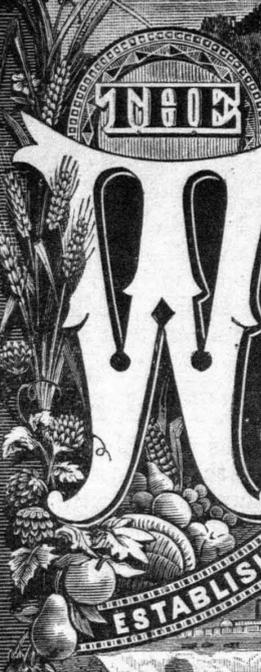


*J. J. McKenny*

OCTOBER, 1885.

# West Shore



**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.

Entered for transmission through the mails at second class rates.

# FARMERS AND MECHANICS' STORE, 200, 202 and 204 First St. and 6 Taylor St. ONE PRICE TO ALL.

We respectfully announce to the public that we opened the Fall Season on Monday, September 7, and in so doing we added another department to our immense establishment, No. 204, a

## BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Which is connected with our other departments through an arch. The extraordinary good values which we have given are well known by all who have made purchases of us in the above line. We now occupy a space which will be devoted exclusively to our Boot and Shoe trade, 25 feet front by 75 feet deep, and fitted up in a manner consistent to this Department, making it the most convenient and comfortably arranged Boot and Shoe Store in the city of Portland. We shall carry in this Department goods suitable for rich and poor, and only such goods as we can safely recommend, manufactured by white labor, from the very best manufactories of Boston, Philadelphia, Lynn and New York. Our prices will be marked in plain figures, and we shall not deviate from this rule. We therefore ask the public not to make us any less offer than the prices marked.

## DRY AND FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

The immense volume of business transacted in this Department during the depression was not only advantageous to the public, but was also very gratifying to ourselves. It was a convincing proof of the sympathy of the public and our patrons in our recent stand against the ruling high prices, while labor, produce and everything else was down to nothing. We shall conduct our business on true business principles, and purchase goods at the lowest prices consistent with excellence of material, and give the public better goods at lower prices than can be obtained elsewhere. This we shall continue to do, regardless of what dissatisfied or evil-minded competitors may say. The increased patronage we are daily receiving is a sufficient proof of our success in satisfying the wants of the public. Our fall and winter stock in this Department is VERY LARGE.

## DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

A large stock of black Cashmeres, comprising eighteen different grades of English and French make. A most elegant line of drap d'Ottoman. Some rich pieces of Drap d'Alma. A fine selection of French Serges, Drap d'Roy, rich and fine Biaris Cloth, most elegant Cashmere Change, and the latest in Dress Goods. Handsome and remarkably low are our Velvet Cashmere Plaids, our Cardiff Plaids, our Mohair Plaids, our heavy Wool Plaids and our Invisible Plaids. We have received something new and handsome in French Ladies' Cloths. Our de la Husan brocaded all wool Dress Goods, invisible stripes, 54 inches wide, is the latest in winter dress goods. Our Dress Silks, black and colored Satins, Velvets and Plushes, have been bought at a closing out sale from one of the largest importers East retiring from business, which we are selling 30 per cent. less than the regular value.

We receive Flannels in case lots direct from the mills. Our Red Flannel for 22½ and 25 cents per yard we would call special attention to, being all wool twilled and extra good value. A large stock of navy blue and gray all wool, and also part cotton, Flannels, received two days ago. Ladies can find white Flannel, twenty different grades, ranging from 15 cents up to \$1.10 per yard. Cassimeres and all kinds of Pants Cloth we have a fine line to select from.

We have a better and larger stock than ever before, and at prices which we would like to have you examine and judge for yourself. Table Covers you can find in white, unbleached and Turkey red Damask, fancy and plain, worsted Embroidered Covers in endless variety. Napkins and Towels in large quantity. Lace Curtains, in pairs and by the yard, all grades and a fine assortment to select from. A tremendous stock of Gingham, Tickings, Prints, Sateens, Muslins and Sheetings. We are selling at our last quotations, regardless of the advance in all cotton goods in the last ten days. White and colored Bed Spreads at wholesale prices. Bed Comforters we have ten different grades.

In Blankets we take the lead. We have them at prices ranging from \$1.50 per pair up to \$20 per pair.

We can give you ladies', misses' and children's Cloaks, in great variety and the latest Eastern styles, at lower prices than it would cost you to buy the material alone. Receiving new goods daily, including ladies' and children's Underwear, ladies' and children's Hosiery, Corsets, Embroidery, Button Gloves, Laces, and many more articles too numerous to mention.

## CLOTHING & FURNISHING GOODS DEPT.

In this Department we made our bow before the public fourteen years ago, in a time when the storekeepers of Portland had it all their own way. We cut prices down to one-half to what other storekeepers then charged. This soon became known all over the State, and ours became the popular house, and by constantly watching the interests of our patrons we still maintain that position. We have dressed more men, boys and youths than all other clothing stores in Portland combined, and we are bound to lead. Our stock in this Department for the fall and winter season of 1885-6 is the largest in the city. No other clothing store can carry the stock that we do, for it would lay on their hands and become shop-worn. Our motto is, and always has been, to add the smallest percentage possible above New York cost, thus giving the purchaser an opportunity to buy new and desirable goods at the same prices that they would be paying elsewhere for shoddy and shop-worn, or we can even say moth-eaten goods.

Our men's, boys' and youths' Clothing is all made in New York under the supervision of our foreman. Every garment is examined before it is shipped here, and this accounts for our success. It has been suggested by the press that we should throw our establishment open for the free and general inspection of the public. We will therefore say that we think it unnecessary. While it may be the style in the Eastern States to make these showings, the public is well aware they are always welcome at our house, and we take pleasure in showing them our several departments. In conclusion, we extend a hearty invitation to all, whether they intend purchasing or come only to inspect our fall stock.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS' STORE, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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—DEALER IN—

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Orders from a distance will receive prompt and careful  
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Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in

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Highest Cash Price Paid for Furs and Produce.

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AND EVERY VARIETY OF

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LARGEST STOCK & LOWEST PRICES,

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**HOME MANUFACTURE.**

**I. H. Hatfield,**

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**HARNESS, SADDLES,**

And warrants every article to be superior to Imported Goods.

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## MINING MACHINERY

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Builders of Machinery for Anaconda, Lexington, Cable, Comet and Granite Mountain Reduction Works.

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**Real Estate & Law Office,**

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TACOMA, W. T.

Will guarantee 10 per cent. per annum on first class real estate security. Interest paid semi-annually. No taxes on mortgages held by non-residents.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS.

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ESTABLISHED 1868.

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ARE THE LEADING HOUSE IN IDAHO

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Dry Goods, Ladies' Suits & Wraps,  
Carpets, Clothing,  
Boots and Shoes and Groceries.

They carry the largest Stock and sell Goods cheaper  
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Carry the largest stock of any house between Port-  
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Sell exchanges on San Francisco, Portland and the principal Atlantic and European cities.

Make collections on all points in the United States.

And all business connected with general banking will receive prompt attention.

OVERLAND HOTEL,

EASTMAN BROS., Props.,  
Corner Main and Eighth Sts.,  
BOISE CITY, IDAHO.

The Overland is the largest and best appointed hotel in the Territory, and is conducted on first class principles. It is centrally located in the business portion of the city. The offices of the Utah, Idaho and Oregon Stage Company and the Express Office are located in the building. There is in the office of the hotel

A SUPERB CABINET OF MINERALS,

In which valuable additions are made from time to time. This Cabinet also contains many rare curiosities. In a word, the Overland presents all the modern conveniences of a first class hotel combined with the elegance and comforts of the most refined home.

THE BAR in connection with the hotel is stocked with Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the purest and most celebrated brands.

W. H. JAUMANN'S  
Sample Rooms,  
MAIN ST., BOISE CITY,

(Next Door to COFFIN'S Hardware Store.)

-HAS NOW ON HAND THE-

BEST ASSORTED STOCK

-OF-

BRANDY, WHISKEY, WINE,

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GINGER BEER AND CIGARS

IN THE TERRITORY,

Especially selected for family use,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WILLIAM H. NYE,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Toilet  
Articles, Fancy Goods, Cigars, &c.,

BOISE CITY, IDAHO.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

R. B. REED & CO.,

MAIN ST., BOISE CITY, IDAHO,

-DEALERS IN-

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

# THE WEST SHORE.

Tacoma, W. T.

October, 1885.

Portland, Or.

VOL. XI. ESTABLISHED 1875. NO. 10.

## THE WEST SHORE,

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

Published Simultaneously from Tacoma, W. T., and Portland, Or.

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To foreign countries, including postage..... 2 25  
Single copies..... 25  
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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TWO MILLION bushels of corn! Such is the crop of the United States the present season, the great bulk of it being raised in the Mississippi Valley. Corn-fed pork will be plentiful this winter, and the glucose factories will run full blast for a year, at least.

ELSEWHERE in this number will be found illustrations and description of the Wood River country. The majority of our merchants no doubt but faintly realize the character of that region and the advantages to be derived by Portland in securing its trade. If our business men traveled more among these outlying sections they would have their ideas considerably broadened. The people of Wood River are anxious to trade with Portland, but they naturally desire the benefits to be mutual. Let Portland place herself in a position to promote the mining industry of Wood River and there will be no difficulty in securing and holding its rapidly increasing trade.

ABOUT the middle of October the last spike will be driven uniting the eastern and western ends of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and another iron band will span the continent. In several respects the opening of this new transcontinental road will have a great effect upon the trade both of the United States and Canada. But little is known by the people of either country about the road itself and the region through which it passes. The next (November) number of THE WEST SHORE will be devoted to illustrations and descriptions of the road and the country it is opening up to commerce, a region of grand scenery and boundless agricultural, pastoral, mineral and sylvan resources.

THE *Northwestern Miller* sarcastically remarks that at the Minnesota State Fair many thousand dollars were offered as premiums for horse races—horses from all over

the Union being allowed to compete; while to encourage the growing of wheat, the production and manufacture of which are the greatest elements in the State's prosperity, the munificent premium of *two dollars* was offered. Possibly the managers of our fairs will see in this something to think about. Is it not possible to make the old, time-honored schedule of premiums a little more flexible, so that it will better serve to encourage the particular industries to which this region is adapted, and upon the growth of which so much of our future prosperity depends?

COMMENTING on the announcement of a great reduction in freight rates on lumber from Portland to points in the interior, the *Northwestern Lumberman* says: "As Idaho and Montana are opened up by the further construction of railroads, they should constitute a vast market for Pacific Coast fir and cedar. The railroad managers that ignore the traffic that such lumber trade would afford, failing to make rates to shippers that will successfully compete with Eastern rates on lumber, will be unfit for their positions." There are other products of this region besides lumber that the railroads should seek to find a market for over their lines. If the man is a public benefactor who "makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before," what cannot be said of a railroad manager who, by proper adjustment of rates to local conditions, so stimulates business, production and manufacture that his road transports two pounds of freight for every one it carried before?

A STEP in the right direction has been taken by the Vancouver Board of Trade in starting a movement for the calling of a convention to consider the question of improvement of the Columbia and Willamette rivers. The recent convention held by business men of the Mississippi Valley suggested the idea, and it should be carried out. Beyond question more can be accomplished by united action, and by demonstrating how vital the question seems in the eyes of our own people, than by leaving it entirely in the hands of our representatives at Washington, as has been the custom in the past. The political influence of this region, measured by its vote in Congress, is small almost to infinity, and it would be a grand stroke of policy if a combination could be formed with the people of the Mississippi Valley, so that the great "Father of Waters" and the mighty "River of the West" could make a united demand upon the Government for the aid they both sadly need and richly deserve.

THE best authorities of both Europe and America on the state of the grain market predict a material advance in the price of wheat before the 1st of January, with a still greater advance later in the season. Chicago, Min-

neapolis and Duluth, the three leading receiving points for wheat in the Mississippi Valley, report a great falling off of receipts as compared with last year, indicating a general inclination of farmers throughout the great wheat belt to hold their crops for better prices. This will have a tendency to hasten the time of the predicted advance in the market. There can be no doubt that it should be the policy of our farmers to hold their grain as long as they can do so without serious embarrassment, as every cent added to the price they receive means so much additional money to circulate among our people. Wheat is the chief source from which the Northwest derives the money it squanders in purchasing abroad many articles it should produce at home.

It is now believed that ever since work on the extension of the Oregon & California was stopped for want of means, the Central Pacific has been seeking to secure control of that road. At that time work was suspended on the northern extension, and to bulldoze the people into relaxing their fight against the land grant, the company announced that the unfriendly attitude of the citizens of California prevented the borrowing of money to build the road, and that until there was a radical change in sentiment work would never be resumed. The insincerity of this is now shown by recent resumption of work at Delta without any change in public opinion having taken place. It now transpires that the delay was caused by efforts to secure control of the O. & C., which, according to rumor in railroad circles, have been successful; hence the resumption of work on the extension. It is evident that a route into Portland is of vital importance to the Central Pacific to place it in a position to hold the San Francisco trade against the northern roads and secure the Oregon trade for that city. To Southern Oregon, at least, the road will be of great benefit.

THE time is now approaching when the advertising "fakir" will be abroad in the land, and our merchants will be extended on the rack. Every Mechanics' Fair and holiday season sees a mushroom crop of papers and advertising schemes spring up and flourish for a season and then disappear. The money which sustains them in their brief career is wasted and brings no benefit to those who pay it. The same sums paid to our standard publications, which have a circulation and influence, would purchase advertising of some value. The *News*, in the course of a sensible article on this subject, makes the following pertinent remarks: "Annually certain periodicals from California, and especially San Francisco, taking to themselves the title of 'commercial' papers, swoop upon this portion of the country and fill their columns with advertisements, by means of their blarney and golden promises. The business community is anxious that the local press should speak in favor of local interests and industries, and are desirous of keeping trade from going to San Francisco, and yet they turn right around and liberally patronize the papers of that place. The Mechanics' Fair last year was afflicted with a lot of advertis-

ing mountebanks and charlatans, who issued sheets which were read by nobody. The sole end and aim of these charlatans was to swindle the advertiser, and this end they accomplished most successfully. It is to be hoped that a repetition of this experience will not be needed this year. These fellows will be here during the coming Mechanics' Fair, and those who have their own interests at heart will give them a wide berth."

THERE is a movement on foot among some of our most energetic and practical business men which promises great results for the prosperity of Portland, if the citizens only take hold of it in the same spirit as its projectors. Appeals to our capitalists have been made for years, but they seem to be only too well satisfied with the present condition of affairs. Our merchants and small property holders must cut loose from their dependence on the capitalists and themselves do what is needed. If our business men would invest a few thousand dollars in manufacturing, not for the purpose of making money out of the factories themselves, but looking for their returns to the increase of business and property values generally, they would soon be satisfied that they had made a wise investment. The project spoken of includes this idea, though, of course, it does not embrace all the field in which such ventures might be made. The enterprise contemplated is a manufacturers' aid association. It is proposed to incorporate a company with a capital stock of \$100,000, the management of which shall be in the hands of our most honorable and trusted business men, who shall administer its affairs without any compensation, simply as a trust of honor. The company will secure a large plot of ground in the outskirts of the city, easily accessible from the railroads, possibly by a switch track, and will erect buildings, fit them up for factories, supply ample steam power, and lease space at a low rental to various manufacturing firms. Were it not for exorbitant rents and the expense of building and furnishing power, many small industries, employing in the aggregate a great many men, might establish themselves here. With such facilities as this company could offer them, men with small capital could use their means to push their business and force their goods upon the market, instead of consuming it all in preparing to manufacture, and thus crippling themselves before beginning operations. In this way industries may be founded and aided to gain a foothold, and thus the era of manufacturing in Portland be happily inaugurated. That with such facilities to offer we will be able to induce many industries to locate here which might otherwise go elsewhere, or which might not feel justified in making any effort whatever in this region, is patent to every one. The benefits to be derived need not be pointed out. With our population doubled, our volume of trade greatly increased and activity infused into every line of trade, the promoters of this enterprise will have accomplished the purpose aimed at. Though this company is not organized as a money-making enterprise, it is not proposed, in case the project is successful, that the stockholders shall

lose the money they have invested. The charter of the company will provide for the retirement of stock as rapidly as the profits of the company can do it. Whenever, at stated periods, the treasury contains more than a certain amount held as a fund to meet current expenses and cost of repairs, improvements, etc., as many shares of stock will be repaid to the holders as the amount will cover. Stock thus paid will be selected by lot. This process will be continued until every stockholder has had his original investment returned to him. He does not cease, however, to be a stockholder, but participates in the subsequent profits of the company in proportion to the number of shares he originally owned, which profits will be distributed in the form of dividends. That it will be several years before this process of liquidation can be commenced is evident, and the scheme is not advocated as an investment for the purpose of making money. It is simply devised to give the people an opportunity to bring about the era of prosperity we all long for, and to finally receive back the money they originally contributed for that purpose, together with any future profits that may accrue. It is not proposed that this shall be the work of a few individuals, but a popular movement, in which every one interested in the welfare of the city will take a hand. Subscriptions for shares will be received in any sum ranging from one to five hundred dollars, giving all a chance to aid. The charter will set a limit to the number of shares one individual may own, so that it will be impossible for any unscrupulous capitalist to "gobble up" the concern and thus defeat the object of its supporters. None but men who are generally recognized as among the most honorable and trusted in the city will be permitted to participate in organizing the company and form its first board of directors. After that the stockholders will be responsible for the character of the officers they elect. Every safeguard will be thrown around it that can be devised for the preservation of the fundamental character of the company. If our citizens do not take hold of this enterprise in a liberal spirit, then we would better cease finding fault with our wealthy men. If we are not willing to do anything ourselves we should be modest enough not to complain of the inaction of others. Here is an opportunity to accomplish something without relying upon our reluctant "cent per cent" millionaires; let us see if we embrace it.

---

AMERICAN FALLS.

ONE of the prettiest sights in the West is the American Falls, at the crossing of Snake River by the Oregon Short Line, in Southeastern Idaho. The falls and the splendid iron bridge by which the road crosses are shown on another page. Only the early riser will obtain a view of them from the east-bound train, as it crosses the river about six o'clock in the morning of the second day out from Portland. At nine o'clock in the evening of the third day from Omaha the west-bound traveler will reach them, and if it chance to be a moonlight night he will view a sight he will never forget.

OLD AND NEW JAPAN.

NO II.

STRICT orders had been issued to the commanders of the squadron to use unremitting vigilance night and day to prevent any surprise by the natives. The marines were kept under arms continually, while sentinels below and lookouts aloft kept ceaseless vigil. How necessary was all this watchfulness and preparation for emergencies was plainly evident from the conduct of the Japanese themselves. Boats filled with armed men surrounded the fleet at night, and had vigilance been in the least relaxed, they would have made a sudden dash upon the ships, swarmed over their sides, and made short work of the defenders with their sharp swords, slashing halberds and battle axes. In the daytime thousands of them were seen on every headland and along the beach, each man equipped with two swords, while thousands more darted about in boats bearing the flags and banners of the various princes and sub-princes of old feudal Japan.

In later years, when any of these native officers chanced to meet some one who was in Perry's expedition, they would chat in the most friendly mood of these eventful times, the most exciting and portentous that had visited the Island Empire for two centuries. As they sat together over a fragrant cup of tea and mingled their clouds of tobacco smoke, they would relate how at the time their very blood boiled with hatred toward those foreign barbarians who invaded their bays and harbors, and as if in contempt of the utmost the natives could do, went whithersoever they pleased, equally unmoved by expostulations or threats; how the whole nation, from the holy Mikado to the most insignificant beggar, was aroused to such indignation that they would have given their lives to destroy even one of those dreadful "fire-ships"; how they thought the great American Admiral, who like their own Mikado kept himself sacred from the view of the common herd, must be of a race of gods even superior to their own ruler, since the wisdom and deceit of the wise counsellors of the *Shin-Koku* (Land of the Gods, a native name for Japan,) was of no avail against his superior wisdom and power when they planned the destruction of his fleet. They often asked, "Did not you Americans look upon us as no better than a lot of chattering monkeys, when we were so vainly trying to drive or frighten you away from performing an act of friendship toward us?" But that was afterwards, when they had learned to appreciate the benefit of communication with the Caucasian race.

Although Commodore Perry was secure against any force that might attack him, so long as he maintained rigid vigilance, still there is no doubt that his big guns and the other unknown terrors of his "fire-ships" impressed the natives with less force than his policy of seclusion. This was a great stroke of diplomacy, and gained the respect and even reverence of both high and low—respect for his government and countrymen, and reverence for himself as a being similar to their own holy Mikado. This feeling has by no means died out, and his memory is still verdant, while his name is a

potent talisman for every American who may set his foot upon those now hospitable shores. Some of their poets have immortalized his name in verse. Says one of them: "Yashi oji koete, kono kunino fujinotaka neno Yukiwo min to, Perruri." Translated this reads: "The mighty ocean crossing, was it merely to behold the snow-capped peak of this country's peerless mountain, Perry?" This honors him by asserting that he did not cross the ocean for the pleasure of viewing the holy mountain, Fuji Yama, in the eyes of the Japanese the most delightful sight in the world, but on an errand of good to them of far greater importance. By thus linking his name with this holy mountain they did him greater honor than could be expressed in any other way. Fuji Yama is of about the same height and proportions as Mount Rainier, and about as far west of Yedo Bay as the latter is east of Commencement Bay. So striking is the resemblance that Japanese who visit Puget Sound at once call Rainier the "American Fuji Yama."

After trying in vain every manner of stratagem, subterfuge, deceit and threat, even going to the extreme of threatening to commit suicide upon the decks because of inability to accomplish their master's wishes, the officials began to relent. They agreed to supply the fleet with provisions, wood and water, but would not listen to the idea of receiving recompense or being beholden to these hated invaders for anything. Perry promptly rejected all such offers, and they were given to understand that not a chicken, egg nor potato would be received without a fair *quid pro quo* being given in return. This was done because the Commodore would not allow them the satisfaction of having exhibited a superiority by giving him something. Not by the slightest act would he admit himself inferior to their highest dignitaries. He was extremely careful to make no unjust demands; but whenever he attempted anything he went at it in the most direct manner, heedless alike of protest or menace. His invincibility and the urbanity of his treatment of all visitors soon convinced them that he was a greater man than any other "outside barbarian" who had ever dared to set foot upon the sacred soil of the Land of the Gods.

Day after day, as the fleet maneuvered about the bay, higher and still higher officials were sent from Yedo to visit the "Great Admiral," as they afterwards fondly called him. None of these were granted a sight of the Commodore, but were entertained with the greatest courtesy by his subordinate officers, being received on board with all the pomp and military display of which the fleet was capable. Negotiations were directed by the Commodore in person from behind a screen, where he could communicate freely with his officers. At last, convinced that this superior being was even more powerful than their own divine ruler, it was decided to delegate royal princes to visit him and receive the President's letter. Thus Commodore Perry won the stainless laurel of a bloodless victory, unsealed the ports of that hermit empire, and introduced it to the civilization of the nineteenth century. None now rejoice more in his success than do the Japanese themselves.

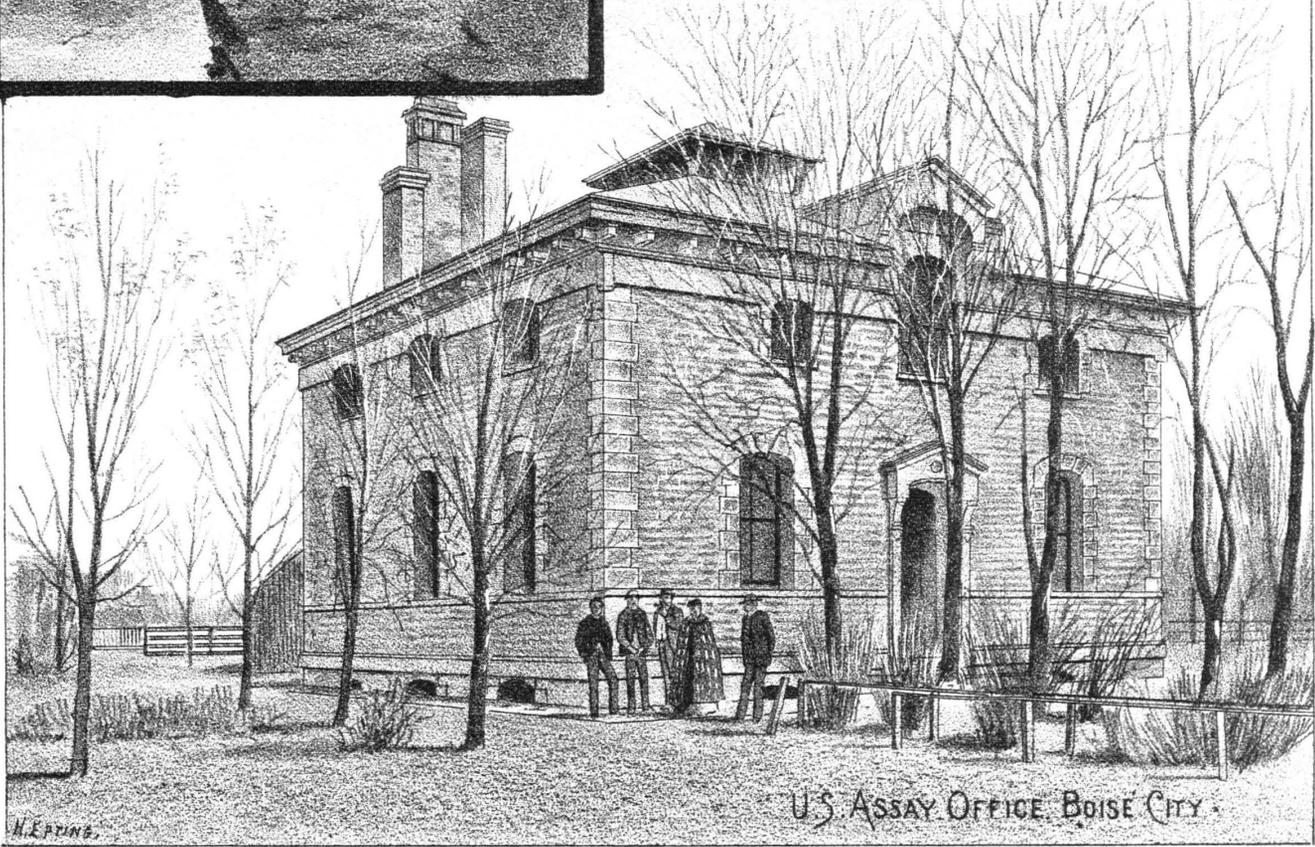
The commissioners thus appointed represented the *Shogun* (Tykun), who had for many years succeeded in representing himself to Caucasian nations as the real Emperor of Japan. About five hundred years previous to the time of Perry's visit the actual rulers, known as the "*Tenshi*" (Son of Heaven), or *Mikado* (Holy Gate), had begun the practice of appointing *Shoguns* (literally Governors General), who should lift from the imperial shoulders the burden and responsibility of government. Gradually this custom took such deep root that the *Shogun* became the actual ruler, and the sacred "Son of Heaven" abandoned all thoughts of government, and, if an effeminate man, gave himself up to the writing of verses, the cultivation of his flower gardens and other equally unofficial pursuits, or, if endowed with greater mental force or public spirit, directed his attention to the advancement of science and art, and to domestic improvements for the good of his people and enrichment of the empire. In the more primitive times the *Mikados* in person led forth the troops to battle, but in later times the *Shoguns* were sent out in command of the armies. Thus the *Shoguns* gained complete control of the empire. All the revenues fell into their hands, and all the princes and their retainers became subject to them. This supreme governor had all the actual power, it being necessary for him only to make a show of obedience and reverence to the "Holy Gate," who was still regarded by the people as the representative of the Gods of Heaven, the earthly descendant of the greatest of them all.

Such being the religious faith of the people and their reverence toward their unbroken line of rulers for more than three thousand years, the *Shogun*, while exercising all the real power, binding and loosing princes at will, was compelled to be circumspect in his conduct toward this "Son of Heaven." Whenever a new *Shogun* came into power, he was obliged by custom to accept an investiture of office at the hands of the *Mikado*, and afterwards to pay occasional visits of adoration to this sacred descendant of the gods. Yet this submission was but nominal, for he not only held full political control of the affairs of the empire, but appointed every detail of the imperial palace itself, holding the "Son of Heaven" in abject financial dependence upon him. By harping continually upon the chord of divine lineage, the *Shogun* kept this august personage in a perpetual seclusion even more complete than was that of Prince Rasselas in the Happy Valley of Amhara, allowing him only his harem and such simple pleasures as would best serve to make him contented with his lot and keep him ignorant of the outside world. Thus the *Shogun* ruled supreme at Yedo (now Tokio, eighteen miles from Yokohama. The word is *Ye-do*, from *ye*, river, and *do*, gate), while the holy "Son of Heaven" was immured in the imperial palace at Kioto, the nominal capital of the empire, some three hundred miles to the westward. When, about three centuries ago, the Portuguese, Dutch and others visited Japan, they were informed that the Emperor resided at Yedo, and all their negotiations were carried on at that court. Later, some 250 years ago, when the Romish

THE WEST SHORE.



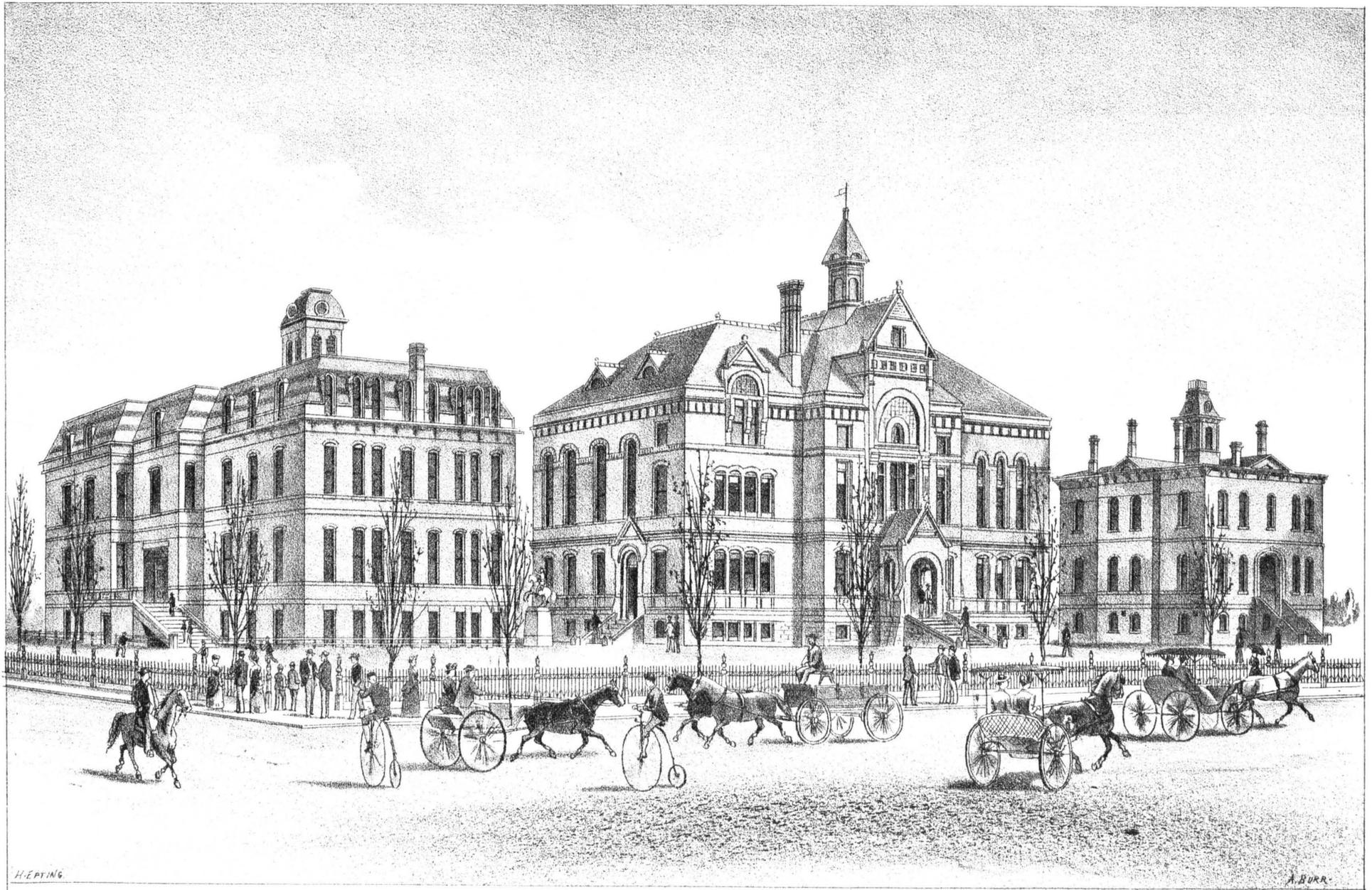
CROSSING AMERICAN FALLS. OREGON SHORT LINE.



U.S. ASSAY OFFICE, BOISE CITY.

H. EPPING,  
WEST SHORE LITH.

THE WEST SHORE.



H. EPTING

A. BURR

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

CAPITOL.

COURT HOUSE.

WEST SHORE LITH.

IDAHO- CAPITOL SQUARE, BOISE CITY.

priests were driven away and their native neophytes slaughtered, Yedo still ruled the empire. It was then that the country adopted its policy of seclusion and non-intercourse with foreign nations, and when Commodore Perry broke this shell of exclusiveness the Shogun was still found playing the *rôle* of emperor.

The 14th of July, 1853, was the day set for the reception of the President's letter by the representative of the Shogun. A place of meeting was prepared upon the shore, where the ambassador could be received with due ceremony, and a temporary landing wharf was constructed of straw bags filled with sand. The Commodore's barge and two large boats with bands of music, preceded by an escort of twenty boats filled with armed men, and each mounting a howitzer in the bow, left the flagship amidst a salute of heavy guns and approached the shore, the bands playing and flags flying gayly in the breeze. The marines having landed and been drawn up in double rank between the shore and reception hall, the boats were quickly arranged along the beach to the right and left, their howitzers bearing on the natives and their crews ready for action in case of the least evidence of treachery.

The Commodore, with his guards of honor and escort of music, marched direct from the landing to the reception hall between the double ranks of marines, no Japanese, save two official escorts, being permitted within the lines. Near the entrance the Japanese had planted two little brass cannon, two or three feet long, about large enough to make Fourth of July toys for an American boy, and in the rear of the marines were drawn up about twenty native soldiers, dressed in dirty shirts and bamboo hats, with equally dirty cross-belts, and armed with old English and American muskets or native matchlocks. These were all the native troops who bore firearms, and a queer looking lot they were, with their dirty shirts flapping against their bare legs. In marked contrast to these were the thousands of men and officers of the imperial army, drawn up on the plain beyond, their bright armor and shining helmets glittering in the sun as far as the eye could reach. Armed with swords, spears, lances, battle-axes and bows and arrows, their gay banners unfurled to the breeze, they made a grand martial display.

In front of the reception hall stood nine tall flagstaves upon which were hoisted beautiful silken banners of great size, while across the front of the building, to cover the rough boards of the hastily erected structure, were hung purple crape curtains, richly worked in gold with the Shogun's coat-of-arms. The whole interior of the building was curtained and festooned with purple, crimson and gold. At the extreme end of the hall, upon an elevated floor, were a table and a few camp stools for the commissioner and his staff on one side and the Commodore and staff on the other, while the majority of the escort of both parties were compelled to stand. The ceremonies were brief. The President's letter and other documents were enclosed in a richly embossed box of gold, which was contained in a heavy rosewood case mounted with gold. The letter and Perry's credentials,

beautifully engrossed on vellum and decorated with gold cord and tassels, bore the broad seal of the United States. These were handed to the commissioners, for which they gave their receipt, and without further ceremony the Commodore withdrew. The marines and sailors returned on board their respective vessels, and the first and most difficult portion of the Commodore's mission was accomplished.

Commodore Perry had reason to be proud of his success. In six days he had so far compelled the Japanese to relax their haughty pride that, whereas they at first forbade him to proceed beyond Nagasaki, and would only forward his message to the Shogun by the hands of an inferior official, they finally deputed royal princes to receive it with great ceremony only a short distance from Yedo. Thus by his wise management were opened the first negotiations between Japan and a Caucasian nation that had been permitted for two centuries. From the first arrival of the fleet the temple bells in the villages were heard tolling and beacon fires blazed from hill to hill, carrying news of the invasion, till the whole empire was in a ferment. Yet, in spite of all they could do, Perry forced them to receive him with proper respect.

There was another element which contributed its portion to achieve the Commodore's success. The night after the fleet's arrival a very large blazing meteor appeared in the sky, illuminating the whole country around almost as bright as sunlight from midnight till four o'clock in the morning. It appeared like a huge blue ball with a flaming red tail, and emitted sparks like an ascending rocket. Perry remarked that the ancients would have looked upon this as an augur of success—a sign of approval and encouragement sent direct from Heaven. "And," said he, "we will so interpret it, praying that our efforts to open this wonderful *terra incognita* and restore it to civilization may be blessed with success without the shedding of a drop of blood."

After returning on board his vessels from the reception hall, Perry weighed anchor and the whole squadron proceeded up Yedo Bay in search of a better anchorage ground for the fleet, when they should return in the spring to receive the Emperor's answer. This movement caused the greatest consternation among the thousands of natives on the shore, who conceived the idea that this invincible being had decided to go to Yedo after all. When he dropped anchor again several miles further up the bay, the Governor of Uragawa hastened on board to learn the object of this unexpected movement, and to protest vigorously against any further advance in the direction of Yedo. When told of the Commodore's purpose, and that he would return in the spring with his whole fleet of ten vessels to receive a reply to the President's letter, the Governor shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that it was useless to struggle against fate, and retired over the side of the ship. On the 17th of July the squadron sailed for China, having accomplished the most difficult part of its mission without having fired a shot save as an honorable salute.

JONATHAN GOBLE.

## BOISÉ CITY AND VALLEY.

THE seat of the Territorial government of Idaho is Boise City, the county seat of Ada County and leading commercial centre of the Territory. In the year 1835 the Hudson's Bay Company established Fort Boisé as a fur trading post, in opposition to Fort Hall, which had been founded near Snake River the year before by Nathaniel J. Wyeth, as representative of a Boston trading company. This post was located at the mouth of Boisé River, from which it derived its name. In the language of the French half-breeds, who composed the majority of the company's servants, Boisé means "woody," and the name was applied to the stream because, in comparison with others of that region, it had an unusual growth of timber along its banks. Fremont remarked this when eight years later he wrote in his journal: "Such a stream had become quite a novelty in this country, and we were delighted this afternoon to make a pleasant camp under fine old trees again." Fort Boisé continued a post of the great fur company for many years, and was an important point on the line of overland emigration to Oregon in the early days. It was abandoned by the company when compelled to withdraw from United States territory.

Following the rush of miners into Idaho in 1860-1-2, it was decided to establish a military post in that region, and in 1863 the present Fort Boisé (now officially designated as "Boisé Barracks") was founded, fifty miles above the site of the old fort. As a natural consequence a town began to grow up about the fort, a town-site company was organized, and the new candidate for commercial honors was christened "Boisé City" in honor of the fort and river. Though there was little in the barren town-site at that time to suggest such a title as an original one, a stranger who now sees it buried beneath a mass of most magnificent shade trees could suggest no appellation more appropriate than that of "the wooded city" which it bears. The excitement attending the discovery of gold in Boisé Basin brought thousands of miners to this part of Idaho, and Boisé City became at once a most important place. Following this came its selection as the capital of the newly-created Territory, since which time it has grown steadily in wealth and importance.

Boisé City stands on the north side of the river, some fifty miles above its confluence with the Snake, and in a commanding position both as regards the large and fertile valley in which it is situated and the rich mineral region in the mountains beyond. Here, far from the main lines of travel (until 1883, 250 miles from the nearest railroad communication), accessible from the great world outside only by long and tedious journeys by stage or teams for days and nights, over forbidding, desolate and uninhabited stretches of sage brush desert and alkali plains, in what was so long considered as a far-off corner of the country, the pioneers and settlers of Idaho have built their little city, founded their homes, and established their places of trade and business.

By the census of 1880 the population was fixed at

1,899, but the vote of the last general election indicates a present population of fully 3,000. This growth is the natural result of the opening of this region by the Oregon Short Line. It is not the work of systematic "booming," but the natural growth of a commercial centre following closely after the development of the country. Such being the case, a still greater growth may be looked for during the next five years, since Southern Idaho must develop even faster than during the last half decade. But two years have elapsed since that region was first penetrated by railroads, and the tide of immigration has but just begun to set in toward that comparatively unknown country. The number of immigrants is largely increasing annually, and will continue to increase as the resources, both agricultural and mineral, became better known. The natural result will be enhanced wealth, population and business for Boisé City, which already has an assessment roll aggregating \$1,000,000.

The business part of the town is substantially built of brick and stone, a city ordinance prohibiting the erection of frame or wooden buildings within certain limits. The streets are wide, clean and shady, crossing each other at right angles, the blocks intersected lengthwise by convenient alleyways. There are many handsome two and three story frame and brick dwellings that would reflect credit upon a much older and larger town. The town was incorporated January 11, 1866, and as the citizens have always taken special pains to elect responsible business men for its officials, the government has in general been wisely administered. There is a regularly organized fire department, with a Silsby steamer, three hose carts, hook and ladder apparatus and 1,500 feet of hose. There are two companies—Boisé Engine, No. 1, and Ada Hook and Ladder, No. 1. The city has recently erected a neat two-story brick engine house at a cost of \$3,000. Mountain water is introduced into town through a complete system of water works.

There are three excellent hotels—the Overland, Central and Western. There are about a dozen general merchandise stores, besides a number of dealers in special merchandise, such as stationery, drugs, jewelry, furniture, etc. The aggregate amount of business done by the merchants monthly is about \$200,000 cash sales. All professions and mechanical trades are well represented. Besides the branches of industry common to a town of this sort, there are several flour, grist, planing and lumber mills, two breweries, a distillery and brick and marble works. The First National Bank has an authorized capital of \$500,000; present capital, \$100,000. A telephone exchange has been established between the leading business houses, hotels and public buildings. A Board of Trade has recently been organized, which has rendered valuable service to the business interests of the city. There are three papers—*Statesman* (tri-weekly), *Democrat* (semi-weekly) and *Republican* (weekly).

The public buildings located in the city are numerous and some of them imposing and ornamental structures. In the past the United States Assay Office has absorbed all the honors. It is a substantial stone edifice, sixty

feet square and forty-five high, and cost the Government \$81,000. It is of great convenience to the mining interests, as the assayer in charge is supplied with funds from the United States Treasury for the purchase of bullion. A rival structure is now going up, being the new capitol building, which is being constructed under an act passed by the last Territorial Legislature appropriating \$80,000 for that purpose. This is being erected in the centre of what is known as "Capitol Square," having the school house and court house on either hand. The square presents a most imposing appearance, as shown in an engraving on another page. The commissioners who have the work in charge are four of the leading citizens of the Territory—Messrs. R. Z. Johnson, C. W. Moore, Peter Sonna and W. H. Ridenbaugh, who have managed the trust so judiciously that the splendid and architecturally beautiful structure shown in the engraving is now partially completed and all under contract for a total of \$77,000, leaving a balance of \$3,000 in the building fund. The court house, which stands on the right of the capitol, is a three-story brick structure, excellently adapted in its interior arrangements for the accommodation of county offices and courts. It cost \$68,000. On the other end of the square stands a handsome school building, 82x100 feet, and four stories high with mansard roof. It is a brick structure, and was erected at an expense of \$50,000. It has few rivals as a school building on the Pacific Coast. The school system is the pride of the city. It is thoroughly graded, has a principal and six assistant teachers, and is in such high favor and does its work so satisfactorily that no private schools are maintained, though there are more than 700 children of school age in the district. Many families from a distance reside in the city for the purpose of giving their children these excellent educational advantages. A United States Signal Office has been located in the city since 1877. At the military post, which is situated on a beautiful site overlooking the city, are stationed two companies of troops under command of a field officer.

The social, benevolent and religious instincts have strong hold upon the people. The Methodist and Presbyterian denominations have each a fine brick edifice, and the Episcopalians, Roman Catholics and Baptists have substantial frame buildings. There are two lodges, a chapter and a commandery of the Masonic Order, a lodge and encampment of Odd Fellows, a lodge of Workmen, of Good Templars and of Champions of the Red Cross, and a Turn-Verein. Each is in a prosperous condition and owns valuable real estate. There are also a free library association, a dramatic and literary club, and a Territorial law library of several thousand volumes.

The citizens have taken full advantage of the ample supply of water for irrigating purposes. As a result well kept lawns, beautiful gardens and ornamental shrubbery are to be seen on every side, and the city is embowered in a mass of thrifty and beautiful shade trees. So hidden are the numerous handsome residences by this green mass of shade that our artist was compelled to abandon

the idea of sketching them. With the trees in, the houses would be obscured from view, and with the trees omitted, to give a fair view of the residences, the sketch would present anything but the natural appearance of these beautiful homes. A glance at the engraving of Grove street will give a fair idea of the beauty and density of shade in this "Wooded City."

Boisé City has felt the effects of the hard times in common with every commercial point in the Union. There are, however, elements of prosperity present here that are lacking in many other places. As the metropolis of a region developing with great rapidity, it occupies a position that must continually bring increased business to its door, the more so that the citizens are enterprising and awake to all the needs of the hour. Six stage lines centre in the city, while freight wagons loaded with merchandise are constantly leaving for towns and mining camps many miles distant in all directions. The main line of the Oregon Short Line passes fifteen miles to the south, the city being connected with it by two daily stages to Kuna. At an expense of \$45,000 the citizens have secured the right of way for a branch road to tap the main line at Caldwell, about twenty miles distant, and this will be completed by the Oregon Short Line early in the spring of 1886. Boisé will then have full railroad facilities, and being the natural terminal point will continue to be the base of supplies for the large area which is undergoing such rapid development. This is the natural outlet for the famous Atlanta mineral district (with which it will no doubt be ere long connected by a narrow gauge road) and the Boisé Basin. The valley and mountain roads are excellent for freighting, and many beautiful drives may be found near the city. By ascending Table Rock, back of the town, the spectator on the hottest day in summer will be welcomed by refreshing mountain breezes, while the view of the valley for miles around spreads out before him in all the beauty of mingled wilderness and cultivation. A favorite drive is to the Hot Springs, a few miles east of town. The springs are highly medicinal, containing iron, sulphur, soda, lime and magnesia. There are vapor, shower, plunge and mud baths. The temperature of the springs varies from 125 to 220 degrees Fahrenheit. They are already a favorite resort, and need only to be known to become as celebrated as the Hot Springs of Arkansas. Socially Boisé is much similar to larger towns in the East. The lawlessness supposed to characterize so many frontier towns is unknown here. The culture, refinement and hospitality of the people of Boisé are proverbial.

There is land enough in the neighborhood for all who choose to come. The history of the past twenty years of this valley shows what energy and determination can accomplish in the face of almost insuperable obstacles. With these obstacles now removed, and with the valley easily accessible by rail to the immigrant seeking a home and the capitalist an investment for his money, the growth of the next few years must be far greater and more marked than at any period in the past. Boisé Valley proper is about sixty miles long and from two to

six wide, containing 200,000 acres of good arable land. Wherever this has been brought under cultivation by means of irrigating ditches the most wonderful results have been obtained. Many large tracts have averaged forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre for a series of years and show no signs of exhaustion of vitality. Never suffering from an excess of moisture, and defying drouth with his irrigating canal, the farmer of this region is enabled to harvest a full crop year after year, exempt from the vicissitudes that render agriculture so uncertain in the Mississippi Valley. Six tons of alfalfa and four tons of red clover to the acre are cut on tracts as large as sixty acres. As high as 1,000 bushels of potatoes to two acres, 1,250 bushels of onions to two acres, 113 bushels of barley, over 100 bushels of oats and 60 bushels of flint corn to the acre are reported by the farmers of that region as being the product of irrigated land which but a few years ago was a dreary sage brush desert. Thousands of acres of such land are unclaimed in the valley. Fruit is the special product of Bois  Valley. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines, cherries, etc., produce in the greatest abundance and are of large size and exquisite flavor. Last year 400,000 pounds of fruit were shipped from the valley to Butte, Montana, and this year the shipments are correspondingly large. When the railroad reaches Bois  next season this superb fruit will have the whole East for a market.

Rising above the valley is a series of immense benches or broad plateaus, sloping gently toward Bois  and Snake rivers, which has a soil equal, if not superior, in quality to that of the bottom lands. This land is so situated that it can be easily irrigated by a canal from Bois  River. The Idaho Mining and Irrigation Company is now constructing such a canal, thirty miles long and thirty-five feet wide at the bottom. It will carry four feet of water and will reclaim 400,000 acres of this desert land. The supply of water in the river, derived from the melting snows of the Sawtooth Mountains, is ample to keep the canal full at all seasons of the year. Here the immigrant will find the best of soil, with an irrigation ditch ready to water it for a slight annual tax per acre.

The climate of Bois  City and vicinity is salubrious. The atmosphere is dry and clear in summer, and in winter the snow rarely falls to a great depth. Heavy snow storms are confined to the mountains, whence the streams in summer derive a never-failing supply of water. A snowfall of from five to eight inches in the valley is carried off in one day by the warm winds from the coast, known throughout the West as the "Chinook." Waterfowl and other migratory birds remain during the winter, snow and ice not being sufficiently continuous to cause them to leave for a more southern location. In summer the heat is tempered by cooling breezes from the mountains, though heavy wind storms are unknown.

Taken as a whole, there is much in Bois  City and vicinity to tempt the immigrant seeking a farm or business location, and that the city and surrounding country should grow rapidly during the next decade would seem to be facts too evident to fear contradiction.

#### THE PINE CREEK MINES.

HAVING spent a week in Cornucopia, the "camp" of the Pine Creek mines, I am prepared to give you an idea of the country passed through in reaching that new El Dorado of Eastern Oregon, as well as to express an opinion as to the character and extent of the quartz ledges that have created so much excitement, an opinion based on an intimate acquaintance with quartz mines, and with old and new mining camps, extending over a long series of years.

Passing without comment upon the charming scenery of the Columbia River and Blue Mountains, which claimed so much of my attention from Portland to Baker City, I will begin at the latter point, where I exchanged the ease and comfort of a Pullman car for the cruder and more muscular accommodations of the stage and buckboard.

Baker City is a beautiful town of some 2,200 inhabitants, three fine schools, four churches, some very nice business houses, and a class of citizens, generally speaking, alive to their interests. It has several good hotels, in one of which, the Arlington, I found rest until the next morning, when I secured passage on Kellogg's line of stages to Cornucopia for the sum of \$6.

Leaving Baker City, rather a desolate strip of country was passed over for a distance of eighteen miles, a region that can be equaled only by the sage brush country of Nevada. Not a tree nor anything else was in sight to remind the traveler from the Willamette Valley that he was still in the State of Oregon until the Powder River Valley was reached. After passing on ten miles further, where a nice timber belt was reached, I beheld the wreck of an old mining town called "Gemtown," where, in former years, this industry was carried on extensively; but, like many such places in California, nothing more than the decaying log cabins and upturned gulches are left to mark the spot where, perhaps, millions were extracted, and the greater portion, no doubt, squandered. A few men still remain there earning a mere living in some surface diggings. They work during the spring months while Nature furnishes water free that would otherwise have to be purchased. Two miles further on is Sparta. This is also a mining town, consisting of a store, post office, two hotels, and, strange to say, only one saloon. There mining is still carried on quite extensively, but, unfortunately for the surrounding country, principally by Mongolians, of whom some hundred or more find employment in the different gulches. That this region of country has many mineral bearing lodes will, no doubt, be proven ere long, for the mineral belt of Pine Creek no doubt commences at this point and forms an entire range extending beyond the Snake River into Idaho, fully sixty miles or more.

After dining at Sparta we continued on to Eagle Valley. This is a fine valley, some ten miles long, into which the emigrant found his way some fifteen years ago. Here everything in the shape of vegetables and fruit is raised, the only drawback being the want of a good market, a lack which, if the mines above prove as

valuable as they promise, will in a few years be amply filled. Passing over a bridge in this valley I noticed an old style farm house where until his death, a few years ago, lived Joseph Gale, one of the three men who first administered the government in Oregon in the pioneer days. The old house still stands as a memento to his memory. Crossing another mountain range we reached Pine Valley about six o'clock in the evening. This also is a fine valley, some twelve miles long. The raising of hay and grain is its main industry, the late frosts making it almost impossible to raise fruit and vegetables. Pine Creek passes through this valley, from which considerable water is taken for irrigating. At this station I stopped for the night and found splendid accommodations, starting again the next morning on a buckboard, which has to take the place of the stage owing to the rough state of the road.

For about four miles there is a splendid road through a nice forest, ending at a saw mill which supplies the surrounding country with lumber. From this point the traveling became very rough, and it would seem as if all the boulders that were left after the world's creation were promiscuously scattered over a stretch of country for about eight miles. Were it not that I was busy watching the rocks in order to cling to the seat as we bumped against them, I might have enjoyed the scenery as we wound around a high mountain range, crossing several times the beautiful stream of Pine Creek.

About eleven o'clock we reached the lower town of Allentown. This is very nicely situated, with several frame buildings in course of construction, while many log houses have already been built. They are one store, one restaurant and one saloon; but as the people generally are trying hard to excel the citizens of the upper burg in enterprise, it is not likely they will long have a monopoly of each of these branches, and more especially of the saloon business. Lots in this place are not held extravagantly high, yet each lucky holder of real estate, acquired for the simple fee of \$5 for survey and recording, feels as if justified in fencing it in to exclude jumpers, and expects to realize a snug sum when the real boom sets in.

About a half mile further up the town of Cornucopia is located on not quite as eligible a site as the other. This, with the exception of one nice frame building, consists principally of tents and log cabins, built rather hastily to accommodate the first rush. The town can boast of five saloons, one store, two restaurants, blacksmith shop, barber shop, butcher shop and a livery stable; also a lodging house, which, while neatly kept for a young town, is hardly patronized enough, as the traveling class in such camps object seriously to too close confinement and prefer camp life, in which cheap luxury miners, bankers and speculators indulge with equal freedom. Lots in this town are more closely held for future speculation, still as the influx of population consists principally of prospectors but little demand has sprung up for town lots.

Both north and south from the town trails lead to

the different mines—the principal ones to the north going up the mountain range. About a mile from town is an arastra, which was built for the purpose of testing the ores of the district, and operated by Dr. Howard, who I am told is an experienced mill man. He finally gave it up as a bad job, as the mineral exists principally in the sulphurets, and there is not sufficient free milling ore to justify its running. As one ascends the mountain, stakes and monuments are to be seen in every direction, and upon everything that has even the semblance of quartz.

That the district will prove in time to be rich in minerals, must be conceded by any one acquainted with mining, yet the disappointment that many of the locators—numbering amongst them already three hundred different mining locations—will eventually share, can be graduated only according to the amount of labor and funds they will expend on them. It seems as if the majority of the locations were taken for speculative purposes only, by some no doubt thinking of the palmy days of the famous Comstock or the Colorado excitements, and those will no doubt feel their disappointment the worst. Of mines somewhat prospected and visited by your correspondent it is safe to say, that never in the history of mining on this Coast have mines shown any better prospects as far as developed. The veins are strong and well developed, taking a regular course, and croppings are easily traced in many instances between the different locations. The nature of the country rock and the broken country itself is very regular. While no mining theory holds good on this Coast, and properties of that nature can be judged only by real merit as they develop, yet it is safe to say that there are some mines which will yield handsomely to their owners, when fully developed and placed in working condition. However, the developing of this mining region will necessarily be slow, owing to various causes. The principal one is the altitude and the severe winters, which generally retard mining in new districts where roads cut an important figure. Next is the fact that many of the locators are evidently new at the business, and place such fabulous figures on their prospects that no one fully versed with the ups and downs of quartz mining will think of entertaining their propositions. They will probably come down a few pegs by next spring.

Rather a remarkable spot in the district is worth mentioning, which is called the "basin." This is the opposite side of the mountain, which for its steepness and barren appearance, should "take the cake" (allow me to use the phrase). On this barren, steep mountain side are some very fine locations, and, if I am not much mistaken, as good as any in the district; but in as much as there is not even a safe trail to pass over at present, but little can be accomplished on that side this season, and, judging from a good sized show patch still remaining on one of the claims, it is safe to presume that there is a "right smart chance" of snow in that locality. So much for the present; more when developments warrant it.

M. R.

## ARABLE LANDS OF SOUTHERN IDAHO.

ALTHOUGH Idaho is known to the outside world as a mountainous region whose chief industry is mining, it is none the less the fact that agriculture and stock raising have taken strong hold in that region, and the indications are that the soil will ere many years, as is now the case in the great mining State of California, yield more under the hand of labor and support a larger population than the golden sands or mineral-laden rocks. The area susceptible of cultivation, or valuable for pastoral pursuits, is enormous. Valleys and vast table lands or plateaus, covered with a deep, fertile soil, form a large portion of the surface of the Territory.

There are in Idaho 10,200 square miles of arable valley and prairie land situated at an elevation less than 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, making an agricultural tract equal in size to the whole State of Vermont. Not one-twentieth of these lands is occupied. The valleys are long, narrow strips lying on either side of water-courses, and flanked by mountains or rising in benches to table lands.

The soil may be divided into four classes—alkaline, mountain, plain and valley. The first, when relieved of its superabundance of salts by irrigation, becomes extremely fertile. There is not, however, a large area of alkali lands. Mountain soil in the wooded sections is black, deep and full of vegetable mold. The soil of the plains, also, contains much mold and is fertile and highly productive of cereals. The valley soil contains the condensed richness of vast areas of vegetable growth, which has been for ages brought down from the mountain sides by the hundreds of streams which form the large water-courses. The mountains are high but not very precipitous, affording good protection to the valleys from cold winds.

Between Bois  Valley and the southern boundary line there are fertile valleys traversing sage brush plains and table lands. The proportion of timber in this region is small, being confined chiefly to the lines of streams and mountain sides. Three-fourths of this vast surface is capable of reclamation by irrigation, and will produce abundant crops. In the southwest section of this district are several fertile valleys tributary to the Owyhee. In the southeast section among others are the upper end of Cache Valley, which produces all kinds of cereals and vegetables, and Malade Valley, fifty miles long by from three to four miles wide. The last named is a fine, fertile valley, containing several farming settlements. It contains 175 square miles of irrigable land. The valley is flat, and though the streams have but slight fall, still, as the benches are everywhere low, the water can be taken out all over the valley. Bear Lake Valley contains about 275 square miles of tillable land. It extends in a broad belt on both sides of the river southward from Soda Springs for fifteen miles, where the river is forced into a narrow canyon, but begins again at Georgetown and extends up the lake. In the valleys of the Blackfoot and its branches there is much valuable land. Probably 175 square miles can be made productive.

In Southern Idaho irrigation is generally necessary. So far from being a drawback, however, the farmer has now come to regard this fact as an advantage. Crops thus cultivated are not subject to the vicissitudes of rainfall; the possibilities of drought are avoided; the farmer's labors are seldom interrupted and his crops rarely injured by storms. This immunity from drought and storm renders agricultural operations much more certain than in the Eastern States. Again, the water comes down from the mountains and plateaus freighted with fertilizing materials derived from the decaying vegetation and soils of the upper regions, which are spread by the flowing water over cultivated lands. It is probable that the benefits derived from this source alone will be full compensation for the cost of the process. Experience will correct the errors occasionally resulting from permitting too great or too rapid a flow of water, and the irrigator soon learns to flood his lands gently, evenly and economically. A stranger entering this arid region is apt to conclude that the soils are sterile because of their chemical composition; but experience demonstrates the fact that all the soils are suitable for agricultural purposes when properly supplied with water.

Bois  Valley, especially in the neighborhood of Bois  City, affords an excellent example. Within twenty years a barren sage brush plain has been transformed into a paradise. Trees and shrubbery adorn the streets and gardens. Orchards bending beneath the burden of their fruit, fields of waving grain, gardens producing every variety of crops, are on all sides. The larger and smaller fruits, perfect in form and flavor, and the mammoth vegetables whose characteristic flavors are not affected by their size, surpass the much-extolled products of California.

The area formed by the junction of the Bois , Payette, Weiser and Owyhee valleys is a vast agricultural region. In the immense basin formed by the confluence of Idaho's great rivers is a compact body of farming lands millions of acres in extent—the largest agricultural area between the great prairies and the plains of the Columbia. In soil, climate and facilities for irrigation it is unsurpassed. It is mainly the rich, warm loam that produces sage brush to perfection in its natural state, and all the cereals, fruits and vegetables of this latitude when cultivated. There are acres upon acres of apples, plums, pears, peaches and small fruits, and alongside of them, almost as far as the eye can reach, are stretches of wild farming lands awaiting claimants and cultivation. It is not unusual for immigrants to locate on wild lands in these valleys, put up comfortable houses, good barns, good fences, etc., and pay for all such improvements with the first year's crop of potatoes or other vegetables, taken from only a small portion of their farms. The fact that Idaho farmers were, as a rule, very poor when they embarked in business a few years ago, and that they are now generally well off, and have fine buildings and improvements, with large herds of stock, is proof that this is a lucrative pursuit. Oats yield 55 bushels per acre; wheat, 30; rye, 25; potatoes, 250.

## THE WOOD RIVER MINES.

AS an example of what can be accomplished in a brief time in the mining regions of the West, the famous Wood River mines are deserving of special attention. Compared with placer mining the development of quartz ledges is a slow process, and yet in five years the region under consideration has been transformed from an uninhabited wilderness to the home of from 6,000 to 7,000 people, living in three well built towns, and producing this season \$6,000,000 worth of bullion. Truly, we are living in a fast age. The country is moving forward with giant strides, the Great West leading the van. The almost magical transformations of this region, the rapid creation of wealth, the sudden springing up of prosperous towns and cities, and the establishment of great industries are astonishing, even to those whose enterprise is mainly instrumental in causing them. To others such results, accomplished in so brief a period, must indeed seem marvelous.

The term "Wood River Country" embraces the region lying along Wood River, and the outlying and tributary country, nearly all that is valuable of Alturas County, Southern Idaho. Through the lower end of the county runs the Oregon Short Line, from which a branch ninety-six miles in length extends up Wood River into the mining region. At the junction of this branch with the main line lies the town of Shoshone, a prosperous business point, containing about 900 people. It contains a number of good stores and has an excellent weekly paper, the *Journal*. Its location makes it the actual gateway to the Wood River mines. It is distant from Portland 622 miles. Here are located the shops of the Oregon Short Line, and from here visitors to the celebrated Shoshone Falls take the stage. The surroundings of Shoshone are not very inviting or encouraging to the agriculturist, but a journey of twenty miles up the branch line brings the traveler to the beautiful and fertile valley of Silver Creek. It is about twelve miles square, well watered, and nearly all settled up, though, no doubt, a few good locations might yet be found. No finer land can be found anywhere.

The road next enters the main Wood River Valley, which is thirty miles long and one-half to fifteen wide. The road passes in succession through the towns of Bellevue, fifty miles from Shoshone, Hailey, five miles further north, and Ketchum, the terminal point. Each of these towns is the centre of quite an extensive mining region, and each contains a number of mills and smelters, besides being the shipping point for large quantities of crude ore, which now goes to Denver, Omaha and Kansas City, but which could be diverted to Portland, provided the latter city possessed the facilities for its reduction.

Bellevue, the first one reached by the railroad, is a town of 1,500 inhabitants, and is located on the east branch of the river. Across the river is the small town of Broadford, a general miners' headquarters, and practically a portion of the main town. Bellevue has a splendid brick school house, and in many other ways exhibits signs of prosperity. It draws its principal sup-

port from the surrounding mines, the chief of which are the Queen of the Hills, Minnie Moore, Queen Victoria, Monday and Oswego. The most successful is the Queen of the Hills, owned by the Bellevue Idaho Mining Company, whose head office is in Salt Lake City. Of this company John A. Hunter is President; Boyd Park, Vice-President; J. C. Conklin, Treasurer and General Manager; F. O. Horn, Secretary; J. A. Lusk, Superintendent. The company has about \$50,000 invested in the mine and concentrating works, an engraving of which is given on another page, and employs sixty-five men. The mine has been worked three years and the concentrator one year. It is paying a monthly dividend to the owners, and enough ore is in sight to insure dividends for some time to come. The concentrator works forty tons of ore per day, and three hundred tons of concentrations per month are shipped to Denver, where a ready market is found. The ore averages 70 to 75 per cent. lead, with from 80 to 100 ounces of silver per ton. Some of these gentlemen, with other parties, are opening up the Triumph, near the famous Parker mine. The Overland is also a very promising mine on the east Fork of Wood River. It is opening up finely and shows even a higher grade ore than the Queen of the Hills.

Five miles north of Bellevue is the town of Hailey, the largest in the valley and county seat of Alturas County. It contains a population of 2,500, and is the great centre of the Wood River and Sawtooth mining regions, financially, politically and socially. It contains three excellent papers, the *Times*, *News-Miner* and *Inter-Idahoan*, each publishing both a daily and weekly edition. The town is admirably located in the very centre of the quartz region, and its enterprising merchants draw trade from all parts of the surrounding country for a radius of a 100 miles. Within half a day's drive are the farms and stock ranches of Camas Prairie. Hailey has a fine brick court house that cost \$40,000, an efficient fire department, complete water works system, telephone connection with surrounding towns, two saw mills, smelting and concentrating works, numerous good stores, shops, etc. There are several good hotels, and one is in course of erection that will cost \$30,000. Hailey contains more brick buildings than any other town in that region. There is a small bank, but the town offers a splendid opening for a bank of sufficient solidity to command the entire confidence of the mercantile and mining interests.

Seven miles west of Hailey is Bullion, exclusively a mining camp, situated in a gulch. In this vicinity are some of the richest mines in the Territory, such as the Bullion, Mayflower, Jay Gould, O. K., Eureka and Idahoan. The last has paid three dividends in thirty days. Two promising claims, Red Cloud and Cyclops, have recently been purchased by a gentleman with plenty of capital to work them. Just back of Hailey is Quigley Gulch, in which are the Ophir group of mines. There are four claims showing high grade galena. On Deer Creek, just above Hailey, are the Montana, Silver Moon, Mountain View, Wolfstone and Davitt mines, all promising ones. The Narrow Gauge group has pro-

duced some remarkably rich ore. Twenty miles east of Hailey are the mines of Little Wood River, chief of which is the Muldoon group, owned by the Wood River Mining and Smelting Company. This company also operates smelting and sampling works.

Warm Spring Creek mining district, of which Ketchum is the centre, embraces all that portion of the great Wood River mineral belt lying from a point six miles south to a distance twenty miles north, and is about the same width. Contingent and tributary to it are the Sawtooth, Wood River (proper) and Smoky districts. Within its boundaries is one of the busiest prospecting scenes in the world. Innumerable good ledges and good ore bodies have been discovered, and, although like all other new mining districts that invariably feel adversities and encounter disadvantages, not a few fortunes have unquestionably been made. Many of the best mines lie within a radius of five miles of Ketchum, and within this limit the most flattering discoveries are constantly being made, though heretofore it was thought the prospector had "done up" the country. Blind ledges appear in the most unexpected places, and three or four of these have developed into bonanzas in the past year, creating a renewed enthusiasm among prospectors in those parts. Close to town may be pointed out half a dozen dividend-paying mines that have netted from \$25,000 to \$250,000 in the past year, one of them having made net dividends in the past three years of nearly \$400,000. This showing does not include other districts, great mineral wealth being developed in points directly tributary to and dependent upon the town of Ketchum.

The gross output from mines, smelters and samplers last year, together with private shipments not reported, amounts to fully \$4,000,000, and that shown by statistics over \$3,000,000.

The ores of Warm Spring Creek mining district—chiefly lead ores, accompanied by iron oxides and carbonates—are either reduced at the Philadelphia smelters in Ketchum, or sold to the Ketchum Sampling Works or private buyers, who ship them to Omaha, Denver or Kansas City. The Philadelphia Mining and Smelting Company has extensive works at Ketchum (see engraving on another page), and owns fourteen mines on both forks of the river. The company also purchases ores from other mines. From 250 to 300 men are employed in the mines and works. There are five furnaces, with a capacity of 200 tons per day, from which ten car-loads of 240 bars of bullion each are shipped weekly to Omaha for refinement. The works are run by water power, which is prevented from freezing in the winter by the hot spring whose waters run into the ditch a short distance above the smelters. The company has \$500,000 invested in its plant. The officers are James M. Rhodes, President; Sydney L. Wright, Vice-President and Treasurer; H. J. Hardess, Superintendent.

Ketchum has a population of 2,000, and is one of the most beautifully located towns in Idaho. The natural scenery surrounding it is grand. It is situated at the confluence of three mountain streams, has abundance of

rich, level ground, pretty drives, and every natural advantage. The hills are a complete shield against wind storms and blizzards. There is an abundance of timber, and the manufacture of lumber is a thrifty industry. The town contains two churches, a weekly newspaper (the *Keystone*), two banks, a good school, fifty business houses, and in addition to the smelters two saw mills, two planing mills, two breweries and a busy brick yard.

Twenty-five miles west of Wood River is the Smoky District, with ledges of galena carrying from twenty to fifty ounces of silver. There are numerous producing mines, some of them carrying gold in the ore with lead and silver. The Smoky Bullion Consolidated Mining Company are the most extensive operators and have one of the largest concentrating mills in the Territory. At the head of Wood River is Galena District, in which is the town of Galena. The Senate Mining and Smelting Company own the best properties and operate a thirty-ton smelter. Just across the divide from Galena, at the headwaters of Salmon River, are the Sawtooth mines, of which Vienna is the business centre. The ores of the numerous paying ledges of that region are essentially different from those of Wood River proper, but it has been customary to include them in the list of Wood River mines, chiefly because they find there their nearest and most accessible shipping and supply point. The old and celebrated Atlanta District is situated on the Middle Boise River, and is in Alturas County. It finds a shipping point at Mountain Home Station, on the Oregon Short Line, but will soon be connected by a good wagon road with Boise City, eighty-five miles distant.

The ores of this region are of various kinds, ranging from free gold to very base and refractory. This necessitates a variety of methods of reduction, such as gold mills, silver mills, roasting furnaces, smelters and concentrators. The daily capacity of the various mills and smelters is as follows:

Name and Location.	Tons.
Bellevue smelting works.....	5
Hailey smelting works.....	10
Philadelphia M. & S. Co.'s smelter at Ketchum.....	200
Galena smelting works.....	30
Muldoon smelting works.....	60
Vienna Company's gold and silver mill at Vienna.....	50
Columbia and Beaver Company's mill at Sawtooth.....	50
Atlanta Company's gold and silver mill at Atlanta.....	50
Buffalo Company's gold and silver mill at Atlanta.....	40
Big Lode Company's mill at Atlanta.....	30
Tehoma Company's mill at Atlanta.....	30
Last Chance Company's mill at Atlanta.....	20
Vishnu mill at Rocky Bar.....	20
Camas No. 2 gold mill, at head of Rock Creek.....	20

Making a total daily milling and smelting capacity of... 615

Smelting requiring much capital, many companies prefer to concentrate their ores and sell them in open market. For this reason concentrating works have been constructed. These works crush the ore and concentrate the metal-bearing particles of from three to ten tons of ore into one by separating them from the waste. Following are the best known of these:

	Tons.
Minnie Moore Company.....	80
Queen of the Hills.....	50
Hailey Concentrating Company.....	60
Wood River.....	60
Mayflower.....	60
Narrow Gauge.....	40
North Star.....	40
Buzzo.....	40
Ontario.....	40
Silver King.....	50

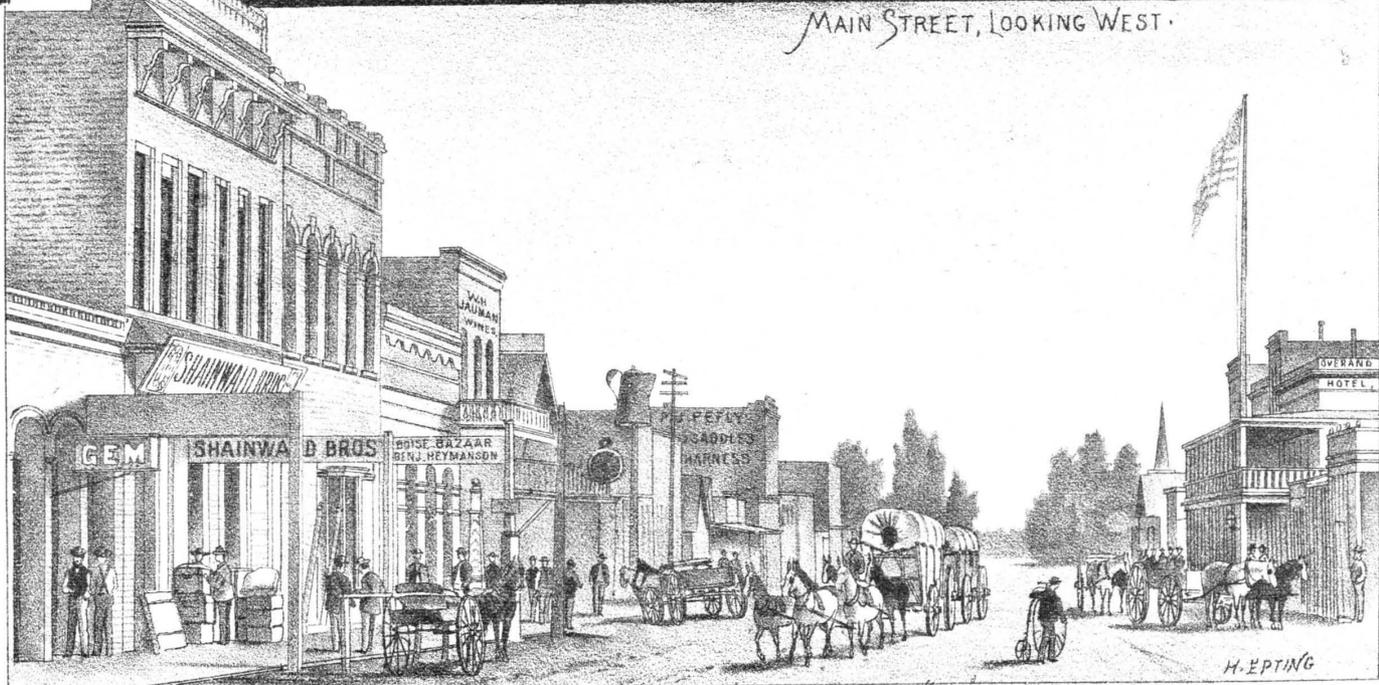
THE WEST SHORE.



GROVE STREET



MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST.



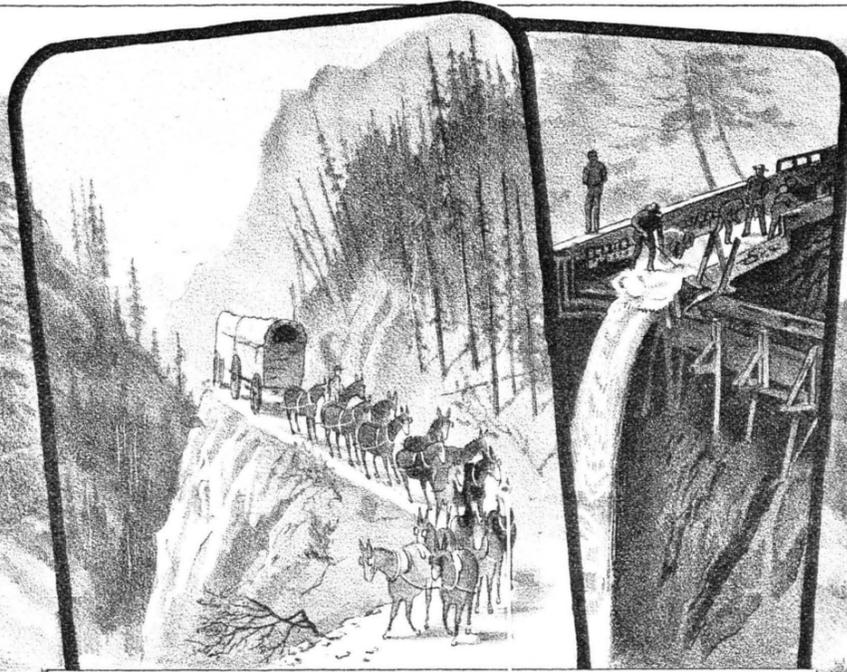
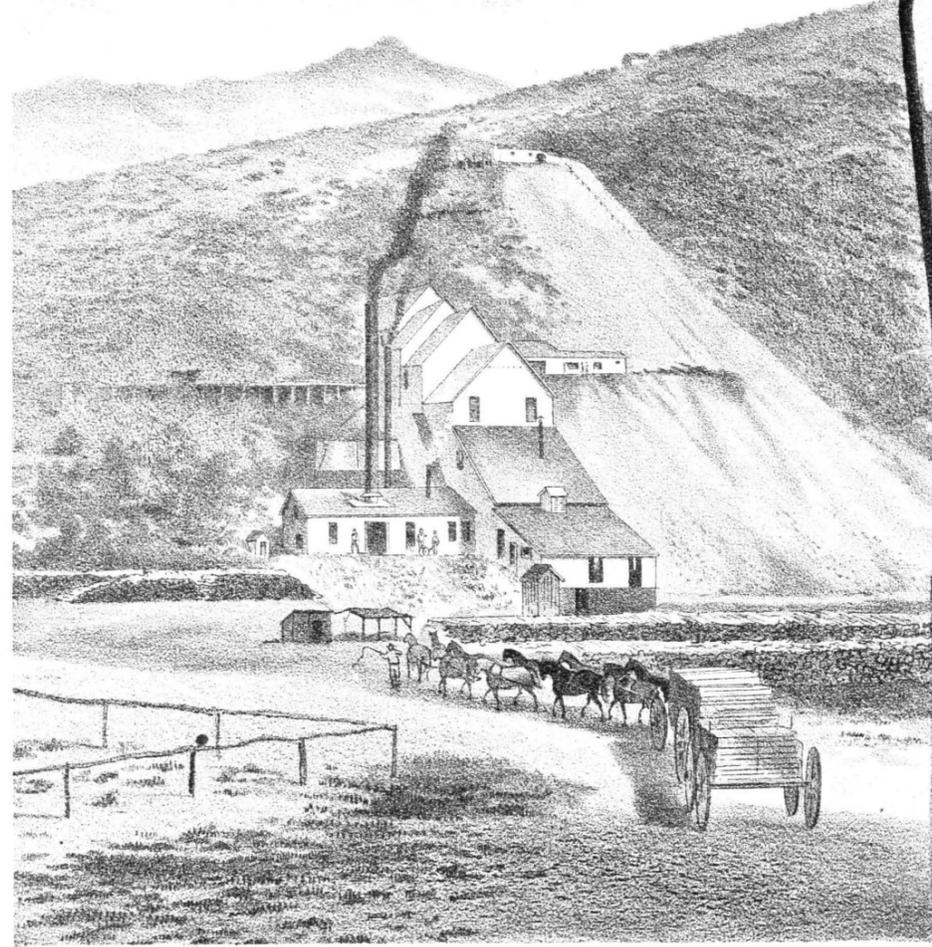
MAIN STREET, LOOKING WEST.

H. EPTING

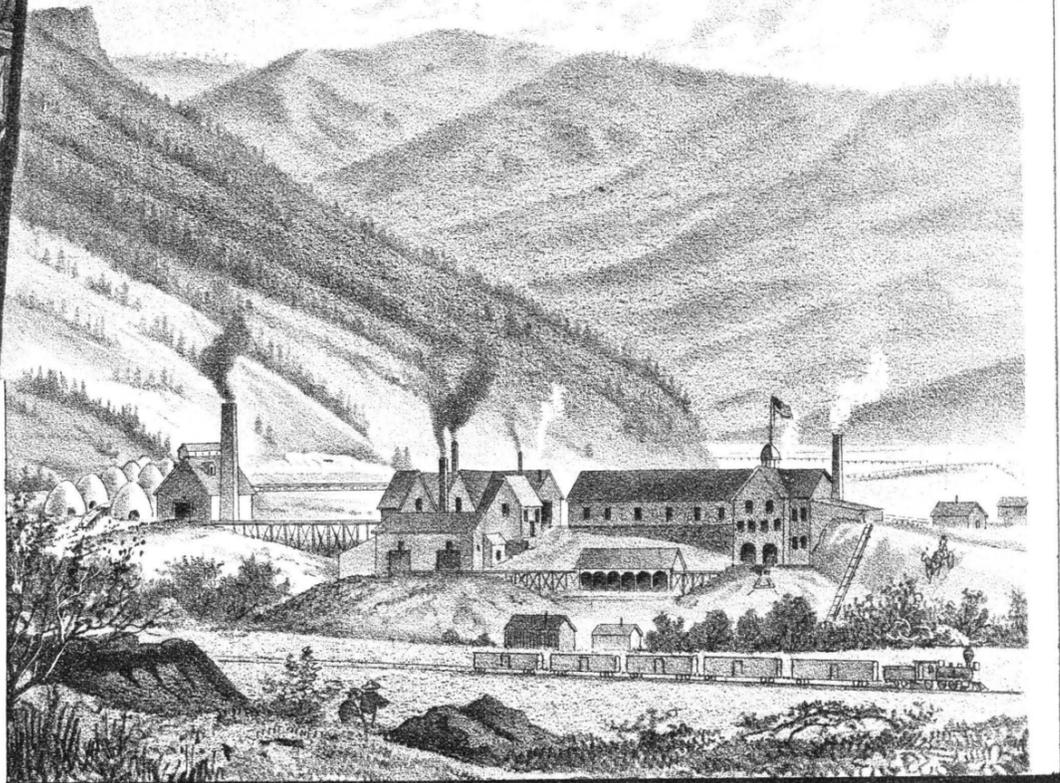
WEST SHORE LITH

BOISE CITY, IDAHO.

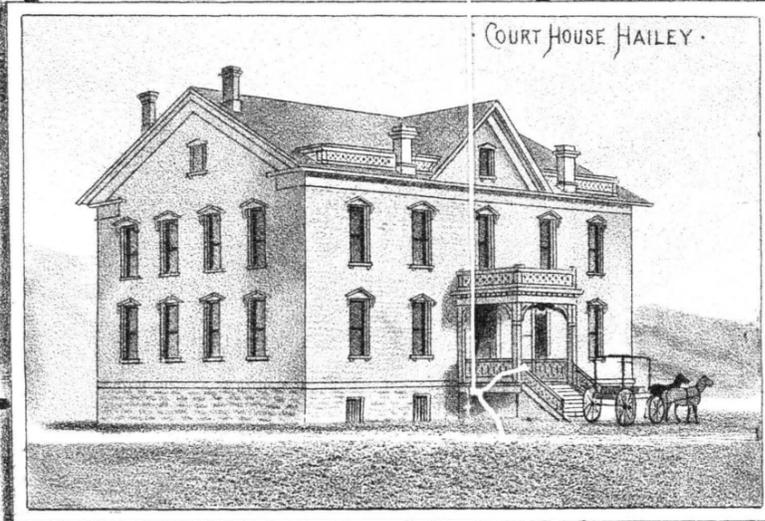
QUEEN OF THE HILLS • BELLEVUE •



PHILADELPHIA MINING AND SMELTING WORKS • KETCHUM •



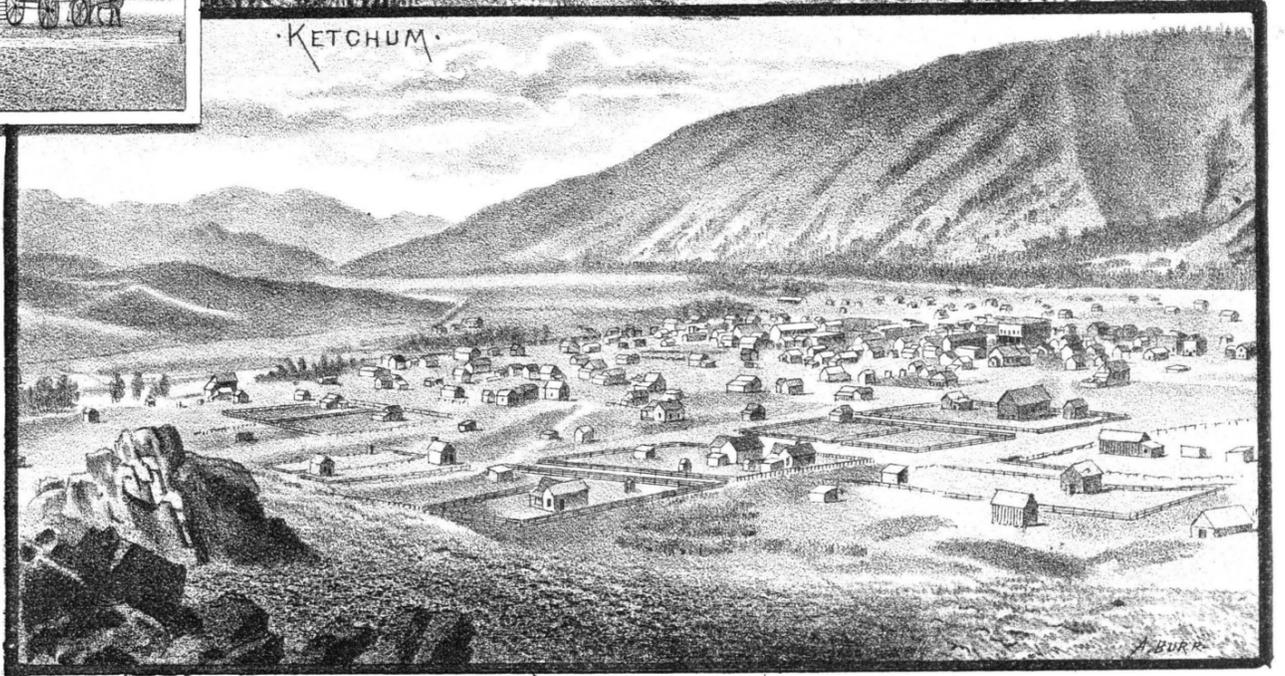
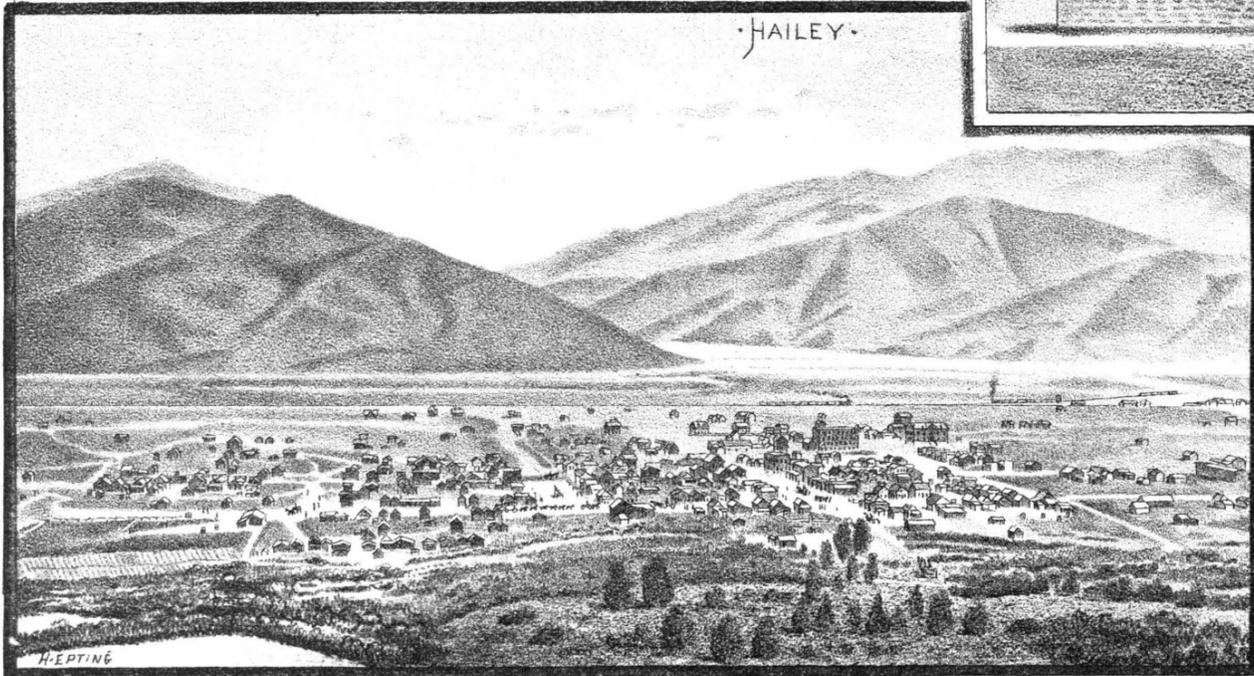
COURT HOUSE HAILEY •



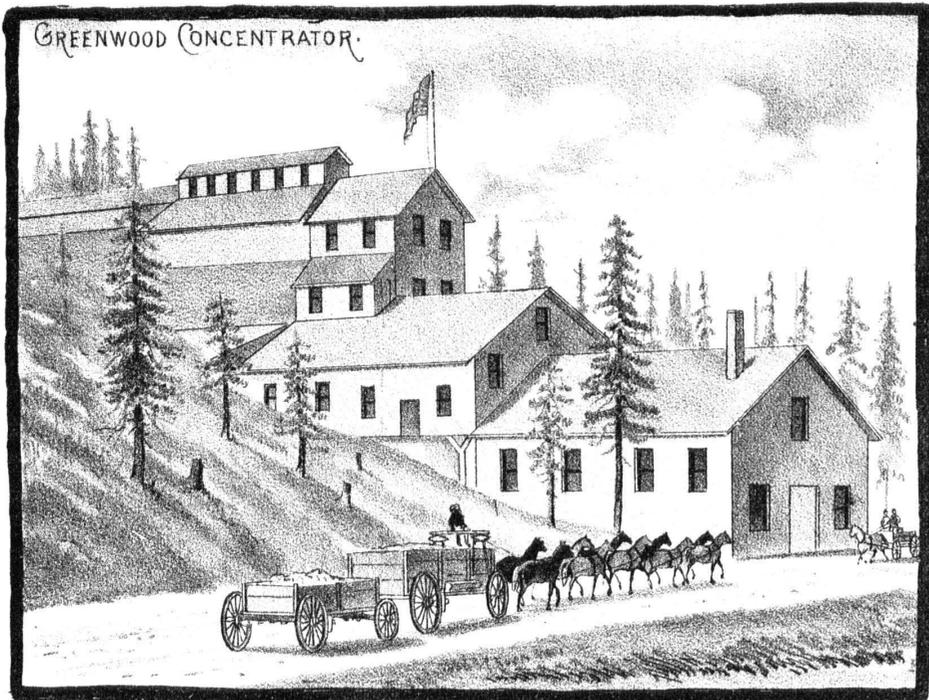
• HAILEY •

• KETCHUM •

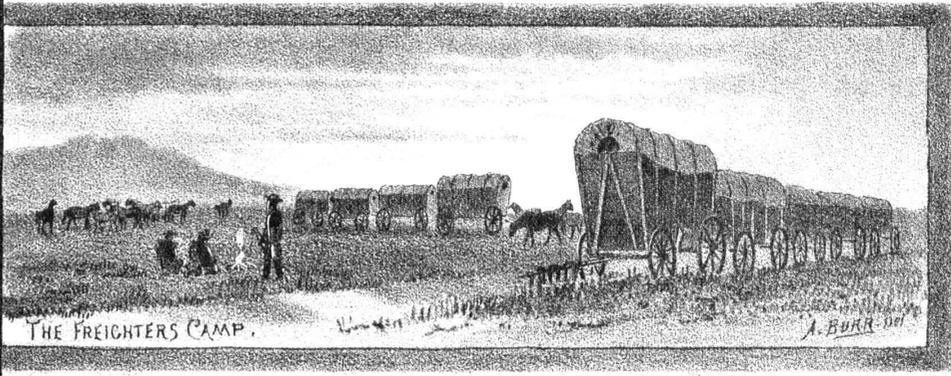
The  
WOOD  
RIVER  
MINES  
: IDAHO



THE WEST SHORE.



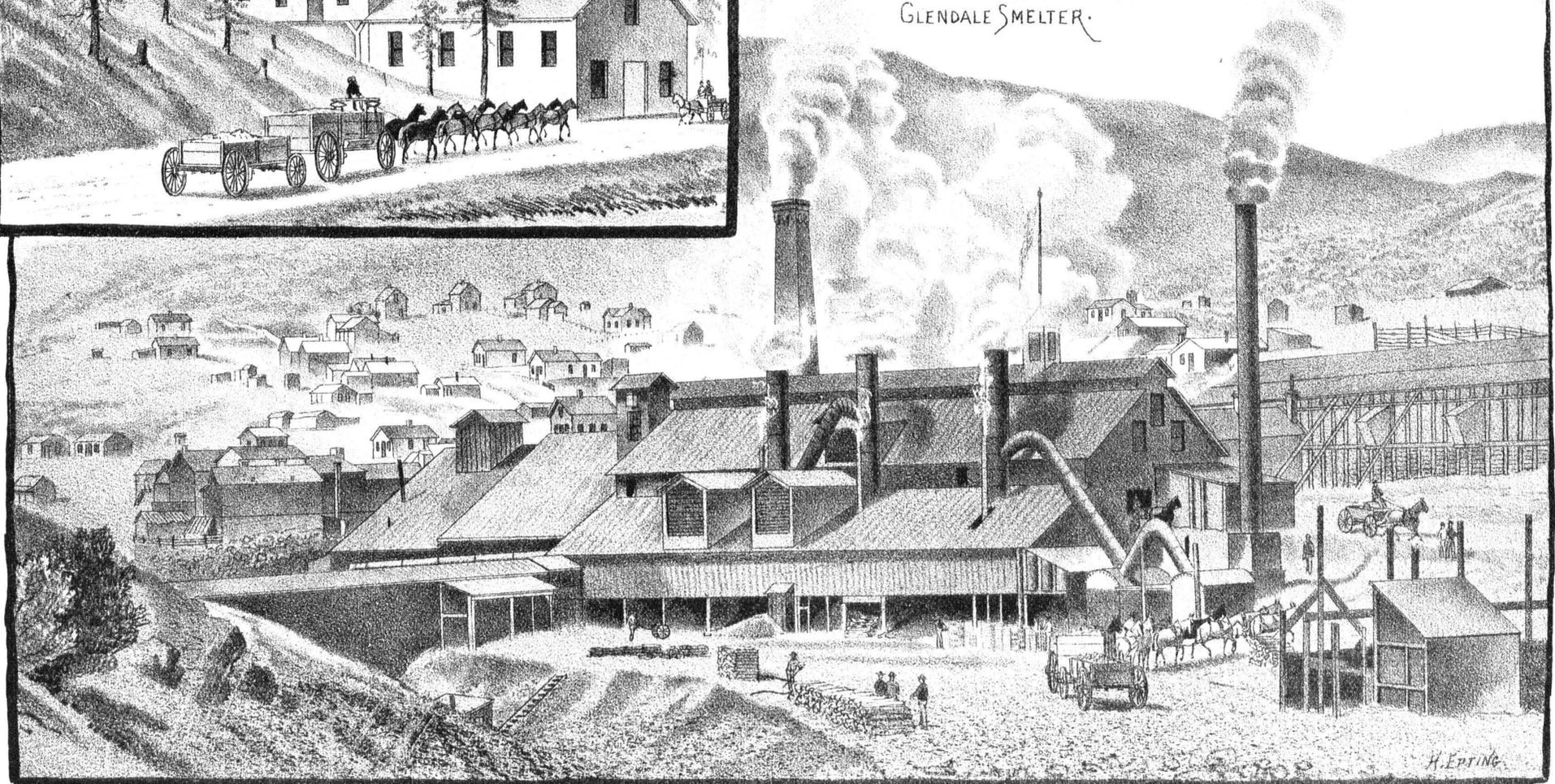
GREENWOOD CONCENTRATOR.



THE FREIGHTERS CAMP.

A. BURR DEL.

GLENDALE SMELTER.



H. EPTING

WEST SHORE LITH.

MONTANA-HECLA CON. MINING CO'S REDUCTION WORKS.

Little Wood River.....	Tons.
Smoky Bullion.....	30
.....	30
Making a daily capacity of.....	560

The construction of more mills and concentrating works is in contemplation. At Rock and Camp creeks alone, it is believed, over 100 additional stamps, having a capacity of 200 tons per day, will be put in place in the next twelve months.

The agricultural lands of Wood River are rich, but not very extensive; they are mostly pre-empted. They can only be farmed at a considerable outlay for irrigating ditches; but once this advantage is secured they are turned into perfect gardens, where anything known to the north will grow. A few thousand dollars would make a good many fine farms on Wood River. Five hundred acres adjoining Ketchum have been fenced with wire and boards and nearly all placed under cultivation. The cost of securing irrigation was about \$3,000, fencing the same, and now the land yields a crop that will net the owner about \$3,000 a year. This is an instance.

The chief agricultural section of this region is Camas Prairie, a fertile plain thirty by fifteen miles in extent, lying about twenty miles west of Hailey. The whole prairie is magnificently watered, and in season covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, making it a paradise for stock. The soil is a rich black loam, about twenty inches in depth, with a heavy clay subsoil. The numerous creeks flowing through the valley keep the clay soil wet, so that, however dry the top soil may look, plenty of moisture is always found within a few inches of the surface. Water in endless quantities can be found almost anywhere on the prairie, at a depth of from two to eight feet below the surface. Many settlers have wells with sufficient water for all stock at that depth. This condition of soil renders the lands of this prairie very productive. Immense crops of oats, wheat, barley and all small grain, and all kinds of vegetables and fruits, can be grown easily and to great profit. The natural grasses yield wonderful crops of hay, and tame grasses, wherever tried, flourish amazingly. Timothy, alfalfa and clover have been sown, and have proved luxuriant and very hardy in growth. Tame grasses and all fine small grain find their natural elements here, and consequently yield enormously. All kinds of vegetables, such as potatoes, beets, turnips, peas, beans, onions, cabbages, etc., are successfully and very profitably cultivated, and the market for all that is not needed for home consumption is sure and at paying prices.

The mountains in the north are covered with a heavy growth of pine timber, thus giving plenty of wood for fuel and lumbering purposes. Two or three saw mills are here, from which good building and fencing lumber can be obtained for from \$20 to \$40 per 1,000 feet. In the hills surrounding the prairie are found choice grazing lands, where stock find good living and keep fat all the year round. Cattle, sheep and horses require but little prepared feed and scarcely any shelter, the bunch grass of the hills affording splendid feed all through the year. There can be no doubt that this valley will prove

a wonderful agricultural belt, and that it is a choice spot for new-comers in search of a pleasant home. No more fertile or productive lands can be found in Idaho, where such a diversity of crops can be raised with so little labor and expense. Several settlements have sprung up on Camas Prairie within the past two years.

#### DILLON AND GLENDALE, MONTANA.

THE flourishing town of Dillon, Montana, is a good example of the progress made in the West under the joint influence of railroads and mining interests. Five years ago but one solitary log cabin stood where now is a prosperous town of 1,600 inhabitants. The land and cabin were purchased by the Sebree, Ferris & White Company, and laid out into a town in 1881. It is situated on the line of the Utah & Northern Railroad, sixty-nine miles south of Butte and 348 north of Ogden. It is a commercial centre of much importance in Southern Montana, and is made a common point with Butte and Helena for freight and passenger rates by both the Northern Pacific and Utah & Northern, being the first town on the line of the latter occupying that position. Indeed, only those two populous cities exceed it in Montana in the volume of business transacted.

Dillon has several substantial brick business houses, containing heavy stocks of goods, and the trade of its merchants extends throughout Southern Montana and to many points in Idaho, since it is the only commercial town of importance between Ogden and Butte. In 1884 the First National Bank drew exchange to the amount of \$3,000,000, and is only exceeded in its volume of general business by three banks in Helena and one in Butte. Not only has this bank done a largely increased business the current year, but the Dillon National Bank has been organized to furnish the additional banking facilities needed, and reports a prosperous business.

Not only commercially, but educationally and socially, Dillon is the centre of Southern Montana. It contains a handsome school house, which cost \$20,000, of whose advantages the people of the surrounding country avail themselves as much as possible. Many wealthy men engaged in mining or stock raising reside in the town, and a number of very neat residences have been built. One especially elegant attracts the eye of the stranger. It is the property of Mr. W. C. Orr, on which he has expended \$35,000. Remarkable progress has been made in five years in giving the town an air of age and solidity, which is the result of the enterprise of its citizens and its excellent location as a permanent commercial point. So self-evident is the certainty of growth and prosperity, that no one hesitates when he builds to erect a substantial and expensive structure.

The development of mines in the surrounding country is an important factor in the prosperity and growth of Dillon. Beaverhead County stands third in the list of mineral producing counties in Montana, being exceeded only by Silver Bow and Lewis & Clarke. These mines offer a ready cash market for the merchants and help to sustain the agricultural and stock interests, which

in their turn, give support to the town. In 1883 the mines directly tributary to Dillon produced \$50,000; in 1884, \$100,000; and for the present year the yield is estimated as follows:

Argenta, fourteen miles from Dillon.....	\$100,000
Blue Wing, eighteen miles from Dillon.....	50,000
Bald Mountain, forty miles from Dillon.....	40,000
Bannack, thirty miles from Dillon.....	20,000
Elk Horn, fifty miles from Dillon.....	10,000
Total.....	\$220,000

This does not include the immense mining operations of the Hecla Consolidated Mining Company at Glendale, thirty-six miles distant, which are described in another paragraph. Though this company's operations have built up a separate commercial point at Glendale, they nevertheless add considerably to the prosperity of Dillon. Other minerals than the precious metals are found in paying quantities in the region tributary to the town. On Birch Creek, only fifteen miles northwest, are found large quantities of magnetic iron ore of a fine quality. The smelter at Glendale uses one car-load of this ore daily for flux, and two car-loads per day are shipped to the large smelters at Ketchum, Idaho, also considerable quantities to Omaha. Another resource is coal, a fine quality of which is found on Horse Prairie. It has been used for fuel in Dillon and given good satisfaction. As yet no coal mine has been developed. Limestone is another item of natural wealth which is found in many parts of the county in great quantity. One kiln is in operation and supplies all the lime needed for home consumption.

Beaverhead County has doubled its taxable property in two years. Its assessment list now exceeds \$4,000,000, nearly one-half of which is levied within a radius of twenty miles of Dillon. This wealth is by no means confined to the mining industry, for the stock interests are very considerable. There are in the county 75,000 sheep, 20,000 horses and 150,000 cattle. Beaverhead Valley, Big Hole River Valley, the largest in the county, and other strips of valley land offer splendid opportunities for stock raising, the adjacent hills supplying an almost limitless range for grazing. Considerable agriculture is carried on in the valleys, chiefly confined to hay, oats and other products required for consumption in the home markets. The present year 10,000,000 pounds of oats were raised and will find ready market in Butte and other mining camps, where much beef and mutton are also sent. The winter climate is very favorable for the stock industry, as well as rendering this region agreeable as a place of residence. Mr. B. F. White, Cashier of the First National Bank and Secretary and Treasurer of the Sebree, Ferris & White Company, who has resided here for five years, and is therefore the "oldest inhabitant," states that he has never seen three successive days of sleighing in that time, so brief a stay does the snow make when it falls. Cattle are thus never deprived of food on the ranges, nor do they suffer from long and severe wind storms, or "blizzards," which sweep over the open plains east of the Rocky Mountains.

Consideration of the facts which have been briefly stated leads directly to the conclusion that Dillon must

increase rapidly in wealth, business and population, a conclusion which the history of many Western cities similarly situated amply confirms. Mining, agriculture and grazing will increase steadily year by year, adding constantly to the growth of their commercial centre. So great will be the change that the street scene presented on another page will be unrecognizable in a few years. Brick blocks will stand where cheap wooden structures are now seen, and two and three story buildings will crowd these pioneers from their places. This work of improvement is constantly going on, and ere long will work a complete transformation.

The next town of importance in Beaverhead County is Glendale. Here are located the works of the Hecla Consolidated Mining Company, the largest mining enterprise in the county, furnishing employment to 350 men. The head office of the company is at Indianapolis, Ind. The officers are John Thomas, President; John C. McCutcheon, Secretary, and John C. Wright, Treasurer. At Glendale H. Knippenberg is the General Manager of all the works, and George B. Conway is Cashier. The nearest railroad and telegraph station is Melrose, on the Utah & Northern, five miles east. At Glendale is the smelter; at Greenwood, seven miles further west, is the concentrator, and the mine is at Hecla, ten miles west of Glendale. With these the manager's office is connected by telephone, while a private telegraph line runs to Melrose. The iron mines are ten miles northeast of Melrose. The mines at Hecla were located in 1876, and were purchased by this company the following year. Since 1881 they have been under the successful management of Mr. Knippenberg. In 1884 the output was \$850,000, and \$195,000 in dividends were paid to stockholders. The first eight months of the present year the yield has been \$600,000 and the dividends \$135,000, indicating a total product for 1885 of \$1,000,000. The ore is hauled from the mine to the concentrator at Greenwood, a distance of three miles, along a covered tramway. The concentrator was erected in 1882 at an expense of \$75,000. The smelting works at Glendale cost \$100,000. Bullion is hauled from the smelter to Melrose by ten-mule teams, a dozen of these sometimes leaving in one day. It is then shipped by the U. & N. and U. P. roads to the Omaha and Grant Smelting and Refining Company at Omaha. The concentrator and smelter have each a capacity of 150 tons of ore per day.

The town of Glendale has about 600 inhabitants. It is built in a narrow gulch, at the head of which the smelter is located, and the only street accommodates itself to the windings of the gulch. The site is not one that would naturally be chosen for a town, but was selected because it was the most eligible in the immediate vicinity of the works. Nevertheless there are a number of very substantial brick buildings, and several stores carrying good stocks of merchandise. The bank of N. Armstrong & Co. reports good business. As long as the mines and smelters are kept running, and that will probably be for many years to come, Glendale will continue to be a good business point.

## INTERLOPERS AT THE KNAP.

## I.

THE northwest road from Casterbridge is tedious and lonely, especially in winter time. Along a part of its course it is called Holloway Lane, a monotonous track without a village or hamlet for many miles, and with very seldom a turning. Some few years ago a certain farmer was riding through this lane in the gloom of a winter evening. The farmer's friend, a dairyman, was riding beside him. A few paces in the rear rode the farmer's man. All three were well horsed on strong, round-barreled cobs; and to be well horsed was to be in better spirits than poor pedestrians could attain.

But the farmer did not talk much to his friend as he rode along. Farmer Charles Darton's business to-night could hold its own with the business of kings.

"D'ye feel ye can meet your fate like a man, neighbor Darton?" asked his companion, Japheth Johns, breaking a silence which had lasted while five-and-twenty hedge-row trees had glided by.

Mr. Darton with a half laugh murmured, "Ay, call it my fate! Hanging and wiving go by destiny." And then they were silent again.

"Why I have decided to marry her," resumed Darton (in a measured, musical voice of confidence which revealed a good deal of his composition), as he glanced round to see that the lad was not too near, "is not only that I like her, but that I can do no better, even from a fairly practical point of view. That I might ha' looked higher is possibly true, though it is really all nonsense. I have had experience enough in looking above me. 'No more superior women for me,' said I—you know when. Sally is a comely, independent, simple character, with no make-up about her, who'll think me as much a superior to her as I used to think—you know who I mean—was to me."

"Ay," said Johns. "However, I shouldn't call Sally Hall simple. Primary, because no Sally is; secondary, because if some could be this one wouldn't. 'Tis a wrong denomination to apply to a woman, Charles, and affects me, as your best man, like cold water. 'Tis like recommending a stage play by saying there's neither murder, villainy, nor harm of any sort in it, when that's what you've paid your half crown to see."

"Well; may your opinion do you good. Mine's a different one." And turning the conversation from the philosophical to the practical, Darton expressed a hope that the said Sally had received what he'd sent on by the carrier that day.

Johns wanted to know what that was.

"It's a dress," said Darton. "Not exactly a wedding dress, though she may use it as one if she likes. It is rather serviceable than showy—suitable for the winter weather."

"Good," said Johns. "Serviceable is a wise word in a bridegroom. I commend ye, Charles."

"For," said Darton, "why should a woman dress up like a rope-dancer because she's going to do the most solemn deed of her life except dying?"

"Faith, why? But she will because she will, I suppose," said Dairyman Johns.

"H'm," said Darton.

The lane they followed had been nearly straight for several miles, but it now took a turn, and winding uncertainly for some distance forked into two. By night country roads are apt to reveal ungainly qualities which pass without observation during day; and though Darton had traveled this way before, he had not done so frequently, Sally having been wooed at the house of a relative near his own. He never remembered seeing at this spot a pair of alternative ways looking so equally probable as these two did now. Johns rode on a few steps.

"Don't be out of heart, sonny," he cried. "Here's a handpost. Enoch, come and climb this post, and tell us the way."

The lad dismounted and jumped into the hedge, where the post stood under a tree.

"Unstrap the baskets, or you'll smash up that wine!" cried Darton, as the young man began spasmodically to climb the post, baskets and all.

"Was there ever less head in a brainless world?" said Johns. "Here, simple Nocky, I'll do it." He leapt off, and with much puffing climbed the post, striking a match when he reached the top, and moving the light along the arm, the lad standing and gazing at the spectacle.

"I have faced tantilization these twenty years with a temper as mild as milk," said Japheth; "but such things as this don't come short of deviltry!" And flinging the match away he slipped down to the ground.

"What's the matter?" asked Darton.

"Not a letter, sacred or heathen—not so much as would tell us the way to the great fireplace—ever I should sin to say it! Either the moss and mildew have eaten away the words, or we have arrived in a land where no traveler has planted the art of writing, and should have brought our compass, like Christopher Columbus."

"Let us take the straightest road," said Darton placidly, "I shan't be sorry to get there—'tis a tiresome ride. I would have driven if I had known."

"Nor I neither, sir," said Enoch. "These straps plow my shoulder like a zull. If 'tis much further to your lady's home, Maister Darton, I shall ask to be let carry half of these good things in my innerds—hee, hee!"

"Don't you be such a reforming radical, Enoch," said Johns sternly. "Here, I'll take the turkey."

This being done, they went forward by the right hand lane, which ascended a hill, the left winding away under a plantation. The pit-a-pat of their horses' hoofs lessened up the slope; and the ironical directing post stood in solitude as before, holding out its blank arms to the raw breeze, which brought a snore from the wood as if Skrymir the giant were sleeping there.

## II.

Three miles to the left of the travelers, along the road they had not followed, rose an old house with mullioned windows of Hamhill stone and chimneys of lavish solidity. It stood at the top of a slope beside Hintock village street, and immediately in front of it grew a large sycamore tree, whose bare roots formed a convenient staircase from the road below to the front door of the dwelling. Its situation gave the house what little distinctive name it possessed—namely, "The Knap."

Beside a Tudor fireplace, whose molded four-centred arch was nearly hidden by a figured blue-cloth blower,

were seated two women—mother and daughter—Mrs. Hall and Sarah, or Sally; for this was a part of the world where the latter modification had not as yet been effaced as a vulgarity by the march of intellect. The owner of the name was the young woman by whose means Mr. Darton purposed to put an end to his bachelor condition on the approaching day.

Behind them, in the centre of the room, the table was spread for supper, certain whiffs of air laden with fat vapors, which ever and anon entered from the kitchen, denoting its preparation there.

"The new gown he was going to send you stays about on the way like himself," Sally's mother was saying.

"Yes, not finished, I dare say," cried Sally independently. "Lord, I shouldn't be amazed if it didn't come at all! Young men make such kind promises when they are near you, and forget 'em when they go away. But he doesn't intend it as a wedding dress—he gives it to me merely as a dress to wear when I like—a traveling dress is what it would be called in great circles. Come early or come late, it don't much matter, as I have a dress of my own to fall back upon. It is nearly eight."

"Eight o'clock, and neither dress nor man," said Mrs. Hall.

"Mother, if you think to tantalize me by talking like that you are much mistaken. Let him be as late as he will—or stay away altogether—I don't care," said Sally. But a tender, minute quaver in the negation showed that there was something forced in that statement.

Mrs. Hall perceived it, and drily observed that she was not so sure about Sally not caring. "But perhaps you don't care so much as I do, after all," she said. "For I see what you don't, that it is a good and flourishing match for ye; a very honorable offer in Mr. Darton. And I think I see a kind husband in him. So pray God 'twill go smooth and wind up well."

Sally would not listen to misgivings. Of course it would go smoothly, she asserted. "How you are up and down, mother!" she went on. "At this moment, whatever hinders him, we are not so anxious to see him as he is to be here, and his thought runs on before him and settles down upon us like the star in the east. Hark!" she exclaimed, with a breath of relief, her eyes sparkling. "I heard something. Yes, here they are!"

The next moment her mother's slower ear also distinguished the familiar reverberation occasioned by footsteps clambering up the roots of the sycamore.

"Yes, it sounds like them at last," she said. "Well, it is not so very late after all, considering the distance."

The footfall ceased, and they rose, expecting a knock. The door of the room was gently opened, and there appeared, not the pair of travelers with whom we have already made acquaintance, but a pale-faced man in the garb of extreme poverty—almost in rags.

"Oh, it's a tramp, gracious me!" said Sally, starting back.

His cheeks and eye-orbits were deep concaves, rather, it might be, from natural weakness of constitution than irregular living, though there were indications that he had led no careful life. He gazed at the two women fixedly for a moment; then with an abashed, humiliated demeanor, dropped his glance to the floor and sank into a chair without uttering a word.

Sally was in advance of her mother, who had remained standing by the fire. She now tried to discern the visitor across the candles.

"Why, mother," said Sally faintly, turning back to Mrs. Hall. "it is Phil, from Australia!"

Mrs. Hall started, and grew pale, and a fit of coughing seized the man with the ragged clothes. "To come home like this!" she said. "Oh, Philip, are you ill?"

"No, no, mother," replied he impatiently, as soon as he could speak.

"But, for God's sake, how do you come here—and just now, too?"

"Well, I am here," said the man. "How it is I hardly know. I've come home, mother, because I was driven to it. Things were against me out there, and went from bad to worse."

"Then why didn't you let us know? You've not writ a line for the last two or three years."

The son admitted sadly that he had not. He said that he had hoped and thought he might fetch up again, and be able to send good news. Then he had been obliged to abandon that hope, and had finally come home from sheer necessity—previous to making a new start. "Yes, things are very bad with me," he repeated, perceiving their commiserating glances at his clothes.

They brought him nearer the fire, took his hat from his thin hand, which was so small and smooth as to show that his attempts to fetch up again had not been in a manual direction. His mother resumed her inquiries, and dubiously asked if he had chosen to come that particular night for any special reason.

For no reason, he told her. His arrival had been quite at random. Then Philip Hall looked round the room and saw for the first time that the table was laid somewhat luxuriously, and for a larger number than themselves, and that an air of festivity pervaded their dress. He asked quickly what was going on.

"Sally is going to be married in a day or two," replied the mother; and she explained how Mr. Darton, Sally's intended husband, was coming there that night with the bridesman, Mr. Johns, and other details. "We thought it must be their step when we heard you," said Mrs. Hall.

The seedy wanderer looked again on the floor. "I see—I see," he murmured. "Why, indeed, should I have come to-night! Such folk as I are not wanted here at these times, naturally. And I have no business here, spoiling other people's happiness."

"Phil," said his mother, with a tear in her eye, "you are welcome to this home as long as it is mine. We will make the best of a bad job; and I hope you are not seriously ill? I think you had better go to bed at once."

"Well, I shall be out of the way there," said the son wearily. "Having ruined myself, don't let me ruin you by being seen in these togs, for heaven's sake. I would rather go and jump into the river than be seen here. But have you anything I can drink? I am confoundedly thirsty with my long tramp."

"Yes, yes; we will bring something up stairs to you," said Sally, with grief in her face.

"Ay, that will do nicely. But, Sally and mother—" He stopped, and they waited. "Mother, I have not told you all," he resumed slowly, still looking on the floor between his knees. "Sad as what you see of me is, there's worse behind. I am not the only one in this mess. Would to heaven I were! But—I have a wife as destitute as I."

"A wife?" said his mother.

"Unhappily."

"A wife! Yes, that is the way with sons!"

"And besides—" said he.

"Besides! Oh, Philip, surely—"

"I have two little children."

"Wife and children!" whispered Mrs. Hall to herself.

"Poor little things!" said Sally involuntarily.

His mother turned again to him. "I suppose these helpless beings are left in Australia?"

"No. They are in England."

"Well, I can only hope you've left them in a respectable place."

"I have not left them at all. They are here, within a few yards of us. In short, they are in the stable. I did not like to bring them indoors till I had seen you, mother, and broken the bad news a bit to you. They were very tired, and are resting out there on some straw."

Mrs. Hall's fortitude visibly broke down. "A starving son, a starving wife, starving children. Let it be. But why is this come to us now, to-day, to-night? Why have you done us this wrong, Philip? What respectable man will come here and marry open-eyed into a family of vagabonds!"

"Nonsense, mother!" said Sally vehemently, while her face flushed. "Charley isn't the man to desert me! But if he should be, and won't marry me because Phil's come, let him go and marry elsewhere. I won't be ashamed of my own flesh and blood for any man in England—not I!"

The son stood up. "Mother," he said, "as I have come, so I will go. All I ask of you is that you will allow me and mine to lie in your stable to-night. I give you my word that we'll be gone by break of day and trouble you no further."

Mrs. Hall, the mother, changed at that. "Oh, no," she answered hastily, "never shall it be said that I sent any of my own family from my door. Bring 'em in, Philip, or take me out to them."

"We will put 'em all into the large bedroom," said Sally brightening, "and make up a large fire. Let's go and help them in."

Sally went to fetch a lantern from the back kitchen, but her brother said, "You won't want a light. I lit the lantern that was hanging there."

"What must we call your wife?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"Helena; but one minute before you go, I—I haven't confessed all."

"Then heaven help us!" said Mrs. Hall, pausing at the door in calm despair.

"We passed through Verton as we came," he continued, "and the carrier had come in from Casterbridge at that moment, and asked me to bring on a dressmaker's parcel for Sally that was marked 'immediate.' 'Twas a flimsy parcel, and the paper was torn, and I found on looking at it that it was a thick, warm gown. I didn't wish you to see poor Helena in a shabby state. I was ashamed that you should—'twas not what she was born to. I untied the parcel in the road and told her I had managed to get it for her, and that she was to ask no questions. She, poor thing, must have supposed I obtained it on trust, through having reached a place where I was known, for she put it on gladly enough. She has it on now. Sally has other gowns, I dare say."

Sally looked at her mother, speechless.

"You have others, I dare say," repeated Phil, with a sick man's impatience. "I thought to myself, 'Better Sally cry than Helena freeze.' Well, is the dress of great consequence? 'Twas nothing very ornamental, as far as I could see."

"No, no, not of consequence," returned Sally sadly, adding in a gentle voice, "You will not mind if I lend her another instead of that one, will you?"

Philip's agitation at the confession had brought on another attack of the cough, which seemed to shake him to pieces. He was so obviously unfit to sit in a chair that they helped him up stairs at once; and having hastily given him a cordial and kindled the bedroom fire, they descended to fetch their unhappy new relations.

### III.

It was with strange feelings that the girl and her mother, lately so cheerful, passed out of the back door into the open air of the barton, laden with hay scents and

the herby breath of cows. The stable door was open. Softly nearing the door, Mrs. Hall pronounced the name "Helena?"

There was no answer for the moment. Looking in she was taken by surprise. Two people appeared before her. For one, instead of the drabish woman she had expected, Mrs. Hall saw a pale, dark-eyed, lady-like creature, whose personality ruled her attire rather than was ruled by it. She was in a new and handsome dress, of course, and an old bonnet. She was standing up, agitated; her hand was held by her companion—none else than Sally's affianced, Farmer Charles Darton, upon whose fine figure the pale stranger's eyes were fixed, as his were fixed upon her. His other hand held the rein of his horse, which was standing saddled as if just led in.

At sight of Mrs. Hall they both turned, looking at her in a way neither quite conscious nor unconscious, and without seeming to recollect that words were necessary as a solution to the scene. In another moment Sally entered also, when Mr. Darton dropped his companion's hand, led the horse aside, and came to greet his betrothed and Mrs. Hall.

"Ah!" he said smiling, with something like forced composure, "this is a roundabout way of arriving you will say, my dear Mrs. Hall. But I saw a light here and led in my horse at once; my friend Johns and my man have gone on to the Sheaf of Arrows with theirs, not to crowd you too much. No sooner had I entered than I saw that this lady had taken temporary shelter here, and I found I was intruding."

"She is my daughter-in-law," said Mrs. Hall calmly. "My son, too, is in the house, but he has gone to bed unwell."

Sally had stood staring wonderingly at the scene until this moment, hardly recognizing Darton's shake of the hand. The spell that bound her was broken by her perceiving the two little children seated on a heap of hay. She suddenly went forward, spoke to them, and took one on her arm and the other in her hand.

Philip Hall's wife, in spite of this interruption to her first rencontre, seemed scarcely so much affected by it as to feel any one's presence in addition to Mr. Darton's. However, arousing herself by a quick reflection, she threw a sudden, critical glance of her sad eyes upon Mrs. Hall, and, apparently finding her satisfactory, advanced to her in a meek initiative. Then Sally and the stranger spoke some friendly words to each other, and Sally went on with the children into the house. Mrs. Hall and Helena followed, and Mr. Darton followed these, looking at Helena's dress and outline, and listening to her voice like a man in a dream.

By the time the others reached the house Sally had already gone up stairs with the tired children. A bed was made up for the little ones and some supper given to them. On descending the stairs, after seeing this done, Sally went to the sitting-room. Young Mrs. Hall entered it just in advance of her, having in the interim retired with her mother-in-law to take off her bonnet and otherwise make herself presentable. Hence it was evident that no further communication could have passed between her and Mr. Darton since their brief interview in the stable.

They at once sat down to supper, the present of wine and turkey not being produced for consumption to-night, lest the premature display of those gifts should seem to throw doubt on Mrs. Hall's capacities as a provider.

A general conversation was begun and continued briskly, though it was in the main restricted to Mrs. Hall and Japheth Johns, who had come in. There being slight call upon Sally's tongue she had ample leisure to do what her heart most desired—namely, watch her in-

tended husband and her sister-in-law with a view of elucidating the strange momentary scene in which her mother and herself had surprised them in the stable. If that scene meant anything, it meant, at least, that they had met before. That there had been no time for explanation Sally could see, for their manner was still one of suppressed amazement at each other's presence there. Darton's eyes, too, fell continually on the dress worn by Helena, as if this were an added riddle to his perplexity; though to Sally it was the one feature in the case which was no mystery. Sally could see that whatever Helena might know of Darton, she knew nothing of how the dress entered into his embarrassment. And at moments the young girl would have persuaded herself that Darton's looks at her sister-in-law were entirely the fruit of the clothes query. But surely at other times a more extensive range of speculation and sentiment was expressed by her lover's eye than that which the changed dress would account for.

Japheth Johns at last withdrew for the night, going off to the Sheaf of Arrows, whither Darton promised to follow him in a few minutes.

Half an hour passed, and then Mr. Darton also rose to leave, Sally and her sister-in-law simultaneously wishing him good-night as they retired up stairs to their rooms. But on his arriving at the front door with Mrs. Hall a sharp shower of rain began to come down, when the widow suggested that he should return to the fireside till the storm ceased.

Darton accepted her proposal, but insisted that, as it was getting late, and she was obviously tired, she should not sit up on his account, since he could let himself out of the house, and would quite enjoy smoking a pipe by the hearth alone. Mrs. Hall assented, and Darton was left by himself. He spread his knees to the brands, lit up his tobacco as he had said, and sat gazing into the fire and at the notches of the chimney-crook which hung above.

He soon began to doze. How long he remained in this half-unconscious state he did not know. He suddenly opened his eyes. Turning his head, he saw Philip Hall's wife standing at the entrance of the room with a bed candle in one hand, a small brass tea kettle in the other, and his dress, as it certainly seemed, still upon her.

"Helena!" said Darton, starting up.

Her countenance expressed dismay, and her first words were an apology. "I—did not know you were here, Mr. Darton," she said, while a blush flashed to her cheek. "I thought every one had retired—I was coming to make a little water boil; my husband seems to be worse. But perhaps the kitchen fire can be lighted up again."

"Don't go on my account. By all means put it on here as you intended," said Darton. "Allow me to help you." He went forward to take the kettle from her hand, but she did not allow him, and placed it on the fire herself.

They stood some way apart, one on each side of the fireplace, waiting till the water should boil, the candle on the mantel between them, and Helena with her eyes on the kettle. Darton's eyes traveled from the kettle to Helena's face, then back to the kettle, then to the face for rather a longer time. "So I am not to know anything of the mystery that has distracted me all the evening?" he said. "How is it that a woman, who refused me because (as I supposed) my position was not good enough for her taste, is found to be the wife of a man who certainly seems to be worse off than I?"

"He had the prior claim," said she.

"What! you knew him at that time?"

"Yes, yes. Please say no more," she implored. "Whatever my errors I have paid for them during the last five years."

"Well, you might have been my wife if you had chosen," he said. "But that's all past and gone. However, if you are in any trouble or poverty, I shall be glad to be of service, and as your relative by marriage I shall have a right to be. Does your uncle know of your distress?"

"My uncle is dead. He left me without a farthing. And now we have two children to maintain."

"What, left you nothing. How could he be so cruel as that?"

"I disgraced myself in his eyes."

"Now," said Darton earnestly, "let me take care of the children, at least while you are so unsettled. *You* belong to another, so I cannot take care of you."

"Yes, you can," said a voice, and suddenly a third figure stood beside them. It was Sally. "You can, since you seem to wish to," she repeated. "She no longer belongs to another. My poor brother is dead!"

Her face was red, her eyes sparkled, and all the woman came to the front. "I have heard it!" she went on to him passionately. "You can protect her now as well as the children!" She turned then to her agitated sister-in-law. "I heard something," said Sally (in a gentle murmur, differing much from her previous passionate words), "and I went into his room. It must have been the moment you left. He went off so quickly, and weakly, and it was so unexpected, that I couldn't leave even to call you."

The two young women hastened up stairs, and Darton was again left alone.

After standing there a short time he went to the front door and looked out, till, softly closing it behind him, he advanced and stood under the large sycamore tree. The stars were flickering coldly, and the dampness which had just descended upon the earth in rain now sent up a chill from it. Darton was in a strange position, and he felt it. The unexpected appearance, in deep poverty, of Helena, a young lady, daughter of a deceased naval officer, who had been brought up by her uncle, a solicitor, and had refused Darton in marriage years ago; the passionate, almost angry, demeanor of Sally at discovering them; the abrupt announcement that Helena was a widow; all this coming together was a conjuncture difficult to cope with in a moment, and made him question whether he ought to leave the house or offer assistance. But for Sally's manner he would unhesitatingly have done the latter.

He was still standing under the tree when the door in front of him opened and Mrs. Hall came out.

"What can I do in this trouble, Mrs. Hall?" he said.

"Oh, nothing, thank you, nothing," she said in a tearful voice. She told him in a few words the particulars of her son's arrival, broken in health—indeed, at death's very door, though they did not suspect it—and suggested, as the result of a conversation between her and her daughter, that the wedding should be postponed.

"Yes, of course," said Darton. "I think now to go straight to the inn and tell Johns what has happened." It was not till after he had shaken hands with her that he turned hesitatingly and added: "Will you tell the mother of his children that, as they are now left fatherless, I shall be glad to take the eldest of them, if it would be any convenience to her and to you?"

Mrs. Hall promised that her son's widow should be told of the offer, and they parted. He retired down the rooty slope and disappeared in the direction of the Sheaf of Arrows. Meanwhile Mrs. Hall had entered the house. Sally was down stairs in the sitting-room alone, and her

mother explained to her that Darton had readily assented to the postponement.

"No doubt he has," said Sally with sad emphasis. "It is not put off for a week, or a month, or a year. I shall never marry him, and she will."

## IV.

One day, seven months later on, when Mr. Darton was as usual at his farm, twenty miles from Hintock, a note reached him from Helena. She thanked him for his kind offer about her children, which her mother-in-law had duly communicated, and stated that she would be glad to accept it as regarded the eldest, the boy. Helena had, in truth, good need to do so, for her uncle had left her penniless, and all application to some relatives in India had failed. There was, besides, as she said, no good school near Hintock to which she could send the child.

On a fine summer day the boy came. He was entered as a day scholar at a popular school at Casterbridge, three or four miles from Darton's, having first been taught by Darton to ride a forest pony, on which he canted to and from the aforesaid fount of knowledge.

When the Christmas holidays came it was arranged that he should spend them with his mother. The journey was, for some reason or other, performed in two stages, Darton in person accompanying him the first half of the journey. Reaching the Pack Horse, a roadside inn, and the appointed place of meeting, Darton inquired if Miss and young Mrs. Hall were there to meet little Philip. He was answered by the appearance of Helena alone at the door.

"At the last moment Sally would not come," she faltered.

That meeting practically settled the point toward which these long-severed persons were converging. But nothing was broached about it for some time yet. Sally Hall had, in fact, imparted the first decisive motion to events by refusing to accompany Helena. She soon gave them a second move by writing the following note:

[Private.]

DEAR CHARLES:—

Living here so long and intimately with Helena, I have naturally learnt her history, especially that of it which refers to you. I am sure she would accept you as a husband at the proper time, and I think you ought to give her the opportunity. You inquire in an old note if I am sorry that I showed temper (which it wasn't) that night when I heard you talking to her. No, Charles, I am not sorry at all for what I said then. Yours sincerely, SALLY HALL.

Thus set in train, the transfer of Darton's heart back to its original quarters proceeded by mere lapse of time. The following summer Darton was united to Helena at a simple matter-of-fact wedding; and she and her little girl joined the boy who had already grown to look on Darton's house as home.

For some months the farmer experienced an unprecedented happiness and satisfaction. There had been a flaw in his life, and it was as neatly mended as was humanly possible. But after a season the stream of events followed less clearly, and there were shades in his reveries. Helena was a fragile woman, of little staying power, physically or morally, and since the time that he had originally known her (eight or ten years before) she had been severely tried. She had loved herself out, in short, and was now occasionally given to moping. Sometimes she spoke regretfully of the gentilities of her early life, and instead of comparing her present state with her condition as the wife of the unlucky Hall, she mused rather on what it had been before she took the first fatal step of clandestinely marrying him. She did not care to please such people as those with whom she was thrown as a thriving farmer's wife. She allowed the pretty trifles of agricultural domesticity to glide by her as sorry details, and had it not been for the children Dar-

ton's house would have seemed but little brighter than it had been before. This led to occasional unpleasantness, until Darton sometimes declared to himself that such endeavors as his to rectify early deviations of the heart by harking back to the old point mostly failed of success. But he kept these unmelodious thoughts to himself, and was outwardly considerate and kind.

This somewhat barren tract of his life had extended to less than a year and a half, when his ponderings were cut short by the loss of the woman they concerned. When she was in her grave he thought better of her than when she had been alive; the farm was a worse place without her than with her, after all. No woman short of divine could have gone through such an experience as hers with her first husband without becoming a little soured. Her stagnant sympathies, her sometimes unreasonable manner, had covered a heart frank and well-meaning, and originally hopeful and warm. She left him a tiny red infant in white wrappings. To make life as easy as possible to this touching object became at once his care.

As this child learnt to walk and talk Darton learnt to see feasibility in a scheme which pleased him. Revolving the experiment which he had hitherto made upon life, he fancied he had gained wisdom from his mistakes and caution from his miscarriages.

What the scheme was needs no penetration to discover. Once more he had opportunity to recast and rectify his ill-wrought situations by returning to Sally Hall, who still lived quietly on under her mother's roof at Hintock Abbas. Darton was not a man to act rapidly, and the working out of his reparative designs might have been delayed for some time. But there came a winter evening precisely like the one which had darkened over that former ride to Hintock Abbas, and he asked himself why he should postpone longer, when the very landscape called for a repetition of that attempt.

He told his man to saddle the mare, booted and spurred himself with a younger horseman's nicety, kissed the two youngest children, and rode off. Nothing hindered the smoothness of his journey, which seemed not half its former length. Though dark, it was only between five and six o'clock when the bulky chimneys of Mrs. Hall's residence appeared in view behind the sycamore tree. He put up at the Sheaf of Arrows as in former time; and when he had plumed himself before the inn mirror, called for a glass of negus, and smoothed out the incipient wrinkles of care, he walked on to the Knap with a quick step.

## V.

That evening Sally was making "pinners" for the milkers, which were now increased by two, for her mother and herself no longer joined in milking the cows themselves. But upon the whole there was little change in the household economy, and not much in its appearance, beyond such minor particulars as that the crack over the window, which had been a hundred years coming, was a trifle wider; that the beams were a shade blacker; that the influence of modernism had supplanted the open chimney corner by a grate; and that Sally's face had naturally assumed a more womanly and experienced cast.

Mrs. Hall was actually lifting coals with the tongs, as she had used to do.

"Five years ago this very night, if I am not mistaken," she said, laying on an ember.

"Not this very night—though 'twas one night this week," said the correct Sally.

"Well, 'tis near enough. Five years ago Mr. Darton came to marry you and my poor boy Phil came home to die." She sighed. "Ah, Sally," she presently said, "if

you had managed well Mr. Darton would have had you, Helena or none."

"Don't be sentimental about that, mother," begged Sally. "I didn't care to manage well in such a case. Though I liked him, I wasn't so anxious. I would never have married the man in the midst of such a bitch as that was," she added with decision; "and I don't think I would if he were to ask me now."

"I am not so sure about that, unless you have another in your eye."

"I wouldn't, and I'll tell you why. I could hardly marry him for love at this time o' day. And as we've quite enough to live on if we give up the dairy to-morrow, I should have no need to marry for any meaner reason. I am quite happy enough as I am, and there's an end o't."

Now it was not long after this dialogue that there came a mild rap at the door, and on opening it Mr. Darton entered. Mrs. Hall welcomed the farmer with warm surprise, as did Sally, and for a moment they rather wanted words.

Mrs. Hall soon saw what he had come for, and left the principals together while she went to prepare him a late tea, smiling at Sally's late hasty assertions of indifference, when she saw how civil Sally was. When tea was ready she joined them. She fancied that Darton did not look so confident as when he had arrived, but Sally was quite light-hearted, and the meal passed pleasantly.

About seven he took his leave of them. Mrs. Hall went as far as the door to light him down the slope. On the doorstep he said frankly:

"I came to ask your daughter to marry me; chose the night and everything, with an eye to a favorable answer. But she won't."

"Then she's a very ungrateful girl," emphatically said Mrs. Hall.

Darton paused to shape his sentence, and asked, "I— I suppose there's nobody else more favored?"

"I can't say that there is, or that there isn't," answered Mrs. Hall. "She's private in some things. I'm on your side, however, Mr. Darton, and I'll talk to her."

"Thank ye, thank ye," said the farmer in a gayer accent; and with this assurance the not very satisfactory visit came to an end. Darton descended the roots of the sycamore, the light was withdrawn, and the door closed. At the bottom of the slope he nearly ran against a man about to ascend.

"Can a jack-o'-lent believe his few senses on such a dark night or can't he?" exclaimed one whose utterance Darton recognized in a moment, despite its unexpectedness. "I dare not swear he can, though I fain would." The speaker was Johns.

Darton said he was glad of even this opportunity of putting an end to the silence of years, and asked the dairyman what he was traveling that way for.

Japheth showed the old jovial confidence in a moment. "I'm going to see your—relations, as they always seem to me," he said, "Mrs. Hall and Sally. Well, Charles, the fact is I find the natural barbarousness of man is much increased by a bachelor life, and as your leavings were always good enough for me, I'm trying civilization here." He nodded toward the house.

"Not with Sally—to marry her?" said Darton, feeling something like a rill of ice water between his shoulders.

"Yes, by the help of Providence and my personal charms. And I think I shall get her. I am this road every week; my present dairy is only four miles off, you know, and I see her through the window. 'Tis rather odd that I was going to speak practical to-night to her for the first time. You've just called?"

"Yes, for a short while. But she didn't say a word about you."

"A good sign, a good sign. Now that decides me. I'll sling the mallet and get her answer this very night as I planned."

A few more remarks and Darton, wishing his friend joy of Sally in a slightly hollow tone of jocularity, bade him goodbye. Johns promised to write particulars, and ascended, and was lost in the shade of the house and tree. A rectangle of light appeared when Johns was admitted, and all was dark again.

"Happy Japheth!" said Darton. "This, then, is the explanation!"

He determined to return home that night. In a quarter of an hour he passed out of the village, and the next day went about his work as if nothing had occurred.

He waited and waited to hear from Johns whether the wedding day was fixed; but no letter came. He learnt not a single particular till, meeting Johns one day at a horse auction, Darton exclaimed genially (rather more genially than he felt), "When is the joyful day to be?"

To his great surprise a reciprocity of gladness was not conspicuous in Johns. "Not at all," he said, in a very subdued tone. "'Tis a bad job; she won't have me."

Darton returned from that auction with a new set of feelings in play. He had certainly made a surprising mistake in thinking Johns his successful rival. It really seemed as if he might hope for Sally after all.

This time being rather pressed by business, Darton had recourse to pen and ink, and wrote her as manly and straightforward a proposal as any woman could wish to receive. The reply came promptly:

DEAR MR. DARTON:—

I am as sensible as any woman can be of the goodness that leads you to make me this offer a second time. Better women than I would be proud of the honor, for when I read your nice long speeches on mangold-wurzel, and such like topics, at the Casterbridge Farmers' Club, I do feel it an honor, I assure you. But my answer is just the same as before. I will not try to explain what, in truth, I cannot explain—my reasons; I will simply say that I must decline to be married to you. With good wishes as in former times, I am, your faithful friend,  
SALLY HALL.

Darton dropped the letter hopelessly. Beyond the negative there was just a possibility of sarcasm in it—"nice long speeches on mangold-wurzel" had a suspicious sound. However, sarcasm or none, there was the answer, and he had to be content.

He proceeded to seek relief in a business which at this time engrossed much of his attention—that of clearing up a curious mistake just current in the county, that he had been nearly ruined by the recent failure of a local bank. A farmer named Darton had lost heavily, and the similarity of name had probably led to the error. Belief in it was so persistent that it demanded several days of letter writing to set matters straight and persuade the world that he was as solvent as ever he had been in his life. He had hardly concluded this worrying task when, to his delight, another letter arrived in the handwriting of Sally.

Darton tore it open; it was very short.

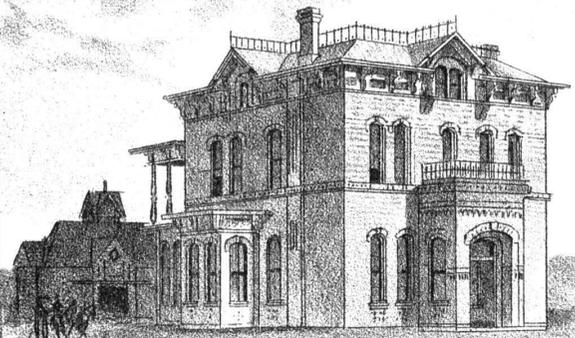
DEAR MR. DARTON:—

We have been so alarmed these last few days by the report that you were ruined by the stoppage of ———'s bank, that now it is contradicted I hasten, by my mother's wish, to say how truly glad we are to find there is no foundation for the report. After your kindness to my poor brother's children I can do no less than write at such a moment. We had a letter from each of them a few days ago. Your faithful friend,  
SALLY HALL.

"Mercenary little woman!" said Darton to himself with a smile. "Then that's the secret of her refusal this time—she thought I was ruined."

Now, such was Darton, that as hours went on he could not help feeling too generously toward Sally to condemn her in this. What did he want in a wife, he asked himself. Love and integrity. What next? Worldly wisdom. And was there really more than worldly wisdom

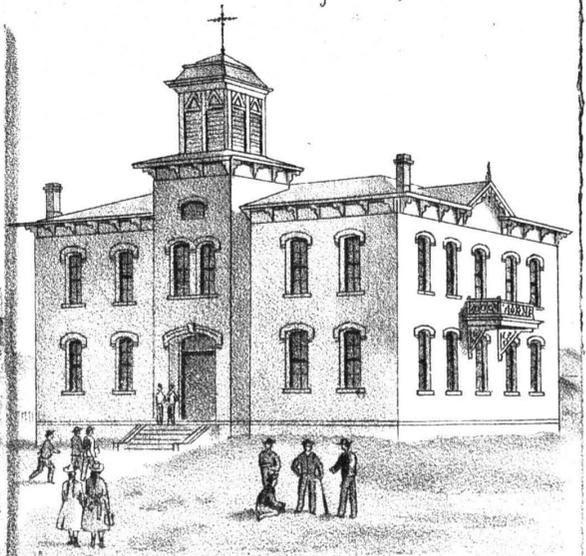
RESIDENCE OF W.C. ORR.



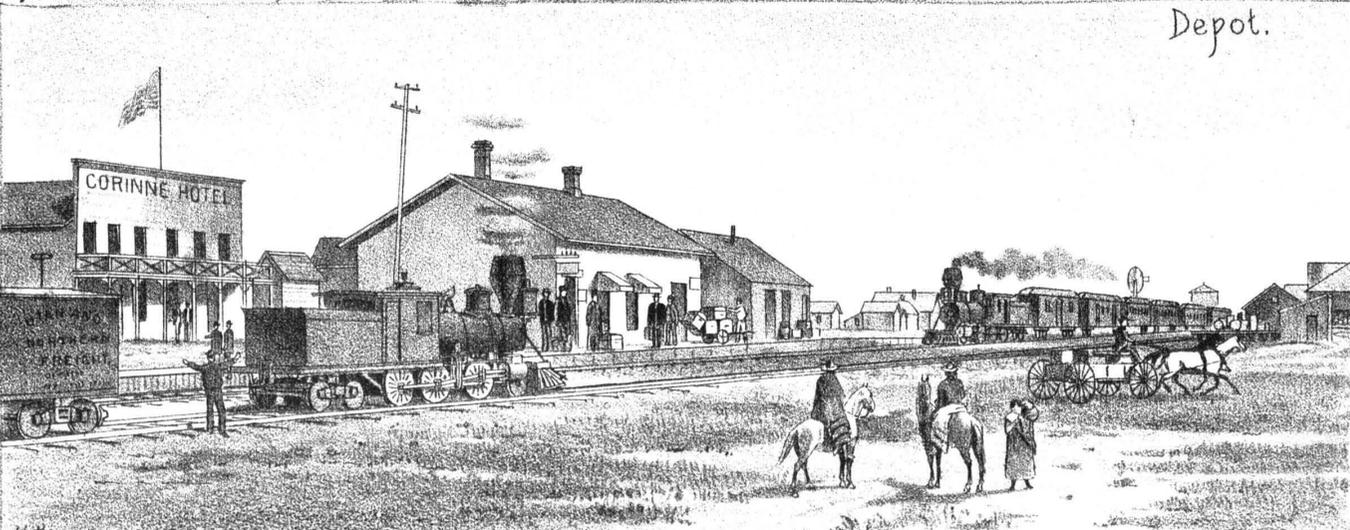
A Sheep Camp in Beaverhead County.



Public School.



Depot.



H. EPPING.  
WEST SHORE LITH.

J. H. NESBITT, PHOTO.

DILLON, MONTANA.



in her refusal to go aboard a sinking ship? "Begad," he said, "I'll try her again."

The fact was he had so set his heart upon Sally, and Sally alone, that nothing was to be allowed to balk him; and his reasoning was purely formal.

Anniversaries having been unpropitious, he waited on till a bright day late in May—a day when all animate Nature was fancying, in its trusting, foolish way, that it was going to bask out of doors forevermore. As he rode through Holloway Lane it was scarce recognizable as the track of his two winter journeys. No mistake could be made now, even with his eyes shut. Though afternoon, and about the same time as on the last occasion, it was broad day and sunshine when he entered Hintock Abbas, and the details of the Knap dairy-house were visible far up the road. He saw Sally in the garden, and was set vibrating. He had first intended to go on to the inn; but "No," he said, "I'll tie my horse to the garden gate. If all goes well it can soon be taken round; if not, I mount and ride away."

The tall shade of the horseman darkened the room in which Mrs. Hall sat, and made her start, for he had ridden by a side path to the top of the slope, where riders seldom came. In a few seconds he was in the garden with Sally.

Five, ay, three, minutes did the business at the back of that row of bees. Though spring had come, and heavenly blue consecrated the scene, Darton succeeded not. "No," said Sally firmly. "I will never, never marry you, Mr. Darton. I would have once; but now I never can."

"But—" implored Mr. Darton. And with a burst of real eloquence he went on to declare all sorts of things that he would do for her. He would drive her to see her mother every week; take her to London; settle so much money upon her; heaven knows what he did not promise, suggest and tempt her with. But it availed nothing. She interposed with a stout negative, which closed the course of his argument like an iron gate across a highway. Darton paused.

"Then," said he simply, "you hadn't heard of my supposed failure when you declined last time?"

"I had not," she said. "But if I had 'twould have been all the same."

"And 'tis not because of any soreness from my slighting you years ago?"

"No. That soreness is long past."

"Ah, then you despise me, Sally!"

"No," she slowly answered, "I don't altogether despise you. I don't think you quite such a hero as I once did—that's all. The truth is, I am happy enough as I am, and I don't mean to marry at all. Now may I ask a favor, sir?" She spoke with an ineffable charm which, whenever he thought of it, made him curse his loss of her as long as he lived.

"To any extent."

"Please do not put this question to me any more. Friends as long as you like, but lovers and married never."

"I never will," said Darton. "Not if I live a hundred years."

And he never did. That he had worn out his welcome in her heart was only too plain.

When his step-children had grown up, and were placed out in life, all communication between Darton and the Hall family ceased. It was only by chance that, years after, he learnt that Sally, notwithstanding the solicitations her attractions drew down upon her, had refused several offers of marriage, and steadily adhered to her purpose of leading a single life.

THOMAS HARDY.

#### NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

During the year ending August 31 there were forwarded from Livingston, Montana, 302 cars, containing 6,206,700 pounds of freight. The largest item was 2,000,000 pounds of lumber, followed by cattle, horses, sheep, lime, wool, hay and coal.

While miners at Houston, Idaho, were recently drifting for the huge copper vein, at a distance of 240 feet below the surface, they cut a blind ledge of great width, assaying \$204 per ton in free gold. The tunnel in which this vein was cut had been run 390 feet.

Active operations have been commenced in opening the coal mines on Trail Creek, Montana. From 100 to 150 tons per day are being taken out and shipped to Helena and other points along the railroad. Montana's coal will in the future be one of her most valuable resources.

A quarter interest in the Elm Orlu, a high grade silver mine of Butte, has been sold for \$10,000. A few months ago this was considered a comparatively valueless prospect, but a streak of rich ore was struck which, upon development, proved to be permanent. The mine is opened by a sixty and a ninety foot shaft.

Ex-Governor Woods, Hon. John H. Mitchell and others have incorporated the Washougal Railway and Improvement Company, with a capital stock of \$500,000. Their declared object is to construct a narrow gauge road in Clarke County, W. T., running from the Columbia River, at the mouth of the Washougal, to the Cascade Mountains, near Mount Adams, a distance of fifty miles. Such a road would tap a magnificent timber belt.

Several tons of ore from the Wakoosta and Alameda ledges, Madison County, Montana, were recently shipped to Omaha for reduction. The various lots yielded from 23 ounces silver and 1.3 ounces gold per ton to 670 silver and 34.8 gold. The lowest grade was sent simply as a test to show whether it would pay to ship low grade ores. The result shows that there is a vast amount of ore that can be sent from those mines to Omaha with good returns.

An oil well, 110 feet deep, has been sunk near the line of the Oregon Short Line, one and one-half miles from Fossil Station, Wyoming. The well has been sunk through "Laramie" sandstone. Attention was called to the oil by numerous oily springs in the vicinity. The substance is a fine lubricating oil of a dark red-brown color, of medium specific gravity, and needs no preliminary treatment for use on the railroad as a lubricant. The discovery is of great importance to the Union Pacific. Two other wells are being put down.

Many fine samples of ore are being brought in from the Cle-elum district in Washington Territory. The Galena, President and Black Honey Comb locations are developed to a depth of from fifteen to sixty feet, and show clearly defined ledges carrying gold, silver and lead, assaying as high as \$300 in gold and silver to the ton. Owners of Cle-elum ledges are anxiously waiting for the Cascades Branch of the Northern Pacific to put them in easy railroad communication with Portland and the outside world generally. They will then be prepared to furnish a steady supply of ore to any reduction company that may be organized in this city.

The party under Lieutenant O'Neal, which started out some weeks ago to explore the Olympic Range, was recalled before completing the trip across the mountains. The Lieutenant confirms the previous reports of an extensive and fertile rolling country back of the foot-

hills south of Port Angeles. He explored the country spoken of for about forty miles in length, parallel with the Straits of Fuca, and reports that he found good range for thousands of stock. On the lower levels a kind of blue grass grows rank and tall, and on the elevations this is varied by patches of genuine bunch grass. The probabilities are that exploration of this region will lead to its occupation by stockmen ere long.

The Montana Belle group of mines, in the Neihart District, Montana, and which were bonded last spring for \$250,000 by a number of capitalists headed by Colonel Broadwater, has passed under the control of those parties by the purchase of a number of interests. Operations will probably be at once resumed on that group. Other mines in the district, such as the Black Chief and Mountain Chief, are showing rich bodies of ore in the levels. Since this sale was made the best of good feeling has prevailed among claim-owners in that district, who have confidence that capital will soon be attracted by the evident richness of the ledges. A few good mines are a powerful factor in inducing investment in other ledges in the same vicinity, by inspiring confidence in the general character of the veins.

Two miles above Grant's, on the O. R. & N. Co.'s line, a town called Wallace is rapidly springing into importance as a shipping point. A warehouse, 180 feet long, and several other buildings are being erected. A number of men have gone there to open business, believing it a good trading point. Wallace is situated at the mouth of a canyon which penetrates the Grass Valley section between the Des Chutes and John Day rivers, and furnishes the only outlet to the railroad. This is one of the choicest farming sections of Wasco county, and the yield of grain this season has been very large. Already more than fifty carloads have been forwarded and twice that quantity is awaiting shipment. The town site occupies a grassy plain, sheltered from blowing sand and well supplied with good water. The town seems to spring into being because it is needed, and not as the work of corner lot speculators.

Near Fossil, a station on the Oregon Short Line, 895 miles from Portland, many curious fossils are found on a mountain 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. A crocodile, twelve feet in length and complete in every detail from feet to eyes, was recently discovered, and has been sold to a St. Louis museum for the trifling sum of \$110. Many varieties of fish in a perfect state of preservation are taken from this great bed of fossils, and are sold as curiosities to travelers at from seventy-five cents to \$3 each, according to their beauty as specimens. Even unscientific people who cannot be made to believe that the Rocky Mountains were once at the bottom of the sea, and for ages formed the western shore of the Pacific Ocean, will hardly dare assert that this lonely crocodile and those once frisky fish traveled nearly a thousand miles inland, climbed that mountain and lay down to be turned into stone. Even a hooked-nose salmon couldn't do it.

The shipment of fresh fish and fruit to the East has already reached considerable proportions under the influence of the reduced rates given by railroad and express companies. For the season of 1885, which closed August 31, 604,005 pounds of salmon were sent East by express. Up to the present time 800 tons of pears, plums, prunes and apples have been forwarded, while great quantities of apples will continue to be sent until late in the season. These have all gone to new markets opened to this region, and the business constitutes a new industry and an entirely new source of income to our people. To what proportions it may be developed depends both upon how

the railroad companies conduct themselves toward it and upon the action of our orchardists and shippers. Fruit must be sent to market in just the condition and form desired both by dealers and consumers or the business cannot be rendered profitable. The same is true of dairying or manufacturing of any kind whatever in the State.

There is great activity being shown in the placer mines along Snake River, Idaho, especially between the upper and lower Salmon Falls. About one hundred men are now at work on the bar, more than half of whom are in the employ of a wealthy New York company. This company has about two miles of ditch and flume, carrying 3,000 inches of water, and is working three machines, which yield from \$15 to \$60 per day each. If these machines demonstrate their practical value, the company will run six or more of them next season. Other claims are being put in shape, and it is believed that next year fully 300 men will be employed. The trouble has been a lack of some machine capable of saving a large percentage of the fine flour gold, which is badly mixed with sand, without the process being too expensive. It is believed that the machine now in use answers all the requirements. If such is the case, the Snake River placers must in time furnish employment for thousands of men, as they stretch for hundreds of miles along the course of that great stream.

The extraction of gold from the sands of the ocean beach on the Oregon coast, has been carried on for quite a number of years, but the natural difficulties in the way have prevented the business from becoming very profitable. The sand is so heavy and the gold so light that it has heretofore been impossible to save a very large per cent. Numerous machines have been patented, but none of them seem to have been completely successful. In the black sand mines near Randolph, on Coquille River, a new process has been introduced, by which it is claimed that fully 90 per cent. of the gold can be saved. The body of black sand is almost unlimited, as it is found nearly everywhere on the ancient beach, which extends inland along the Coquille about two miles and has been traced north and south a considerable distance. If the new process should prove entirely successful, lively times may be looked for in the black sand mines. Mining on the ocean beach is carried on at a number of other points, such as Coos Bay, Yaquina Bay and Gray's Harbor. A completely successful process will be hailed with joy all along the coast.

The mining excitement still continues on McCulloch Creek, in the Big Bend of the Columbia, in British Columbia, where ledges were discovered not far from the line of the Canadian Pacific. The mines are reached by a trail of fifty miles in length, constructed by the Provincial Government from the town of Farwell. There are both quartz and placer claims, but capital is required to work either kind successfully. Several companies with a sufficient amount of capital have undertaken the development of locations there, and it will not be long before something definite will be known of their practical value. When the railroad is completed Farwell will have to look almost solely to these mines for support, unless new developments are made elsewhere in that region, which, as it is a general mineral bearing country, is not improbable. On Similkameen Creek, near the southern boundary of the Province, there is considerable excitement over rich placer diggings. All the ground on the creek for two and one-half miles has been located, and companies at work are taking out from \$10 to \$40 per day to the hand. There is much prospecting in that region for new ground.

## CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

## August.

- 22—Russia abandoned claim to Zulikar Pass.  
 23—Collision in underground railway in London; 6 killed.  
 24—Revolution in Columbia ended by surrender of General Camargo....\$7,000 fire at Pasco, W. T.  
 25—Czar of Russia and Emperor of Austria met at Kremsier, Austria....Cyclone in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida; \$1,000,000 damage in Charleston....Ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton died at Jamestown, N. Y.  
 30—\$85,000 fire in Portland.

## September.

- 2—\$75,000 fire in San Francisco....\$4,000 fire in Centerville, Or....Steamer *Hanoverian* wrecked off New Brunswick....Fifteen Chinese miners killed and many wounded by white men at Rock Springs, W. T.  
 5—Great excitement in Madrid over news of occupation of Yap, Caroline Islands, by Germans August 24; German embassy attacked by mob.  
 6—\$30,000 fire in Port Townsend.  
 8—Washington, O., destroyed by cyclone; 5 killed, 50 wounded and \$1,000,000 of property destroyed.  
 11—Steamer *Ville de Malaga* foundered off Savona; 16 lives lost.  
 14—Chang Nong proclaimed King of Anam by France....First race of yacht race for the America's Cup, between the British cutter *Genesta* and the American sloop *Puritan*, won by the *Puritan*.  
 16—Second and deciding race between *Puritan* and *Genesta* won by the former.  
 18—*Genesta* won race for Douglas Cup, New York Yacht Club.  
 19—Revolution against Turkey inaugurated in Roumelia, and union of Bulgaria and Roumelia proclaimed by Prince Alexander.  
 21—Oregon State Fair opened at Salem.  
 23—\$2,000 fire in Silverton, Or....300-mile ocean race between yachts *Genesta* and *Dauntless* won by the former.

Occasionally a traveler finds that almost phenomenal thing—a good railroad eating house, and when he does so he feels like speaking about it. Such is the one Mr. Munrae presides over at Bonneville, where the O. R. & N. Co.'s trains stop for breakfast and supper. Bonneville is simply an eating station, but the table set there is far superior to that in the majority of hotels, and with the ordinary railroad table there is no comparison whatever.

The well-known Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad is represented in this city by W. H. Marshall, a pleasant gentleman, who will take pleasure in giving information about his road and the routes of travel East to any one who will call at his office, corner of Front and Ash. The C. M. & St. P. has no superior in the world for comfort, speed and elegance, and east-bound passengers, whether going by the way of St. Paul or Omaha, will find it a most desirable route by which to reach Chicago, Milwaukee or any intermediate points.

It is well for tourists to bear in mind that there are but few places on the Coast where they will have an opportunity of purchasing genuine Japanese goods. The largest and best assortment will be found at the Japanese Bazaar in Victoria, B. C. Here will be found a collection of the most beautiful and ornamental goods of every kind, woodenware, silk, satin, porcelain, lacquered goods, jewelry, etc., etc. These were selected by Mr. Charles Gabriel in person, who spent a number of years in Japan, and is thoroughly acquainted with the worth of such articles. No better place can be found to secure good Japanese ware at a fair price.

Undoubtedly many thousands of fruit trees will be set out by our farmers during the next few years, and the selection of these trees is a matter of great importance. Trees reared in this climate, of the varieties that experience has taught us thrive and produce the best, are the ones which should be selected for orchards. For that reason—if for none other—our home nurseries should be drawn upon. This is a case in which the home product is unquestionably the best. At Walla Walla Philip Ritz, who is known to every old resident as an enterprising and thoroughly honorable business man, has a nursery of 400,000 fruit trees of the best varieties grown on the Coast. He has been in business on the Coast for more than a quarter of a century, and has established a reputation for honorable dealing as widespread as his trees, which may be found from California to British Columbia. If good trees and fair treatment cannot be had from him it will be useless to look for them anywhere.

## Something for Engineers and Firemen.

Under the title of "The Daily Assistant for Locomotive Engineers and Firemen," Mr. J. S. Hickey, Master Mechanic of the Idaho Division of the U. P. R. R. and the U. & N. R. R., at Pocatello, Idaho, has published a most valuable work. It is of a size suitable for the pocket, and is mailed to any address upon receipt of \$1. It has ruled columns with printed headings for every day in the year, enabling the engineer to keep a complete and concise record of the movements of his train. It also is a general memorandum book, and contains a calendar, valuable statistical and mechanical tables, and directions how to proceed in all emergencies and in case of accident of any kind, with much valuable advice. It is a book no locomotive engineer or fireman can afford to be without.

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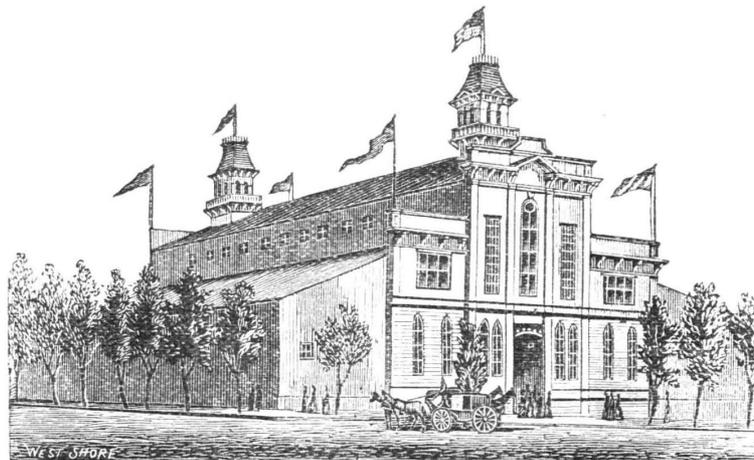
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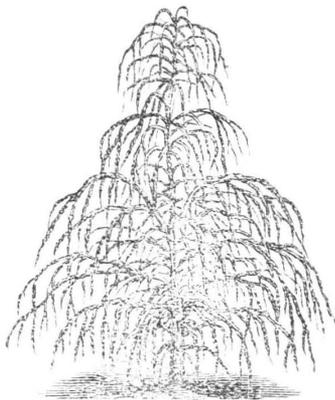
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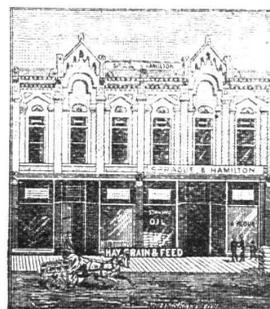
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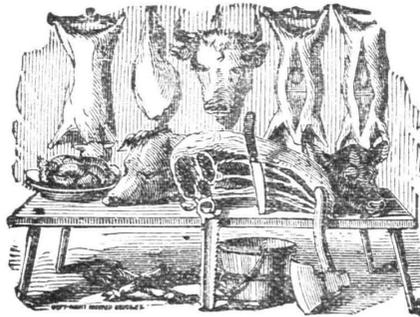
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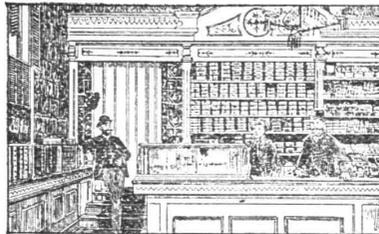
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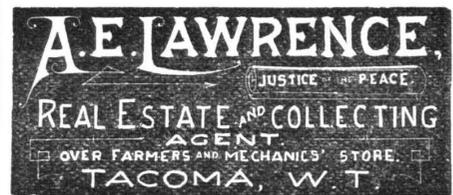
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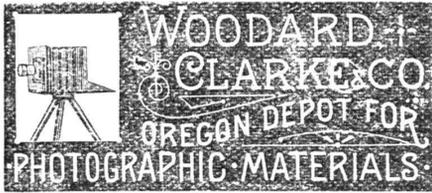
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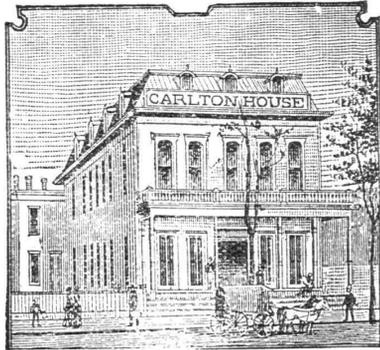
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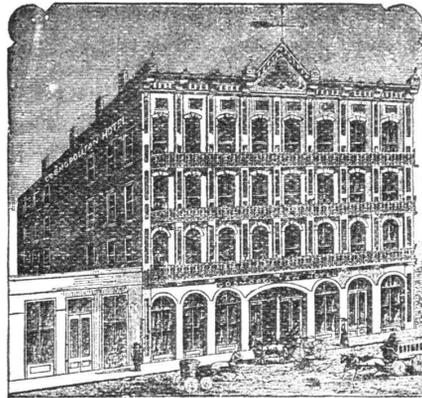
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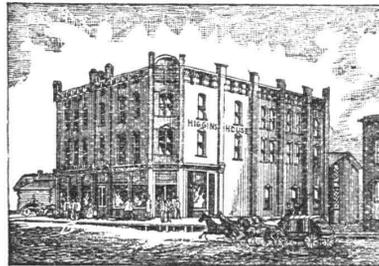
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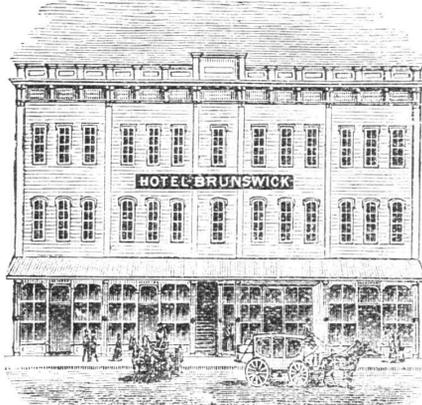
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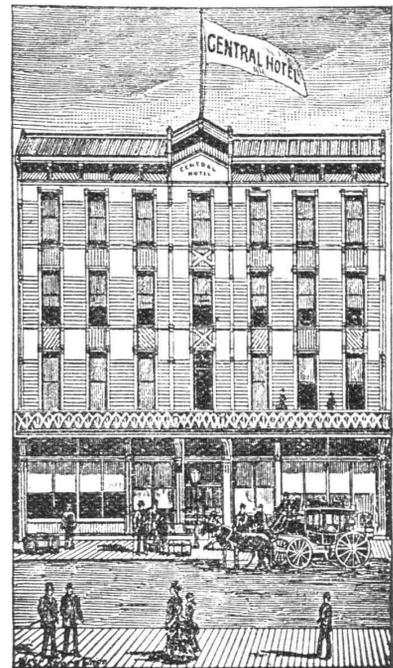
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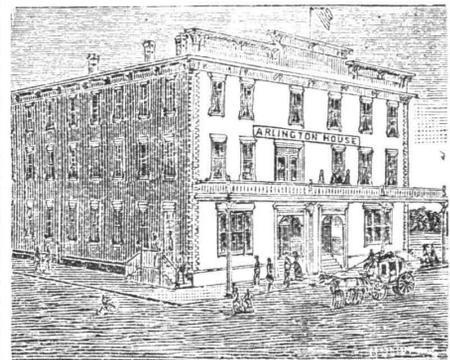
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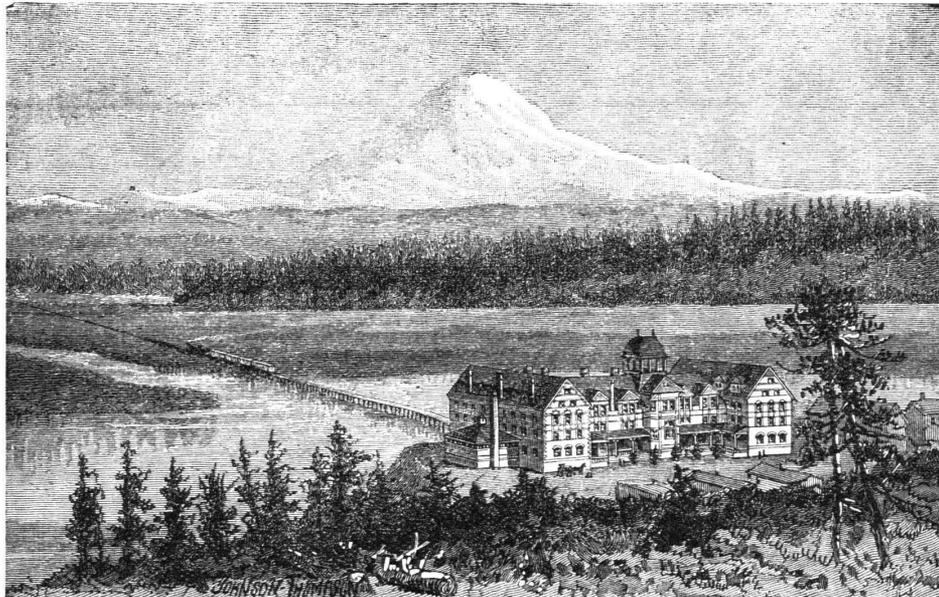
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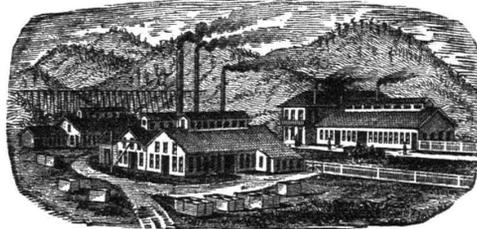
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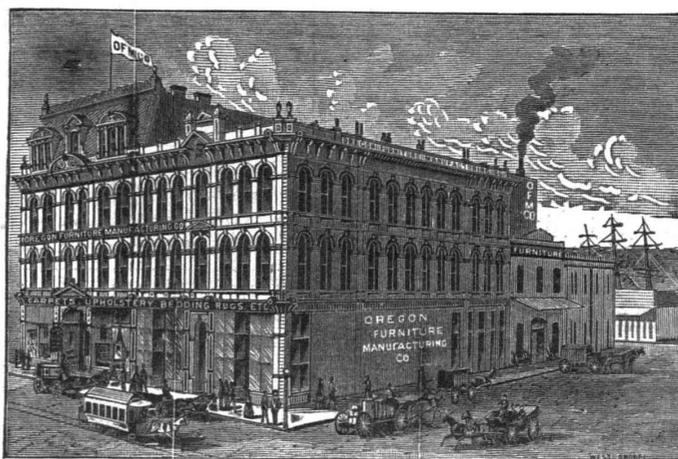
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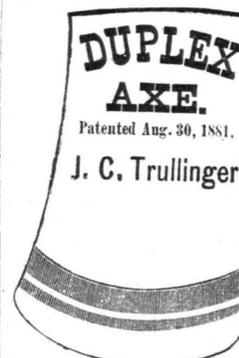
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