

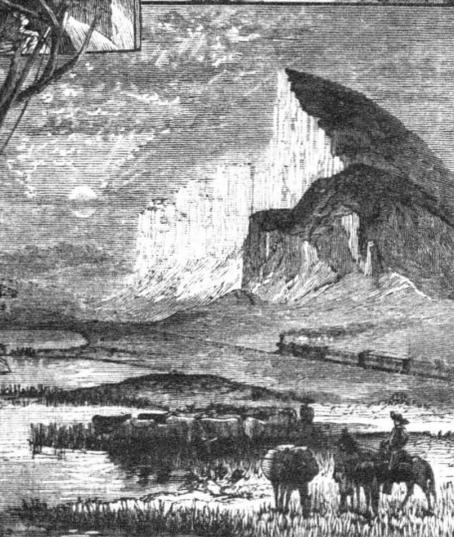
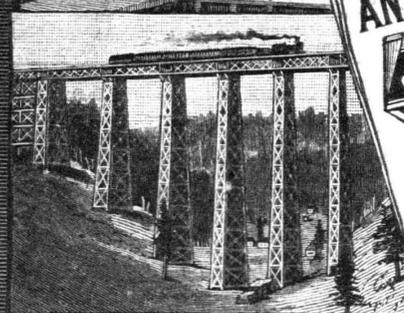
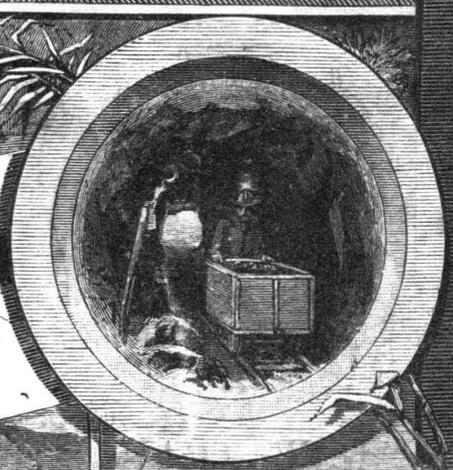
J. I. McKenney

JUNE, 1885.

West Shore



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



L. SAMUEL, PUBLISHER.

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TIME

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We are the exclusive Portland agents for all Lots and Lands at all the town sites along the Oregon Short Line owned by the Idaho and Oregon Land Improvement Company, and can therefore offer unequalled inducements for the investment of small or large capital.

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Orthopaedic Surgery a specialty. Rectification of malpositions after incompetent physicians, both in Tacoma and elsewhere, at lowest prices. Visits, inside of city limits, one dollar. Midwifery cases, ten dollars; no extra charge for turning or instrumental delivery. Will visit patients at a distance, for consultation and to perform operation. No homeopathy or other humbugger practiced.

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THE FARMERS AND MECHANICS' STORE.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Oregonian* of March 22, 1885:

SPRING SEASON.

OREGONIAN OF MARCH 22, 1885.

To-morrow morning, at nine A. M., we shall open our doors to the public to show seventy cases out of one hundred and fifty cases of **SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS**, shipped in January and February, and was delayed in the blockades east of Chicago and arrived yesterday. In so doing we enter upon a **NEW ERA**, which means we are **ECONOMIZING**. The by-word is "**TIMES ARE HARD**," and as labor is cheaper, produce, and in fact everything else, we shall cheerfully go with the times. We have purchased goods in the New York and other Eastern markets at ridiculously low prices. Business in the East being in a panicky state, and having the ready cash, we took advantage of it and bought at our own figures. In order to corroborate what we say, we will quote a few figures, showing the vast difference between prices as they have been and what they are to-day at the

FARMERS AND MECHANICS STORE.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Figured Dress Goods, formerly 12½c., now 7c. per yard.
Brocaded Dress Goods, formerly 15c., now 8c. per yard.
Bradford Mixtures, double width, formerly 22½c., now 15c. per yard.
Manchester Cashmeres, double width, formerly 25c., now 16c. per yard.
Dark Poplins, double width, formerly 25c., now 17½c. per yard.
Cashmere, full width, all colors, formerly 30c., now 20c. per yard.
Fancy Brocades, assorted colors, formerly 30c., now 20c. per yard.
Velvet Cashmere Plaids, new and handsome, 35c. per yard.
Cocheo Suitings, warranted all wool, all colors, formerly 60c., now 40c. per yard.
Nun's Veiling, light blue, pink, cream, cardinal, navy and black, 20c. per yard.
Fine Cashmere, all colors and shades, formerly 60c., now 40c. per yard.
Extra fine Cashmere, all colors and shades, formerly 75c., now 50c. per yard.
Silk Cashmere Plaids, the latest out, 60c. per yard.
Pure Silk Pongee, changeable colors, very attractive, 60c. per yard.
Black Goods, in cashmeres, serges, shoodah cloth, drap d'royal, drap d'alma, at New York prices.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

Colored Prints, formerly 16 yards for \$1, now 25 yards for \$1.
Indigo Blue Print, formerly 8 yards for \$1, now 12 yards for \$1.
Very handsome Ginghams, formerly 10 yards for \$1, now 14 yards for \$1.
French Percales, formerly 25c., now 15c. per yard.
Satteens, handsome patterns, at 12½c. per yard.

4-4 BLEACHED COTTON.

4-4 Holmesville Cotton, formerly 12 yards, now 15 yards for \$1.
4-4 Wessacumcon Cotton, formerly 11 yards, now 14 yards for \$1.
4-4 Lonsdale Cotton, formerly 10 yards, now 13 yards for \$1.
4-4 Androscoggin Cotton, formerly 10 yards, now 13 yards for \$1.
4-4 Fruit of the Loom Cotton, formerly 9 yards, now 11 yards for \$1.
4-4 New York Mills Cotton, formerly 8 yards, now 10 yards for \$1.
4-4 Wamsutta Cotton, formerly 8 yards, now 10 yards for \$1.

SHEETINGS.

8-4 Pequot, bleached, formerly 25c., now 20c. per yard.
9-4 Pequot, bleached, formerly 30c., now 22½c. per yard.
10-4 Pequot, bleached, formerly 35c., now 25c. per yard.
A full assortment of Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Crashes. Prices in proportion.

LADIES calling at our store will please price our SHOES, received direct from Boston. The balance of our Spring and Summer Goods are en route from St. Paul, and we will give our friends due notice of their arrival.

Our Dry Goods Department Closes at 7 P. M.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' STORE.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

Our competitors on glancing at the above **CUT PRICES** were spell-bound, but consoled themselves that it was of but short duration, and that we would not be able to stand it; that we would have to close our doors, etc. However, our stores are crowded with patrons from day to day. All are served alike, and at prices as advertised. We have received during last week twenty cases, duplicates of the above goods, and our prices are the same as announced in the *Oregonian* of March 22, 1885.

In addition to the above line of Goods we have received the following:

40 pieces (Job) Crepe and Brocaded Goods, formerly 25c., now 15c.
25 pieces Merino Conpure, new shades, formerly 75c., now 50c. per yard.
30 pieces all wool French Serges, extra wide, formerly \$1.25, now 90c. per yard.
28 pieces all wool Ottoman Cloth, extra wide, formerly \$1.25, now 95c. per yard.
20 pieces Black and Colored Grenadine Bunting, formerly 40c., now 25c. per yd.
14 pieces Bellon Freres Colored Dress Silks, formerly \$1.75, now \$1.25 per yard.
12 pieces Foubert Andras Lyon Black Dress Silks, formerly \$2, now \$1.50 per yard.
15 pieces Foubert Andras Lyon Black Dress Silks, formerly \$2, now \$1.50 per yard.
6 pieces Foubert Andras Lyon Black Dress Silks, formerly \$2.25, now \$1.60.
50 pieces Scotch Tweed, formerly 75c., now 30c. per yard.
30 pieces Unbleached Table Linen, formerly 35c., now 25c. per yard.
20 pieces Unbleached Table Linen, formerly 40c., now 30c. per yard.
21 pieces Unbleached Table Linen, formerly 50c., now 40c. per yard.
19 pieces Unbleached Table Linen, formerly 65c., now 50c. per yard.
16 pieces Bleached Pure Linen Table Damask, formerly 90c., now 70c. per yard.
18 pieces Bleached Pure Linen Table Damask, formerly 95c., now 75c. per yard.
20 pieces Bleached Pure Linen Table Damask, formerly \$1.10, now 85c. per yard.
15 pieces Bleached Pure Linen Table Damask, formerly \$1.25, now \$1 per yard.

FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

500 pieces Laces from 2c. a yard upwards.
390 pieces Embroidery from 2c. to 75c. a yard.
1000 pieces Ribbons, direct from manufacturers, in all colors and shades.
A full assortment of Lisle and Silk Gloves.
A dozen Silk Mitts, in black and colors, 50c. per pair.
25 dozen French La Comtesse Kid Gloves, black and colored, \$1 a pair.
85 dozen White and Colored Corsets (sizes from 17 to 36) at wholesale prices.
Infants' Robes and Children's Underwear, any size and price.
A fine assortment of Ladies' Underwear direct from manufacturer, made on the lockstitch machine, finished seams, and from the very best of muslin, at greatly reduced prices.
140 dozen Handkerchiefs, from 3c. upwards.
500 dozen Ladies and Children's Hose from 8c. upwards.
A large stock of Buttons, any style and price.
A splendid assortment of Zephyr Shawls in all colors.
94 Handsome Jersey Cut Ladies' Cloaks, light and medium colors, nicely trimmed, good value at \$5, our price \$2 each.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

The demand for our Boston Ladies' Shoes has been so great that last week we have been entirely out of sizes. We telegraphed for duplicates, and a full line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, which are now in stock.

We shall offer this week 50 pieces of Devon Suitings, 23 inches wide and two-thirds wool, at 12½c. per yard, former price 30c. Send for samples.

THE FARMERS AND MECHANICS' STORE,
200 and 202 First Street, Corner Taylor, Portland, Or.

THE WEST SHORE.

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A NEW AND DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT,
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At the Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, on Puget Sound.

Substantially built of brick and stone, furnished luxuriously, equipped with a hydraulic elevator, electric bells, gas and baths. Situated on a plateau, 100 feet above the Sound, commanding an unsurpassed view of Mount Tacoma, the Cascade Mountains and the Sound.

It offers the most desirable stopping place on the Coast for the tourist, the business man, or the invalid. Its cuisine is of peculiar excellence. Its proximity to the best fishing and hunting grounds in the Territory, and the rare beauty of the rides and drives in the vicinity, are among the attractions it offers. Competent guides and a complete outfit for making the ascent to the glaciers of Mount Tacoma are obtainable

AT "THE TACOMA" ONLY.



SPECIAL RATES FOR FAMILIES.

The ascent to a height of 11,000 feet can be made almost entirely on horseback. A large and convenient boat house has been built, and will be managed in connection with the hotel, securing to guests every convenience for
Yachting, Hunting and Fishing.
Private boats will be cared for and sailors furnished on application. A Feltor Orchestra of rare merit has been engaged for the summer months, and morning concerts and nightly hops will be given during the entire season.

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W. D. TYLER, Manager, TACOMA, W. T.

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LOCATION UNSURPASSED! CLIMATE DELIGHTFUL!!

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MANUFACTORIES

Can supply Inland and Sound trade. Special inducements offered for the location of MANUFACTORIES. Choice Property in all parts of the city for sale on easy terms, and at reasonable prices, by the

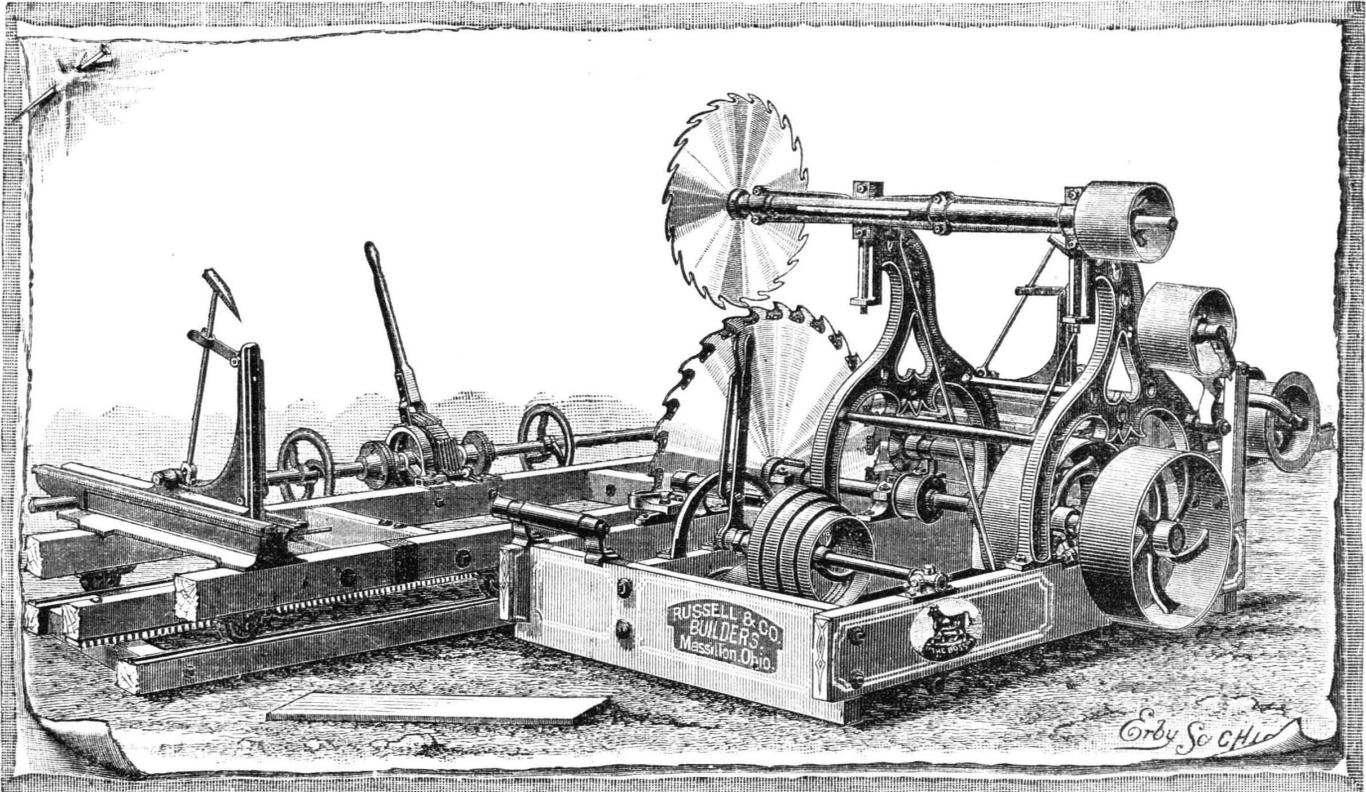
TACOMA LAND COMPANY.

For further information, apply to or address

ISAAC W. ANDERSON, General Manager, TACOMA, W. T.

THE WEST SHORE.

FAWCETT BROS., TACOMA, W. T.,
 Importers of and Dealers in WAGONS, BUGGIES, FARM MACHINERY, &c.



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Contains sixty rooms, and is handsomely furnished and fitted throughout.

Special accommodations for commercial travelers, two capacious sample rooms being set apart exclusively for their use.

A coach runs to and from all steamers and trains, and conveys passengers and baggage to and from the house free of charge.

A first class Bar and Billiard Room, containing four new tables, occupy the first floor of the house.

A Share of PUBLIC PATRONAGE is SOLICITED.
 PRICES MODERATE.

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Corner Pacific Avenue and 13th Street,
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HAY, GRAIN AND FEED.

Warehouse, Near Mouth of Galliher Creek.

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THE WEST SHORE.

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Negotiate Mortgage Loans for Capitalists,

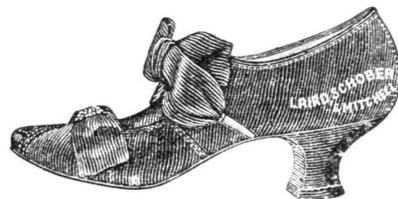
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General Loan, Real Estate and Insurance Business.

Ten and twelve per cent. net to lenders, and gilt-edged security. References: Merchants' National Bank, Tacoma National Bank, Washington Fire Insurance Company, Puget Sound Fire Insurance Company, Tacoma Lime Company, Tacoma Trading Company, etc.

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W. G. ROWLAND & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS, PACIFIC AVENUE, TACOMA, - - - W. T.

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TACOMA MILL COMPANY,

TACOMA, W. T.

San Francisco House, Pier 11, Stewart Street.

HANSON & CO., Agents,

Manufacture Rough and Dressed Lumber, furnish Car-
goes of Ships' Spars and Masts, and have special
facilities for the Manufacture of Extra
Large and Long Timber.

THE TACOMA MILLS are the most extensive in
the Northwest. This mammoth establishment employs
an average of 200 men about the mill and 600 in the
eighteen logging camps it keeps in operation. In 1882
the mill cut 32,000,000 feet of lumber, but during the
past year \$100,000 were expended in enlarging its capa-
city, and the total product was 50,000,000 feet of lumber
and 10,000,000 laths. Seventy-two cargoes of lumber
were shipped from their wharves during the year, twenty-
four of which went to foreign ports. The capital in-
vested in mill, warehouses, vessels, tugboats, animals,
etc., connected with this enterprise is fully \$1,000,000,
and the monthly expense of operation exceeds \$100,000.
This is one of the largest, and in many respects the most
complete, lumbering enterprises in the world.

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Real Estate Agents

—AND—

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Washington Territory Timber and Coal Lands

FOR SALE.

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OF TACOMA, W. T.

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Interest paid semi-annually. No taxes on mortgages held by non-residents.

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First National Bank..... Cherokee, Iowa
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Merchants' National Bank..... Tacoma, W. T.
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CALIFORNIA FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

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Corner Pacific Av. and Ninth St., Tacoma.
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CHILBERG & MACREADY,
Shelf & Heavy Hardware,
SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM,
Manufacturers & Jobbers' Agents.
PACIFIC AVENUE, OPP. TENTH STREET,
TACOMA, W. T.
Sole Agents for STOVER WIND MILL for Washington Territory
and British Columbia.

MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK
OF TACOMA.

SUCCESSOR TO OLDEST BANK IN THE CITY.

Authorized Capital,	- - - -	\$200,000
Paid up,	- - - -	50,000

W. J. THOMPSON, President. HENRY DRUM, Cashier.
E. S. SMITH, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS:
E. S. SMITH, M. F. HATCH,
L. F. THOMPSON, GEORGE F. ORCHARD,
W. J. THOMPSON.

We transact a conservative and strictly banking business, yet aim to be progressive and alive to the interests of our customers.

Collections receive vigorous and careful attention.

Sight Exchange and Telegraph Transfers sold on principal cities of United States.

Foreign Exchange issued direct and available at all points in Europe, China and Australia.

We will cheerfully answer Eastern correspondents in regard to investments or locations for manufacturing, commercial or farming pursuits.

Call and see us when in Tacoma.

TACOMA NATIONAL BANK.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK IN THE CITY.

Paid up Capital,	- - - -	\$50,000
Surplus,	- - - -	20,000

President.....GEN. J. W. SPRAGUE | Vice-President....W. B. BLACKWELL
Cashier.....W. FRASER.

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J. W. SPRAGUE, W. B. BLACKWELL,
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This Bank transacts a general banking business.
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Sight Exchange and Telegraph Transfers sold on New York, St. Paul, San Francisco, Portland, Walla Walla, Olympia, Seattle, Port Townsend, and other points in United States and British Columbia.

Foreign Exchange sold on London and all other principal cities of Europe, and on Hong Kong.

 Special attention paid to collections. 

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Wholesale Grocers and Provision Dealers,
IMPORTERS FINE JAPAN TEAS.

SOLE AGENTS CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY.

Correspondence solicited. Drayage free.

JNO. S. BAKER & CO.,
910 Pacific Avenue, Davis Block, Tacoma, W. T.

THE WEST SHORE.

Tacoma, W. T.

June, 1885.

Portland, Or.

VOL. XI. ESTABLISHED 1875. NO. 6.
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.
 Subscription price, per annum.....\$2 00
 To foreign countries, including postage..... 2 25
 Single copies..... 25
 Subscription can be forwarded by registered letter or postal order at our risk.
 Postmasters and News Agents will receive subscriptions at above rates.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher,
 PORTLAND, 122 Front St. 908-910 Pacific Av., TACOMA.

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THE recent conference between our business men and Mr. Shelby, of the traffic department of the Union Pacific, can but result in advantage to the trade of this city. Assurance was given that a tariff schedule would go into effect on the 1st of June which would put Portland jobbers on an equality in Idaho with those of the East. This is good. Now if our capitalists will build those large reduction works so much talked about, the Idaho trade will be secured and held by a double interest.

THE acting Governor of Montana has issued a proclamation establishing a quarantine against cattle from certain States and Territories, the most important of which are Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois and Indian Territory. Cattle from those sections must be stopped on the Territorial line until examined by the Territorial Veterinary Surgeon, a process requiring at least ninety days. All importations from Texas by rail are prohibited. Some criticism has been made by journals in Oregon and Washington, laboring under the impression that the proclamation included cattle from all sections. Oregon, Washington and Idaho are not included, and the driving of cattle from this region to Montana will continue unabated. Montana certainly is justified in taking stringent measures to protect her great stock interests, even though it entail some loss upon individual owners.

THE return of the feeble remnant of Joseph's once powerful band of Nez Percés has given rise to much opposition and the expression of grave fears by the people and press of Northern Idaho. That those in whose minds the horrible massacres on Camas Prairie are still fresh should object to the presence among them of any of the perpetrators is not to be wondered at. Such feelings are natural and deserving of respect. That, however, there can be any danger to be apprehended from these few survivors, humbled in spirit and enfeebled in body by eight years of exile and practical captivity, does not seem

in the least probable. The more influential citizens, instead of countenancing and encouraging this feeling of hostility, should endeavor to check it and cast their influence on the other side. Too much agitation of the subject will inevitably lead to the execution of some of the bloody threats made by reckless men, followed by the usual train of horrors; for even these broken-spirited people would prefer death with arms in their hands to unresisted assassination.

THE "History of the Willamette Valley," edited by H. O. Lang, and just issued from the press of George H. Himes, merits the careful perusal of every pioneer of Oregon. It is the only volume treating upon the subject which in its contents fulfills the promise of its title. Many volumes have been published and many contributions made to the press, having for their theme some era, incident or enterprise, but never before has a genuine effort been made to compile a complete history. The majority of the historical contributions referred to have been the work of partisans—efforts of the supporters of some idea or theory to prove the stability of the ground upon which they stand. In too many of them zeal and a determination to "confound the adversary" have caused the writers to wander far into the realms of the imagination on the one hand, and to suppress or distort important facts on the other. Such writings are not history. They are, however, valuable material for the use of the cautious, discriminating and studious historian. All such material has been digested by the compiler of the present volume, as well as facts gleaned from hundreds of publications which bear upon the subject incidentally. A perusal of the work reveals how carefully, conscientiously and exhaustively the compiler has performed his task. The editor's style of treatment of the subject is admirable. It was his design to produce a popular history, one which, though accurate in details, should be attractive to the general reader, and not simply a labored stringing together of dry facts. The composition is easy, though vigorous, and the text is unburdened with references and foot notes, which, though highly appreciated by the student, are vexatious stumbling blocks in the way of the general reader. Both because of its completeness of detail and pleasing manner of treatment, the volume is highly entertaining to one possessing the least interest in the subject. The book contains 902 royal octavo pages, is carefully indexed, and is encased in full leather binding. The expense of production was necessarily great, both in compiling and publishing, and Messrs. Himes and Lang are entitled to full credit for what they have accomplished. "The History of the Willamette Valley" should find a place on every library shelf in the State, both because of its intrinsic merit and as a deserved encouragement to its enterprising publishers.

THE spontaneous tribute of love and gratitude paid by the citizens of Sacramento, Cal., and many visitors on the 6th of May has a significance even beyond that intended by the participants. It teaches us that gratitude is, after all, a living sentiment in the human breast, that genuine efforts to cast a few rays of sunshine into the sunless lives of the poor and miserable do not go without their reward even in this world, and that there is such a thing as honor for a prophet in his own country. The citizens of Sacramento are to be congratulated, not only that they have paid a deserved tribute to true nobility of character, but that they have taught the world a lesson in honoring those noble workers of charity throughout the world whose name is legion.

THE recent disastrous fires that have nearly obliterated the business portion of Miles City and caused much destruction of property in Billings are far more of a calamity in appearance than reality. Those cities are but passing through the same experience encountered by nearly every town of prominence in the West. Hastily constructed almost exclusively of cheap one and two story wooden shanties, the Western town springs into being in a few months. Soon it is found that the very cheapness of its structures which made its initial growth so rapid serves but to retard its future progress. Insurance is high or cannot be had at all, and parties hesitate to erect valuable buildings in the midst of such tinder boxes. Sooner or later comes the inevitable conflagration and sweeps them away like fog before the sun. A mortal blow seems to have been struck, such as in an older and unprogressive town would seal its fate; but not so in the stirring West. The citizens, full of energy, hope and faith in the future, bend to the task of reconstruction, and soon large brick, iron and stone buildings rise amid the ashes of the burned shanties, and the town emerges from the baptism of fire purified, and for the first time enters upon a career of permanent prosperity. Such will be the case with Miles City, and within a year it will be a better town, better built and with better trade than ever before.

THERE is some discussion as to whether the shipment of cattle last April from Walla Walla to Chicago was a paying venture. The *Pioneer Press* gave a set of figures which indicate a total loss of at least \$30 per head upon prices that were offered for the same cattle immediately before shipment. In reply to this one of the men who handled the stock responded with statistics showing the exact state of affairs, as follows: Three hundred and thirty cattle shipped and sold for \$4.40 per hundred; average weight, 1,295 pounds; average price, \$48.20; average expense of shipment, \$13.71; net result, \$34.49 per head. It is admitted that an offer of \$5 per hundred was made just prior to shipment; but that offer, though it does seem to indicate a loss of \$30 per head, cannot be used as a guide by which to determine if the business of shipping cattle from the Inland Empire to Chicago markets can be made a profitable one under the conditions

that then prevailed. A recent shipment by four stockmen of Union County of 335 cattle and two car-loads of horses shows that the growers of that region are satisfied with the results. If the returns from this later venture are satisfactory there will no doubt be a large number of shipments during the summer. The distance is a long one and cattle lose from 100 to 150 pounds in weight, which has to be included as part of the expense of shipment. The main question is, Does it pay? and upon the answer depends the continuance of the business. On another page will be found an article on the shipment of dressed meats which will be interesting in this connection.

THE failure of the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation to comply with the terms of the Congressional act, providing for the assignment of lands to them in severalty and sale of the remainder for their benefit, is somewhat of a surprise, since it was generally understood that such a course met with their approbation. It is more than probable that designing persons in whom they have confidence, and who manage to "turn an honest penny" on the strength of it, are largely responsible. The greater share of responsibility, however, rests upon the inherent laziness and improvidence of the Indians themselves, for which the Government is largely to blame by reason of its policy of maintaining Indians in idleness. It is time more sensible and more stringent measures were taken. Congress should pass a bill embodying the features of the present one, but omitting the clause requiring assent of the Indians. It will be the best course for the people, for the Indians and for the Government itself. There is no good reason why large tracts of fertile land should be locked up and held sacred to the names—not the use or occupation, for they neither use nor occupy a tenth of it—of a few lazy, unproductive Indians. Each should be given a generous tract in his own name and the remainder be thrown open to the people. The true policy is to make the Indian depend upon himself and render him subject to the jurisdiction of the courts of the State or Territory in which he lives; in other words, make a responsible human being of him and not an unreasoning object of national charity.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SCENERY.

WE present this month four views of the scenery of British Columbia along the line of the Canadian Pacific above New Westminster. The railroad runs along the north side of Fraser River, passing through much desirable and unoccupied land. Heretofore settlements have been made chiefly on the south side of the stream. From New Westminster to some distance beyond Harrison River many desirable tracts may be found. The character of the country may be understood from the engravings. The topographical features consist of meadows, uplands and hills, with high mountain peaks enclosing them. The railroad offers a means of access to much desirable agricultural land in British Columbia, which was formerly rendered practically valueless by its isolation:

THE CROCKER TESTIMONIAL.

ON the 6th of May the citizens of Sacramento, Cal., tendered to Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker a magnificent floral testimonial and tribute of their love and gratitude such as no citizen of the United States ever before received at the hands of friends and neighbors. It was a spontaneous and unanimous expression of their veneration for one whose life of benevolence and charity in their midst had won her the esteem and devotion of every one within the city limits. A brief review of her life and deeds will best explain the cause of this great popular uprising.

Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker (*née* Rhodes) was born in Stark County, Ohio, February 25, 1824, the youngest of a family of twelve. Ohio was then the frontier, and she grew to womanhood amid all the trials and privations of a pioneer life. It is well to pass briefly over the early period of her life, for it is of the later years and her many acts of benevolence of which we would speak. On the 8th of July, 1852, she was married to the Hon. Edward Bryant Crocker, in the city of New York, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. She immediately departed with her husband for California, going by way of the Isthmus, reaching San Francisco on the 1st of the following September. Mr. Crocker at once began the practice of his profession (the law) in Sacramento, which city still honors his memory and, as this tribute shows, reveres his noble-hearted consort. Judge Crocker was a man of great mental vigor and capacity. For a time he sat upon the Supreme bench of California, and left behind him a record of work accomplished which has never been equalled by his successors. He was one of the five business men of Sacramento who took hold of the Central Pacific Railroad in its infancy, gave to it their great abilities, their unflagging zeal and every dollar of their earnings through years of pioneer struggles and privations. Their success is a matter of history. They became wealthy—some of them beyond their vaguest dreams when the enterprise was inaugurated.

Judge Crocker had not in his soul the elements which go to make the "railroad king," as that term is offensively understood. He was a gentleman of noble impulses and benevolent disposition—one who could never forget the struggles of his early life nor ignore the trials through which he saw others passing. His hand was always extended to aid the deserving, and public and private charities found in him a liberal patron. This spirit of benevolence was possessed by his life companion in a still higher degree, and when Judge Crocker died full of honors in 1875 she continued the work, performing more deeds of charity than had both of them done before. So many and so great have been her benefactions that thousands feel a personal gratitude for what has been done for them. Ostentation she never displays and publicity she avoids. Her good deeds have never been heralded abroad, until on this occasion, when her friends took the matter into their own hands and rendered her this spontaneous tribute of honor. So quietly and reservedly has she performed her good works that no

one pretends to be able to recount them, yet thousands who have benefited by her largess can testify each to his own experience, while thousands more have been aided who knew not the hand of the donor. This her neighbors know, and for this they honor her.

Leaving these acts to be recorded in the great book of good deeds, unseen by the eyes of the world, a brief mention of her more extensive, and consequently more public, gifts will be interesting. The more prominent of these are: Gift of a valuable half block to the city for school purposes; a tract of land donated to the city for a cemetery, and another to the Pioneer Association for the same purpose; liberal donations to all public enterprises; endowment of an Old Ladies' Home; and, finally, the gift to the city of the celebrated Crocker Art Gallery and its valuable contents, worth half a million dollars. The home for old ladies was built by her in 1882, at a total expense for grounds, building, furniture, etc., of \$38,000, and endowed with \$62,000 of bonds, making a total donation of \$100,000. She turned the entire institution over to the management of a board of five trustees, who are zealous in rendering it the equal of the founder's ideal, in whose honor they named it "Marguerite Home." The Bell Conservatory, though not a gift to the public, serves to still further illustrate this lady's kindly character. It was founded in 1880, and covers five and a half acres. Mrs. Crocker is a passionate lover of flowers, and has gathered her tribute from the whole floral world. The conservatory, with its beautiful walks and drives, is open to the public at all times. Appreciating the fact that choice flowers are beyond the means of the poor, the owner permits the sale of flowers at a merely nominal price, thus enabling the poorer people to procure those emblems of love and purity on many occasions when they would otherwise have to forego them. To do this was the ruling motive of this benevolent lady when the conservatory was founded.

With the presentation of the art gallery the cup, which she had been steadily filling for years, ran completely over, and the people could not resist giving voice to the feeling of love, gratitude and respect which had been growing for years. During their frequent travels in Europe and America Mr. and Mrs. Crocker purchased many works of art, numbering 701 in all, most of them by artists of wide reputation. There are paintings by Murillo, Vandyke, Hakl, Kaulbach, Hubner, Van Oer, Tintoretto and others of note, also many well-executed copies of the old masters. To contain these a large brick, stone and iron building was erected at a cost of \$200,000, with its interior designed for a combined art gallery, museum and library. The gallery has always been open to the public on frequent stated days, a small admission being generally charged, the proceeds of which were donated to the Orphans' Home. In November, 1884, a few business men and journalists of Sacramento inaugurated a movement for the establishment in that city of a public museum, art gallery, school of art and science, and a collection of the products of California. The result was the incorporation of the California Mu-

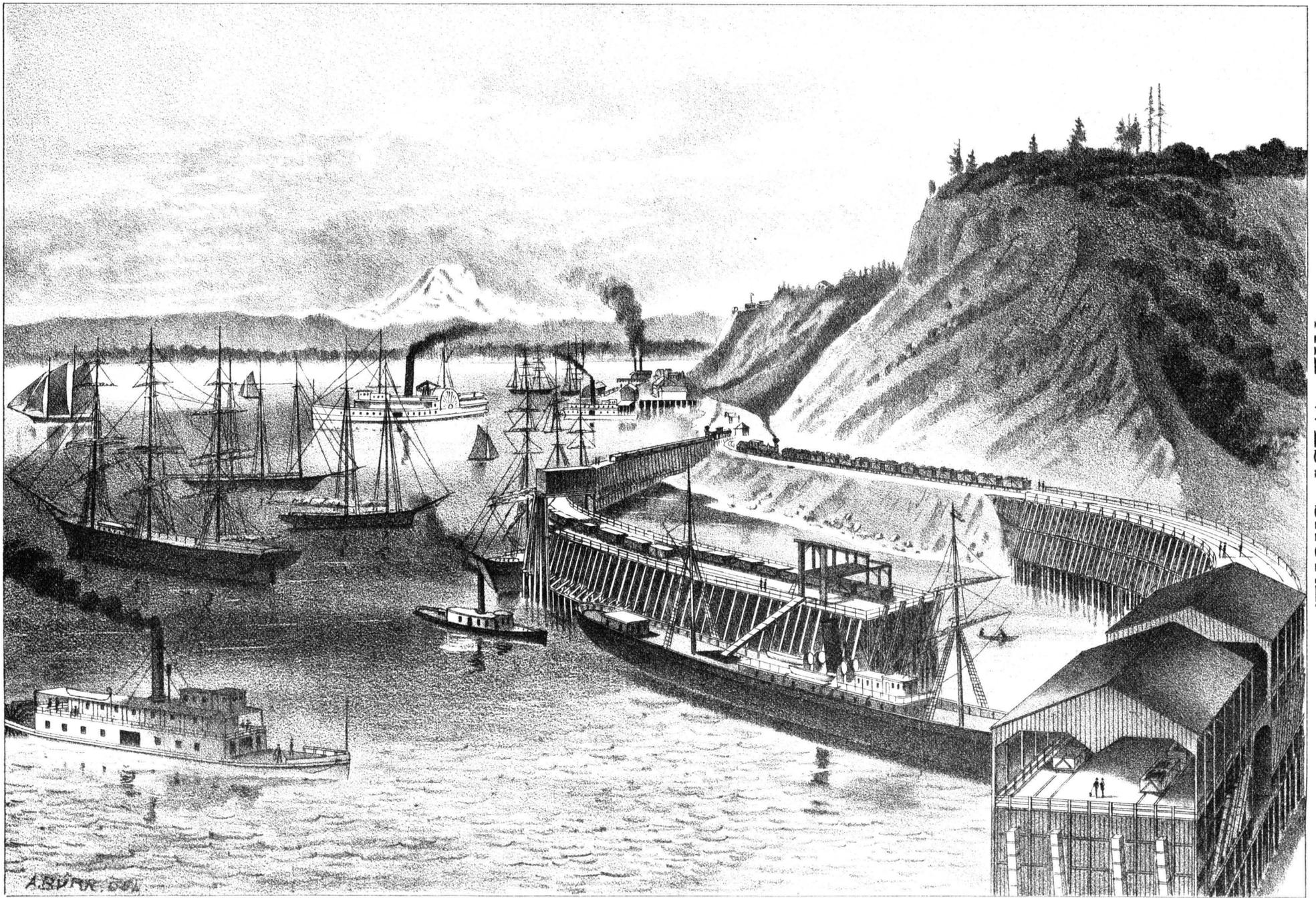
seum Association, which began holding regular meetings at which scientific, artistic and literary subjects were discussed. As a means to secure funds to carry out the purposes of the organization a Loan Exhibition was undertaken, and for this purpose Mrs. Crocker tendered the use of her gallery. This was a complete success, and for two weeks the gallery was thronged with people who went to view the great collection of rare articles, historical relics and curious objects from every quarter of the globe. Mrs. Crocker was highly pleased at the success of the exhibition and the deep interest the people took in the object of the association, so much so that she announced her intention of presenting the building and contents to the association. This was accomplished on the 2d of May by the execution of a deed to the city of Sacramento of the entire property, in trust, for the occupation of the California Museum Association, subject to joint control of the two corporations, the property and its proceeds to be used "for the purpose of advancing education and learning in the city of Sacramento, of promoting art, science, mechanics and literature in the State of California, and to aid in carrying out the general purposes of the aforesaid California Museum Association."

When Mrs. Crocker's intentions were made known a number of gentlemen met to devise some form for expressing the gratitude of the people, not alone for this last and crowning gift, but as an assurance of the love and respect her long life of charity and care for the welfare of others had inspired in the hearts of all. It was decided that in view of her great love for flowers a floral festival would be the most delicately and acceptably convey the compliment desired. Committees were appointed, and every man, woman and child in the city entered into the work with heart and soul. Invitations were sent to every former resident of the city whose address was known, and to the press of the State, while a general invitation was issued to every one to join them in doing honor to so noble a lady. The new pavilion of the State Agricultural Society was secured, and by many willing and dexterous hands transformed into a bower of beauty. For several days every boat and train that arrived in the city bore its burden of floral offerings, until it seemed as though not a flower had been left unplucked in the State. Offerings came from every State and Territory on the Pacific Coast and from many in the far East. The great pavilion was literally covered and filled with a mass of flowers, twined and wreathed into a multitude of forms and devices. Large floral pieces were contributed by every society and church—for in her benefactions she had made no distinction of religion or race—firms and private individuals. The day of the festival, the 6th of May, the city put on holiday attire. All business was suspended, and the people, as well as the thousands of visitors, abandoned themselves to the spirit of the occasion. The exercises consisted first of a reception and floral march at the pavilion by 3,000 school children from the public, private and denominational schools, which were witnessed by fully 15,000 people. In the evening were a reception by the adults, the presentation of a

memorial tablet by the Sacramento Pioneer Society, and formal presentation of the gallery by Mrs. Crocker, followed by a promenade concert and dancing. Incidental to the occasion was a banquet tendered by the Board of Trade to the visiting members of the press, at which the representative journalists of the State gave delicate, yet hearty, expression to the universal love and veneration of the people for the lady whom all had so cordially united to honor. Taken as a whole it was such an event as the world never witnessed before, and one that could only have been inspired by such a life of benevolence and good works as that of Margaret E. Crocker.

TACOMA HARBOR.

THE harbor of Tacoma is a broad arm of Puget Sound geographically known as "Commencement Bay." It is not, however, as the name would indicate, the extreme head of that great inland sea, since Budd's Inlet, at the head of which stand Olympia and Tumwater, extends further to the south; but it is the extreme southeastern harbor, the one the most approachable by rail from both the south and east—the two routes by which the Northern Pacific reaches the Sound from Portland and the East—and combines the double advantage of easy access by rail and water more fully than any other, so far, at least, as lines now built or under construction are concerned. The harbor is capacious, while the water is of ample depth everywhere. In fact, the most serious objection ever offered is that the water near the wharves is too deep for anchorage; but as there is plenty of good holding ground further out, and it is not necessary that vessels should remain close in except when tied up to the dock, this objection loses its force. As will be seen from the engraving, the docks and terminal works of the Northern Pacific, inclusive of the immense coal bunkers in the foreground, are already quite extensive. The larger vessels visiting the harbor are engaged in the coal and lumber trade from this port to San Francisco and the ports of South America, Central America, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and China. There are also many coasting schooners, steamers plying from Tacoma to the numerous Sound ports, the great ocean steamers running on the route from San Francisco to the Sound, and frequent large vessels from Atlantic and foreign ports. To these will be added a numerous grain fleet when the railroad across the mountains is completed. Lively as it now appears, the harbor will then present a scene of far greater activity, while the number of wharves, docks and warehouses will be multiplied. It is to this Tacoma has been steadily looking forward, and which she now has reasonable hopes of speedily realizing. Among the craft shown in the harbor is the magnificent steamer *Olympian*, which is just out of dry dock, and has been replaced on the line from Tacoma to Victoria. In the background is seen the giant Mount Tacoma, the undisputed monarch of the Cascades, without whose hoary crown no view of the harbor could be complete. It is the admiration of the tourist and pride of the native. Year by year its white summit is becoming more familiar with human feet.



THE WEST SHORE.

ABDOR. DEL.

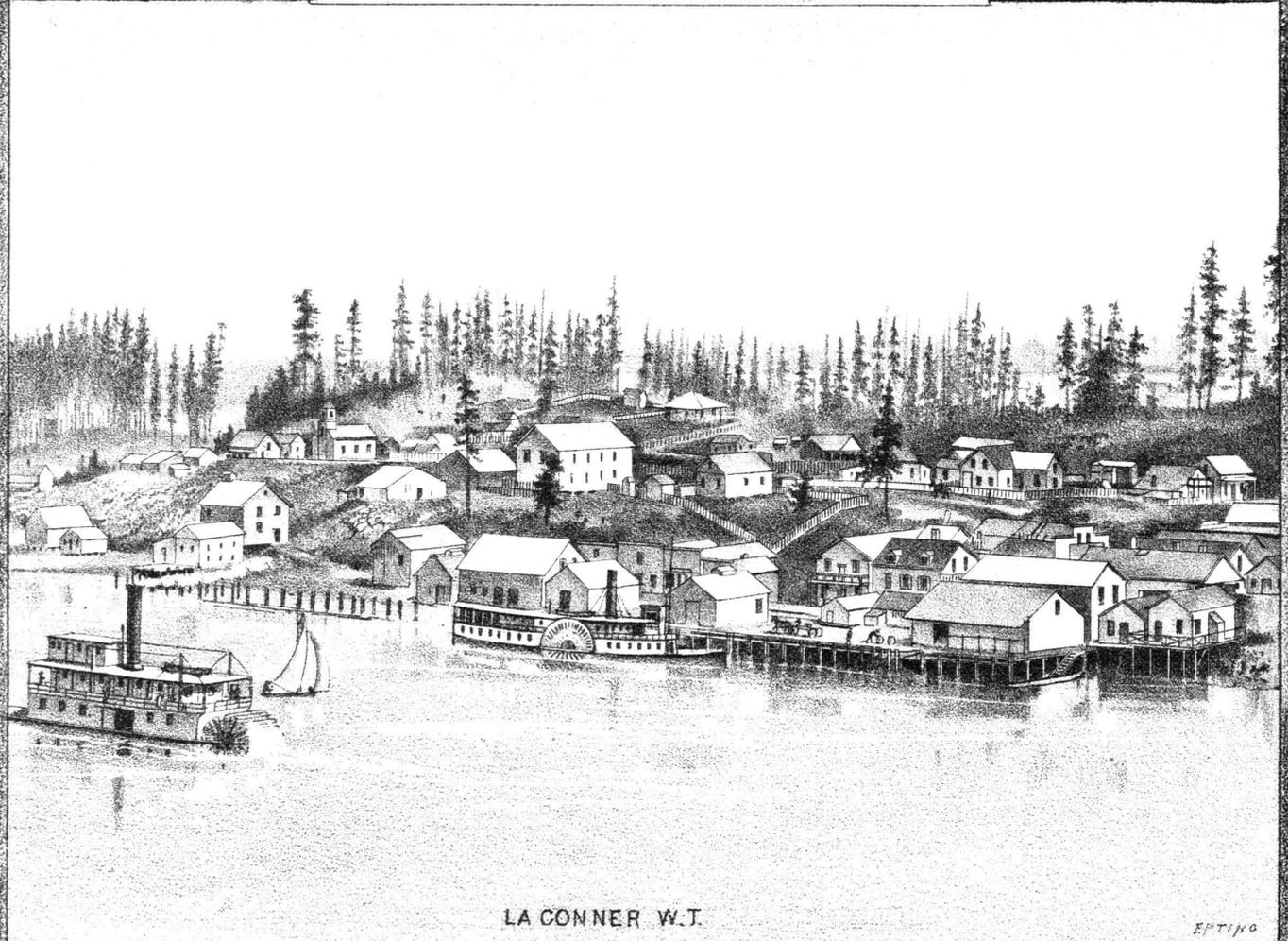
WEST SHORE LITH PORTLAND O.

HARBOR OF TACOMA.

THE WEST SHORE.



COLE'S STATION. SUMMIT OF THE SISKIYOU. CAL.



LA CONNER W.T.

EPTING

SUMMIT OF THE SISKIYOU.

THE Siskiyou are an abrupt and rugged chain of mountains lying along the boundary line of Oregon and California. They extend from Klamath Lake nearly to the ocean, and form the watershed between Rogue and Klamath rivers. The name is a peculiar one and its significance is the subject of much dispute. As in other cases of doubtful nomenclature, a number of theorists have "taken a shy at it," with varied results, based upon euphony of sound combined with a few grains of plausibility. Some of these gentlemen tell us that on the summit of the mountain, just north of the boundary line, there is a beautiful level spot, watered by cool springs, that overlooks the country for miles on either side. It was here the powerful Shasta, Rogue River and Klamath tribes were accustomed to congregate, smoke their pipes in token of amity, indulge in dancing and games, and exchange those friendly offices so usual with neighboring tribes living in peace. This place they called "Sis-ki-you," or the council ground. Another tells us that the early half-breed trappers, whose language was the patois French spoken in certain portions of Canada, observed six large stones lying near the summit, whereupon they christened the mountains "Séx Calloax," which has been transformed into the present appellation by the lapse of time and the proverbial tendency of the pioneers to round off the corners of names without much regard to their significance. There are, to be sure, plenty of stones to be seen on the Siskiyou, but no one pretends to designate the patriarchal six.

The most authentic account of the naming of Siskiyou Mountain is as follows: The first party of Hudson's Bay Company trappers to penetrate into California left Vancouver in the summer or fall of 1827, headed by Alexander Roderick McLeod. As they passed along they bestowed many of the names now familiar in Southern Oregon. One of the trappers, Jean Baptiste Parroult, had an old white horse with an abbreviated caudal appendage, known in English as a "bobtail" and in the mongrel French of the trappers a "siskiyou." One night, while encamped on the mountain, this animal was confiscated by the Indians. A short pursuit of the trail in the morning revealed the body of the animal, from which a number of neither juicy nor tender steaks had been cut. The trappers named the scene of this incident "Siskiyou," which therefore signifies "the mountain of the bobtail horse." By reference to Gill's "Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon," which is composed of a mixture of poor English, poorer French and Indian words of doubtful derivation, it will be found that Siskiyou and bobtail are synonymous.

The scenery of the Siskiyou is grand and imposing. Rising almost abruptly from the Klamath River on the one side and Rogue River Valley on the other, they reach almost to the line of perpetual snow, their sides clothed with dense forests and seamed with deep canyons. The view from some commanding eminence is indescribably grand—on the north revealing the mountains and valleys of Oregon, including many of the lesser snow peaks of

the Cascades, and on the south the blended chains of the Sierras and Coast Range, above which rises the kingly Shasta with its dual crown, with no object to obstruct the view from base to summit.

The point chosen by our artist is on the road over which run the stages of the California & Oregon Stage Company, and near the summit, which here, however, is much lower than in the more rugged portion of the mountains to the westward. Cole's Station, as it is called, is one of the pioneer landmarks of that region, and has been a stage station for years. Near it runs the State boundary line, and not far distant is the well-known Pilot Rock. Through this region runs the proposed route of the railroad which will connect the Oregon & California with the Central Pacific, and not far from this point is the location of the great tunnel by which it will pierce the mountain. The stage ride from Ashland to Delta, the two railroad terminal points, is one of but twenty hours, passing through the grand scenery of the Siskiyou, Klamath River and Shasta Valley in the daytime. By this route one can travel from Portland to San Francisco in sixty hours, only a few hours more than by water (when steamer makes good time), and be surrounded continually by Nature's most attractive forms. The inconvenience of a night on the stage is fairly offset by the disagreeable sickness of the steamer. To the lover of Nature the overland route needs no recommendation in the summer time.

AN ELECTRIC SUN COLUMN.

MR. J. BOURDAIS recently presented to the Paris Society of Civil Engineers a project that he has been studying, and that concerns the erection of a masonry tower 300 meters (984 feet) in height. After an examination of the different geometric profiles realizable, Mr. Bourdais has adopted the column as being more apt than any other form to satisfy the rules of æsthetics, and also as being the most stable. In fact, the highest chimney in the world, that of St. Rollox, Glasgow, 433 feet in height, has been submitted to numerous storms without suffering therefrom, and as other chimneys exposed to great wind pressure have never given rise to any accident, it results that a cylindrical form is the one that should be adopted. In short, Mr. Bourdais' structure would consist of a base 216 feet in height, in which would be established a permanent museum of electricity. Above this would rise a six-story column surmounted by a roof, forming a promenade, and capable of accommodating 2,000 persons. The central granite core, 60 feet in diameter, would be surrounded with an ornamental framework of iron faced with copper. This would be divided into six stories, each containing 16 rooms, designed for aerotherapeutic treatment. Finally at the summit would be placed an enormous electric lamp that would cast a flood of light over the entire city. This lamp would have an intensity equal to that of 2,000,000 Carcel burners. The lamp would be surmounted by a statue representing the Genius of Science. This would make the entire structure 1,180 feet high, or more than twice the altitude of the Washington Monument, now the highest structure in the world.

A SILESIAN LOVE STORY.

NOT far from Breslau lies a wild plain, where the broken, rocky soil throws up fir trees, bushes and myriads of wild flowers, that clamber caressingly among the stones, while mere patches of vegetation stud the land. Still, each few miles, clusters of huts, a church and a few big houses, testify to a population. One village boasts of a large castle, whose white towers are a feature in the landscape. Within the massive walls there are vast halls, rich in carving, and full of old armor and trophies of ancient weapons. One wing of the castle is occupied by the countess—a tall, stately lady of some fifty years. Her still golden masses of wavy hair are carefully arranged, drawn back from her high forehead. She moves her blue eyes slowly, her lips unclose carefully, for the countess is fighting a daily duel with Time, and has acquired many a little knack of parrying his thrusts. She has so far succeeded in her fight against Time that as she reclines in her muslin draperies in an arm-chair—her profile cameo-like against the velvet, her white arms carelessly poised—she still is undoubtedly a handsome woman.

A tall, well-made girl, with long plaits of dark brown hair falling upon the blue and white dress, which seems somehow to match the blue eyes that look out of her clear skin, is standing before the countess, her hands crossed. On one of her fingers is a plain gold ring. This is Lise, the daughter of Herr Barmann, a well-to-do farmer—a distant connection of the noble family—who after his wife's death, when Lise was a child, came to take charge of the estate, sending his little daughter to be brought up by a married sister in Dresden.

At first Lise used to stay with her father during the summer, and she and the young Count Alexis were great playmates. But when they were both fourteen some little incident that occurred caused the countess serious thought. From that time it so happened that Alexis and Lise never came home simultaneously. When Count Alexis, who was now a lieutenant in the Prussian army, happened to get leave, Lise would be suddenly summoned by her aunt on some pretext. Just now the countess remembered with satisfaction that Alexis' last furlough was only a month ago. It was better so, even though Lise was now engaged to a serious-minded, most satisfactory young solicitor in Dresden.

Just now she was talking to Lise of her betrothed, Franz Ulrich, whose square, sensible face was pictured in the photograph Lise had brought to show the countess, which the lady held in her hand, glancing at it as she concluded a long speech, containing much moral advice, with, "and I hope the engagement will not be too long, for—"

She stopped abruptly, rose to her feet, and turned fiery red. Quick footsteps with the sound of clanking sword and spurs were followed by the entrance of a tall young officer. There was a cry of "mother" in a manly voice, and a helmet and gloves clattered to Lise's feet as the countess was boisterously embraced by the last human being she expected to see at that moment—her son.

"How—why, what is this, Alexis?" There was more annoyance than surprise in her tone, and she glanced at Lise with a look that meant, "Go—as quickly as you please." But Lise stood, amazed, with parted lips, wide-open eyes and heaving breast. Taken aback by the strangeness of the tall figure, that one word "mother" by its familiar tone took her back years in her life.

The tall young soldier, with the bright boyish face and fair close-shaven head, turned, gave a short, staid bow as he saw that a young lady was present, then sprang forward, and clasping both her hands, cried, "Lise! Is it possible? Can it be you?"

"To-morrow, my child," and the countess nodded significantly.

Lise vanished, but Alexis sprang after her. "Lise, don't go so soon. I have so much to say to you." But she was gone.

"Why, mother, you never told me how beautiful Lise had grown," said the young soldier, as he unbuckled his sword. His mother picked up the photograph and handed it to him. He looked puzzled. "What has this ugly fellow to do with me?"

"He is to be Lise's husband."

"Lise married? Why, she is a child. What are you all about?"

The countess detailed Lise's engagement. "But this is waste of time," she continued, "talking over the affairs of the intendant's daughter. How was it you got leave?"

While Alexis replied somewhat sulkily, his mother was thinking how to get Lise away. Lise had only been home a few days. What subterfuge was available? Ah! a sudden idea flashed across her.

"I am glad it happened that you came to-day," she began. "Had you arrived a day later you would not have found us. To-morrow we start for Warmbrunn. I am anxious about your father's health, and shall persuade him to take the baths."

To her discomfiture in walked the count himself, a fine old man, with piercing dark eyes and white hair.

"I am sorry you are not well," said Alexis, bending from his altitude to kiss his father's hand.

The old man stared. "I never felt better. Who said I was ill?" he said irascibly, turning to his wife.

The countess was equal to the occasion. She gave a lengthy, roundabout explanation of her opinion of his "waning health" to the count, and then, without pausing, smilingly suggested to Alexis that he required rest before rejoining them at dinner. As soon as the door closed the countess' manner changed. She always carried her will with her husband by storm. So she burst into a tirade—how cruel, how annoying it was, that after keeping Alexis and that girl apart all these years, they should have met like this. She had always had a presentiment some mischief would come of that companionship. If it were not that Barmann was simply indispensable to them, she would get rid of him at once—then there would be no fear.

However, the adjournment to the baths of Warmbrunn was not to be! The unpleasant excitement produced an

"attack of heart," to which the countess was subject, and in the middle of dinner she fainted, and had to be carried to her room, which the rustic doctor, who was hastily fetched from a neighboring townlet, declared she would not be able to leave for some days.

So Alexis was free to roam, unspied upon by maternal eyes. As a rule, he had found it dull at the Schloss; but now he felt strangely content. His eyes wandered over the groups of shrubs that, parting, showed pictures of unmowed grassy lawns with flower beds and gravelled walks. The shadows at his feet were pale; the flag hung limply on its pole above the castle tower. It would be a fit day to lounge in the shade at Lise's feet, as he last did five long years ago, before he went to the military school. He paused, mentally contemplating the idea, and then walked through the open gates, left the castle behind him, and proceeded up the broad road leading to the village. First under the trees, then in the open, then under the high brick wall of Herr Barmann's garden. He rang a bell, and the green gate opened as if by itself. He stepped down into the square garden.

"Good morning." A thin, sharp-eyed man of middle age, in a Schlafrock or dressing gown, a cap on his grey hair and a long pipe between his lips, came down the steps from the house door. "It is long since you have been here, Count Alexis. You want Lise. The gnädige Frau sent the Jungfer Marie" (her maid) "to ask for Lise to go and sit with her."

How was it then that Alexis had not met her? Oh! that was easily explained. Lise went to the castle through the fields by the path that led from their garden gate to the shrubberies. "I always go that way," added the intendant, with a sharp, scrutinizing glance aside at the young man. "But now you are here, come in and tell me some news of Breslau." But Alexis refused. The suspicion he had felt that "they were trying to prevent his seeing Lise" was strengthening.

In the last field between the shrubberies around the Schloss and Herr Barmann's house was a piece of water, bordered by a narrow copse. Here there was a boathouse, where he and Lise used to play at being shipwrecked mariners on a desert island, going to and fro to the tiny islet in the middle of the lake in the curious three-cornered punt with the swan's head. Lise must pass here, and here Alexis went and waited for her.

While he was seriously pondering, Lise was coming home through the shrubberies, accompanied by the old white St. Bernard, Chance, who used to make the third young playfellow in those dear old days. Then he was a fluffy young pup with big, awkward paws and a silly, inquisitive face; now he was a sage old dog, whose long hair flapped as he marched sedately along, his dim eyes impervious to attractions that to his worn sensibilities were attractions no longer. Young with Alexis and Lise, his life had bounded on while their lives had crawled, and now that theirs were unfolding into the first passionate freshness of full noon, his was melting into the shades of fast-coming night. Yet even old Chance could be roused from his steady torpor. As Lise and he neared

the open field of the lake, he suddenly paused, sniffed, and with a short bark rushed away from his mistress. Lise heard a voice say, "Chance, dear old Chance," then back he came, leaping and fawning upon—Alexis!

She shrank back, her heart seemed to stop—then her life seemed smothered by an embrace. Alexis kissed her on both cheeks, as he had kissed his mother yesterday. Anger, ruffled dignity, restored her equilibrium. "How dare you," she said, retreating, and brushing her cheeks with her handkerchief.

"Then you are not my sister, my darling Lise? Because you are grown up and betrothed, you are going to cast me off? You forget your promise to love your adopted brother Alexis best in the world as long as you lived! Oh, Lise, you cannot mean it! Do not try to be silly, like the fashionable young ladies in town!"

His words were like a stream of sunshine. Lise forgot doubts, conventionalities, and looked up into the honest blue eyes, with their fringe of black lashes, that she knew so well. "We are no longer children," she said.

"Are only children to love and to be happy? Oh, Lise, be yourself, my sister; all these years that they have kept us apart home has not been home, it has been like a bad dream. There was no one whom my heart could speak to, so it got numb and stopped speaking till yesterday. Then, when I saw you again, it suddenly sprang up and seemed to warm me and bring me to consciousness again, and to-day it burns with joy as if it could fly from me and flutter to your feet, so dearly do I love my dear, long-lost sister."

Their hands clasped. They felt children again, basking in the warmth of an innocent sympathy in which ceremony and false shame died a sudden death. This sweet, blushing, serene woman was to Alexis the child Lise glorified; and Lise saw in the tall young man the little brother grown tall and strong.

Drawing her hand through his arm, Alexis led her along the path toward the boathouse. "Now that we are together again, at last," he said, joyously, "we must go over the old ground; you will come to all the places where we were so happy, once more, before we part forever, won't you, Lise?"

"Part forever!" The words were as a cold hand laid upon Lise's heart, yet she knew them true. Her life would weary itself out with dark, staid Franz Ulrich in the refined, museum-like Dresden, while Alexis—would fight, or enjoy a glittering peace, in the heart of a brilliant army.

"Don't let us talk of parting, just for to-day."

"They are trying to keep us apart, though, Lise," said he, bending his tall head as they passed under a tree. "These old people can't enjoy anything, so they grudge enjoyment to us."

They stood in the boathouse. The wavelets lapped the keel of the punt. Lise peered into the corners. "Our chairs and our tables are gone," she said. "Last time I came here they were all black and rotten, so I suppose they have been given to the poor for fuel."

"How I can remember you sitting there in the corner!" said Alexis. "You were knitting and pretending to be the hausfrau, with your little round serious face, and the golden curls peeping from under your funny little cap."

"While you went out shooting with a toy gun, and brought home a sour apple or two," laughed Lise.

"We will go everywhere!" cried Alexis. "Lise, I am determined we will be happy by ourselves these next few days. If we are to lead the dull, hard lives other people lead for the rest of our lives, we will have something to look back upon to comfort us. Oh, Lise! it is a shame that we should be separated. Why?"

This impetuous cry reached other ears. A figure came along the path leading to the boathouse. It was the count. Seeing them, he stopped short, then gave Lise a satirical little bow, and, without glancing at his son, passed on.

They looked at each other in dismay.

"Who cares?" said Alexis, so defiantly that Lise smiled. After all, what a boy he was! But her heart sank as he told her about the planned expedition to Warmbrunn. She had been somewhat puzzled by the countess' colder manner that morning. Now she understood; the knowledge brought the blood to her cheek, reserve to her manner. She left Alexis abruptly. She would promise nothing in answer to his entreaties, not even that she would meet him again, and he went back to the castle dejected, and secretly hardened himself against all but Lise herself, whom he regarded as an innocent victim to the machinations of her elders.

Meanwhile the count had gone straight to his wife, greatly irritated by what he had seen and heard, confessing that she was right. The countess sent at once for Herr Barmann, and forced herself to arise and receive him. In a few moments he appeared and expressed his regret at the sudden illness of the gnädige Frau.

"Yes, my good Barmann, I am not strong. It is for this reason I have sent for you. Be seated, and let us speak low, for it is of my most private affairs I would speak."

Herr Barmann took the proffered chair. What was coming?

"You are aware, my dear Barmann, that the count would never have sunk his capital on the estate, as he has done, had it not been that he wished to keep up the property that our son might inherit and perpetuate the family name. Were Alexis to offend his father—were he, for instance, to suggest a marriage which we should not approve—the count is just in the humor to sell the property, and to will everything to his sister's children. I have no power with my husband, when he is once stirred into action, Barmann; and this is why I have sent for you. I have been urging the count to make his will. His excuse is that there is no notary at hand. Your future son-in-law is, I believe, a lawyer. Lise is here. What more natural than that he should wish to pay you a visit? If you could privately suggest the matter to Herr, Herr—Ulrich, and invite him openly, we

should make his acquaintance, and I might lead the count to make a will in Alexis' favor. Do you understand?" she concluded, meaningly.

"I believe I do," said her factotum, somewhat drily. He understood that she was afraid of Lise, and was strategizing for the presence of Franz Ulrich to annul the embryo flirtation. He knew it was a wise idea. Yet the countess' dread annoyed him, and he went home frowning as blackly as the count himself.

In the evening he wrote to Ulrich, but he did not tell Lise. He was silent at supper time, until she filled his pipe and brought it to him; then he seized her fair little hand, and said, very gently:

"Lise, you would oblige me by not going out to-morrow—at least, by keeping in the garden. And do not receive any one, my child. Believe me, I have a good reason, a serious reason, for asking you this."

The blood rushed to Lise's face. Innocent though she was, she felt guilty.

"But I had promised to go to the Frau Pastorin's coffee the day after to-morrow," she faltered. "I promised Lenuchen to teach her a new embroidery stitch."

"You may go where you please the day after to-morrow. I spoke only of to-morrow."

"What could it mean?" thought Lise; but as she asked herself she fancied she knew. The countess did not think her good enough for the companionship of her son! First came a rush of angry pride, then a burst of tears. She was leaning out of window that the evening air might cool her burning eyes, when the scent of a cigar mingled with the perfume of the jasmine on the veranda floated upward; she heard a footstep on the path outside the garden wall. Some one went along whistling a Prussian quick march. It was Alexis. The thought comforted her. Her adopted brother did not despise her; she was good enough for *him*. He would find a way of seeing her, too, in spite of them! and with incipient rebellion in her heart she fell asleep that night.

Alexis, who guessed that his father's moody air was the result of "some nonsense his mother had put into his father's head about Lise," pretended to lounge about the house, but as soon as he felt himself unwatched, he stole off.

Lise's heart beat as the bell rang. She dropped her work and crouched upon the sofa as she heard the old servant repeat the sentence her master had taught her before leaving the house:

"The Fräulein had a headache and could see no one."

"Very well."

Lise heard the words distinctly. They sounded careless or angry. What would Alexis think of her? Why should they have forced her to be rude to Alexis? It was tyranny. When her father came in she had so far controlled herself as to maintain that outward unruffled serenity which was her principal charm. But she could not steady her voice, and her blue eyes shone and scintillated.

"She loves that boy—better than Franz!" was her father's dismayed conclusion.

The next morning Lise was herself. Her brief imprisonment was over. She went singing about the house, and after the midday meal was over, dressed herself carefully in a fresh white dress, trimmed with ribbons whose color matched her blue eyes, and taking her work-bag, went to the pastor's.

At the end of the village the simple little church, with the tall, sharp spire, stood in the graveyard. Close by was the pastor's house, a white cottage, half hidden by foliage. As Lise approached, some little girls who were playing in the garden ran to the low fence and welcomed her, clapping their hands.

"Here's Lischen!" they cried, and their mother, a thin, little woman with kind eyes, dressed as simply as any peasant in a colored cotton gown, came out of the house, not pausing for a moment in her busy knitting.

"That is right," she said, and mother, children and Lise went and sat on the benches under the slender, waving trees at the end of the garden.

After yesterday's mental turmoil it soothed the girl to be in that quiet spot. Sitting there on the bench, the flickering shadows playing quietly upon the turf at her feet, the quiet, round-eyed children gravely watching her as she showed them the new stitch, Lise felt softened and inclined to justify the elders for separating her from Alexis.

"Perhaps it is as well," she thought; then she blushed. She had recognized in that instant that they loved each other—that she was false to Franz!

"Why are you so red, Lise?" asked little Elizabeth, quaintly. Mother, why is Lise so red?"

"The sun, I suppose," said the Frau Pastorin, and she asked after Herr Ulrich.

Lise turned pale. "I have not heard from him for some days," was her reply.

"There is nothing wrong, I hope, my child?"

Lise shook her head. "Not with *him*," she said, significantly.

"With you, then, Lise?"

Lise glanced upward. This discovery of her own feelings, coming suddenly, as a shock, had unhinged her. She felt almost delirious. She spoke, and hardly knew what she said, but her last words were an appeal for advice. She found herself begging the Frau Pastorin to tell her whether a girl would be justified in breaking an engagement should she find out she could not love the man to whom she was betrothed, as a woman should love her husband.

The Frau Pastorin was aghast. In her experience girls were generally only too glad to be betrothed to a good, kind man.

"You had better ask the pastor," she said, and hurried away into the house to get his coffee, for she saw him coming.

"Ah, Lise!" said the pastor, coming toward them. "It is hot," and he took off his hat and sank into a garden chair.

The Frau Pastorin felt the confidence a responsibility; and presently, when the pastor settled to smoke after

drinking his coffee, she sent the children away and told her husband Lise had something to ask him. But Lise could not speak, so the good woman, with delicate tact, proposed the question Lise had asked. The pastor smoked in silence, and Lise bent low over her work. Then he said:

"You ask me whether a woman's whim should be allowed to break a good man's heart? A curious question, Lise."

She looked up, startled.

"I am not using extravagant expressions. A betrothal is a solemn contract. A man does not ask a woman to be his wife unless he feels that he loves her as his wife; and no true German girl places her hand in his and vows herself to him without a reciprocal feeling. With others, volatile and frivolous, who do not recognize the sanctity of marriage, I have nothing to do. They should apply to citizens of the world for advice."

"You are severe, Herr Pastor," said Lise. She could hardly speak, and presently she pleaded home work, said good-bye, and left them.

Little Elizabeth ran to the garden fence and peeped wistfully after her young godmother, watching the white figure growing smaller and smaller, as the girl walked quickly across the fields, till it quivered against the dark forest shades like a nodding daisy, and disappeared. Then the child started back.

"Hulloa, little one," said a man's voice, and a tall figure seemed to tower above her like a giant. "Fraulein Lise is here, is she not?"

"No, Count Alexis," quavered the shy, childish voice. "Lise went away in a hurry, and she is in the forest."

"Thank you, little one."

And before little Elizabeth had recovered her fright and confusion, Alexis seemed growing smaller and smaller as he strode rapidly after Lise.

"He does go quick," thought the pastor's daughter, bobbing her white-capped little head over the fence, and watching the tall, military figure till it too disappeared. Then she had a fresh surprise. She saw a grave young man, with a black beard, coming along the road. He stopped opposite Elizabeth, and fixing his serious black eyes upon her, lifted his cap, and asked her "which was Herr Barmann's house?"

The child stared, fascinated. Her thoughts traveling those mysterious and misunderstood mental paths of childhood, she said, "Do you want Lise, too, like Count Alexis?"

A strange expression crossed the man's face. He adjusted a strap that pressed his shoulder too tightly, then he said with a sad smile, "Then you know Fraulein Lise?"

"She is my godmother."

"She is here?"

"No; there—there," and Elizabeth pointed gravely to the forest. The dark young man hesitated, looked round, then absently raising his cap, took the same road as the others.

The pastor's words had been as powerful words often are to the mentally lethargic—they had suddenly and

sharply awakened Lise from a moral stupor. As she walked toward the forest, clasping and wringing her fingers, she was in despair. Her truthful, tranquil nature was brought face to face with her position. She honored and respected the man who had loved and chosen her—the man she had accepted as her husband in innocent ignorance of the fact that the old brother and sister tie between herself and the boy count had been a real, actual tie; now, she knew, she felt, that the childish tenderness and mutual dependance was the mere sign of a fact—a deep, unutterable and passionate love.

She was in the forest. Along the narrow path lay a felled pine, and here Lise seated herself and wept, until she was roused to self-possession by the sound of a footstep. She dried her eyes and rallied herself.

The tall, slender figure of Alexis came through the shades. As he came near, she shrank back; but he saw her white dress, and with one spring was close to her, seated at her side.

“Now, Fräulein Barmann, what does this mean?” His happy blue eyes sparkled under his long lashes. “You see it is of no use to avoid me—I know where you are.”

His bantering, his actual, loved presence, was too much for poor Lise. She turned aside her head, to hide the big tears that welled from her eyes.

Alexis was in dismay. He saw that Lise trembled. He waited a minute, then he heard a sob. He threw himself on his knees at her feet, in anguish.

“What have I done? what have I said?” he cried; “oh Lise, for pity’s sake tell me. I would rather die than hurt you.”

“You have not hurt me, except by coming to me when I thought I should be alone.”

“Then you cry when you are alone, Lise?”

“I did not cry before you came.” Lise was rallying her forces to defend herself—but they were scattered—and she blundered.

“People who cry are not happy, Lise.”

“I am quite happy.” That rebellious lip of hers would quiver, and her hands would tremble, though her eyes were fixed upon Alexis with a steady gaze.

“You are not my darling sister?” The tender, manly voice was a torture. With a violent effort she brought herself to say, in an unnatural voice, “Count Alexis—I am not well—I am troubled—please go, please leave me.”

“If you are in trouble, my darling Lise, who but I should help you?”

He was by her side, sitting on the felled trunk, his supporting arm round her. “My sister, whom I have always loved best in the world, will you not let me help you?”

“You cannot.” Lise rallied herself, slid from his embrace, and roused her drooping energies to help her to be true to herself, to Franz and to Alexis.

The movement, her repudiation of his sympathy, touched him to the quick. “If I thought it would make you happier,” he cried, passionately, “I would leave you here, now, this moment, Lise! But I know you better

than you do yourself; I know that no one can ever be to you what I have been.”

Her eyelids drooped, and Alexis gained courage. “Tell me all about this engagement,” he said, with the tender authority of an elder brother. “Perhaps, when you have described this Herr Ulrich to me and have told me the circumstances I may believe that he will make you a better husband than—any one else could.”

“I met him in Dresden,” began Lise, after a pause, then she sighed.

“Well, I did not imagine that you met him here. They seem to have imprisoned you in Dresden, pretty well.” He spoke bitterly.

“It was—at church.”

“Quite romantic, in fact—like *Gretchen* in ‘Faust.’” (She looked reproachfully at him.) “You must not mind me, Lise. It makes me so angry to see you unhappy that I cannot help saying sharp things.”

“We sat just opposite. I did not notice him, but my aunt used to laugh about his looking at me. One day I dropped my hymn book and he picked it up; then some months afterward we went to a party, and he was introduced to me; he did not say much, and did not ask me to dance, but he stayed in the corner; then—then—soon after that, his father came to my uncle, and said that—Franz wished to be betrothed to me.” She blushed and sighed.

“So, when he did come out of his corner, it was to some purpose! Well, I can continue your story for you. There was the betrothal, and the cards were sent out (you took good care not to send one to me, by the way), and this ring” (he took her hand, then flung it from him,) “was put on your finger by him. Bah! I could tear it off and throw it into the stream—the badge of your being bound to that ugly, black-bearded, solemn idiot—oh yes! Lise, you needn’t start—I know his face.”

“How?” Her blue eyes were round with astonishment.

“How? Now do you know how?” he cried, furiously, tearing a photograph from his pocket. “Ah! you look guilty, don’t you? You never missed it—you never thought of looking at the portrait of your beloved since you left it in my mother’s room. And you call that love? I am ashamed of you, Lise! And as for the man who can inspire such a poor, sham sentiment, that is what he deserves!” and he tore the portrait and flung the fragments contemptuously from him.

Her breast heaved—it was true she had not noticed the loss of the photograph.

“The fact is, I am not worthy of him!” she cried. “He is so clever, and oh! so good. From the first moment he spoke to me I felt how far above me he was; how different to the people I usually met. I trusted him with my whole soul. Ah! I could go to him now and tell him all—everything, sure and safe that he would forgive me and help—”

In her agitation she had betrayed herself. Alexis suddenly changed—paled. “All?” he said, with assumed calm. “What is there, Lise, he would have to forgive?”

She glanced round, startled, like a hunted creature. "Nothing, nothing. I don't know what I am saying. Oh! let me go," and she sprang up, and would have fled.

He stood in her path and waved her back. "Not yet," he said. "I have something to say to you, Lise. Sit down. Leave your hands in mine. Now look into my eyes and listen. You and I are before God, Lise, together—apart from the world—and here, if only for once, we should be true. Let us put aside subterfuge and pretence, and speak heart to heart, as we always did when we were innocent children. Your happiness is my dearest wish, and your happiness is at stake. Lise, I have only two things to ask you: the first is that you will look straight into my eyes, and tell me what you read there."

She struggled faintly. "You are hard—too hard upon me, Alexis."

Then she knew. "Look at me, Lise," he said, determinedly. She raised her eyes to his, and stayed, as if fascinated. Fate had met her on the very threshold of her life, stern, unrelenting—and she had succumbed. Alexis knew she was in his hands, at his mercy. Her eyes filled with tears, the corners of her mouth drooped piteously.

"Do not make me say it," she sobbed; then her head fell upon his breast, her arms stole round his neck, where they were held by his, strong in triumph.

As the two, conqueror and conquered, sat still, the emotional waves of love, fear, regret and relief, beating upon their young souls, steadied by unity—a man who had been leaning motionless against the trunk of a tree in the background, staggered away into the shades as one drunk or demented, following the footpath as if by instinct till he came to an open glade, where the lengthening sunbeams quivered on the green moss, where a quiet pool mirrored the sky, and fair lilies lay peacefully on its surface as kind thoughts on a pure, God-loving soul. It was Franz Ulrich.

"Ulrich is very remiss. At least, he might have written," thought Herr Barmann, disappointed when he returned home to find no sign of his expected guest. Then he soothed his vexation by his usual resource—his pipe. He was pondering Lise's affairs in his mind as he smoked, leaning back in his chair on the grass plat, when the door bell sounded, and Ulrich appeared.

After Herr Barmann's joyous welcome was over, he said to his future son-in-law: "I cannot congratulate you on your looks. But perhaps you are anxious about Lise? She is only spending the afternoon at the pastor's. I will send for her."

"Pray do not," was on Ulrich's lips—arrested by a peal of the bell. He well knew who it was. "Prepare Lise to meet me," he said abruptly to her father, and disappeared into the house. The white dress fluttered in the sunlight, and in a moment Lise's arms were round her father's neck, her warm kisses were on his cheek. She was exalted in the first ecstasy of happy love. Alexis had her promise that she would tell Ulrich the truth, and would strive with him against the natural obstacles that

must occur before the child brother and sister could be grown-up man and wife; and she was happy with a bright happiness she had not known for years.

"My little dove has enjoyed her afternoon at the pastor's," said Herr Barmann, his face broadening with satisfaction. "And she little knows the happiness in store for her. I might tease you, Lischen, but God forbid! I will not keep you in suspense. Ulrich is here!"

It was well that it was dark. As he said those three pregnant words Lise seemed to shrink and collapse. She stood an instant as if paralyzed, then some one came out, a voice that was Franz's sounded cheerily, her hand was clasped in the kind, close grasp she knew so well.

"We must tell Lise why I am here. We owe her an explanation." Franz had seated himself on a garden chair, and was striking a match to light his cigar. Lise's fingers clenched upon the back of her father's chair to save herself from falling. She was giddy with emotion. Then Franz, in his usual straight, stern fashion, told Lise the circumstances of his visit. He was there, by invitation, to draw up the count's will; after which Herr Barmann expatiated upon the family affairs of the noble family, and related how the whole hopes of both the count and countess were centred in their only son.

"Which, it is to be hoped, the young man will repay in the future," said Franz, drily.

"The count is far too shrewd to leave the door open for possible thieves," was Herr Barmann's remark. "From what I heard from the gnädige Frau, all will be arranged that should Count Alexis take any serious step against their wish he will be a beggar. This is only right. Alexis is young and impetuous. He has a good heart, but with his expectations is naturally flattered, and is a target for unscrupulous people. If he knows that the first filial disobedience will be followed by disinheritance, he will think twice before he acts."

"True," assented Franz. Then he started up. A white figure glided out of sight and disappeared. "Lise has gone," he remarked.

"Only to see about supper, my friend," said the intendant. "Let us smoke."

Meanwhile poor Lise was going through her first great agony. She was too intrinsically good to deceive herself. She realized the position. She knew that her duty was plain: to give up Alexis, at once, for always, and afterwards to tell Franz what had passed between them and the true state of her feelings, leaving the issue in his hands.

"I must write to Alexis to-night." Her paper was before her, her pen was dipped in the ink, then between her and the blank page came the recollection of the bright, boyish face as she had seen it last, glowing with love and triumph. The pen was dashed down. "I cannot; it is too cruel!" she sobbed. But with the relief of tears came tender thoughts that cooled her passion as if it were fanned by angels' wings; thoughts of her dead mother, whose pain had been lessened, whose death had been consoled, by the countess. Should she repay her mother's best friend by a cruel injury—for such Lise's

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riage would be to the proud lady whose greatest boast was that her pedigree was without a flaw? Should she rob her beloved brother-friend of his birthright, for this she would most surely do were she to second him in what was most likely a mere boyish folly? "Never! never!" she cried; and before another half an hour had passed old Katchen had delivered a note at the Schloss directed to Count Alexis, containing a few words clearly and boldly written.

Next morning the countess—feeling strong in her belief that Franz Ulrich had arrived, and that after an interview with him all would be well—was breakfasting in the veranda with her husband, when Alexis came clattering along the corridors within, and emerged, in full uniform, his cheeks flushed, his eyes glittering. He greeted them with a military salute.

"Why—what—how—Alexis!" A sudden fear chilled her, she knew not what.

"I'm off, father and mother—that is all. I see you have not read your papers."

The papers were lying unopened on the breakfast table. Alexis took one, unfolded it, and pointed to an ominous sentence in huge, black letters—"Declaration of War."

"I heard from Von Mansfeldt. Here is his letter," and he handed a thin sheet to his pale mother, who recoiled at the ominous sight of his thick, military glove. The letter was from his friend, Captain Mansfeldt, written in great excitement.

"But Von Mansfeldt speaks of volunteering, of transferring into another regiment, does that not mean that yours will not be called out as yet?" stammered the countess, with a gleam of hope.

"I shall see when I reach Breslau." Alexis strode away to expedite the servants, who were hurrying to get their young master's luggage ready. It seemed but a few, short, cruel instants before the count and countess stood and watched the cloud of dust and the waving helmet as Alexis was whirled away to be hidden by the smoke of the battle-field—perhaps forever.

The pair could not look at each other. The count stood grimly watching the clouds of dust clear from the corner round which the carriage disappeared. The countess silently staggered into the house, pressing her hands to her weak heart; then Marie, her maid, came in, pale, with red eyes, and in a subdued voice announced, "Herr Ulrich."

"I cannot see him!" said the unhappy mother, passionately. Then, as Marie bowed her head, and would have retired, she said, "Never mind, bring him in."

"I regret to hear this unexpected news, madam," Ulrich said as he entered.

She bowed coldly to the square, somewhat awkward young man with the serious eyes and the bushy black beard. With a woman's swift changefulness she merely saw in Franz her son's rival. She forgot her horror of love between Alexis and Lise, and felt angry with Lise that she could tolerate this common, ordinary person.

The countess drew herself up. It seemed a liberty in this "lawyer fellow" to commence an ordinary conversation as if he were an equal, instead of confining himself to his business. "Is Lise with you?" she asked, haughtily.

He replied, "No."

"I think it would have been the least she could do to come to me at once and offer her sympathy," said the countess. It was a relief to feel angry with some one.

Ulrich, still standing hat in hand, explained that the news of the declaration of war had but just arrived at the cottage as he left, and that he had begged Herr Barmann to break it to Lise. The countess looked up sharply. Did she not detect a hidden meaning in his words? She rose and swept before Franz into the count's library, where the count was sitting before his table, staring miserably into the corners.

"Is this necessary to-day?" he asked, looking at them with dazed eyes. "Is it necessary that I should be tortured by making provisions that—that may never be required?"

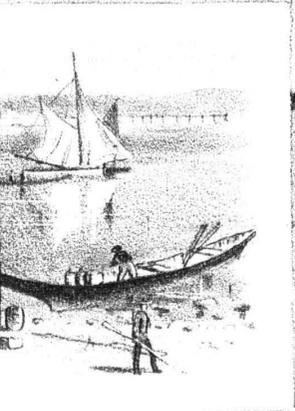
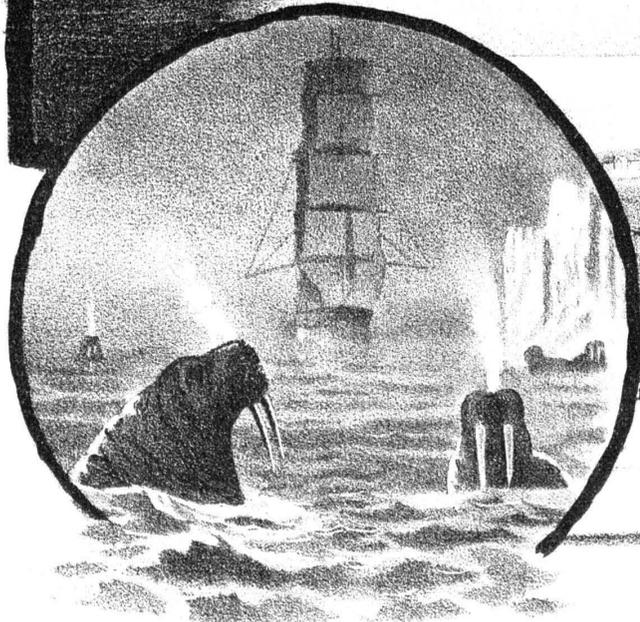
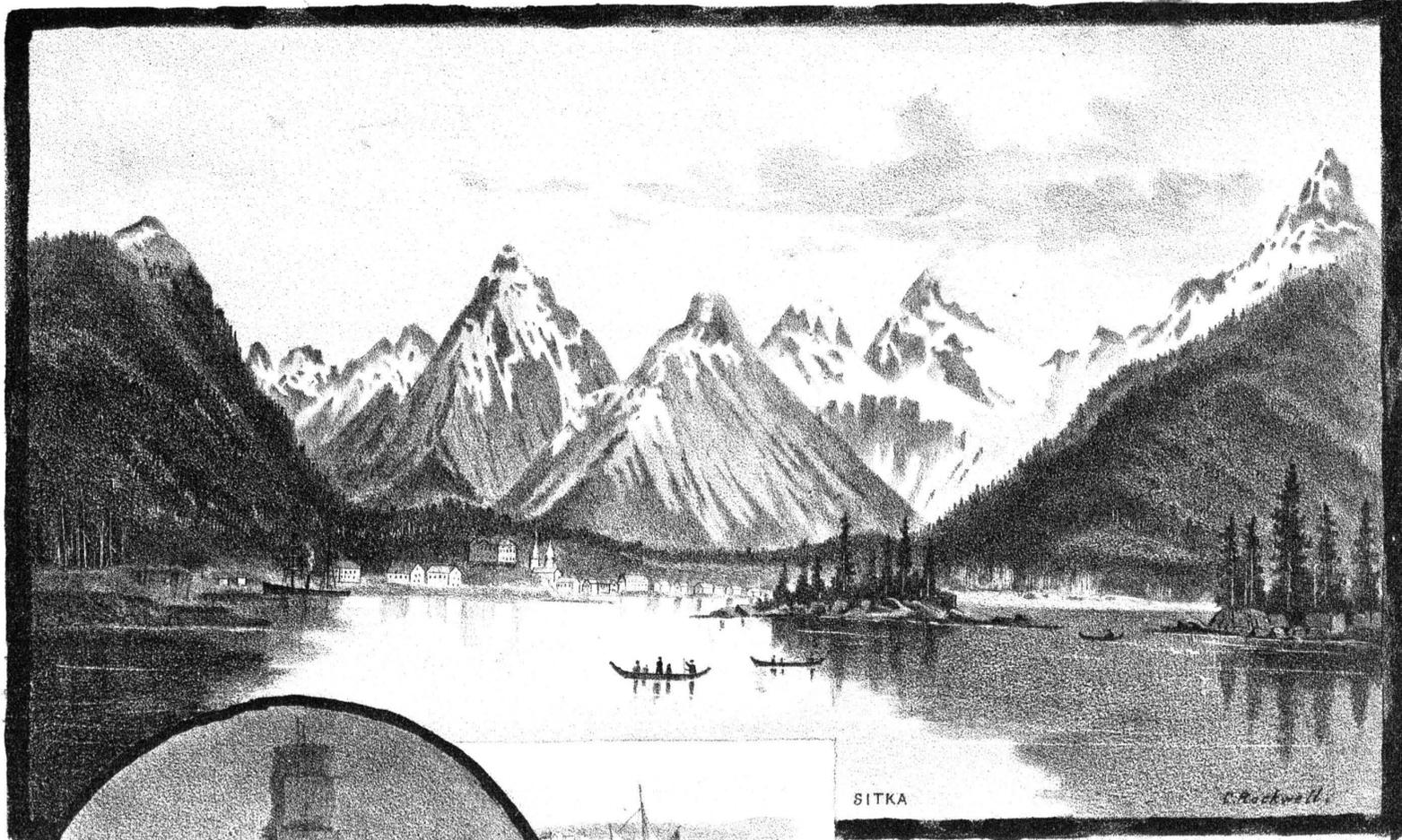
Seating herself, she motioned Ulrich to a chair, and began to talk on the subject of Alexis' future as if he were destined to spend his days there, in safety, instead of tempting fate among bullets and cannon balls.

In an hour or two the count's will was executed, signed and witnessed. Alexis was heir to a fine property, provided he married with the consent of his parents. Otherwise, he could not claim one farthing.

Ulrich returned to the cottage deep in thought; indeed, every few minutes he paused and seemed to turn over something in his mind. "She is a determined woman," he thought, alluding to the countess. "But, if I am not greatly mistaken, it is more bravado than firmness. There is too much show of confidence. She is just the one to break down utterly at a moment's notice. Now for my poor, poor little Lise." His heart ached so much for the one he loved too dearly for her to anger him, that his own trouble was almost forgotten.

As the days passed and Alexis' regiment was not among those dispatched to the seat of war, the countess breathed more freely. After all, now that she had been privately reassured by friends in high quarters that Alexis' regiment would be one of the last called upon, and that it was quite possible that before this the war would be over, she persuaded herself that all had happened for the best. Alexis had been called away in the nick of time, before he had made a fool of himself, and it should not be her fault if Lise did not return to Dresden Ulrich's wife.

"I cannot quite make that man out," thought the countess. "Does he love the girl? He does not look in the least like a happy lover. Is he jealous? He does not treat her as if he were. I never saw greater reverence in a man's manner; he might really be of good family, to judge by his behavior to Lise." She occupied herself with the marriage, and had succeeded in talking over Herr Barmann to mention the subject to Franz.



SITKA

C. Rockwell



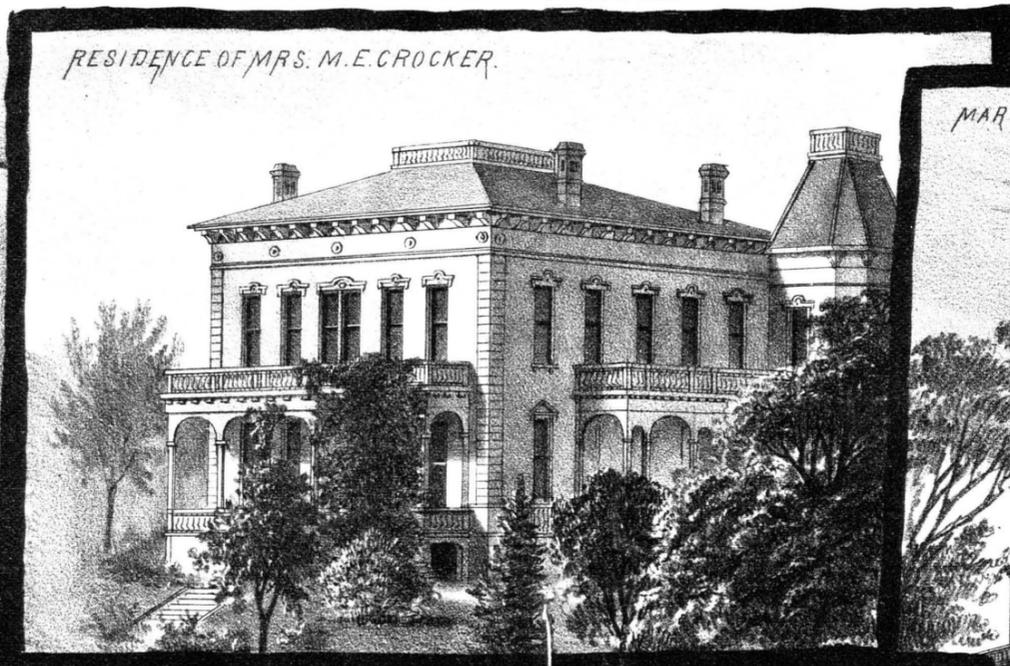
Ephraim Del.

WEST SHORE LITH. PORTLAND O.

ALASKA SCENES.

THE WEST SHORE.

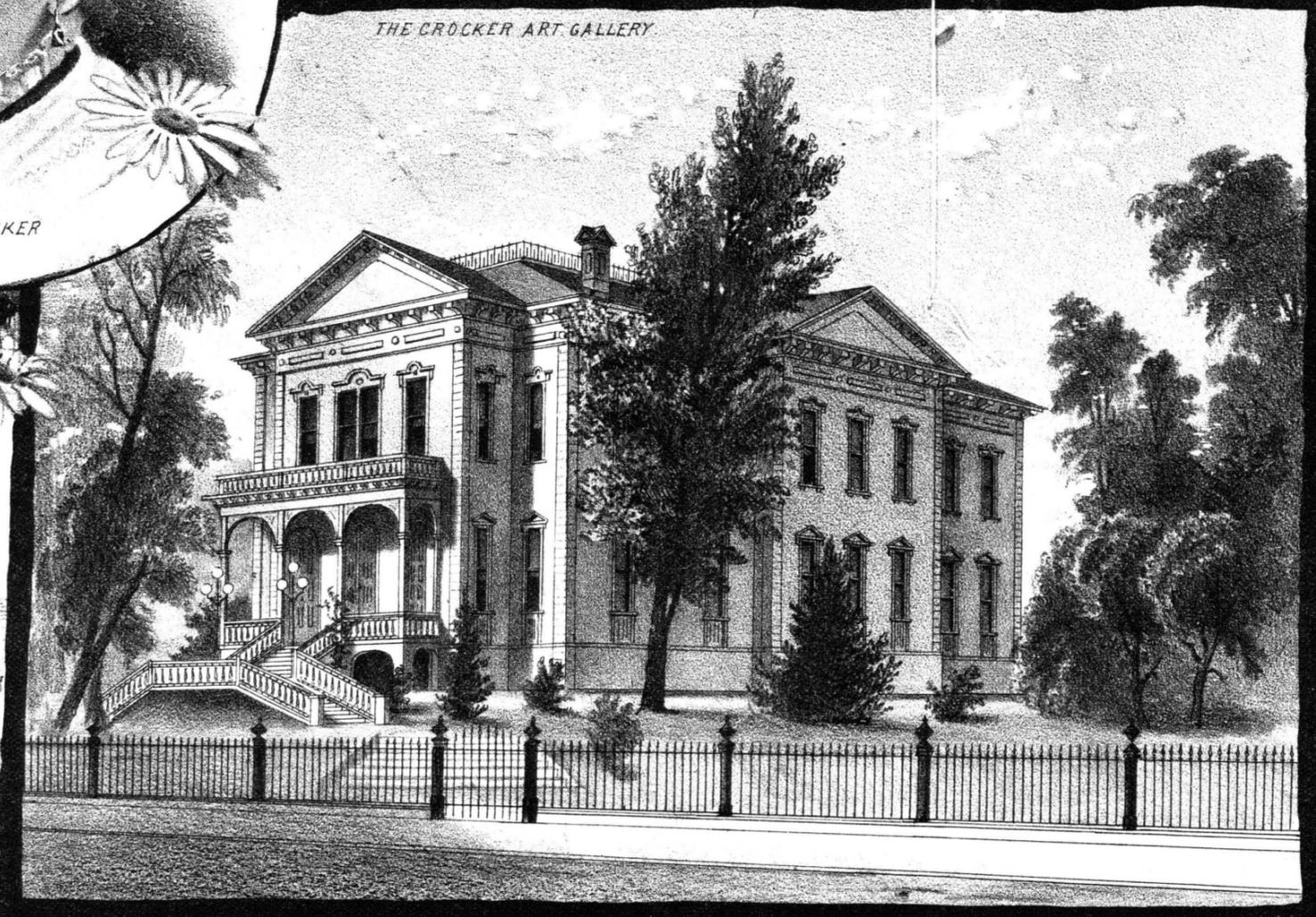
RESIDENCE OF MRS. M. E. CROCKER.



MARGUERITE HOME.



THE CROCKER ART GALLERY.



ENTRANCE TO ART GALLERY.



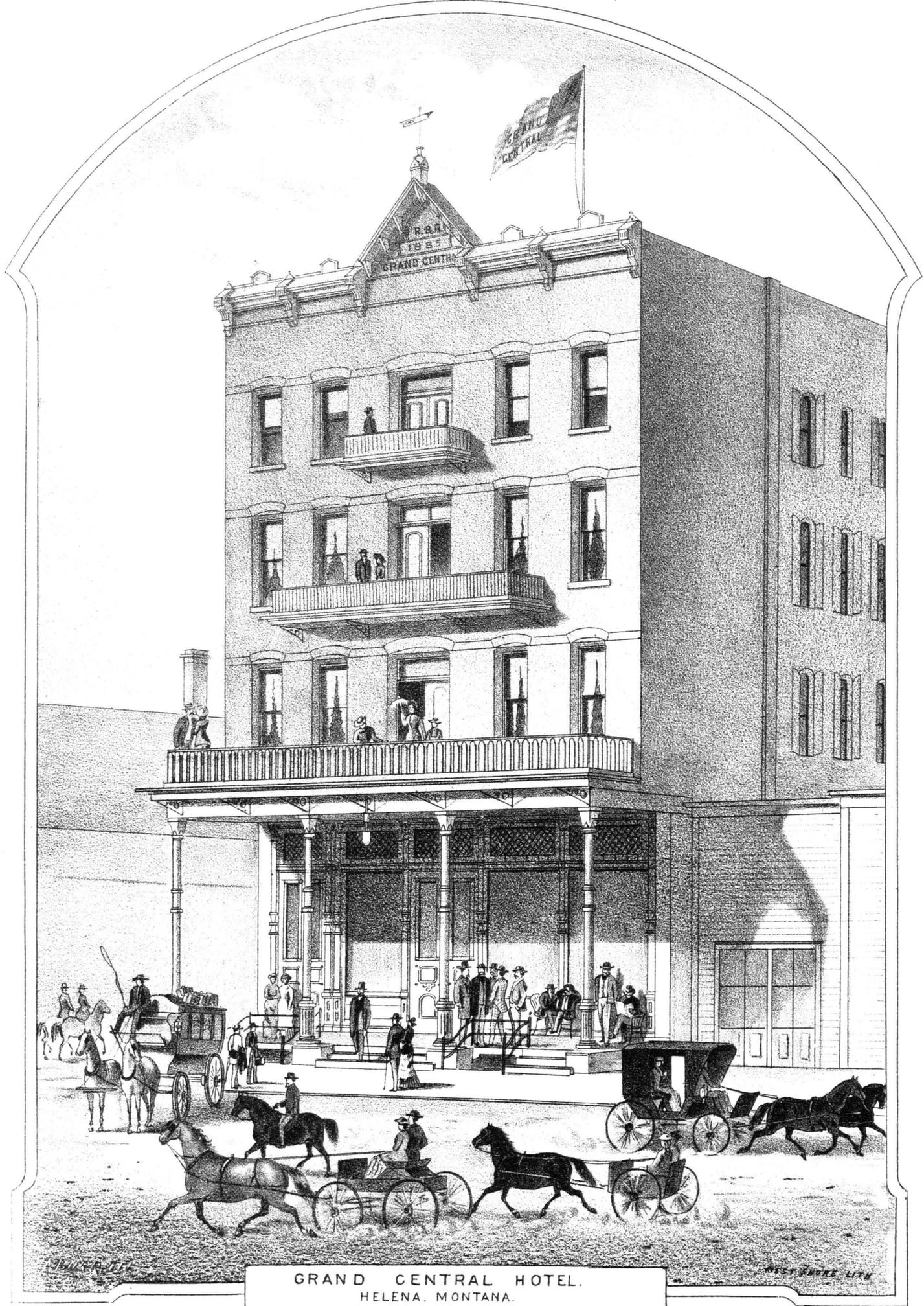
MARGARET E. CROCKER

G. L. Smith Del.

WEST SHORE LITH. PORTLAND ORE.

MARGARET E. CROCKER'S MUNIFICENCE.
SACRAMENTO CAL. - SEE PAGE 163.

THE WEST SHORE



GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.
HELENA, MONTANA.

W. H. H. H.

WEST SHORE LITH

"Still at Breslau, thank God!" was the countess' exclamation when Alexis' letters arrived, and with a tender, caressing touch the countess broke the seal. A moment later there was a faint cry, a fall—the gnädige Frau had fainted. The count and Barmann, who were near by, rushed to her assistance.

A glance at his son's letter, which had fallen from her hand, and the count knew why. Alexis announced that he was transferred into the Black Dragoons—a regiment that had obtained the sobriquet of the Black Deaths, because they neither gave quarter nor obtained any, a regiment that was supplied and reinforced by volunteers, because through its savage daring and cool desperation it was chosen to lead forlorn hopes and all the most dangerous attacks, therefore after a long campaign it was but the skeleton of a company that was crowned with the laurels whose roots were planted in many graves.

After Barmann had assisted to carry the countess to her room, Ulrich came to him and said, "Come to Lise—I fear she is dead." In a few curt lines Alexis had informed Lise that in a day or two he would be at the seat of war, and as it was not at all likely that he should return, he took this last opportunity to wish her joy of her marriage. Lise had not fainted, like the countess, but she had seemed to fall into a stupor. Ulrich had fetched the Frau Pastorin, and when the two men reached the cottage the doctor had arrived. He shook his head gravely, and declared it was the effect of a shock upon an enfeebled system. She must have been ill for some time past.

While at the cottage Lise lay white and still on her little bed, the count and Marie were restoring the fainting mother at the castle. As the countess rallied and her opening eyes fell upon the sorrow-stricken face of her husband, she realized what had come to pass. The truth roused and braced her failing strength, and seizing the count's arm, she cried, "The Black Deaths! Alexis! Merciful God! Let us go—now, at once, to save him!"

They tried to soothe her. But she pushed them aside and rang her bell. "My cloak—Marie, do you hear? Am I to be obeyed or not?" and her voice was shrill with anger. "The carriage—at once, with all haste," was her order to the servant. Then she turned to her husband and said bitterly, "If it had not been for that wretched, miserable girl, Lise—Alexis would never have done this."

"Thekla!" cried the count. "Take care what you say—at this moment, perhaps, Lise is dead."

The countess was fastening her cloak; her fingers stopped; she stared at her husband—Lise—dead? In an instant she knew what this would mean. To go to Alexis with such news would be to fix this resolution of his. She knew her son well. Although she would not acknowledge it even to herself, she believed in the depth and sincerity of this his first love. Lise's death would be the worst thing that could happen to them all. She must be saved.

"Come," she said calmly to the count, tying her cloak, her resolution taken. "Before anything can be done we must go to Lise."

Ulrich was tenderly bathing Lise's forehead, the good little anxious pastor's wife fanning her the while, when old Kätchen came to him and whispered that the countess begged him to go to her, at once. She was in the garden.

She was standing in the flood of sunlight which poured upon the grass plat—looking at the peaceful, home-like flower beds, at the rustic seat under the tree—knowing that till she died this place would live in her memory with these cruel hours of her first great grief.

When Ulrich, cool, collected, came up to her, she felt a sudden rush of hope and confidence, she burst into tears, and holding out her hands to him, said almost deliriously, "You are good—you are strong—be merciful and save him."

Ulrich half supported her to the seat. Then he kindly said a few soothing words and asked what he could do. He supposed she knew that Lise was dangerously ill?

"She is not dead?"

"No, but she may die." The countess stared at Ulrich through her tears. She had felt from the first that there was something strange about this man; she could not understand him. She vaguely wondered at his self-possession. "It was the bad news about Count Alexis which gave her the shock," continued Franz.

"Then you know all?" said the countess.

He gave a half-smile, and said he believed he knew—all.

Then the countess poured forth a passionate appeal, mingled incoherent praises of himself, of Alexis, even of Lise, urging him to save them both, to sacrifice himself, to prove himself a true hero.

"Enough," he said, staying the tirade with a gesture that was so suggestive of disgust that the half-frantic mother blushed and shrank back; "these matters require but few words, madam. Whatever has to be done must be done at once."

"Will you go to Alexis—tell him that Lise is dying, and bring him to her?"

From the moment the countess summoned him he had guessed what she wanted of him. "I will go," he said. "And at once," he added, glancing at his watch.

"But," he continued, with suppressed fierceness, "I wish you, madam, to understand that it is not for your sake I do this—nor for your son's, although he has behaved well—nor for Lise's" (he spoke the name with a tender reverence, raising his cap); "it is for simple justice. I do not dare to take young lives out of God's hands and sport with them to please my pride or my selfishness. I have known that which you have known—that your son and Lise love each other with the true, pure affection which is God-given. I saw them together, and recognizing the Almighty will, would have interfered but to bring them to the happy union which is the eternal intention in their regard. It is for this alone I act as I do," and with a low bow he was gone.

The astonishment of the countess was so intense that it did her good. There was another feeling mingled with this, which shamed her and made her think of others rather than of her own selfish anxieties—she saw in Franz

her superior, a being so far above herself that in his presence even rank and unspotted pedigree stood aloof and would not lift up their heads.

By Lise's couch she passed the hours till a calm sunset gave place to starry twilight. When the moon rose there was little change in Lise. She lay still and white; her half-open eyes were glazed. The breath came imperceptibly from between her parted lips. To the watchers—the doctor, who sat by the shaded lamp on one side of the bed, and the countess and the Frau Pastorin, who were together on the other—she looked more and more like a corpse. The window was open; a broad band of red light streamed upon the lawn below, occasionally broken by a flitting shadow; and subdued murmurs of voices were heard in the silence of the sick chamber. In the sitting room below the pastor was helping the miserable hours to pass, was trying to distract the attention of the count and Barmann—one absorbed in thoughts of his only son, the other enduring agonies of suspense because of his one dear daughter.

None slept, or attempted to sleep, in the cottage that night. Messages went backwards and forwards to the castle at intervals. The doctor invented requirements if only to give the watchers something to do. He knew the castle storerooms, and every now and then he would suggest some item which would be required "when the patient recovered consciousness."

All the time he said to himself, "She is dying—slowly—but dying," and he dreaded the scene in store for him with the unhappy parents, when he should have to tell the truth.

The gray dawn was fighting with the night shadows, all lights began to have a sickly hue, the count had fallen asleep on the sitting room sofa, and the pastor's heavy eyelids would close in spite of him as he leant back in an arm-chair talking to Barmann, who incessantly paced the room, when a footstep was heard on the stair, and the countess rushed in, saying, in a hoarse voice, "All is lost—she is dying."

In an instant the men were up and out of the room, and she was alone in the gray dawn, weeping and wringing her hands; calling upon the Almighty to pity her for her interference; it was well meant; blaming herself for this catastrophe; bewailing the awful moment when Alexis should come to find Lise—dead.

There was a cruel silence everywhere; and with the suddenness of a shot fired in the dead of night came a sound in the far distance. She started to her feet and listened, stilling her very breath—what was it? At first it was indistinct, like the rattle of a dog's chain; then it grew louder and plainer—it was the rattle of hoofs upon the hard road.

"My boy," she said, with an awful calmness, and sat down to await events as if she were turned to stone.

She heard the bell, Kätchen hurry out—quick footsteps, the sound of Alexis' voice, then all was still again.

For a few minutes she felt as if she were alone with death, cut off from life, love, hope—suspended in the darkness of eternal doom. Some one came to her, and

she felt a hand on her shoulder; but she only shook her head faintly. But Ulrich, for it was he, spoke firmly and cheerfully, "I bring good news."

"Good news?" She repeated the words vacantly. They conveyed no sense to the dazed, suffering mind. But as he told her in simple, plain words that Lise had come out of her stupor, had recognized them all, and that the doctor had said she would live, she began to understand, and when the count came in and embraced her, and Barmann sobbed incoherent thanks, she awoke to the fact that she had not only been spared lifelong remorse, but had been spared perhaps to joys as yet undreamt of. But she turned from the count, who would have supported her to the sick room, and appealed to Franz, clinging to him in her weakness as she would have clung to a far loftier, holier presence.

He took her carefully and kindly to the door of the room, then the pastor, grave but smiling, drew her in, and she saw Lise supported by the Frau Pastorin, and Alexis on his knees by the side of the bed—then, somehow, she was there, too, and a faint, weak voice said, "Mother."

When the excitement had subsided they all inquired for Ulrich. But he had gone, leaving a note directed to Alexis. This contained the ring Lise had given him at their betrothal, wrapped in a paper on which he had written, "Those whom God has joined together, let not man attempt to put asunder." And this was the last they heard of him for some time.

Lise speedily got well, and Alexis did not join the Black Deaths. But his own regiment was ordered to the seat of war, and he went through the campaign, Lise remaining at the castle, the comfort of his parents. As soon as peace was proclaimed, they were married, and Lise accompanied her young husband to Breslau.

Franz Ulrich remains a bachelor, in spite of his father's constant suggestions to him that he should marry; suggestions to which he replies that there are other matters here below even of greater and more vital interest than "marriage, and giving in marriage," as, indeed, there are to souls like his, which are, as it were, eyes steadfastly fixed upon eternity.—*Temple Bar.*

WITH the recent improvements in materials and apparatus for photographing, there has come a great accession to the ranks of those who find in this interesting study a pleasurable, inexpensive and sometimes lucrative employment. As is the case, however, in almost every wide-embracing field of activity, there is no noticeable success attained except by those who make diligent and intelligent application, and this is particularly true with the large number of amateur photographers, who find it so easy to learn the principal elements of what is necessary to make sun pictures before they realize how important it is to have also some artistic taste and education. This is abundantly indicated in the discussions which take place before the numerous societies of amateur photographers, now springing up in all sections.

SORGHUM.

AT a recent meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce Dr. Peter Collier, who has made a special study of the cultivation and uses of sorghum, made an address, from which we extract as follows:

The history of sorghum with us only dates back to 1853, when William R. Prince imported from France a little sorghum seed, which M. De Montigny, the French Consul at Shanghai, China, had sent to the Geographical Society of Paris in 1850. In 1857 Leonard Wray, an English merchant, brought from Natal, South Africa, sixteen varieties of sorghum seed. To these last the name "imphee" was given, while the former was known as the "Chinese sugar cane." And yet this plant, whose merit as a sugar producing plant appears to have been recognized thirty years ago, had come to be regarded as mainly valuable for forage or as a source of an inferior quality of syrup. It was a great error obtaining in Great Britain and on the Continent, as also in our own country, that the East Indians were a rice-eating people. Fully nine-tenths of them subsist mainly upon sorghum seed. In Turkestan sorghum is the main cereal, as, owing to the excessive droughts, no others could be successfully grown. In the northern part of China sorghum was grown as maize is with us, and for the same purposes, and it so entirely satisfied the wants of the people that it had practically excluded maize. I have personally obtained within a few months from Calcutta eleven varieties of sorghum seed, twenty-one varieties from the Dharwar district in Western India, three from Hong Kong, three from Foo Chow, two from Senegambia—in addition to eight varieties from Northern China, three from Cawnpore, India, and twenty-two from Natal, South Africa; in all, seventy-three distinct varieties of sorghum—not one of these appearing to be identical with any of the numerous varieties cultivated in the United States; and it is to be remembered that none of these varieties has ever been cultivated in either of these countries for any purpose other than the seed and such forage as might be secured from the stalks and blades. Indeed, it is probably true that for the past thousand years the seed of sorghum has furnished food in greater abundance for both man and beast than have wheat and maize combined.

It is admitted that the demands upon climate and soil of the sorghum, as also the details of cultivation, are practically identical with those of maize, although it is a matter of moment that the sorghum, provided only it secures a good start in the early portion of the season, is capable of withstanding not only, but even flourishing during a drought which would prove fatal to maize. [This quality would seem to render it especially adapted to the soil and climate of the "Inland Empire."—ED.] The chemical composition of sorghum seed shows it to be practically identical with maize; and for the purposes of food or fattening, for the production of alcohol, glucose or starch, the one may be substituted for the other, and there is no reason for any difference in their commercial value. Grown as Indian corn is grown, for the seed alone, sorghum is a crop of equal value with corn, and

we are prepared to believe that upon a plantation properly located with regard to the mill, and with economy in management, the seed will pay the entire expense of cultivation of crop and the delivery of the cane at the mill, as one of our largest sorghum planters has assured me.

The average amount of available sugar present in the juice actually expressed, from a crop actually grown, equaled 1,960 pounds per acre, while the amount of available sugar actually present in the crop, on the supposition of 90 per cent. of juice, was an average of 2,853 pounds per acre. These certainly are astonishing results, and since they have been published there have been, in certain quarters, persistent and continuous efforts to cast discredit upon them, despite the fact that a committee of the National Academy of Sciences (our highest scientific authority) had unanimously indorsed the methods by which these results had been obtained as being "among the best known to science."

The bagasse from sorghum contains not only a large amount of sugar, but other valuable food constituents, and it is, as it comes from the mill, in a mechanical condition admirably adapted for the silo and for eating. It appears from averages of a large number of analyses, that the actual money value of bagasse for food is almost exactly double that of ordinary ensilage; and since many of our farmers are engaged in preparing and feeding ensilage, it is worth while for them to consider the value for this purpose of the bagasse of the sorghum mills, at present used as fuel or for the manure heap. The bagasse from which the sugar had been thus removed was afterward submitted to the ordinary process for the preparation of paper pulp, and a sample was made, which, upon being submitted to one of our largest paper manufacturers, was pronounced to be of excellent quality, and worth four and a half cents per pound. A ton of cane would yield at least ninety pounds of such pulp, so that, with an average of ten tons to the acre, there might be made an amount of pulp worth \$40.50. It is to be considered that each step in the process to which the cane is subjected increases its value for the production of pulp, and as there is nothing in the treatment which forbids its economical employment upon hundreds of tons of exhausted bagasse, there is reason to believe that ultimately this industry may be added to the production of sugar from sorghum cane, thus utilizing a waste product and increasing the profits on the crop. I think, therefore, that it may fairly be claimed for sorghum, from the facts which have been presented, that we have in it a crop fully the equal of Indian corn for its seed, and in its stalks fully as rich in sugar as is the sugar cane of Louisiana, and besides furnishing, in its bagasse, a material for the silo twice as valuable as common ensilage for food, or which bagasse may, by diffusion, yield at least an average increase in sugar and syrup of 50 per cent. over that obtained by the mill, and then furnish to the manufacturer of paper excellent material for pulp. The statements made above are worthy the consideration of our farmers and paper manufacturers.

DRAIN, OREGON.

WE present on another page a view of the thriving town of Drain. Of this place "The History of Southern Oregon" (published in 1884) says:

One of the most important business centres of Douglas County is Drain, a station on the Oregon & California Railroad, thirty-six miles northerly of Roseburg and twenty miles north from Oakland. It is also the point from which stages run to Scottsburg, Gardiner and other coast points. The town lies on Pass Creek, near its junction with Elk Creek. It is some twelve miles south of the boundary line of Lane County, and is the shipping point for an extensive region. The greater portion of the land in the immediate vicinity is used for grazing purposes. The town lies in a canyon, and the surrounding hills furnish good grass and plenty of timber. On the east is the fertile Scott's Valley, on the north Pass Creek Canyon, on the west Putnam Valley and other agricultural districts, and on the south a portion of Yoncalla Valley, all tributary to Drain. Northeast, northwest and southwest is a considerable area of Government and railroad land, valuable for grazing, timber and farming purposes, as yet unsurveyed and unsettled.

The site of the town was first settled upon in 1847, by Warren N. Goodell, who took up a donation claim of 320 acres. This was purchased in 1858 by Jesse Applegate, who sold it in 1860 to Charles Drain for farming and agricultural purposes. When the Oregon & California Railroad reached this point in 1872, in its progress southward, it was surveyed and platted for a town, and was named in honor of Charles and John C. Drain, who donated to the company the sixty acres upon which the town was laid out. Two stores were at once built by J. W. Krewson and C. E. Tracy, also a hall, which was used for a church, school room and other purposes until 1882. Drain has grown steadily in size, population and business since its founding—until the past two years, since when its progress has been more rapid. Since 1881 the population has doubled, and the town is in a highly prosperous condition. Fully 500 people are living within the limits of the school district.

The business interests of Drain are quite numerous. J. C. & C. D. Drain are proprietors of a general store, and have just completed a large brick building. Joseph Cellers has a large store, which was founded by a Grange association in 1877, was sold to Krewson & Co. in 1878, and in 1883 was purchased by the present owner. Kuykendall & Estes have a variety and drug store, founded in 1882, also the post office and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office. Jesse Gross established a hardware store in 1883. M. M. McCulland keeps a hotel. R. L. Shelly has a store and harness shop in Dr. Stryker's brick building. This structure was erected in 1881 by the Doctor and his sons, burning and laying the brick themselves. There are also a blacksmith shop, cabinet shop, butcher shop and livery stable. On Pass Creek Johnson & Ellenberg own and operate a grist mill, built in 1877 by Krewson & Drain. The mill consumes 18,000 bushels of grain annually, or all that is raised in its neighborhood. Palmer

& Bros. have a steam saw mill on Pass Creek, in Drain. The yearly product is 1,500,000 feet, though the mill has a capacity of 10,000 feet per day. The timber, principally fir, with some ash, oak, alder and maple, is cut on Pass and Sandy creeks and rafted down to the mill. Another mill is situated on Ritchey Creek, a tributary of Pass Creek, and is owned by B. R. Fitch. The annual output is about 1,500,000 feet.

MOVING LARGE TREES.

THE span of human life in the present era of the world's existence, even in the case of those who live to be old, is of short duration compared with that of trees, the progress of which to a state of maturity is proportionately so much slower than that of man, that those who plant small trees do not live long enough to see much of the effect they produce. In the case of that favorite fruit the pear, it used to be said that those who plant them plant for their heirs, and with the ordinary kind of trees planted to give effect or shelter there is still longer to wait. To shorten time in waiting is the manifest object of those who go to the trouble of planting large trees instead of little ones in the grounds about their dwellings or other conspicuous places, where the presence of such are required. Where work of this kind has to be done, it often happens that enough forethought is not brought to bear on the proceedings. In place of taking the precaution to previously prepare the trees by trenching round them, and severing the roots to within a movable compass, so as to admit of a season's growth before they are taken up, they are at once transferred from where they have been growing for perhaps a score of years or more with their roots unchecked in any way; the result of which is that the progress made for a year or two afterward is not near so much as it would be if the roots had been previously shortened back in the way named. The omission of this timely preparation of trees that are to be transplanted, when much above the ordinary planting size, is the less excusable when it is remembered how little labor cutting in the roots as described involves. To the too frequent absence of judgment and reasonable care in moving trees that have attained considerable size is attributable the failures that occur, and that have led many to the conclusion that it is better to plant small trees and wait for them to grow up, even in positions where it is desirable to have such as would give effect at once. In the case of deciduous kinds of a size such as are under notice, and that are intended for removal next fall or winter, the sooner the root shortening preparation is now completed the better, before there is any appreciable movement in the buds. With evergreens it is better to defer this work until the time that the drying March winds are over, especially in cases where the trees are large and in vigorous condition, as with such the root severance necessary is proportionately more felt than with smaller examples.

CATTLE shipments from Oregon and Washington will amount to 40,000 head this year, valued at \$750,000.

SITKA, ALASKA.

THE season is now rapidly approaching when the tourist's eyes will turn in the direction of our extreme northern possessions. Alaska, which has stood for years in the popular mind as the personification of frigidity, is becoming better known every year. Annually steamer loads of tourists are carried through the enchanting island-fringed channel which leads northward five hundred miles from Puget Sound. Exempt from ocean storms and their invariable attendant, seasickness, the traveler sails continually on the bosom of placid waters, with grand forest and mountain scenery on either hand. It is such a voyage as one would enjoy were there a broad, deep and continuous waterway across the Cascades and Rocky Mountains, such as the early navigators sought in vain for more than two centuries. A glance at the map will show what a perfect maze of bays, inlets and land-locked passages is to be found on the coast of British Columbia and Alaska. Sitka, the tourist's objective point, lies in latitude 58 deg., on one of a numerous archipelago of islands, being no further north than the extreme southern point of Greenland. Yet what a contrast in climate between that icy land where the hardy Norsemen planted colonies nine hundred years ago and that of "Sitka's thousand isles"! Owing to the modifying influence of the great current of warm water which sweeps through the North Pacific, the mean winter temperature at Sitka varies from 27 to 34 degrees, and the yearly mean from 38 to 48 degrees. The lowest recorded temperature during thirteen years of observation was 7 degrees below zero. Snow seldom falls to the depth of six inches, and generally disappears rapidly before the melting rains. The rainfall is very great, to which cause is due the luxuriant growth of native grasses and the dense forests that cover the islands and fringe the coast of the mainland. Tall, jagged peaks, barren of vegetation and covered with snow, but having at their bases the deep green of luxuriant vegetation, are the leading characteristics of the scenery along the Alaskan coast. Numerous large glaciers thrust their icy whiteness through the mountain passes and move steadily into the sea. An occasional iceberg may be seen in the vicinity of these, consisting of huge masses of ice which have become detached and fallen into the water, where they float about till they melt and disappear.

Sitka is the chief town and seat of government, the only other place of importance being Fort Wrangell, still further to the south. It was founded by Baranoff in 1799 and was made the capital of Russian America by Baron Wrangell in 1832, consequently it is one of the oldest settlements on the Pacific Coast north of Mexico. There is much in the old Russian town which is of interest to tourists, and it is a fitting terminus for so delightful a voyage.

This region is also closely associated in the popular mind with sealskin sacques, or "Alaska comforters." The seal islands of St. Paul and St. George, the only place where seals may be legally taken, and where the Alaska Commercial Company has the monopoly privilege of cap-

turing 100,000 annually, lie several hundred miles to the northwest of Sitka and beyond the limits of tourist travel. Sealing is carried on by many private individuals in defiance of the law, and the risk they run of fine and confiscation of property is not very great in a region a thousand miles in extent, guarded by only one Government vessel. The number of seals killed annually cannot be definitely stated, for, in addition to these poachers, it is to be presumed that the monopoly does not confine itself to the legal 100,000. They are situated much as were the Tweed ring in New York—they "do the counting," and it makes little difference what any one else may say or do.

There is another amphibious animal that abounds in Alaskan waters, which plays a far more important part in the domestic economy of the natives than does the seal. This is the walrus, the mainstay of the Innuits, that branch of the Esquimau race living along the western and northern shores of the Alaska Peninsula. The walrus is as essential to the Inuit as the camel to the Arab or the cocoa-palm to the native of the South Sea Islands. Its flesh feeds him; its oil illuminates and warms his dark and contracted hut; its sinews make his bird nets; its tough skin is put to many uses, and when skillfully stretched over a light wooden frame forms the famous kayak, in which he boldly ventures on the stormiest sea; its intestines are converted into waterproof clothing; the soles of its flippers make soles for his feet; and, finally, its ivory is of great utility in endless ways, and forms a valuable article of barter with visiting traders. The provident Inuit makes a *cache* of walrus meat in the fall, and this often becomes his sole food supply for weeks at a time during the severest portion of winter, when the procuring of fresh food is an impossibility even to those hardy natives. It is no wonder the Inuit conceives Paradise to be one vast walrus hunting ground, and says to himself, "Without walrus there is no heaven."

The sandy shoals of Bristol Bay, in Behring Sea, are the favorite resort of the walrus. When the ice pack closes the sea above Asia and America, millions of these animals retreat from their summer resort among the ice-floes of the Arctic Ocean into the open waters of Behring Sea, accompanied by their young which were born on the floating ice of the Arctic. There they spend the winter, scattered in herds ranging from a dozen to several thousand in each. Living at peace among themselves and nearly exempt from persecution by hunters, they pass the dark winter months with as much enjoyment as such a mass of fat can expect to experience. In the summer time they are hunted by the natives, and are shot by thousands by the whalers who visit the Arctic by way of Behring's Strait, their oil and ivory constituting an important item in the return cargo of the whaling fleet.

A YOUNG man in Massachusetts has adopted whistling for a profession. When he gets married, and the bills begin to come in, he will have plenty of chance for practice.

"CHEAP" LIFE INSURANCE.

THE "game of life," as to pecuniary results, is a very uncertain one, and to make sure of some provision for dependents life insurance was devised. But it required nearly a century of trial to so demonstrate the soundness of its theory and prove the value of its practical results as to secure general recognition of its worth by the business world. That accomplished, another feature was added, making it a protection for one's own old age, as well as for his family, thus happily blending duty and self-interest. Founded upon the solid rocks of experience and compound interest, it has become the grandest and most stable of business institutions—its work the wonder of the world.

Knowing that the highest qualities of financial skill and practical wisdom have been employed in perfecting the system, and that it has so won the confidence and patronage of those best able to judge its merits as to count its contracts by the billion (exceeding the present National debt), we might expect that only a high grade of talent would venture to improve it or offer a substitute. Ignorance and cupidity, however, are powerful foes to man's progress and happiness, and the very human desire to get "something for nothing" made it quite natural for innocent ignorance to wish that a thousand dollars might be bought for less than ten hundred, and for cunning cupidity to promise it. And this was the origin of modern "cheap life insurance." Since to simply collect and disburse money does not increase it, while the friction of expense of necessity diminishes it, it is quite apparent that no institution (bank, insurance or other,) which draws from its depositors or members only the money to meet current demands can pay back as much as it receives. The co-operative, or assessment, life insurance company is a collecting and disbursing agency, and its contracts to pay a million or more of dollars mean that every dollar of those millions is to be drawn from the pockets of its members, besides enough for expenses. Genuine life insurance, designed to both equalize and lighten the burden of life, seizes the powerful aid of compound interest, and so increases the money of the insured as to meet expenses and return to them a large amount in excess of total payments by them. So firmly established in principle and so eminently successful in practice has scientific life insurance become, and so weak and uncertain has its counterfeit (the assessment scheme) proven, no one would be tempted to put money into the latter were it not for its promise of "cheap" insurance—that is, of a dollar for less than 100 cents.

Is there, then, in reason and finance, such a possibility as a contract which shall yield money without exacting dollar for dollar? In ordinary affairs of business, such as trade, manufacturing, etc., into which the element of speculation largely enters, it is possible to invest one dollar and get two in return, although, as a general fact, even such investments simply earn legitimate interest; but in an enterprise purely financial nothing can be gained except by such interest earnings.

As between legitimate life insurance and co-operativ-

ism, then, there is this plain question: Which system obtains the largest aid from the accumulative power of compound interest, and, by such aid, most fully assists its patrons in meeting the demands upon their purses, thereby making the institution permanent, as well as, in the long run, really the least expensive?

Life insurance is a contract to pay money which must come from one or both of two sources. The insured may pay, besides expenses, enough only to meet the death losses as they naturally occur, and so pay an average of ten hundred dollars for each thousand of insurance; or he may, at first, pay more than this, the excess to be reserved and put at interest for future use, when inability to pay, or the increased risk of old age, makes the burden too heavy to be easily borne. The first plan makes the pocket of the insured the only resource. The second plan just so far relieves his pocket as the interest earned helps to meet expenses and claims; but another, and a very important, advantage attends its use, and that is the benefit of placing the heaviest part of the burden on middle life, and so relieving future, and often less productive, years of what might be an over-load.

Fortunately we are not obliged at this day to experiment in this matter. Time has tested it thoroughly, and the results are written in plain facts and figures before our eyes. On one page is the record of a century, with its beneficent deeds, somewhat marred by the ill effects of bad management and wrong-doing, yet grand and admirable in general character and substantial worth. On the other page is the story of countless efforts to accomplish the impossible, to give capital prizes to every holder of a ticket in a lottery—the gifts of which are bestowed only upon those whose claims are first presented.

The testimony of the ablest mathematical experts, of State officials and of experience establishes the fallacy of the assessment plan of life insurance. So emphatic has been some of this testimony, especially that given in the failure in recent years of over five hundred assessment companies, and the now frequently expressed opinion of many of their most intelligent patrons as to the temporary character of the plan, that various improvements have been proposed, which, it is claimed, will redeem the business from its condition of chronic bankruptcy and make it permanent. To seem to accomplish this, some of the phrases, terms and tables of genuine life insurance have been employed, and the inconsistent juggles are paraded as plans of safe and cheap insurance. "Cheap," of course, they must pretend to be, for only by such bait can any one be lured from a system known to be sound to trust money in an experiment.

One of these improved companies cuts a slice off its assessments and holds it back from payment of death claims that it may ape the name of "reserve," as used by legitimate insurance, but with as little consistency as would be evinced by calling any guess or chance quantity a mathematical sum.

Another of these "co-duperative" concerns has in its reformation not only undertaken to improve a system, but has also planned to reform itself. Having been or-

ganized as a regular life company, it made such poor progress in competition with older and better managed companies as to be compelled to accept a change of some sort, and choosing between reformed management, going out of existence and a change of plan, it adopted the last. The talismanic word "cheap" promises to win it a new, though temporary, success, to leave it, of course, ultimately a wreck where other such transparent schemes lie stranded.

Still another, and even more delusive, thing is a so-called self-endowment company, whose most attractive feature is the promise of large returns for small investments, which returns result from the deliberate robbery of the recently widowed and orphaned. Insuring in the concern for \$5,000, a man does so that he may obtain the money in his own lifetime. But such a result is possible, according to the scheme, only by withholding four-fifths of the insurance money from the families of deceased members. Hatched in an obscure Texas town, the thing has sought and found "verdant fields" on this Coast, which, for a brief time, have afforded its managers a fat thing, at the expense, of course, of its dupes. Considerations of humanity alone should make even the temporary success of such disreputable schemes impossible.

In strong contrast with such business is that conducted by the honest and well-meaning co-operatives, such as the Masonic and Odd Fellows mutual benefit societies, the K. of P., A. O. U. W., B. B.'s and other beneficial organizations, whose aims are noble and the results of whose labors are, for the present, beneficent, but unless the law of mortality is defeated and history reversed, every such attempt to insure life by ignoring well-known facts as to the increasing death rate of advancing age and the accumulative power of compound interest, will in the future, as have already hundreds in the past, end in failure. Of all business contracts that designed to provide for one's family after his work is closed should be so carefully guarded as to be certain of its results. Business prudence, as well as affection and humanity, suggest that first there should be sought the nearest possible approach to absolute security. Then questions of cost, non-forfeiture (in case of failure to pay by the insured), etc., may and should be considered.

Horace Greeley, whose \$150,000 of life insurance proved to be the best part of all the estate he left, after a long life of hard and successful labor, once wrote: "Beware of frauds, and shams, and specious false pretences. Proceed with wise and vigilant circumspection, and you will have reason to bless the forecast that induced you to invest in life insurance." Thousands of the ablest business and professional men are insured on the regular basis, in amounts running into the hundreds of thousands; and so firmly established is their confidence in the system and in those companies which for a quarter of a century or more have been doing this business, there has recently arisen a large demand for the contracts of those companies by the sons of these same men whose experience has taught them the security and necessity of sound and trustworthy life insurance.

J. F.

LA CONNER AND SKAGIT COUNTY.

THE town of La Conner is the chief commercial point in Skagit County, W. T., and is situated on La Conner Slough, a few miles north of the point where the Skagit River enters Puget Sound. It has a population of between four and five hundred, and is supported chiefly by trade with the settlements on the surrounding flats and further inland. Light draft steamers, such as ply between the various Sound ports, enter the slough and reach the docks of La Conner. The *Puget Sound Mail* is published weekly, and the town has good schools and churches and a number of prosperous stores. Skagit County has a water frontage of twenty-four miles and extends a hundred miles inland. It also includes a number of adjacent islands. Several bays and tide sloughs afford navigation to light draft steamers into the heart of the best agricultural lands. Skagit County's surface rises gradually from tide flats to peaks covered with perpetual snow. For the first fifteen miles inland the country is level; thence it rises gradually into high river bottoms, table lands and rolling hills, culminating in the high ridges of the Cascades. The low lands, especially the celebrated Olympia marsh and Swinomish and Samish flats, are extremely fertile, producing immense crops of hay, grain and vegetables. Dyking is necessary on the greater portion of this land to guard it from overflow. The river bottoms further up are less liable to become flooded. The table lands and hills are densely covered with magnificent timber, which is being logged to some extent. When cleared this land becomes valuable for agriculture, and will gradually become settled by homesteaders. Coking coal of excellent quality is found in large quantities in the county, also iron ore of pronounced excellence. There is a vast extent of bottom lands and timbered uplands open for settlement, all of it requiring much labor, either by clearing or dyking, to render it cultivable. One looking for such land will be as well, or better, suited in Skagit County as anywhere. La Conner is easy of access by steamer, and a visit to that region would pay the intending settler. The chief watercourse is the Skagit, the largest river flowing into the Sound. It is navigable by steamers some seventy miles, and affords access to one of the best agricultural and timber regions in the Territory. Much logging is done along the stream, and settlements are numerous.

SMITH RIVER, in Douglas County, offers splendid timber-covered bottom land locations for settlers. From Drain, on the O. & C. road, to the river, a distance of eight miles, there is a good, wide trail, and with a little work and help from the County Court, a good wagon road can be constructed on that route. There are at present only a very few settlers on the head of Smith River, although some of the best lands of Douglas County can be found in that vicinity. The lands have all been surveyed, and all that is needed now is a good county road, and one of the most thrifty settlements in Douglas would spring up there. The river is clear and contains no obstructions to floating logs to Gardiner.

OLYMPIA GAS WORKS.

THE enterprise displayed in our Western cities in the direction of constructing systems of gas and water works is remarked by every visitor from the East. There are but few cities of three thousand inhabitants on the Coast not provided with them, while the luxuries of gas and running water are enjoyed by many that do not yet boast of so great a population. This is partly accounted for by that widely diffused spirit of enterprise which is carrying the West forward with such giant strides, and partly by the confidence the business men of our growing cities feel in their future prosperity and the enhanced value of such property and franchises as they develop. To the list of gas-lighted cities the city of Olympia, W. T., has just been added, by the construction of a complete system of gas works.

On the 24th of October, 1884, a franchise was granted by the City Council to the Olympia Gas Company, and on the 1st of November work was begun, under a contract for \$30,000, by the Pacific Construction Company of Tacoma. The grounds of the company consist of five lots, 60x100 feet each, with 500 feet of water frontage. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, and the fact that much of the ground was tide-flat which had to be reclaimed, the contractors finished their work and turned on the gas on the 27th of March last, everything working in perfect order. The works consist of a brick building, 42x52 feet, embracing a retort house, purifying room and meter room; a coal shed, 30x50 feet, with a capacity of 300 tons, and so situated as to be filled from vessels in the bay; also a gas holder, or tank, 15x30 feet, with a capacity of 10,590 cubic feet of gas, having cast-iron columns and wrought-iron girders. The works are so arranged as to be easily increased in size and capacity. The gas is manufactured from South Prairie coal and is of most excellent quality. The enterprise is a financial success, and the people of Olympia are proud of this latest addition to the metropolitan conveniences they enjoy.

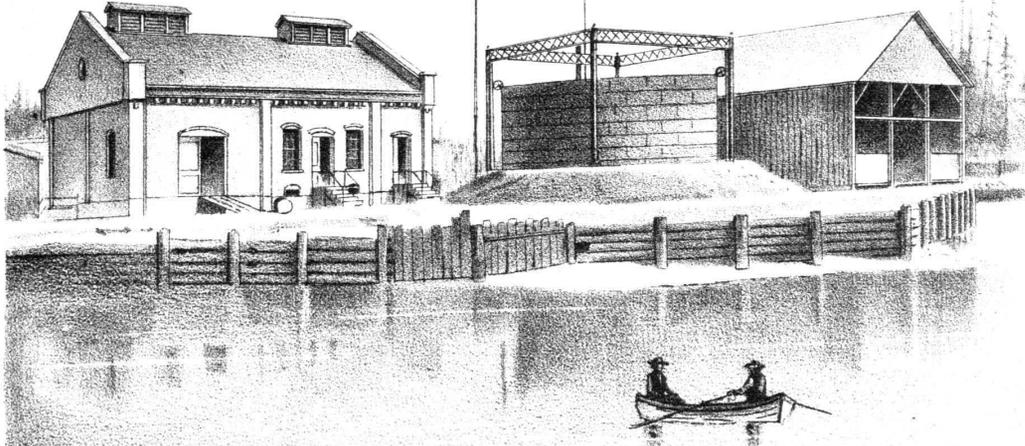
The perfect success of the enterprise, and the superior excellence of the works and the gas produced, are chiefly due to the skill and careful work of the contractors. The Pacific Construction Company of Tacoma has gained a reputation for conscientious work and engineering skill which entitles it to the preference over all contractors from a distance. The officers are C. W. Harvey, President; H. L. Votaw, Secretary, and J. L. Stamford, General Superintendent. They are all gentlemen of known responsibility, and such as give the company the highest standing among our business men. The company has other gas works under construction at Spokane Falls, which it is calculated will be finished by the 1st of September.

The process of making gas as employed in works erected by the Pacific Construction Company is very simple and productive of the purest gas. The coal is introduced into the retorts in proper quantities, 100 pounds or more, and at regular intervals, where it is subjected to a temperature of about 2,000 deg. Fahrenheit.

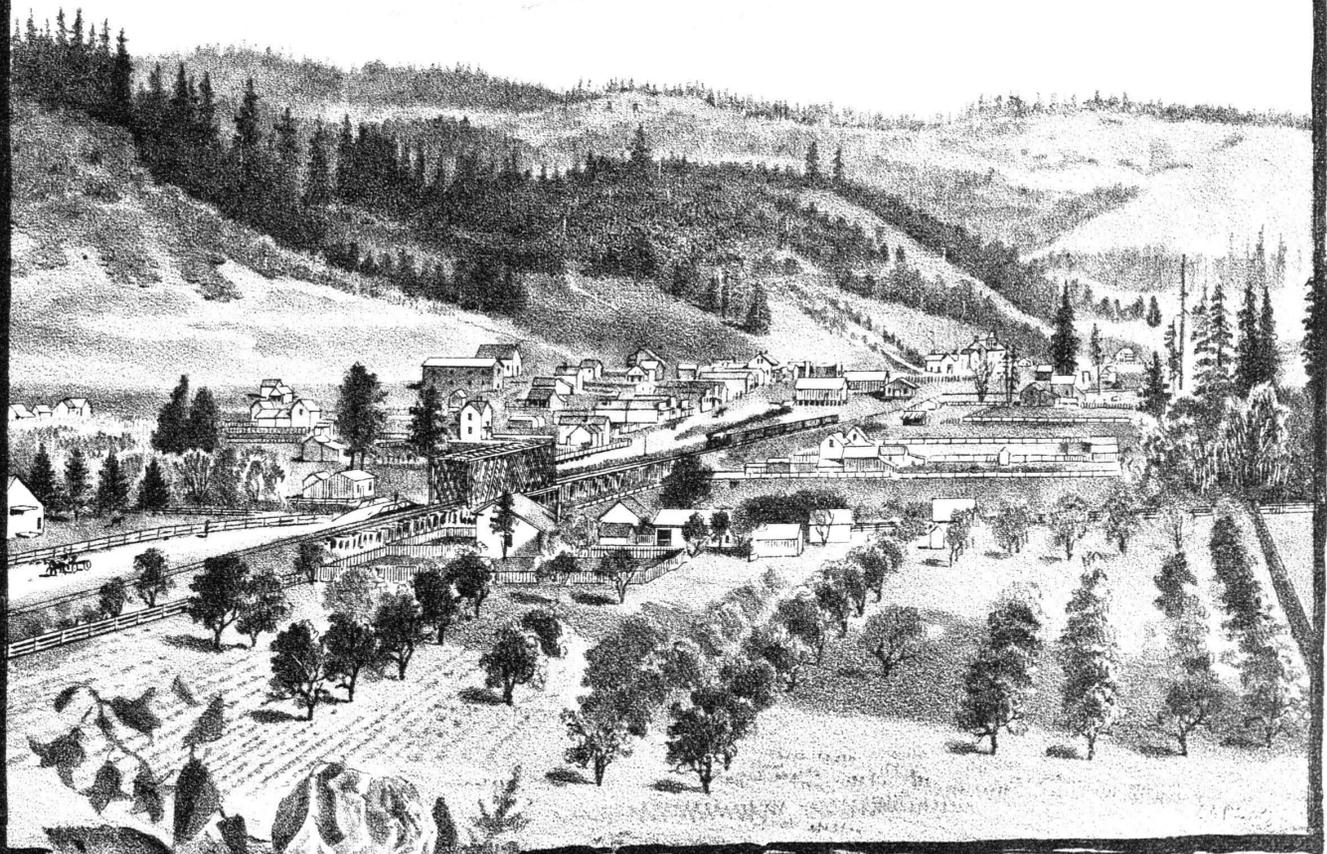
This process reduces it to coke. The coal is allowed to remain in the retorts from four to five hours, according to the degree of temperature, secure from the contact of the outside air. This is accomplished by stopping the ends of the retorts with cast-iron doors, fastened by strong clamps and screws, while the joints are hermetically sealed with luting. As the gas is generated it passes up through the stand pipes into the hydraulic main, where it is made to part with much tar and ammoniacal liquid, thence into the condenser to be sufficiently cooled for the next process. The condenser comprises a system of cast-iron columns, quite ornamental in themselves, the one opening into the other, thus allowing the gas to pass down one and up another, until it has traversed the entire system. The cooled and condensed fluid is then let into the "washer and scrubber." This apparatus consists of a wrought-iron cylinder, partly filled with coke, and upon which a spray of water is always playing. The gas enters this cylinder at the bottom, and, after passing up through its contents, is rendered still more free from its original ammoniacal accompaniments. It is next conducted into the purifiers. Of these there are two, each consisting of a cast-iron box, 4 feet high, having a base 10 by 12 feet. Within these are five tiers of wooden trays, arranged horizontally, and covered with dry lime to the depth of about two inches. The gas enters these purifiers at the bottom, and, after thoroughly permeating the lime, it has parted with the last vestige of foreign and non-illuminating matter. From the purifiers it goes into the station meter, a vessel 30 inches in diameter, in which it is accurately measured and the result duly recorded by the usual automatic devices. Lastly, it is introduced into the holder, which is the grand reservoir already described. From the holder a pipe leads back into the meter room, where the pressure is regulated, and thence the gas starts on its journey of usefulness through the great arterial system of street mains, from which it is conducted by service pipes into the public buildings, shops, stores and homes of consumers. How many of the thousands who turn the key and touch a match to the burner ever stop to think of the means by which such a simple act is made to flood their room with light?

PROFESSOR JAMES WARREN, of Los Angeles, Cal., electric light station, is the inventor of a new process for reducing ores, which is done by the aid of electricity. One day, while examining a piece of gold-bearing quartz, he accidentally let it fall into one of the dynamos, which was in motion at the time. On looking for the piece of quartz the next day he found it in the dynamo, and to his surprise the gold in the quartz had melted and run to one side of the rock, forming a beautiful button. Professor Warren immediately instituted a series of experiments, and has succeeded in evolving a process by which gold, silver and copper can be instantly smelted from concentrations by a powerful electric shock, which almost equals in its intensity a stroke of lightning. The experiments so far made have failed on lead and antimony ores.—*American Engineer*.

THE WEST SHORE.



GAS WORKS. OLYMPIA, W.T.

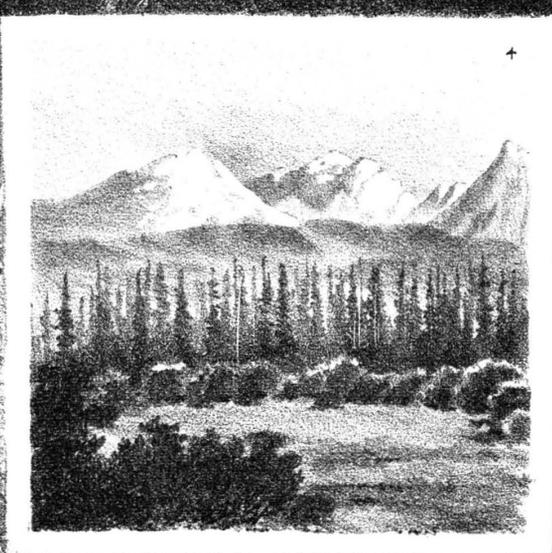
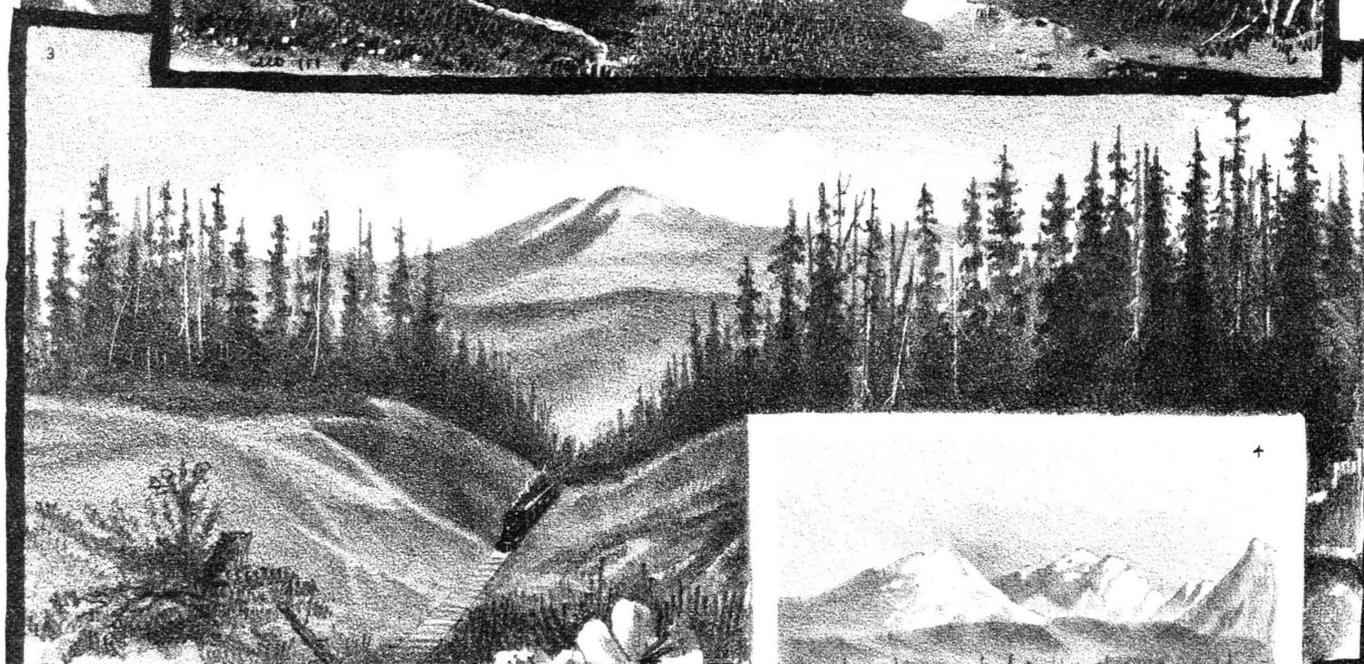
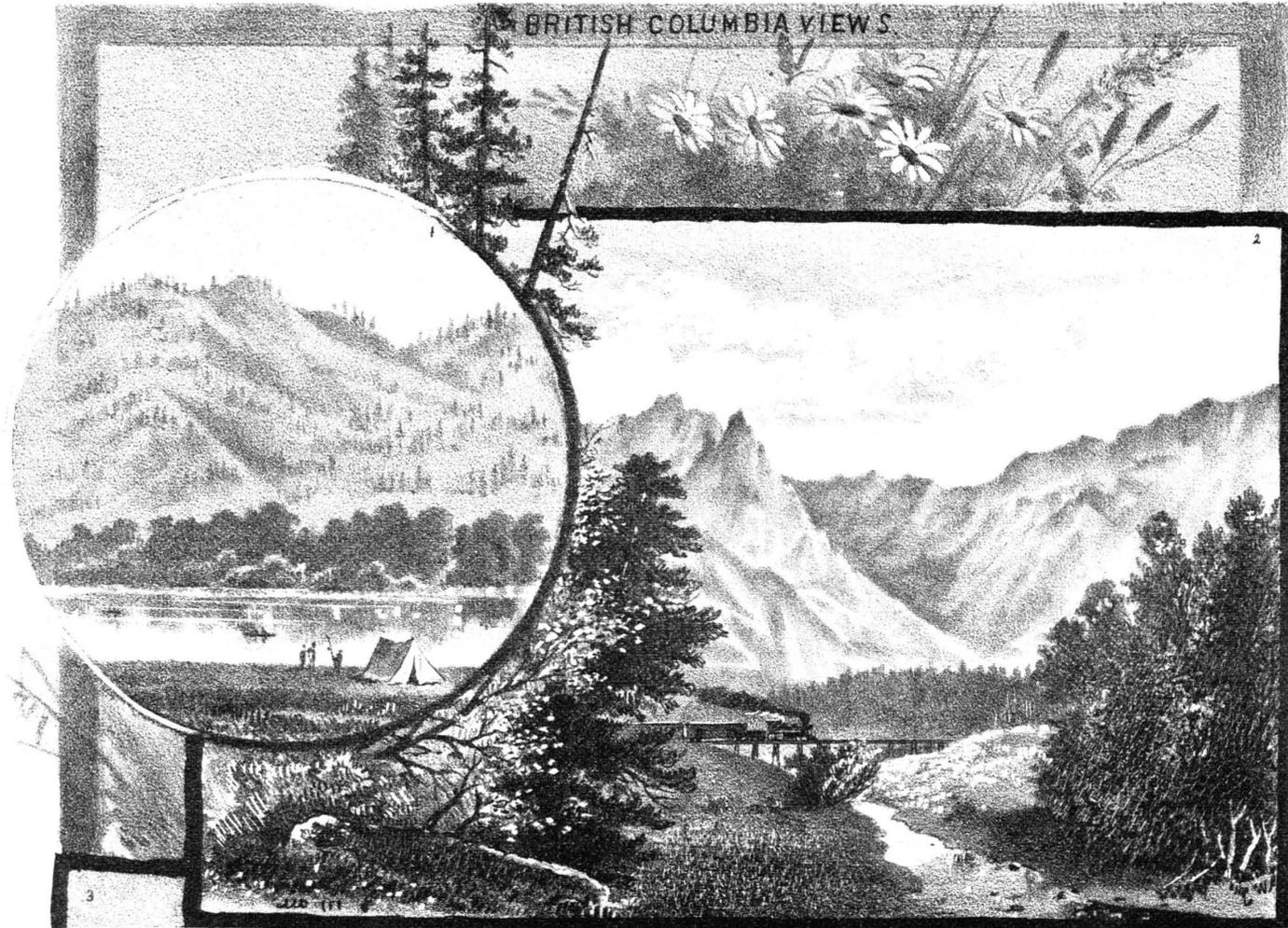


A NICKETIER PHOTO.

DRAIN.
ORG.

THE WEST SHORE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA VIEWS.



Ado W. Newton

1. HARRISON RIVER. 2. KAITJIE SLOUGH, NEAR PORT HAMMOND. 3. PITT MEADOWS. 4. THE GOLDEN EARS FROM MAPLE RIDGE

NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

Indications point to quite active building operations in Spokane Falls during the summer. A large Catholic church, a brick block and a large flouring mill are among the contemplated improvements.

A good wagon road will soon be completed from Billings, Montana, to Cooke City. The enterprising citizens of Billings are determined to profit as much as possible from the rapidly developing mining region of Clarke's Fork.

A large saw mill will soon be erected at Bandon, on the Coquille River. Any vessel that can enter the river can sail up to the mill wharf without danger of grounding. Abundance of the best fir and the celebrated white, or "Port Orford," cedar lies within easy reach.

Blaine, the young town of Whatcom County, W. T., on Semiahmoo Bay, will soon have a saw mill and sash, door and furniture factory. The extreme northern end of Whatcom County is developing rapidly, and Blaine gives promise of becoming an important business point.

The citizens of Vancouver seem to be in earnest in the matter of building a railroad to Lewis River. The \$50,000 necessary for inauguration of the work have been subscribed, and it appears as though the Vancouver and Yakima railroad will soon be an accomplished fact, so far as a line to the great timber belt on Lewis River is concerned.

The Gray's Harbor and Shoalwater Bay region is progressing steadily. At Aberdeen Captain Weatherwax is erecting a large saw mill, 44x180 feet, a machine shop, 50x100 feet, and a shop for iron-working machinery, 25x42 feet. The wharf, piling and foundation cost \$10,000. Improvements are also being made in other localities of that region.

Quite extensive cranberry marshes will soon be planted on the marsh lands surrounding Coos Bay. One field of ninety-five acres is now being prepared. The adaptability of the marshes along the coast of Oregon and Washington for the cultivation of the cranberry has been fully demonstrated, and the industry has passed beyond the stage of experiment.

Mining at Emigrant Gulch, Montana, promises well the present season. The large quantity of snow in the mountains assures the miners of plenty of water, and hydraulic operations will be carried on extensively, also drifting. Several quartz ledges give bonanza indications, and altogether this appears to be one of the most prosperous districts in the Territory.

J. J. Hill, the railroad magnate, and Colonel Broadwater have bonded six claims on Red Mountain, Montana, all of which are promising properties and have been developed to some extent by shafts and tunnels. They have also bonded five mines in the Neihart district, Meagher County. They have a force of men at work in both places, and it is the general opinion that the mines will be purchased before the bond expires.

The telegraph line under construction from Harrington, W. T., to the Northern Pacific is the cause of much rejoicing among the people of that region. The raising of the first pole at Harrington was celebrated with much enthusiasm, cannons, decorations, parades, music and speaking being the forms by which it was expressed. That region is one offering many inducements to immigrants, and the citizens are determined to make their presence felt.

The College of Montana, located at Deer Lodge, is

being much enlarged by the erection of a new brick and stone building, 83x44 feet, containing three stores and a basement, which will cost about \$25,000. The building now in use is 55x25, with a wing 30x25. When the new structure is completed the College of Montana will be the largest institution of learning in the Pacific Northwest. It now has seventy pupils of both sexes, and has three complete courses—classical, scientific and normal.

The Stetson & Post Mill Company of Seattle, whose fine mill was recently destroyed by fire, will at once commence the erection of a first class saw mill of large dimensions, which will be rendered as nearly fireproof as possible. It will have a roof of corrugated iron, and will be further protected by five fire plugs connecting with the mains of the Spring Hill Water Company, besides which water pipes will be run through the mill by means of which the whole structure can be drenched in two minutes. The mill will probably be running before September.

Fort Benton expects the construction at no distant day of a narrow gauge road to that city from Medicine Hat, on the Canadian Pacific. A company now building such a line from Medicine Hat to the coal fields of McLeod are investigating the question of an extension to Fort Benton. As the whole line would be but 155 miles in length, and would run across a comparatively level prairie country, there seems to be no obstacle which would offset the benefits to be derived from tapping the immense cattle, sheep and mineral region tributary to Fort Benton.

There has been a little excitement in portions of Western Oregon the past spring over the discovery of quartz ledges in the Coast Range, first near Tillamook Bay and later twelve miles west of North Yamhill. The latter promise to become the most valuable, though as yet, of course, no better test of the quality of ore found has been made than that of several assays, which show ore ranging from \$50 to \$200 per ton. In quantity the ore seems inexhaustible, but its quality must receive more satisfactory testing before the mines can hope to rank with those of older and well known districts.

Six miles above the mouth of the Grande Ronde, and half a mile west of Snake River, has been discovered a silver-bearing vein eighteen inches in width, which has been traced 1,200 feet on the surface. Specimens taken from a depth of four feet yielded an assay at Denver of \$925 to the ton. The ledge lies just within the limits of Washington Territory, and was discovered by citizens of Dayton. Quite a number of prospectors have since gone into that region, which is easily accessible by trail, and may be approached within a distance of six miles by steamers on Snake River. Developments will be watched with considerable interest.

The Port Blakely Mill Company has advertised for bids on grading three miles of railroad running west from Little Skookum. The company owns a great deal of timber land in that section, from which it now proposes to get some good. The three miles of road to be built this year will pierce a portion of this land, and the first equipment put upon the road will be for the purpose of fitting it for log hauling. Extensions will be made quite rapidly in the direction of Chehalis River and Gray's Harbor until a suitable point is reached for a terminus on tidewater. As soon as practicable, freight and passenger accommodations will be provided, and the road will develop into a first class one in every respect.

Vancouver has an industry of much importance in a country where the cost of transporting such heavy building material as stone is so great as it is on the Pacific

Coast. This is the manufacture of artificial stone. Portland cement and an extra fine quality of sand procured some distance up the Sandy are the ingredients. The product is strong and durable, and may be readily fashioned in any desirable shape for ornamental purposes. It has supplied stone facings for several buildings, and the handsome Masonic temple now being erected in that city is using facings, cornices, etc., of this material. Such industries are of double value to the community—giving employment to labor and lessening the cost of construction of our large buildings.

The latest addition to frontier railroad towns is Farwell, B. C. It lies on the Columbia River at the point where that stream is to be crossed by the Canadian Pacific. It already has a permanent population of some three hundred, chiefly from the East, among whom are many ladies of refinement. As is usually the case, the rowdy element is quite prominent, but the friends of law and order are sufficiently strong to keep it under control. Improvement in this respect will be rapid as the town becomes older. The steamer *Kootenai* makes semi-weekly trips from Farwell to Little Dalles, W. T., taking in all the supplies used by the town and the railroad, amounting to 400 tons per week. A substantial bridge is being constructed across the Columbia at that point.

To the south of Prosser Falls, Yakima County, W. T., lies a broad, rolling, bunch grass region locally known as "Horse Heaven." It has been for years a noted stock region, but has had the reputation of being "too dry" for an agricultural country. Since it has been discovered that the greater portion of Columbia River lands which have been similarly classed are good wheat lands, many claims have been taken in Horse Heaven. The present season has been such as to furnish a reliable test, since the long dry spell which threatened ruin to crops in older grain districts did not seem to affect the growing wheat in that region as injuriously as elsewhere. Both Government and railroad lands may be had in Horse Heaven, and immigrants looking for open prairie wheat land will find it there.

The solid citizens of Seattle have organized a company known as the "Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railway Company," with a capital stock of \$50,000,000, for the purpose of building a railroad and telegraph line from that city to Eastern Washington. The initial point is Smith's Cove, just north of the city proper, where work has already been commenced, from which the road will be built to Union Bay, on Lake Washington, and thence to Squak Valley, which point, it is believed, will be reached within a year. A country rich in timber, coal, iron and agricultural resources will be tapped by that portion of the line, from which a profitable traffic may at once be obtained. From Squak Valley the proposed route is through the Snoqualmie Pass; thence to the most feasible crossing of the Columbia; thence by one line to Walla Walla and by another to Spokane Falls.

As an example of enterprise may be mentioned the feat recently accomplished by Superintendent Havens, of the Idahoan Mine, and Mr. Williams, of the Haley Iron Works. Immediately upon assuming charge of the mine Mr. Havens ordered complete pumping and hoisting machinery from Mr. Williams. The latter ordered the boiler and pumping rig from Denver and the column and pump from Chicago by telegraph, to come by fast freight. They were shipped the same day. Nine days later they had arrived, been set up at the mine, and the tooting of the steam whistle announced their readiness for business. A large force has been put to work, and it is expected that within sixty days 150 men will be employed at the

Idahoan. It is only about a year since the Wood River country received facilities which enable the miners to import machinery at railroad speed. It contrasts favorably with the slow, tedious, vexatious and expensive teaming of former days.

Several new machines will be tested this summer on the beach sands at Yaquina Bay and other points where it is well known that fine gold dust abounds in the heavy sand. A number of machines for separating the gold and sand have been invented, but none have yet proved a perfect success. When such a machine is constructed, the "golden sands of the Pacific" will be something more than a name. At Coos Bay a simple machine, whose cost of construction is only \$25, is reported to be taking \$23 per ton from sand that by former methods yielded only \$1.50 per ton. Its essential features are a copper cylinder containing quicksilver and chemicals. The sand is passed through this, the chemicals serving to remove rust from the gold and render it susceptible to amalgamation with the quicksilver. The machine is not patented, but the owners will not disclose the nature of the cleaning compound used.

There are now many prospectors in the hills and mountains around Helena. Quite a number have struck good prospects and are now taking out good ores. These dull times would send hundreds more to the foothills if they could sell the quartz taken out to defray expenses. If we had good sampling or reduction works, where miners could sell the quartz they take out, these dull times might be made to do more for the permanent prosperity of Helena than any flush times we have ever seen. There is not a particle of doubt that such works as would furnish a certain market for all good ores would cause a vast amount of prospecting for new discoveries, and the reopening of many abandoned claims, and the proving up and developing of hundreds now lying idle but believed to be very valuable. And besides, many thousand tons of good quartz now lying on the dumps all through our mountains would be worked, and would furnish the means to pay for further developments.—*Independent*.

This is the way the *Husbandman* states a well known fact, and if Oregon, Washington and Idaho had been included with Montana, the statement would have contained as much truth and covered a wider field: "The *Texas Stockman* wishes to know what makes a yearling steer worth \$10 more in Montana than in Texas. The explanation is very simple. The yearling is worth more. There is something about Montana climate, Montana feed and Montana water that makes the yearlings look so beautiful in the eyes of the stockmen that they fairly yearn to possess the beauties. Even the gaunt, hungry-looking Texans, under the genial influence of Montana climate and feed, get fat even to the tips of their horns, and put on a contented look never seen in the Lone Star State under the most favorable conditions. And besides, Montana ranges are not so crowded that the cattle have to 'flip up' to see which shall look on while the others eat."

Port Hammond, B. C., the farthest point west where the Canadian Pacific touches Fraser River, promises to become quite an important town. It is there boats and trains connect. Passengers arrive by train from both directions, and by boat three times weekly from Victoria and way ports. The hotels are building additions to increase their accommodations to meet the demand of the increasing travel. Much work will be done this summer on the town site and the streets will be much improved in condition. The huge water tank and the pumping works by which it will be filled from the river

are nearly completed. The channel in front of the town has a good depth, ranging from twenty feet in low water season to sixty feet in high water, thus enabling ocean vessels to approach at all times. As Port Hammond is the farthest point east where the railroad can be reached by ocean vessels, it is probable that it will become an important shipping point. As a place of residence it will be very desirable, since the climate is mild and quite uniform and the scenery most beautiful.

After mentioning sixteen bars of bullion, valued at \$44,000, the product of two weeks' run at the Drum Lumm; the shipment in April of \$125,000 worth of bullion from the Helena Mining and Reduction Works; the resumption of work on the Legal Tender and Bonanza Chief; the regular shipment of bullion from the Elkhorn mines on Crow Creek; the steady yield of dust in Confederate Gulch, and the shipment in April of \$50,000 worth of bullion from the Gloster mine, the *Independent* says: "We cannot begin to enumerate the different places in the vicinity of Helena where gold dust and bullion is being taken from. Suffice it to say that there are many and many thousands of dollars per month brought into our city, which is becoming so common an occurrence that but little attention is paid to it. However, we deem it proper and right that those living outside of our city should be posted as well as those living in it, hence the occasional publication of these facts." It predicts that Montana's output of \$9,750,000 of gold and silver in 1884 will be exceeded the current year.

Mr. D. H. McNeil, the recently appointed Government Guide for British Columbia, returned from an exploring trip to the North Comox Valley, on Vancouver Island, and also on Valdez Island. In the valley there is sufficient alder bottom and swamp land to provide about twenty-five families with locations. The Comox district roads are convenient for the land, some of which fronts on the coast and extends up the valley about seven miles. Two settlers who accompanied Mr. McNeil found good locations, and will begin at once to clear the land. The land of Valdez Island is swamp and marsh, with fine alder patches. Sufficient land is known to locate about fifteen families. There is a cranberry marsh on this island and also several places where this popular fruit can be successfully cultivated. On the island there is a stretch of prairie of about one hundred acres without a stick of timber on it, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass. There are also other patches of similar land of smaller extent. A further exploration will no doubt discover that on this island there are other extensive stretches of good agricultural land. The Comox Valley offers special inducements to settlers, as there is already a large settlement, with good roads, schools, churches, stores and weekly mail communication by steamer.—*Colonist*.

The improvement the great bands of horses, cattle and sheep which graze on the Western ranges are constantly undergoing is a matter of congratulation to our stockmen and business men generally, since it indicates increased prosperity of the stock industry and all branches of trade in the least dependent upon it. The vast herds of long horned, bony and gaunt Texas cattle that covered the ranges a few years ago are rapidly disappearing, and in their places are seen fat, beefy cattle worth twice as much per pound. This result has been produced by the importation of pure blood or grade short horn bulls. The range cattle of to-day are the mixed descendants of the long horns and short horns. A few more years will work even a greater change, as the short horn blood still more predominates over the native Texan. This all means greater value per head and less expense per dollar of value in handling stock. It also means prestige in the

market, which is an essential feature of the highest success in the stock business. The same is true of horse raising. Percheron stallions have been put on our ranges, with the result of wonderfully increasing the size and value of the scrubby horses so common in earlier years. Preserving all the toughness and endurance of the dam, the descendants also partake of the characteristics of the sire, and the indications are that in a few years the most desirable horses for general purposes will come off our Western ranges.

It is stated on good authority that the Chicago & Northwestern Company is determined to push its Nebraska line through to a junction with the Central Pacific Railroad, at some point in Utah, perhaps Corinne or Promontory. If this is so it means a union of the Northwestern and Central Pacific to parallel the Union Pacific. The locating engineers have already reached a point in Wyoming near the headwaters of the Niobrara. Thence the line will push forward to the continental divide at Coal Creek, following that stream to the North Platte and Stillwater, and so westward to a junction with the Central Pacific, as has been said. It is stated that the track will reach the Wyoming line this year. Should the Northwestern and Central Pacific form an alliance as a transcontinental competitor with the Union Pacific, it is very likely that the latter will spring away from its connection with the Central Pacific and strike out for the western ocean on its own line. [It has already done this by building the Oregon Short Line.—ED.] Nor will the paralleling stop here. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy have occidental ambitions, and will not be content until their iron is rusted by the salt water of the Pacific Ocean. The more competitive lines across the continent the better. The time is not far distant when the lumber of the Pacific Coast will freely mingle with the two pines of the country east of the Rockies, while the fruits of the Cascade slopes and valleys will be found on the humblest tables of the East at moderate prices.—*Northwestern Lumberman*.

Artesian wells as a water supply for irrigating are coming into great favor in California. Ten years ago, when Santa Clara and Los Angeles counties contained nearly all the flowing wells in the State, there was naturally much doubt whether local experience there would avail much elsewhere, but during the last decade there has been such a multiplication of wells in widely distant regions that the presumption now is in favor of success in most places, although the depth to be penetrated and the consequent cost vary greatly. There are thirty-five flowing wells in the vicinity of Pomona, twelve of them within an area of thirty acres. They range in depth from 160 to 200 feet, and it has been demonstrated that the flow of old wells is not materially diminished by the sinking of new ones in the immediate vicinity. In Tulare County there are upwards of 150, with new ones constantly being added. They vary in depth from 325 feet to 700 feet, and cost from \$650 to \$1,200. An artesian well will irrigate from 40 to 320 acres of land, depending upon the size of the well, character of the soil and the use to which the land is put. By reason of their flowing ceaselessly day and night, they enable their owners to grow any desired kind of crop, and beautify their homes with gardens and shrubbery as much as they will. With the boring of these wells has sprung up a desire for small farms, and the district has the capability of supporting a large population where before but few could have found a livelihood. THE WEST SHORE has often urged the subject of artesian wells upon its readers. There are large tracts of land where the soil is conceded to be good, but where the natural rainfall is too light for successful cul-

tivation. Much of it lies beyond the easy reach of irrigating ditches leading from the natural reservoirs and streams. If such land as this can be successfully irrigated by artesian wells, it would seem as though one of our most perplexing problems were solved. Nothing but the actual construction of a number of wells in different localities can fully determine the question.

Inspector Newell, after a recent visit to the Warm Springs Reservation in Wasco County, contributed a few of his impressions to the *Olympia Transcript*, among which were the following: The reservation contains 464,000 acres of mountainous, hilly and bench lands, covered (where uncultivated) with sage brush and bunch grass, which grows vigorously over the extensive plains and plateaus which lie between the mountains. The land is generally of very good soil, and will produce wheat, oats, barley and the cultivated grasses equally as well as with the best anywhere. The southern and western portion is well supplied with a thin growth of yellow pine, which often attains a great size, affording abundance of lumber for buildings and fences of an enduring quality. The entire country, from the Dalles southward, is well supplied with brooks and small rivers. Not much attention is given by Indians to agriculture, they preferring, there as elsewhere, to have horses and sheep, avoiding neat cattle, not liking the labor which attaches to dairy production. They have but a small area of grains and vegetables. It is lamentable that so great an extent of naturally good land should be wasted by a roaming and unsteady people. From the Dalles southward to the northern boundary of the reservation the country is of the same general and natural character, but much improved. Many very highly cultivated farms abound with fine prospect for wheat and fruit. And thousands of acres have within a year past been enclosed by barbed wire fencing for herding and eventual cropping. The entire country for fifty miles southward demonstrates an energetic spirit of improvement and determination to secure an early profit from cultivation. It is all good land, with capabilities for largest results. The climate is not severe in winter nor especially dry in summer, and having less elevation than the same kind of country in Southeastern Oregon, is less subject to the injurious effects of chilly summer weather. Many villages have sprung up all along the main road, indicating abundant business and prosperity. I have traveled over the counties of Wasco, Crook, Union, Umatilla and Klamath, in Eastern Oregon, and carefully observed their condition. Better land than Union, Umatilla and Wasco contain is not to be found upon the Coast. Indeed, Oregon, east and west of the mountains, is a country of remarkable natural advantages, and the wonder exists that the population is so sparse in so desirable a region. I have heretofore written briefly of Western Oregon in all its extent of possessions of soil, climate, seaboard, fishing, mining and timber interests, and find by an extensive observation of the eastern portion that there exists there a fitting counterpart for one of the greatest and wealthiest of States. If Oregon was properly appreciated abroad the population, from the insignificant number of a quarter of a million, would straightway reach many millions.

ICE cold water sprinkled upon cabbage plants infested by the imported cabbage worm is claimed to be sure death to that insect. The water should be sprinkled upon the cabbages during the heat of the day, when the worms will roll off and die. The discovery of the remedy is credited to Mr. Charles H. Erwin, of Painted Post, N. Y., and is communicated to the *Rural New-Yorker* by Professor C. V. Riley.

REFRIGERATOR CARS AND PERISHABLE FREIGHTS.

RAILWAY tonnage has reached its present magnitude in this country by a rapidity of development little dreamed of in the first stages of its growth. It has kept on increasing with scarcely any check during prolonged periods of general business depression, sustained as it is by the ever-increasing products of a vast territory and the industrial activities of a population increasing at the rate of a million and a half a year. The carrying capacity of the roads has grown with the demands made upon it, until there would seem to be no assignable limit to either. Articles are transported every year of a kind that were never transported before; and if the cars already in use are not adapted to the new traffic, special cars are soon devised and built that are suitable for the purpose. An illustration of this is afforded in the remarkable growth of the transportation of perishable commodities within the last few years by means of refrigerator cars. Every year adds to the volume of this traffic, and although the business is attended with some drawbacks in the way of losses from delays in transit, it is bound to keep on increasing to an indefinite extent. The shipment of dressed meats from Chicago and other points further west to the Eastern seaboard has already grown from small beginnings to a heavy traffic, while the semi-tropical fruit products of Cuba, Florida, Mexico and Southern California are finding their way to Northern markets during the warm season in larger quantities every year in refrigerator cars so well adapted to the purpose as to make the losses from the perishable nature of the freight comparatively light. The extent to which this branch of traffic will be developed in future is at present a matter of conjecture, but it is likely to be large.

In regard to dressed meats, everything depends upon its condition and price at points of destination as compared with shipments on the hoof. The abuses practiced in live stock transportation from the far West, under the spur of competition, are necessarily attended with serious shrinkage in weight, to say nothing of the alleged deterioration in the quality of the meat, especially beeves, upon reaching the Eastern stock yards. Only a few years ago the dressed beef business between Chicago and New York was in need of friends to sustain it against the stock yard interest; but since then it has been steadily gaining ground, and it is now said the number of cattle slaughtered last year in Chicago by the principal dressed beef shippers was 694,026, which was an increase of 20 per cent. over that of the previous year. To this must be added 128,000 sheep shipped in carcass. The number of dressed hogs is not stated. This would seem to support the claims of the shippers that dressed meats, and especially beef, are received at destination in much better condition for consumption than when shipped alive. It is also stated that the cold storage business is increasing at a corresponding rate, buildings for this purpose having been erected in upward of one hundred Eastern towns, exclusive of the chief cities, for receiving these shipments.—*The National Car-Builder*.

A GENTLEMAN in Philadelphia has received from a missionary to Syria a life-size statue of a king, taken from the ruins of Nineveh. It represents a king clad in royal robes, bearing in one hand a basket and in the other a fir cone, a portion of the stone being covered with sharply cut hieroglyphics, which Assyrian scholars are now endeavoring to translate. The statue came from the temple of King Assur-nazir-pal, a famous conqueror who reigned from 883 to 859 B. C.

AID FOR THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

AT length the Canadian Government has come to the relief of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The subsisting \$30,000,000 loan of the Government is to be canceled by an issue of bonds. For this purpose, and to increase the amount of the loan by \$5,000,000, bonds to the amount of \$35,000,000 are to be placed in the hands of the Government. The Government is, besides, to make a temporary loan to the company of \$5,000,000, repayable on the 1st of July, 1886. This loan is to be secured by a deposit with the Government of \$7,000,000 of bonds. The intention is that, when purchasers at a suitable price can be found, these bonds are to go into the hands of the public. If the contemplated sale were made the public would be in possession of \$7,000,000 of the company's bonds and the Government of \$35,000,000. On the issue of these bonds to the Government the lien on the property of the company by which the loan of last session is secured will be discharged. Under that lien there was a penal remedy for default on the part of the company for a period of twelve months involving forfeiture of all the property mortgaged, which, without legal process of any kind, would become the property of the Government. The remedy for default in case of the new bonds will be of a milder description; instead of the mortgaged property vesting in the Government, it will go into the hands of receivers under the name of trustees, and be by them administered for the benefit of all the bondholders. The assertion is still made that there remains of the \$30,000,000 loan of last session enough to finish the work of construction. The additional loan of \$5,000,000 will enable the company to pay the floating debt, and the \$7,000,000 of bonds to be at first deposited as security for a further temporary loan of \$5,000,000 and finally issued to the public will be used to complete the equipment of the road. At the end of the present year it is expected that the company will be in possession of a continuous line open to traffic from ocean to ocean.—*Bradstreet's*.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

April.

29—Insurgents at Panama surrendered to Government troops.

May.

- 1—Commodore C. K. Garrison died in New York.
- 2—\$15,000 fire in Livingston, Mont. . . . Tenement house in New York burned; 8 lives lost and 14 wounded. . . . \$60,000 fire in Billings, Mont.
- 3—Boiler explosion in Galveston, Tex.; 7 killed and many wounded. . . . \$100,000 fire in Miles City, Mont.
- 4—Eruption of Mount Vesuvius from a new crater.
- 5—Major-General Irwin McDowell died in San Francisco. . . . Factory in Brooklyn collapsed and burned; many killed and wounded; loss, \$300,000. . . . Canadian troops defeated by Poundmaker's Indians.
- 10—Rebels defeated by Canadian troops near Batouche.
- 11—Steamer *Helvetia* sunk in Gulf of St. Lawrence by collision with an iceberg.
- 12—Rebels defeated and Batouche captured by Canadian troops.
- 13—Yaqui Indians severely defeated by Mexican troops.
- 14—Forty convicts liberated by a mob in Texas.
- 15—Revised edition of the Bible published. . . . Louis Riel, leader of the Canadian rebels, captured. . . . Cyclone in Kansas causes much damage and loss of life.
- 18—\$9,000 fire in Salem, Or. . . . Poundmaker's Indians defeated by Canadian troops.
- 19—Revolutionists defeated by San Salvador troops at Armonia.
- 20—\$40,000 fire at Whatcom, W. T.
- 21—Seventeen lives lost at a fire in Cincinnati. . . . \$35,000 fire in Seattle. . . . Hon. F. T. Frelinghuysen died in New Jersey. . . . A second \$100,000 fire in Miles City, Mont.
- 22—Victor Hugo died in France.
- 25—\$7,000 fire in Sprague, W. T.
- 26—Revolution inaugurated in Cuba. . . . Fishing bark sunk by a steamer on Banks of Newfoundland; 22 lives lost.
- 27—Thirty people massacred in New Mexico during last ten days by Apache Indians. . . . \$600,000 fire in New York. . . . Tenement house in Jersey City collapsed; 4 killed. . . . Complete defeat of revolutionists in Peru.
- 28—Eleven persons drowned by bursting of a water spout in Nebraska. . . . Fight between Big Bear's Indians and Canadian troops.
- 29—War between England and Russia averted by adjustment of Afghan boundary dispute.

Grand Central Hotel.

HELENA is not only the seat of government of Montana, but the great centre of capital and business of the Territory. She is making rapid strides forward in volume of business transacted, population and building improvements. The latest metropolitan feature added to the city is the Grand Central Hotel, a strictly first class house, such as the city has long needed. This elegant hotel, an engraving of which is given on another page, has just been erected and furnished by Messrs. Reed & Rinda, at an expense of \$115,000. The proprietors display commendable enterprise and a wise faith in the future growth of the city by thus building a hotel of size and elegance superior to that possessed by many cities of twice the size of Helena. The structure is of brick, four stories high, and contains 100 elegantly furnished sleeping apartments, single and in suits. Among the numerous conveniences are a passenger elevator, gas and electric bells in every room, steam heating of the entire house, and private dining rooms for ladies and families. The table is in full keeping with the general appointments of the hotel. In every respect it is a model hotel and the most elegant in Montana. To this must be added the fact that the proprietors know what is required to preserve the strictly first class character of the house and see to it that no guest shall be slighted in the least degree.

THE *Public Herald*, published in Philadelphia by L. Lum Smith, is doing good work in exposing frauds of all kinds, especially those working through advertisements and using the postal service as a medium. The *Herald* should be taken by every business man in the United States. The best posted of them will learn much from its columns that will be of great service. Smith hunts down the frauds as persistently as Comstock did obscene literature.

THE *United Service Magazine* (No. 835 Broadway, New York,) is a large and valuable monthly devoted to the army, navy and civil service. To one who takes an interest in military affairs, not technically, but in the broadest sense, this magazine will be a source of much pleasure. A series of articles on the great battles of the Rebellion, written by commanding officers on both sides, will be found exceedingly interesting. In view of the probable foreign war the future numbers of this magazine will have added interest.

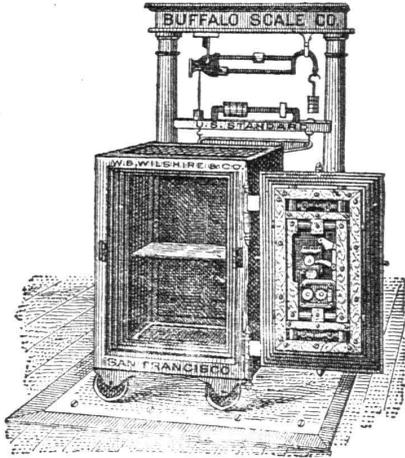
Japanese Bazaar.

The tourist who visits Victoria, B. C., can make a flying trip to Japan—mentally, at least—by visiting the celebrated Japanese Bazaar of Messrs. Charles Gabriel & Co., on Government street. There he will find a complete assortment of those wonderful specimens of Japanese workmanship which are equalled by the products of no other race. Both in uniqueness of design and exquisite finish they are marvels of mechanical genius, combining the useful, ornamental and unique in the highest degree. Silk gowns and silks of all kinds, silk handkerchiefs, embroidered and embossed work, painted and lacquered work, carved and inlaid work in a multitude of designs and forms, porcelain articles of numerous kinds, traveling baskets, fancy work baskets, and a host of articles desirable to possess for their elegance, usefulness and oddity. Mr. Gabriel resided a number of years in Japan, and was thus able to make a choice selection of these novel articles, which he is able to sell at wonderfully cheap rates. He invites a visit to the bazaar, even if prompted by mere curiosity, to see this superb collection.

Persons who desire to send for friends in Europe, or who have friends there intending to come to this portion of the United States, will do well to call upon or write to Messrs. A. Chilberg & Co., Seattle, W. T. They are special agents for the sale of through tickets both to and from European ports, and are posted on the advantages offered by the different routes of travel. They also do a general agency business, and may be relied upon to attend with promptness to any business intrusted to their care.

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\$ 2,500	J. B. Congle	\$ 5,000
1,500	George A. Steel	8,000
1,000	Henry Fleckenstein	5,000
5,000	John Gates	10,000
2,500	Capt. Richard Hoyt	5,000
1,500	Capt. G. Reed	5,000
1,600	Capt. J. M. Gilman	10,000
2,000	D. D. Clark	5,000
2,000	D. B. Jackson	3,000
2,000	John Marshall	5,000
5,000	C. H. Woodard	20,000

\$24,600 \$76,000

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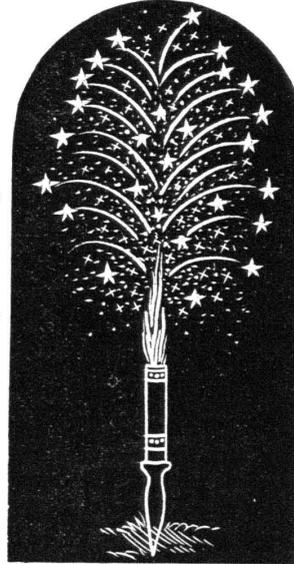
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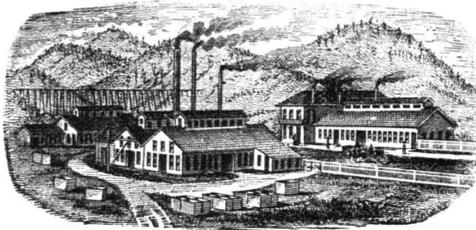
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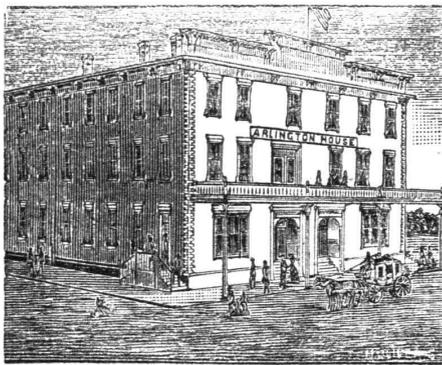
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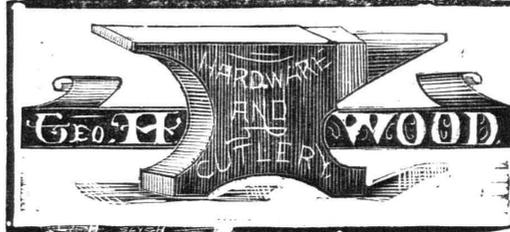
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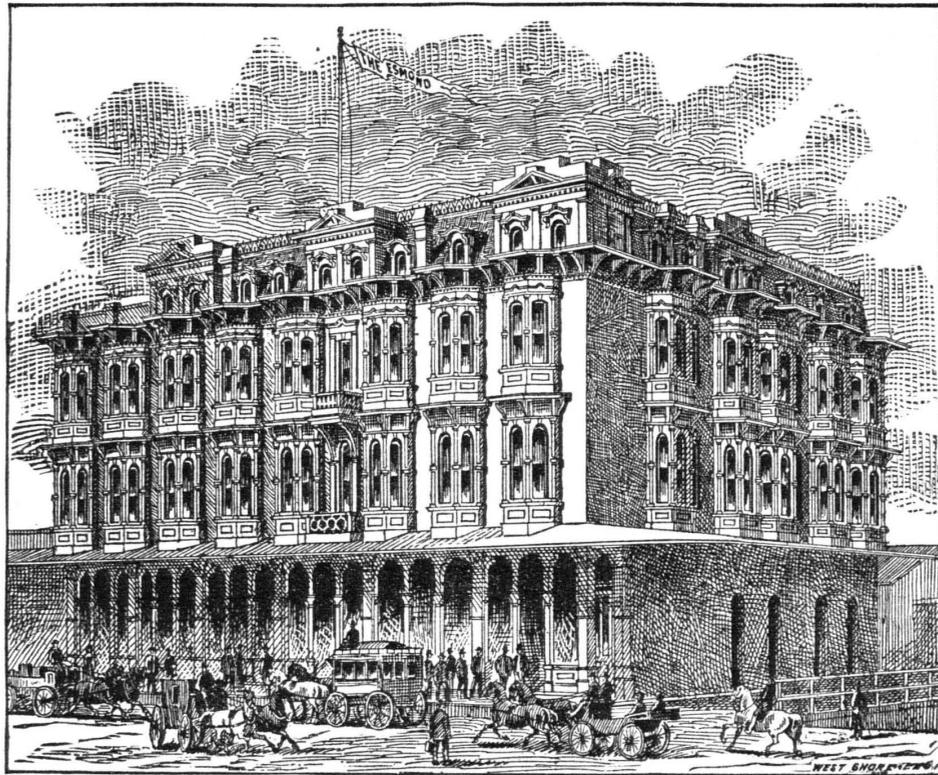
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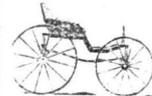
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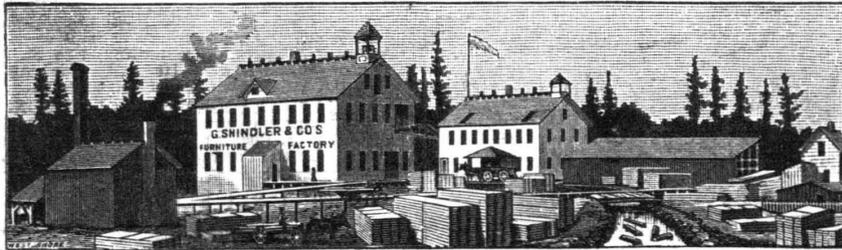
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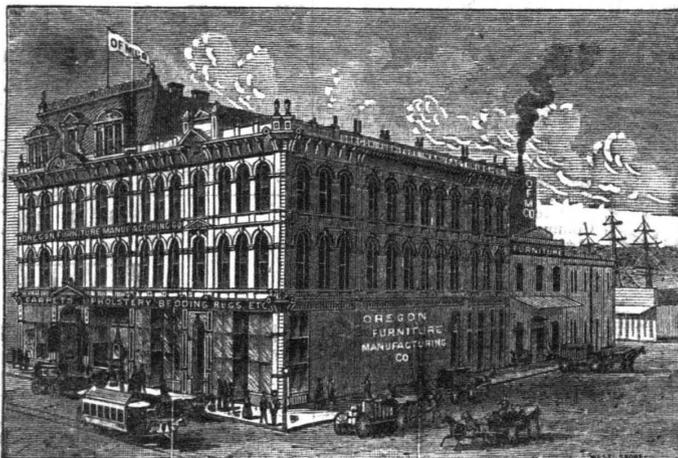
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