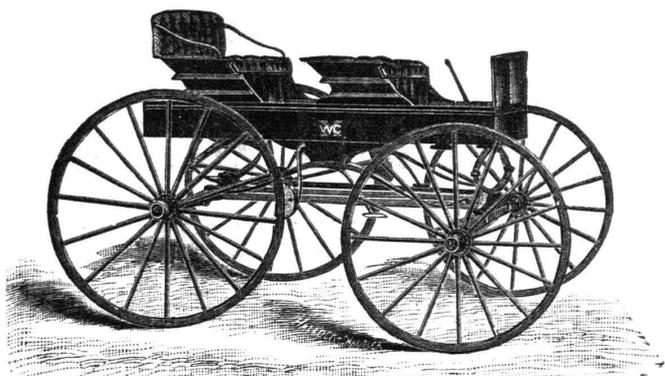
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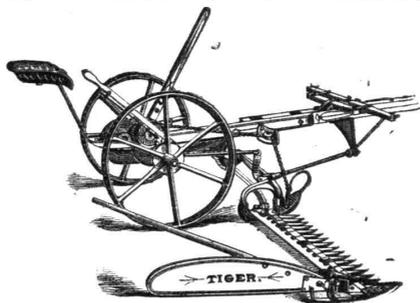
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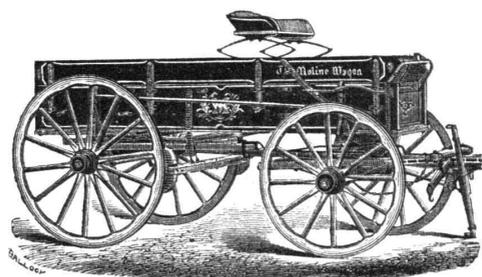
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# THE WEST SHORE.

Tacoma, W. T.

July, 1885.

Portland, Or.

ESTABLISHED 1875.  
VOL. XI. NO. 7.  
**THE WEST SHORE,**  
*An Illustrated Journal of General Information, devoted to the development of the Great West.*  
Published Simultaneously from Tacoma, W. T., and Portland, Or.  
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PORTLAND, 122 Front St. 908-910 Pacific Av., TACOMA.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
A Mysterious Dwelling.....	213
Chronology of Events.....	226
Crystal Cave, Montana (illustrated, 212).....	198
Editorial.....	195
Firing of Blasts in Mines.....	208
Klamath River (illustrated, 199).....	205
Lumbering on Puget Sound.....	198
Notes of the Northwest.....	224
Salem, Oregon (illustrated, 199).....	220
Shoshone Falls (illustrated, 210-211).....	206
Spallumcheen River, B. C. (illustrated, 200).....	201
The Islands of Puget Sound (illustrated, 200).....	201
The Bench Lands of Montana.....	224
The Russians at Bodega and Fort Ross.....	202
Valley of the Laughing Waters, Utah (illustrated, 209).....	220
White Sulphur Springs, Montana (illustrated, 221-222).....	223

ONCE Virginia City was the one great mining city of the United States. The honor was for a time usurped by Leadville, but now beyond question the mantle has fallen upon Butte City, Montana. In that city more men are employed, more money is paid for wages, more capital is invested in mills and reduction works actually in use, and the bullion output is greater than in any other mining camp in the world. The next number of THE WEST SHORE will be devoted to illustrations of this busy city and its industries, including views of the mines, reduction works, machinery in operation, etc., etc. Accompanying these will be given descriptions of the processes employed in mining and reducing ores. Taken as a whole, it will be the most interesting number issued since the magazine was founded.

FROM Alaska to Mexico, and from the Pacific Ocean to beyond the great "Backbone of the Continent," the "Stony Mountains" of a century ago, we are receiving sketches of scenery for illustration in THE WEST SHORE. Our regular and special artists are out in all directions along the lines of the Northern Pacific, the O. R. & N., the Short Line, the Utah & Northern, the Oregon & California and other routes of travel. They are sending us sketches of valley and mountain, rivers, cataracts, towns, cities, mines, mills, and scores of special subjects that have never before been illustrated. These will appear from month to month, accompanied by interesting descriptive articles, such as will make THE WEST SHORE for the next twelve months a most desirable family visitor. It is a gratification to state that in spite of the prevailing hard times our subscription list increases steadily, and we feel that this success is not entirely undeserved, since our efforts to lay something new and

pleasing before our readers have not in the least relaxed, but have been increased to such an extent as to render the expense of publication much greater than formerly. For this reason we look upon the continuance of old subscribers and the addition of so many new ones as an evidence of popular appreciation of our efforts and their successful results.

BEEF shipment in refrigerator cars does not offer gilded inducements to the small operator, according to the statements of the Marquis de Mores. Such small lots as two car-loads cannot be made to pay, and the shipper must have a cooler in which to store meat until sold. "Sheep are nearly impossible to refrigerate, do not give good loading in the cars, and are a drug in the Chicago market." He says that the expense incurred in handling dressed beef renders it necessary to handle from 100 to 150 per day in order to make the business profitable. His idea is that shippers in Eastern Oregon and Washington cannot engage in the handling of dressed beef with profit, but that if from fifteen to thirty thousand head can be shipped to him at Medora during the months of February, March and April, he could dress and ship them from his own establishment. Our ranges supply better beef at that season of the year than he can obtain nearer home, and, from his standpoint at least, such an arrangement would be a desirable one. The loss in weight and quality of live stock by the long haul from Yakima or Wallula to Chicago would thus be avoided, and this saving might more than compensate for the lower price per hundred at Medora.

COMMISSIONER SPARKS, in his anxiety to find under existing laws some remedy for the acknowledged fraudulent practices by pre-emption claimants, has ordered that the issue of all patents shall be suspended until each individual case can be investigated. His object is a good one, but this seems a harsh method of attaining it, as well as one of doubtful legality. It is questionable whether he has the power to withhold patents upon the presentation of proofs required by law, unless upon complaint and charges in the way specified by law. This indefinite suspension of the date for securing complete title seriously interferes with the honest pre-emptor's chances of selling his claim should circumstances render it necessary to do so, as well as defrauds the county in which the land is situated of the taxes, which can only be levied after patent is issued. The best remedy for pre-emption frauds is the abolishment of the law altogether, and such modification of the homestead laws as will render their provisions less burdensome and applicable to a greater number of people. Our public land is going fast, and no person should be permitted to acquire more than 160 acres from the Government. Even at that rate it will all be gone in a few years.

THAT the needs of the Northwest and Pacific Coast generally are not recognized by Congress is made evident by many acts of that body—sins of omission, as it were. This neglect arises, of course, chiefly from the fact that our representation is small, while our vote is still smaller. Washington, Idaho, Montana and Dakota, all rapidly increasing their wealth and population, are still in a territorial state, and have no representation in the Senate whatever, while to the House they each send one Delegate, who can talk, if he knows how, but cannot make his presence felt with a vote. This neglect is especially galling in the matter of appropriations for river and harbor improvements. Streams in the East that Nature never designed for highways of commerce, in a region where a multitude of railroads render waterways of but relative unimportance, receive appropriations that should be bestowed elsewhere. Congress certainly does not put these sums where they "will do the most good" commercially, however judiciously they may be apportioned in a political sense. The business men of the Northwest have taken this matter in hand, and in a few weeks delegates from Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and Montana will meet in convention at St. Paul, to consider the means of securing adequate appropriations for the improvement of the upper Mississippi and Missouri. This movement is in the hands of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, and it would seem a wise move for our commercial organizations to endeavor to have Oregon and Washington included. Such a united effort will certainly produce good results, and we can by lending them our assistance procure their powerful aid in obtaining the appropriations needed for our own rivers and harbors. The topography of this region is such as to prevent it from ever becoming grid-ironed by railroads as is the East, and for that reason the improvement of our waterways is a question of vital importance. This is something our Eastern friends do not realize, and it behooves us to impress it upon their minds.

It is doubly gratifying to know that while throughout the United States generally the wheat crop will be far below the average, Oregon and Washington will produce a larger crop and have a greater surplus for shipment than ever before. The twofold gratification arises from the great stimulus business will receive and the favorable notice we must necessarily attract in those regions from which our most desirable immigration comes. The intelligent farmer of the Mississippi Valley, as he contemplates his field of winter wheat averaging only from 42 to 60 per cent. of a standard yield, and then learns that Oregon and Washington average 101 per cent. for wheat, 102 per cent. for rye and 100 per cent. for barley, while at the same time meadows and pastures show a condition of 101 and 102 per cent., cannot but feel a strong desire to dispose of his possessions and with his accumulated means secure a desirable home in this favored region; and this desire must grow as the cold winter closes in upon him and he reads of the warm rains and gentle breezes of the Pacific Coast. Montana, though

not yet a producer of wheat for the general market, has none the less a considerable acreage of grain, all in a most promising condition, while her meadows and pasture lands are above the average. The time will come when the thousands of acres of table land in Montana will be yielding wheat for shipment, and the condition of her crops the present year is a sure indication of what may be depended upon. The time is rapidly approaching when every acre of available land in the Pacific Northwest will be placed under cultivation, and there never will be a more favorable opportunity than the present for the Eastern agriculturist to secure a desirable portion.

FORTUNATELY reduction works in Portland would not be dependent upon the ore of any one locality or the whims of any single transportation line. In Southern Oregon, Jackson, Josephine and Douglas counties have ledges upon which drafts can be made; the newly discovered ledges of Tillamook, Columbia and Clatsop counties would contribute their share; the older and better known lodes of Grant, Baker and Union counties, in Eastern Oregon, could be called upon for a liberal supply; the ledges of Yakima, Kittitas and Stevens counties, in Washington Territory; the many old and many new lodes of Idaho, and even Western Montana, may be depended upon. Take, for instance, the case of Missoula, about whose mines we speak on page 225. The Northern Pacific has fixed a rate from Wallace to the Wickes Smelters, near Helena, of \$5 per ton for ore. The haul is quite a long one and up a steep grade. The haul to Portland is, to be sure, still longer, but the grade is in favor of this city, and a rate as low as \$8 at least ought to be secured. Both Helena and Butte City have taken hold of the question of providing smelters for the treatment of ores produced from their numerous smaller mines. Near each of those cities are numerous good ledges but partially developed, or owned by parties without sufficient capital to erect works of their own. With works at which they can sell their ore or have it reduced at custom rates, the owners of such claims will be able to add much to the bullion product. Portland must arouse herself and take decided action in this matter.

THE time is rapidly approaching when another great line of railroad will span the continent. By the 1st of January, it is estimated, the great Canadian Pacific will have the gap of 180 miles in the Rocky Mountain division closed, and will be ready to compete for through freight and passenger traffic. Already the trip from Montreal to Victoria can be made in ten days, including a stage ride of 104 miles. The completion of this road will be of great benefit to British Columbia, more especially in the impulse it will give to the settlement of her thousands of acres of agricultural lands, and the development of her stock, lumbering and mining interests. To Great Britain, in the event of a war with Russia, this road might prove of incalculable benefit, and no doubt this fact had much to do with the recent additional assistance the company received from the Dominion Government. Strong com-

petition may be looked for between the new route and all the old American lines, especially since an effort will be made to establish new steamer routes to Australia and China from the terminal point on Burrard Inlet. The result will be awaited with considerable interest by the people of the Coast.

NOTHING is more convincing of the fact often stated in THE WEST SHORE, that the settlement of our Western valleys and table lands and the cutting up of our great cattle ranges into farms will not destroy the live stock interests, than a careful comparison of the statistics of different localities. The Commissioner of Agriculture reported in 1884 that Illinois had 900,948 dairy cattle, valued at \$35 each, and 1,442,344 stock cattle, worth \$28 each. In contrast with this stands Texas, with 667,501 dairy cattle, worth \$24.50 each, and 4,277,700 stock cattle, worth \$17.51. When the totals are considered we find Illinois has 2,300,000 cattle, valued at \$72,000,000, while the 5,000,000 cattle of Texas are worth only \$90,000,000. Texas shows eighteen cattle to the square mile, and Illinois forty-two. It is very evident that the settlement and cultivation of a region, in addition to other advantages, adds to the numbers and value of live stock it supports, and to the general wealth, which, however, is taken from the hands of the few and given with the increase into the hands of the many.

FLOAT TIN has at various times been found on the Coast, but the ledges from which it come have never been discovered. Prospectors should not neglect any indications of tin, for a good ledge of that metal would be worth more to them and the country than a dozen silver lodes. On this subject the *Chicago Mining Review* says: "The discovery of tin in the Black Hills of Dakota in many localities, the development of mines upon veins of the mineral sufficient to establish its character and permanency, and the purchase of mills for the purpose of utilizing the same, have already attracted the attention of English capitalists, and a number of investments have already been made. It would seem, in view of the immense demands for this mineral in this country, and the great cost to consumers, that capitalists would be awake to the importance of this discovery, and certainly investigate the probabilities of the advantages offered in this direction."

COPPER MINES in the West are very largely dependent upon the silver contained in the ore for their successful working. Take, for instance, the great copper producers of Butte City. Were it not for the large percentage of silver they could not so successfully compete with the mines of Lake Superior, where labor and the cost of reduction are so much less. Such being the case, the copper men are as much interested in the question of maintaining the position of silver in our monetary system as are the great silver kings of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and Nevada. When the inevitable fight comes in Congress next winter the silver and copper men will be found pulling together.

## HARNEY VALLEY, OREGON.

THE conflicting statements as to the agricultural value of Harney Valley (in Grant County, Oregon,) still continue to be made. All the best meadow land is held, or rather "claimed," under the swamp land laws, while the remainder is occupied solely by stockmen, who assert that it is valueless for agriculture. A gentleman who recently returned from the valley corroborates these statements, and adds that the nights are too cool for grain and corn. He considers the valley good only for dairying and stock raising. Such does not, however, appear to be the opinion of others no doubt as well qualified as he to judge of its capabilities. One of these, who has recently made a personal examination, contributes the following to the *Prineville News*: "The area of Harney Valley proper, including the arms that extend up small creeks which flow into it, is as much as 600,000 acres, most of which is good mowing, grazing and farming land. Standing on the low hills surrounding this valley, one can see the herds of horses and cattle, which in early days were covered by countless herds of buffaloes. The reports of Indian scares have generally been invented for the purpose of keeping people from settling the valley. There was an Indian excitement a few days ago, which resulted in the finding of twenty Indians, all told, of whom nine were old, decrepit and nearly blind, and the remainder women and children. This report is substantially a fact, as investigated by a company of regular soldiers sent up from Fort Bidwell about two weeks ago. Of all the land I saw in Harney Valley, I did not see more than a section of land that could be possibly considered as swamp. There are thousands of acres of good mowing land in different parts, which is made good by the annual overflowing of the valley from the numerous streams of water that pour down their channels from the melting snows in the timbered region lying back of the low hills on all sides of the valley. These overflows generally take place in March and April, drying up in the latter part of May, and remaining so the balance of the year. The first meadow grass that appears is the wire grass, which does well while the water covers the ground, and, when the water leaves, an immense growth of wild redtop and clover grows up, which, all taken together, make the most nutritious food, capable of keeping cattle beef-fat in the winter months. But, for fear one may think this immense extent of valley is all good, I would say that it is not all mowing land. There are large tracts of sage, rye grass and greasewood lands, of which, perhaps, not more than one-tenth would be fit for mowing land on natural meadows. The sage land is good, as is also the rye grass land, for farming, while the greasewood land is a never-failing browse which actually keeps cattle and horses fat during the winter; then comes the meadow land, which never fails of a crop. I was shown a small piece of land, which did not look any better than thousands of acres surrounding it, which Mr. Mace, the owner, said produced forty-two bushels of wheat to the acre in 1884."

## CRYSTAL CAVE, MONTANA.

SIX miles from White Sulphur Springs is a mountain on whose sides are many curious rock formations, which have won for it the title of Castle Mountain. Curious and picturesque as the mountain is in many respects, the one great feature of interest is Crystal Cave, a cavern of unknown extent and manifold beauties. Though its existence has been known for a number of years it has never been thoroughly explored, the most complete investigation of its mysteries having recently been made by a few members of THE WEST SHORE staff, accompanied by R. N. Sutherlin, editor of the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, A. Spencer and I. Salingier. Mr. Sutherlin has frequently visited the cave and called attention to its attractions in his paper, but never succeeded in arousing in others the enthusiasm he himself possesses. When he kindly offered to lead our party to the cavern and penetrate its dark recesses even further than he had ever gone before, the decision to accept was quick and unanimous. Providing ourselves with clothing whose intimate acquaintance with dirt was a guarantee of its fitness for such a journey, we procured a conveyance and quickly traversed the half dozen miles intervening between the city and mountain. In this distance we had gradually ascended 1,200 feet on the mountain side. A further climb on foot of 500 feet, and then a descent on the opposite side of the ridge nearly an equal distance, brought us to the mouth of the cave. The entrance, over which is suspended a natural bridge of rock, is a gradual descent of about 100 feet over loose boulders, similar to the mouth of a steeply inclined tunnel, the aperture being some twenty feet wide and fifteen feet high.

Almost immediately we were ushered into the main, or "crystal," chamber, an apartment of irregular shape, with a perimeter of 250 feet, and a height to the crystal-studded ceiling of sixty feet. The floor was free from rocks, but was covered with stalagmites and crystals. Mud was freely smeared over everything, no doubt brought in by animals that probably hibernate there in winter. From this main apartment we penetrated into twenty-three separate chambers, reaching them by traversing numerous passages leading in all directions. Some of these avenues are comparatively open and free from obstructions, while others are choked up with rock or so small that much difficulty is experienced in passing through them.

The most interesting of these narrows at one place to such an extent that it is with much difficulty that the body can be forced through at all. In fact, one of our party so exceeded the standard of rotundity that he could not even get "in with a squeeze and a grin," and he "observed that the hole was small." This we christened "A Tight Squeeze." It led us into a large chamber where both stalactites and stalagmites were in special abundance. They thrust themselves up from the floor or hung pendant from the ceiling, little drops of water trembling on their points, while the walls sparkled with crystals under even the dim light of our tallow candles.

Stalactites were observed of all sizes, from a mere drop of water to a pendant cone two and a half feet in length, one of which we brought away with us as a souvenir and curiosity. In one chamber we found a spring of ice cold water. Several of us slaked our thirst, but one member of the party declined to indulge on the plea that he had no accommodations for internal stalactites. Many passages were observed which were so obstructed by rocks as to be impenetrable. A little giant powder would remedy this defect, and might give access to still larger apartments and lead still farther into the interior of the mountain. Fully three hours and a quarter were consumed in our explorations, though but a short time was spent at any one place, the numerous chambers and passageways keeping us almost constantly in motion to complete the circuit in that brief time. Crystal Cave will no doubt become an object of much interest to the thousands who will be drawn to that portion of Montana by the healing waters of White Sulphur Springs.

## LUMBERING ON PUGET SOUND.

THE *Tacoma News* gives the following estimate, based upon reliable information, of the daily output of logs at the various logging camps on Puget Sound:

Olympia camps.....	105,000
Black Lake.....	40,000
Oyster Bay.....	28,000
Little Skookum.....	70,000
Mud Bay.....	22,000
Big Skookum.....	40,000
North Bay.....	18,000
Hartstein Island.....	30,000
Henderson Bay.....	49,000
West Passage.....	14,000
Vashon Island.....	12,000
One on Hood's Canal.....	30,000
Whidby Island.....	31,000
Caamano.....	67,000
Skagit.....	210,000
Fidalgo Island.....	21,000
Samish.....	74,000
Guemes.....	22,000
Stillaguamish.....	91,000
Port Susan.....	20,000
Skokomish.....	173,000

Total daily output..... 1,167,000

This amount, if correct as far as stated, would be considerably increased by numerous small operators not mentioned, and by the larger camps on Hood's Canal not reported. The mills on the Sound are now all running on full time, and have a daily capacity about as follows:

Tacoma.....	200,000
Port Blakely.....	200,000
Port Gamble.....	150,000
Port Madison.....	80,000
Port Ludlow.....	80,000
Utsalady.....	80,000
Seabeck.....	150,000
Port Discovery.....	100,000

Total..... 1,040,000

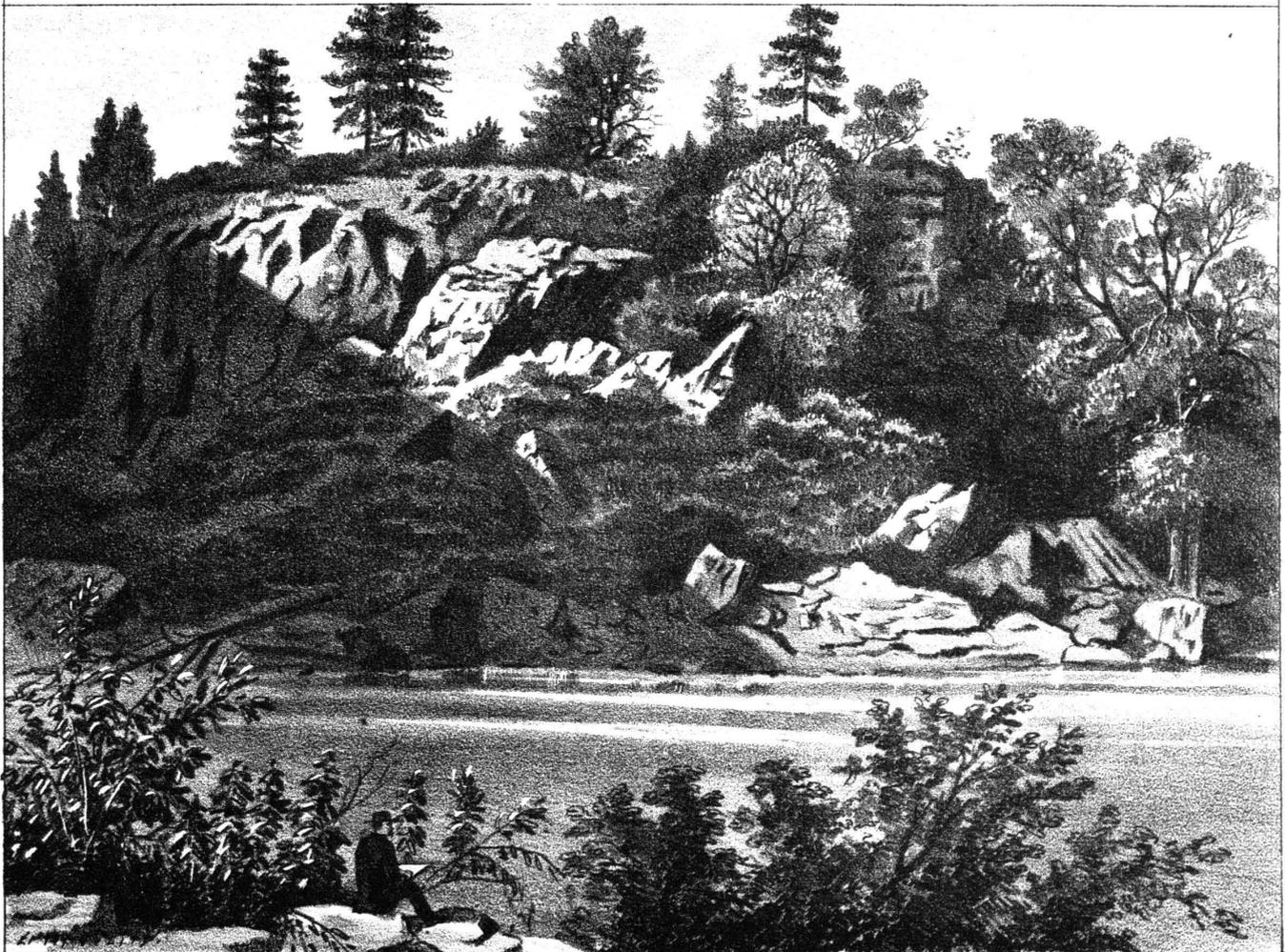
By these figures it will be seen that if the mills put out daily their full capacity there will not, at this rate, be a large accumulation of logs at the end of the summer's operations for the mills to go on during the winter, should the demand for lumber continue. At present prices, and with the dull state of the market, with all the seeming activity, millmen and loggers are enabled to realize very small profits, even if they are able to come out whole at the end of the season. Wages in the camps vary from \$20 to \$80 per month. Last year they were from \$40 to \$135. A 24-foot fir log recently cut in Snohomish County by Blackman Bros. measured 80 and 96 inches respectively across the smaller and larger ends.

THE WEST SHORE.



OREGON - STATE STREET SALEM.

W. J. JOHNSON

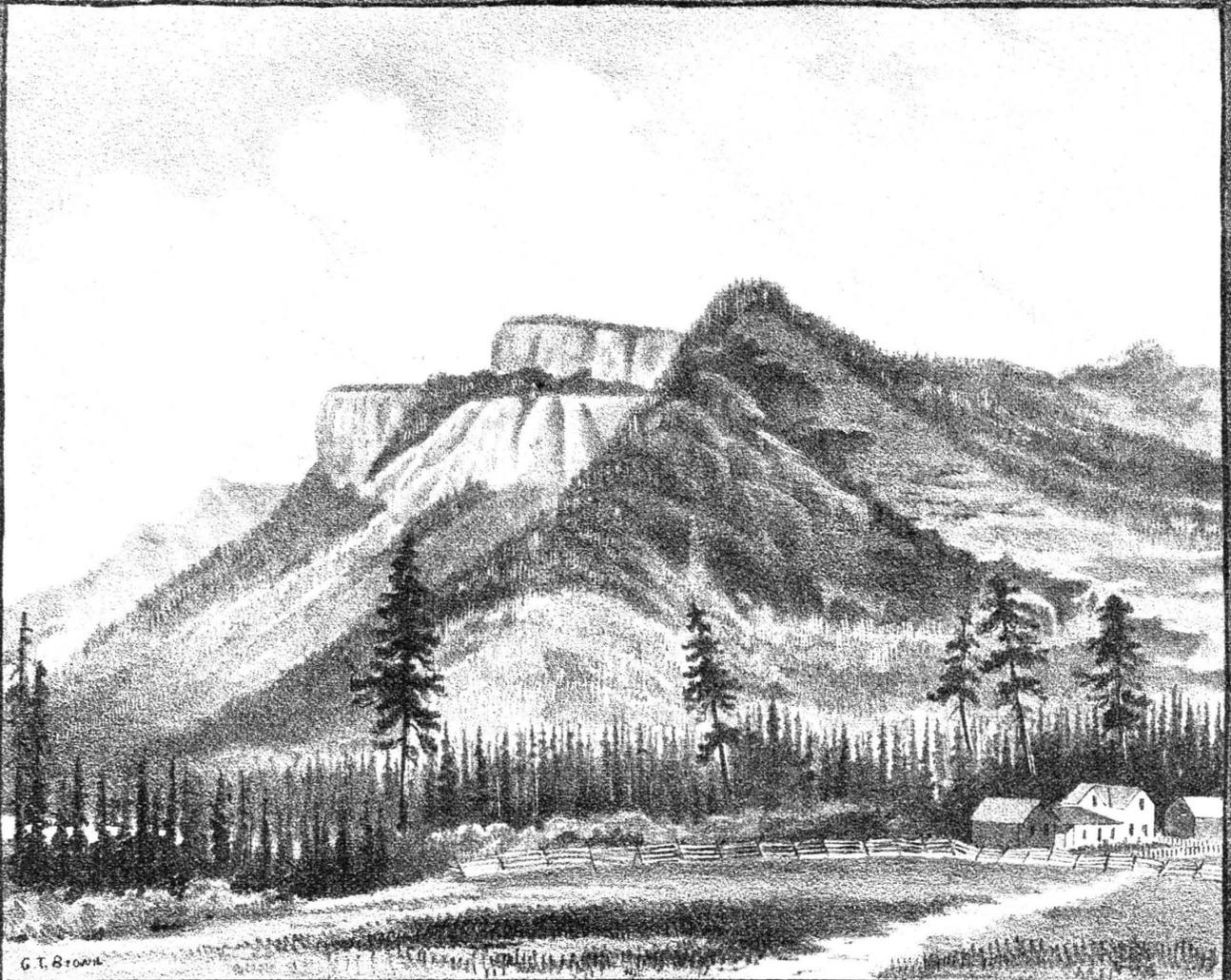


WEST SHORE LITH. PORTLAND O.

CALIFORNIA: ON THE KLAMATH RIVER AT SHOVEL CREEK.

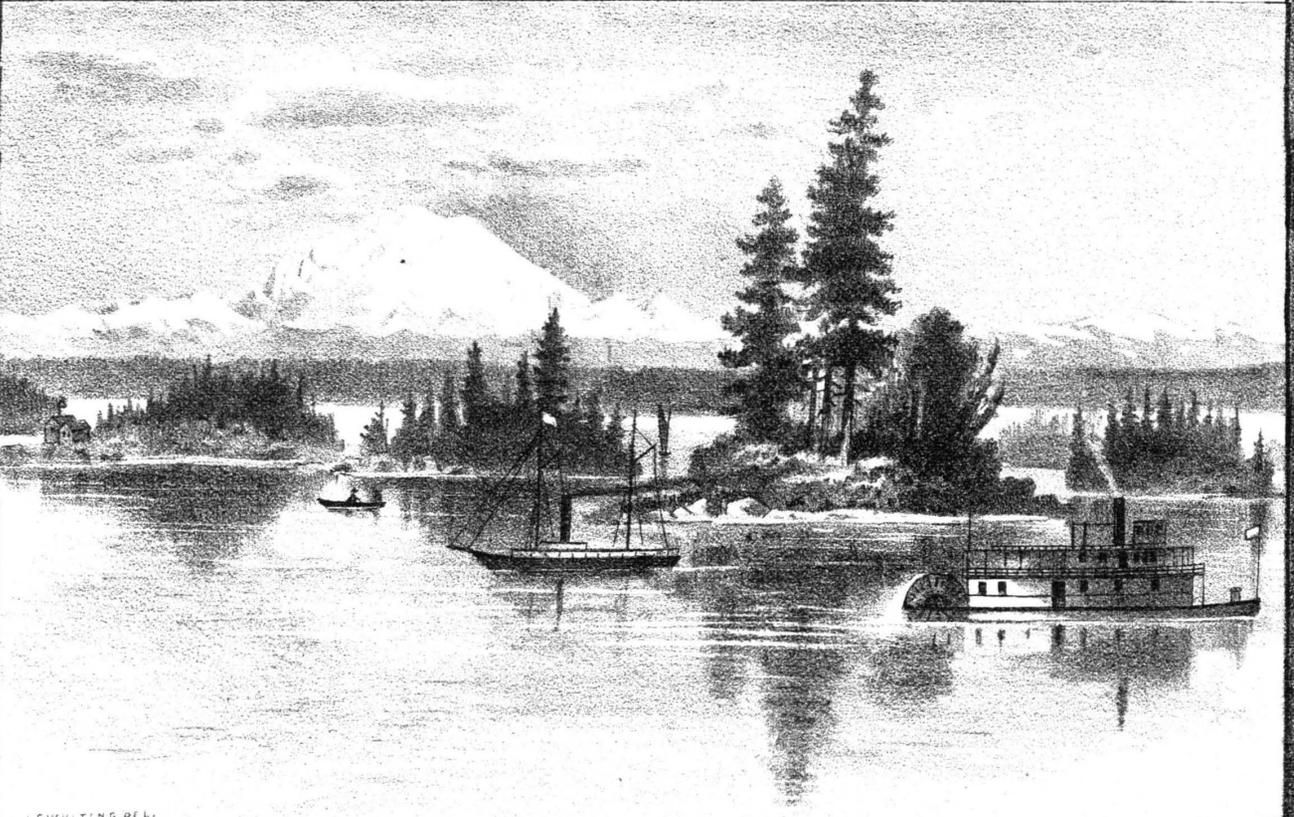
F. BRITT.

THE WEST SHORE.



G. T. Brown

BRITISH COLUMBIA - GIANT'S CASTLE, SPALLUMCHEEN RIVER.



J. F. WHITING DEL.

ERTING LITH.

WEST SHORE LITH.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY - ISLAND SEA, PUGET SOUND.

## SPALLUMCHEEN RIVER, B. C.

SPALLUMCHEEN RIVER is one of the interior streams of British Columbia, flowing down from the Gold Mountains in a general northwesterly course a distance of seventy miles, and discharging into Shuswap Lake. For a large portion of its course it is navigable for small steamers, and boats ply regularly between the head of navigation and Kamloops, a distance of 125 miles, following the river, the Shuswap lakes and Thompson River. Below Kamloops the waters flow through Kamloops Lake, the main Thompson River, and finally, by way of Fraser River, to the ocean. Spallumcheen Valley lies along the river and extends westward to the head of Lake Okanagan, being some thirty miles in length. This is one of the largest and best agricultural districts in the Province of British Columbia. Crops yield enormously without irrigation, and natural grasses grow luxuriantly. A little further west lie the valleys of Pleasant and Salmon rivers, where the most extensive farming in the Province is carried on. A wagon road leads from Kamloops to Spallumcheen, a distance of sixty-five miles. Lake Okanagan extends southward seventy-five miles, the Okanagan River issuing from the lower end, and continuing in a general southerly direction through a series of small lakes to its junction with the Columbia, in Washington Territory, 175 miles from the head of Lake Okanagan. With the exception of a fall of eight feet at one point, there is no obstacle to steamer navigation the entire distance. A canal from Lake Okanagan to Spallumcheen River, which is one of the improvements contemplated for the future, would open the lake to the steamers plying on Thompson and Spallumcheen rivers, and but for the obstruction mentioned would give them open water to the Columbia. Such a canal would be a direct union of the waters of the Fraser and Columbia. It would open to steamer traffic the great Okanagan Valley, one of the most important agricultural districts in British Columbia, extending in a successive series along the lake and river to its junction with the Columbia, sixty miles south of the international line. The construction of the Canadian Pacific will give easier access to this region for emigrants in another year. The line runs along the southern side of Shuswap Lake, where it will be tapped by the steamers plying up the Spallumcheen. The population in that region is already quite considerable. Several stores, post offices, schools and flouring mills are to be found there, especially in Mission Valley, where the Catholics have long maintained a mission, and beyond question hundreds of families will ere long be settled in this region, which is in many respects one of the most desirable portions of British Columbia. The climate is singularly agreeable; not excessively cold in winter nor oppressively warm in summer. The rainfall is ample to ensure abundant crops, without creating that continued moist atmosphere peculiar to the region lying along the coast. With settlements and greater production will come better transportation facilities. The scenery is grand and inspiring, as is indicated by our engraving of Giant's Castle, and to the sportsman it offers attractions unsurpassed.

## THE ISLANDS OF PUGET SOUND.

TO the early explorers Puget Sound, with its multitude of bays, inlets and islands, was a watery labyrinth. Vancouver, who first entered and named it in May, 1792, spent two months in exploring it with the crews of two vessels, his labors being much increased by the number of false inlets created by the numerous islands. He was in particular search of a passage inland, and it must have been aggravating to be led long distances by apparent inlets which proved only to be narrow passageways between two islands or between some large island and the mainland. The islands of Puget Sound vary from small timber-crowned bluffs rising abruptly above the surface of the water to tracts of land many square miles in area. They are in special abundance near the foot of the Sound proper, opposite the Straits of Fuca, and extending northward between Vancouver Island and the mainland of Washington Territory. Though originally christened the "Gulf of Georgia," this island region is now spoken of as a portion of Puget Sound, a name applied by Vancouver only to that arm of this great inland sea extending southward from Admiralty Inlet. Two counties—Island and San Juan—have been created among these islands, while many others belong to the counties of the adjacent mainland. The San Juan islands were those which threatened to precipitate hostilities between England and the United States in 1873, the last relic of the long international boundary dispute. They consist of a group lying between Rosario Straits, claimed by England to be the main passage, and the Canal de Haro, the passage for which the United States successfully contended. Lumbering and fishing, dairying, stock raising, and to some extent general agriculture, are the leading industries on the larger of these numerous islands. On some of them, especially those among the San Juan group, are vast beds of limestone, and there is produced the greater portion of the lime used in the Northwest. Our artist has given a sketch of a group of small islands in this region, which he has christened the "Island Sea," in the background of which rise the white dome and lesser peaks of Mount Baker. It is amid such scenes as this the traveler on Puget Sound finds himself continually sailing, scenes from which he departs with regret, and which long linger vividly in his memory.

IN France and Spain ordinary brick-dust made from hard-burned, finely pulverized bricks, and mixed with common lime, is universally used as a substitute for hydraulic cement. It is in some respects even superior to the best Rosendale hydraulic cement for culverts, drains, tanks or cisterns, and even for roofing purposes. It is regularly known in those countries as an article of commerce, and is sold in barrels by dealers at the same price as cement. A block of this substance one inch thick, without sand, after immersion in water for four months, bore, without crushing or splitting, a pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch. The mixture of a small quantity of brick-dust to ordinary mortar will, it has been said, prevent disintegration.

## THE RUSSIANS AT BODEGA AND FORT ROSS.

IN January, 1811, there arrived in the quiet waters of Bodega Bay a strange-looking craft bearing a burden of human freight. They were men with unkempt hair and shaggy beards, with frames of iron and a physique that told of their being inured to a life of excessive toil and exposure to the rigors of an inclement climate. To them, as they entered the beautiful cove on that midwinter's day, the surrounding country seemed a veritable paradise. Accustomed as they had been all their lives to see naught but the deep snow lying over the face of the earth at this season of the year, the sight of the vernal hills glowing in the bright sunshine placed before them a picture, the most lovely that had ever greeted their gaze. These brawny strangers were Russians, and had come from Sitka for the purpose of establishing a military post and a rendezvous for a band of trappers, also proposing to farm extensively, using their products for supplying the colonies in the far north. The number of men was seventy—twenty Russians and fifty Kodiak Indians—under the leadership of Alexander Koskoff, a man with a wooden leg, and to whom on this account the native Californians applied the nickname of "Pie de Palo." To Bodega Bay they gave the name of "Romanzoff," and the stream now known as Russian River they called "Slavianka."

Knowing full well that they had no just title or claim to the land, they framed a pretext for landing there by stating they had been refused a supply of fresh water at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), to strengthen which they asserted that they had purchased all the land lying adjacent to the bay from the aborigines, a claim which was ultimately extended until it covered all the land lying between Point Reyes and Point Arena, and for a distance of nine miles inland. As a matter of fact the Russians could not purchase any of this land from the Indians, for at that time the entire country of the Alta Californias belonged to Spain; therefore it has been truly remarked of them that as they came without invitation, and occupied the land without the permission of the owners, they may, with every justice, be called the first "squatters" in California. They went to work with a will, however, whether they had any right to the soil or not. They proceeded into the interior of the country, about six miles from the bay, and there founded a settlement; houses were built, fields fenced and agricultural pursuits prosecuted with energy.

As soon as the first crop had matured and was ready for shipment, it became necessary that they should have a warehouse at the bay where their vessels could load. Accordingly a building for this purpose was erected. It was very strong and durable, and would probably be standing now but for the fact that a land-slide swept the most of it into the bay some years ago. There was another building near the one just mentioned which was used in later years by the first American settlers as a kind of boarding house, but it is only from mention of the fact that its existence has been learned.

It is not possible to give the exact original number of

their houses in this locality, owing to these having been all demolished and not a vestige remaining of them to tell their story, but it is undoubted that there were a considerable number. These buildings were small and rough, the boards being hewn from redwood logs. They were each strong enough for a fortress, and were probably built to serve the double purpose of shelter from storms and protection from an enemy.

When Koskoff and his company established themselves at Bodega he found most strenuous opposition from the Spanish authorities of California, who looked upon them as interlopers, and were ever ready to embrace any and all opportunities to drive them off. Open warfare was threatened, and the Russians had every reason to believe that the threats would be carried out. There was another enemy to ward against—the Indians—over whom the Spaniards, through the missions, had absolute control, and it was apprehended that this power might be used. Several expeditions were organized by the Dons to march against the Muscovites, though they all came to naught. The Russians would doubtless have been very well satisfied to have let the Spaniards alone if they would have reciprocated the courtesy; fearing, however, to trust them, the new-comers sought for a location which would afford them natural protection from the foe. Passing up the coast thirty miles, they came to the level and extensive tract lying adjacent to the present Fort Ross. Here they found everything they could desire. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, affording pasture to flocks without number. There stood

*The forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlock,  
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight.*

There was a beautiful little cove in which vessels might lie in safety from the fury of the northern storms; near at hand was an ample stretch of beach, on which their staunch though crude argosies could be constructed and easily launched upon the mighty deep; no more propitious place could have been found along the entire coast. The location once chosen, they set to work with a will to prepare their new homes. A site was chosen for the stockade near the ocean's shore, and in such a position as to protect their vessels lying in the little harbor from those inimical to them. The construction of this fortification is interesting. The plat of ground enclosing it was a parallelogram, 285 feet wide and 312 long, and containing about two acres. The angles were placed very nearly upon the cardinal points of the compass. At the north and south angles there were constructed an octagonal redoubt, two stories high, and mounted with six pieces of artillery. These were built exactly alike and were about twenty-four feet in diameter. The walls were formed of hewed redwood logs, carefully mortised together at the corners, and were about eight inches in thickness. The roof was conical and had a small flag-staff at the apex. The stockade approached the towers in such a way that one-half of them was within the enclosure and the other half outside it. The entrance to them was through small doors on the inside, there being embrasures both inside and out, arranged so as to protect

those within from an outside enemy, and to also have all within in range of the guns, thus guarding against possible eruption from the interior. The stockade proper was constructed as follows: A trench was dug two feet deep, and every ten feet along the bottom a hole one foot in depth was dug, in which posts about six by ten inches in size were inserted, while between the posts, and on the bottom of the trench, was a strong girder firmly mortised into the uprights and fastened with a strong wooden pin. Slabs of varying widths, but all being about six inches thick, were then placed in an upright position between the posts aforesaid, resting on the girder and firmly fastened. At a distance of twelve feet up the posts there was run another girder, which, too, was fastened by large pins, these resting on the slabs, which were slotted at the top, into which a piece of timber was passed, after which huge pins were driven down through the girders and the timber in the slots and well into the body of the slab. The main posts extended about three feet higher, a lighter girder being run near the tops, and between the two last mentioned there was a row of light slabs, two inches thick and four wide, and pointed like pickets. It is therefore easy to conjecture that when the trench was filled up with tamped rock and dirt that the stockade was almost invulnerable, when we consider the implements of assault that were likely to be brought against it in those days of rude weapons of war. Around the stockade there were embrasures for muskets or cannons, of which latter, it is said, there were several in the fortress.

On the northern side of the eastern angle a chapel was erected and was used by the officers only. It was surmounted by two domes, one of which was round and the other pentagonal in shape, while in one of them was a chime of bells that were wont to peal only the matins and vespers in rich mellifluous tones. On the west side of the northern angle were the barracks, roughly constructed, the framework being of large, heavy timbers. On the northern side of the western angle was a one-story building, showing a better style of workmanship—evidently officers' quarters—while on the southern side of the western angle was a workshop for the various branches of industry there prosecuted, and on the eastern side of the southern angle was a row of sheds, probably used as stables and forage stores. There were a number of exterior buildings, and all in keeping with the houses of the peasants already described as existing at Bodega. They were small and constructed from rough slabs riven from redwood. These hardy fellows were so rugged and inured to the cold of the higher latitudes that they cared not for the few cracks that might admit the fresh, balmy air of the California winter mornings.

To the northward of and near the cluster of houses, situated on a knoll, was a windmill, which was the motor for driving a single run of burrs, and also for a stamping machine used for grinding tanbark. This windmill produced all the flour used in that and the Bodega settlements, while probably a considerable amount was sent with the annual shipment to Sitka. This was probably the first flour mill of any description north of the bay of

San Francisco. The stamp for crushing tanbark was made of solid iron, about four inches square, hung upon a crank on the main shaft of the wind wheel. For several years after the Americans came into possession it did good service, but not a trace of it now remains. To the south of the stockade, in a deep gulch at the debouchure of a small stream, there stood a very large building, the rear portion of which was used for tanning leather, where they had six vats constructed of the usual redwood slabs and all the other necessary appliances, such as scrapers, mullers, etc., but these were large and rough in make. The front half of the building was used as a shipyard. Ways were constructed on a sandy beach at this point leading into the deep water of the bight, and upon them were built a number of sea-going vessels. These craft all did good service, and one of them plowed the seas not long ago.

Tradition says that to the eastward of the fort, and across the gulch, there once stood a very large building, which was used as a church for the common people of the settlement. Near this place of worship the cemetery was located. A French tourist once paid Fort Ross a visit. He arrived after dark, and asked permission to remain over night with the parties who at that time owned the Spanish grant on which Fort Ross is situated. During the evening the conversation naturally drifted upon the old history of the place, during which he displayed so great a familiarity with all the surroundings that his hosts asked if he had ever lived there with the Russians. He answered that he had not, but that he had a very warm friend in St. Petersburg who had spent thirty years in California as a priest of the Greek Church, and that he had made him a promise upon his departure for the Coast, about a year before, to pay a visit to the scenes of the holy labors of his friend, and it was in compliance with that promise that he was there. Among the many things inquired about was the church close to the cemetery. All traces of this building had long since disappeared, and the settlers were surprised to hear that it ever existed. The traveler assured them the priest had stated distinctly that such a building had stood there, and also that a number of other buildings used as homes for the peasants stood near it.

The Russians had farmed very extensively at Fort Ross, having as much as two thousand acres under fence, as well as large tracts that were unenclosed. Their agricultural processes were as crude as their other work. Their plow was very similar to the old Spanish implement, so common in California at that time and still extant in Mexico, with the exception that the Muscovite instrument possessed a mould-board. They employed both oxen and cows for draft animals, using the antiquated Spanish yoke adjusted to the horns instead of to the necks. It is probable they used the ancient cart of the Spaniards, as well as sleds. Their grain was cut with a scythe when it was ripe and then transported to the threshing floor, which was constructed of heavy puncheons elevated somewhat off the ground, and between which were interstices through which the grain fell. The

threshing was done in this manner: A layer of grain in the straw, of a foot or two in thickness, was placed on the floor. Oxen were then driven over it hitched to a log with rows of wooden pegs inserted into it. As the log revolved these pegs acted well the part of a flail, and the straw was expeditiously relieved of its burden of grain. It was doubtless no hard job to winnow the grain after it was threshed, as the wind blows a stiff blast at that point during the autumn months.

The Russians also constructed a wharf at the northern side of the little cove and graded a road down the steep ocean shore, the line of which is still to be seen, as it passed much of the way through solid rock. This jetty was made fast to the rocks on which it was constructed with long iron bolts, a few of which still remain, but nothing of the wharf is extant. These old Muscovites, perhaps, made the first lumber with a saw ever manufactured north of the bay of San Francisco. They had a pit and whip saw, the former of which can be seen at this day. Judging from the number of stumps still standing, and the extent of territory over which they extended their logging operations, they evidently consumed very large quantities of timber, the forest being only about a mile distant from the shipyard and landing. The stumps of trees cut by them are still in view, while beside them from one to six shoots have sprung up, many of which have now reached a size sufficient for lumber purposes. This growth has been remarkable, and goes to show that if proper care were taken each half century would see a new crop of timber sufficiently large for all practical purposes, while a hundred years would produce gigantic trees.

As stated above, the cemetery lay to the eastward of the fort and across a deep gulch, near the church for the peasants. There were never more than fifty graves there, all traces of which, except of a dozen, are now obliterated. Each of these still remaining shows signs of having had a wooden structure built over it. One manner of constructing these tombs was to make a series of rectangular frames of square timber, each being a certain degree smaller than the one below it, which were placed one above another until an apex was reached, and the whole surmounted with a cross. Another method was to construct an oblong frame of heavy planking, the top being covered with two heavy planks placed so as to be roof-shaped. Other graves had a simple rude cross, and others, again, a cross on which some mechanical skill was displayed, while one has a very large round post standing high above the neighboring monuments. The dead were all buried in graves dug due east and west, with their heads to the latter point. While there are no inscriptions now visible, judging from their size many of the pits contain the dust of little children. In an easterly direction, about a mile from the post, was an orchard, of which only a few apple and cherry trees remain, moss-covered and gray with age.

Let us now trace the causes that led to the departure of these intruders from the vernal shores of California. It is stated that the promulgation of the Monroe doctrine

caused them to leave, but that is hardly the fact, for they remained seventeen years after this policy was announced. One thing, however, is evident—that they did not depart at the request or behest of either the Spanish or Mexican governments. It is almost certain that the Russians contemplated a permanent settlement at Fort Ross and Bodega. Of course, as soon as the Spanish authorities came to know of their permanent location, word was sent of the fact to Madrid. In due course of time a reply came ordering the intruders to depart, to which peremptory command their only answer was that the order had been forwarded to St. Petersburg for the action of the Czar. Some time later, about 1816, a Russian ship-of-war anchored in the harbor of Yerba Buena, and to the commander the Spanish authorities complained of Koskoff, but nothing came of it. In subsequent years the Mexican commandants organized several military expeditions for the purpose of ousting the aliens, but no real step was ever taken. For more than a quarter of a century they continued to hold undisturbed possession of the disputed territory, and prosecuted their farming, stock raising, hunting, trapping and shipbuilding enterprises; but whatever were the causes that led to it, there finally came a time when the Russian authorities decided to withdraw their colonies. They now made a proposition to the authorities at Monterey to dispose of their interests, including the title to the land, but inasmuch as the Mexicans had never recognized such right or title, they could not well become purchasers thereof. Application was next made to General M. G. Vallejo, but on the same grounds he refused. They then applied to the late General John A. Sutter, and persuaded him that their title was good and could be maintained; so, after making out a full inventory of the articles they had for disposal, including all the land lying between Cape Mendocino and Point Reyes, and one league inland, as well as cattle, farming and mechanical instruments, a schooner of 180 tons burthen, some arms, a four-pound brass field piece, etc., a price was decided on. The amount paid by Sutter was \$30,000 in cash, and he became, as he thought, the greatest landholder in California. The grants given by the Mexican Government seemed mere bagatelles when compared with this provincial possession. But, alas for human hopes and aspirations! In reality he had paid an enormous price for a very paltry compensation of personal and chattel property.

Orders were sent to the settlers at Fort Ross to repair at once to the harbor of Yerba Buena, and there take passage in vessels bound for the northwest whaling grounds. The ships sent to convey them from the settlement arrived at an early hour in the day, and the orders shown to the commandant, Rotscheff. The bells were immediately caused to be rung in the chapel towers and the cannon discharged, the usual method of convoking the people for some special purpose. Everything was suspended just there; the husbandman left his plow in the half-turned furrow and unloosed his oxen, never again to yoke them, leaving them to wander at will; the mechanic dropped his planes and saws on the bench, leaving the

half-smoothed board still in the vise; the tanner left his tools where he was using them and dropped his apron, to don it no more in California. As soon as the entire population had assembled, Rotschiff arose and read the orders. Very sad and unwelcome, indeed, was the intelligence, but the edict had emanated from a source which could not be gainsaid, and there was no alternative but speedy and complete obedience, however reluctant it might be. Time was only given to gather up a few household effects and some of the most cherished keepsakes, and they were hurried on board the ships. Scarcely time was allowed to those whose loved ones slept in the graveyard near by to pay a last sad visit to their resting place. Embarkation was commenced at once.

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor, leaving behind them the dead on the shore,

And all the happy scenes of their lives, which had glided smoothly along on the beautiful shores of the Pacific. Sad and heavy must have been their hearts, as they gazed for the last time upon the receding landscape which their eyes had learned to love, because it had been that best of all places—home. J. P. MUNRO-FRASER.

#### KLAMATH RIVER.

THE great Klamath River rises in the two lakes of the same name, lying just north of the California and Oregon boundary line, and in its windings through the mountains pursues a general westerly course until it pours into the Pacific, near Crescent City, the combined waters of the Klamath, Shasta, Scott, Salmon and Trinity rivers, as well as numerous lesser tributaries. Throughout all its course, but especially below the mouth of the Shasta, it is hemmed in by steep and rocky walls, having cut its way through a range of high mountains. In this respect it is similar to the Rogue and Umpqua. The volume of water that goes surging through its rocky gorges and precipitous canyons in the winter season is tremendous, and the slowly melting snows on the mountain peaks keep the stream a rushing torrent till late in the summer. Occasional small meadows appear along the banks of the stream, especially near the mouth of some small tributary, which have long since been converted to the uses of civilization. The current is so rapid and the channel so rocky that navigation is utterly impossible; and, in fact, there are but few places where it would be advisable for an inexperienced oarsman to attempt to cross it in a rowboat. Several ferries cross the river at convenient points, two of them being rivals for the travel between Oregon and California. They are of the usual kind used in streams with a rapid current. A stout wire cable is stretched across the river, to which the boat is attached fore and aft by means of ropes and pulleys, the pulleys running on wheels along the cable. By slacking aft and hauling taught forward the head of the boat is turned partially up stream, so that the strong current striking the boat quartering propels her across the stream.

The name "Klamath" is of Indian origin, and was first applied to the river near its source by the early

trappers, who asked the natives what they called the stream, and were answered "Klamat," or "Tlamat" (spelled "Tlamath" by Fremont). Each tribe living along the stream had its own name for the great river, but that adopted by the whites is the only one now known. It is also applied to the lakes which form its source, though the Indians living about those bodies of water had different and distinct appellations for them. The native tribes along the stream were four in number. Those living about the lakes have generally been known as "Klamath Lakes," though their rightful tribal name is "Luuami." They have also been known as "Muck-a-lucks" and "La Lakes," the latter being undoubtedly a corruption and misapplication of the French term *la lac*, applied to the lake by the early Canadian trappers. This tribe has always been on friendly terms with the whites, and its members are now gathered on the Klamath Reservation to the number of seven or eight hundred. Along the river, both above and below the mouth of the Shasta, was the tribe known as the "Shastas," whose proper tribal name has never been learned by the whites, an ignorance which is probably shared by the few degenerate descendants that have run the gauntlet of disease and war. Below them, and extending to the coast, were the Ka-roks and Yu-roks, generally known as the "Klamath Rivers." The Indians of these tribes were the finest specimens of physical manhood to be found among the natives of California. They were fierce and warlike, and gave the whites trouble from the time the first Caucasian foot invaded their hunting grounds. In the wars which followed they were exterminated almost root and branch, and but a few degenerate specimens may now be seen of those once powerful tribes.

There is considerable mining carried on along the Klamath below the mouth of Shasta River. This river mining is confined to the bed of the stream and that portion of its banks covered with water in the winter and spring seasons. As early in the spring as it is possible to work, the miners begin building wing dams and coffer dams, so as to lay bare a portion of the channel. This is a work of much difficulty and expense in a stream so turbulent, and is by no means unaccompanied by danger, since an unlucky fall into the water places one almost instantly beyond the reach of aid, the sport of a rushing torrent against which it were vain for human strength to struggle. When the water has been excluded, huge derricks are placed in position, and then work begins in earnest. The gravel and sand are shoveled into large buckets and lifted from the claim by the derricks, after which they are run through sluices and the gold dust extracted. The method of procedure varies considerably in accordance with the location of the claim and its surroundings. It often happens that high water continues so late in the spring that only a few weeks remain in which to do actual mining after the long preliminary work is finished, and upon the result of this brief season success or failure depends. Some sudden freshet after the dams have been put well under way, or some untoward accident, may cause other delay, so that the length of the mining season

can neither be predicted nor depended upon. The richness of the ground, too, varies wonderfully, so that the results of a short season often largely exceed those of a long one, while two neighboring claims may stand in strong contrast with each other in the amount of yellow treasure extracted from them. It may well be imagined that time is precious, and the aid of powerful electric lights is invoked to turn night into day so that work need never cease. Several companies have found mining in this manner very profitable, even though the preliminary work of one season has to be nearly all replaced the next, owing to the ravages of the winter freshets.

To the old pioneer the word "Klamath" brings a thousand memories of scenes grave and gay, of comedy and tragedy. The thousands of exciting incidents of mining camp life, the wild rush for new diggings, the "man for breakfast," the vigilantes' court, the Indian fight, the perils of road and trail, rise up before him and furnish him a theme of which his tongue never tires. It suggests, also, the evanescent and almost forgotten glory of a city of Spanish castles which once bore it. When, early in 1850, hundreds of adventurers were searching the coast frantically for the Bay of Trinidad, with the idea that into it flowed the Trinity River, upon the headwaters of which wonderfully rich mines had been discovered, one of those parties came upon the Klamath River. On the south bank of the stream, a few miles above its mouth, they laid out a most beautiful city, with boulevards, parks, universities and public buildings, broad avenues and streets, and everything that could be desired of a great city of modern times. It was all done on paper, and scarcely a tree was felled, except to aid in the construction of a few brush shanties, yet so captivating was it that for several days the future great city had a population of several score and prospects unlimited. This was to be the great commercial city of that whole region, not simply a rival to San Francisco, but one before whose shining glory the city by the Golden Gate would hide her diminished head in shame. But, alas, for human hopes! It was soon discovered that the shifting sands at the river's mouth kept so incessantly altering and obstructing the channel that it was a matter of much uncertainty when even a small vessel could enter it in safety. Once in, it was equally uncertain when she could get out again. As this fact became known the people of the future metropolis vanished like the morning mist, and Klamath City, with her warehouses, boulevards, parks and institutions of learning, vanished with them so completely that even its site is now unknown.

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THERE is no doubt that the substitution of tiles for carpet and wood flooring will in time become universal. Even now these exquisite little blocks from the ovens of the tile manufactories are used at the expense of less costly floorings. The labors of the tile makers are no longer confined to the manufacture of the plain, ugly colored blocks of concrete. Copies of the most celebrated art works are reproduced. Sometimes each tile is a gem of itself.

#### SHOSHONE FALLS.

THE scene of all others which will probably make the most vivid and lasting impression upon the mind of the Western tourist is the great cataract of Snake River, known as the "Shoshone Falls." Though not so broad, and carrying a considerable smaller body of water, they are in many respects as imposing as the famous Niagara, while in the peculiarity of their formation and surroundings they even exceed in interest that great cataract which has been the admiration of the world for a century. More than fifty years ago the wandering brigades of trappers roaming throughout the Rocky Mountain region were informed by the friendly Indians of the several cataracts on Snake River, and especially the great falls shown in our illustrations. But the trapper was an intensely practical individual. It was his mission to hunt the beaver, and in the pursuit of this occupation, amid the peaks and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, his eyes were surfeited with scenes of picturesqueness and grandeur, and he would hardly turn from his path to witness the most entrancing sight the kingdom of Nature had to offer. Shoshone Falls could give him no beaver and so he bestowed upon them scarce a thought. One day the distant roar of the cataract was borne by the wind to the acute ears of a party passing through the country, and remembering what the Indians had told them, they decided to see for themselves this great "falling water." Led by the ever-increasing sound, they reached the bluffs and gazed down upon the rushing water from the high rocky walls that hem it in on either side. They saw the broad river glide swiftly along, dashing and foaming around the great masses of rock that obstruct the channel just above the brink, and then, gathering itself into one mighty mass, plunge down a sheer descent of 210 feet, and lose itself in the cloud of spray that ascended from the rocks below, appearing again in the long white streaks of foam that were whirled along between the canyon's towering walls. Even these impassive men gazed upon the scene in mute admiration, their ears deafened by the mighty roar that came up from the canyon below, while the ground trembled beneath their feet.

Years have passed since those men first visited these falls and bestowed upon them the name of the Indian tribe of that region, and the mighty cataract has filled the air with its ceaseless roar, unheeded save by the few who have turned aside to pay it homage. But railroads work wonders in a short time, and the construction of the Oregon Short Line has brought this great cataract within the easy reach of every tourist who crosses the continent. As the line progressed westward a station—Shoshone, the junction of the Wood River branch—was established, twenty-five miles north of the falls, and an enterprising stage driver conceived the idea of profiting by the traffic to be secured from future sightseers. Previously the river at that point had only been approachable by vehicle from the south. The whole surrounding country is a large waste of lava rock and sage brush, and for a distance of twenty-five miles the river flows through a gorge of almost perpendicular walls from 500 to 700

feet in height. This farseeing knight of the whip proceeded to locate all the available land on the north bank and broke a road through the sage brush and lava beds. The south side was already claimed by a young married couple, who had built themselves a rude cabin, within whose walls their first-born in vain tried to drown the mighty cataract's roar with its infant yells. These two parties combined their claims and for a time held possession, but afterwards disposed of their interests to a company of gentlemen, who desired to make suitable provision for the accommodation of visitors. These gentlemen located all the available land about the great falls, also the Twin Falls, three miles above, made a good stage road to Shoshone City, put on a line of stages, built a small hotel and made many improvements about the falls. This has not been done for speculative purposes, but because of their admiration for and pride in these great wonders of Nature, and a desire to preserve them from vandalism and render them easy of access to every one. They have already expended \$18,000 in improvements, and are preparing to erect this summer a large hotel. The present accommodations are for only fifteen to twenty guests, but they will soon be prepared to entertain several hundred at a time. These gentlemen are Messrs. W. A. Clark, of Butte City, and John A. Creighton and Charles H. Dewey, of Omaha. Great praise is due them for their efforts to render a visit to this attractive spot so pleasant and inexpensive. From Portland the fare to Shoshone Junction is \$33.75, being \$16.20 to Huntington over the O. R. & N. Co.'s line and \$17.55 over the Oregon Short Line from Huntington to Shoshone. Stages run daily from that point to the falls, the fare for the round trip being only \$8. Through passengers going either west or east can spend from one to three days at the falls at an expense only of stage fare and hotel accommodations. Passengers on the Utah & Northern can stop over at Pocatello and make the round trip to the falls for \$18. The Union Pacific possesses in this great attraction something that will make it a favorite route for tourists, aside from the many other advantages it offers.

The following comprehensive description of the falls was written originally for the Butte City *Miner* by a gentleman who made a thorough exploration of them: A few hours' ride through the desert, where we saw no living thing save now and then a half famished rabbit, brought to view a dark line produced in the great lava plain by the first glimpse of the edge of the precipice on the farther side of the river. Several miles before reaching the falls a heavy sound like distant thunder is heard, and on a clear day the spray rising upward is clearly seen. Upon arriving at the brow of the precipice the horses were detached from the coach, and they and the passengers entered a narrow gateway where the wall was broken down a little, and began their descent over a difficult and precipitous trail to the river at a point just above, but not in view of, the falls. As we approached the modest hotel by a great spring, and near a little meadow, the air was redolent of cooking viands, and never was ampler justice done, than by our little party with

whetted appetites, to an excellent dinner of which fresh trout was the most delicate feature.

After dinner and a brief repose we walked out a few hundred yards to see the great cataract, and I am free to confess my utter inability to convey with words even a faint impression of the matchless beauty and majesty of the scene that burst upon my vision as I ascended a table of trachyte a hundred feet above the brink of the precipice, over which the river falls 210 feet perpendicularly. The face of the falls is in the form of an obtuse angle, the side toward the south being much the longest. Above this, for about 1,500 feet, extends a group of rock islands, which divide the stream into several channels and produce two series of rapids and cascades, comprising a great number, all varying in height and force, and which heighten the effect of the scene, and break the water into foamy whiteness preparatory to its final leap. Among these islands the water descends about 100 feet.

On this side of the river, and 150 feet above the main falls, is a faithful representation of Niagara in miniature, sixty feet in height, with a wedge-shaped island dividing it into two most graceful sheets. Looking across the river and beyond this is an island rock, fifty feet wide, then a cascade eighty feet in breadth, which is not perpendicular, the water rushing down in a thin sheet over the rounded face of the rock. Further on is a large island, eighty feet high, then a narrow fall of a large volume, then a low rock island, another narrow fall similar to the last described, then a large island, beyond which is found the main body of the river broken into cascades, which front in almost every direction owing to the distorted condition of the lava channel.

The next morning we crossed the river above the group of islands in a little boat, and were surprised to find the stream flowing gently and placidly, seemingly unconscious of the terrible fury which would in the next minute mark its descent. Near the shore we passed the ruins of a willow-thatched cabin, around which were scattered the remains of a gold washing rocker, an improvised candlestick and other evidences of a miner's humble abode. Here, a few years since, dwelt a sort of recluse, a Scotchman by birth, who was known by the name of Old Tom Bell. For a long time he had lived there, gaining a precarious livelihood by washing the auriferous sands, which at this time employ a number of Chinese above and below the cataract. Bell had constructed a rude boat, which served him in carrying his firewood and in crossing to one of the islands, where he mined during low stages of water. One morning in the spring time, when the river was much swollen, there appeared on the river opposite Bell's cabin two Chinese merchants, who had been on a collecting tour among their countrymen on the river above, who beckoned to Bell to come and set them over. Bell rowed safely across, but on his return one of his oars gave way, when, losing control, the boat sped quickly away in the strong current. He attempted to reach the nearest island, but was powerless to manage his oarless craft, and in the minute following was swept over the precipice. Two Chinese miners were the only

witnesses. In that awful moment they all arose and stretched their arms toward Heaven in a fruitless appeal, and in an instant were hurled by the relentless waters into the abyss below. Several weeks afterward the bodies of the heathens were recovered by their countrymen, but there were no vigilant tearful eyes to seek the remains, no saddened hearts, no mournful sighs over the tragic fate of poor Thomas Bell.

Passing on from Bell's cabin we soon reached the bluff overhanging the south side of the falls. From this point all of the rapids and cascades above, as well as the entire falls, are embraced in one view, which is indescribably grand and infinitely finer than that from the north side. The river bank is a precipice worked out into turrets and alcoves. Cedars cling here and there in apparent desperation and doubtful tenure, and add to the picturesqueness of the scene. The bottom of the falls cannot be seen for the spray that drifts out like snow before a blinding storm, and rising upward produces in the morning sun from every standpoint the most perfect rainbows, while to the westward the river, deep and green as emerald, flows peacefully away between the basaltic walls. Looking downward from this spot, upon the narrow beach, a quarter of a mile distant, a thousand or more railroad ties that had escaped a boom on the upper river, and were washed ashore here, appeared like so many pieces of stove wood, and upon examination afterward we found them rounded like polished stones by the friction encountered by buffeting with the rocks in their wayward journey.

The river's edge below the falls on the south side is accessible only at one point, and the descent through a defile formed by the course of a springlet is very difficult, but once down, the visitor may easily approach very close to the falls. The noise is deafening, and the excessive moisture has caused a luxuriant growth of grass and ferns, and the air is fragrant with mint.

Near the middle of the cataract the volume of water is very great, and it comes tumbling over in great white masses, resembling, more than anything else I can imagine, huge bunches of cotton incessantly falling over a precipice. A large abutment near the south side tapers and narrows toward the top, as though placed there to support the mighty precipice, and down its face the water trickles with apparent leisure, in contrast with the tumultuous volumes on either side, in a thousand silver threads.

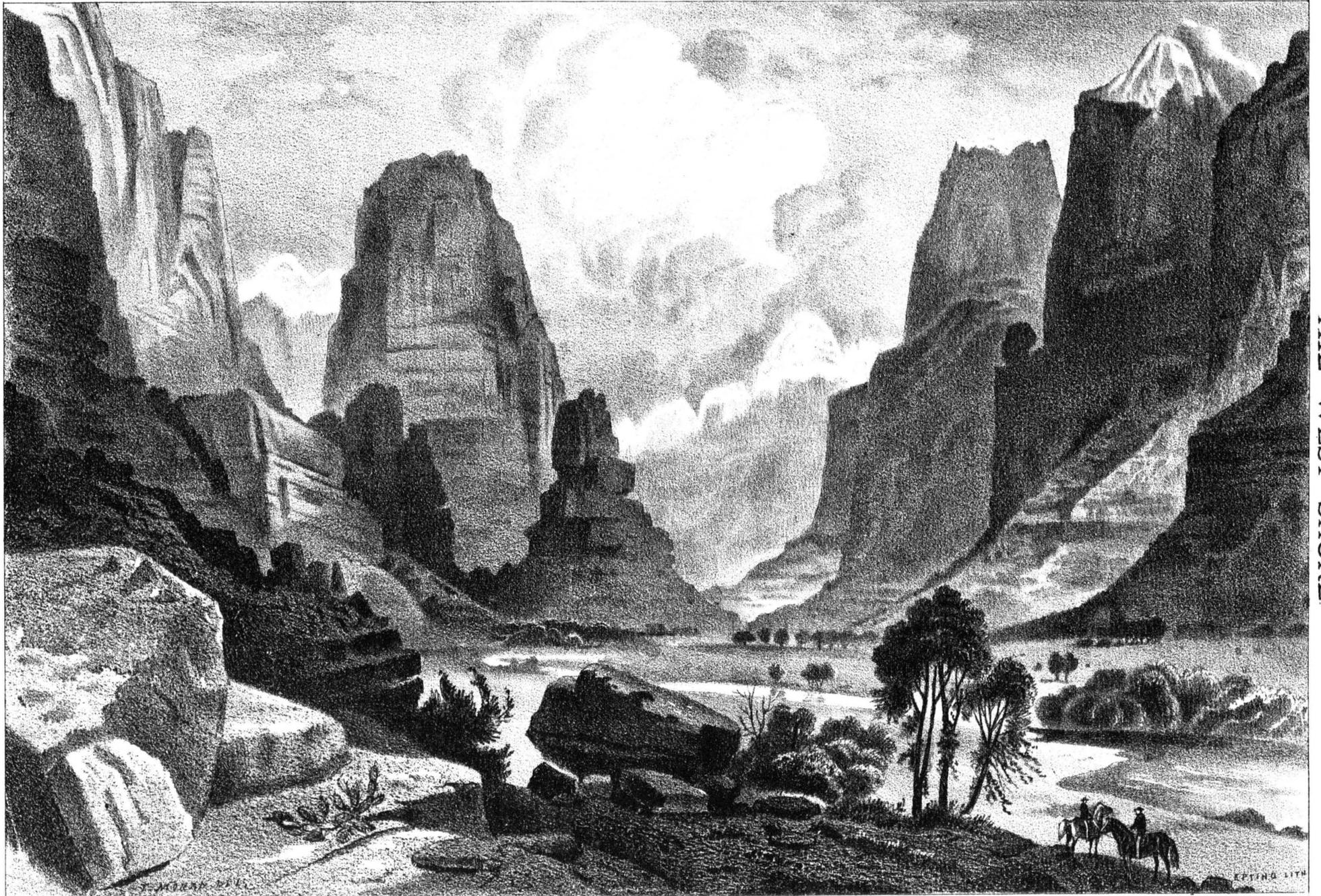
In this vicinity there is a cavern where the reverberating noise of the falling water resembles the puffing of a locomotive at high speed. A little farther below, and in the face of the cliff, is situated Diana's Bathroom, which is an ear-shaped grotto, 200 feet high, and surmounted by a dome—an isolated, needle-shaped rock, almost as high, standing sentinel at the entrance. From the very dome falls a little thread-like streamlet, which is broken into minute drops ere it reaches a square cut basin at the bottom. The tiny, ice-cold drops descend with dewy softness and impart a refreshing coolness all around. We turned reluctantly from this charming spot.

The day following we set out in the early morning to visit the Twin Falls, three miles above. The first half of the journey we made on the water, and the river, being quiet, is well adapted to boat riding. Our attention was called to a most remarkable echo on the right wall, and farther on we passed the Devil's Corral, a deep gorge that makes back from the river. Above this we reached the rapids, and were obliged to tie up our little boat and complete our journey on a very irregular and rocky trail. There was among the party a gentleman from Iowa, the father of our hostess, seventy-five years of age, and when we remarked the facility with which he clambered over the rocks, he replied that the invigorating air of the country had rejuvenated him and made him feel like riding a stick. Now and then we discovered a group of Chinamen crevicing in the rocks on the shore for the precious gold, and passed their dug-out habitations near by.

The Twin Falls, ninety feet in height, are wonderfully grand, but have less variety of form and feature than the lower ones. The river is divided by a large island, and that section on the north side (the Bridal Train) approaches the brink in a series of cascades, and the perpendicular descent is less than that of the south section (the Bridal Veil), where the channel is very narrow and deep and the current breaks over with awful force. The surrounding features are similar in general appearance to those below—the very picture of desolation. Look where you will, the vision is confronted with perpendicular basaltic walls, laid up apparently with architectural design, as though Nature would jealously guard with impregnable barriers of massive rock this majestic exhibition of her handiwork.

#### FIRING OF BLASTS IN MINES.

THE blasting arrangements adopted recently in the long stone drift or gallery at a mine in St. Etienne, France, appear to be peculiarly ingenious and effective. The length of this gallery, when completed, will be nearly 800 yards, and as it is desired to drive with all possible speed, light machine drills are employed for the boring and electric ignition of the shots for the blasting. The cables are carried up to within about six yards of the face of the work, and are protected by gas pipes throughout a length of six yards; from the ends of these cables bare iron wire carries the electric current to the fuses, from ten to twelve in number. The firing machine is of the Siemens class, and is very compact and powerful, and is contained in a box of about one cubic foot capacity. Instead of the usual winch handle, a draw-bar is used to give a rotary motion to the armature; this bar is provided with teeth, like a rack, and with a cross-head, which the operator seizes with both hands, while holding the machine down with his feet—an arrangement which enables a great power to be exerted upon the armature. The machine is capable of firing a dozen shots with certainty, and failures are of very rare occurrence. Fully twenty per cent. of the labor of boring is said to be saved by the adoption of this method.



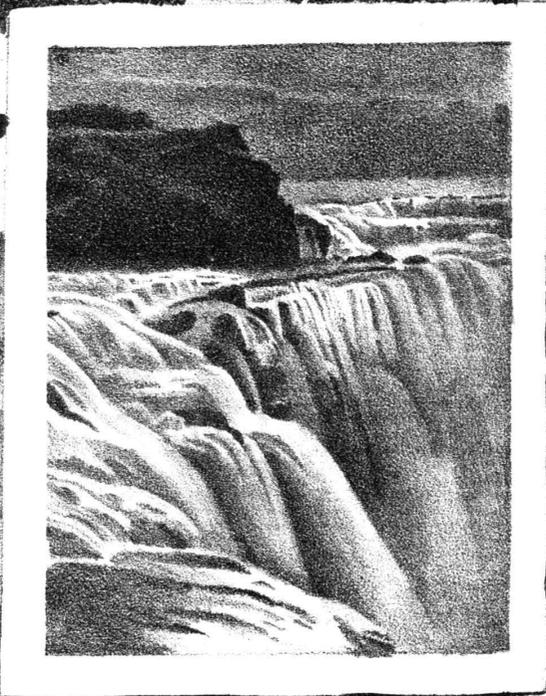
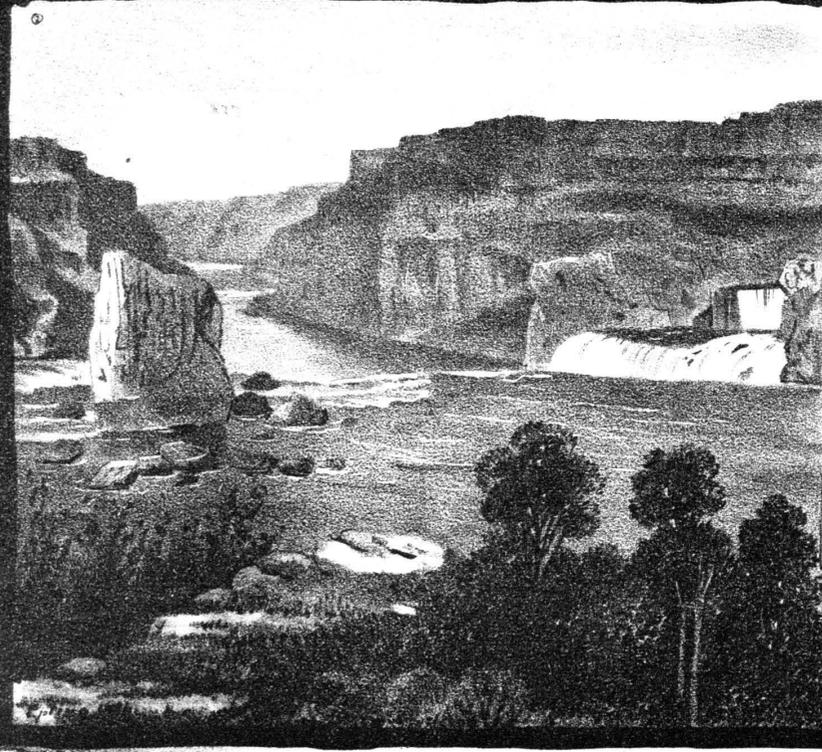
THE WEST SHORE.

WEST SHORE, UTAH.

UTAH - VALLEY OF THE LAUGHING WATERS.

KEPNER LITH.

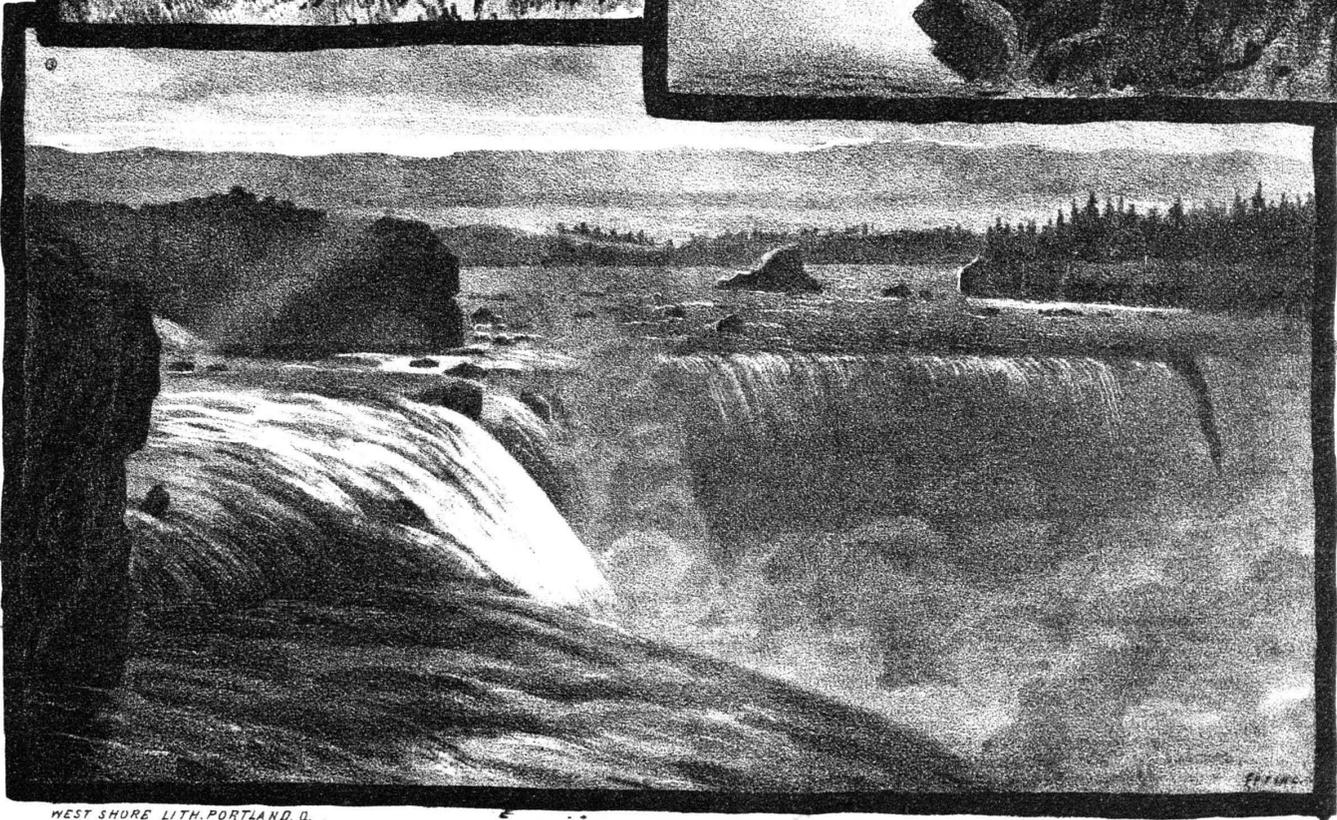
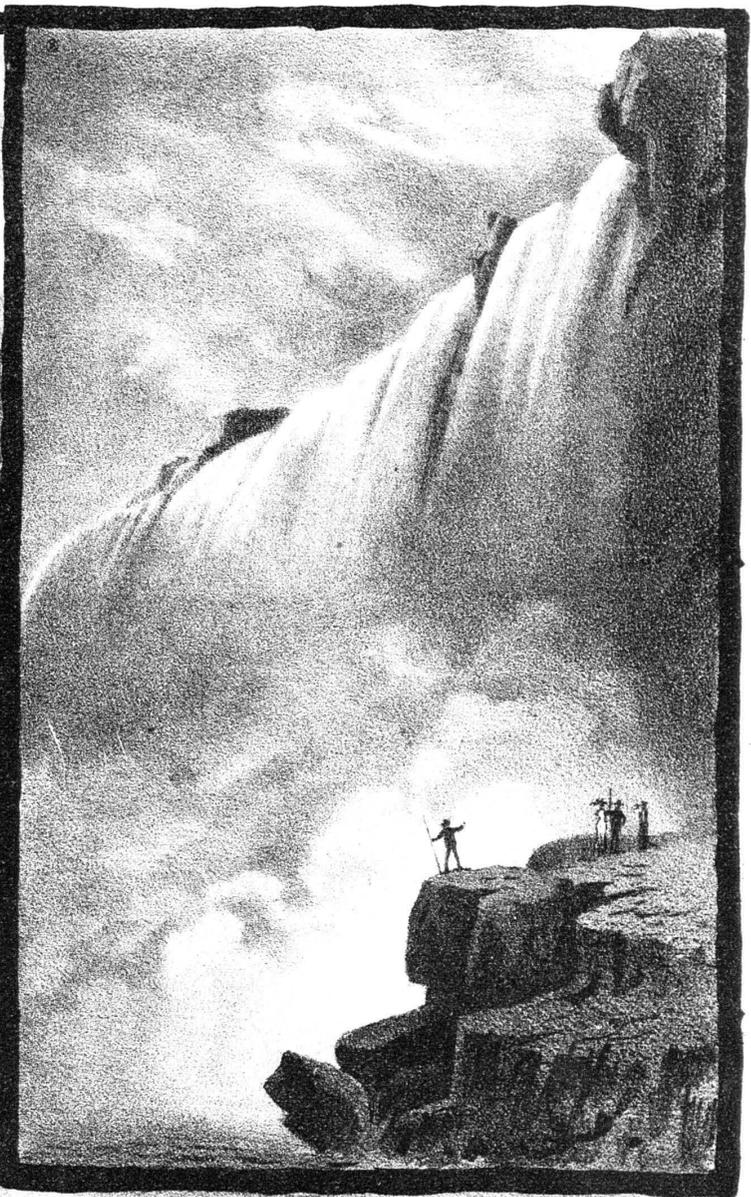
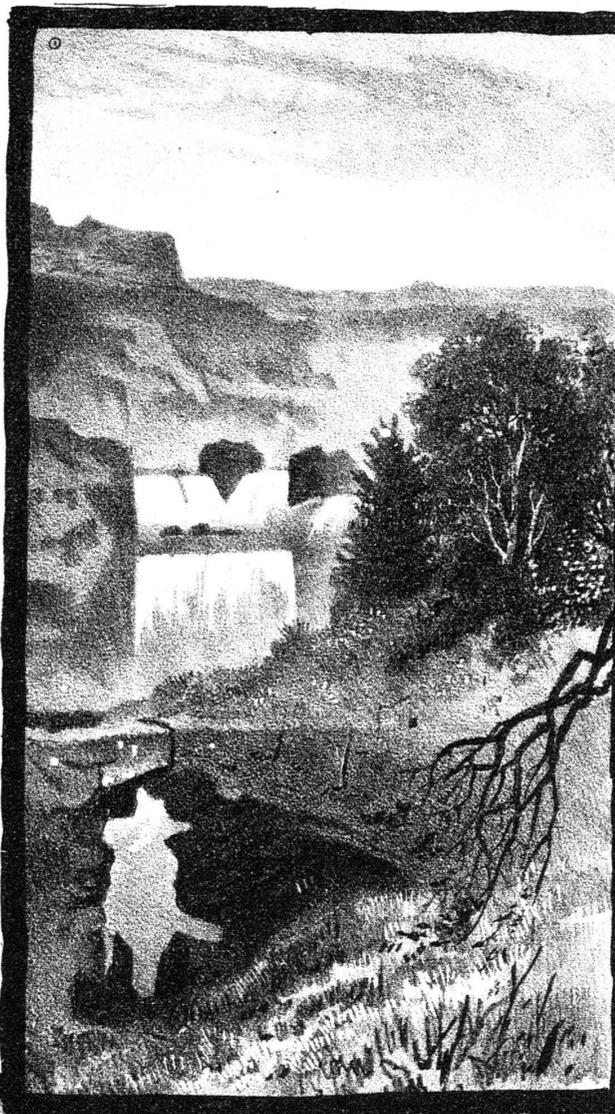
THE WEST SHORE



IDAHO-SHOSHONE FALLS.

BRIDAL VEIL AND TRAIN. . . ② LOOKING DOWN THE GANYON FROM ABOVE THE FALLS. ③ THE GRAND LEAP PHOTO. T.H. RUTTER J.M. MORIARTY

THE WEST SHORE



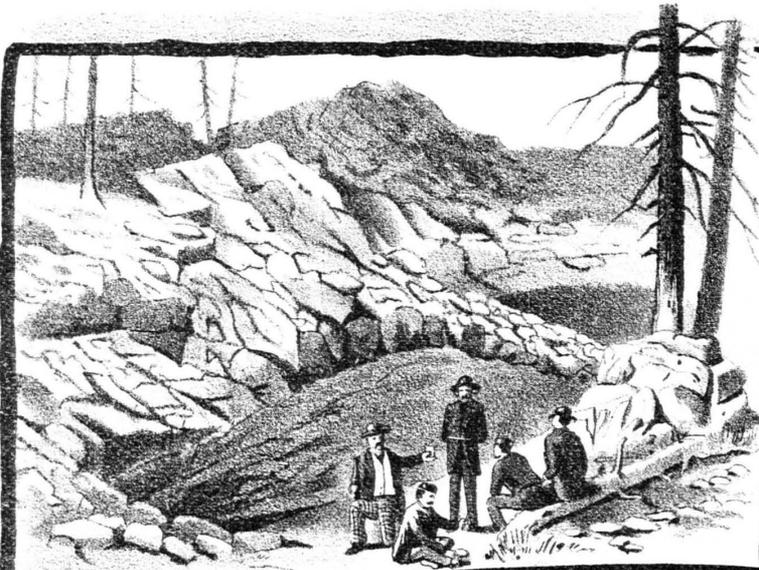
WEST SHORE LITH. PORTLAND, O.

IDAHO- SHOSHONE FALLS.

① THE NATURAL BRIDGE. ② UNDER THE GREAT FALL. HEIGHT 210 FEET ③ THE GREAT FALLS. SKETCHES BY C. J. SMITH-JULIAN RIX.

THE WEST SHORE.

# Crystal Cave + CASTLE MOUNTAIN Montana:



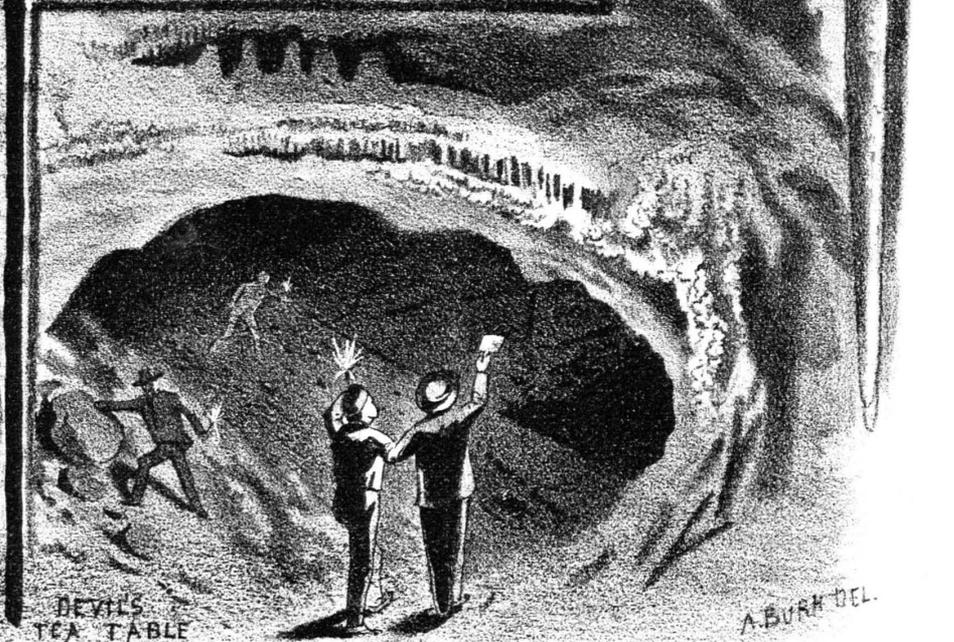
ENTRANCE



CRYSTAL CHAMBER



A TIGHT SQUEEZE



DEVIL'S  
TEA TABLE

A. BURH DEL.

## A MYSTERIOUS DWELLING.

THIRTY years have rolled away since I established myself as a notary in the old maritime and commercial city of —, where my maternal grandfather and great-grandfather—influential merchants—had dwelt for the previous fifty years. The house I had selected for a residence was situated between two others, totally unlike each other. On one side stood a picturesque, cheery habitation, resounding with children's merry voices; on the other, a massive and gloomy dwelling, whose narrow, hermetically sealed windows displayed a goodly array of spiders' webs. The paint on its walls and on its entrance door had long since disappeared. The bronze handle and the lion's head knocker were covered with verdigris. Although situated in the centre of a bustling thoroughfare, this house remained silent as death. All through the day the stillness was unbroken, no signs of life were visible within; but at night, when all else was at rest, rumor said that something moved about its rooms.

At the back of the house a long building jutted out into the garden. The upper portion of this wing—the only part I could see, in consequence of an unusually high wall which divided the two properties—was pierced by a row of large windows. I made up my mind that this had once been a ballroom, for when the sun shone full upon the dusky windows, silken draperies, faded and threadbare, were distinctly visible.

It was commonly supposed that this mysterious dwelling was inhabited by a very old woman named Jansen, the widow of a wealthy merchant who had been dead many years. People believed in the existence of Madame Jansen, although no one had ever seen her. More than once in the early morning, before the work-day life had begun in the busy city, an old woman, who sold edibles at the street corner, had been seen to knock at the door of the deserted house. On these occasions the door opened on the chain, a wrinkled hand and arm protruded into the old woman's basket to take what was needed, and then the arm was withdrawn, the door closed softly, and all was silent as before.

These rumors served to heighten the mystery immensely. My vocation as notary often took me among people who professed to know a great deal about Sievert Jansen and his widow; and these stoutly maintained that Madame Jansen was dead, that she had only survived her husband a few months, and that she lay buried at his side. I once had occasion to search the archives of the Tribunal. In my search I stumbled across Madame Jansen's will, duly signed and sealed according to the legal formula. I saw at a glance by this document that my suspicions had been correct, and that Madame Jansen was not only still living, but had dealings with the outer world. It was only by idle gossip that she had been buried all these years.

According to custom, my wife and I called on a Monsieur and Madame Vorbist, who lived on our right. Our conversation seemed naturally to turn in the direction of the occupant of the house on my left; and after saying that I considered it unsocial to avoid an uninviting

looking dwelling, both my wife and myself said that we intended to pay our respects in that direction also. At these words my friends laughed in our faces.

"You will never get in there," said Monsieur Vorbist; "for years, I believe, no one has crossed the threshold. The old lady keeps house all by herself, no one knows how; and even if you contrived to force an entrance, your politeness would be ill requited."

"But," I observed, "I am informed, on unimpeachable authority, that she gives a quarter of her fortune to the town and the remainder to a local charity. Such generosity raises her high in my esteem; she cannot be wholly unapproachable."

My neighbor shook his head dubiously.

"That may be true," said he, at length, "for she had her hands tied by her husband's will. But, after all, what is this charity? The object of her generosity is an institution which pauperizes and makes worthless those who might otherwise become useful citizens. This richly endowed charity is for old soldiers and sailors, and the institution is so shamefully managed that it benefits only the most idle and dissolute. Its foundation is due to a brother and sister who were both wealthy. The brother was a retired major, and I never heard much good of him; the sister was the widow of a sea captain. They had no children, and spent the last few years of their lives in a large house situated on an eminence beyond the North Gate. You may still see, in front of that house, groups of these pensioners, carousing with shameless impudence on the proceeds of a charity to which they have no just claim; and if you care to watch them, you will see them drink, and will hear them swear at harmless folk, in a manner which disgusts all respectable people. It is to such a crew that the bulk of your neighbor's fortune is devoted."

I felt indignant at this waste of precious bounty, and only hoped that the description was overdrawn. At the same time the mysterious benefactress became more and more interesting to me, and I resolved to make her acquaintance.

"The old lady must be a character indeed! I think we will risk a visit," said I, laughing.

"We wish you every success," said Monsieur and Madame Vorbist, and so we parted.

We were not admitted. In response to our knock the house door opened just far enough to insert a hand, but there it stopped, held fast by the chain on the inside. I tapped again, and heard the echoes die away in the long passages. Just as I was on the point of knocking for the third time, my wife checked me.

"Don't you see that everybody is laughing at us?"

And, in truth, so it was. The passers-by seemingly enjoyed our discomfiture, and had many pleasant things to say to each other at our expense.

The summer was drawing to a close. Autumn had begun to whisper of the dread things in store for us. One day my wife and I went down into the garden to col-

lect the apples which lay scattered about the grass. After a time I set a ladder against a fruit-laden tree, which I proceeded to mount, while my wife steadied with her foot and hand the somewhat rickety contrivance. The tree stood close beside the high wall which separated our garden from the Jansen property. Just as I was ascending, I heard a noise as of a stone thrown against the wall, at the same moment our tortoise-shell cat came floundering helplessly down and crouched tremblingly at our feet. I was so much surprised at signs of life issuing from a garden where hitherto silence had only been broken by the faint rustling of leaves, that I resolved to mount my ladder high enough to look over the wall.

Never before had I seen such a crop of tangled briars and weeds! Not a vestige of either flowers or vegetables, not a trace of a path anywhere! Huge stones lay scattered about just where they had fallen, and the sombre foliage of the deadly nightshade predominated over all.

Above this wilderness a few fruit trees reared their heads, and I saw under one of them the crouching figure of a diminutive woman bent almost double. She was dressed in an old-fashioned black silk gown, worn and faded, while on her head she wore a Leghorn hat, from which a white ostrich feather trailed dismally. The tangled weeds rose higher than her knees, and I had some misgivings lest she would disappear altogether before I had time to catch a glimpse of her features. Suddenly she raised herself, and seized a basket fastened to a stick, which she had probably dropped in order to stone my cat.

Although the old woman seemed to move with difficulty, she vigorously shook the branches of the tree, and managed to collect some fine pears, which she dropped one by one, and with great solemnity, into her basket. I watched her attentively, while my wife, with the characteristic impatience of her sex, tried to make me descend by shaking the ladder in a provoking manner. I contrived to remain firm, however, by grasping a strong branch with both hands. At this moment the old lady, who had turned round to gather some fruit which had previously escaped her notice, caught sight of me. She was visibly startled and remained motionless. From under her large hat shone two black eyes, which lit up every other feature in her wizened face; as they were fixed upon me I felt a momentary sensation of shame. While she scrutinized me I also studied her, and discerned traces of past beauty, marred by a profusion of false curls. I raised my hat by way of salute; I was embarrassed, and hardly knew what else to do. To my surprise the wizened old lady returned my bow, and curtsied low after the manner of our great-grandmothers. At this moment my wife again shook the ladder, and to such purpose that I was forced to descend.

"I have paid our visit to Madame Sievart Jansen."

On the following morning an old woman, the same that sold the edibles at the street corner, brought us, with Madame Jansen's compliments, a basket of fruit, hoping that I would accept them as a sample of her jargonel pears, which had always been considered excellent.

We were very much surprised. The fruit was delicious. Shortly afterwards I told my right-hand neighbor of the incident.

"It is a sure sign that her end is near," said he, solemnly, "unless, indeed, you possess a mysterious charm," and he glanced comically at me from head to foot.

One morning I started on a pilgrimage which my conscience told me ought to have been made long ago. As I trudged along alone my thoughts reverted to my childhood, until I almost forgot the present in the past. My memory carried me back to my father's house, wherein a few steps led from the corridor to an isolated chamber which had been built out into the garden. Even at this great distance of time I never see that room in my dreams otherwise than bathed in sunshine and bright in the radiance of flowers. Its occupant was a fine and gentle old man, my mother's father, who, after a stormy and adventurous life, had come here to end his days in peace. How often had he told me stories of his native town which he had not seen since his boyhood! His descriptions were so minute that I was soon familiar with the arrangement of the house, its staircases and passages; and one day, to please him, I made a plan of it.

"If ever you are in those parts," said he, placing his hand on my head, "do not fail to visit that house."

Then he suddenly rose and opened a cabinet where he kept his treasures.

"Look!" he said, holding up a miniature mounted in silver, "that was my playmate; she lived next door to us. From the gable of her house hung a dried shark's skin. Her father was a sea captain."

As I gazed at the miniature my face lit up with genuine admiration. I saw before me the semblance of a young girl of rare beauty, and was struck by its simple charm and the sweet expression which beamed from those wondrous eyes.

"Does it please you?" asked my grandfather. "Here she is painted in her bridal attire. Ah! you should have seen her—that little brown head!—when she was at your age!"

And he told me many things about his pretty playmate which interested me exceedingly.

"Her father was often absent on his voyages. When he came from across the seas he would bring her quantities of toys, ornaments, bright scarfs and other things. He was very good to her. She had quite a formidable collection of strange gold and silver pieces, of which she was very proud. In the garden we passed the long summer days, on the steps of a quaint summer house which her father had constructed for her out of an old boat; we built castles in the air, and here she would spread out her rich collection of coins for me to see and admire. Ah! my poor little brown mouse! That was the name her father gave her. And yet," continued the old man, following the train of his thoughts, "when she was clothed in her Greek robe, with colored feathers in her hair, she looked more like a bird of paradise than a mouse, and one almost expected to see her fly away. I remember

that there was a figure of Fortune over the door of that summer house; it was the figure-head of a ship; behind that figure was her favorite place. She would climb up somehow and spend hours there with a Chinese parasol over her head."

While I thought over these things I began to realize my supineness in having passed so many months in my grandfather's native town without attempting to find the scenes of his boyhood. I searched various quarters of the town in vain, and was about to retrace my steps, when suddenly I saw through an open doorway, at the far end of a courtyard, a shark's skin suspended in air.

The house seemed to have passed just as it was from the hands of its former proprietor to its present one. On its roof veered a weathercock in the form of a ship, which suggested the vocation of its quondam owner, and I knew that the house of my grandfather should have been beside it. Alas! there was no house there now, nothing but disorder, caused by the débris of walls and the gaping ruins of cellars and basements. My heart sank at the thought that, after all, I had arrived too late. My eyes wandered aimlessly over this desolate place, where once a little world had existed for my forefathers. I entered the courtyard. Before me stood the well where my grandfather had told me he had been let down in one of the buckets. I then climbed to the top of a heap of rubbish, from whence I could see into the neighboring garden. In the centre was a little summer house—the same of which I had so often heard—and the wooden figure of Fortune was still standing, her cheeks red as poppies, and a string of blue beads twisted around her yellow hair. The tangled wealth of ivy which covered the walls of that summer house must have been there in those halcyon days when the little madcap mounted by its tendrils to the Fortune's back, and silently watched her companion searching the garden for her in vain!

As I gazed at this relic of the past I remembered the words with which my grandfather ended his story.

"Even then she was pitiless," he murmured with a sigh, "even then without pity."

When, in due course, the precious miniature came once more into my hands, my father told me that this fair girl had not only been my grandfather's playmate as a child, but the engrossing love of his manhood. In after years, when he had established himself as a merchant at Antwerp, they met once more. Alas! they quarreled. With hopes shattered and pride humbled my grandfather accepted a situation in an American firm, and did not return to Europe until he was middle-aged. More than this my father could not tell me.

Slowly I turned homewards, my fancy picturing a bright face adorned by long brown curls, and methought I saw the child seated at the back of that figure of Fortune playing with her golden coins. As I walked along the scene changed, and I saw her in the full glow of beauty, clothed as a bride, driving my poor grandfather to seek his fortune in the wide world.

Winter had come. The cold north wind swept howl-

ing over the ice-bound earth. I had just heaped an armful of wood on the fire when my friend the burgomaster was announced. He told me that our neighbor, Madame Jansen, had just been found, more dead than alive, upon the staircase of her house.

"The old miser only warms herself with the green sticks from her orchard," said the burgomaster; "and at night, when honest folk are asleep, she crawls down to her cellar to count her gold."

"So they say," I murmured.

"Certainly, it must be so," he continued, "for there she was, crouching down in a corner of the stairs, grasping a dark lantern in her bony hand. The worst of it is that she is come to life again; but, according to the commissaire de police, her reason is quite gone."

"Well, my dear sir, and what can either you or I do in the matter?"

"Don't you see that in her present state she might do herself some mischief? I shall have to nominate a guardian over her and the money which she has been hoarding. You are just the man for that; I shall appoint you."

I did not like the duty.

"She has no money. All her legacies have been arranged under the will of her late husband."

"That is the question," interrupted the burgomaster; "that point is not very clear. She may yet make some absurd will. She must be taken care of. Will you undertake to do the best for her?"

There was no escape, and I was obliged to promise the burgomaster that I would call that very day on the strange old woman.

As my friend was leaving I inquired from him what sort of man Sievert Jansen was.

"Not good for much," he replied. "He was a *bon viveur*, and for that matter so was she. I was quite young when he died, but I remember a good deal of revelry proceeding from that house, a great deal of drinking and singing. She was very much admired by the young men in society, and being rich, she could afford to entertain them. But it did not last long. Youth and beauty vanished, and instead of clinking the wine-glass, she had to be satisfied with the ring and glitter of her golden crowns."

With these words the burgomaster departed.

This time I had no difficulty in getting into the house. A nurse from a neighboring hospital ushered me to Madame Jansen's room. A strange scene presented itself. On the chairs, whose coverings hung in shreds, were scattered articles of clothing, old bonnets, sauce pans and other culinary utensils, mingled with scraps of food. Spiders' webs hung from the ceiling and stretched across the curtainless windows. The windows had apparently been closed for years. When the nurse drew aside the heavy curtains of the huge, old-fashioned bed, a sound like the clanking of a chain was audible, and I saw a large bunch of keys firmly held by a shriveled hand. A lean form, enveloped in a soldier's ragged cape, tried to

raise itself on the pillows. A small, wrinkled face gazed into mine, while a shrill voice shrieked discordantly:

"Turn out that witch."

Madame Jansen made an effort to strike the nurse with her keys. But a moment later the sick woman sank back helpless on her pillows.

"You are come to inquire after my health, sir?" she said in softer tones, "and I thank you for your neighborly attention. But this person," and then she raised her voice again in anger, "this person, who thrusts herself upon me, is only come to watch me."

"But you have met with an accident; your state of health requires care," I said, soothingly.

"I have no need of a nurse," she replied, sharply. "Last night they tried to rob me. There were strange sounds in the basement. Masked figures crept through the garret windows, and all the bells in the house pealed."

"All the bells!" said I. "That would have been a most unusual proceeding on the part of thieves."

"I tell you," cried the sick woman with rekindled energy, "I tell you, all the bells rang! My nephew, who is at the head of the police, is far too stupid to catch the robbers. He came here and tried to persuade me that I had been dreaming. Ha, ha! He would have liked it better if I had dreamt my will also."

I knew that her nephew was burdened with a large family, and that his salary was small, so I tried to enlist her sympathy mainly on the score of the relationship subsisting between them.

"Your nephew is, of course, one of your heirs," said I, interrogatively.

"My heirs?" she exclaimed, disdainfully. "No, no, my dear sir. My heirs are those whom I am at liberty to choose, and I have chosen them."

She then explained, with evident satisfaction, the provisions of her will.

"But," said I, "that charity is now amply endowed."

"Is that your opinion?" she muttered. "No matter, it is my will. I desire these old pensioners to have something better to drink than vile potato brandy. After my death they shall taste Jamaica rum that has crossed the line three times."

"And your nephew's large family?"

"Yes, yes," she said, petulantly, "they increase and multiply in the confident hope of living on my fortune. But I," and she now spoke with much bitterness, "I have no children."

"Will you not, at all events, make a codicil assigning a small portion of your fortune to these poor girls?"

"Poor girls!" she cried, as her old head shook pitilessly and her frame trembled with excitement. "They shall not have a groschen—not a groschen."

At these words she sank back exhausted, and I gazed in horror at this poor wreck, broken by age, apparently subsisting on the strong passion of hatred.

"What have you against your nephew? Has he offended you?"

"Me? Oh dear, no!" she replied. "Quite the contrary. No sooner had he received his appointment than

he came here to pay his respects;" and then added with bitterness, "to look up his inheritance, of course. Though I had never seen him before, he called me 'dear aunt;' but I saw through him. He brought his eldest daughter with him. Her name is Matilde—a grand lady—quite a grand lady, I assure you! They must be rich people, my nephew and his daughters. She wore a dress trimmed with rich Valenciennes, and a cameo brooch was fastened at her throat. She hoped, doubtless, that I would fall in love with her baby face. Her little mouth was so sweet and innocent, it was hard to believe that roast chicken and other delicacies were all put into it!"

She shook her head meditatively, recalling, perchance, her own past life. Suddenly she turned toward me, and with a strange light in her eyes, which seemed to have been borrowed from her buried youth, cried passionately:

"Look at me, look at me! I also have been beautiful."

I was for a moment taken aback at the sight of her shriveled form, held erect as a torch, among the pillows. But the large eyes had already become dull and fixed.

"You would not think so now, for I am old," she whispered. "Death is very near; but the nights, oh! those nights! Then must I wander about without ceasing; it is fortunate, indeed, that my house is so large."

"You are suffering from want of sleep," I said; "that is a consolation elderly people often woo in vain."

"No, no, my dear sir. I keep myself awake by main force—by main force, I tell you. I am afraid of the old Scythian; but only when I am asleep—he has so often taken folk by surprise then! But he shall not catch me yet. The town authorities would be glad to hear of my death. Bah! I believe they wish to place me under restraint. By the way," she exclaimed, glancing suddenly and suspiciously at me, "you are also an official?"

I nodded. Then, with her eyes still fixed intently on mine, she exclaimed:

"Have they charged you with a mission to my house?"

"They feared that your weak state of health might necessitate some kind of guardianship."

"Weak!" she cried, piteously. "No, no, not weak! I am rich, very rich, they think, and they want to rob me; but I will barricade my house, even though I die of hunger inside."

So saying, she seized the bed curtains and tried to put her feet to the ground. She must get up; she must show me how strong she was.

I called the nurse, and we both did our best to soothe her. I came round the bed and stood facing her, the light full upon me. Something in my appearance seemed to steady her, for she grew calm and listened attentively to my words. I told her that, in my opinion, there was no need for personal guardianship, but that the strange manner in which she had hoarded her wealth suggested a certain administrative incapacity on her part, and concluded by offering to find some trustworthy person who would invest her fortune to the best advantage.

I noticed that while I spoke she never took her eyes from me, and regarded me with that searching look which I had before observed in the garden.

"Some one of trust! Who is there?" she repeated several times. At length she exclaimed hurriedly:

"You—you may do so if you like."

"But, madame, you forget; I am a stranger to you."

"No. You are a young man, but I know that you would not deceive a poor, helpless old woman."

I reflected a moment. Was this due to the charm for which Monsieur Vorbist had given me credit? Be that as it may, I readily gave my consent, on condition that the transfer of power into my hands be made in the presence of a lawyer, and I asked her to fix the day and hour. She made no reply, but kept fast hold of my hand, and when at length I rose to leave her she seemed to drop it with reluctance. I asked whether she would like me to send a doctor, who would help to re-establish her strength. At these words she looked into my eyes, as though hoping to find some confirmation of the sympathy she detected in my voice, and then, holding up her left hand, of which two fingers were closed and paralyzed, she exclaimed, with a hoarse laugh:

"Behold the work of the celebrated Dr. Nicolovius! No, no, my friend—no doctors for me; they are all quacks. I know my own constitution better than any one else."

With these words my task for that day was ended.

On the second day after my visit the old lady was able to leave her room. I called and brought a notary to indorse the stipulated contract. Madame Jansen was seated at a table in a dingy room, employed in folding and marking small packets of bank notes. All along the wainscot lay bags of crowns, the bags being mostly made from remnants of silk dresses. The old lady was as reserved to-day as she had been garrulous on the previous occasion. Her trembling hands placed each bag in turn before us, as with a sad, fixed stare she watched us count the crowns, seal the bags and number the tickets. When we had sealed up the last bag I asked Madame Jansen if there was not something more.

She started nervously, but said drily:

"Is not that enough, my friend?"

"Are there no gold pieces, madame?"

"Gold? People never pay me in gold."

We had now completed our task; the inventory was finished, and the old lady affixed her name to it with a trembling hand. The titles were placed in a strong box, of which I kept the key. It was arranged that both the box and the money were to be removed to my house early on the following morning. We bade Madame Jansen good night.

When I reached the street I remembered having left a silver pencil-case behind me. With a few words of apology to my friend, I turned back and ran quickly up the stairs. I knocked at the door, and without waiting for an answer entered the room. To my surprise I saw, by the feeble rays of a rushlight, Madame Jansen still seated at the table, holding in one hand an empty purse of red silk, while with the other she endeavored to hide a heap of gold which was spread out before her. On seeing me she uttered a piercing cry and bowed her head over

the treasure. Then she lifted up her hands supplicatingly and cried:

"Oh! leave me this! It is my sole consolation."

Then she rose, seized my hand and drew me to the door, beyond which the staircase was lost in gloom.

"It is all empty," she said. "All darkness and solitude! I have only my gold! Oh! do not take it. The long nights are so lonely!"

"I have no right to take what you do not give me," said I; "though the plaything is costly, you are rich enough to afford it. Good night."

It was spring. The larch woods which bordered our little bay wore all the brightness and freshness so peculiar to the month of May.

During the past few weeks an intimacy had sprung up between us and the family of the chef de police. His eldest daughter, Matilde, had evinced a romantic attachment for my wife—a devotion reciprocated with true feminine fervor. It would have been strange, indeed, if this innocent young girl, with her deep blue eyes, had not fascinated us both, and we encouraged her to visit us as often as possible. But we perceived that an unaccountable vein of sadness stole over her at times, which contrasted painfully with her otherwise joyous and artless nature. It was Sunday morning. We had arranged to make an excursion across the bay, and had invited several friends to join us. Before eleven o'clock we were all on board and gliding merrily over the sparkling waters.

At one end of the boat a group of girls and young officers were carrying on a desultory conversation; Matilde was not among them. She was leaning against the mast, her graceful figure swaying with every motion of the boat. Never had she seemed to me more beautiful as she stood alone under the blue canopy of heaven, the wind stirring her dress and hair, and her eyes gazing sadly over the bay toward the wooded shore. Something in her manner attracted me toward her. "Matilde," said I, softly, "would you like to inherit a fortune?"

She looked at me for a moment in mute astonishment, and then said sadly:

"Why do you ask? I suppose that every one would be glad to inherit money, though I confess that I have not much hope of anything of the kind."

"Look," said I, "do you see, among those low buildings, that high, sombre house? A poor woman lives there who knows nothing of blue skies or sunshine."

"I see the house. Who lives there?"

"An aunt of yours and your father's."

"Oh! that woman!" replied Matilde, disdainfully. "She is not my aunt. My grandmother was only her cousin. We went to call on her once. No. I should not like to inherit her fortune."

"Are you so sure of that?" said I, looking steadily into the depth of those eloquent eyes. She did not wince, but a sudden flush overspread her face and her eyes lost their lustre. After a pause she said composedly:

"Well, yes. Perhaps I should, after all."

I saw that a dream of possible happiness had dimmed her eyes with tears. That dream, she thought, could never be realized. I had been told that she had given her heart to a young officer, and that poverty was an insuperable bar to their marriage.

One morning I received a message from Madame Jansen begging me to call upon her. I lost no time in obeying the summons. In spite of the heat of that June day the old woman was pacing up and down her room, leaning heavily upon her stick. She wore a gray cloak buttoned to the chin, and on her head a black lace bonnet adorned by a red rose. Her false curls hung negligently around her face.

"I wish to consult you on a grave matter," she said. "I am told that the daughter of a rich merchant is engaged to marry a count. Now, I do not see why my niece should not also win a coronet."

"I do not see, madame, how, without money—"

"I have power to alter my will."

Madame Jansen seemed to be full of this new notion. She walked briskly up and down the room, talking to herself. At length she paused and said:

"There must surely be a starving count somewhere in this town who would be willing for a little money— My niece—she is not to be despised. During the short visit she paid me I noticed that she was beautiful. She seems to have had a good education, and there is that about her which reminds me of my own youth. Yes, I will leave her a princely fortune."

I was much surprised, but said nothing. After the death of Madame Jansen, Matilde, with millions of thalers in her lap, might choose a husband for herself and let the shadowy count fade into thin air.

Madame Jansen begged me to prepare the necessary documents for a revocation of her previous will. "Time presses," she said. "My niece is so beautiful she will be engaging herself to some one in her own sphere of life; we have no time to lose. Next week I shall open my reception rooms. Monsieur le comte shall be invited. I will present him to my niece, and as to my nephew, the chef de police, he shall do the honors. Come up stairs, I want you to see everything with your own eyes."

The key grated in the lock as with difficulty we opened the door of the large ballroom. In the embrasures of the windows lay legions of dead moths, and the floor was thick with dust. My attention was suddenly arrested by two full-sized portraits; one was that of an elderly man with a round, sensual face and small eyes; the other was a beautiful young woman in the vestments of a Bacchante. From her shapely shoulders fell a white tunic, while in her raven black hair—which was clipped over the brows—a crimson ribbon was entwined. The joy of life seemed to be reflected by those eyes. I saw in this portrait the original of my grandfather's miniature—line for line the same—only larger and lifelike! A light tap on my shoulder recalled my wandering thoughts; Madame Jansen was smiling placidly at my side.

"It must have been a good likeness, although people

thought that the artist had not quite caught the fairness of my complexion or the bright sparkle of my eyes."

"Is it *your* portrait?" I asked.

"And whose else could it be? The celebrated Groger of Hamburg painted it when I was newly married. My husband paid six hundred ducats for the pair."

"Have you been to Antwerp?" I asked suddenly.

"Have I ever been to Antwerp?" she echoed. "Ah! indeed, and in the flower of beauty, too! My father owned three of the largest vessels in the port. We spent six weeks there."

And she paced up and down the long room, leaning on her stick, growing more and more animated as her memory rekindled the glories of the past.

"We lived a strange life there!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "A Russian squadron was at anchor in the offing, and the officers gave dances on board their ships. They soon found out that there was a beauty on board my father's ship, whose equal they could not have found had they swept the Netherlands. I was soon their welcome guest, and in time became the queen of their fêtes. They would come ashore to fetch me in a barge dressed with flags. They were all at my feet—the officers and the sons of noble German families who were studying at Antwerp. But I repulsed them all, and still rejoice at it."

I looked at her in blank amazement. What vanity was embodied in that recital! Her wrinkled cheeks were slightly flushed, which brought into greater relief her age and frightful thinness. At length, in a voice so sweet that it did not seem to come from those shrunken lips, she said:

"Do you know, my friend, why I had confidence in you, and, from the first, in you only? Because I noticed in you a resemblance—a likeness. Among the young merchants of Antwerp there was one whom I had known a long time. Young man," she continued, in a strange, sad voice, "have you ever seen a woman repulse, with her eyes wide open, that which should have been her greatest happiness? I don't know why I repulsed him. He was as handsome as the pictures of St. John. Perhaps he was not rich! No, he was not rich. He was richer." And she pointed at the portrait beside hers.

"That is your husband, I suppose?"

Madame Jansen smiled bitterly, and then continued her self-examination:

"Perhaps he was not good?" This time there was no bitterness in her smile. "Yes, he was good, and that was perhaps the reason why I repulsed him. And he loved me! I know that he secretly had a copy of my portrait made, and then betook himself to the New World. But that is a long, long time ago," she murmured. "Ah! if only I knew whether he were still alive! He, or his children, or even his grandchildren!"

At these words she dropped her stick and joined her hands as though in prayer; she trembled in every limb.

A feeling of intense pity crept into my heart and I was about to speak. I had it on my lips to tell her that I could bring a souvenir of the friend of her youth; that I was his grandson! But her voice checked me.

"Oh! if I but knew this thing, I would leave nothing to my niece. He, and none other, should be my heir."

These words closed my lips, and when she mentioned my grandfather's name I pretended not to understand. Madame Jansen sighed.

"How well preserved everything is here!" she continued, in her usual affected manner. "Let us settle this affair of the will."

"If you really wish to revoke your will in favor of Matilde, madame, you had better give me the necessary instructions."

As I spoke I drew out of my pocket a blank sheet of paper, upon which I scribbled the following words:

"This is to certify that, being of sound mind, it is my will and pleasure to revoke every previous testament which I may have made in favor of others, and to bequeath the whole of my worldly possessions, without exception, unto my niece, Matilde Alten, eldest daughter of Henri Alten, at present chef de police in the city of —."

Having affixed a date to this document I handed it to her for signature. She looked at me for a moment in evident perplexity, and I saw in her eyes the strange light which had puzzled me more than once. I drew a chair toward her and offered my pencil. Her hand did not shake as she took it and signed the codicil.

"To-morrow we will draw up a formal document."

She made no reply and took my arm. She was so feeble that I almost carried her down stairs. On reaching the ground floor she contrived to drag herself to the front door, and as I emerged into the street I heard her fasten the chain.

Early on the following morning I was seated at my desk drawing out the codicil. While thus employed my wife came in and told me that strange noises had been heard during the night in the house of Madame Jansen.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The servants say that they heard sounds as though heaps of money had been upset on the ground."

"What nonsense they talk!" said I. "Why, the poor old woman has not so much as a bag of crowns in the house. She has but a handful of gold coins. Servants are always imagining all kinds of impossible things."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and an old woman stood on the threshold.

I was rather annoyed, because I did not wish people to get the idea that the house was worth robbing.

"Something must have happened to Madame Jansen," she said. "At six o'clock I knocked as usual, but could get no answer. I tried again at seven, but no answer; this time I knocked so loud that people came out of their houses to see what was the matter."

I rose quickly and left the house. When I got into the street I found that a neighboring locksmith had been summoned. I requested him to open the door, and that done to force the chain, which was fastened on the inside. We entered the room on the ground floor. Wardrobe and cupboard had been dragged away from the walls; the bed taken to pieces; the mattress and pillows strewn about

the floor; the large mirror between the windows was hanging by one loose support. The floor was strewn with thalers; and in the midst of this confusion lay the old soldier's cloak beside a bag from whence the thalers had come. A rigid form was huddled beneath the cloak, the lifeless body of the little old woman!

After the funeral an official visited the house for the purposes of inspection. In the cellar, and behind the wainscot even, quantities of valuables were found; but the red silk purse with the strange gold pieces had disappeared forever.

The new will not having been signed made me feel anxious as to the validity of the document which I had induced Madame Jansen to sign. As might have been expected, a vigorous attempt was made to invalidate the codicil, but that attempt happily failed.

Public opinion, which had long been adverse to the institution in whose favor the original document had been signed, seized upon this incident with avidity. The institution was subjected to a rigorous examination. A committee of citizens was appointed to report upon its administration, and, as a result, a thorough reform was determined on. The idle vagabonds who had hitherto infested the public highways were restricted within proper boundaries, and in time its pensioners dwindled to about six brave men who richly deserved its bounties.

Now that fortune smiled upon Matilde the world smiled also, and of her many admirers one only held aloof. Nothing would induce him to come forward. Matilde, as a penniless girl, he had loved. To him, Matilde as an heiress was quite a different person. But I knew the story, and, as I had been instrumental in making her wealthy, I resolved to help her to marry the man she loved.

I contrived one evening to bring them together at our house.

It was summer time. The air was soft, and the sweet moonlight lit up the garden where I had climbed the apple tree to pay my first visit to Madame Jansen. I took Matilde's hand and led her to the foot of the tree.

"Look!" I said. "Yonder is the ballroom where, if she had lived, you would have met your husband."

"My husband?"

"Yes." And I told her exactly how it all happened. "If she had lived, Matilde, you would never have married the man who still loves you with all his heart and soul."

"And who is he?"

"I will send him to you."

Before Matilde had time to stop me I was gone.

In due course the old house was reopened. The faded curtains were replaced by gorgeous hangings. The bats and the spiders, much against their will, were driven to seek shelter elsewhere.

Matilde and her husband—the happiest people in the town—are still living, and can verify my story if need be.—*Temple Bar.*

## SALEM, OREGON.

THE City of Salem is the capital of the State of Oregon and seat of justice of Marion County, second in prominence and importance only to Portland, the commercial metropolis. It is situated on the east bank of the Willamette River, some sixty miles above its confluence with the Columbia, and in the very heart of the great agricultural region of Western Oregon. Its site is a beautiful prairie, sloping gradually westward to the river, affording excellent conditions for the splendid sewage system maintained. Surrounded by grain fields, meadows and woodland, with a background on either hand of foothills and green timbered mountains, culminating on the east in numerous snow-crowned peaks, its location is one of picturesque beauty, suggestive of health and happiness. With broad streets, wide sidewalks, substantial business structures, imposing State and county edifices, numerous churches and educational institutions, handsome private residences, a broad plaza, a profusion of shade trees, neatly kept lawns and gardens, gas lighted streets and busy industries, Salem presents a picture not only pleasing to the eye, but to the mind, indicative of prosperity.

The city has a permanent population of 6,000, is governed by a full set of city officials, has complete systems of water works and gas works, and enjoys protection from fire by a volunteer fire department of unusual efficiency. Two steamers, a hand engine and hook and ladder truck comprise the equipment of the department, the various companies numbering among their members the most influential citizens. A brick and a wooden engine houses are the property of the city. Considerable manufacturing is carried on, and there exists an abundance of water power for other industries. Two large roller flouring mills, capable of turning out 500 barrels each per day, have gained at home and abroad a reputation for Oregon flour. There are also two smaller custom mills. Extensive stove works, employing convict labor, two foundries, two sash and door factories, fanning mill factory and chair factory are the other important industries. Educationally Salem presents many advantages. The public system comprises five schools and a high school, all under the control of a city superintendent. The Willamette University, an institution of long standing and acknowledged excellence, is located here. It embraces, also, a woman's college. Another institution of a high order and deserving special mention is the Sisters' Academy of the Sacred Heart. It is conceded to be the best female academy in the State, and the neatness of its appearance, as well as successful management, has won it universal commendation. Thirteen churches testify to the moral character of the people.

Numerous State institutions are located at Salem, chief among which is the State Capitol. This structure, which was begun in 1873, and is now nearly completed, occupies an entire block, and is 265 feet long by 75 feet wide, with two projecting wings of 50 feet each. The structure is of brick and iron upon a massive foundation of stone. It is of imposing appearance and architectural

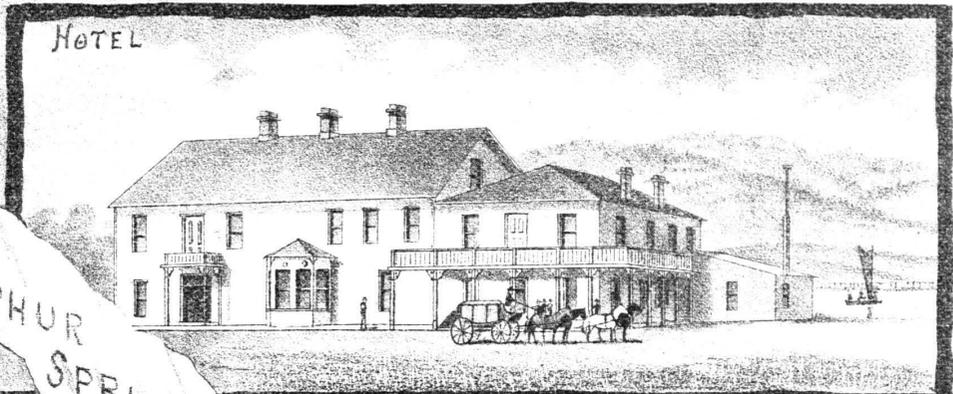
beauty, surmounted by a circular dome reaching to an altitude of 180 feet. The edifice, when completed, will cost about \$500,000. Other State institutions are the large Penitentiary, the new and commodious Insane Asylum, the School for Deaf Mutes, the Orphans' Home and the School for the Blind. An Indian training school is maintained here by the National Government. The county possesses a magnificent court house, which was erected at a cost of \$116,000, and is all paid for. Marion County has no debt hanging over it, and its citizens enjoy the lowest rate of taxation in the State.

As a business point Salem is important. Situated in the centre of the great grain region of the Willamette Valley, it draws trade from widely distant localities. Many large and well stocked stores are to be seen on the three chief business thoroughfares—State, Commercial and Court streets—while numerous smaller stores, shops, etc., abound. A glance at our engraving of State street, given on another page, will convey a good idea of the general character of the business portion of the city. Among the most substantial blocks is Reed's Opera House, the largest and most complete theatre in the State, capable of seating 1,500 people. Near the city are located the extensive fair grounds of the State Agricultural Society, where annually are exhibited the products and industries of Oregon, and where are assembled citizens from every section of the State. Transportation facilities consist of the Oregon & California Railroad and steamers plying on the river daily the year round. The importance of Salem as a business point will increase with the further utilization of the water power, and with the rapid settlement of the surrounding country, both in Marion and Polk counties.

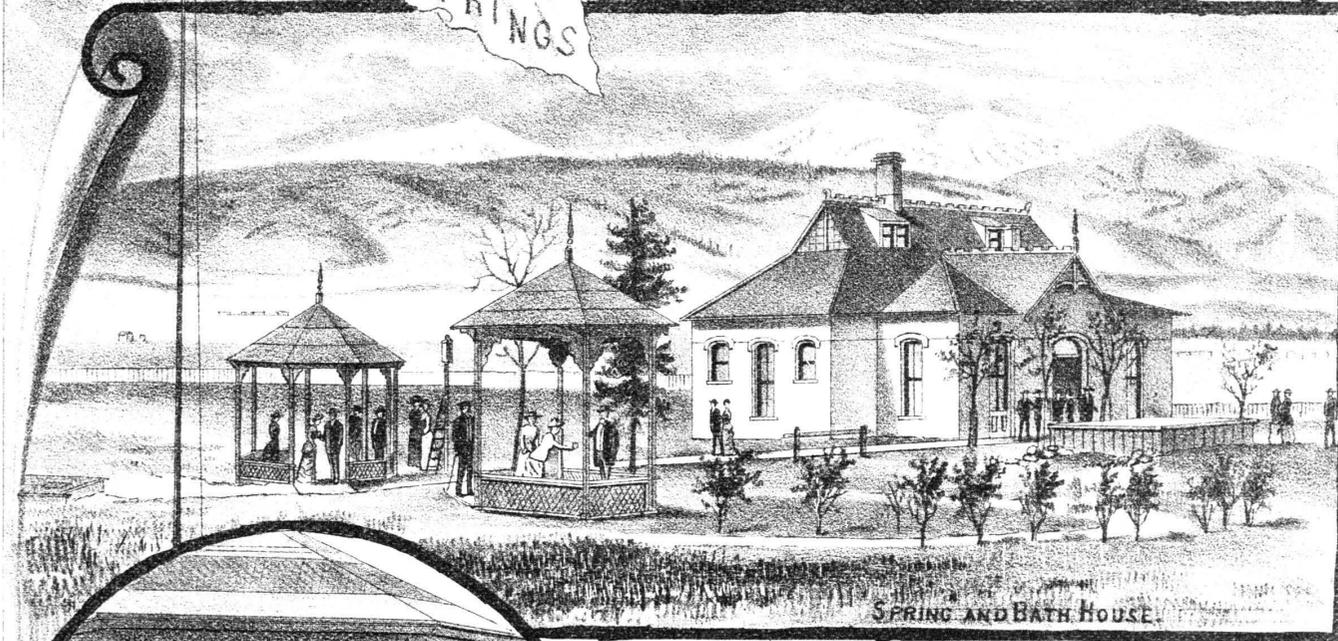
## VALLEY OF THE LAUGHING WATERS, UTAH.

THROUGHOUT the main chain of the Rocky Mountains and among the numerous spurs and lateral ridges are to be found scenes of picturesque beauty and awe-inspiring grandeur unsurpassed in the world. Nature has shown strange caprice in fashioning this rocky region, and has filled it with fantastic forms, strange and phenomenal objects, and massive specimens of her most peculiar handiwork. Here are to be found the National Park of the Yellowstone, that great "Wonderland" whose fame is spreading throughout the globe, the noted Garden of the Gods, Monumental Park, and canyons and mountain-bound valleys without number. One of the grandest of these is the Valley of the Laughing Waters, in Utah, an engraving of which is given on another page. In some respects it is even grander than the celebrated Yosemite of California. Lacking the great waterfalls made so familiar by the artist's brush and pencil, and having less of its graceful beauty, it is still a worthy rival of that celebrated valley of the Merced. The massive towers and pinnacles of rock, the huge cliffs and other giant carvings of Nature, appeal to the lover of the majestic even stronger than do the better known forms of Liberty Cap and El Capitan. He must be a critical person who would ask for grander scenery than this.

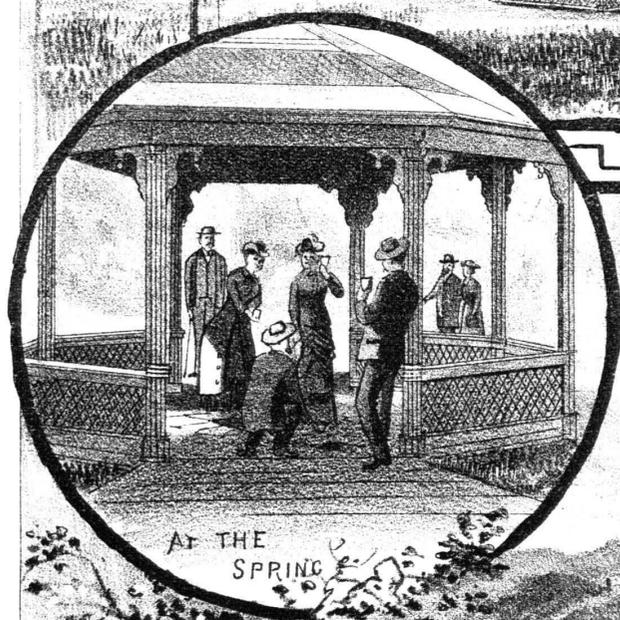
THE WEST SHORE.



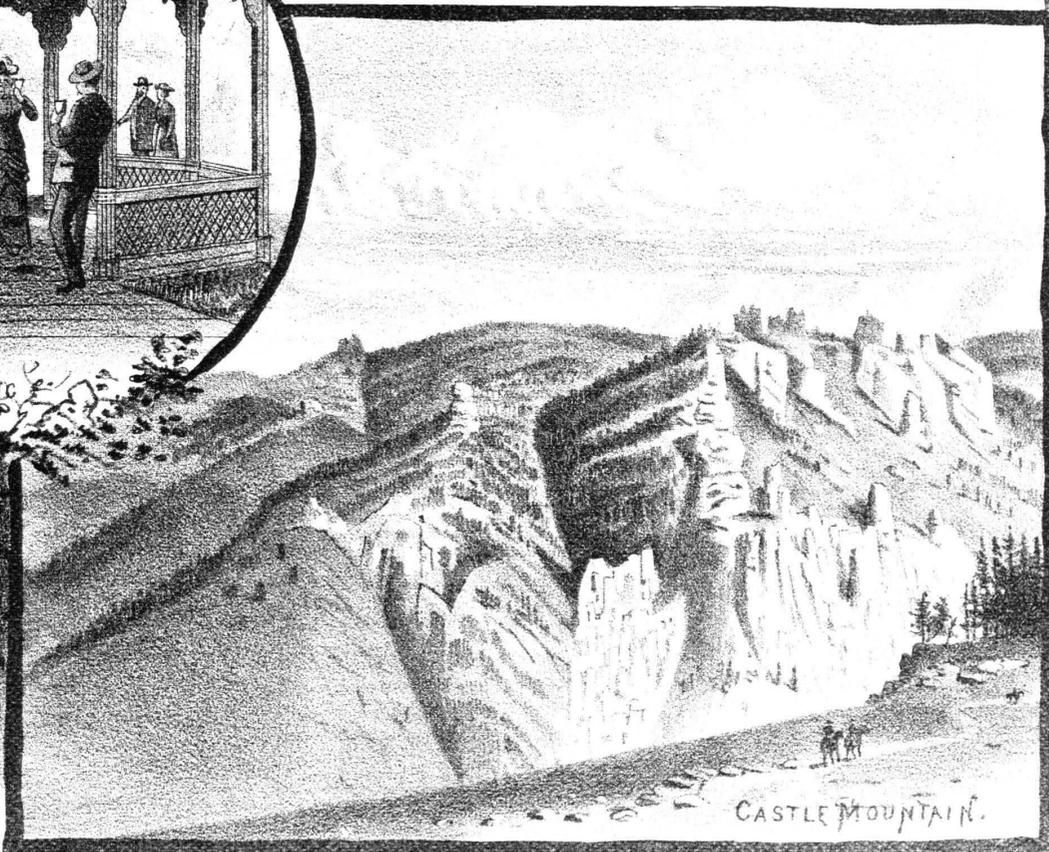
WHITE  
SULPHUR  
SPRINGS



SPRING AND BATH HOUSE.



AT THE  
SPRING

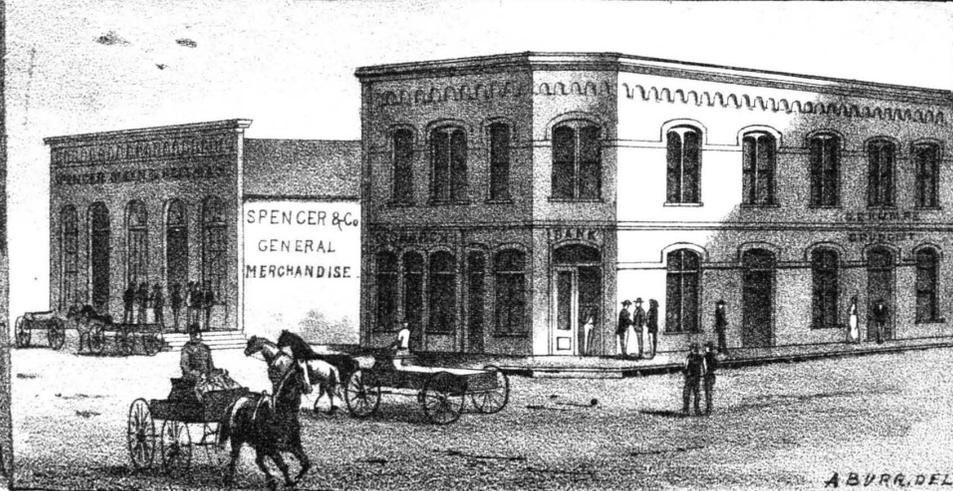
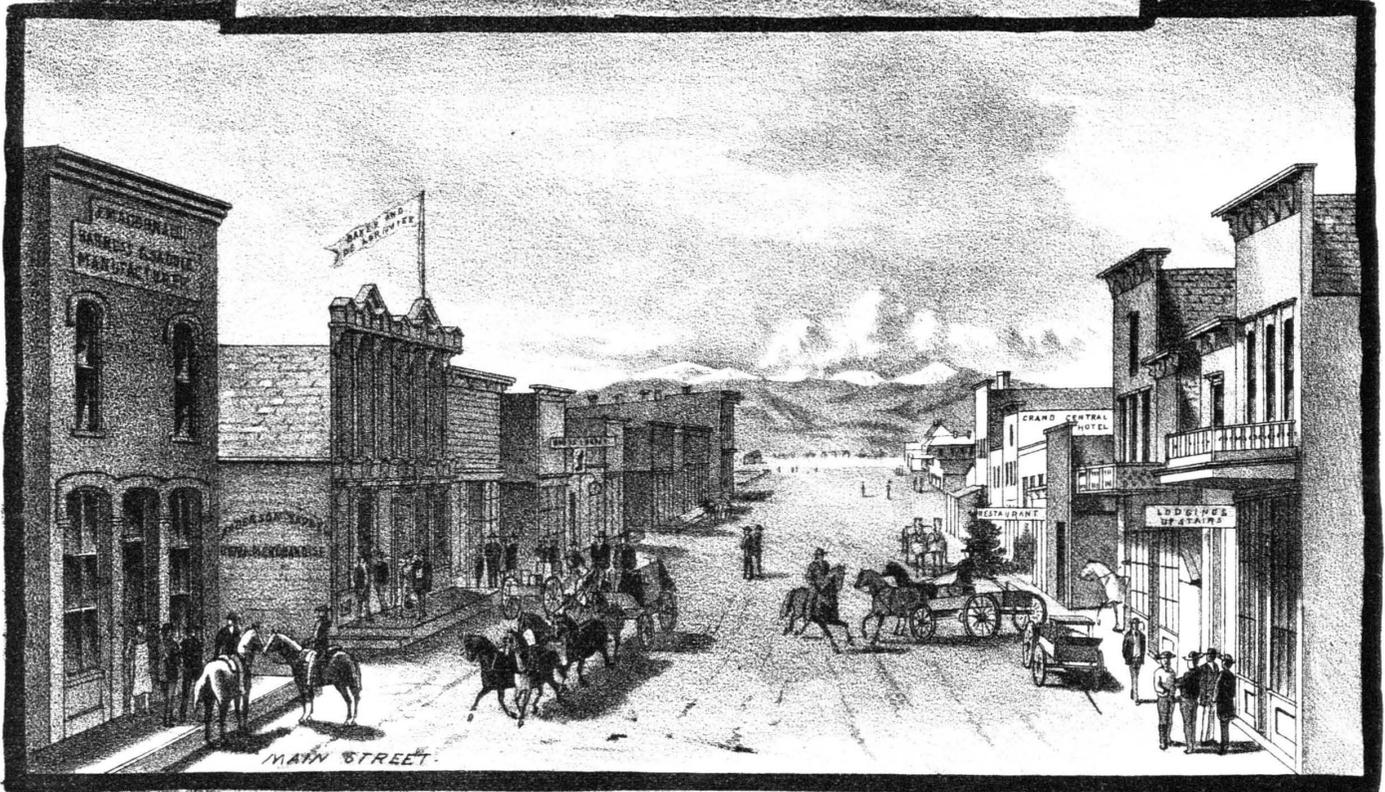


CASTLE MOUNTAIN.

A. B. BURR DEL.

WEST SHORE LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.



## WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA.

MONTANA possesses a health resort that will ere long rival in popularity and celebrity the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. Lying in the mountains to the north of Bozeman and Livingston and to the east of Helena, a short stage journey is necessary to reach it from the line of the Northern Pacific. The nearest railroad point is Townsend, in the Missouri Valley, and from there the stage route of thirty-five miles leads through some of the grandest scenery of the Rocky Mountains. It crosses rugged spurs of the "Backbone of the Continent," and follows for a long distance the canyon of Deep Creek, so closely confined by its rocky walls that fifty-one bridges across that turbulent stream are necessary to give it room. It is after such a ride that the White Sulphur Springs are reached, lying in a valley 5,070 feet above the level of the sea, and at the base of mountains rising several thousand feet above. One of these overtopping peaks—Mount Edith—is clothed in a perpetual robe of white and reaches an altitude of 12,000 feet, exceeding even the proportions of the kingly Hood, the pride of Oregon.

The town of White Sulphur Springs is the seat of justice of Meagher County, and contains a population of some five hundred. The assessed valuation of property in the county is \$5,000,000, chiefly live stock. The town is a favorite place of residence for wealthy cattle and sheep men, and is the supply point for a vast extent of country both pastoral and mineral. Within fifty miles lies the Neihart mining district, in which a number of the most promising mines have been bonded by an association of St. Paul capitalists. When fully developed these will add much to the trade of the town. Several other mining localities are also tributary to this point. White Sulphur Springs is regularly laid out and contains a number of good buildings, several of them constructed of brick. Besides numerous business enterprises, there are a bank and one of the best weekly papers to be found in the Territory—the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, owned and edited by R. N. Sutherlin, ably assisted by W. H. Sutherlin.

The greatest interest, of course, centres around the springs. The medicinal properties of the water were known to the Indians long before the Rocky Mountains were invaded by white men. They held it as neutral, or sacred, ground, and often tribes that had been at war for generations met in peace by the side of these steaming waters. Indian tribes for hundreds of miles around visited the springs regularly to bathe in and drink their healing waters, and now even the dumb cattle come for miles in winter to drink the warm water as it flows in a meandering steam-clouded stream across the valley. The whole atmosphere seems to be impregnated with the sulphur mist, and as one approaches the town the presence of the springs is announced to him by the air he breathes as well as the clouds of steam arising from them and the little stream of which they are the source. Especially in winter is this steam made prominent by the frosty air, so much so as to render the bath house almost invisible to

one standing near the springs. The curative properties of these waters were early known and appreciated by the white people, and many visitors from a distance came to test their virtues. It was not, however, till 1883 that an adequate effort was made to improve them and furnish the facilities necessary to render them a popular health resort. At that time the White Sulphur Springs Association was organized, with A. Hershfield as president and I. Salhinger secretary.

The improvements of the association are not yet complete in accordance with the present plans, but as they now stand may be enumerated as follows: The springs have been enclosed in a large square and eleven of the hot ones have been opened and improved, as shown in our engravings. There are numerous others not yet opened. There are also one ice cold sulphur spring and one hot mud spring. A large brick bath house stands within the enclosure, in which are a number of regular bathing apartments and a large tank for taking a plunge bath. Baths are fifty cents each, or \$2.50 per week, limited to three per day. From thirty to ninety baths per day are given now, which will undoubtedly be largely increased in the future. Opposite, the association has a small hotel for the accommodation of visitors. It is the intention to erect a splendid three-story brick, containing from sixty to seventy rooms, but even now visitors need feel no anxiety about obtaining first class accommodations both at the association hotel and the Higgins House. Board ranges from \$8 to \$14 per week. Near the hotel is a roller skating rink, and in the rear is a lake, a pleasant little sheet of water, in which exercise in a rowboat may be taken. The sportsman will find the adjacent mountains full of game and the streams abounding in fish.

Of the character of the water Mr. George Atwood, Fellow of the Chemical Society of England, who visited the springs and tested the water in person, says: "The water contains chiefly *fixed alkaline carbonates*. The excess of carbonic acid makes the water more palatable than it would otherwise be, and the small quantity of lime and silica, with a charge, yet not an overcharge, of the alkaline, combined with a moderate quantity of sulphur, makes the water not only a safe medicinal drink, but most beneficial for bathing purposes." The water, applied both internally and externally, has proved particularly beneficial in nervous diseases, sciatica and kindred disorders, is considered infallible in cases of indigestion, gout, etc., and is claimed to be a remedy for Bright's disease of the kidneys. It is also good for inebriates, and constitutes a pleasant substitute by the use of which a taste for liquor may be gradually overcome. The heat of the water varies ordinarily from 108 to 110 degrees, reaching sometimes the extreme of 122 degrees Fahrenheit. The association is very liberal in its treatment of the public. The enclosure is free to all, who may enter and drink of the water, and even carry it away in buckets if they choose. A constant stream of people may be seen daily going to and from the springs. The citizens of the town make a practice of drinking the water regularly. The business man and mechanic, and even

whole families at a time, may be seen making their periodical pilgrimages to the springs. It is often the case that medicinal springs find their devotees only in strangers from a distance, but not so at White Sulphur Springs, for every citizen has a firm belief in the virtue of these waters, and this belief is not founded solely on the testimony of chemists, but upon their own observation and experience. Some of them have used the water regularly for years and have watched its effect upon themselves and others, and such persons are the most enthusiastic in its praise. There have been no deaths at White Sulphur Springs for some time. Not long since an individual who thought the town should be prepared to furnish suitable funeral pomp, when necessary, invested in a hearse, but has as yet found no demand for its services. Even the offer of a free ride to the first passenger has failed to create any enthusiasm for its use, and the offer still remains open.

The stage route from Townsend being the shortest is the one most generally traveled, and stages run daily both ways. The fare is \$5, or \$9 for the round trip. Parties of four or five will find a private conveyance both a more pleasant and cheaper mode of traveling. A splendid road leads from the springs to Livingston, though the distance is about twice that to Townsend. Still it will be found a pleasant route to travel, especially by those intending to pay a visit to the great National Park of the Yellowstone.

#### THE BENCH LANDS OF MONTANA.

THAT part of Montana bounded on the west by the Rocky and Belt mountains, and extending as far east as the 109th degree of longitude, and lying between the Missouri and Marias rivers on the north, and the Musselshell River on the south, possesses more and better agricultural lands than can be found elsewhere in Montana. This area embraces about 30,000 square miles of territory, and is but little traversed or broken by mountain ranges. It is divided into valleys and bench lands. The valleys, though rich and fertile, cannot generally be successfully cultivated without irrigation. This Territory, however, more than any other, is favored with large streams and an abundant supply of water. The important feature of this part of Montana is its extensive table lands. The old-timers have been slow to believe that any land in Montana can be cultivated successfully without irrigation. It is now a settled fact that vast stretches of bench or table land in this part will, one year with another, produce wheat averaging from twenty-five to fifty bushels to the acre. A Highwood farmer of large experience told me last fall that he considered the benches of this part of Montana the best wheat lands he had ever seen in any country, and that his experience had demonstrated that they would produce large yields of wheat and oats with only the natural supply of moisture. Let any man driving from Great Fall to Fort Benton, on either side of the Missouri River, note everywhere the rich soil and abundant grasses. He will see no sage brush and no alkali land. If he examines the soil he will find it mellow and well mixed with silica, the "grist of the mountains," so essential to the rapid growth of grain and to the retention of moisture.—*Great Falls Tribune.*

#### NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

Work has been commenced on the foundation and basement of the new capitol building at Boise City. Idaho will soon have a capital worthy of her increasing wealth and importance.

A company has begun the development of a ledge on Castle Mountain, near White Sulphur Springs, Montana. A shaft will be sunk 100 feet, and if the vein holds good to that depth, a 200-foot tunnel will be run in from the side of the hill to tap the ledge much lower down.

Bellevue, Idaho, is erecting a handsome brick school house, containing two stories and a basement. It will excel anything in the Territory except the school building at Boise City, and is an evidence that Bellevue is prospering and that her citizens appreciate the value of good schools.

From January 1 to May 31 the coal mines of Puget Sound have shipped 142,895 tons of coal to San Francisco, apportioned as follows: Carbon Hill, 81,444; Cedar River, 5,316; Green River, 3,286; Renton, 16,637; South Prairie, 2,500; Seattle, 33,712. The Carbon Hill and South Prairie ship at the city of Tacoma, and the others at Seattle.

During the month of May ten cargoes of lumber were shipped from Puget Sound for foreign ports—Honolulu, Melbourne, Montevideo, Kalahui, Valparaiso, Callao, Panama and Norway. During the same month twenty-six vessels sailed for ports along the coast, chiefly to San Francisco. The cargoes aggregated 19,317,000 feet of lumber, valued at \$195,000.

During the month of June 21,151 head of cattle were purchased in Eastern Oregon and Washington and shipped to the ranges further east, chiefly in Montana. They were all passed by the Territorial Inspector at Horse Plains as being perfectly free from even the germs of disease. Many of them will go to the block this season, while others will remain on the ranges.

Visitors to White Sulphur Springs will find excellent hotel accommodations—far better than many of them will anticipate. The Higgins House, owned and managed by Jonas Higgins, is a handsome three-story brick structure, and offers first class accommodations, both as to rooms and table. It is one of the best hotels in Montana, which is certainly a sufficient recommendation.

The Big Yank ledge, in Rogue River, is being developed by two tunnels—one on the north and one on the south, each to be 200 feet long, and cut the ledge about 800 feet below the surface. A 100-stamp mill will soon be erected, and the ledges of Southern Oregon will be brought into prominence by the result of its workings. The ledge can be traced a distance of nine miles on the surface.

The large 120-stamp mill which has been erected on Douglas Island, in the Yukon River, Alaska, was started up on the 19th of June. This marks the opening of quartz mining on an extensive scale in that region, and the result of its operations will be watched with interest by hundreds of miners who are anxious to see a practical test of the mooted question of a profitable working of the Yukon ledges.

The Minich, a ledge situated near Wickes, Montana, was sold recently to C. D. McClure and A. Lambeth for \$25,000. Three shafts have been sunk on the property to a depth of 65, 90 and 100 feet respectively, and one level run a distance of 110 feet, uncovering a vein thirty inches wide and a body of ore of more than 2,000 tons.

This will no doubt soon become one of the leading mines of the Territory.

The leading real estate firm of Spokane Falls is that of Strobach & Munter, who have listed much city property and desirable land in that portion of Washington Territory. They make a specialty of attending to United States Land Office business and dealing in Government land scrip. They also attend to collections and the payment of taxes for non-residents. They solicit correspondence from intending settlers.

The former owners of the Nellie Grant lode, situated on the east side of Red Mountain, near Helena, Montana, recently organized a company with a capital stock of \$600,000, and decided to immediately procure machinery, pumps, hoisting works, etc., and place the mine on a paying basis. There are enough ledges of well known richness near Helena to make her one of the largest mining centres in the world if her capitalists will only develop them.

It is expected that work will soon be commenced in Tacoma on the Boys' School, for which Bishop Paddock has been laboring for some time; also upon a Chamber of Commerce, a large and handsome brick structure to be erected by the commercial organization of the city. It is a peculiarity of Tacoma not to become discouraged by the hard times, but to trust in the future and prepare for the good times in store for them. When they come no city on the Coast will be better prepared to profit by them than will Tacoma.

A combined quartz and placer mining district has been discovered in the Eagle Creek Mountains, Union County, Oregon. The existence of gold in that region is something long known, but no important discoveries have previously been reported. The present find is near the confluence of Snake and Powder rivers, thirty miles from Baker City. The quartz is free milling ore, and good returns have been received from rock pounded in a hand mortar. The extent and richness of this district cannot yet be stated with authority.

The Royal Route, from Omaha to St. Paul and from St. Paul to Chicago, is the favorite route of travel between those points. From St. Paul to Chicago it consists of the Chicago & Northwestern, a road so well known to the traveling public as to require no recommendation. In the elegance of its cars, the smoothness of the roadbed, the perfection in every little detail that adds to the comfort and pleasure of passengers, the Royal Route takes the lead. T. W. Teasdale, the General Passenger Agent, has his headquarters at St. Paul.

The largest and most successful mining company in Beaverhead County, Montana, is the Hecla Consolidated, at Glendale. The company now runs three furnaces day and night, and the mines supply the smelters with about 150 tons per day. Direct employment is given to 300 men, and indirectly to 200 more. The daily product of the furnaces is about eight tons of bullion, valued at \$200 per ton. The present manager, Mr. H. Knippenburg, has during the past four years brought the company out of bankruptcy and placed it on a splendid paying basis.

Now that the Casino has closed its season of popular opera, it is meet that the efforts of its manager to give Portland a good entertainment at popular prices receive proper acknowledgment. Mr. Gross has been unsparing in his efforts to maintain a high standard of excellence, and has the satisfaction of knowing that in this respect he has been completely successful. He has worked hard, and while he has not gained a large pecuniary reward,

he has earned the commendation of the public. We hope to see the Casino opened again under his management for another season.

Building operations in Helena are progressing rapidly in spite of the hard times that afflict the country generally. On the 16th of June the Masons laid the cornerstone of a superb temple. A new structure known as the "Union Block" is being erected on Main street. A peculiarity of this building is the fact that the contractors for excavating for the foundation cut a streak of "pay dirt," from which they took seventy-one loads, which were run through sluices and cleaned up \$504 in gold dust. If all foundations could be depended upon to do this, contracts could be let very low in Helena.

Immigrants who desire to purchase lands will do well to call upon Messrs. Reed, Wilson & Co., No. 14 Ash street, when they arrive in Portland. These gentlemen do a general real estate business, and make a specialty of farming lands for immigrants. Colonel Reed is the regularly delegated agent of the Marion County Immigration Society, and is endorsed by the business men of Salem and the leading citizens of that portion of the Willamette Valley. He is well informed, having resided there for many years, and parties calling at the office are assured of receiving courteous attention and reliable information.

Among the coming mining centres of note is Missoula, Montana. The city is surrounded by quartz ledges of undoubted value, which only need developing to bring Missoula into great prominence. Several of the most liberal-minded citizens, such as W. H. H. Dickinson, an enterprising merchant and postmaster, and T. J. Demars, of Frenchtown, are doing all they can to develop the mineral resources of that region. Backed by a few friends, they maintain a number of prospectors in the field, and report the outlook as very encouraging. Two and one-half miles from the city the Jumbo Mining Company (Messrs. Dickinson, Halloway, Springer & Epler,) have four locations. These cover an entire hill 800 feet high, so situated that a 3,000-foot tunnel would reach from water to water. They have a tunnel in 200 feet, and are taking out ore which assays \$45 in gold and \$6 in silver. Twenty miles east of Missoula, and only two and one-half miles from the Northern Pacific by a good wagon road, is the Wallace District. Plenty of wood and water is at hand. The surface croppings have been traced for seven miles, and sixty quartz locations have been made. The most prominent properties are the Kennebec, with a 60-foot tunnel and a 75-foot shaft; Aladdin, with a 50-foot tunnel and ore assaying \$60 in gold and \$6 in silver; West Point, with ore assaying \$84; Hidden Treasure, with a 25-foot tunnel and a 35-foot shaft, and ore assaying \$42.35, the vein filling the full face of the shaft and extending an unknown width beyond; St. Lawrence, with a 90-foot shaft, and ore choice pieces of which assay \$1,300 in gold, silver and copper. On Quartz Creek, forty-eight miles from Missoula and thirty from Frenchtown, lies the "J. B." lode, owned by J. B. Pierson and T. J. Demars. This lode is being thoroughly developed, and already has a 90-foot shaft and a tunnel in 250 feet. Assays range from \$70 to \$1,200, and the rock is free milling gold ore. A 10-stamp mill has been contracted for.

Of the mineral and timber resources of that portion of British Columbia lying along the line of the Canadian Pacific, a correspondent of the Montreal *Herald* says: I spent the whole of last summer exploring for minerals and timber on the property of the Dominion Government in the forty-mile belt in the Rocky and Selkirk moun-

tains. I found many others prospecting for minerals, and when we compared notes, found argentiferous galena and copper in paying quantities all the way from the summit of the Rockies to the junction of the Kicking Horse and Columbia rivers. The assays went from \$5 to \$40 silver to the ton, besides copper and lead. Gold we found in the beds of all the streams running from the eastern slope of the Selkirks into the Columbia River. On Canyon Creek, lying a few miles south of the junction of the Kicking Horse and Columbia rivers, we found several parties washing gold from the bed of the creek and making good wages. Farther down the Columbia River we found on Quartz Creek three mining camps, with two men in each, preparing new flumes for placer mining. I visited this creek and found the miners preparing for the summer's work. They state that the mineral prospects here, both placer and quartz, are superior to anything they have seen anywhere in their travels. I will now give you an idea of the timber from the summit of the Rockies to this place. It commences at that point and increases in size as you come westward, notably so as you reach the Columbia River. It is composed of white, red and Douglas pine, cedar and some white wood. The size of the trees would astonish your Ottawa lumbermen; pine and spruce five feet (diameter) on the stump, and 200 feet long, while many of the beams measured eight feet. I feel sanguine that the return to the Dominion Government from timber and minerals alone will, before many years, fully compensate for the expense incurred in opening up our great Northwest and the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

June.

- 1—Disastrous earthquakes in the Province of Cashmere, India; more than 3,000 lives lost.
- 3—Destructive cyclone in Aden, Persia.
- 6—More than 200 people drowned by bursting of a water spout in Northern Mexico.
- 7—Many fishing vessels wrecked and crews drowned by a severe storm off Banks of Newfoundland.
- 8—Insane Asylum at Williamsburg, Va., burned...Suffolk, Va., nearly destroyed by fire; loss, \$300,000.
- 9—Gladstone's Cabinet resigned....Treaty between France and China signed.
- 10—Forty people killed and 150 wounded by falling of court house stairs in Thiers, France.
- 12—Destructive cyclone in Iowa.
- 17—Death of General Von Manteuffel in Germany.
- 18—Explosion in a colliery near Manchester, England; 150 miners killed.
- 19—Formal reception in New York of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty.
- 22—Steamer *Italia* sunk off the coast of Peru; 70 lives lost....Cholera increasing in Spain to a death rate of over 300 per day.
- 24—Fire at Brownsville, Or....A conservative Cabinet formed for England by the Marquis of Salisbury.

Nearly every pioneer can talk more or less Chinook, that universal Indian tongue by means of which one can converse with the aborigines of every tribe from California to Alaska and from the great lakes to the Pacific, but few can be called accomplished linguists. It is easy to learn, however, being innocent of grammar, and consisting simply of a long vocabulary of nouns, with a few verbs and adjectives. Messrs. J. K. Gill & Co., Portland, Or., have issued a complete and reliable dictionary of the Chinook, which they sell for twenty-five cents, and from which a good knowledge of the jargon can easily be gained.

The attention of tourists is especially called to the Japanese Bazaar in Victoria, B. C. In that establishment will be found the most choice and valuable collection of porcelain, silk, woodenware and embroidered articles of that delicate and skilful manufacture peculiar to the Japanese. These articles are valuable not only for the uses for which they are designed and their intrinsic value, but for their beauty and unique appearance. The bazaar is owned by Messrs. Charles Gabriel & Co., and the collection was made by Mr. Gabriel personally, after a long residence in Japan. Tourists should not neglect such an opportunity to secure beautiful Japanese curiosities at a low figure.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, will issue in a few days "Snob Papers," by Adair Welcker, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sacramento, Cal. The scene is laid in San Francisco, Oakland and the surrounding country, and the hero, a bluff old "Forty-Niner," has grown rich at the mines. He comes to San Francisco to mingle with the Snobs and see Life, and the shrewd sayings, delivered in peculiar style, are of the most convulsing type, being one whirl of ludicrous adventures, which are quite exciting and sensational, while the action never ceases. Hosts of droll characters are introduced, among them several remarkably lively young ladies and some ladies of uncertain age who are untiring fishers in the matrimonial sea, while the local snobs and dudes are mercilessly ridiculed. "Snob Papers" will be published in one large duodecimo volume of 500 pages, at the exceedingly low price of seventy-five cents a copy in paper cover, or \$1.25 bound in morocco cloth, and copies will be sent to any one at once on receipt of price. We predict for it a very large sale. Local agents are wanted in every county. Large wages can be made selling it. Address at once, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., for special terms to agents.

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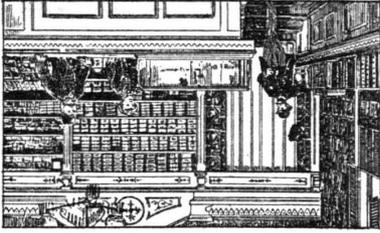
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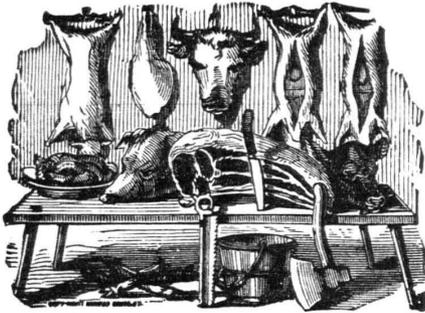
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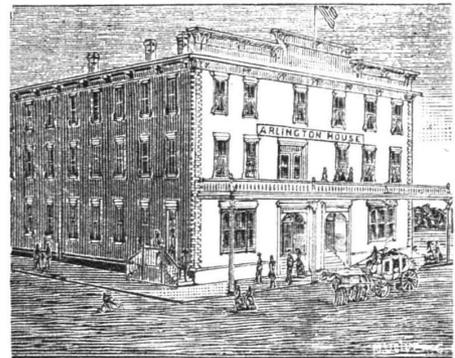
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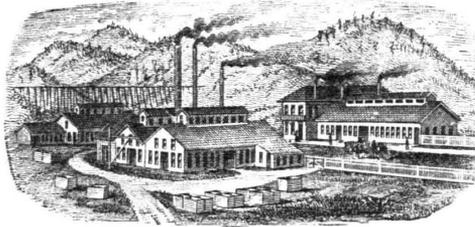
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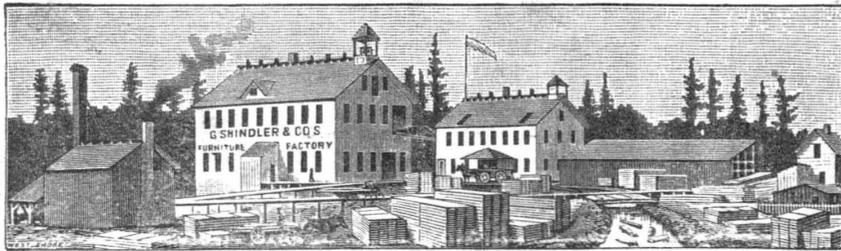
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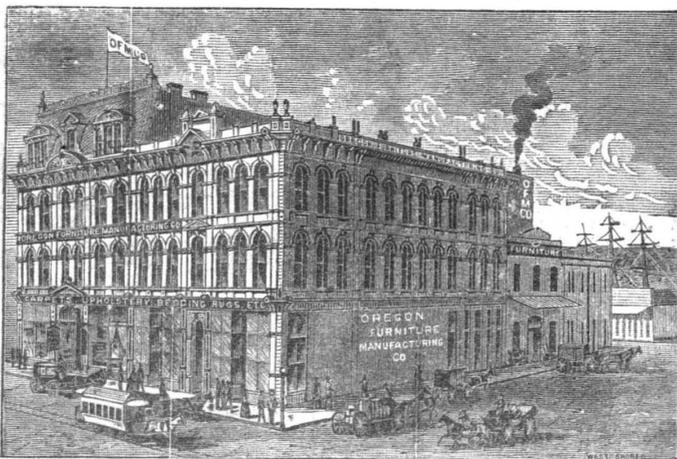
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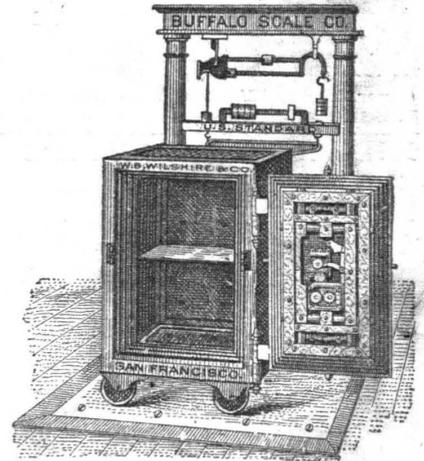
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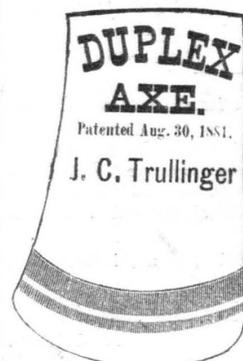
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