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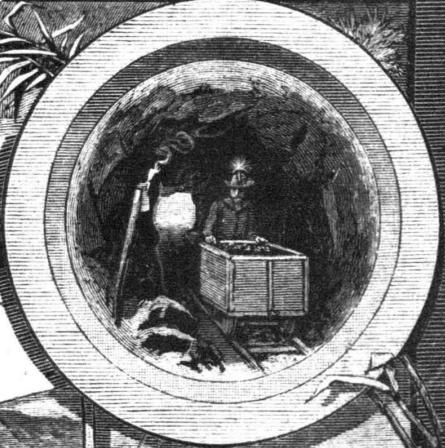
MAY, 1885.

# West Shore

1885

ESTABLISHED 1875

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



L. SAMUEL, PUBLISHER.

TACOMA, W. T., 908-910 Pacific Avenue.

122 Front Street, PORTLAND, OR.

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- 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.
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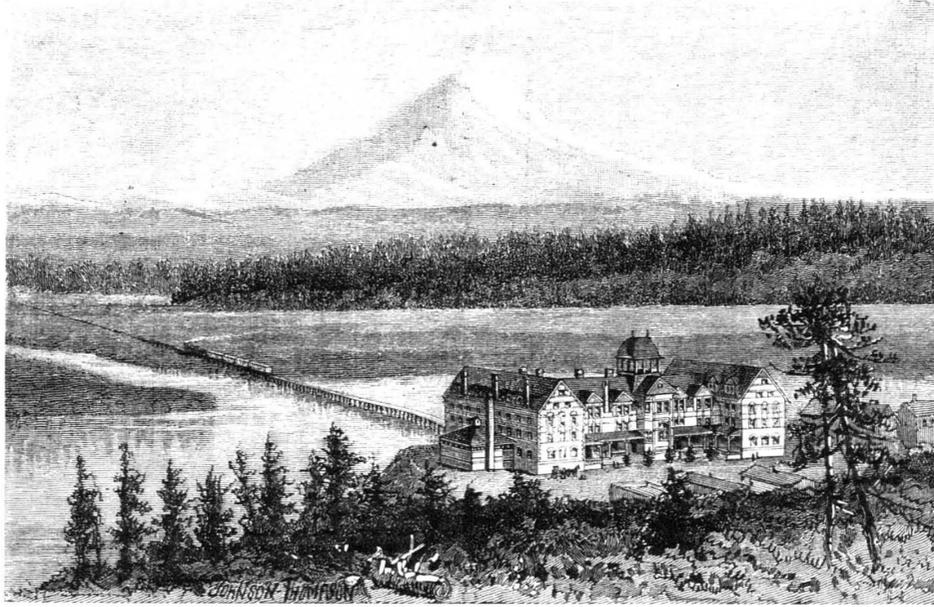
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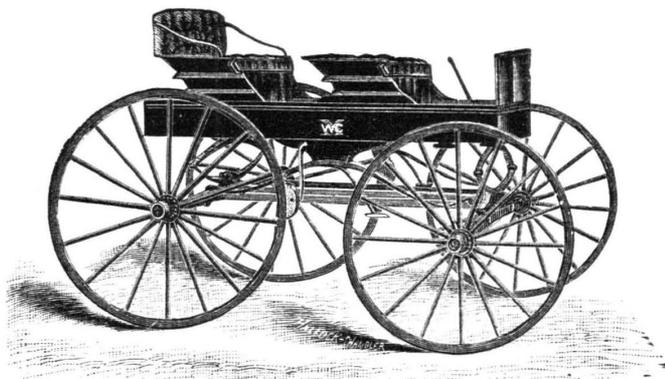
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General Agents for Moline Wagons, Davenport Plows, Bissell Chilled Plows, Tiger Mowers, Sterling Hay Tedders, Foust's Hay Loaders, Keystone Sulky Rakes, Disc Harrows and Cider Mills, Common Sense Feed Cutters and Potato Diggers, Sprout's Horse Hay Forks and Fixtures, Massilon Threshers, Engines and Saw Mills, and Champion All-Steel Scrapers.

## Tacoma Furniture Manufacturing Company

J. V. CHAMBERLAIN, General Manager,

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

**Furniture, Bedding and Upholstery, Doors, Windows, Mouldings, &c.**

TURNING AND SCROLL WORK DONE TO ORDER.

SALESROOMS, PACIFIC AVENUE,

Steam Factory and Warerooms, South of Railroad Shops, Tacoma, W. T.

**ACTUAL RESULTS.**

A large number of people in Oregon and Washington having had over 16 years' experience as policy-holders in the **Northwestern Mutual Life Company**, and having drawn from the company nearly **Two Hundred Thousand Dollars**, over one-half of which was paid on matured endowments, their own testimony as to the results is full of instruction. Below are given a few extracts from the statements of some of these people—well-known business men:

**JOHN GATES,**

**Engineer-in-Chief of the O. R. & N. Co.,** insured on a ten-year endowment in 1868, and drew its amount (\$5,000) in 1878. Of this Mr. Gates says: "So satisfactory was my experience with this endowment, I reinsured with the company for \$10,000. I hold also a policy in one of the large life companies of New York; but neither in this nor in any case which has come to my knowledge does the holder of a policy in any other company receive so large a return and fare so well as do policy-holders in the **Northwestern**. No less than fifty of the officers and employees of the O. R. & N. and N. P. R. R. companies carry its policies."

**J. B. CONGLE,**

**Wholesale Saddler, of Portland,** insured at age 50 on a ten-year endowment policy, and at age 60 drew his money. He says: "So fairly and promptly was I dealt with by the company, I reinsured for \$5,000, life plan. The cash dividends received on this policy to date are \$108.50, \$114.05, \$119.10 and \$120.65. I conclude that the cost of my insurance, dividends deducted, is at the minimum for my age, and that in no other company that is safe could I buy it at so low a rate. I am persuaded that for strength, equity and large dividends, the **Northwestern** stands at the head of all life insurance companies."

**WM. R. ABRAMS,**

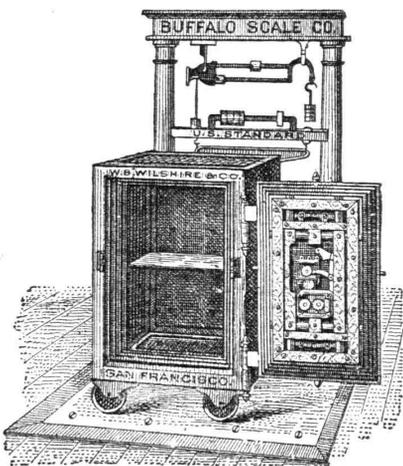
**A well-known Hardware Merchant at The Dalles, Or.,** insured in 1870, at age 21, on a ten-year life policy for \$5,000. His total cash payments on that policy amount to \$1,315, the dividends paying the balance of the premiums. For the future he has not only no further outlay on the policy, but a cash income from the dividends, which continue through life, at the end of which the \$5,000 will be paid. He says: "So gratified have I been with this experience, I have taken another policy for the same amount on the twenty-year endowment plan. I know of no experience with a similar policy in any other company that matches mine, and I believe that the location and management of the **Northwestern** give it a large advantage over all others."

All of the best forms of policies issued, and on terms which, for liberality and equity, are not excelled.

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No. 9 Stark St., Portland, Or.

**W. B. Wilshire & Co.**

Fire and burglar proof Safes, Vault Doors, Bank Safes, Time Locks and Vault Work.



Buffalo Scales, U. S. Standard Scales of every description, and every one warranted. Send for prices.

San Francisco and Portland.

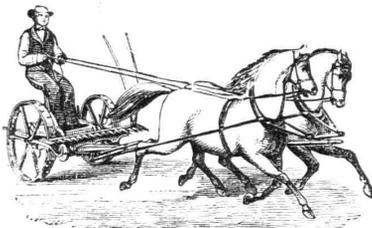
**CHAS. H. DODD & CO.**  
Front, First and Vine Sts., PORTLAND, OREGON,  
—IMPORTERS OF—  
**HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL,**  
—AND—  
**FARM MACHINERY.**

We are sole agents for the following celebrated implements:

**BUCKEYE MOWER AND REAPER**

Send for Catalogue, 1885.

Send for Special Circulars.

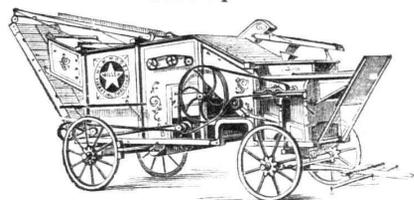


"BUCKEYE ON THE ROAD."

These machines are too well known to need comment. Thousands of farmers here have used them, and all speak of them with praise. They are in every way the ne plus ultra of Harvest Machines.

The tests of TWENTY HARVESTS have made manifest the remarkable durability of the BUCKEYE, resulting from the simplicity and perfection of its mechanism, and an immense majority of the farmers in the Pacific States and Territories have given the same verdict as the farmers in every part of the world where the Buckeye has been used, pronouncing it to be

**The only Harvesting Machine that will give Entire Satisfaction to the Purchaser.**

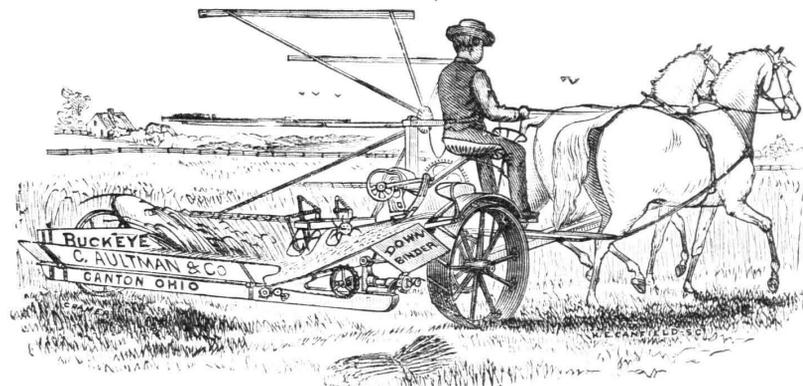


**C. AULTMAN & CO.'S**

**New Model Vibrating Thresher.**

The most Effective and Successful Combination for Saving and Cleaning Grain ever constructed.

The New Model Thresher is the result of years of patient and careful experiment, conducted by Mr. Jacob Miller, one of the most experienced and successful builders of threshing machines in America. The object aimed at was to produce a machine that would thresh faster and do better work than the best machines already in operation were capable of, and one that would, in addition, separate out from the straw and save the grain in a more perfect manner than any previous machine whatsoever.



**The Buckeye Low-Down Binder.**

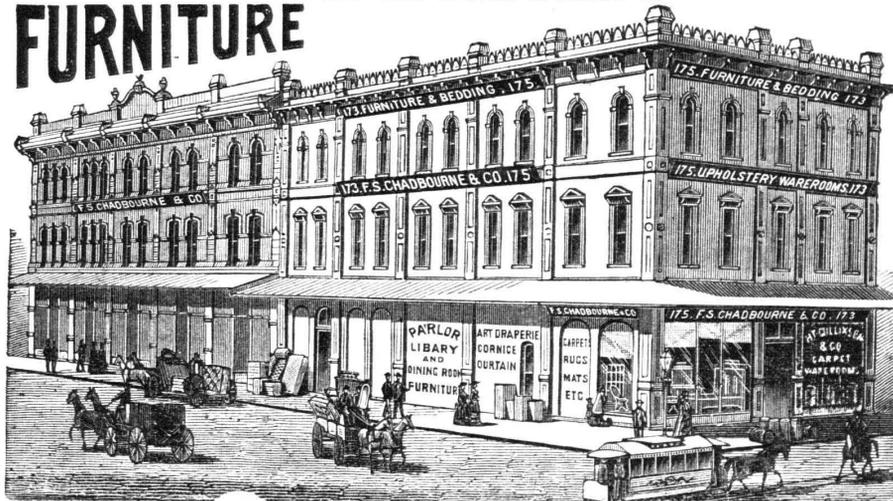
The features that most strikingly distinguish the Buckeye Platform Binder will be made obvious by a glance at our illustration. It is a lower, narrower, and lighter machine than the Elevator binder.

It will pass in a straight line through a ten and a half foot gate; by going angling it can be drawn through a still narrower one. It is readily handled by two good horses, and is as easily manipulated as any other binder.

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FIRST AND YAMHILL STREETS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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DEALER IN  
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Confectionery, Cigars and Tobaccos, Varieties and Notions.  
CALIFORNIA FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

LEADING NEWS DEPOT,  
Corner Pacific Av. and Ninth St., Tacoma.  
LOCAL AGENT FOR THE WEST SHORE.

ESTABLISHED 1876.  
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**CHILBERG & MACREADY,**  
**Shelf & Heavy Hardware,**  
SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM,  
Manufacturers & Jobbers' Agents.  
PACIFIC AVENUE, OPP. TENTH STREET,  
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Sole Agents for STOVER WIND MILL for Washington Territory  
and British Columbia.

**MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK** **TACOMA NATIONAL BANK.**  
OF TACOMA. FIRST NATIONAL BANK IN THE CITY.

Authorized Capital, - - - - -	\$200,000	Paid up Capital, - - - - -	\$50,000
Paid up, - - - - -	50,000	Surplus, - - - - -	20,000

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.

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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.

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President.

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Cashier.

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

**DIRECTORS:**

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This Bank transacts a general banking business.

Interest is allowed on time deposits.

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.

May, 1885.

Portland, Or.

ESTABLISHED 1875.  
 VOL. XI. NO. 5.  
**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  
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 Subscription can be forwarded by registered letter or postal order at our risk.  
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L. SAMUEL, Publisher,  
 PORTLAND, 122 Front St. 908-910 Pacific Av., TACOMA.

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THE history of the Northwest is one of steady development, and this is as true of journalistic enterprises as it is of any other form of industry. Ten years ago its present publisher founded THE WEST SHORE, and its progress upward from the extremely modest sheet first issued, with its small circle of friends, to the large illustrated magazine of to-day, with its thousands of readers throughout the whole Northwest, has been continuous and gratifying. Its field of usefulness is constantly widening, and in order to more fully cover it and fulfill its mission, it has determined upon making a decided advance step. Hereafter THE WEST SHORE will be published simultaneously from Tacoma and Portland. The Puget Sound country is a magnificent region, developing with wonderful rapidity, and must necessarily create a metropolitan city of its own. For this reason the publisher considers THE WEST SHORE as more acceptably representing the Northwest and doing greater justice to its patrons when issued from both Portland and Tacoma, the Puget Sound terminus of the great Northern Pacific Railroad. Representatives of the magazine may be found in both cities at the address given in the card at the head of this column, and communications by mail may be sent to either office.

TIME was when the future greatness of Tacoma was apparent only to him gifted with prophetic vision; but that time is past. There is no more need of seers and diviners. Tacoma has emerged from the obscurity of prophecy and stands in the broad light of day for all to gaze upon. Upon her walls is written in letters so bold, that "he who runs may read," the assurance of her future. With a population exceeding seven thousand; with imposing public and private edifices; with a grand hotel second in no respect to any on the Coast; with complete systems of gas and water works; with great ter-

minal facilities already completed; with her name and destiny heralded throughout the land as are those of no other city in the Northwest, and with the line of the Northern Pacific rapidly approaching her from across the Cascade Mountains, she has emerged from the labyrinth of doubt and uncertainty, and with the goal fairly in view has entered upon the straight course leading to the prize. Her prospects are brilliant, indeed. The Puget Sound country is a magnificent region, which must become more wealthy and populous yearly for many decades to come. But it is not this which assures the greatness of the terminal city. It is her position as the actual seaport terminus of a great overland railroad, the point of interchange between the commerce of the sea and land, the great receiving and distributing mart for a large, populous and rapidly developing region, which determines the measure of her growth and prosperity. This is now plainly apparent, especially to him who comes from a distance and, exempt from local prejudice or conflicting financial interests, calmly views the situation. There are, however, many who cannot view the subject from such a dispassionate standpoint. The smiles of incredulity with which they greeted the pretensions of Tacoma a few years ago still linger upon their countenances. Some of them visited Tacoma in her infancy, when a few hundred people were holding the ground in cheap frame structures, while the streets were given over to stumps and mud. They and their friends who see through the same glasses cannot eradicate that picture from their minds. They cannot realize the change from stumps, mud and shanties to fine thoroughfares and imposing brick edifices, nor can they appreciate the rapidly growing business importance of the terminal city. They probably never will until its magnitude forces from them a tardy acknowledgment of its existence and makes them regret their lack of perspicacity to perceive and take advantage of that which was so self-evident to others.

TACOMA is simply awaiting the completion of the Cascades Division of the Northern Pacific to become in fact, as well as in theory, the actual terminus of that great transcontinental road. Arrangements have already been made to put on a line of Asiatic steamers as soon as that event occurs, and thus at once set the stream of foreign commerce flowing through the new channel. A large proportion of importations from the East by rail will also go to the terminal city for distribution. Its situation will be such that jobbers and wholesale dealers will find it to their advantage to establish themselves there. Already several Portland and San Francisco houses are considering the question of opening branch establishments in Tacoma, and no doubt such of them as have enterprising and far-seeing business men at their heads will soon take the initiative. Such branches will thrive and ere many

years become of equal importance with the parent houses, while new enterprises founded there will acquire equal stability. The immense dry goods house of H. B. Claffin & Co., of New York, is already constructing a four-story brick building in which a branch wholesale store will be established. The completion of the railroad is all that is necessary to set in motion the forces destined to work out this indisputable result. Work upon the Cascades Division is progressing rapidly. The road is steadily advancing westward and will soon reach the mountains. The route through the Cascades embraces a long tunnel which cannot be completed under two years, but the company has announced that a temporary track will be laid over the mountains, which will give connection with the line already constructed from Tacoma to their eastern base within a year, and enable them to operate the through line without waiting for the tunnel to be completed.

As a shipping point for the wheat, flour and other products of all that portion of the great Inland Empire reached by the Northern Pacific, Tacoma will, within a year from the completion of that road, become of great importance. The entire Yakima and Kittitas regions, now being opened up, will be solely tributary to the Sound, also the Big Bend and the greater portion of the region north of Snake River, while with the contemplated branch from Ainsworth to Walla Walla, Tacoma will have an equal chance of drawing trade and products from the magnificent wheat belt lying along the base of the Blue Mountains south of Snake River. Direct shipment by rail to her grain elevators, and direct loading into large vessels floating in deep sea water at her wharves, are the facilities Tacoma will offer to the wheat shippers of the interior, and there is no question but that an enormous quantity of grain will find it cheaper to seek the terminus for shipment than to follow the present channels. Reciprocity is a great law of commerce, and it naturally follows that the vast region which will find an outlet in Tacoma for its products will also find there a base of supplies for great quantities of merchandise and manufactured articles now drawn from other sources.

TACOMA is to-day the most prosperous city in the Northwest and suffers the least from the effects of the prevailing business depression. Her business men are young, energetic and watchful of their opportunities. They are animated by that spirit of regard for the general public welfare which is the very life-blood of a business community. No public enterprise of merit is permitted to languish for want of support, and every projected industry which is calculated to benefit the city is given hearty welcome and substantial encouragement. They have organized a Chamber of Commerce, with a membership fee of \$100, which is about to erect a magnificent three-story brick structure. With such vigorous business men to guard her interests, pushing their trade into every possible channel, forcing openings where none existed before, and on the alert to grasp and hold every

advantage to be derived from the completion of the railroad, who can doubt the future of Tacoma?

It is often asserted by those who pretend to view the matter in a "philosophical" light that Tacoma has not, like Portland, a great agricultural country to back her, and therefore can never become a city of equal importance. Granting the accuracy of the argument, it is easy to show the fallacy of the premise upon which it is founded. Tacoma has an agricultural country to back her, equal, if not greater, than that tributary to Portland. In the valleys of the Puyallup and other rivers flowing into the Sound, in the long-settled and productive regions of Cowlitz and Lewis counties and the great valley of the Chehalis, besides numerous other arable tracts, Tacoma possesses a tributary region as near as is the greater portion of the Willamette Valley to Portland. Taken in the aggregate, these tracts make an agricultural area of vast proportions. The regions that will be rendered tributary by the completion of the road have been spoken of above. The large and fertile valley of Kittitas lies as near as Lane County to Portland, the great Yakima country as near as the Umpqua, while the centre of the great region east of the Columbia and north of Snake River, as well as the Walla Walla region, is as near as Rogue River Valley to Portland. It is easily seen that Tacoma will have fully as great an agricultural region solely tributary to her, with an equal chance in that vast country accessible to both cities. Her territory, too, is undergoing more rapid development, and is being settled by a more energetic and vigorous class than those who have so long held Western Oregon in an unprogressive state. Besides this she already has lumbering industries far superior to those of Portland, and is the shipping point for large coal mines, of which Portland has none whatever. To say that Tacoma has no country to back her is to display the densest ignorance on the subject. She is blessed with all the elements requisite to a large commercial city, and it is the part of true wisdom to acknowledge it.

THE immigration question is a very complex one. Information is disseminated in so many different ways, and through such varied agencies, that when wrong ideas are conveyed it is almost a matter of impossibility to determine where the responsibility lies. That many people come to this region with inflated imaginations and absurd ideas of what they will encounter is true, and the problem of how such impressions took possession of them is a difficult one. Immigration literature is, of course, open to the charge of dwelling more upon the advantages than the defects of the region of which it treats. Unfavorable conditions are lightly touched upon or ignored entirely, while much stress is laid upon all favorable features. This should be expected by every one. People in this world advertise their advantages, not their failings. Yet there seem to be many intelligent people who do not possess sufficient knowledge of human nature and enough good judgment, based upon an acquaintance with those innumerable geographical, scientific and simple facts

which are supposed to be matters of general information, to properly read and digest an immigration pamphlet. It is occasionally the case that positive misstatements of facts are made, chiefly by irresponsible scribblers and "traveling correspondents," whose productions are composed of equal parts of ignorance and imagination, but it is seldom the finger can be laid upon untruthful paragraphs in such legitimate immigration publications as should be looked upon as authoritative or worthy of confidence. For one case where dissatisfaction arises from actual perversion of facts, there will be ten growing out of the inability to fully comprehend or digest what has been published. It is too often the case that in reading of this region a few facts are seized upon, facts in strong and favorable contrast with unsatisfactory conditions at home, while all others are ignored, and over these is thrown the proverbial enchantment of distance. Thus primed the immigrant reaches his destination only to suffer terrible disappointment. In his anger and chagrin he naturally believes and asserts that he has been deceived, when, in reality, he is himself chiefly to blame for the erroneous ideas he started with. Such cases are met with every day. It is very questionable if there was ever a description of the Puget Sound country issued for immigration purposes that did not call special attention to the fact that it is a densely timbered region, and that farms can only be made by years of hard labor in clearing the land, yet almost daily disappointed immigrants are encountered who complain bitterly of not finding vacant land there upon which they can at once begin farming. After the physical characteristics of that region have been so thoroughly described in publications of every sort, it seems almost impossible that an intelligent man could have so little comprehended what he read as to expect to find open prairie land waiting for him along Puget Sound. But the fact still remains that many do have just such ideas and hold others responsible for them. Still others come with the expectation of settling upon Government land within a few miles of Portland, Salem, Walla Walla and other old towns, where the surrounding farms have been under cultivation for many years. No respectable publication ever said that vacant land could be found in the outskirts of our chief cities. If an immigrant desires land in the heart of the Willamette Valley, or contiguous to any of our towns, he must buy it; and he who has sufficient capital will generally find it far preferable to purchase land whose character and location suit him than to undertake the task of clearing forest land or making a home on the prairie, where he must wait for towns to grow and markets to be created. The vacant lands of Western Oregon and Washington are only to be found in the foothills and mountains and along the courses of streams now far removed from the usual routes of travel and not of easy access to market, and all are covered with brush and timber. East of the mountains there is a great quantity of open prairie and river bottom lands, devoid of timber, the choicest of which now remaining vacant lies at considerable distance from any railroad. There is, however, much good land

comparatively near railroad stations, though none, of course, in the immediate vicinity of any railroad town of prominence. It is evident that immigrants who desire to settle upon Government land must come prepared to go into the forest or help to develop some new region. The best openings are to be found by those who are willing to purchase. Such persons will find much desirable land for sale at from \$10 to \$50 per acre, with cash and time payments.

THERE is a phase of the immigration question which has received too little attention from the press, an evil which the present movement to inaugurate local town and county immigration boards will have a tendency to abate. In nearly every town there are a few land sharks—harpies who prey upon strangers who are seeking for land. There are reputable real estate dealers and there are scoundrels who make the business simply a cloak to hide their rascalities. Some of the simplest forms of swindling practiced by them is selling land to which they have no title; bargaining for the sale of a fine piece of property to which they have not a shadow of claim and which may not be in the market at all, and then giving a deed to a comparatively valueless tract perhaps a mile or two away; purchasing railroad or other land for an immigrant and receiving from him the full value, while actually paying only the first installment; receiving fees for locating a claim upon land which they are well aware is not open to location, or actually filing upon some worthless tract, while pretending to secure for their client some valuable one which they have shown him. These are but a few of the numerous devices employed by such men. It should be the first duty of immigration boards to checkmate such reprehensible schemes, and those towns possessing no organization of that character should form one, if for no other purpose than to defend themselves from the injury inflicted by such tricksters. The harm they do the localities in which they live cannot be calculated. Not a tenth of their schemes are successful, and fully one-half the men whom they attempt to swindle become distrustful and leave in disgust, when otherwise they would probably invest and become valuable additions to the community. In justice to them and to ourselves we should endeavor to encourage and protect immigrants as much as possible. We have invited them to come and settle among us, and it is our duty to keep them out of the clutches of these land sharks. It is also a duty we owe to ourselves to prevent intending investors and settlers from being driven away by such unscrupulous leeches.

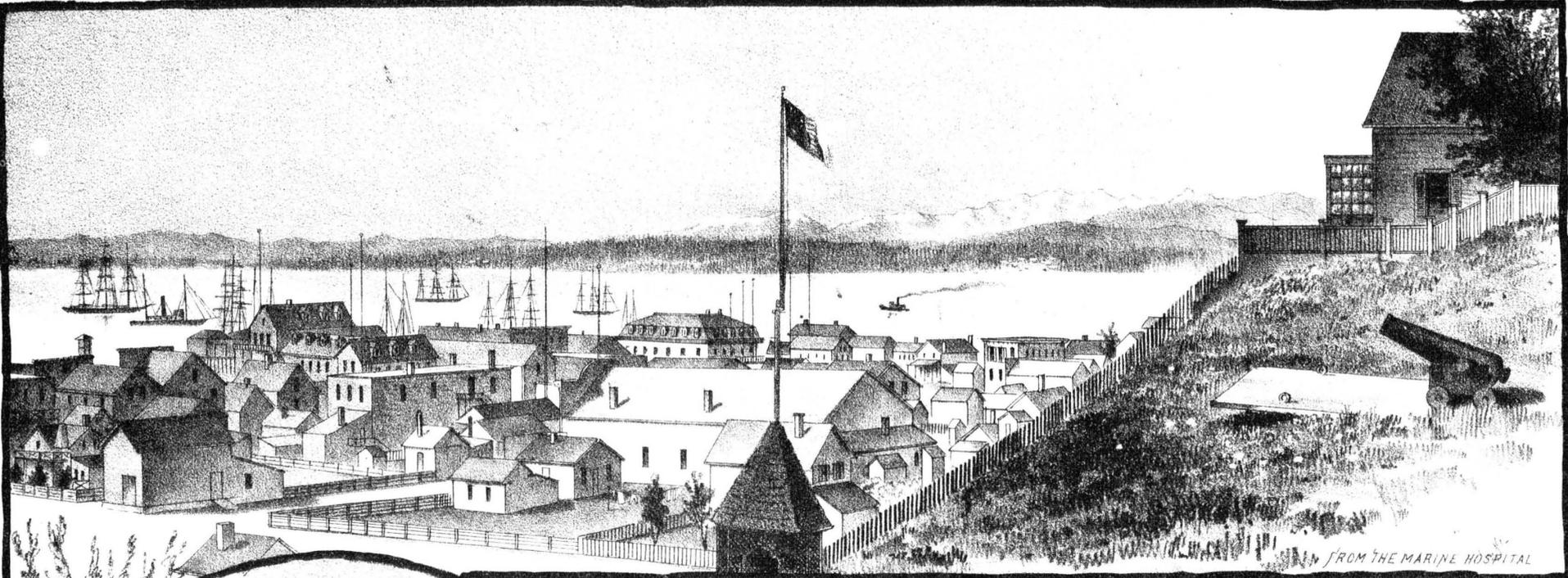
IN speaking of the comparative merits of wheat growing and diversified farming, in which term dairying is included, the *St. Louis Republican* says that if one-half the money and labor expended last year in raising Missouri's crop of 35,000,000 bushels of wheat had been given to dairying the net returns would have been doubled. There is in this statement considerable for farmers to think about. Wheat raising in the Mississippi Valley is rapidly becoming unprofitable in competition with the

newer wheat fields of the West, and the farmers have turned their attention to other products, just as the older settlements of the Middle and New England States were years ago compelled to do, when forced to the wall by the new grain fields of that great valley. Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and even Minnesota, are rapidly being converted from grain raising to dairying. If in those States, where cattle have to be housed and fed several months each year, and good green grass can only be had in the spring and summer, butter and cheese can be made at a profit and of superior excellence, how is it that some of our farmers maintain that they cannot make butter in Oregon at thirty cents a pound, even under the favorable conditions of nearly perennially green grass and but little expense for care of stock in winter? Nothing but slovenliness, lack of system and general incompetency can account for it, and as proof of this it is only necessary to point to several of our successful dairymen, who have prospered under the same conditions that have brought failure to others. *Prima facie*, that portion of Oregon and Washington lying west of the Cascades is a dairyman's paradise, and it will require greater evidence than has yet been adduced to prove it otherwise.

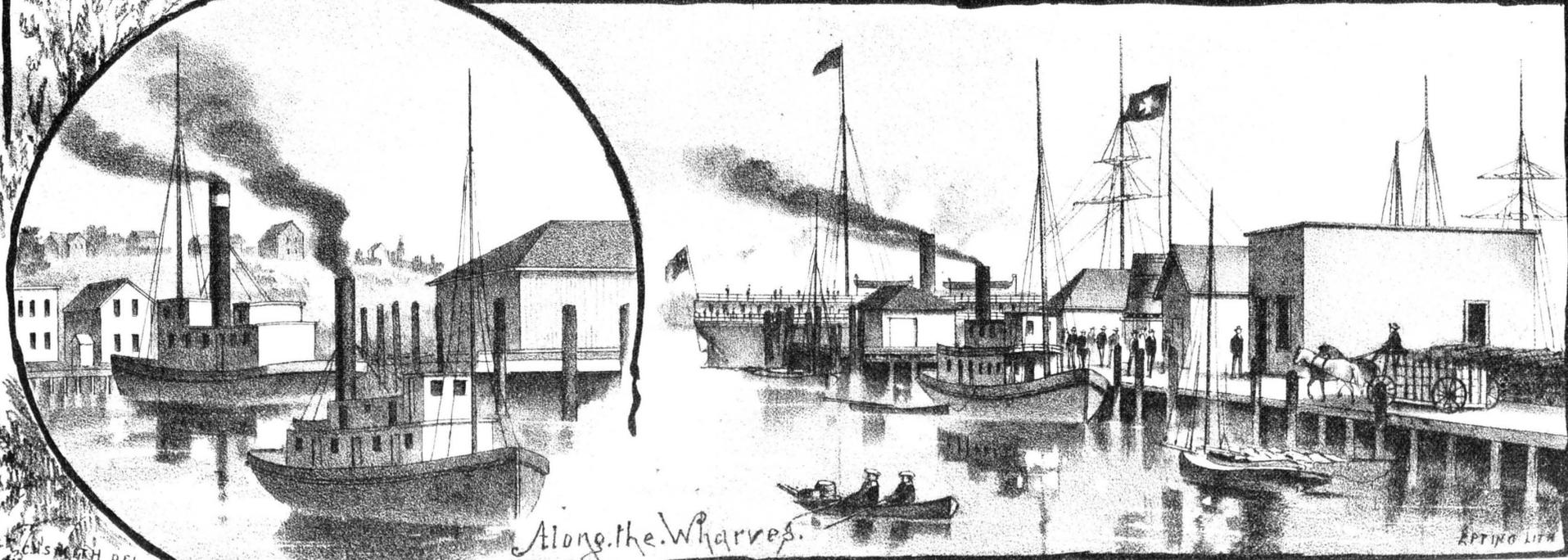
SUFFICIENT evidence is now in from the widely scattered ranges of the West to prove that the loss of cattle by exposure and starvation the past winter was but a small percentage, not in excess of the average of other years. The only great mortality was among the "trail cattle," as those on the route from Texas to the northern ranges are designated. Taken late in the season from their warm southern home, and being compelled to endure the snows and chilling blasts of the ranges without time to get in good condition before winter set in, they perish by thousands. Viewing the matter from the cattle owners' standpoint, the past winter was a very satisfactory one, notwithstanding the unusual quantity of stormy weather. But what do the cattle think of it? The amount of suffering they endure cannot be measured by the number of deaths that occur. Every year hundreds of thousands of cattle are exposed to chilling blasts and threatened with starvation almost to the limit of their endurance. A few weeks of grazing in the early spring put them in good condition again, and their fatness at that time is pointed to as an evidence of the jolly good time they must have had all winter. Jolly it was, indeed, when the cowboys were compelled to frequently drive them out of the sheltering canyons upon the wind-swept ranges to keep them from starving to death, and when they would as often return to their shelter in the canyons to keep from freezing to death. There ought to be some provision made for supplying shelter and food to cattle during the occasional severe storms of winter. Humanity demands it. We have societies and laws that prevent the vivisection of a worthless cur for the advancement of science, but who takes thought of the sufferings endured by these millions of cattle for the advancement of bank accounts? If it is impracticable to take proper care of large bands of cattle, then they should be kept in smaller herds.

It argues well for the prosperity of our producing classes that they are beginning to hold conventions and form associations for the protection of their interests and promotion of the industries in which they are engaged. Particularly is such action as this desirable on the part of those engaged in the production of some special crop or article, where combined action will enable them to increase facilities for marketing their product, enlarge the demand for it, and protect it from the encroachments of inferior and spurious imitations seeking a market under a dishonest use of reputations gained by legitimate goods. There are numerous ways in which such organizations may be of decided advantage to its members, such as securing legislation for their protection; increasing transportation facilities and decreasing the cost of reaching market; sustaining a uniform price that will yield a fair margin of profit; preventing that inharmonious competition that increases the cost of production and decreases the market value of the product; in shutting out or fully exposing spurious products; in drawing a tight rein upon unscrupulous and dishonest dealers, such as are to be found in every line of trade, and in the improvement in methods and quality which must follow a free interchange of ideas and experiences. The recent Dairy Convention in this city will undoubtedly be productive of great good to that industry, and the fruit growers of Southern Oregon will necessarily profit much from the convention held a few weeks since in Ashland. A close alliance of fruit growers, hop growers, stock raisers, salmon canners, flour manufacturers and men engaged in various other industries will be highly beneficial to those interests and to the communities where they exist.

THE indications at present are that the salmon canning industry on the Columbia will show a marked decline the present year. Nearly, if not quite, all the canneries were operated at a loss in 1884, owing to the high price paid for fish and the low price of the canned goods caused by excessive production. There has been a lack of intelligent co-operation among cannerymen, resulting in much injury to themselves and the trade generally. It is plainly evident they cannot afford to pay a dollar, or even seventy-five cents, for fish the present season, and the sooner they agree upon some living rate, and stick to it, the better it will be for the business, and, consequently, for all concerned. Co-operation is also necessary in sustaining the reputation of Columbia River salmon by hunting down the pirate brands which are fast destroying it. The season opened the 1st of April, but great activity will not be shown for several weeks yet, and there will probably be fewer canneries in operation and about five hundred less boats on the river than last year. At present the English market is glutted and prices are not much above the actual cost of production, exclusive of rebates for damages, etc. The outlook is not encouraging, especially with a high price for fish; but if living rates are maintained throughout the season, combined with a better market, cannerymen may get on their feet again.



FROM THE MARINE HOSPITAL



Along the Wharves.

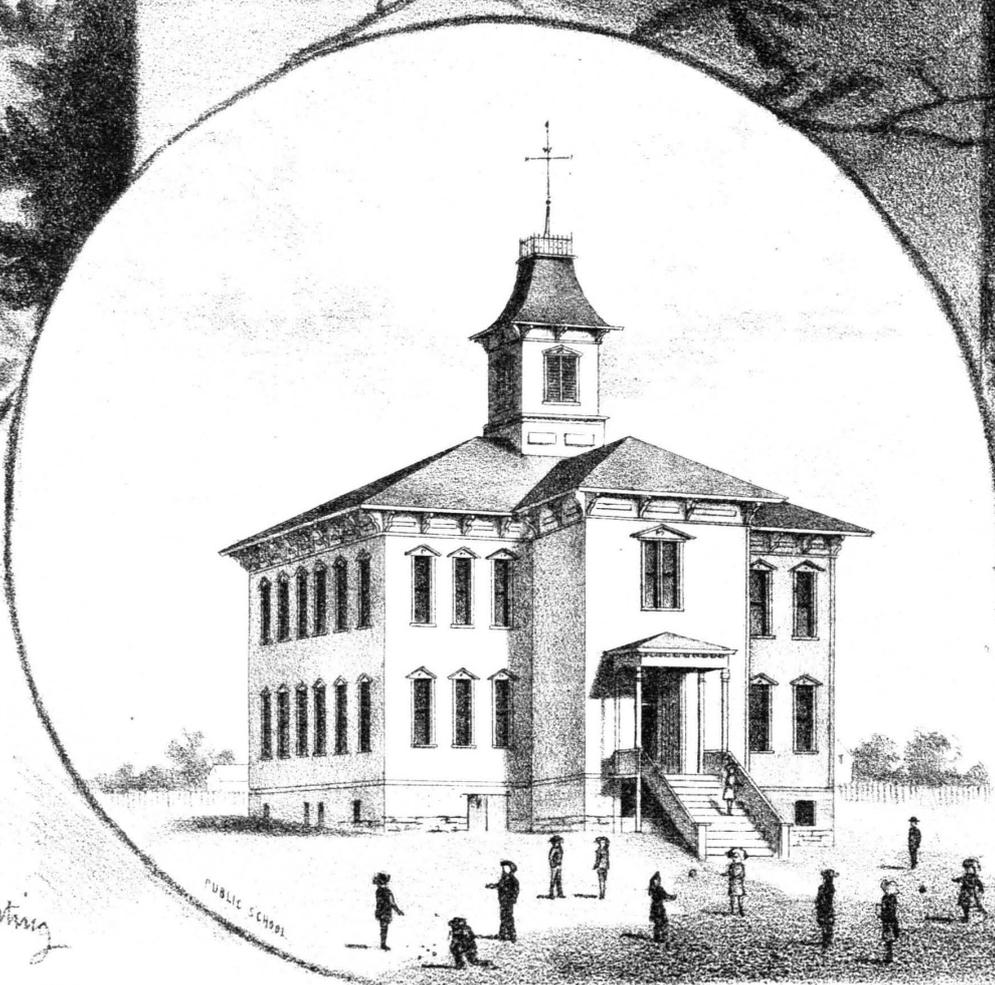
APR 1874

PORT TOWNSEND.

WEST SHORE LITH PORTLAND

C.W. SPOFFORD DEL.

THE WEST SHORE.



WEST SHORE 1174. PORTLAND O.

PORT TOWNSEND, W.T.

## BUILDING A TOWN.

LEGENDS tell us of the sudden springing up of cities in the plain by the power of magic art; how the good genius of the lamp constructed in one night Aladdin's wonderful castle; how stones have been converted into houses, hills into castles and sticks and stumps into living and breathing human beings and animals, by invoking the aid of spirits of air, forest and water; but these wonders are related for the amusement of children. It has been reserved for modern times to display in the magical growth of the West transformations almost as startling and wonderful as those produced by the powers of the ring or lamp, whose relation was the delight and wonder of our childhood. Gold is discovered in some wild and hitherto uninhabited region, and lo! almost in a night, a bustling, busy town springs up in the wilderness. Circumstances suddenly indicate the concentration of business and population at some new point in a rapidly settling region or along the route of an approaching railroad, and there is a rush of people, animals, wagons and goods of all kinds, the saw and hammer are plied with nervous energy, and in a few days a full-fledged town of stores, saloons, hotels, shops, offices and residences appears where before the only animate objects were the bounding jack rabbit and the nimble coyote.

Three months ago the mingled tufts of bunch grass and sage brush alone claimed possession of North Yakima, and now a thriving town, with railroad depot and side tracks, stores, residences, a church and even thousands of shade trees, is to be seen. Only in the great West do conditions exist which render such things possible. Peopled with an intelligent, enterprising and active class, constantly recruited from the best blood, brawn and brain of the East, it accomplishes feats of industry and enterprise that may well challenge the amazement of older communities. The West is rapidly filling up with wide-awake, active and ambitious young men, who find here a broader and more inviting field for the exhibition of their powers and energy than is possible in the older and more settled regions from which they come. The drones, the cripples, the easily contented and those past the era of their greatest activity remain at home, while the younger and more energetic, filled with ambition and a determination to conquer success by unflagging effort, are crowding into the newer West and daily accomplishing things that may well make their old friends and neighbors open their eyes with astonishment. The most striking illustration of this is the town whose growth, situation and prospects we are now considering. North Yakima is the latest addition to the list of live Western towns, and in every essential particular it excels all its predecessors, presenting many interesting features peculiar to itself.

For thirty years the Yakima country has been favorably known to the people of Oregon and Washington, and yet its remoteness from the great natural routes of travel, combined with the fact that plenty of good land was to be had better situated with reference to transportation facilities and markets as they formerly existed, served to greatly retard its settlement; and even now,

though containing many settlers and numerous business enterprises of long standing, it is comparatively a new country, offering all the advantages and opportunities sought by those who desire to become possessed of agricultural land or engage in varied and profitable mercantile and manufacturing enterprises. Though traversed by hundreds of pilgrims seeking the Colville mines in 1855, and hundreds more following the golden will-o'-the-wisp into the Fraser River country in 1858, no actual settlement was made until 1861, and it was eight years later before the population was sufficient to warrant the organization of a county government. During the past few years, however, since it became evident that a railroad through the heart of that region, connecting Puget Sound with Eastern Washington, would certainly be constructed in the near future, settlers have been pouring in, and especially since work was actually begun by the Northern Pacific have their numbers largely increased. At the present rate it will not be long before all the most desirable land will be taken up or purchased and the wilderness completely transformed.

The region generally known as the "Yakima country" extends from the Cascades eastward to the great bend of the Columbia, and from the Wenatchie south to the Simcoe Mountains, having an average diameter of 150 miles. Through it, from northwest to southeast, runs the Yakima River, receiving numerous important tributaries from both sides, such as the Ahtanum, Wenas, Kittitas, Natches, Topinish, Satas, etc. Topographically it presents a series of hills, plateaus, low mountain ranges and long stretches of valley lands along the various streams. The hills and table lands are covered with sage in part, and in part with luxuriant bunch grass. They and the adjacent valleys are famous as the grandest pasture lands of the Northwest Coast. No region of Oregon or Washington has produced more or better cattle and horses. The beef has a wide reputation, and horses reared there possess great powers of endurance. The timber of that region is confined to the mountains, foothills and watercourses. It comprises all the evergreen and soft wood varieties natural to the Coast. Oak groves are found here and there. The pines and firs grow to great size and height. In places the tamarack and cedar are of large growth. The streams are usually margined with balm and alder.

In the foothills and mountains proper are found all the precious metals, with iron and coal. Placer diggings and quartz mines are an interesting feature of the country. Copper and coal are among the products which in the near future will contribute to the industries of the Yakima Valley. A great wealth of minerals exists within the area described. Recent developments indicate that to establish permanently a great mining camp in the Cleelum District, the completion of the Cascades Division of the Northern Pacific and the enlistment of capital are alone necessary. This great transcontinental road is being finished as rapidly as possible, and will reach the rich mineral and coal fields in a few months. With that result accomplished, the mining regions of the valley will be easy of access for prospectors and capitalists.

The soil of the entire region is rich in all the elements of vegetation. The soil of the hills and plains is composed of basalt and volcanic ashes. The valley lands are of the same inexhaustible elements, more or less tintured with alkali. Fields of such soil have successfully grown wheat for years without fertilizers, the crop often yielding fifty bushels to the acre. Fruits and vegetables attain the highest excellence in point of size and flavor. Grapes grow to fine size, and in some localities are perfect in flavor. Peaches have done well in many places, but are not considered a safe crop. With this exception there is everything to encourage the fruit grower. Vegetables are of the finest quality. Small fruits attain astonishing size and perfection in flavor. The climate is such that fruits, like flowers, receive the most delicate coloring, and no insect has yet appeared to injure them.

The climate of Central Washington is highly eulogized by the people. It is their opinion that nowhere else are experienced so many bright, sunny days. An overcast sky is seen but few days in the year. The fogs of the coast seldom find their way into the interior. Two or three months in the summer the mercury runs high in the middle of the day, but the heat is modified by mountain breezes, and the evenings and nights are comfortable. In a well-constructed house it is never so warm as to prevent sleep. The warmth of summer lingers far into autumn and that of autumn into winter. The snow creeps down the sides of the mountains by December, usually covering the valleys about the holidays, but by the middle of February it is generally gone. The winter days are bright and the atmosphere dry. The nights are freezing cold, the middle of the day warm, and no wind is felt in winter save the warm Chinook, which frequently takes the snow off in a single night. The spring is early and its showers are frequent. It rains but little from the first of June until the first of September.

Irrigation is necessary to insure a crop, one year with another, on the bench lands. The numerous mountain streams make it practicable to irrigate with ease a greater portion of this class of land. Forty acres properly tilled and watered will give a greater return for the labor of cultivation, harvesting, etc., than one hundred east of the Rocky Mountains. To those accustomed to this mode of farming there is a satisfaction which comes only with an absolute certainty of a good crop. In no country can more grain or vegetables be raised per acre. The valley bottoms, which receive moisture from the rivers and adjacent hills, require no irrigation, and are extremely rich. The portions known as Kittitas, Wenas, Moxee, Ahtanum, Selah and Natches valleys, and the Indian Reservation, are the best lands in that region. In the centre of this grand system of valleys, at a point where all their waters north of Union Gap converge, surrounded by this vast region of agricultural and mineral wealth, and in a valley of great natural attractiveness, is situated the city of North Yakima. The valley is the natural centre of commerce, trade and population for all Central Washington. There, doubtless, will be the future city for all those hills, valleys and mountains. Nature has opened the moun-

tains that the waters of the whole country may unite their volumes there, and in opening these waterways she has provided passes through the mountains for the commerce of the country, by easy grades, to that point.

When the Northern Pacific decided to begin actual construction upon the Cascades Division, the officials of the Land Department made a careful examination of the Yakima country. It was plainly evident that in that region would spring up a large inland city, the centre of trade for the great agricultural, mineral and timber district through which the road would run. Being also the geographical centre of the Territory, and, when the road is completed, the point most accessible from all portions of it, there seemed little doubt that a city suitably located and properly laid out would receive the general preference for the State capital, when, in the wisdom of Congress, the time should arrive for the admission of Washington into the sisterhood of States. These considerations, combined with the fact that some central point on the line must be selected for the location of repair shops and division headquarters, placed considerable responsibility on the shoulders of those charged with this duty. Their examination resulted in the decision that the site described above was the natural commercial centre of the Yakima country. In that valley they found the town of Yakima City, containing about 500 people, and transacting the business for a large portion of this new and sparsely settled region. In several respects the town did not meet the requirements for a great inland metropolis, and the officials were compelled to decide between adopting it with its imperfections or founding a new one. The latter course was decided upon as being the wisest one to pursue, and a site in every way eligible was selected three and one-half miles north of the old town. This was surveyed and laid out in blocks, lots, streets and alleys, with plats reserved for public uses, State capitol and other buildings of a public and educational character. To compensate the citizens of the old town as much as possible, the company offered to donate to such of them as would remove their buildings to North Yakima, the name chosen for the new town, or would erect new ones there, business and residence property equivalent in value and location to that occupied by them in the old town.

As soon as this decision was announced, there was a great rush of enterprising business men to the new town site. The company immediately began the construction of depot, side tracks, etc., and work was commenced on two score buildings almost in a day. Several business men of the old town, clearly appreciating the situation, immediately began the removal of their buildings or the construction of new ones upon lots accepted on the company's proposition. Others held back and sought to maintain the prestige of the old town; but one by one they recognized the handwriting on the wall, and were wise enough to see a permanent advantage in what appeared to be a temporary calamity. More contracts were daily let to the house-movers, until now the movement northward is a continuous procession. Large buildings

are in some instances cut in two and taken in sections, while others are moved in their entirety. Smaller buildings are mounted on wheels and drawn across the prairie by twenty-mule teams. So quickly is this work done, and so general has become the hegira, that the large Bartholet House, as shown in the illustration, was taken without interruption of its hotel traffic. Meals were cooked and all the work of the hotel discharged while the building was in motion, the boarders eating and sleeping in the building continuously. In the same manner the National Bank building, with its stone vault and huge iron safes, made the four-mile journey without interruption of its business. The same spirit of energy and feverish activity was, and still is, displayed by every one. Within six weeks, at the time a WEST SHORE artist made his sketch, 150 buildings had been erected, and the town presented the appearance shown in the accompanying engraving. The work of construction and removal has continued without flagging, and numerous structures now stand on the town site which had not then been commenced or whose removal had not been decided upon. No one can comprehend this without a feeling of astonishment. Certainly no one can visit the scene of this wonderful transformation without being profoundly impressed with the future possibilities of a region peopled with such energetic, intelligent and progressive men.

North Yakima was laid out and the work of construction is progressing under the personal direction of Mr. Paul Schulze, the Western General Land Agent of the Northern Pacific, who is ably assisted in his efforts by Mr. R. W. Mitchell, Chief Clerk. Mr. M. V. B. Stacy, well known as one of the most progressive citizens of Seattle, owns a portion of the town site, and is actively engaged in furthering the interests of the new town. He erected the first two-story building. Mr. Thomas H. Cavanaugh, Local Land Agent, has lately brought his ripe experience to the work, and Captain W. D. Inverarity and Mr. Walter Reid are also actively co-operating with the others. Mr. T. F. Oakes, Vice-President of the company; Colonel C. B. Lamborn, Land Commissioner, and Mr. J. M. Buckley, Assistant General Manager, have visited the town and were agreeably impressed with the great progress being made. The company is doing everything possible for the public welfare, to introduce proper sanitary and fire regulations, and to preserve order and good government until the town can be incorporated and enjoy the benefits of a legal and complete city government. Encouragement is given to every legitimate enterprise seeking a location, and several important industries have been induced to establish themselves there. A large irrigating canal has been constructed from the Natches River to the town, from which trenches run down every street. Each householder is given the privilege of tapping the trenches, free of charge, for the purpose of conveying water upon his own grounds. The streets have been lined with shade trees—3,500 cottonwood, birch, box elder and maple already set out—which will gratify the people with their beauty and shade, and contribute largely to the public health by their effect upon the atmosphere.

It is also looking after the commercial interests of the town by locating and constructing excellent roads in all directions, leading from it into every desirable tributary region. Nothing is being left undone that will contribute to its prosperity. The streets are lighted with oil lamps on each corner. A Presbyterian church is partially completed, and other church buildings and a \$3,000 school house will soon be constructed. A brick yard has been opened, and the erection of brick blocks will soon be commenced. Logs are rafted down the Natches and Yakima from the timber belt at the head of those streams, and lumber is cheap. Coal for fuel will also be plentiful and cheap, as the railroad taps new coal fields only seventy miles to the northward.

The agricultural advantages of the surrounding country have been pointed out; but besides its great yields of grain, vegetables and fruit, the soil seems specially adapted to a number of products requiring high cultivation, or which thrive only in certain favored regions. One of these is the hop. Famous as are the hops of the Willamette and Puyallup valleys, those raised in Yakima are considered by good judges to be their superior. Mr. Henry Weinhard, a prominent brewer of this city, has drawn a large supply from there for several seasons, paying two cents per pound more than for the Puyallup hops, and hauling them by team ninety miles for shipment. It is claimed that fifteen cents per pound leaves a good margin for profit. Another special crop is the cane from which sorghum syrup is made. It has been raised in limited quantities with great success. Those who have been raising it state that ten tons to the acre may be depended upon, from which may be extracted from 200 to 250 gallons of sorghum, worth from eighty cents to a dollar per gallon. With proper machinery for pressing, there is a profit of from \$75 to \$100 per acre, now that the product can be sent to market by rail. Tobacco has been experimented with by several practical men, who are of the opinion that its cultivation on a large scale could be rendered highly profitable. The product is declared to be superior to that raised in Wisconsin and equal to the Virginia tobacco. Corn, also, is well adapted to both the soil and climate. This means considerable when it is known that in Oregon and Washington there is comparatively little good corn land. This fact will play an important part in the production of market beef in the future, as market butchers are beginning to see the advantage of stall-feeding cattle for a season before sending them to the block, especially during the winter and spring. The range across the hills for cattle and sheep is unrivaled, and will not be seriously curtailed for a number of years, since land now being taken up lies solely in the valleys or on benches accessible to irrigating ditches. Taken as a whole, the Yakima country presents an extremely inviting field for the practical farmer, and must soon fill up with an intelligent and industrious population, such as will render North Yakima a city of considerable size and importance, worthy to become the metropolis of the "Inland Empire" and seat of government of a sovereign State.

## ALFALFA, OR "CHILE CLOVER."

THE cultivation of alfalfa, or lucerne, as it is more properly called, is in the United States confined almost exclusively to California, although it is raised to some extent in Colorado, Nevada and Utah. As a food for horses, cattle and hogs it cannot be surpassed, while no other known forage plant can be relied upon to yield such large crops with so little care. It is a native of Southern Europe, where it has been cultivated from remote antiquity. From there it was taken by the Spaniards to Peru and Chile, and was then introduced on this Coast, from which fact it is often called "Chile clover." The best results are reached where an abundance of water for irrigation is to be had, and when properly supplied with moisture, a well-set alfalfa field will yield large crops year after year, without requiring fertilization or any particular care. In preparing a field for alfalfa, then, the first requisite is a location where it may be easily irrigated. The land should be thoroughly and deeply plowed and cross-plowed, and by repeated harrowing and going over with a "clod crusher," should be reduced to as fine a degree as possible. Any inequalities in the surface of the field must be leveled, so as to admit of a free and unobstructed flow of water to all portions at once. As the young alfalfa plants are tender and will not stand exposure to frosts of much severity, the seed should not be sown until such time in the spring as all danger from frost shall have passed. It is by many considered the better plan to mix the alfalfa seed with barley, as by so doing weeds are, to a great extent, prevented from choking out the alfalfa. When the field is not too large, and the soil has been worked down to an almost powdery consistency, a good way to cover the seed is to take a large sized branch of a tree, or a bunch of brushwood, and by means of a rope drag it across the field by hand power. This will prevent the unsightly footprints unavoidably left by horses when the soil has been put in the proper condition of tilth for this crop, and which would go far toward ruining that exact uniformity of surface which it is so desirable to maintain where irrigation is practiced. Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the proper amount of seed to use, but from twenty to twenty-five pounds per acre is an abundance. In some parts of Europe alfalfa is sown in drills and is cultivated like any other field crop. While this might render the process of irrigation less laborious, it does not appear that the crops produced are any larger than are raised by the broadcast method of sowing, nor that any other advantages are possessed by the method.

The first season after the seed is planted not over three crops may be expected to come to maturity, the second year five or six cuttings may be taken, and thereafter as high as eight crops may be harvested, depending, of course, on the plan followed in its cultivation, and whether the field is pastured or not in the winter. The proper time to reap alfalfa is just as the flowers appear on it, as in a short time thereafter the stems begin to harden and stock will refuse to eat the greater part of the hay. In curing great care should be taken. It should

not be allowed to become too dry, as then the leaves, which are the most nutritious portion of the plant, will drop off in the processes of loading and unloading, and a large part of the hay will be lost. After each cutting the field should be thoroughly irrigated, which in ordinary cases will suffice until the next crop is harvested. One irrigation to each cutting is generally considered the correct thing. When the plants have reached their maturity a crop of two or three tons to the acre may be reasonably counted on at each cutting, and with proper irrigation is certain. It is the general custom to pasture alfalfa fields during the winter months. There seems to be almost no known limit to the life and productiveness of this plant, as there are fields in California which have been yielding good crops for fifteen to twenty years consecutively, with hardly any apparent diminution. Should the field become "thin" from any cause, it may be remedied by a light sprinkling of seed and then going over with a harrow. Of course, this crop may be raised in some localities where no water is available for irrigation, but in such cases a far smaller yield must be expected, as not over three or four cuttings, at most, can be made in one season. There will also be found much trouble from squirrels and gophers, as these animals are very fond of the tender shoots and roots of the alfalfa, and will soon utterly ruin a field if left to themselves. Where irrigation is practiced these pests may be kept in some degree of subjection by periodical drowning out, but in the dry sections this is, of course, impossible, and the problem of how to subdue them will tax the farmer's ingenuity as well as his patience.

There seems to be a considerable difference of opinion on the subject of alfalfa as food for horses. While some claim that horses fed on this alone will keep in good condition and perform all kinds of hard work, the experience of others in this respect has not been so satisfactory. Alfalfa is very fattening, but the best results in its use as horse feed seem to be reached by combining the alfalfa judiciously with barley, hay and grain, by which the horses may be kept strong and in good condition.

As to cows, no better food in any respect has been found, either fed dry or green. But one drawback has so far been experienced, and that is the danger from bloating, where they are allowed to feed on the alfalfa while it is wet from dew. Great care should consequently be exercised in this regard, as many valuable animals have been lost from ignorance of the danger of this practice.

As a food for growing hogs, also, there is nothing that surpasses alfalfa, and they may be kept in fine condition on it until the time for fattening arrives. They seem to relish it equally well when fed dry as green and to thrive upon it in any shape. Some have made it a practice to pasture hogs in their alfalfa fields, but this cannot be recommended, as by their "rooting" propensities the appearance of the field is soon destroyed as well as many of the alfalfa plants.

There seems to be no good reason why the area in which this plant may be successfully grown should not be widely extended. It is grown to quite an extent in Scotland and in the south of England, and in South America, in the mountainous regions, it is cultivated at the height of 11,000 feet and upward above the sea level. Consequently it would seem that when the danger from frost when first planted is passed the plant will endure a considerable degree of cold, and might therefore be successfully introduced into many of our irrigating regions where the winters are not too severe.

## A SHEEP HERDER'S LIFE.

ON a summer's evening a few years ago, in the wild country known as the "frontier," a youth of seventeen was wearily wending his way homeward after a long day of herding sheep on the prairies. He presented a decidedly forlorn appearance. Two years before, when at home in New England, he was accustomed to call himself a "gentleman." But now we see only a sunburnt face, very much begrimed with dust and perspiration, and a lean, bent figure, clad in a faded blue flannel shirt, coarse brown canvas trousers—so stained and discolored by grease and dirt as to be almost black—clumsy, ill-fitting shoes, much the worse for wear, and an old felt hat that only by great exercise of imagination could one fancy had ever been white. Stretching out in front of him is the flock—some fifteen hundred in number—of all sizes and ages, from the long-legged wethers at the head to the aggravating little two-month-old lambs loitering behind, which give endless trouble to the inexperienced, by their absurd practice of pretending to be too tired to move another step, until in desperation the herder leaves them to the tender mercies of wolf and mountain lion (puma), upon which, after one or two pettish "baas," they rejoin the flock. Our friend, however, is much too old a hand to take the least notice of these small members of his flock. He strolls languidly along, tired and thirsty, after his fifteen hours' tramp under a burning sun, with nothing to eat since breakfast—at 4:30 A. M.—and nothing to drink since two in the afternoon, and it is now nearly eight. Not that he thinks of complaining of that—it is the custom of the country; and as the same thing has occurred every day for the last two months he is used to it by this time—or ought to be. Something does nevertheless trouble his mind, and as this lonely life begets the curious habit of audible soliloquy, we can gather the substance of his grievance from the following ejaculations:

"Well, I guess the dug-out (herder's hut) ought to be finished to-day; if so, I shall be sent into camp to-morrow. What a blessing that will be! it does one good to think of it. No more chores—when you come in at night dead beat—cutting wood, drawing water and washing up the dishes, till your back nearly breaks, and it is half-past ten o'clock before you can go to bed. And then, if the sheep are not out before sun-up the next morning—that is to say, half-past four—isn't there a pretty row?"

"In camp; ah! let's see; to begin with, I shan't have a single chore worth mentioning, for the water is close to the cabin, plenty of driftwood handy—only to be picked up—and not a soul to cook or do for but myself. Won't it be fine? You bet your life it will!"

With these comforting reflections and hopes for future happiness, our herder whistles briskly to the sheep, and goes home to his supper and inevitable "chores" with a lighter heart than he had done for many a long day.

As this is simply a sketch of the life in camp anticipated with so much glee, we will pass over the events of the next twenty-four hours, merely saying that our friend's hopes were fulfilled; and we will rejoin him the following

day as he is escorting his sheep homeward again—this time to "camp." Before, however, his experiences therein are related, perhaps it will give my readers a better idea of the life if I describe first of all his surroundings.

To begin with, the camp is utterly isolated from the rest of mankind. The "home ranch," thirty miles to the eastward, is the only habitation within reach. North, south and west stretch the rolling prairies, broken only by the mesas (tablelands), the rocky sides of which give shelter to the wolves, bears and pumas that are still to be found in the wilder parts of the Western Territories.

The camp itself is what is called a "dug-out"—that is, a small hut, partly built above ground, with logs chinked with mud, and partly dug out of a hill, which was from fifty to one hundred feet in height, supposed by the settlers to have been raised by Indians or Mexicans to indicate the presence of water. This "dug-out" is six feet square in size, with a flat board roof covered with earth, piled thickly in the centre, and thinned down toward the edges to allow the water to run off. At one corner of the roof a hole had been made, through which an old stove-pipe was pushed, and called by courtesy a chimney. Underneath this contrivance was an open fireplace; there was no pretence of a grate of any sort; the draught must be kept up by a scientific arrangement of the fuel, the learning to contrive which is more productive of profanity than anything else I know, but is absolutely necessary in camp.

The furniture of this mansion consists of a three-legged stool—originally intended for milking purposes—and two blankets. The first a large double one, standing for bedstead, mattress and sheets, and the second a single one, which answers for the counterpane. The pillow is composed of the sleeper's coat, vest and—if the night is very warm and the sheep are quiet—trousers. Peeping from under the pillow is a large revolver, the herder's companion, philosopher and friend—never far from his hand by day or night. In what sorry plight would the Western man be without his beloved six-shooter! In that lonely life you may strip him of everything, may take even his horse, but leave him his revolver.

Next in order come the utensils. These are nine in number. 1. A shallow round tin dish, about eighteen inches in diameter, used at different times for washing clothes, face, hands and dishes; also for kneading and making up the bread. 2. A three-legged iron pot, called also—like the chimney, by courtesy—a bake-oven; therein the bread is baked, coffee roasted and meat boiled. 3. A long-handled tin spoon. 4. A frying pan. 5. A coffee pot. 6. A tin plate. 7. Ditto cup. 8. A fork, which, by the by, has a detestable habit of eloping with the spoon, and never being at hand when wanted, its duties being performed by 9—the all-useful, indispensable "butcher knife," which completes our list.

The provisions are as follows: A side of bacon, salted, not cured, a sack of flour, ditto of green coffee, a bag of black Mexican beans, a tin of soda (to be used instead of yeast), a barrel of mutton soaked in brine (to vary the monotony of the bacon) and a few onions,

These, reader, are the conditions under which the romantic "camp life," so often sighed after by American youth, is begun. Let us go on and see what delights, or otherwise, await our enterprising friend—delights that life in the comfortable home left in dear old New England (which even yet is scarcely spoken of without a tender lowering of the voice, as if it were something sacred), and the rough but social times at the home ranch are alike unable to afford him.

Arrived at camp with the sheep, our herder—whom I will call Jack Halliday—proceeds to prepare and demolish his supper, which, strangely enough, seems to want a relish that the one eaten only twenty-four hours before certainly possessed. It is a curious thing, for the food is certainly the same, and he is quite as hungry. But there the feeling is. There is some consolation, though, in the exceedingly small amount of trouble required to wash his solitary plate, cup, etc., with water drawn from a pool close by and heated in the bake-oven. After that is over he sits down outside his dwelling, leisurely puffing his pipe, and enjoying the peace and quietness of his isolated home. Gradually, imperceptibly, this feeling changes. The silence becomes oppressive; and finally giving himself a sort of shake, Jack jumps up and walks quickly toward the sheep, quietly feeding some two hundred yards away. He gently and carefully urges them on to the side of the hill out of which the house is cut, and making a circuit to leave them undisturbed he returns to the hut. After moving restlessly about for a little while, one by one the sheep lie down, one by one the lambs, baaing for their mothers, subside, and at last, beyond an occasional sneeze or grunt, a dead silence reigns over the surrounding creation.

The bedding of the sheep accomplished, Jack makes up his own bed, and, lying down, thinks, as a matter of course, that he will at once drop off to sleep, as he has always done before. But the expected slumber will not come. The uneasy, uncomfortable, miserable feeling that, unconsciously to himself, has been steadily increasing ever since he arrived at camp, begins to get almost unbearable.

Suddenly his shepherd dog, "Skip," lying at the door of the cabin, leaps up and flies out into the night barking loudly. Halliday seizes his loaded revolver, and going outside listens intently. The barking gets fainter and fainter. Skip is evidently chasing away some intruder, probably a coyote.

A wolf! Strange that that word makes his heart beat, and his fingers mechanically tighten round the lock of the pistol; for he knows these prairie wolves are arrant cowards, and will attack nothing more formidable than a sheep. What causes this nervous dread even of a coyote? It is because, for the first time, a night must be spent alone, away on the prairies, far from any human being. All sorts of fears that had been smiled at before take full possession of him now. He finds himself trembling all over at—what? There's nothing to be afraid of.

"Ah, what's that? That black thing standing about twenty yards off—is it a bear? What can it be? Per-

haps a mountain lion that knows I am alone." Jack raises his pistol to fire, when there is a rush of soft feet, a loud, ringing bark from the returning dog, and the apparition—a great black Texan cow—gallops off as fast as its legs can carry it, kicking up much dust in the operation, and protesting loudly all the way.

After a hearty laugh at himself and an affectionate caressing of the faithful dog, Jack again lies down, this time determined to sleep come what may. But it is not to be. Just as he is dozing off the dog barks a second time, but does not, as before, rush boldly out. There is another sound, too, that comes nearer and nearer, until it is directly overheard—the dull, thunderous tramp of affrighted sheep. The young herder leaps out of bed in a twinkling, and issues forth, pistol in hand, as before. The night is pitch dark, and he can distinguish nothing; but the sheep bells are ringing furiously, proving that the animals are rushing wildly from some unseen enemy. The dog, curiously enough, after a few undecided, nervous howls, subsides into silence. From these signs Jack knows at once that there must be a mountain lion about; an animal which, if left alone, will do terrible havoc among the flock, one puma having been known to cut the throats of thirty sheep in a night.

Jack instantly fires his pistol into the air, the report of which will probably scare the animal for a time. But it has spoiled his night's rest, and will do so for many a night to come. This is, in fact, one of the greatest provocations that he has to endure. On every dark night this puma will be prowling around; and nothing but the greatest vigilance can keep him from inflicting fatal damage on the unfortunate sheep.

These animals never come except on the dark nights, when you cannot see a yard before you, and, of course, are quite noiseless in their movements. Moreover, it is a very dangerous business to attack them unless you are certain of killing at the first shot, because, if wounded, they have no hesitation in flying at a man; and, in consequence of their activity and tenacity of life, they are considered very nearly as formidable antagonists as the grizzly bear.

However, this continual disturbance, night after night, makes Jack desperate, and a desperate man, especially when young, will risk much. After trying many ways he at length hits upon one that seems to promise almost certain success. It involves the loss of a sheep, to be sure. But what will that matter, if he can only destroy the mountain lion?

The next day he shoots a young wether, and, dragging it to the door of the hut, he skins and dresses it. He then scoops out a little hollow, just in front of the door of the hut, which he manages to fill with the blood of the defunct sheep. The carcass he hangs inside, and as soon as it becomes dark he extinguishes his fire, muzzles and ties up the dog, and beds the sheep very close to camp. He then places himself at the door, with one hand on the lock, ready to jump out and fire the moment he hears the puma outside lapping up the blood placed ready for it.

Slowly and wearily the time drags on. At first visions of a life and death struggle with a wounded puma keep the young herder in a painful state of anxiety. Every time a sheep sneezes he holds his breath in suspense, thinking the animal is coming. But hour after hour goes by, and still the sheep remain quiet, still the dog sleeps on. Finally Jack finds himself getting drowsier and drowsier. Once, twice, his head drops, and he brings himself up with a jerk, the second time nearly letting go his revolver. Just as he is going off for the third time he is roused by the ominous, unmistakable rush of terrified sheep, and the dog starts up with a smothered growl. Now comes a fresh anxiety. Will the lion prefer a live sheep, even with the trouble of catching it, to a problematical dead one? Jack gets horribly anxious, and curses his own thoughtlessness in an emphatic and earnest manner. But he cannot bear to give up this chance until the last moment. He listens intently; the stamping of the scared sheep gets fainter, and the tinkling of the bells sounds terribly far away.

Jack is just about to throw open the door and rush after them, when his attention is drawn to the behavior of his dog. Her smothered growl has changed to a long-drawn whine that expresses helpless terror, if any sound from a dog ever did so. He hesitates, with his hand on the lock of the door. Possibly the puma has scented the dead sheep and is close around, after all.

"Hist! What is that? Something brushing past the door? Yes, there it is again! No mistake about it, it must be the lion." Trembling with excitement, he slowly and cautiously turns the handle. Lap, lap—it is licking up the blood. Now for it! Throwing the door wide open with one hand, he fires in the direction of the enemy with the other. There is a hiss like that of a gigantic cat, and—dead silence.

With a quick impulse of self-preservation, Jack shuts himself into the hut again, though with small chance of warding off the danger in that way, for the creature could batter the slight framework of wood in with a blow of its paw. When will it come? Could he have killed it at the first shot? He must have hit it, the distance was so short. For a minute or two Jack remains quiet, listening; but soon the suspense becomes intolerable. He looses and unmuzzles the dog, which, to his surprise, trots quite comfortably up to the door, wishing to be let out again. Jack throws it open, standing ready for the onslaught of the wounded animal. But none comes. Skip walks out, snuffing about uneasily, it is true, but otherwise showing no particular agitation. Jack begins now to have a dim suspicion that he has made a fool of himself; that the mountain lion has a charmed life, and that "his last chance" has failed.

There is nothing to be done but to comfort himself with the idea, however, that the animal has been thoroughly scared and perhaps wounded; anyhow will not pester him again. At any rate, it will cause no more annoyance to-night; so, after hunting up the sheep, who have composed themselves to rest some three hundred yards off, our herder at last turns in.

His calculations do not, however, turn out correct. With a pertinacity truly diabolical this puma still prowls about on every dark night, and drives poor Jack into a state between callousness and despair. But all things come to an end in time, and after three weeks of this work he has his revenge. All day, before the night in question, the air has been fearfully oppressive, and by sundown heavy thunder clouds begin to gather, and by the time supper is over and the sheep are bedded down it is pretty evident that there is going to be a terrible storm.

Everything is perfectly still; the darkness can be almost felt. Suddenly the sky is lit up by a brilliant flash of lightning that lasts for nearly half a minute. Casting his eye in the direction of the sheep, Jack sees something that makes him dive into the house and buckle on his pistol, in spite of the great drops of rain that are beginning to fall. Only fifty yards from the sheep is the veritable mountain lion, seen now for the first time. If only a flash as bright as the last will come before the rain pours down! The sheep have also seen their enemy and come crowding up toward camp, baaing as if for protection, collecting, in their terror, about the man and dog, and even taking refuge in the dug-out. Another minute goes by; with his pistol held in both hands, to insure a certain aim, the young herder waits for the second flash of lightning. It comes. Twenty yards away now, standing erect and looking—Jack afterwards declared—"as big as a hippopotamus," is the puma.

"Crack" goes the revolver, and simultaneously with the report down comes the rain in torrents, and all further sound is drowned by the terrific peal of thunder following the lightning. Jack leaps back into the hut, and kicking out the intruding sheep, locks himself in, waiting until the storm subsides, and feeling instinctively that this time he has not missed his mark.

The rain, however, comes down in a steady pour that promises to continue all night, so Jack rolls himself in his blankets and leaves all further research till morning. At daylight he turns out, expecting to find that the sheep had taken their departure to happier lands, as they usually do when they are left to their own devices and it is particularly necessary for them to remain at home. This time, however, his fears are not realized—they having merely adjourned to the lee side of the hill.

Next he investigates the place where he fondly hopes he had slain his troublesome enemy the night before. There is no puma, that is quite certain; but on approaching the spot there are unmistakable signs of an animal having struggled in great agony. The grass is torn up by the roots in many places, and in three little hollows there are three little pools of blood. Evidently the puma has been hard hit; but how it contrived to take itself off and creep away to its den—probably at least a mile away—are problems not destined to be solved. For weeks afterwards Jack hunts in every possible and impossible direction for the body, but never discovers it. However, the game is played out. From that time forth he is not again annoyed by mountain lions.

For a week or two after the adventures just described, Jack Halliday lived a peaceful, though lonely and dreary, life. The irrational blind sort of terror experienced the first night in camp soon died away, but in its place came a dull, callous recklessness, bred by the unvarying monotony and utter loneliness of the life. Oh, for some human companion! How gladly would he do any drudgery, any overwork, if he could but live with his fellow-creatures again! But there was no help for it. Some one must take the sheep into camp, and why not he? All those who called themselves "Western men" had done it before him. Once a week his employer rode down, bringing provisions and any letter or papers from home. These, together with his Bible, hymn book and Randall's "Sheep Husbandry," were all the literature with which to pass the weary time. Novels were not allowed, nor, in fact, continued reading of any kind, as it might take his attention off the sheep.

So day after day went by, and this hard indifference grew steadily upon him; he had become more and more careless of exposing himself to an attack from the mountain lion, and had he seen it would have fired instantly, though, even if it were mortally wounded, there would be small chance of his escaping with his life.

Even the rough, careless observation of his employer—rough and careless because he had lived this life for months at a time, and had forgotten the effect of his first few weeks in camp—noticed a change; a grim compression of the lips and sullen lowering of the eyebrows not seen before. But these were satisfactory signs to the experienced ranchman, who knew what qualities most required fostering in the embryo "Western man." "The boy's getting considerable toned down," he soliloquized, as he rode home. "Not much left of the tenderfoot now; he has a lot more 'get up' to him than he had before he went into camp. There's jest one more thing he's got to know about, which I'd half a mind to tell him of, only they can't be around yet. And if he stands that all right, why he'll do."

The "one more thing" that was to complete Jack's education occurred about a month after his first arrival in camp.

The sun had just set, and the young herder had kindled his fire and put the coffee pot on to boil. According to custom, when he reached this stage in his cooking, he went outside and climbed to the brow of the hill behind to see how the sheep—left about half a mile off—were getting on; whether they were dutifully turning their heads toward camp, or perversely going another way. This evening he had hardly made sure that they were coming in the right direction when, sweeping the horizon carelessly with his eye, he saw two men on horseback riding at full gallop and striking straight for camp. Jack instantly descended to the house, and buckling on his loaded revolver, and placing the coffee pot at a safe distance from the fire, he strolled out to meet the newcomers, now rapidly approaching.

The strangers, to judge from their personal appearance, were "cowboys," *i. e.*, men employed to drive and

handle the wild Texan and half-bred cattle that roam the Western prairies. They wore the usual dress of their profession—broad-brimmed grey hats, blue flannel shirts, buckskin riding-trousers, with a fringe running down the sides (Indian fashion), and long boots.

Two peculiarities were noticeable about these men—firstly, their horses were without saddles; secondly, they were continually looking behind them, as if expecting pursuit of some kind. They did not speak a word until they had pulled up close to Jack, when one, apparently the elder of the two—with a red face set in lines of iron, especially about the mouth, but somewhat redeemed by a kindly pair of blue eyes—rolled off his horse, and after shaking Halliday's hand for a moment or two in silence, to get breath after his hard gallop, said:

"Say, stranger, can you put us up to-night at yer camp? We're both dead-beat, and I don't b'lieve our horses can git another step."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "if you don't mind bacon and beans. But what's the matter, boys? you look kind of wild, your ponies' bare backs, too, and—"

"You bet we've not been skinning along at this rate for nothing, cap'n. But wait till we've put the horses out, and had a bit of supper, and I'll tell yer all about it. The brutes won't be 'round for the next hour or two, Jim, will they?" he added, addressing his companion, a quiet, taciturn-looking lad of nineteen, who, replying with a shake of the head, and a curt "I guess not," moved toward the hut.

The two strangers then, without further ceremony, borrowing a picket rope from Jack, put their horses out to feed, and followed him into the cabin. The younger man, Jim, flung himself on the ground without a word, but the other man, taking hold of the frying pan, began to help Jack to prepare the supper.

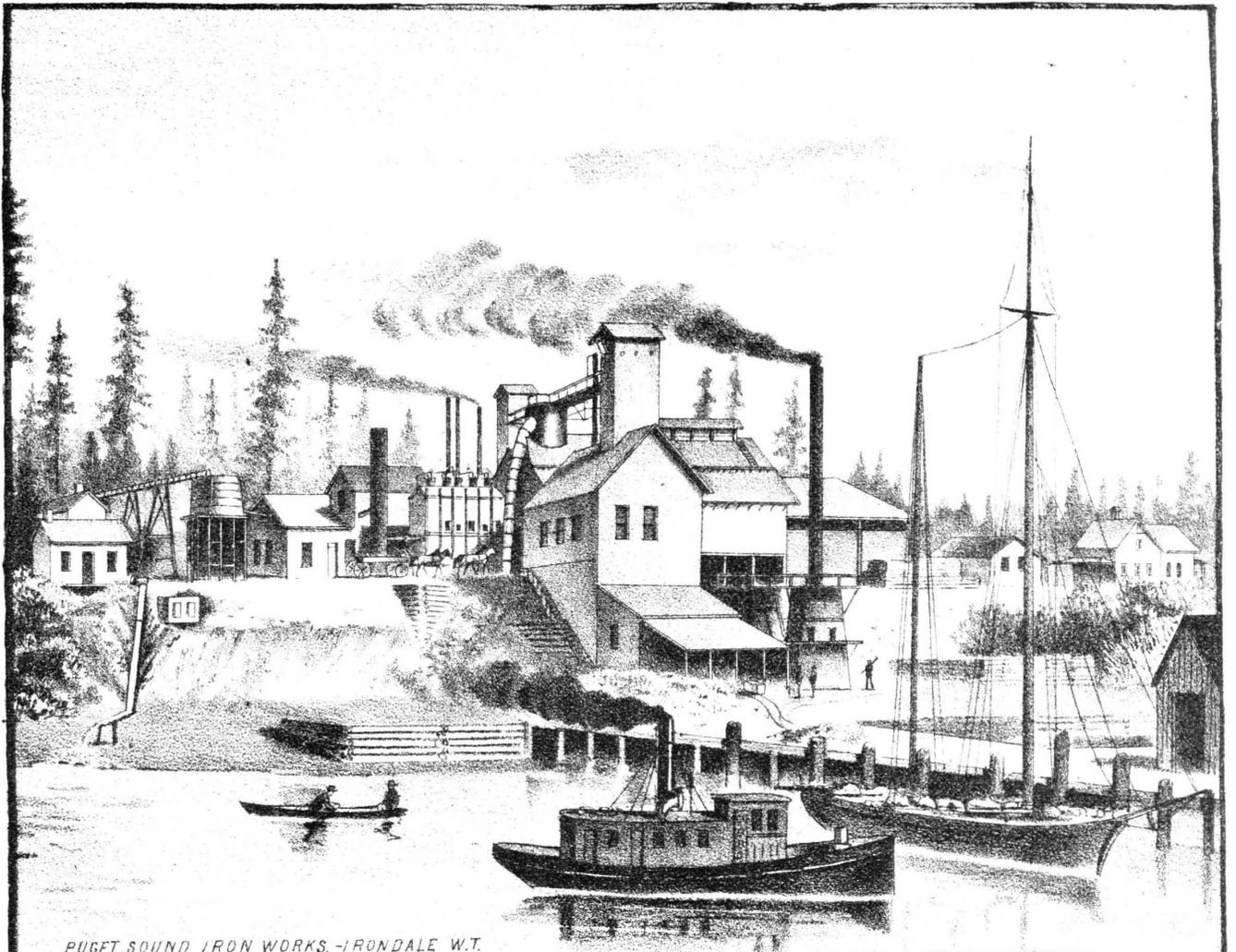
No further conversation passed between the young herder and his strange guests, except a question or two concerning the whereabouts of the food or utensils. Soon a substantial meal was prepared, and the three sat down to devour it with butcher knives and fingers. After he had demolished the best part of a panful of beans, several slices of bread and bacon, and drank some deep draughts of coffee, the elder stranger, who was addressed by his companion as "Luke," raised his head, and, without further preface, began his story in these words:

"You would like to know, cap'n, what me and Jim here were loping along in such a cussed hurry for, eh? Well, young man, don't get more scared than you can help, but I guess by the time the moon rises, at ten o'clock to-night, there may be something like one hundred Indians around this 'ere dug-out."

"Indians!" exclaimed Jack. "Good God! what do you mean?"

"What I say, I *guess*," replied Luke, drily, helping himself to the last slice of bacon. "The facts is these. Me and two other boys, Jim here, and another, Tom Lakin, were hunting up some beef steers, supposed to be in this locality somewhere, belonging to our boss, old man Williams—I don't know whether you're acquainted with

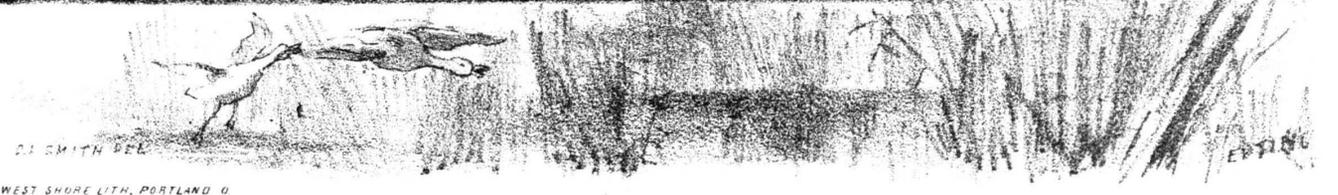
THE WEST SHORE.



PUGET SOUND IRON WORKS. - IRONDALE W.T.

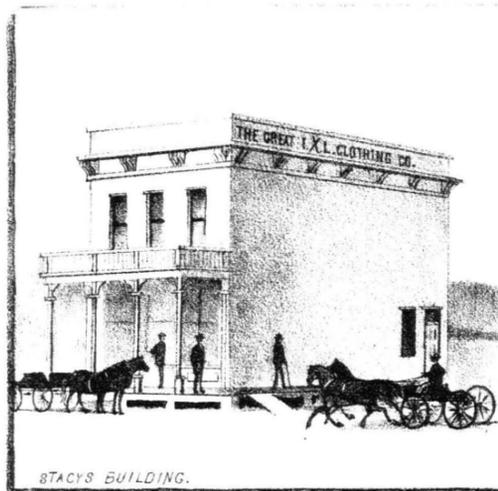


WATER ST. PORT TOWNSEND W.T.



DR. SMITH DEL.  
WEST SHORE LITH. PORTLAND O.

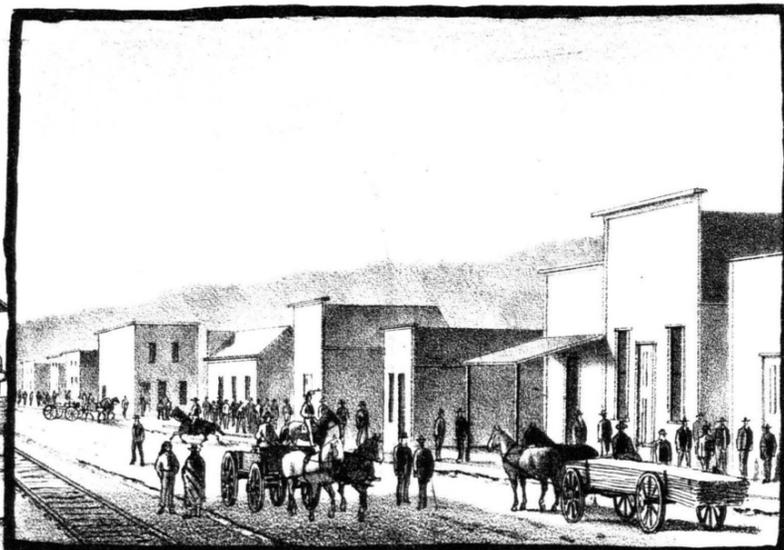
THE WEST SHORE.



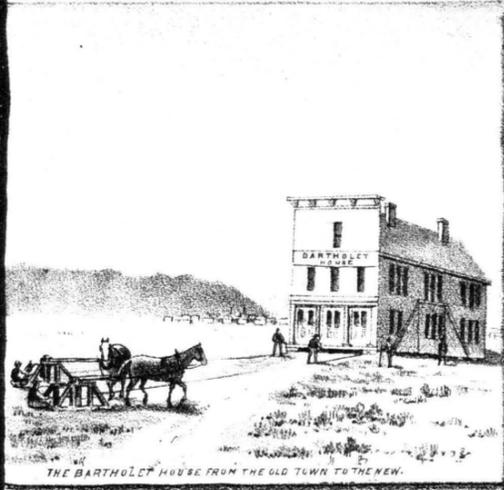
STACY'S BUILDING.



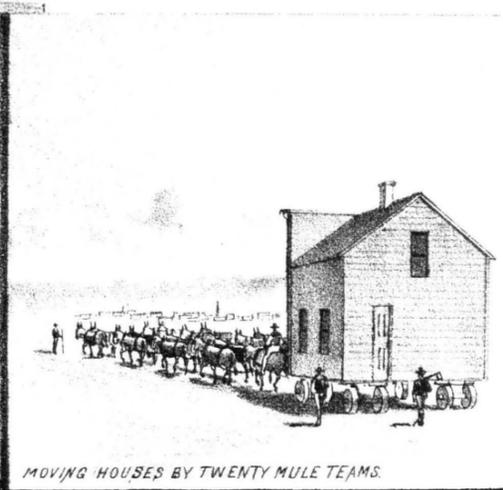
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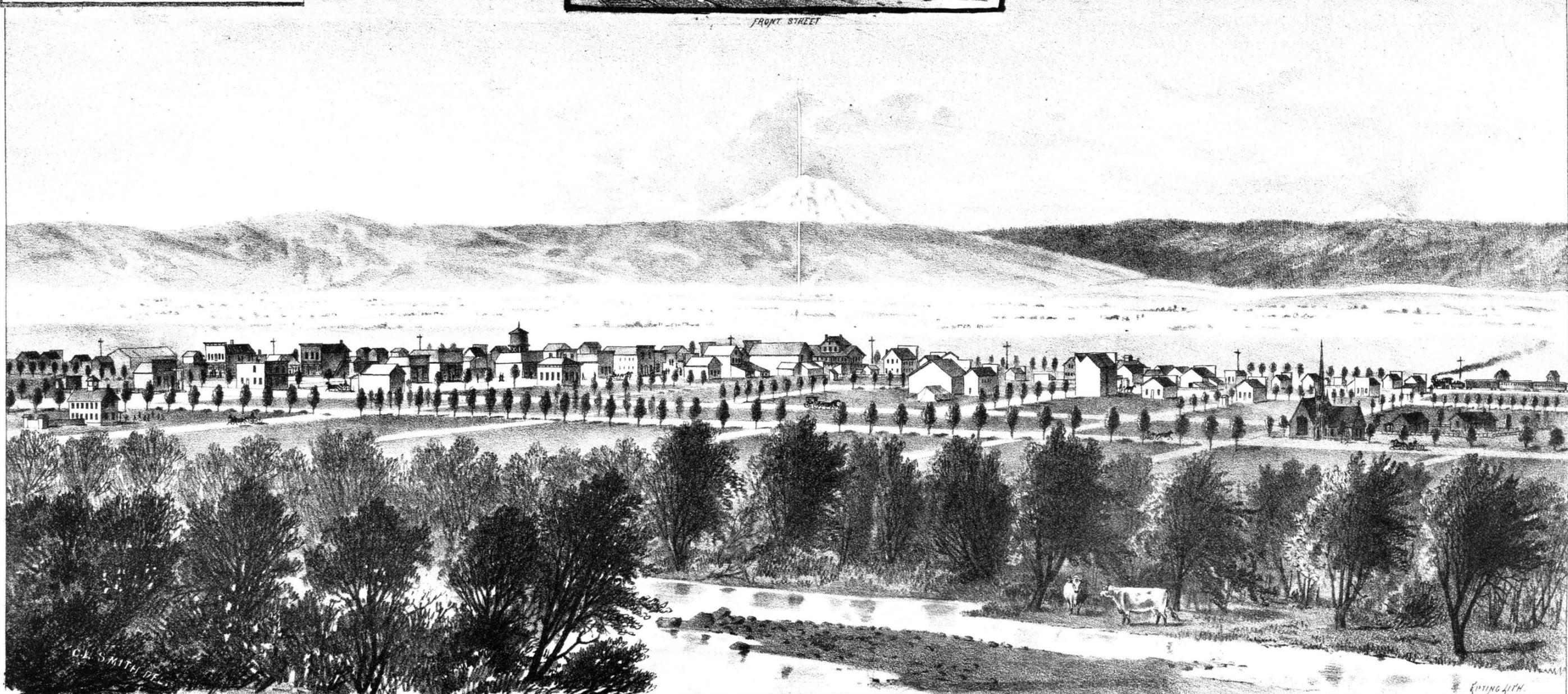
FRONT STREET



THE BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE FROM THE OLD TOWN TO THE NEW.



MOVING HOUSES BY TWENTY MULE TEAMS.

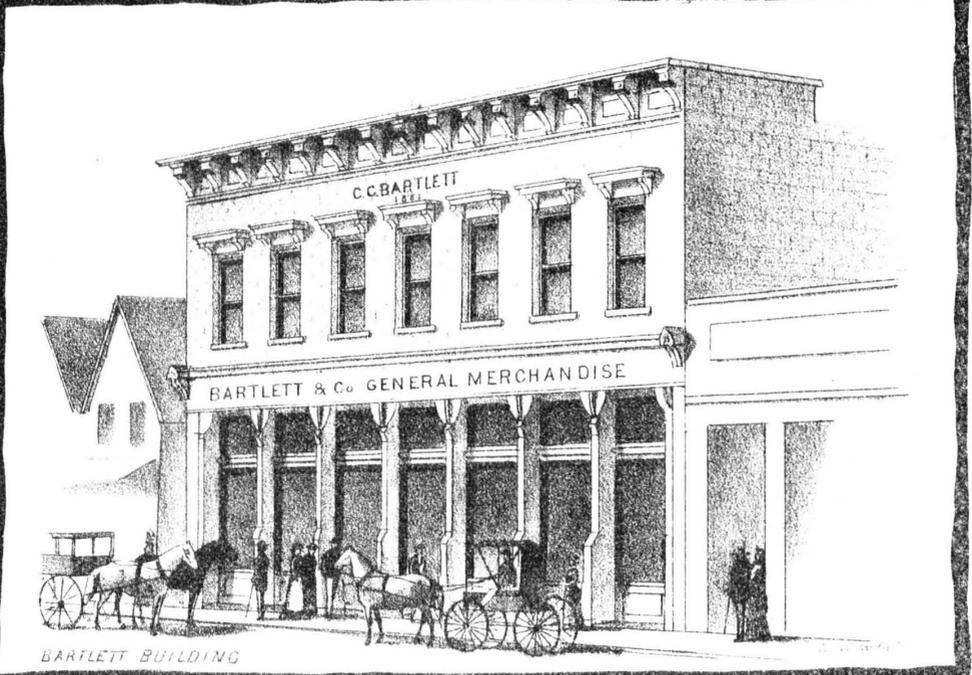
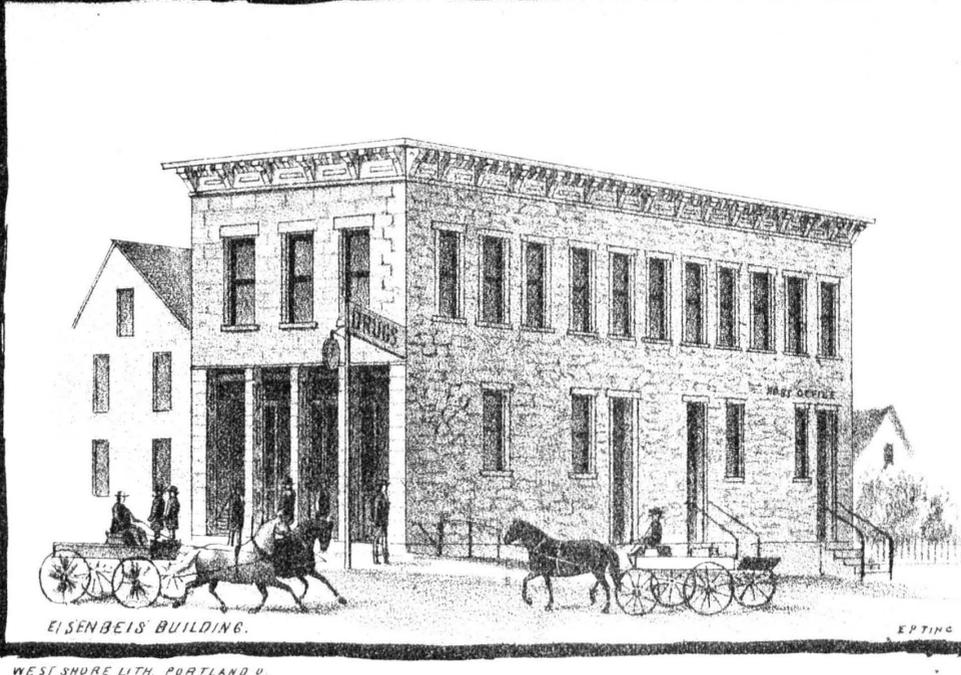
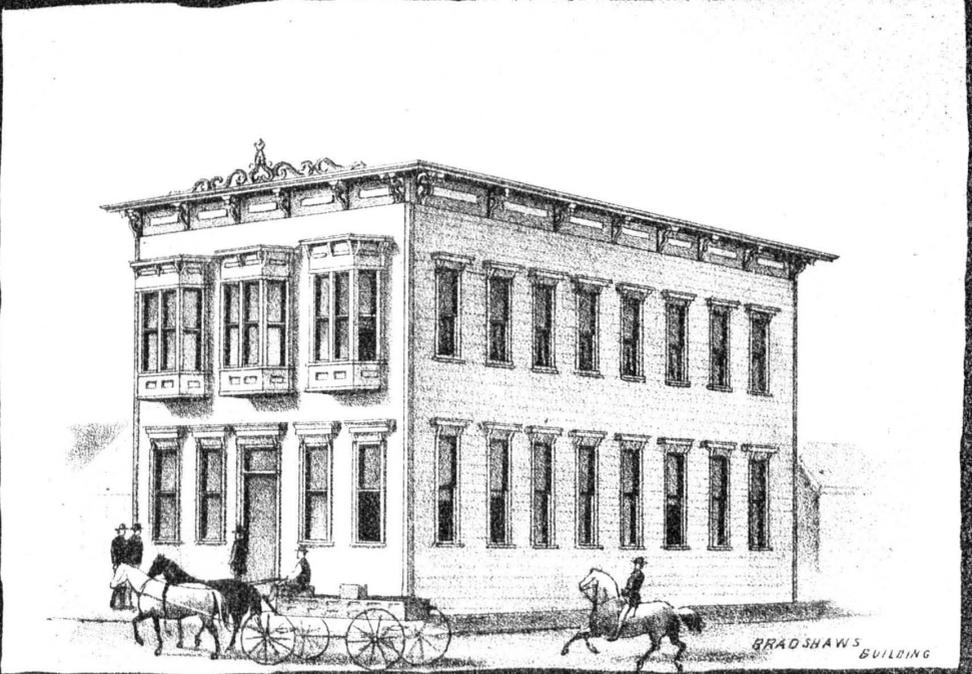
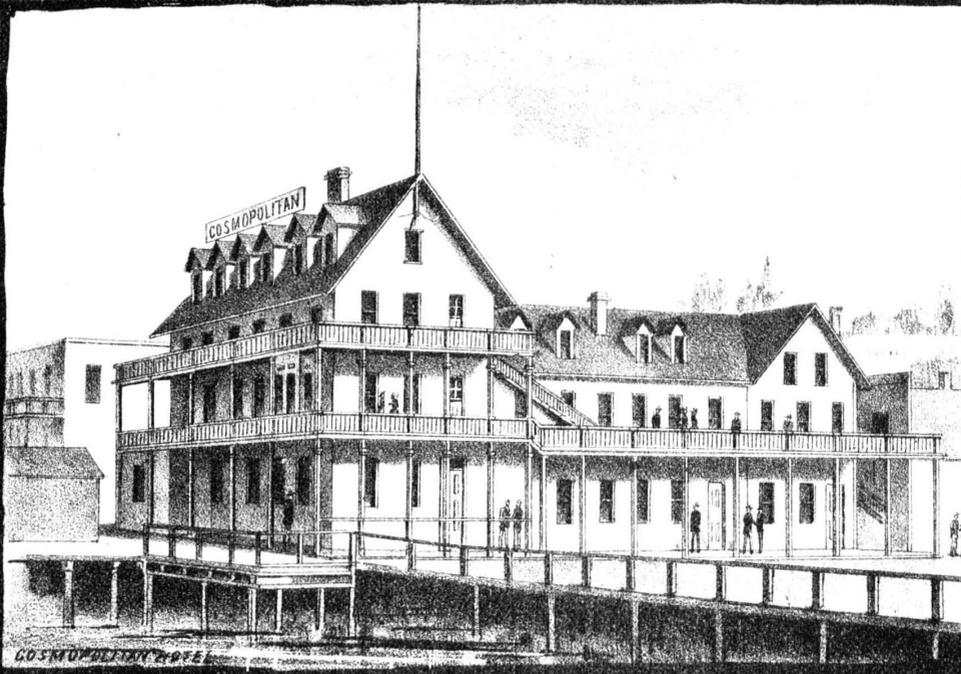


C. L. SMITH DEL.

EDDING LITH.

WEST SHORE LITH. PORTLAND ORE.

NORTH YAKIMA W.T.



him. Well, we had been foolin' round all day, and were watering our horses at the Chicareeka River, about ten miles from here, when all of a sudden we heard a yell, and before we could pull out our six-shooters, much less use 'em, we were surrounded by about fifty Ute Indians, and roped like so many calves. Well, it was a cheerful lookout, I tell *you*. The devils had their war-paint on, and you know how much mercy cowboys have to expect from Indians then. However, we were the first whites they had got hold of, and they were in such an almighty hurry to begin the torturing, that they stripped and tied up poor Tom Lakin at once, and left Jim and me pretty much to our own devices, crowdin' round Tom, enjoying his agony, like—like the devils that they are. Devils, did I say? By the Lord! a thoroughbred devil would be ashamed to do the things that a Ute delights in.

"However, as I was saying, the skunks left Jim and me to ourselves, and pretty soon I wriggled one hand loose and got at my knife, which they had not even stripped me of in their cussed hurry for the fun to begin, and in about two minutes we had found our ponies and left. We struck direct east towards the settlements, and your camp's the first place we came across."

"Do you think they will follow you?" said Jack, anxiously.

"Follow us?" replied Luke, with a scornful laugh. "Didn't I tell you they'd be all around this camp by ten o'clock to-night? Why, they are scooting along on our tracks this minute, I expect."

This was an extremely pleasant prospect. Three men with one revolver between them and three knives, against a band of Indians, armed (as they always are nowadays) with repeating rifles. The terrible significance of this fact prevented Jack from speaking for a moment. His visitor saw his alarm, and said, reassuringly:

"If we keep a lookout and fire the six-shooter in their direction, when we hear them getting too close, I guess we shall be all right. Remember, Indians ain't going to take chances any more than anybody else; and, for all they know, we may have a dozen rifles here instead of a solitary pistol; and, unless they are put to it, they never attack a ranch that has an armed man in it, *on the alert*. Why, boy, don't you know that they come around this country pretty near every fall; but only once in every five years or so is there a raid, and you have too many old Indian fighters about here for them to be at all likely to try that little game in this locality. Still, they'll soon find that you're by yourself, and you must keep a lively lookout nights, or you'll be waking up some fine morning with your scalp missing. You never can tell when they will come or when they won't. Take it for certain that they are allers around, and you're pretty safe—barrin' accidents! Now, you jest turn in with Jim there; I'll keep watch and wake you when I hear them coming."

With these rough but kindly meant words, garnished with a plentiful supply of oaths, which I do not, for obvious reasons, introduce, the cowboy lit his pipe with a cinder, and, folding his arms, tilted his head back in a good position for listening, sitting as stolid and motion-

less as an Egyptian mummy. Jack, not feeling much inclined for repose after this piece of good tidings, tried to get some more conversation out of him, but in vain; the only reply was a grunt and the gruff advice that he (Jack) had better sleep while he could, for he would not be likely to get much for the next week or two, which advice the boy, not being able to gainsay, at last followed, soothed, in spite of himself, by the cool and easy indifference of the grim Western man.

Luke sat in the same position for two hours, occasionally yawning and stretching his limbs, but his eyes never relaxing from the fixed, vacant stare that a man unacquainted with Western ways would have taken to express hopeless imbecility, but which, in reality, meant that all his faculties were concentrated in intent listening.

Suddenly he bent forward, the vacant stare giving way to a keen, watchful look, as he nodded his head as if satisfied, and muttered some inaudible words to himself, a sarcastic smile gathering over his face, which grew until it found vent in a low chuckle of complacency. After waiting a minute or two, he touched the leg of his companion, Jim, who noiselessly rolled over and sat up. Another minute passed; then Luke raised his finger in a meaning manner, and Jim bent his head forward in the same listening attitude. He nodded silently in acquiescence, and then said laconically, pointing to Jack:

"Wake him?"

"No, not for a spell," replied Luke. "They're some way off yet."

Ten minutes more passed by, the two cowboys sitting like statues. Then Luke shook Jack's shoulder gently, to rouse him. Jack gave a violent start, felt for his pistol and didn't find it, and jumped hastily up.

"Gently, man, gently," growled Luke, in a low voice.

"Have they come?" whispered Jack.

"Listen," was the reply.

Jack did so. At first he heard nothing. Then from afar off on the prairie came the weird howl of a coyote.

"Did you hear it?" said Luke.

"Hear what?"

"The call of the Indian scout?"

"No; I heard a coyote howl."

"A *coyote*, eh?" said Luke, sarcastically. "I guess you'd think the animal that made that noise a queer sort of coyote. Coyote be hanged, man! Listen again."

The boy did so, and again heard the cry of a wolf, or so well imitated that his unpracticed ear could not tell the difference. But he noticed that the second bark came from an almost opposite direction to the first, and sounded as if it were a little nearer. Then followed another long silence, more trying to Jack Halliday's nerves than anything he had gone through before in his life; he attempted to speak to Luke once, but the cowboy stopped him with an impatient gesture. Just as it was getting insupportable, and Jack was about to break it at all costs, the melancholy "woo-oo" of the night-owl was heard, not more than a few hundred yards off, exactly in front of the cabin door. As the sound died away Jack heard another—a very different one—the sharp "click" of a pistol being

cocked, and, turning quickly round, he saw Luke carefully examining his (Jack's) missing revolver; another minute or two passed, when with a startling distinctness, that sent a thrill of horror through the boy's frame, came the answering signal, "woo-oo-ooo."

He kept his eyes fixed upon the two cowboys, who, in spite of the nearness of the danger, preserved a calm, deadly sort of coolness, seen in men, the circumstances of whose every-day existence in this world are so precarious and so little worth having, that they look with indifference—not to say complacency—at the chance of being transported to another. Luke, noticing the young herder's agonized look of inquiry, said quietly:

"We'll let 'em get a bit closer first. I might put a hole through one of the brutes then."

Another period of silence passed, and Luke crept out of the cabin, panther-like, on hands and knees.

A second more, and the loud report of the pistol rang out on the still night. Another and another followed. The other two men crouched near the door, knife in hand, listening for an answer from the Indians. But Luke reappeared immediately and reloaded the revolver, cursing his ill luck at having hit no one. He then stepped outside again and listened intently, with his ear close to the ground. Apparently satisfying himself that the Indians had abandoned the attack, he quieted the startled sheep, and, coming briskly back into the cabin, said, with a sigh of relief:

"Well, boys, I guess that foolery's over for to-night. There won't be any more of 'em scootin' round for the next twenty-four hours anyhow, so we can jest naterally turn in and sleep like overworked niggers. Let's have a share of that Californy blanket, will you, cap'n?" turning to Jack. "I'm not goin' to keep awake any longer for all the Indians from here to the Gulf of Mexico. Good night."

So saying, the young man spread Jack's blanket so as to make room for them both, and in two minutes was sound asleep. Needless to say that Jack found it impossible to follow this good example. He tossed and turned, grew hot and cold alternately, and fancied every minute that he could hear again the ominous signals of the Indian scouts. At last the night came to an end, and the bright morning sun seemed to carry away the weight of apprehension that had oppressed our herder so heavily only a few hours before. The three men rolled out of bed, Jack to prepare breakfast, and the other two to see after their horses—staked out close to camp the night before. Luke soon returned, and at once took charge of the cooking department, frying slices of bacon and baking bread with the dexterity of an old hand. Jim, meanwhile, herded the sheep until the preparations were concluded, when he was recalled to camp by a stentorian "Texan yell" from his comrade.

Breakfast over, Jack's visitors brought up their horses and prepared to depart. Jim, the man of few words, merely gave Jack's hand a hard grip, and mounting his pony, with a simple "Adios," struck off at a brisk walk toward the nearest frontier town. Luke, however, stepped

up, and laying his hand on Jack's shoulder, gave him this parting advice:

"Well, lad, I am afraid you'll have a tough time of it; those red devils will come to have a peep at you mor'n once; on moonlight nights you will never be certain that they ain't around. You keep that six-shooter of yours handy, and pop off when coyotes and owls begins to git troublesome. But, mind this, Jack," he said, in conclusion, fixing his eyes upon the boy's face, and speaking with that slow, distinct, drawling delivery used by the Western man when he wishes particularly to press something upon your attention; "mind this, I say, if those 'ere Ute Indians should crowd you some fine night, through you, by bad luck, oversleeping yourself, mind you are not taken alive. Do you hear? *Mind you're not taken alive.* Have your butcher knife in bed with you *always*. Keep it close, with the pint in this *direction*"—pointing to his breast—"and when the first redskin sticks his nose inside that door, drive it straight in, up to the hilt, that's all. It will come to the same thing in the end, and probably save you a three hours' wriggle over a slow fire. Well, take care of yourself; see you again some day. Adios!"

With these cheering farewell words the cowboy threw himself on his horse, and giving the bridle a shake, galloped after his retreating companion. Jack turned after the flock, his newly recovered spirits considerably dampened by Luke Remington's warning. But being of a buoyant disposition, his fears soon vanished, and, as he traversed the familiar paths, the terrors of the past night seemed like a dream. However, evening came again, and by sundown the memory of the Indians began to recur vividly, and made him correspondingly uncomfortable. Supper was over, the ashes of the nocturnal pipe knocked out, and the darkness and silence were again supreme.

As yet, however, he felt nothing worse than a rather unpleasant twinge of the dumb sort of misery experienced on the first night in camp. Luke had assured him that there was nothing to fear from the Indians until the moon rose. That would not be for at least three hours, so Jack rolled himself in his blankets and tried to compose himself to sleep. He did not expect to be able to do so, for those ominous words, "never be taken alive," kept eternally ringing in his ears, as if spoken only a few minutes before. But the loss of sleep the night before had its effect, and, notwithstanding his fears, a great drowsiness crept upon him, and he was soon as fast asleep as a dormouse. Some three or four hours passed, the silence only broken by the heavy breathing of the sleeper. Suddenly Jack gave a violent start, and in a moment was wide awake. Why was it? He was unconscious of any cause for this agitation. He could see nothing—hear nothing. "Stay, what is that? Woo-oo-ooo. The prairie owl signal! O God! The Indians have come. But wait a minute; after all it may be really the bird." With a cold perspiration of terror breaking out all over him, Jack held his breath, listening for the answering call.

An hour seemed to pass—in reality a few seconds—and the young herder was just drawing a deep breath of

relief, when cruelly distinct and clear, from an opposite direction, a reply came. For the first and last time in his life the boy realized what the expression "nearly dying with fright" meant. He could not move hand or foot; he seemed to hear his merciless foes creeping steadily from every direction toward the hut; he gasped convulsively for the breath that would not come. Every detail of the horrible tortures practiced by the Indians upon their unfortunate captives—summarized roughly by Luke as "a three hours' wriggle over a slow fire"—came back with terrible vividness to his memory. If he could only have strength to kill himself! Where was the knife? He contrived to move his right hand feebly about, endeavoring to lay hold of it. At last the back of his hand struck against something hard and smooth. The knife? No; the handle of his revolver. His fingers mechanically closed round it, and with the touch of the familiar weapon returned the sense of life and power—numbed for the time by the terror caused by the proximity of a deadly yet unseen enemy.

With a defiant, desperate cry he leaped from his bed, and rushing outside fired his pistol right and left. Every shot seemed to add to his excitement. He emptied the pistol, reloaded it, and fired in every direction. By this time the reaction, after the paralyzing fright, was so strong that he might well have been taken by any one for a madman. He stamped, foamed at the mouth, and shrieked defiance at the Indians, who, discovering again that the garrison was dangerously on the watch, were probably creeping away as silently as they had come. But to Jack's overwrought fancy they were still crouching around, just waiting until he was off his guard to steal in, scalp and torture him to death.

However, getting no answer to his challenge, and his fevered blood beginning to cool a little, Jack at last returned to his cabin. But he never closed his eyes again that night. Hour after hour he sat watching, with clenched teeth and distended eyes, starting at every sound, and half expecting, against his cooler judgment, that the Indians would come after all.

Morning at last appeared, and, to his great surprise, he found himself alive and unscalped. But—though after a good breakfast and a stretching five-mile race after the sheep his courage returned—he did not feel, this time, that the ugly experience of the preceding nine hours was a dream. What was most surprising, however, was that he had lost all fear of the Indians' coming again. When he thought of the darkness and silence, the weird, ghostly signals drawing nearer and nearer, instead of the shiver of apprehension experienced before, there came a hard, callous feeling that seemed to say, "Let them do their worst, I don't care."

As day after day went by, and every night, when he lay down to sleep, he was never sure of waking alive the next morning, youthful enthusiasm and the pleasure in life, for its own sake, died away. He was never molested by Indians, it was true, nor did he ever see them, but time after time he had to face the idea that alone and helpless he was surrounded by treacherous foes. Let

him once oversleep himself, and there would be nothing for it but suicide, or torture and a lingering death.

After a few months of camp life he returned again to the ranch, and rough as it was, it seemed almost heavenly after camp. Jack Halliday was, in fact, never alone for any length of time in camp again, and the chances of life took him back to New England in two years from that time. But though he is now settled at home, with small chance of ever trying Western life again, the impression stamped on his character by the experiences I have here described is too deep ever to be quite effaced.

ARTHUR H. PATERSON.

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SAW MILL WASTE.

IF the reports that have for some time been current of terra cotta lumber are true, it seems almost a mystery that it is not manufactured on a more extensive scale. We are told that sawdust mixed with common clay, pressed and baked, gives the desired product, which admits of nearly all the uses to which true lumber may be put, besides being fireproof. Would sawdust, now too often looked upon as a nuisance, not form an important item in the market if it could be utilized in this way? Or is lumber so plentiful yet that we can ignore the utilization of the waste incident to its manufacture? When statistics tell us that the Northwestern lumber region alone produced during the past year the tremendous quantity of about 2,534,300,000 feet of lumber, 1,059,000,000 shingles and about 630,100,000 lath, we may well pause and ask how long will the supply be able to meet the constantly increasing demands. The utilization of the waste products has always been one of the most important sources of income to any industry, and the near future may demonstrate conclusively that lumbering will no longer be an exception to this rule; that attention must be paid to the enormous waste in its production, and that some means will have to be devised to either prevent or utilize it. Gas making from sawdust awaits further development, terra cotta lumber may serve in this connection a two-fold purpose, and many other inventions will be made as soon as the necessity for such a thing is felt throughout the country. Perhaps lumber is too cheap at present in its original cost, but it will not be like that forever; as the most available portions of woods are cut down, the more inaccessible parts will necessitate larger expenses to bring them to market, and the question of "waste" will assume prominence in proportion to this increased cost, and sawdust may yet prove one of the most important items of profit to the lumber industry, in a similar way as the "gas liquor" of gas works, which the manufacturers did not know how to dispose of thirty years ago, now pays them larger profits than any of their other products.—*Lumber World*.

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THE eucalyptus, or Australian blue-gum tree, is now grown in every civilized country almost where frosts do not occur, but being by Nature adapted to act as an evaporating machine, it will not destroy malaria or keep off mosquitoes if planted in a dry and not in a marshy soil.

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.

**THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA.**—The one class who interested me particularly in India were the jugglers. I have always had a fancy for prying into the secrets of prestidigitation, and I lost no opportunity of seeing these sleight-of-hand gentry at their tricks, and found occasion to witness many of their performances in different parts of India. My investigations lead me to state positively that the most remarkable stories told about them are fictions, based upon the flimsiest foundation of fact. The great majority of people like to be deceived in such matters, and will shut their eyes to palpable evidences of fraud, while travelers who eagerly seize upon every chance to pad their narratives with sensation points naturally throw a veil of mystery around the tricks of the Indian jugglers. Let us take, for instance, the two performances that have been most frequently and most marvelously written up—that is to say, the mysterious basket and the mango-growing tricks. I have seen both of them over and over again, and have found the same easily detected frauds to exist in every case. The baskets are bell-shaped and have a false bottom, between which and the exterior wall of the basket there is ample room for a very small child to stow itself away. The spectators are not allowed to touch, or even to come very near to, the basket, and in a casual glance at the interior one is not apt to detect the false bottom. The basket is placed over the child, who squats upon the hard ground, and after sufficient time has elapsed for the youngster to crawl into its place of concealment, the juggler horrifies his audience by passing his sword through the basket, and then upon upsetting it, shows that the child has disappeared. Meanwhile a duplicate child, that closely resembles the first one, enters upon the scene from the background, and the wonderful trick is completed. The famous mango-growing trick is even sillier than this. You have, of course, read how a man of mysterious arts plants a mango seed in a flower pot, and then makes a dwarfed fruit-bearing tree spring up from that seed. The facts of the case are simply these: The seed is planted, and the pot is then placed under a sort of tent, whose voluminous folds must not be touched by any but the juggler. The latter then waters the earth in the pot, and does a lot of manipulating while his hands are concealed in the tent. Meanwhile a fellow-juggler is performing a series of other tricks to amuse and distract the attention of spectators. When juggler number one has had time to change the pot for another that is hidden in the folds of the tent, he opens one side of the canvas a little, and the second pot can be seen with a half-grown mango tree in it. After another interlude of the same sort, the tent door is again opened, and a third pot is disclosed, which contains a little tree bearing a mango. The whole thing is such a weak attempt at deception that a person, after studying it once or twice, can only wonder if any one has really been deceived by it. I always enjoyed the palming performances of the cleverer jugglers, for their skill and rapidity of action were something extraordinary; but their materializing tricks were such palpable absurdities that there was actually no fun in detecting them.

**A JAPANESE CITY.**—Kumamoto is an inland city and very attractive. It is situated on a plain, with two fine rivers running through it, over which there are many curious old stone bridges. The houses have terraced gardens to the water's edge, and the streets are planted in shade trees. In the summer evenings the rivers are alive with pleasure boats. Of an afternoon you may see half the population of both sexes bathing together, in high glee, innocent of any garments and unconscious of

any shame. Just outside of the city is a public garden of considerable extent, laid out in the inimitable style of the Japanese, in lake and grove and mountain and waterfall. In the centre of the city, built on a high conical hill, is a famous castle that commands the approaches in all directions. A broad, swift river sweeps its base on two sides, and wide, deep, walled ditches defend the other sides. The castle walls, of massive stone work, rise on terraces, rampart after rampart, from the base to the summit. It was built in 1592 by Kato Kiyomassa, a celebrated warrior of the time, and has withstood more than one obstinate siege. It is stated on authority that Kato Kiyomassa, when this castle was completed in 1592, put to death all the workmen engaged in its construction, several thousand men, that none might know the secrets of its interior arrangements. The castle is now garrisoned by imperial troops. The Japanese army, numbering 35,000 rank and file, has been under instruction of French officers in all its different arms for several years. The headquarters are at Tokio, and several thousand troops are always retained there. The others are stationed throughout the country, and for the most part garrison the old castles. The uniform and arms are after the French pattern. The garrison maintained at Kumamoto is a source of considerable revenue to the various industries of the city, and the daily parades and drills of the different arms of the service, and the officers and soldiers off duty mingling with the population, add more or less to its bright and busy appearance. A cotton manufactory has recently been established here which gives employment to four or five hundred female operatives. They receive a compensation of ten sous a day, the establishment providing them with their midday meal of rice, fish and vegetables, and are entirely content with this remuneration. The manufactory is termed a school, the operatives being required to teach the art to others throughout the province at the expiration of their service. They use the old-fashioned simple loom and shuttle, and handle them with dexterity.

**SUNNY ROOMS.**—Those who build houses do so for the income they may yield. They are not especially interested in the welfare of those who may inhabit them. As a matter of observation we must insist that shaded houses are unhealthy; that every dwelling in which the young and growing live should have sunlight pouring into some of its rooms during every hour of the day. The importance of admitting the sunny rays in dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. These rays promote health and strength. We are apt to feel that good health depends on pure air more than on the influence of the sun. They both have so great an influence on life and growth that they should be allowed to fill every room occupied by animals or plants. Light may be so direct and brilliant as to be injurious to the eyes, then let its penetrating rays be softened, but let them enter in such a way as to do good and not harm. Much has been said in recent times about the value of a sun bath. No doubt it does produce and retain a healthy condition of the body. It costs nothing but the means of exposing the nude body to the sunny rays in such a way as to exclude prying eyes. We have known a few aged persons who built a small room upon the top of their dwelling in such a way as to admit freely the sunny rays, but exclude all eyes but His who lives in the space far above. These men lived to see their ninetieth year and more. They did not hesitate to proclaim the great influence of sunlight upon health and life. Others will find, if they search, that sunlight is worth more than gold, and pure water, fresh air, proper food, well digested, and sunny house, always dry, will secure health and strength. Any one who has

eyes and uses them may see that those who live in the open air and under the sunny rays are healthier and stronger than those whose days are chiefly spent in the shade. The feeble should seek the sunny rays; many become feeble by excluding from their homes the life-giving sun. They do all they can to exclude the source of all strength and health. Let all pale, weakly women court the sunny rays and become robust and strong.

**HINDU TEMPLES.**—These edifices, which, of course, none but Hindus are allowed to enter, have lofty truncated pyramidal portals, which, with the columned portico, are the only things notable. This grand portal tower is carved all over with figures, not an inch being without these sculptures in relief. All the popular deities may be picked out. Beneath the pillared portico several scores of women and children are sheltered from the glowing sun, now and then purchasing some little fruit from the venders sitting behind their heaps of bananas, oranges and other fruits. So soon as I began to examine closely the figures sculptured on pediments of the columns I was surrounded by a swarm of small naked forms, which displayed as much curiosity as would be excited by a Hindu inspecting Westminster Abbey. In front of the large temple there is a smaller one, a palm-thatched chapel of ease, in which Lakshimi was placed on her return. Beside it is the car—for every deity has a sort of Lord Mayor's coach—and in front the square tank, covering over an acre, in the centre of which is a sculptured edifice, apparently ornamental. When the goddess had been carried within, the chanting ended, the veil was drawn. I walked away fifty yards, and while strolling heard loud calls. Turning, I saw the huge elephant which had attended the procession making straight for me, brandishing his huge trunk, while the man on his back was uttering various cries, pointing to me and then to the animal. I was just considering whether a sudden bath in the holy tank might not be the better part of valor, when my driver came running and said, "The elephant wants some money." Ah! have I not often found relief in an application of "baksheesh!" I waited until this elephantine devotee of the goddess of wealth approached and placed a bit of silver in his proboscis. He raised it above his head to the hand of the man on his back, then went off to a large shaded space near by, where, falling on his knees for the man to alight, he was soon stretched on his side in sweet repose. It was the largest and finest elephant I ever saw.

**THE IGUANA.**—The Iguana is a very large and ugly looking lizard which is found all through the American tropics. It measures fully five feet in length, its body being over two feet and its long, tapering tail nearly three. It is covered with scales, and its usual color is green, shaded with brown. Iguanas possess, however, to an extent exceeded only by the chameleon, the power of changing their colors, the brilliant green becoming transformed in an instant, through the influence of fear or anger, into darker hues, or even into black. The eyes of the Iguana are large, as is also its head, while a pouch, notched in front, depends from the lower jaw. It also has a notched tuft like a comb extending along its back and half the length of its tail. Its legs are long and its feet are armed with strong claws, which enable it to climb about among the branches of the trees with the greatest rapidity. One would think that so large a creature would be slow and clumsy in its movements, but no squirrel or small lizard could be lighter and more active than the Iguana. It is as much at home in the water as on the land, and can remain under the surface a long time without coming up to breathe. When swimming it

propels itself ahead with marvelous quickness by waving its long tail from side to side, and using its paws very much in the manner that a boy would use his arms. A singular instance of the power and velocity of the Iguana is related by an English traveler. On the brink of a river he came suddenly upon one of these huge lizards lying concealed in the tall grass. Alarmed by the appearance of a man, whom the Iguana recognizes as its deadly enemy, the creature sprang into the water, but in place of swimming, so great was the force of its spring, that it skimmed across the broad river, scarcely touching the surface with its feet. In two minutes it reached the sand banks of the opposite shore, and soon vanished among the bushes.

**SOFTENING LEATHER.**—Neatsfoot oil will not soften leather under all circumstances, neither is castor oil any better. Oil is not necessary to the pliability of leather—the leather of the ox, goat, calf, and kid. It is necessary that the leather be kept moist; but oil need not be the moistening means. Yet in use oil is the most convenient means for keeping leather soft. It would be inconvenient to employ water to keep pliable the leather of our boots, because of its spreading the pores of the leather and admitting cold air; besides, unless always wet, leather becomes hard and rigid. Oil, on the contrary, keeps the leather in a proper state for its best usefulness, that of pliability. But in order that oil may soften the leather, its way should be prepared by a thorough wetting of the leather by water. Much less oil is required if the leather is well saturated with water. The philosophy is obvious; water is repellent to the oil, and prevents it from passing entirely through the leather, holding the oil in the substance of the leather. The use of water for softening belts in factories is not inconvenient, if advantage is taken of a holiday. At night the belts may be brushed clean and thoroughly wetted, then in the morning use the oil; a much smaller quantity is necessary to render the belt pliable than when no water is used.

**ASSOCIATED DAIRYING.**—There can be no doubt but what the introduction of the creamery, or factory system, has been a great benefit to the farmers of the West. It has added a good deal of money to the pockets of those who retain cows on the farm. It has relieved our good wives from a burden, which is gratifying to every farmer that has a proper regard for his better half. It has been the cause of increasing the quality of butter beyond the expectation of every one. All of the farmers do not make good butter, but all of the creameries or factories, as a general rule, make the very best. It saves the individual farmer the trouble, annoyance and expense of marketing his butter. He receives at his own threshold the money for his milk or cream, once a week, or once a month, just as he may elect. This is a matter of a good deal of moment, because he can use his money as often as he has a demand for it. Then, again, it places the quality of the product of the whole neighborhood on an equality. Finally, the creamery system, being a co-operative measure, lessens the care and anxiety of the farmer who patronizes it.—*Stock, Farm and Home.*

**THE ALASKA INDIANS.**—There are 40,000 of the Alaska Indians. They are indolent and squalid. Their number is constantly decreasing. They live half of their days in canoes made of solid logs, burned out. In the miserable huts are bleary-eyed old sinners and half-clad women who will sell whatever they happen to possess, even their child daughters, provided they can get their price, and every family has a dog or two as ugly and dirty as their owners.

PORT TOWNSEND AND JEFFERSON COUNTY,  
WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

PORT TOWNSEND, the subject of some of our principal illustrations this month, is notable as being the port of entry and location of the custom house in the Puget Sound Collection District. It is the county seat of Jefferson County, and is situated along the northern shore of a beautiful bay of the same name, about three miles in length, and indenting the eastern side of a peninsula at the junction of the Straits of Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound proper. It is about ninety miles east of Cape Flattery, at the Pacific Ocean, and some sixty-five miles north of Olympia, the head of navigation on Puget Sound, though the irregular channel of the Sound makes the actual distance traveled by water between Olympia and Port Townsend not far from a hundred miles.

Port Townsend has a population of about 1,600, is the location of a United States court, and of a district court for the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island and San Juan. It is the last American port going north from Portland, having direct mail and steamboat connection with Victoria, in British Columbia, and is the first American port entered by the Alaskan mail steamer on her down trips. It is also a natural centre of travel for a large scope of country, including several counties, having steamboat and mail lines radiating to all points of the compass. A semi-weekly mail is carried by steamer on Mondays and Thursdays to Neah Bay and all way ports in Clallam County to the westward along the Straits of Fuca, and a semi-weekly mail is also carried by steamer on the same days, returning Wednesdays and Saturdays, to and from Whatcom and Semiahmoo, and northward in Whatcom County to the British Columbia line, touching at many intermediate points in San Juan and Skagit counties. A daily mail is carried by stage and ferry steamer westward across Quimper Peninsula and Port Discovery Bay to the saw milling town of Port Discovery on the west side of the bay, which extends inland southward from the Straits some nine miles—the saw mill being some twelve miles from Port Townsend. A steamer also makes complete daily trips around the intervening peninsula between the two points. A tri-weekly mail is also carried by steamer and stage across the channel seven miles to Ebey's Landing, on Whidby Island, and from thence to Coupeville, on Penn's Cove—the steamer and stage also connecting both ways every day, Sundays excepted. A daily mail is carried by steamer to Irondale, three miles distant to the southwest, at the head of Port Townsend Bay, where extensive smelting works are located, to which the steamer makes two trips daily. Daily mail service is had by steamers to all prominent towns on Puget Sound to the south and northward to Victoria. A freight and passenger steamer also runs northward every Saturday direct to New Westminster, B. C., and an opposition passenger and freight steamer runs three times a week to Victoria, besides numerous smaller craft being employed in the carrying trade to local points. The mail is now carried monthly to Alaska, but advices from the

Post Office Department indicate that the next contract will be for semi-monthly mail, with Port Townsend as the southern terminus of the route. Ocean steamers arrive direct from San Francisco every eight days. Altogether, Port Townsend Bay is always lively with shipping, from twenty-five to fifty craft of all sizes, both sail and steam, being frequently in sight at once.

The United States Custom House brings here vessels of all kinds having business to do with it, particularly in the foreign trade. The Puget Sound Customs Collection District, with headquarters here, collects duties for the Government amounting annually to about \$70,000, and ranks about third on an average among all the collection districts in the United States. In order to convey an idea of the amount of business done, we append the following summary of exports from Puget Sound District in American and foreign vessels to foreign countries during the year 1884:

ARTICLES.	AM. VESSELS.		FOR. VESSELS.	
	No.	Value.	No.	Value.
Lumber, M feet.....	39,385	\$501,221	17,661	\$227,003
Lath and pickets, M.....	2,778	8,617	3,100	11,039
Shingles, M.....	3,200	7,633		
Wheat, bushels.....	14,545	12,749		
Flour, b rrels.....	3,856	17,751		
Oats, bushels.....	44,814	17,751		
Horses.....	315	53,038		
Cattle.....	267	11,303		
Sheep.....	16,808	41,889		
Hogs.....	1,859	11,670		
Other articles.....		572,287		5,450
Total.....		\$1,415,638		\$253,492

Of the above there were carried in American vessels to British Columbia exports to the value of \$824,049; British possessions in Australia, \$235,285; Hawaiian Islands, \$234,729; Peru, \$53,684; Chile, \$23,234; United States of Colombia, \$30,607; Mexico, \$3,344; China, \$10,706; and in foreign vessels to Chile, \$75,755; Peru, \$16,476; China, \$10,706; British possessions in Australia, \$129,647; United States of Colombia, \$12,389, and Bolivia, \$4,895.

Imports—Free, \$173,283; dutiable, \$36,665. Total, \$209,938.

Registered Tonnage Coastwise—Entered, 138 vessels; tonnage, 133,934. Cleared, 100 vessels; tonnage, 75,359.

Entrances and Clearances Foreign Ports—American vessels entered, 867; tons, 350,659; foreign vessels entered, 30; tons, 18,871. American vessels cleared, 901; tons, 362,523; foreign vessels cleared, 36; tons, 25,452.

Passengers Entered from Foreign Countries—January, 482; February, 431; March, 481; April, 682; May, 1,691; June, 1,287; July, 1,697; August, 1,820; September, 1,133; October, 981; November, 727; December, 600; total, 12,012.

An estimate for the month of December is included in all of the above.

Vessels Built on Puget Sound During Year—Steamers (Sound)—Sophia, 11 tons; Enterprise, 14; Active, 7; Shoo Fly, 27; Skookum, 42; Tyhee, 158; Rustler, 52; Squak, 37; Josephine (passenger), 95; Cascade, 59; Edith, 52; Pearl, 34. Schooners—Utsalady, 24 tons; James G. Blaine, 480; Albatross, 7; Emily, 19.

At the last session of Congress the sum of \$70,000 was appropriated out of the National Treasury to erect a suitable public building at Port Townsend, the proposed structure being the subject of one of our illustrations. This building will be used principally for customs and postal business, and its ultimate cost will probably be much greater than indicated by the appropriation. The Government already owns two blocks of land, near the

centre of business, for hospital purposes, one of these blocks, in a commanding position, being occupied by a large marine hospital, filled with all the marine patients in the collection district. It has recently been intimated by the Surgeon-General at Washington that a much larger and better building would be erected in the near future to accommodate the growing demands of commerce.

Port Townsend is distinguished for its durability and substantial business character. Although thirty odd years old, it has never had a serious business failure. It boasts a two-story stone county court house, besides two three-story stone buildings used for mercantile purposes, and a large brick and stone edifice for the same purpose, now in course of construction. Its citizens last year erected a large and handsome building for public school purposes. A saw mill, with a capacity of 40,000 feet of lumber per day, is in operation in the edge of town at Point Hudson, besides a sash and door factory and an iron foundry. Three miles northeast of town, at Point Wilson, a Government light house and fog signal are located, and near by a large brick yard is operated.

The town is located partially on an irregular sandspit, containing about thirty acres, upon which the business portion has been built. The upper and more beautiful portion is used principally for residence purposes, and stretches back over an oval hill, rising gradually from the channel on the east, but more abruptly on the west, to a height of eighty to one hundred feet at its greatest altitude. From this hill the view of land, water and mountain scenery is grand—no less a distinguished person than General Sherman having remarked upon it that it afforded the finest view he had ever seen in all his travels. The magnificent Cascade Mountains stretch far away to the east and south, terminating upward in the hoary peaks of Baker and Rainier, while the Olympic Range blends in an unbroken chain of snowy peaks and rolls away westward to the ocean.

Port Townsend Bay has the best of anchorage, and room enough for the combined merchant marine of the whole world at once. It is considered by many experienced navigators the best harbor on the Pacific Coast. It is located three miles inland from the mouth of the channel, between Point Wilson and Whidby Island, where military fortifications must of necessity be erected by the Government at an early day to guard the whole interior. The site was first settled upon by Alfred A. Plummer and Charles Batchelder, April 24, 1851. Francis W. Pettygrove came from Portland, Or., in the February following, and these pioneers lived for a time in a log hut, which is still standing near the busy centre of town. Later came L. B. Hastings, J. G. Clinger, E. S. Fowler, J. J. H. Van Bokkelen and others. Of these Plummer, Hastings and Fowler have passed away, but the sons and daughters of the first two are residents of the town, as well as the good mothers who shared with wifely toil and devotion the hardships of frontier life with the sturdy ones now passed from earth. Pettygrove, Clinger, Van Bokkelen, Briggs, Robinson and other old settlers are

still here to admire the growing, ambitious town whose foundation they laid. That town now has a flourishing First National Bank in an elegant stone building, good hotels, a telegraph office, a daily and two weekly newspapers, and the usual number of miscellaneous business houses. It is exceptionally healthful, and has certain railroad prospects in the future in connection with a line along the western shore of the Sound.

Irondale, of which a view is given on another page, is the location of large reduction works, owned and operated by San Francisco capitalists under the name of the "Puget Sound Iron Company." Over \$300,000 have been expended by this company in erecting its splendid furnace, wharf, buildings, etc. The ores used are brown hematite or bog ore from the Chimacum Valley, a couple of miles back on Quimper Peninsula, and hard magnetic ore brought from Texada Island, just across the British Columbia boundary line. Lime rock, from the San Juan quarries, and charcoal are largely used in the smelting process. About thirty-five to forty tons of pig iron can be produced per day, of which there are several grades, the best being equal, if not superior, to the finest Scotch and Swedish iron made. It is expected that immense rolling mills will ultimately be built there. Near by is a steam grist mill, while farther south, in the extreme head of the bay, is a large saw mill nearing completion.

Chimacum Valley is noted for its dairy products, is very fertile, and contains forty or fifty farms of various sizes. It extends to the southwest, where a road connects it with Quilcine and Leland valleys, lying between Port Discovery Bay on the north and Hood's Canal on the south, the former being partly on Quilcine Bay, which opens into the canal. They are fertile valleys, only partially developed, and afford room for a still larger population.

At Port Ludlow, on the beautiful land-locked bay of that name, a few miles south of Chimacum, is one of the largest saw mills in the world, possessing all the most improved machinery, and owned and operated by the Puget Mill Company, a wealthy lumbering corporation, having other mills at Port Gamble, in Kitsap County, and Utsalady, in Island County. The mills and their accompanying property at Port Ludlow and Port Discovery form an important part of the material wealth of Jefferson County, and are no insignificant factors in its growth, disbursing, as they do, large amounts of wage money to employes every month. The latter mill is owned and operated by Moore & Smith, of San Francisco.

Jefferson County offers many inducements to the intending settler, whether a capitalist or laborer. Its undeveloped resources include a sandstone quarry, extensive fishing industry that might be carried on, and no end of factories, as it is a natural trade centre from which articles and products of all descriptions can be cheaply and expeditiously shipped to any part of the world. Its wild land extends clear through to the Pacific Ocean, between the county of Clallam on the north and Mason and Chelalis on the south. An effort is now being made to organize a company, principally with English capital, to

build a large ocean dry dock and ship yard in Port Townsend Bay, recognizing, as the movers do, the natural fitness of the point for such an enterprise. Coal has been found on the peninsula, and abundant evidence has been obtained that it exists in large quantities. Pleasant lakes are found a few miles southwest from the town, where the natural conditions exist for a veritable sportsman's paradise. It is destined to become a popular tourists' resort.

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MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

THE principal production of Tahiti is mother-of-pearl. This is what stimulates her commerce; this is what gives rise to the relatively important exchanges that take place in these far-off lands of Oceanica; and this is what attracts those vessels which, for a century past, have been sailing among the desolate and wild islands that make up the archipelagoes of Tuamotu, Gambier and Tubuai.

On account of its rarity mother-of-pearl has always been an object of luxury. Before navigators discovered that part of the world which is lost in the immensity of the Pacific it was still rarer than it is now; it had more value, perhaps, but it was assuredly neither more sought for nor more prized. At present it is much employed in the manufacture of many objects. The mother-of-pearl employed in the industries is furnished by various species of shell-fishes, the most esteemed, most iridescent, and also the most beautiful, being that produced by the pearl oyster. It is difficult to estimate the money value of the pearls collected in the French possessions of Oceanica. Some estimate that it reaches about \$20,000 per annum, and others that it amounts to \$100,000. The archipelago of Tuamotu and Gambier is the point where the pearl oyster is found in the greatest abundance. This archipelago, annexed to France at the same time as the islands of Tahiti and Moovea, consists of eighty islands, almost all of which yield mother-of-pearl, and seventy-two of which are inhabited intermittingly by individuals of the Maori race. The narrow tongue of land, or rather the crown of arid reefs that surrounds the lagoon of these coral islands, and which is destitute of vegetation, scarcely affords these people sufficient food for their miserable and precarious existence. The Tuamotu people are essentially nomadic—through necessity as well as through taste. When one lagoon is exhausted, when diving no longer yields anything, the native, without sorrow or regret, places his family and his goods in his boat, abandons the hut that he had built, and goes, somewhat at the will of the winds, to seek elsewhere, in another island, the wherewith to live. His only industry is diving. All take part in this—women as well as children. The women have a truly wonderful aptitude for this arduous and laborious occupation. At Anna there is a woman who explores depths of twenty-five fathoms, and sometimes remains under water for three minutes, and she is not an exception. And, then, how dangerous are these investigations in the dark depths of the lagoon, where reign as masters hungry sharks, which, when they cannot be avoided, must be fought! There does not pass a year in

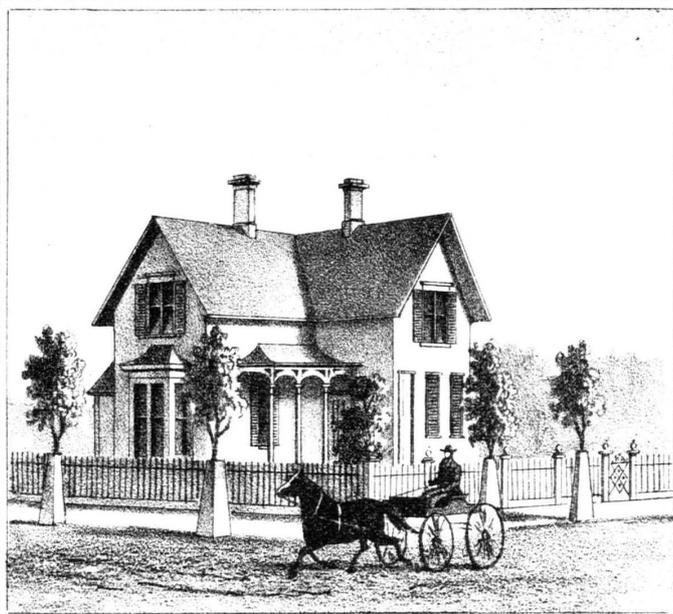
which some diver does not come out of the water mutilated. When an accident happens terror reigns among the divers, and the fishing for mother-of-pearl ceases for some days. But this feeling of fear and of danger does not last, for it becomes necessary to give way to the imperious needs of life. To the Tuamotun mother-of-pearl is current money. It is with this that he buys the scanty clothing that he wears, and the little bread, flour and provisions that he eats, and, finally, the alcohol for which, like all the inhabitants of Oceanica, he has a pronounced passion.

Twenty or thirty years ago the trade in mother-of-pearl in the Tuamotu Islands well paid those engaged in it. By means of a bit of valueless fabric, a few handfuls of flour, or a few pints of rum, there was obtained a ton of mother-of-pearl, worth \$200 or \$400, or many beautiful pearls whose value the natives ignored. The archipelagoes were frequented by boats of various nationalities. Mother-of-pearl was abundant, and pearls were not so rare as at present. Since then the number of trading vessels has increased. The aborigines, enticed by the advantages of a commerce that was becoming more and more fruitful in measure as competition extended, betook themselves to fishing with improvident ardor, and now they find that the lagoons are less productive, that they are becoming depopulated, and that some of the most fertile of them are giving signs of exhaustion.

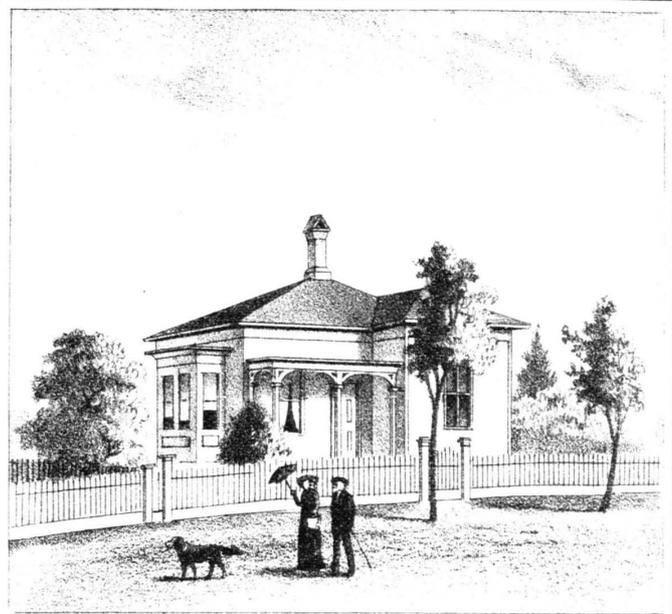
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THE Stillaguamish Valley, situated in the northern portion of Snohomish County, Washington Territory, is of surpassing beauty and fertility, and is traversed by a beautiful, winding river of the same name. The rich alluvial soil produces superabundantly all the cereals except corn, all the vegetables known to that latitude, all the small fruits and several varieties of apples and pears. The adjoining hills and uplands are covered with a thick growth of fir, cedar and spruce, making the valley one of the best logging districts on the Sound. This new Arcadia is being rapidly settled by an industrious, thrifty class of farmers, who are pushing improvements of their farms as fast as the means at their disposal will permit. There are many new settlers who have located as far up the river as the surveyed lands extend, and not a few who have squatted upon unsurveyed lands. The only town in the valley is Stanwood, situated near the mouth of the river, and presenting a very pleasing appearance to the visitor. The town consists of two stores, two hotels, two saloons, one shoe shop, one blacksmith shop, warehouse, wharf and several residences. Adjacent to Stanwood there is quite a large area of tide lands, most of which are under cultivation. Up the river, about five miles from Stanwood, at the head of navigation, is located the village of Florence, containing a store and trading post. From Florence county roads lead to Port Susan, the Snohomish River and up the Stillaguamish some eight miles. There is a good settlement in this neighborhood. Several miles farther up the river is another settlement of one hundred or more families, and for their accommodation there has been established a post office, which bears the name of "Stillaguamish."

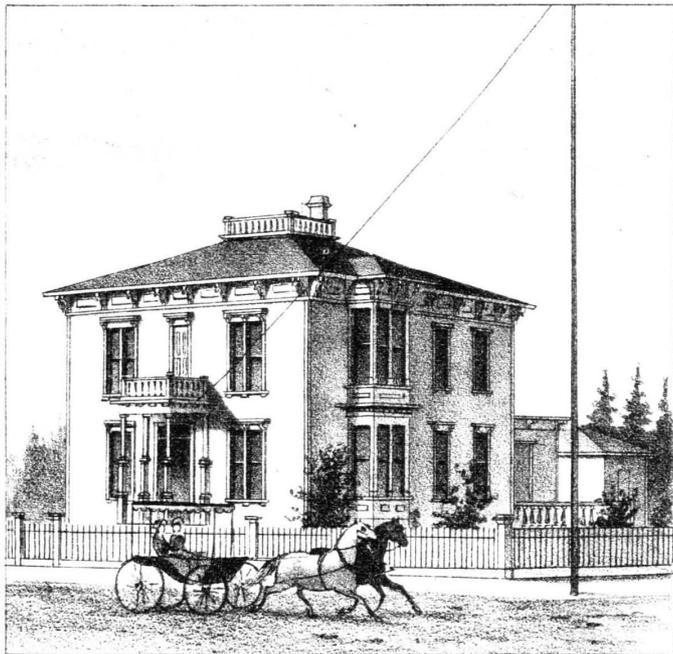
THE WEST SHORE.



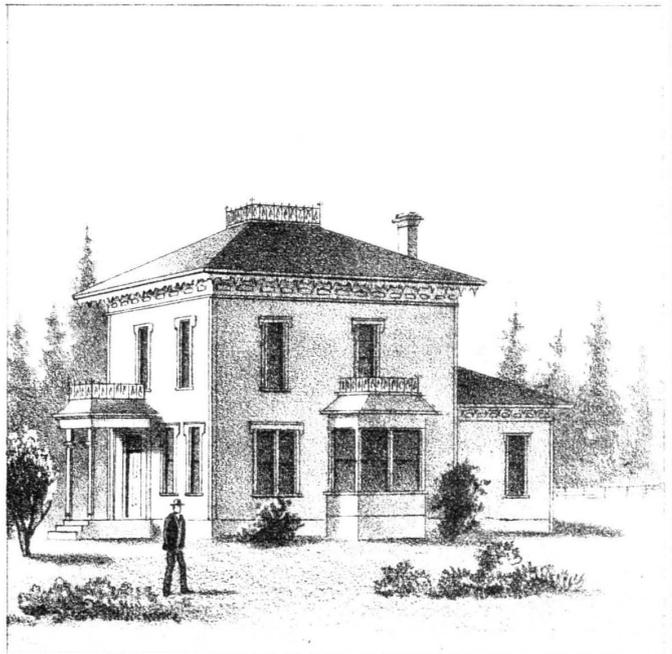
RES. OF ROBERT C. HILL ESQ.



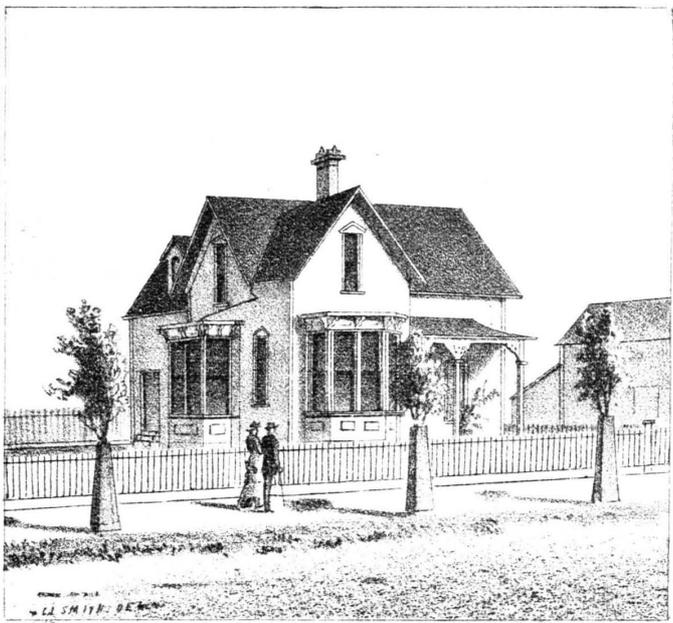
RES. OF L. I. HUNT ESQ.



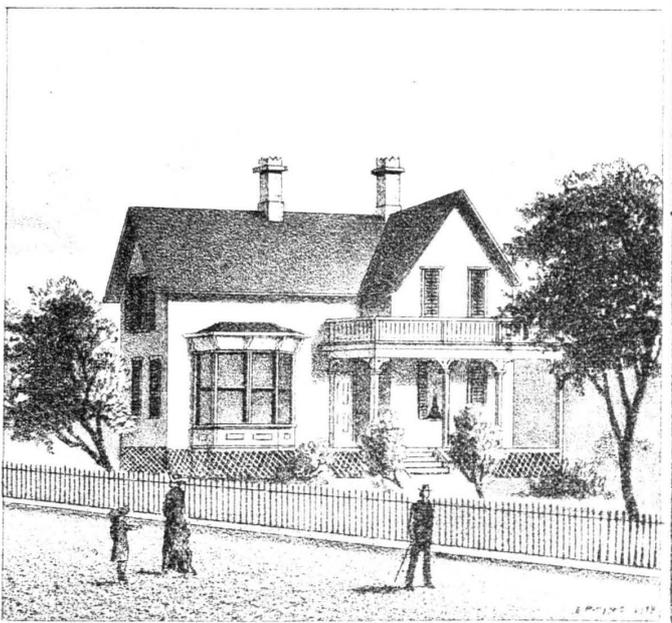
RES. OF CAPT. R. W. DeLION



RES. OF A. A. PLUMMER ESQ.



RES. OF CAPT. L. B. HASTINGS.



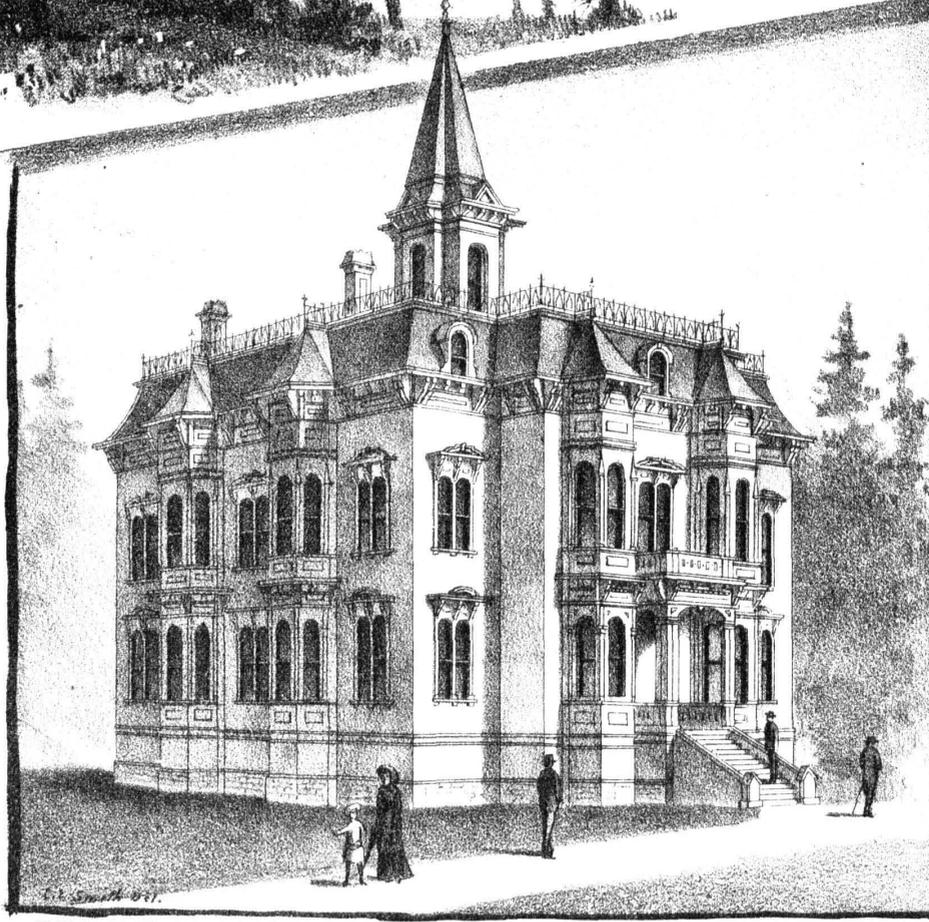
RES. OF HENRY LANDEZ ESQ.

PORT. TOWNSEND, W.T.

THE WEST SHORE.



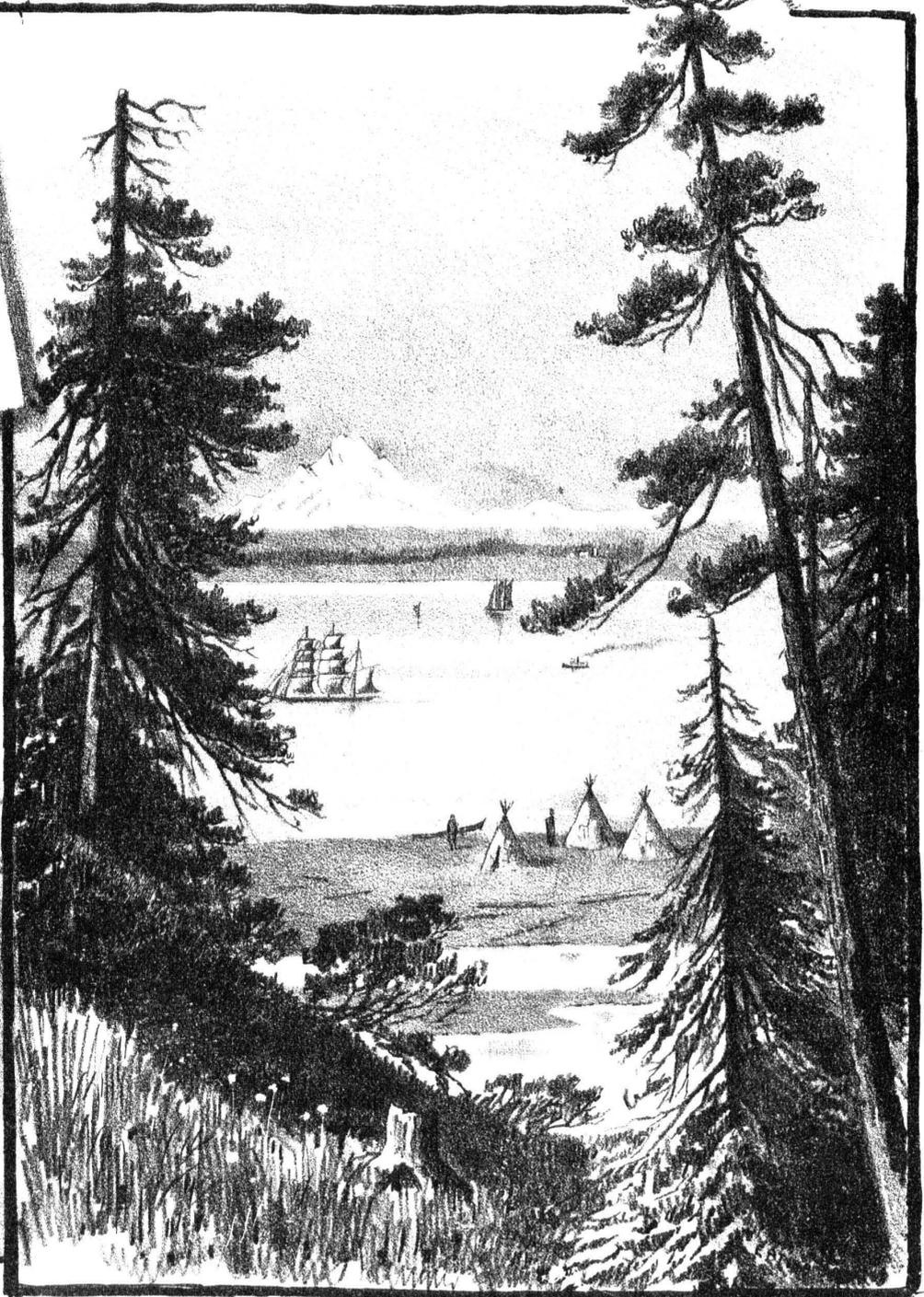
POINT WILSON.



G. H. SMITH DEL.

WEST SHORE LITH. PORTLAND O.

MOUNTAIN VIEW PORT TOWNSEND



ACROSS ADMIRALTY INLET

MT BAKER

## PREVENTION OF FOREST FIRES.

THE most frequent cause of the great fires which sweep through our forests is the carelessness of tourists and sportsmen. They either leave a fire burning in camp when they abandon it, or, when their intentions are good, kick the embers about, thinking that by thus separating the half burnt brands the fire will soon go out. So they will, perhaps, nine times out of ten; but the tenth time a whirling gust of wind may carry a spark or coal where it will kindle a blaze, or one of the brands may have some soft, punky place in it where the fire will nestle for days and bide its time. But old woodsmen are not so apt to take things for granted. Before breech-loaders or cut wads became so common, many bad fires were started from gun wads made of loose paper. The cut wads now used do not hold fire long. Of course, with metal cartridges there is no danger. Locomotive sparks are a very frequent cause when a railroad runs through a large forest. In planning preventive legislation, it might be well to inquire whether railroads running through such regions should not be required during certain months of the year to keep a section force larger than mere track repair would require. Either this or carrying spark arresters on every locomotive seems to be demanded by the public welfare. Settlers, also, in clearing their land, often start fires that get beyond their control and do much damage.

Few people realize how serious a calamity these fires have become. Already in the most thickly parts of the country good working wood is becoming scarce and high, although there is often a glut of inferior grades, and therefore very low prices for them. The correspondents of the lumber journals report from almost all quarters that the demand for really good material is generally in excess of the supply. The only hope for the future lies in economy of what we have, and in whatever will encourage those owning young timber to keep it and prune it and thin it out, so as to bring it on to fill up the gap. But forest fires destroy an amazing amount of the precious mature stock—how much no one knows, but it is said by experts that the amount destroyed probably equals the amount cut. Now, we know that the sawed stuff (to say nothing of fuel and charcoal, ties, telegraph and hop poles, etc.,) reaches an annual value of over \$230,000,000 at the mills, so that, counting other forest products besides sawed stuff thus destroyed, it is, no doubt, within reason to say this waste, largely needless, is not less than \$300,000,000 a year. But this is not all, and very likely it is not the worst. Such fires burn up a great amount of young growth and of seed, and in some cases even the soil itself is roasted to death, so that for a long time afterward it will not bear anything of value.

“WE have got to practice the most rigid economy at such a time as this,” remarked a man the other day to a crowd on the sidewalk. “I have stopped all the papers for which I formerly subscribed, and don’t buy candy, toys and such trumpery for the children; times are hard. Come in, boys, and take a drink!”

## WILLAPA VALLEY.

THE Willapa River heads in Lewis County, within a few miles of Chehalis River, and flows into the Pacific at Shoalwater Bay. Its course is generally westerly, although very crooked. Its entire length is about seventy-five miles. There are fine bottom lands the entire length, varying from one-half to two miles in width, covered generally with timber and brush, although there are several large and fine prairies. The soil is of great depth and fertility, producing very large crops of cereals and roots—corn not doing well on account of cool nights. The country slopes gradually away from each side of the river to high ridges, all covered with heavy growths of fir, spruce and cedar of an extra quality. There are large tracts of Government and railroad land yet to be had. There are a great many small streams tributary to the Willapa. The largest, South Fork, has the same general characteristics, as in fact do all the smaller streams, as the main river. The river is at present navigable for the Shoalwater Bay steamers for about twenty miles, but with a small amount of work could be made navigable for several miles further. Vessels of the deepest draught go as far as South Bend, twelve miles from the mouth, the most important point. It consists of a large saw mill, with a capacity of 60,000 feet daily. There are a good school and about 200 inhabitants. Nine miles further east is Willapa City, formerly called Woodard’s Landing. It is practically at the head of navigation. It consists of two stores, warehouse, two hotels and saloons, blacksmith shop, school and about 100 inhabitants. It is a growing place, and is bound to be a good town in the near future, as it is at the outlet of the river. There are several large settlements at different points for about fifty miles, but no business centres. Every settlement has a school. Logging is the principal industry, although farming is carried on to a larger extent than at any other point in the county. The camps and mill make a fine market for all the products raised in the valley. When the country is more thickly settled, and some of the smaller streams opened up, there will be more of an incentive and more help to open up the communications to different portions of the valley, and to other streams, which are naturally tributary to the Willapa. The chief obstacle at present is to get a market for small grains. Transportation is so high that it cannot be raised with profit. There is a fine opening here for a grist mill, as there is none in the county. All flour used is brought from California and Oregon. There is also a fine location for a shingle mill, as the spruce and cedar here are of an extra quality and there is a large local market to be supplied.

SHE was a book agent. She called in our office. She was very pretty and sweet, and we fell in love on the spot. “Sir, I am engaged—” “Oh, we are so sorry. When is it to be?” She blushed and modestly withdrew. She was new to the business, and would probably have told us what she was engaged in selling, only we had to act in self-defence to save ourselves.—*Louisville Journal.*

## NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

A trim little steamer, the *City of Albany*, has been constructed to ply on the waters of the Upper Willamette, between Albany and Corvallis. She has a passenger capacity of forty persons.

During a run of eight and one-half hours, on Good Friday, the mill at Seabeck, W. T., cut 118,000 feet of lumber, equivalent to 160,000 for a full day's work. There were thirty-two men employed, who exerted themselves to test the actual capacity of the mill.

The Southern Oregon Improvement Company has just added another to the list of great saw mills by constructing a mill of 150,000 feet daily capacity at Empire City. The magnificent timber of Coos Bay and Coquille River, especially the celebrated cedar, will make that region the scene of great lumbering enterprises for many years to come. The new mill will do much work for its proprietors in sawing timber for their proposed road from Coos Bay to Roseburg.

The two stock associations of Montana recently met in joint convention at Miles City and united in organizing the Montana Stock Growers' Association. Some 150 prominent representatives of the industry participated in the convention, which was harmonious and enthusiastic. Much good must result to the stock interests of Montana from this united action, especially in the adjustment of conflicting interests and the inauguration of measures for the common good.

The Cascade Coal & Lumber Railroad Company has been organized by citizens of Goldendale, W. T., with the object of constructing a narrow gauge road from the Columbia at the mouth of White Salmon River, following up that stream, crossing the mountains westward through the Klickitat Pass and following down Lewis River to the Columbia again. The route traverses well known timber and coal regions. The principal office is located at Goldendale.

A thirty-stamp mill is being erected on the Big Camas ledge in the Wood River country. Ten stamps will soon be received from Denver and be set up in a few weeks. By means of the Oregon Short Line the mining regions of Southern Idaho and Eastern Oregon are now able to import heavy machinery quickly and cheaply. Mines can now be worked which formerly were compelled to lie undeveloped. Ore may also be shipped to a distance for reduction to much better advantage than formerly.

A very large and but partially explored cave exists in Josephine County, Oregon, on the headwaters of Williams Creek, twenty miles south of Grant's Pass. As far as this cavern has been entered, only some 500 feet, sufficient subterranean wonders have been discovered to indicate the existence of a very large and interesting cave, whose beauties and novelties will attract many visitors. The ground about the entrance has been located by an enterprising gentleman, who proposes to render it accessible and attractive to tourists and curiosity seekers generally.

A canal is projected in the Goose Lake region, lying on the Oregon and California boundary line, which is to serve the double purpose of irrigation and drainage. It is proposed to cut a ditch, ten feet deep and ten wide, leading from the lower end of the lake, a distance of three miles, to Pit River. This will lower the surface of the lake sufficiently to drain some 60,000 acres of valuable swamp land along the upper and lower ends. Farther down the channel of Pit River the water will again be diverted into ditches and used for irrigating a large area of valuable land in Modoc County.

A railroad running from the Central Pacific at or near Kelton, Utah, north to the Wood River country, is being discussed by the people of Salt Lake City and Wood River. The proposed line would cross Snake River near Shoshone Falls, thus rendering that great natural wonder easily accessible from either the Central Pacific or Oregon Short Line. The falls are owned by a syndicate of three men, who propose to erect a \$50,000 hotel near the lower, or large, fall, on the high bluff above the stream, commanding a splendid view both up and down the river. The building and falls will be lighted by electricity, generated by the power running to waste in the falls themselves.

Work has been stopped on the branch line from Caldwell to Boise City. The citizens of Boise presented the Union Pacific with title to the right of way as an inducement to give them connection with the Oregon Short Line. After having graded about two-thirds of the twenty miles, the company has decided that the state of its finances will not justify a completion of the work, and President Adams has so notified the citizens of Boise. He offers to return them the title deeds to the right of way, present them with the roadbed already graded, and afford them complete junction facilities at Caldwell, if they will complete the line themselves. It is more than probable that they will avail themselves of the offer, as they are too intelligent and enterprising to permit their city to be deprived of railroad facilities.

A number of parties owning land on Camas Prairie, between Boise City and Wood River, have combined to cultivate a field of 300 acres without irrigation. If they succeed in raising a crop it will settle forever the question of irrigation on the prairie. Heretofore the experiments have been on so limited a scale as to be of comparatively no value for practical purposes, and to this day the settlers there are about evenly divided on the question of irrigation or no irrigation. Some of the persons referred to have some fall barley, oats and wheat in, besides several acres of walnuts, none of which have been irrigated, but all are in a very thriving condition and promise an abundant yield. If the spring-sown ground turns out equally well—all things considered—it will be accepted as proof that irrigation is not necessary.

The movement of settlers from portions of Oregon and California to Harney Valley has become quite noticeable this spring. Already many new locations have been made, and the prospects are that the valley will have a material increase in population before the season is over. This great vacant tract, as well as many other valleys of Grant County, was described in the February number of THE WEST SHORE, and the attention of thousands were directed to it who had never before given it a thought. There are vast areas of Government land in that region. The disadvantage it now labors under is its remoteness from routes of travel and transportation; but one of the natural railroad routes of Oregon lies through Harney Valley, and there are several good reasons for predicting the construction of a railroad through it before many years.

A railroad from Southern to Northern Montana on one of several practicable routes will, no doubt, soon be constructed. The stock, sheep, mining and agricultural interests have become too important to be much longer neglected by transportation companies. Several projects have been discussed, and in some instances companies have been organized, but no actual work has been commenced. Various routes, with as many different initial points on the line of the Northern Pacific, are advocated, all leading in one general direction—to Fort Benton,

which is the head of practical navigation on the Missouri, and is generally admitted to be the commercial centre of Northern Montana. The two most practicable routes are one from Helena and one from Livingston, via Shields River, White Sulphur Springs, Smith River and the Great Falls of the Missouri, tapping much of the best agricultural, mineral, coal and grazing lands of the Territory.

The Siuslaw is a river of considerable size, flowing into the ocean about midway between the Columbia and the California line, and forming for some distance the boundary between Lane and Benton counties. It is navigable for some distance above its mouth, and is entered by steamers and schooners of medium draught. Near its mouth is the flourishing little town of Florence, and a few miles above is a salmon cannery. A saw mill has just been constructed on the river and arrangements are being made for two more. From two gentlemen who have just returned from a reconnaissance of that region, we learn that much desirable Government and railroad land lies there inviting settlement, chiefly the former. Along the stream there are long stretches of fertile bottoms, covered with brush and timber, which require clearing. Back from the river, along the sidehills, there are quite extensive tracts from which the timber has been burned, and which are covered with a luxuriant growth of native grasses. These gentlemen state that of such lands there are in excess of 50,000 acres, chiefly unsurveyed. Ferns, of course, have asserted their rights in common with the grass, and have attained a giant growth, often six feet in height. As a stock and dairy region the Siuslaw offers great advantages, and is well worth the examination of intending settlers. A good road leads to it from Junction City, and other roads are being constructed.

A correspondent from Clarke County, Washington Territory, writes about the use of dynamite in disposing of stumps in a clearing, which he declares to be a better mission for that great explosive than destroying human life. He says: "After trying our old, slow process of digging, chopping and burning by both natives and Chinamen, we have found a more speedy and sure plan. A friend near Salmon Creek, a former neighbor of mine, gathered some of his neighbors to witness a trial of giant powder upon some large stumps. Selecting two huge ones whose roots had interlocked, he called for an opinion as to the work necessary to remove them by the old methods. A man present proposed to chop and dig them out in a week's time, which seemed to meet general approval. He then put a charge of dynamite in a hole scooped out of the dirt under one of the stumps, giving fuse enough to allow every one to get out of danger. The charge worked to a charm, and one stump was split into three pieces and sent several yards away. The same process removed the other, leaving only a deep hole and a few stray pieces of roots under ground. The cost of one charge was fifty cents; the other sixty cents. Take the cost of time, labor and material from that week of work proposed, and you will readily take in the value of the experiment. The hardest, most solid stumps to dig out are the easiest to blow out, and are split so as to be ready to burn. All one has to do is to fill up the holes, and go ahead with the plow as if stumps had never been there. Several are now utilizing dynamite in Clarke County."

Our lumber regions are receiving the inspection of many saw mill owners of Wisconsin, Michigan and other States, who can see that many of them must change their field of operations from the rapidly disappearing forests

of the East to the comparatively untouched timber belt of the Coast Range and Cascades. For years the State of Maine has been relied upon to furnish a large portion of the timber used for the spars of ships, and has been able to supply those for the largest vessels, requiring sticks from 75 to 100 feet long, and as large as 34 inches in diameter. Her supply has for some time, however, been short, and the attention of shipbuilders has been directed more than ever to the forests of Oregon and Washington, which now possess the finest timber in the world for such purposes. Orders are being received from all quarters of the globe. Our forests not only can furnish larger sticks, but a greater number of proper size in a given territory, and it is claimed that the timber is stronger and less liable to be defective. These spars are worth, when completed, from \$125 to \$500 each. Northern Michigan has formerly furnished thousands of feet of her Norway pine for car timber, which has been considered superior on account of its hardness and rigidity. But the pine forests of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin are nearly denuded of their best timber, and we must soon be called upon to furnish timber in large quantities for this purpose, our fir being more like the Norway pine, in the qualities named, than any other timber that can be found in quantity. All these demands, immediate and prospective, must continue to furnish a good market for this product.

Putnam River, the great Alaska stream which Lieutenant Stoney discovered in 1883, and partially explored in 1884, will be again visited by the same officer, who will occupy the seasons of 1885-6 in making a more complete exploration. Putnam River runs in the general direction of west-southwest. It has not been found difficult of navigation for 400 miles, except at rapids, where it has been necessary to pull stores, etc., over in boats made of skin. The country on the banks of the river is generally wooded and rolling. The river empties into the sea through a delta, to which there are about a dozen mouths, the longest of which begins about forty miles up the stream. The explorers need have no fear of famine during most of the year should disaster befall them. The forests are dense and abound in vegetation. Game of every description is plentiful. From certain nutritious roots the natives make food. In places salmon berries are found. The winter brings the mercury down to 60 degrees below zero; but in the spring and summer the temperature of Northern Alaska is agreeable. "The risks," said one of the officers, "are only those incident to the exploration of any new country. We go for a trip of about eighteen months. We shall have provisions sufficient to last us for three years. During the summer, the open season, we shall push ahead with the steamer, making trips of observation and surveying also into the interior. In the winter we shall explore with sledges, wrapped up in fur coats. There will be two months of Arctic darkness when we will be unable to explore. The Russians never pushed inland along the Putnam River, and the natives never saw a white man before our previous expedition arrived among them." Another large river is reported by the natives, and its existence is considered extremely probable. The present expedition will probably determine that question, besides revealing much that is now unknown about our great Alaskan possessions.

PAPER is now made in Sweden from the bleached and blanched remains of mosses that lived centuries ago, and are now found in enormous quantities. The paper is turned out in all degrees of excellence, from tissue to sheets three-fourths of an inch thick.

## "WHAT ARE MY CHANCES?"

THE usual spring crop of letters is daily received at this office, and no doubt at other newspaper offices, from men east of the Rockies, who write asking about the country. They appear to think that the Oregon newspapers keep a sort of information agency and furnish all kinds of reliable statistics free of cost to all inquirers. Some of the letters are funny. The writers did not mean to make them humorous, but that fact makes them all the more ludicrous. A baker writing from Fon-du-Lac, Wis., wants us to send him our paper "for a week or so, to get an idea of the place." A young gentleman writes from Crestline, Ohio, asking what the probable show is for "a lawyer." This family journal is firm in the belief that there are lawyers enough here now. A little more competition might overdo the thing. Every facility is already afforded present litigants, and although an additional term of court hath been ordered for this bailiwick, yet the increased stress upon the Astoria bar can be borne without undue effort on the part of its members.

Without the slightest desire to subdue the ardent enthusiasm of those who wish to make their homes in the setting sun, it may be in order to suggest that if they severally and individually come here to work and stand in on all occasions they will find plenty to do and due encouragement. If our correspondent from Milwaukee, for instance, who "has had charge of a saw mill," will come here and get a bit of land on the other side of the hill, which will be gladly leased him by the owner, and put it into cultivable shape, and raise vegetables and garden truck, he will find a ready sale for every morsel of it at good prices right here, and if he sticks to it he will be independent in three or four or five or six years; but if he comes looking for a "job," and expects to get enough to buy opera tickets with, he would do better to look for a summer's "sit" in a Milwaukee brickyard. There is any amount of room here. This is one of the roomiest sections in Uncle Sam's dominions, and opportunities are not wanting, but they must be embraced with a warm, fervent embrace, and to grow tired is to fail.

A good many pursuits here are overdone; a good many more are decidedly underdone, and those are ready for the right men to develop. In general, however, it may be said that there are in all communities of the Northwest busy, active, wide-awake men who are well acquainted "back East," who have a brother or a cousin or some one who only needs the word to start right out here. These men keep a bright lookout, and as soon as they see anything that they think a living can be made at they are not slow in telling their folks east of the Rockies about it, and it is in this way that the greater part of our immigration is made up. In the main this is the better way. A man who drifts here in a sort of speculative uncertainty as to what he will do after he is here has the chances against him from the start. It would be better for him to have some sort of programme arranged and live up to that as closely as possible. A very essential part of that programme is to have sufficient coin about

him to carry him somewhere else if he doesn't conclude to stay at the place he first reaches, or enough to keep him for a while if he does.

Another suggestion to the ardent young man who contemplates giving us the benefit of his great abilities. There are men here just as well up in experience, in ability and in the attributes that win success as, probably, he is himself. There are men who have knocked around from one end of the continent to the other; who have had their eye teeth cut many moons ago; who are able to see and turn their sight to advantage. Ability is not at such an astonishing premium as some of our would-be immigrants would, by their correspondence, see to imply. To the worker, the man with honest purpose, the man who is not in too big a hurry to get rich, the man who is willing to "live and let live," there is plenty of room and no lack of opportunity in any part of this section, and every one will pay him the value he sets upon himself—if he can show that he hasn't marked himself up too high.—*Astorian*.

IN connection with the account given on another page of the wonderful growth of North Yakima, the following engineer's "yarn," related in the *Providence Press*, will be appreciated:

One day I was driving my engine over the prairie at the rate of forty miles an hour, without a house in sight, and supposing the nearest town to be thirty miles distant. But as I glanced ahead I was astonished to see that I was approaching a large city. I rubbed my eyes, thinking it was a mirage.

"Jim," says I to the fireman, "what's this place?"

"Blamed if I know!" says Jim, staring out of the cab. "I declare, if there ain't a new town growed up here since we went over the line yesterday!"

"I believe you are right, Jim. Ring the bell or we shall run over somebody!"

So I slowed up, and we pulled into a depot, where more'n five hundred people were waiting to see the first train come into the place. The conductor learned the name of the town, put it down on the schedule, and we went on.

"Jim," says I, as we pulled out, "keep your eyes open for new towns. First thing you know we'll be running by some strange place."

"That's so!" says Jim. "An' hadn't we better git one of the brakemen to watch out on the rear platform for towns that spring up after the engine gets by?"

## CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

## March.

27—Woolen Mills at Dayton, W. T., burned.... Steamer *Mark Twain* exploded near Memphis, Tenn.; 5 killed and 4 wounded.... 35 men killed by explosion in coal mine at Concepcion, Chile; 40 at Tappan, Austrian Silesia; 56 at Ostran, Moravia, and 12 in Indian Territory.... French defeated with great loss by Chinese at Langson.

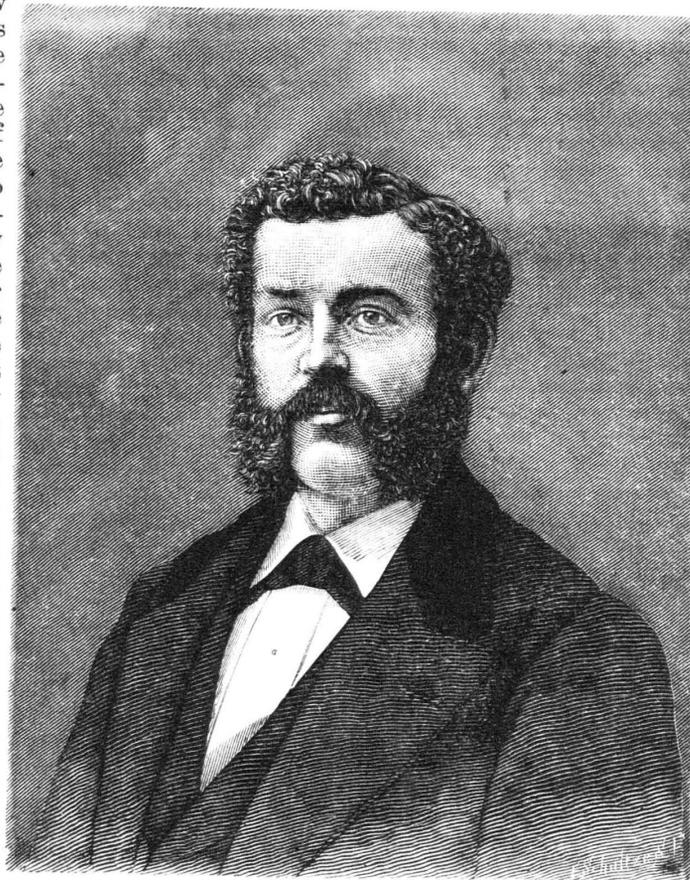
31—Pheng Hoo and Makung bombarded and captured by French.

## April.

- 1—Aspinwall (Colo.) burned by insurgents.
- 3—United States troops sent to Isthmus of Panama.... Preliminary treaty of peace signed by France and China.
- 4—Guatemala troops defeated by San Salvador army and General Barrios killed.
- 6—Ten miners buried by cave in colliery at Shenandoah, Pa.
- 8—Richard Grant White died in New York.
- 9—News of battle in Afghanistan March 29 received; Afghans defeated with loss of 500 by Rus-ians; great excitement in England; war considered unavoidable between England and Russia.
- 12—Lee Summit, Mo., burned; loss, \$100,000.
- 14—Peace agreed upon in Central America.
- 17—Fire at Victoria, B. C.; 2 persons burned to death; loss, \$30,000.
- 22—Fire at Vicksburg, Miss.; 35 lives lost and \$250,000 worth of property destroyed.... Many people drowned and much damage done by cloud burst in Kansas.
- 23—Dynamite explosion in the Admiralty building, London.... United States troops fired upon by insurgents at Panama.
- 24—Panama occupied by United States troops.... Battle near Batouche between Canadian troops and Riel's rebels; troops lost 8 killed and 30 wounded.
- 25—Ten miners buried by snow slide near Leadville, Col.
- 26—United States troops withdrawn from Panama—Mexican troops defeated by Yaqui Indians with loss of 50 men.

ALLEN WEIR,  
EDITOR OF THE PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

THE subject of this sketch is a sample of what Western frontier lads can do in the matter of working their way up in the world. He was born at El Monte, Los Angeles County, Cal., April 24, 1854, and is therefore but thirty-one years of age. His parents were poor farmers, but combined all the characteristics of hardy, successful pioneers, John Weir, the father, being of Missouri stock and the mother from Tennessee. Unable to secure title to desirable lands in California, and anxious to make a home in the Golden West, the elder Weir went to Puget Sound in 1858, his family following in 1860, landing in June at Dungeness, Clallam County, W. T., where they took up their abode in a humble log cabin and proceeded to hew a farm out of the wilderness. Allen was the fourth child in a family of six. The eldest son dying at the age of nineteen, left the younger at the age of twelve to take charge of the few acres then cleared, while his father earned at his trade (blacksmithing), at a neighboring milling point, the wherewith to keep the wolf from the door. It was here the boy became inured to toil, and acquired those habits of industry, frugality and perseverance that have forced him to the front over obstacles that might have discouraged a less resolute person. He had the benefit of a three months' country school each summer till the age of twelve, but after that could not be spared from farm work till his nineteenth birthday, when he was "given his time" for the remainder of his minority. He had been studious and inclined to literature from early childhood, improving the long winter evenings with his books, so that when he started to do for himself he had a tolerable fund of general information. As a boy he was ambitious to accomplish as much work as older persons. As a man he became energetic, determined to excel and untiring in his labors. Although raised where the use of tobacco, gambling and small vices were quite common, his conduct was always exemplary. He joined the I. O. G. T. at the age of sixteen, and before he was twenty-six served by election two terms as G. W. Secretary and one term as G. W. Chief Templar, to which latter office he was elected by acclamation. Between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one he accumulated a financial start by hard work (partly in a logging camp), and began a two years' course at Union Academy in Olympia. There he passed all competitors by hard work, though carrying six studies, doing janitor work in the building and taking a leading part in a local debating society. In the spring of 1877 he took temporary editorial charge of the Olympia daily *Courier*, having trained himself with a special view to the profession of journalism, though hesitating between that and the law. He had worked at the "case" learning



the mechanical part of the business while pursuing his studies. A month later he went to Port Townsend and purchased the *Argus*, under the financial backing of Dr. Minor, of that city, from whom he afterward purchased the plant. In the fall of the same year he was married to Miss Ellen Davis, of Dungeness, with whom he now has a pleasant home and two prattling children.

Mr. Weir has developed the *Argus* from a small patent inside weekly to a full-fledged eight-column weekly, with an evening daily edition nearly three years old. A large job printing office is carried on in connection with the paper, the details of the business all coming under the personal supervision of the editor. At the legislative session of 1879 he was elected Chief Clerk of the Council, serving creditably, and filing his completed journal with the Secretary sixteen hours after adjournment. He had served previously as a member of the Board of Regents of the Territorial University, by appointment of Governor Ferry. He was then appointed a member of the Puget

Sound Board of Health, which position he now holds for a third term, and is chairman of the board. From 1881 to 1883 he served as Justice of the Peace in Port Townsend, being also City Magistrate. He is now Secretary of the Board of Trade. An ardent Republican, he was last fall prominent in the Territorial Convention as the leader of a delegation from half a dozen counties pushing the candidacy of Hon. C. M. Bradshaw for the Congressional nomination. In the succeeding campaign he made seventeen speeches for his party ticket, and was himself a candidate (unsought) for the office of Joint Representative in Jefferson, Clallam and Mason counties, barely failing of election through lack of a full vote, against Dr. N. D. Hill, an old and respected citizen, though the district was strongly Democratic. Though unappreciated by some and envied by others, Mr. Weir is too busy to worry over the adverse comment of "left-handed friends." He has never sought office, but has always devoted himself acceptably to official duties when called to position. He is a member of the M. E. church, in which he has been a class leader, and has held a local preacher's license for years. He is still a student, has already taken an extensive course of law reading, and is serving as U. S. Commissioner. In personal appearance he is about medium height and build, with a thoughtful countenance and dignified demeanor. He does not hesitate to maintain his views on public questions, though his journal is conservative. He has ability as a public speaker, and would not be a nonentity in any deliberative body.

THE elegant summer resort, "Mountain View" an engraving of which appears on another page is now being erected at Port Townsend, W. T., by Capt. Morgan. It will cost \$30,000, and must soon become a favorite resort.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

THE ARMY IN MEXICO.—It is to be hoped that such days in Mexico are gone, and that, from Diaz on, the Presidents will be of the people and for them. Then the army, which has proved to be worse than any other plague that Mexico has been vexed with, will be no more. As in the United States it will remain latent, to be brought out, when needed, by the friction of the occasion. It is up to no very remote day that the army in Mexico was as Hubert Howe Bancroft describes it in the following paragraph, taken from his last published volume of the "History of the Pacific States":

"A leading factor in the strife is the army; at times a mere instrument, but too often the arbiter. Inflated by self-importance since the war of independence, it readily develops into a cormorant feeding on the vitals of the nation. It becomes the pliant instrument of its ambitious spirits—men who, impelled by vanity and greed, seize a favorable moment, and, assisted by distance from the centre or by the preoccupied or enforced situation of the authorities, swing themselves by a series of frequently bloodless revolutions from corporals and lieutenants to generals, meanwhile hiding defalcations and extorting concessions. With growing strength they become party leaders, menace the supreme government itself, and either dictate terms or install more compliant rulers."

The benefits to be derived from an organization of the press of the Pacific Northwest for the promotion of friendly intercourse and co-operation in business interests ought to bring into such a society every journal in Oregon and Washington. A preliminary meeting was held in Portland a few weeks ago, at which it was decided to issue a circular calling for an expression of opinion on the subject. So many favorable responses have been received that a call has been issued for a convention of the press of Oregon and Washington, to be held in Portland May 19, in the hall over the *Standard* office. It is hoped that as many as possible of our brethren of the press will attend, or at least signify their intention to unite with the organization which will then be formed. All who favor the movement are requested to give the time and object of the convention prominence in their columns, so that the matter will be thoroughly understood.

The press associations of two States have arranged for excursions to this region the coming summer. The Iowa association will leave Council Bluffs on the 9th of June, and will be absent eighteen days. The Colorado excursion will be a month later. To both the courtesies of the press of this region will be extended. Each paper represented will contain descriptions of the trip, and especially of the region traversed by the Oregon Short Line and Oregon Railway & Navigatian Company, over whose lines they come. Much good will result from this visit, as descriptions of our country and its advantages will be placed in an attractive form before the thousands of subscribers to the papers of Iowa and Colorado.

At last Portland has a first class hotel, elegantly furnished, handsomely decorated within and without, all its appointments rich and attractive, and, above all other things, presided over by a thorough hotel man of long experience and great popularity on the Coast. This is the Esmond, which has been rebuilt and enlarged, and has just been opened to the public by Mr. Thomas Guinean. As a hotel man Mr. Guinean has no superior on the Coast. His long experience in managing first class hotels, such as the popular Arcade at Sacramento and the favorite St. Charles in this city, has given him an acquaintance with the traveling public which they will be pleased to renew at the Esmond. Its elegant parlors,

bay window suits and large single rooms, as well as its superb table, render it specially attractive to tourists who desire to make Portland their headquarters while visiting this region.

For a month past Mr. Albert Feldenheimer has been busily engaged in decorating and improving his handsome jewelry store, the one widely known as "Stone's Jewelry Store." It is without exception the most elegant store on the Pacific Coast, and Mr. Feldenheimer has stocked it with goods that in variety and quantity are unsurpassed by any establishment in the West. Jewelry should be purchased only of responsible and reputable dealers, whose representations of quality may be relied upon. Such a place is Stone's Jewelry Store. When to this is added the elegant surroundings and the unrivaled assortment from which to select, the great popularity of Mr. Feldenheimer's establishment is easily understood.

The Cosmopolitan Hotel, J. J. Hunt, proprietor, is one of the institutions of Port Townsend. It is a favorite hostelry with the traveling public, especially with that portion whose intimate acquaintance with the hotels of the Northwest enables them to form an opinion based upon experience. This arises not only from the excellent table and accommodations, but from the courteous attentions of the genial host as well.

One of the most energetic and valuable agents in the service of Wells, Fargo & Co. is Mr. F. W. Spencer, the gentleman in charge of the office at Port Townsend. Owing to its location the office is a very important one, and the company is to be congratulated upon having so thorough a business man and gentleman to represent it there.

Owing to its central position as regards a large surrounding region, Port Townsend has need of good hotel accommodations. These it possesses in the well-known Central Hotel, which is always crowded with travelers and those visiting the city from adjacent towns. Special facilities are provided for commercial travelers. Parties desiring to spend a few weeks enjoying the summer climate and scenery of Puget Sound will find the Central a very pleasant home.

The Northwestern Fruit Company of Seattle are quite extensive dealers in fruit, nuts, poultry, etc. Their store in that city is crowded with the products of home orchards and imported fruits from California. The quantity of fruit handled by the company is enormous.

Among the business establishments of North Yakima, whose energetic and enterprising managers have done much to promote the growth and welfare of the town, may be mentioned T. J. V. Clark, general forwarding and commission merchant, and extensive dealer in groceries, produce, crockery, tobacco, etc. Mr. Clark has already established an extensive business. The I X L Company, wholesale and retail dealers in clothing, dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hats and caps, trunks, valises, etc., is an establishment conducted strictly on the "one price" principle. The Capital Restaurant, Theodore Steiner, proprietor, is an attractive eating house. In the Guiland House, the first hotel in the city, and one favorably known in connection with the old town, North Yakima possesses an excellent hotel.

## SOME FACTS ABOUT CORSETS.

The annual sale of Corsets in the United States is about \$10,000,000, of which two millions are imported and eight millions are manufactured in this country. The largest manufacturers of the world are WARNER BROTHERS, whose factory is located at Bridgeport, Conn., with salesrooms at New York and Chicago. The business of this firm has been built up entirely within the past ten years, and is due largely to the discovery by them of a stiffener for Corsets, called Coraline, which they use in place of the rigid and brittle whalebone heretofore employed. The cloth which this firm cut into Corsets in a single year, if drawn out in a continuous line, would more than reach from Boston to Chicago, while the Coraline which they use in stiffening these Corsets would extend over half way round the earth.

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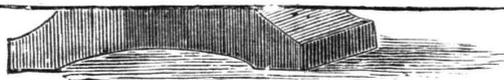
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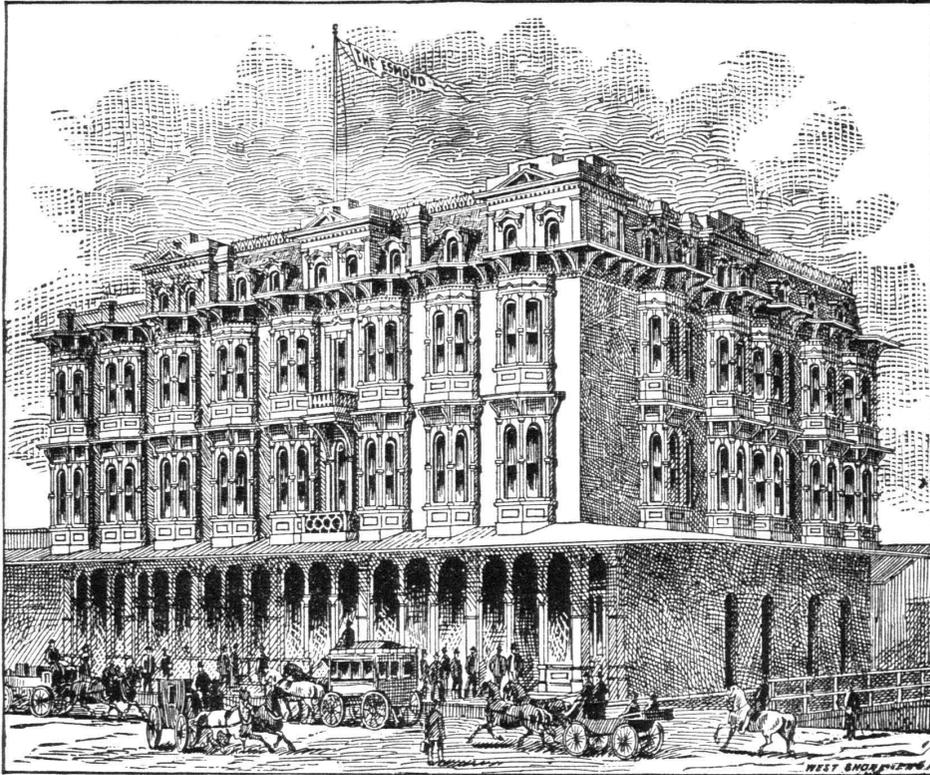
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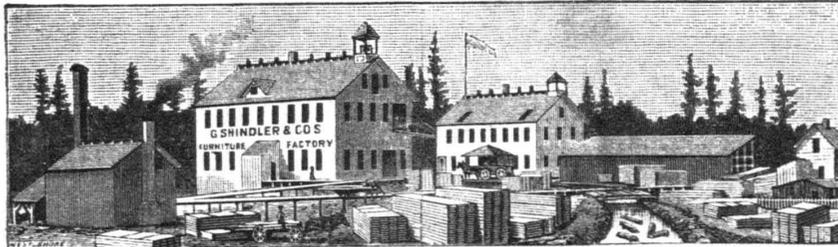
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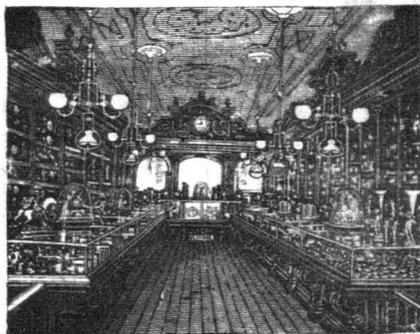
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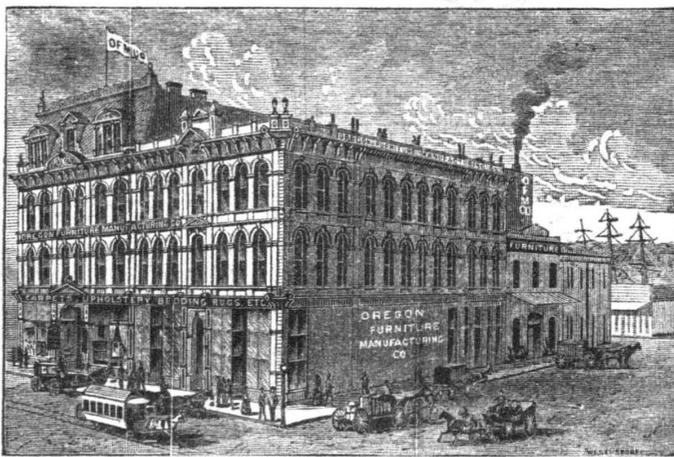


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