

J. M. Keeney

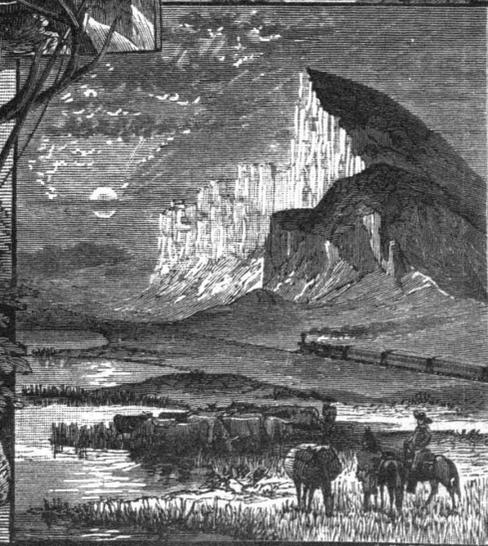
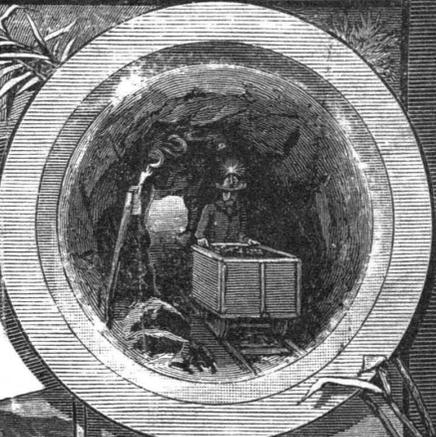
SEPTEMBER, 1885.

1885

West Shore

ESTABLISHED 1875

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



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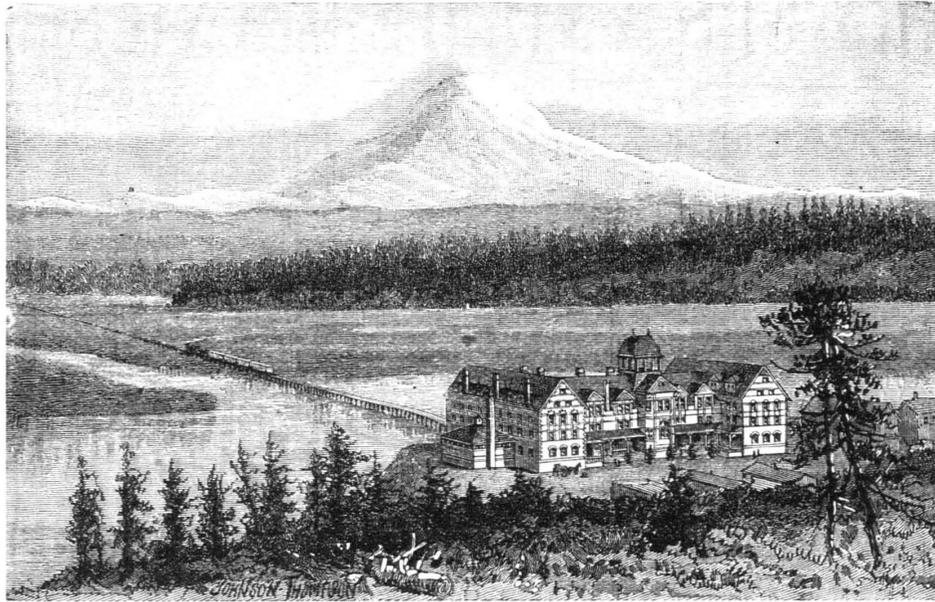
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THE WEST SHORE.

Tacoma, W. T.

September, 1885.

Portland, Or.

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THE WEST SHORE.

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

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THE WEST SHORE has two large and profusely illustrated editions in preparation, which will be issued in due season. One (the first) treats of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the country through which it passes. The other is devoted to the city of Portland, and will be most elaborate and complete. These editions are being prepared at great expense, and thousands of extra copies will be circulated throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.

UNTIL recently it was impossible for Portland lumber to find a market east of the Cascades, much to the hardship of our sawmill men and of purchasers of lumber in that region. It seemed absurd that Michigan lumber should be shipped to Southern Idaho when this great timber country was within such easy reach, yet the freight tariff closed that market to our manufacturers. Recently the mill men, after much labor, convinced the O. R. & N. and connecting companies that mutual interest required the opening of this field to Portland, and secured a reduction of about two-thirds on the old prohibitory rate. Orders began at once to pour in from points as far east as Butte, and our mills are experiencing a gratifying revival of business.

VOLUME II. of the California portion of Bancroft's series of Pacific Coast histories has been received. Mr. Bancroft's great historical undertaking, which at first seemed almost impossible of accomplishment, has now so far progressed as to render its completion certain. Each volume as it has been issued from the press has added to the historian's reputation. That these volumes will forever remain standard authority on the subjects of which they treat, and that the author will occupy a first rank among the historical writers of the world, cannot be

doubted. The production of such an elaborate series is a rare example of what great literary ability can accomplish when seconded in its efforts by ample means. The work should be in every library of the United States.

THE seventh annual exhibition of the Portland Mechanics' Fair will begin October 8 and continue to the 24th. Strenuous efforts are being made to surpass in exhibits and general and special features the display of any previous year. This fair deserves the support of our citizens, who should make every effort to render it attractive and instructive. It is one of the means by which our struggling industries are encouraged through the interest excited in their behalf among the thousands who attend the exhibition. Manufacturers throughout the State and the Northwest generally will find it to their interest to make a display of their wares and methods. This fair attracts thousands from surrounding towns and cities, besides being thronged with our own people, and this year the attendance promises to be very large, notwithstanding the dullness of trade.

THE "missionary car" has started out upon its fall campaign for the conversion of unbelievers in the pre-eminence of Oregon as a field for immigration. The car is filled with specimens of our products of every kind, and under the management of Mr. E. W. Allen will visit various points in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and neighboring States. The car will finally reach New Orleans, where its contents, together with other articles, will be put on exhibition in the Oregon Department of the North, Central and South American Exposition, which opens November 1 and closes April 1. Management of this car could not be placed in better hands, nor could Oregon find a more valuable representative at New Orleans than Mr. Allen. By his energy and shrewdness he gained more favorable notice from visitors and the press for the Oregon exhibit last winter than any other State received and this, too, in spite of the fact that our display was at first conspicuously small and ridiculously insufficient, and of the further fact that for a long time he was unsupplied with suitable printed matter—except the copies of THE WEST SHORE donated by the publisher—and unsupported by a State appropriation, which latter, when it was finally made, was gobbled up by ornamental "commissioners." The ability of Mr. Allen was so fully recognized by the managers and associate commissioners from other States that upon reorganization he was chosen Second Vice-President, member of the Board of Management and Commissioner from Oregon. In his hands were placed \$2,000, the amount appropriated for each State, and even if he receive no other financial aid he will see that Oregon is worthily represented.

THERE is much complaint voiced by the press of

Eastern Oregon about the management of the State Board of Immigration. The complaint is not of incompetency or neglect of immigrants, but of favoritism. It is charged that the Board is directing its efforts solely for the benefit of the Willamette Valley and those portions of Western Oregon by nature tributary to Portland; in other words, that it is managed in the interests of Portland as a short-sighted and narrow-minded man would conceive them to be. It is asserted that the literature circulated by the Board is calculated to convey the impression that Western Oregon is the agricultural region of the State, while east of the mountains the country is suitable only for cattle ranges, ignoring the fact that the latter contains thrice as much available agricultural land and produces more grain than the former, in addition to its great wool and cattle interests. It is also charged that the Board, in securing stop-over privileges and special rates for immigrants, has neglected Eastern Oregon. "Why," says the *Wasco County Sun*, "must the immigrant go 170 miles past Umatilla to Portland and subject him to pay back charges at full rates over this 170 miles if he wishes to go to Eastern Oregon. We do not question the right of the Willamette Valley counties to make to the immigrants a good showing and to getting a reduction of fares, etc.; but that does not call for the Board of Immigration not to allow the immigrant to stop at Umatilla and go where he pleases, and give him and the eastern portion of the State the same privilege of sixty days' over-lay and fair prices for round trip as is given to the same man if he goes to Portland." If there is any disposition manifested by the Board to slight Eastern Oregon it is most reprehensible and a betrayal of the trust reposed in them by the Governor as representative of the whole people of the State. THE WEST SHORE has always maintained that the true interests of Portland never have called for and never will require the development of the Willamette Valley at the expense of the interior. If Portland expects to be simply a local trading point for a small section of country then such might be the case; but if she aspire to be a commercial metropolis she must foster the development of every region within her reach. The gentlemen composing the Board were selected from among the foremost business men of the State, men who have sufficient intelligence to recognize the State nature of the work they are engaged in, even if their sense of duty to the people who furnish the funds did not impel them to do justice to all sections. One of these is a citizen of Eastern Oregon, a man of attainments and position, possessing the confidence of his county sufficiently to be its chosen representative in the State Senate. It is presumed that he was selected to look after the interests of his portion of the State, and if it is misrepresented in the printed pamphlets, or has no efforts made in its behalf with the railroads, he is the man upon whom his constituents should fix the responsibility. As far as printed matter is concerned, a remedy for that is within the power of the complainants. Nearly every county west of the mountains has organized a local immigration society, has

issued its own printed matter and placed it in the hands of the State Board for distribution. When the counties east of the mountains exhibit the same enterprise and adopt a similar plan then they will be placed upon an equality, so far as literature is concerned. The Board is about to issue a new and revised edition of its general pamphlet, and now is the time for the representative of that section to see that it receives just treatment. Much of the difficulty in regard to facilities offered immigrants to examine Eastern Oregon arises from the geographical situation and the fact that the Board does not come in personal contact with the immigrant until he reaches Portland. The only adequate remedy for this is an increase of the appropriation sufficient to enable the Board to maintain a branch office in Eastern Oregon, where the immigrant can report and receive all the favors and courtesies he now obtains only in Portland. It is the duty of the Board to establish such a branch as quickly as the finances will permit, and make arrangements with the railroads for the same stop-over privileges and special rates from the branch office now obtained only at the general office in this city. Eastern Oregon is in a position to assert her rights, through her business men, the Legislature and her representative on the Board of Immigration.

OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY.

AT Eugene City, on the 28th of July, the corner-stone of the new building of the Oregon State University was laid with Masonic ceremonies. The day was pleasant, and a large concourse of people witnessed the impressive rites and participated in the procession. The organizations present were Eugene City Lodge and Chapter, Ivanhoe Commandery, a delegation from the Oregon Commandery, Portland, and the Grand Lodge of the State, in all 175 Masons. The ceremonies were conducted by the Grand Lodge, and the oration was delivered by Professor J. W. Merrit, of Jacksonville. The casket deposited in the stone contained eighty-two distinct articles, covering a wide range, some of which, a century hence, will have much value. The old building being unequal for the growing needs of the University, the Legislature made an ample appropriation at its last session for another. The Board of Regents adopted the plans of W. H. Williams, of Portland, and began the construction of a building which will cost between \$20,000 and \$25,000. The new edifice is 116x72 feet, and has a large entrance in front and one on either side. From the ground to the top of the corners it is seventy-five feet. On the first floor are five large class rooms, while the second floor is devoted to one large hall, with a stage and two waiting-rooms at the end. The ceiling of the hall is high and the roof is supported by iron trusses. The whole building will be heated by a furnace in the cellar. Both externally and internally the structure is ornamental and pleasing. On another page are given engravings of the two buildings and the corner-stone ceremonies. The University is now worthy the pride of every citizen of the State.

HELENA BUILDINGS AND RESIDENCES.

FROM month to month THE WEST SHORE has given illustrations of Helena, Montana, and in the present number presents two more pages showing some of her business buildings, residences and industries. The Helena Iron Works are the most complete in the Northwest, and are capable of turning out machinery of all kinds. They form one of the most important industries of the city, and are indispensable to the mining interests of that region. New machinery and facilities have recently been added, rendering them more capable than ever of turning out the great amount of machinery and fittings for which they receive orders from every portion of the Territory.

Among the recent improvements in the business portion of the city are the three-story brick block occupied by R. S. Hale & Co., druggists, and the Union Block, now nearly completed. The latter adjoins the building occupied by the Montana National Bank, and is a handsome and substantial brick structure, three stories in height. Helena, as these and other improvements testify, has not remained stationary during the hard times, but is steadily pushing ahead, relying upon her own exertions and the development of her own resources for future growth and prosperity.

On another page are given engravings of a number of handsome residences in the city. The people of the East—those, at least, who have never had their ideas brightened by travel—are prone to believe that the West, especially that portion in which mining is the chief industry, is a region of crude buildings and unrefined people. Thanks to the educating influence of railroads, this impression is gradually being dispelled, yet it must be a long time before it will be entirely removed. Such people will be surprised to learn that Helena contains such residences as are shown in our illustrations, as well as others equally handsome and costly. These are all constructed of brick, are surrounded by well-kept grounds, and their interior decorations and furniture are as elegant and rich as good taste and wealth could make them. The residence of Governor Hauser is equal in every respect to the best in this city, and superior to any to be found in the majority of Eastern cities of a like population. These are evidences of culture and refined taste that greatly astonish strangers who visit Helena.

PORT TOWNSEND IMPROVEMENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS and description of Port Townsend appeared in the May issue of THE WEST SHORE, since which time the splendid building shown on another page has been erected by the firm of Waterman & Katz. It is a substantial brick structure, with iron front and stone foundation, and is occupied by the builders as a wholesale and retail store. The firm of Waterman & Katz is one of the oldest and best known on Puget Sound, doing an extensive business in general merchandise throughout that whole region. The success of the firm is evidence of the enterprise and ability of its members, and the construction by such men of so substantial and expensive a building is one of the best indications of the importance of Port Townsend as a commercial point.

VICTORIA THEATRE AND NEW DRIARD HOTEL.

THE new theatre at Victoria, which will be one of the largest, handsomest and complete on the Pacific Coast, is now so nearly finished as to enable us to present an engraving of it in this issue. The architect, C. E. Apponyi, has made it both a substantial and ornamental building, admirably adapted to the double uses of a theatre and hotel. The edifice is the property of a stock company, composed of a number of the most enterprising citizens of Victoria, and cost about \$50,000. The appearance of the exterior is sufficiently shown in the engraving, but a brief description of the interior will no doubt be of interest. Passing through the iron gates at the main entrance, we enter the vestibule of the theatre and pass over the tile floor, with the ticket office on our right, to a low flight of steps, from which, either to the right or left, access is gained to the dress circle. Higher up are entrances to four mezonine boxes on each side, also to the parquet, which has separate exits on the right and left, and the four proscenium boxes. The gallery has a separate entrance and ticket office. There are altogether ten distinct outlets, exclusive of two from the rear of the stage, enabling the audience to gain the street in half a minute. The interior decorations are extremely handsome, the boxes and dress circle being upholstered in crimson plush, with the seats of the parquet, made of perforated veneers, of the same tint. The large central light is fitted with prismatic reflectors and is lighted by electricity. The curtain, instead of being mounted on a roller, is stretched upon a frame, and is moved up and down in a body, producing a much finer effect. The stage, which is of ample size, is supplied with two full stock sets of scenery, the work of W. T. Porter, formerly scenic artist at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and the Baldwin and California theatres, San Francisco.

That portion of the building not devoted to the theatre will be occupied and elegantly furnished by the Driard Hotel, giving, in connection with the older building adjoining, accommodations for three hundred guests. The house is lighted throughout by gas, and electric bells are placed in every room, while fire-plugs are stationed at convenient places in every portion of the building. In its new quarters the hotel will have a larger and more attractive office, and a more capacious and elegant dining room. The table, which is admitted by travelers to be the best on the Pacific Coast, will be maintained at its old standard, and even improved upon wherever improvement is possible. The possession of such an opera house and hotel is evidence of the metropolitan character of Victoria, which is rapidly becoming one of the largest and most important commercial cities on the Pacific Coast.

AN effective way of draping an ugly white mantel is to make the lambrequin with full curtains beneath to hide the sides. In a drawing-room such draperies were of golden brown velvet, with a decoration of wild roses. For a bedroom the ceru felt draperies showed decorations of trailing hop vines.

THE NEW TEA ROUTE.

THE arrival in Tacoma of a cargo of tea from Yokohama is of sufficient importance to the people of the Northwest and the commercial world generally to render the illustrations of the event given on another page of peculiar interest. It is a new departure in Pacific commerce, the beginning of what will, in a few years, be a most radical change in the routes of Asiatic trade. It is but natural to suppose that such a great transcontinental line as the Northern Pacific, possessing accessible harbor terminal points, should strive to secure a portion of the freight reaching the Coast for transportation across the continent. In order to do this it became necessary to make special arrangements, since otherwise commerce would continue to flow in its accustomed channels. Accordingly, a few months ago, the company opened negotiations with importers of Japan tea, which resulted in the shipment of a cargo from Yokohama, consigned by ten firms of that city to various houses in Chicago, St. Paul, New York, Albany and other cities. The total shipment comprised 22,475 chests of tea, weighing a total of 1,800 tons. The bark *Isabel*, of Windsor, N. S., Capt. James Howe, which had been lying in the harbor for several months, was chartered and loaded within thirty days. She sailed on the 4th of July, encountered no extremely severe weather, and on the 4th of August sighted Cape Flattery without having seen a strange sail during the voyage. Stopping at Port Townsend to attend to the formalities of the custom house, she proceeded up the Sound to Tacoma, in tow of the tug *Goliath*, where she immediately began discharging her cargo.

The first chest of tea was one sent by the Northern Pacific Express by Collector Beecher to the Collector at New York as a sample, the remainder being forwarded by special fast freight. The whole cargo required ten freight trains, the first of which pulled out from Tacoma on the 9th and reached New York on the 17th, making the journey of 3,378 miles in eight days and four hours. This is the fastest time ever made by a freight train from ocean to ocean, being an average speed, including all stops, of 17.38 miles per hour. On each car was fastened a placard bearing the inscription: "First shipment 2,000 tons tea from Japan, via Tacoma, Portland, O. R. & N. and N. P. R. Co.'s. Cargo ship *Isabel*."

The morning after the *Isabel* arrived, and continuously during the time of discharging cargo, the wharf was visited by hundreds of people, who were curious to see this pioneer ship of the Asiatic trade. Well might the people of Tacoma feel an interest in the event and a just pride in the busy scene the dock presented. For years they had been waiting in confident expectation of such a scene, their hope unshaken by the incredulity and often-expressed sarcasm of rival ports. It had been so evident to them that the Northern Pacific would open such a route of commerce by way of its Puget Sound terminus that, during the two years which had elapsed since the road was completed, their confidence in the final realization of this hope never failed. It was natural, then, that the arrival of the *Isabel* should excite consid-

erable interest as a harbinger of a numerous fleet which shall in a few years seek the shores of Commencement Bay to heap their cargoes upon the then numerous wharves of Tacoma.

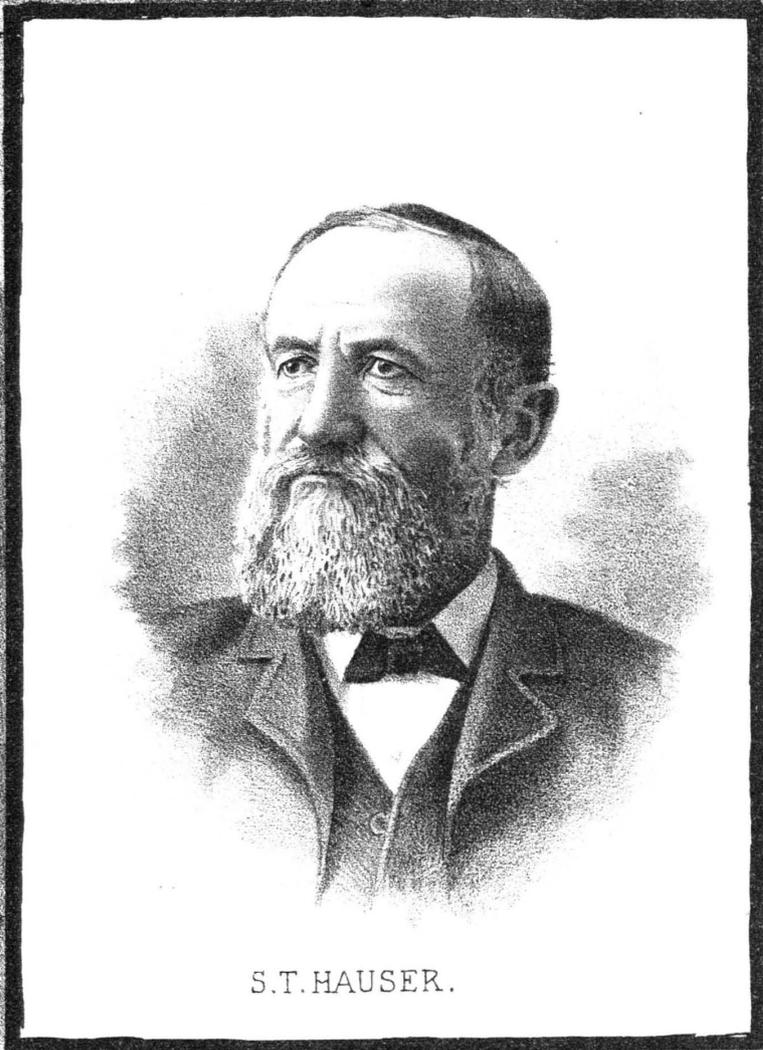
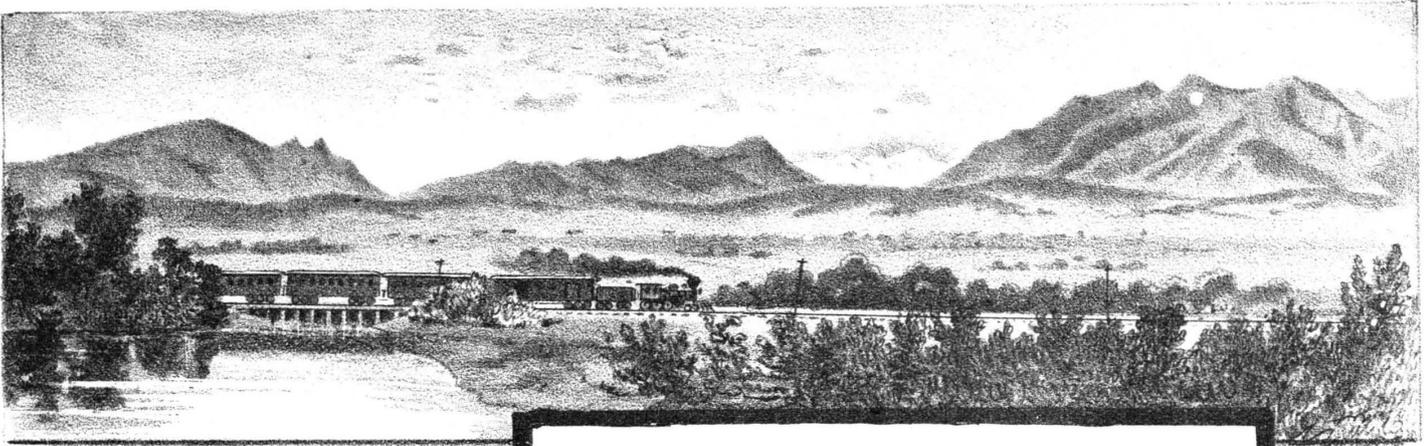
So successful an inauguration of the new movement cannot be otherwise than highly encouraging to those most interested. It may safely be said that the practicability of the route has been demonstrated, and this is sufficient assurance that it will in the future be quite extensively used. Until now San Francisco and the railroads terminating there have enjoyed a monopoly of the Asiatic trade reaching our shores; but they will do so no longer. They must surrender a fair portion to their northern competitors. The Canadian Pacific, also, will compete for such trade soon after the road is completed; and in future, instead of seeking one port, Asiatic commerce will enter at least four—San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and the terminus of the Canadian Pacific.

MONTANA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

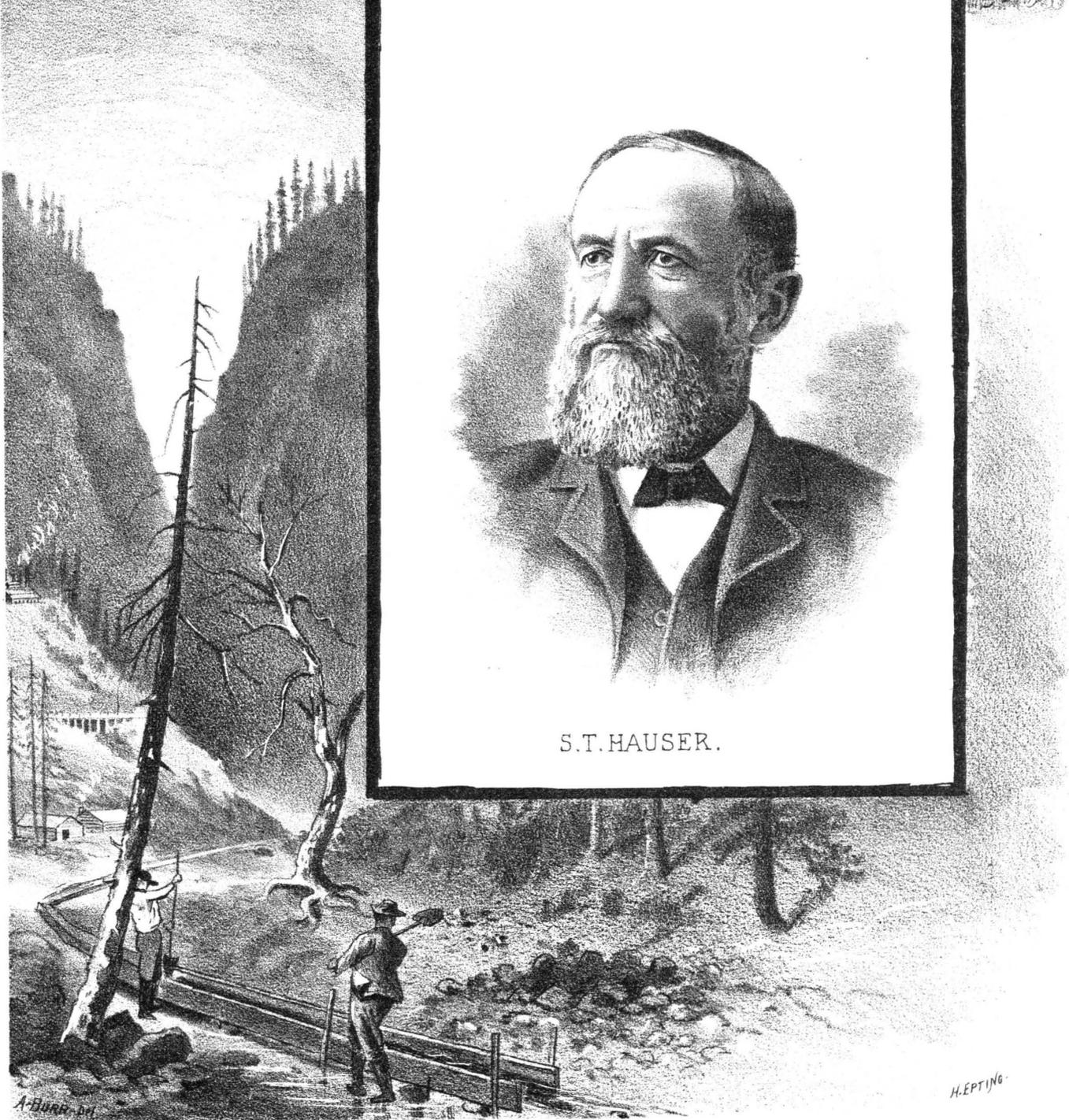
THE best illustration possible of the wisdom of selecting Territorial officials from among the citizens of the Territory itself is the recent appointment of the Hon. S. T. Hauser as Governor of Montana. This gentleman, a native of Kentucky and fifty-one years of age, is one of the foremost business men of the Territory, a man who has for years labored to advance its interests and develop its resources. He was one of the pioneers of 1862, and two years later was a member of the delegation of three who went to Washington and secured the creation of Montana Territory, with the material interests of which he has since been more closely identified than any other man. He has taken a most prominent part in developing the mineral resources of the Territory, establishing the first smelter, erecting the first silver mill, and organizing the First National Bank at Helena, of which he is the president, also the first National banks at Missoula, Benton and Butte. To his enterprise and liberality Helena, his place of residence, owes much of her prosperity. He formed the Helena Reduction Company, which owns the extensive smelters and mines at Wickes, and graded the twenty-mile branch road which connects Wickes with Helena. He was also mainly instrumental in inducing the Northern Pacific to adapt the route by way of Helena and Mullan Pass, thus securing for the capital the main line of that great road. A man of ability, integrity and enterprise, and thoroughly familiar with all the needs of the Territory, he will render Montana even greater service as Governor than he has as a private citizen. THE WEST SHORE presents his portrait, surrounded by scenes midst which he has lived, including the Prickly Pear Valley, in which Helena is situated.

HEALTH, like success in life, is to be gained by paying attention to details. More can be done to check cholera by keeping houses clean than by using tons of disinfectants. It is man's perversity in departing from Nature's teachings that leads to disease. Nature prescribes fresh air, sufficient plain food, pure water and exercise.

THE WEST SHORE.



S.T. HAUSER.

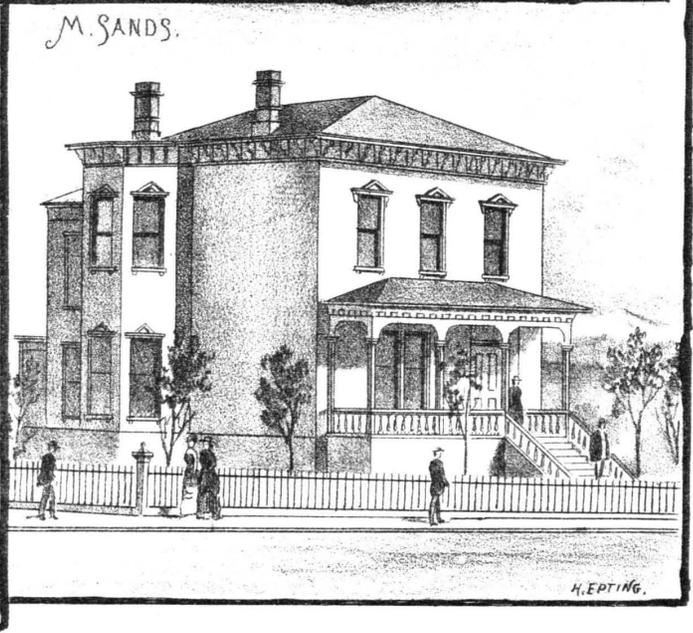
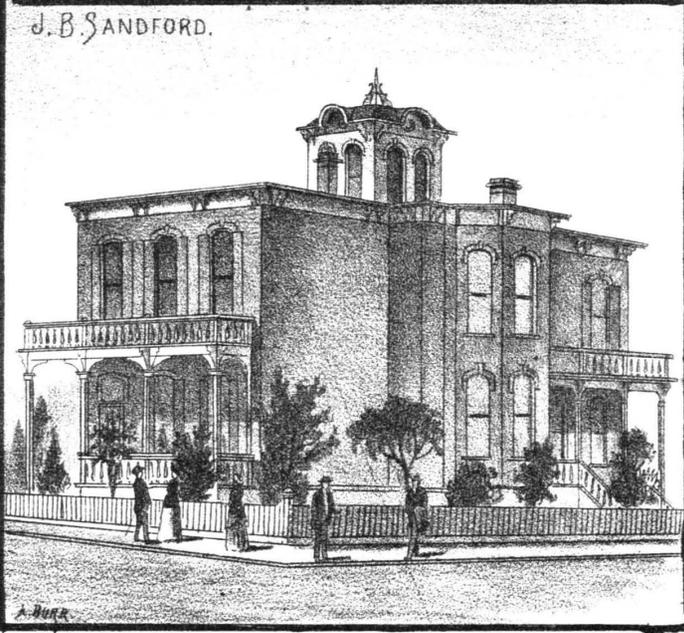
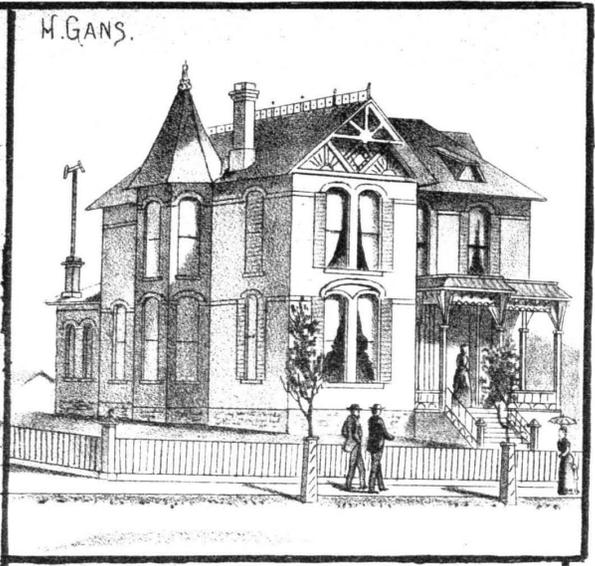
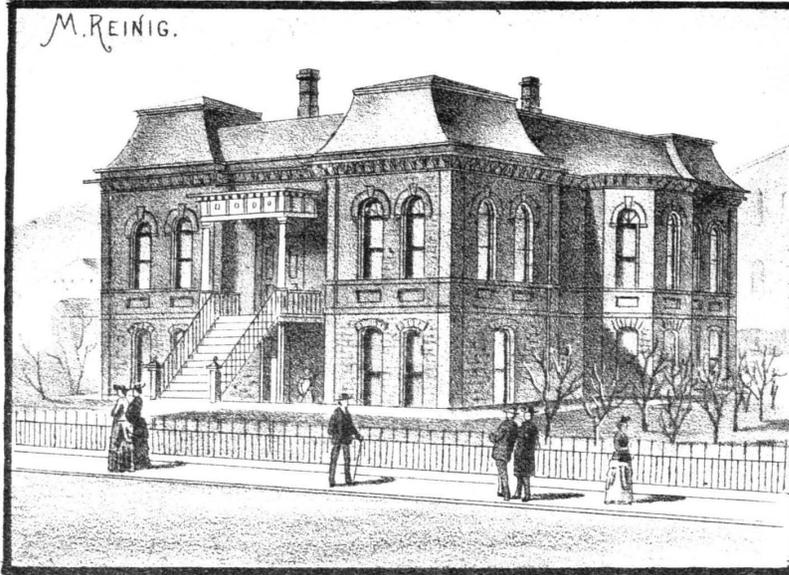


A. BURR, DEL.
"WEST SHORE" LITH.

H. EPTING.

◉ MONTANA'S NEW GOVERNOR ◉

THE WEST SHORE.



A. BURR
"WEST SHORE" 1174

H. EPTING.

MONTANA-RESIDENCES AT HELENA.

TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT RAINIER.

THEODORE WINTHROP'S stories have not exaggerated the beauty and charms of Puget Sound. As you look out from either Seattle or Tacoma, Nature herself gives you a thrill and inspiration of soul, such as genius on canvas or page cannot arouse. A little bay stretches out before you, light and pale green by the shore, but shading off toward the broad Sound to deepest amethyst; smooth as the mill pond ice, except where the leaping salmon break the surface of some bay with a hundred little fountains, or an Indian family in their black, red-edged canoe, more graceful than a gondola, glide along the shore. Above the restful waters rise up high bluffs two or three hundred feet, all forest covered, the great firs showing their giant sizes where they have fallen along the beach, outreaching the ocean steamers as they pass, three hundred feet in length. And still beyond to the westward, over the high wooded shores, rise the Olympic Mountains, their rounded summits dark green under their load of spruce and hemlock; and still above stand out against the western sky the higher peaks of Constance and Olympus, their dark rocks making a jagged outline, tinged with a ridge of white. To the east the Cascade Range raises its higher wall six to eight thousand feet, with great craggy peaks wild and rough, single precipices thousands of feet in sheer descent, black rock ribs and white lines of snow-filled ravines leading up to their snow-capped tops. Yet far up above these, so that their loftiest summits seem but pigmy foothills, towers Mount Rainier, an ideal mountain. Its broad, firm base, itself above the snow line, is planted on the wide mountain range, its steep sides rising up with their eternal snows to regions where the high clouds play; and over all, in the pure ether, bright in the sunlight, looking down from undisturbed quiet on the world, is the summit—not a thin spire, but broad and rounded, fit to be the pillar of the heavens.

Last summer, about the first of August, three of us determined to attempt to gain the summit of this Cascade monarch. As we pursued the route which will doubtless be the one used by climbers in the future, our experience may be of some value. The party consisted of a lawyer, a surveyor and myself, the latter two of us well accustomed to the woods, and all young and hardy. Although we had a far easier task than those who may have attempted the ascent years ago, yet it was fully as exciting to us because we labored under the delusion, common to most Puget Sounders, that the mountain never had really been ascended. We knew nothing of the trails or about the locality; and we went in a very plebeian manner, without guides or packers, and carrying our tent, blankets, food, etc., for ourselves.

We started from Tacoma in the morning on the Cascade Branch of the Northern Pacific. We were whirled across the Puyallup Valley, through little prairies covered with smooth oat fields and vine-covered hop yards; through the black stumps of half-made clearings; through tangled woods where maple and alder show themselves as much as hemlock or fir, and the golden rod and purple

astors brighten up the open spaces. After a forty-mile journey we reached Wilkeson, a little coal mining town of about one hundred people. There the one little store furnished us the necessary supplies of flour and bacon, and the good Irish woman who kept the little miners' boarding house spread us our last dinner in civilization. Though it was rather humble fare of boiled beef and beans, many times during the succeeding days of camp life my soul lusted after the flesh-pot and good sweet bread of that little Wilkeson hotel. To our delight we found a good pack trail leading to the mountain, cut by President Villard's orders in 1883. With our sixty-pound packs this occupied us three days, while it could be made quite easily in a day and a half with ponies. Passing through forests of hemlocks like the Adirondacks; then among great three hundred-foot firs; crossing the horse over ravines on bridges of a single log seven feet through; fording the Carbon River, nearly milk color from its glacial origin; up and down hills, gradually ascending till emerging from the almost unbroken tunnel of trees, we entered three beautiful little prairies with soft green grass and flowers. There first we obtained a good view of the mountains about us, their rough, reddish rocks towering up and shutting out half the sky. Great patches of white snow told us we were already far above the level of the Sound, and caused us to hurry on with enthusiastic excitement. Then the trail led us along by zigzags up the mountains, the barometer showing four, five, six thousand feet of altitude. As we skirted along the crest of this ridge, over gulches filled with snow, we made our first August snowballs. Taking a forced rest, we turned to our left, and just a few feet below we saw the most beautiful little lake that ever rested weary eyes. We were tired no longer, but hurried down to it. Crater Lake, as it is called, lies right in the tops of the mountains, and is snow fed only. There is an open meadow, with plenty of grass and flowers, at the outlet, forming a magnificent camping ground. At the further end, half a mile away, rocks rise abruptly from the water to jagged points a thousand feet above. Snow-drifts in every deep ravine and northern slope keep pouring into the lake their pure supplies, and half a dozen beautiful cascades break the solitude with their endless monotone. There are fish in the lake, and although it is of melted snow it is not so cold but that a shallow bay gave us quite a pleasant swim. Having pitched our tent we passed a most comfortable night, four blankets keeping us warm till we awoke refreshed from undisturbed slumber at daybreak.

From Crater Lake the trail descends a little for about four miles along the side of the Puyallup River gorge. From one point on this part of the road there is one of the most beautiful views in America. The point of view is a great rock a few steps from one side of the trail. Two thousand feet below the Puyallup River comes out from beneath the glacier and goes dashing down the gorge in a line of white foam, with a roar that comes up plainly to the ear. To the right the mountains rise up—first forest covered, then barren rock. To the left a little

creek breaks over the rocks and plunges down five hundred feet. Up the front is the glacier—first brown and covered with débris, then gray and blue, creviced and bored like a honeycomb, then whiter and higher till it shades off into the clear white of the mountain side. Above all is the old mountain itself, rising in its pure, shining whiteness higher than the winter's sun.

The road soon turns up again, and after a thousand feet of upward windings, passes the timber line on the base of the mountain. There we made our permanent camp; walls of sod with the tent for a roof, a few scrub firs furnishing us with wood and a snow bank giving us water. It was Friday night when we were ready to turn in on our bed of fir boughs. Two weeks was the time calculated for the ascent, but that evening, as we threw on the biggest logs for our night fire and sat around waiting for them to light up, we were happily confident that before our next night fire was lighted we would have explored the summit.

Saturday morning, bright and early, we started up, one carrying a small axe and aneroid barometer, another the lunch, and the third one hundred feet of light rope. Each had a good ash alpine-stock, steel pointed, and six feet long. Unfortunately we had come without ice-creepers, but had logger's corks (nails an inch long) in our shoes. There was first a short grassy slope and half a mile of rocks to climb, then came the snow. This snow was hard, having thawed every day and frozen every night for weeks, and so made quite easy walking when at all level, and on the slopes was no more difficult than rock climbing. In the fresh of the morning we took the ascent very bravely, but by degrees it became rather monotonous lifting one foot above the other, even when the snow was an easy slope and we did not slip. Then crevasses began to appear. We did not quite understand them at first; we would walk up near them, try the snow all about with our staves, then creep up gently and, holding our breath, peep over and gaze down their depths with greatest awe. But how familiarity breeds contempt; within three days we would with the utmost nonchalance walk up to their very edge, poke down pieces of snow, contemptuously spit into the abyss, and discuss the idea of jumping across when not more than twelve feet wide. These crevasses are all through the sides of the mountain; they are made by the snow contracting by the cold or sliding down a little. They vary from a few inches to a hundred feet in width, and are the depth of the snow. Often hundreds of feet of their walls of cold blue ice can be seen, with seemingly no bottom. They are a great hindrance to the climber, and frequently it is necessary to go half a mile to get around one, then often to find the way blocked by another. But they were not our greatest difficulty that first day. We had marked out a course over the long snow incline between two rock peaks, up a rocky spur, then by a depression of the main cone to the top, very nearly straight up the north side of the mountain. We had climbed the first rocks quickly and plodded up the long fields of snow, though our feet did not pick themselves up quite so briskly as at first.

Noon had passed before the barometer told off ten thousand feet, but we clambered up the highest spur of rock to eleven thousand feet, when we were brought to a sudden halt by finding ourselves on the verge of an immense abyss. What we had supposed to be simply a protruding ridge of rock was the rim of a great crater basin, and instead of being on the main mountain we found ourselves cut off from it by this valley five hundred feet deep, terminating in almost perpendicular walls of rock thousands of feet in height. As far as we could see on either side it was the same, save in one little ravine, where the snow lay at an angle of about seventy degrees, but seamed with ugly looking crevasses. Everywhere else were walls of black, forbidding rock. The lawyer managed to cross over to the foot of the main dome, in search of a point where these walls could be scaled, but turned back without discovering a spot offering the least encouragement. After shivering awhile on the sunny side of the rocks we returned to camp, satisfied that it was next to impossible to make the ascent from the north. That evening as we sat about the camp-fire, and the huge white mass of mountain loomed up in the moonlight, our admiration of its beauty was accompanied by a respect for its ruggedness we had not the night before possessed.

Sunday was a much-needed day of rest. We slept late, enjoying the pure, light air and the restful stillness. These mountain tops are by no means an uninhabited desert. The hundreds of park-like valleys furnish pasturage for elk and deer, and the mountain goat follows the melting snow to crop the freshest herbage. Almost every open space contains the burrows of the marmot, the mountain woodchuck, and their shrill whistle as they dart into their holes sounds much like a man's signal call. As we came down the mountain Saturday afternoon we passed within easy shot of a flock of ptarmigan, on the rocks way up among the snow. They are a species of grouse, twice as large as the ruffled variety, almost pure white, and a native of the higher latitudes. Saturday evening about dusk a flock came down by our camp, and I missed an easy shot at one trying to take his head off. The whole flock lit on the snow a couple of hundred yards away, and we all tried our skill on them with our only weapon, a Winchester rifle, but with no other result than to frighten them away. Sunday morning I was up early and busily chopping kindling wood when there came trotting over the snow drift toward me what at first seemed a huge collie dog, but which I was soon satisfied was a wolf. He was a great gray fellow, twice as large as a Newfoundland dog, long and lank. As he came up within about fifty feet he grinned savagely, showing his long white teeth. I called to the boys, who were still in bed, to hand out the rifle quick. As they came crouching up the wolf ran off about eighty yards and turned, when I fired quickly at his shoulder, feeling perfectly certain that his skin was ours. But the ball must have struck too far back, for he doubled up and started with his tail between his legs on the keen jump down the snow drift. There were no more cartridges in the rifle so I could not shoot again. We expected at every jump

to see him roll over, but he went down the drift at an angle of forty degrees, leaving a crimson trail as he ran. Over the rocks and across the valley he went at full speed till we lost sight of him a mile away.

After a late breakfast we started out for a ramble, each in a different direction, I passing down a valley to the northward. Those mountain valleys, how delightful in the quiet morning, warm in the sunshine, sheltered from the wind, the pure, light air crisp and exhilarating; rills of cool water everywhere, fresh from melting snows; green pastures of softest spring grasses; crystal lakelets born of a snow drift; and through the meadows and along the rills, even against the snow, singly and in banks, the most lovely flowers, scores of varieties and hundreds of shades, buttercups and soft white cowslips, astors like our marguerites, but with pink and lavender petals, red daisies and yellow daisies, violets and lilies, and multitudes of those beautiful flowers found only among high mountains! After going the length of this valley I crossed a low divide to the east and there found a glacier, the source of the Carbon River. It was my first experience with one and I advanced with extreme caution. These glaciers present an odd appearance, much resembling a dried worm with its skin all cracked open, only on a somewhat larger scale. This one is about a mile wide and fifteen long. Unlike water one of these ice rivers cannot widen out after being confined by rocky sides, but maintains nearly the same form throughout. Striking it below a narrow gorge, I had to climb up a hundred feet to reach the surface. The lower end, reaching far below the snow line, was almost entirely covered with rocks and sand from the continued slides and avalanches it had encountered along its course. The upper surface of a glacier is full of crevasses, its profile being much like a saw. Where the top surface is convex these cracks are more open, but where it is concave they are closed. I first tried a convex surface and found it practically impassable, the ice ridges being sharp and the chasms very deep; but going up further there was a concave surface, where there was not much difficulty in crossing by jumping some crevasses and going around others. Crossing here and going up the little mountain opposite, I had a view of the eastern slope of Rainier, and could see what appeared to be a possible way of ascent. Then recrossing the glacier by quite an easy path I returned to camp. The surveyor was already there. Coming home over a high ridge he saw an immense bear down five hundred feet in a valley, and as he had the rifle with him he concluded to give bruin a shot. He started down, but after descending about half way came to the conclusion that the bear ought not to be so rudely disturbed, and struck out for camp. We never could determine whether the fact that it was Sunday, the depth of the valley, or the size of the bear, was the most instrumental in bringing him to this conclusion. The lawyer came in about two hours later, as we were at supper. He looked pale and tired, and I never before saw a man so glad to see friends again after so brief an absence. He shook hands all around, said the camp seemed so

home like, and smiled all over. We finally got it out of him that he had been on the glacier near its head, where it lay in a valley, with icy sides. He found it pretty hard going down, but coming up he had a terrible time. He fell into a crevasse and had to climb up two hundred feet through a hole in the ice, where hanging masses kept falling, threatening to immolate him, and he did not expect to get out alive.

Monday we started to change our camp around to the northeast side of the mountain, across the Carbon glacier, so as to ascend from the east. We were crossing over the snow fields on the base of the mountain when, coming around some rocks with patches of young grass, we surprised a large mountain goat feeding. I had the gun and had been watching a pair of ptarmigan ahead, and did not see him till he went galloping across in front of us. I had always longed for hunter's laurels, mostly in vain, and a goat was just what I had been hoping for. My nerves were all on end in an instant, and my heart in a flutter. I was trying to get a good aim; how the gun shook! could I shoot with the pack pulling my shoulders back? would I lose him as I had the wolf? there he goes behind a rock, but out he comes again going more slowly; crack goes the gun, and he changes his course but does not increase his speed; crack again, and he comes toward us to the edge of a precipice. He is a perfectly dead shot now, and I shoot for his heart. Then his head goes down and he struggles on the snow, and we all three are running toward him; but as soon as he is off his feet he begins sliding, and before we can reach him over he goes. It is only a very steep snow slide, and we are after him full tilt; and there he lies at the bottom, not bruised a particle, but with bullets in his shoulder, neck and heart. We judged that he weighed considerably over three hundred pounds. His body and neck were very thick, legs short, and head almost as long as that of a horse, so that he had a very awkward lumbering gait. If chamois shooting is much like goat hunting, it seems to me that cow shooting in a big pasture might be as difficult, and the romance of the brave chamois hunter suffers severely. We took off the skin and short little horns of our goat, as it was impossible to carry him along. The rings on his horns showed him to be of a venerable age, in fact a patriarch. He was what is vulgarly called a "billy," of a very pronounced order, the kind Virgil speaks of in the "Eclogues." Both of these facts appeared very plainly when we tried to eat him; for though we took his tenderest porterhouse steaks, and tried them boiled, fried and roasted, and all three together, still the billy taste and the seventeen-year toughness were there. But his skin is a beauty, pure white, with long soft hair.

After our little affair with the goat we skirted along the base of the mountain, down across the Carbon glacier, then up again through flowery fields and scrubby fir on to a spur of Rainier, where the last wood could be found. Here again we pitched our tent, gathered a bed of boughs, spread our blankets and made our last camp, as only three days' provisions remained. Our camp was very near the edge of the glacier, and that night, as soon as the sun

went down, the ice began to freeze and crack, big pieces continually falling down. Sometimes a mass of the hard, overhanging snow would break off from the brow of the mountain and crash down upon the glacier, sending up clouds of snow dust like smoke. Several times during the night we were awakened by great masses of falling ice, thundering and shaking the ground like discharges of artillery.

The next morning, as the early light was changing the pink of the overhanging mountain into dazzling white, we started up again. We followed the rocky spur on the northeast corner of the mountain for about two miles, ascending about three thousand feet, the Carbon River glacier lying below us on our right, and the double White River glacier to the left. Soon the rocky path ended in a perpendicular wall, and we were obliged to turn toward the east on to the White River glacier. Unfortunately we had climbed the rocks too far, and it was necessary either to go a mile back, or to reach the glacier by a natural bridge of ice several hundred yards long and inclined about fifty degrees. Here a little incident occurred, not very pleasant at the time, but which has been a great source of pleasure since, as with variations it has been made the base of a most thrilling tale to nervous lady acquaintances. We were crossing along this inclined plane, cutting steps with the axe, about one hundred feet above a very wide and deep crevasse, into which a misstep might plunge us at any instant. We were proceeding finely and were more than half way across when it seemed to one of the party that we were going needlessly slow, so he started ahead of the cut steps. It went all right for a few feet, then he slipped a little, and then began sliding toward the big crevasse at a fearful rate of speed. The only hope of safety was in his alpine-stock. Grasping this close to its sharp point, and turning over upon his face, he stuck it into the ice with all the force he could command and clung to it for dear life. It had the desired effect. The point cut a deep ridge in the ice, making the frosty chips fly into the air, and taking a liberal quantity of skin from off his hand, but it checked the speed, and brought him to a halt just above the crevasse. It was the most exciting three seconds of his life.

On the glacier we found the traveling comparatively easy, for the head of a glacier is really the long snow slope of the mountain, with but few crevasses in the higher altitudes. We encountered two places where the ascent was extremely difficult, points where a great thickness of snow had cracked and the lower part slipped down, leaving a wall twenty-five feet high. After climbing these by aid of the axe, plodding steadily up the steep incline of the main cone, on the north side of the eastern spur, we found that we had reached a point quite above the landmarks of our former attempt. The barometer indicated an altitude of eleven thousand five hundred, then twelve thousand feet, and at five hundred more it stopped altogether, although it was graduated to sixteen thousand feet. At one o'clock we rested behind a little shelter to eat our cold lunch, moistening our lips with pieces of ice; but the wind was too raw and cold to

permit us to sit still long with comfort. We plodded away again, sometimes going directly up for a quarter of a mile on a smooth incline of about forty-five degrees, then turning to one side to escape a crevasse. But our continued exertions and the rarity of the atmosphere at that high altitude told upon us severely. Fifteen, then ten, minute rests were necessary. Still we were making excellent progress. When a point which, from below, had seemed one of the peaks of the mountain was about on a level with us, the altitude began to affect the surveyor seriously. We were compelled to chafe his feet to keep them from freezing, and with open mouth he could not inhale enough air to fill his lungs. He became pale and faint, and finally said he would have to give it up, but urged us to go on. I was very tired also, and as it was after two o'clock was not very anxious to proceed. However, the lawyer pushed on and I followed. Going up a hundred yards and looking back we saw our companion staggering as if he could hardly stand. That decided us, and we turned back. After descending a thousand feet he recovered considerably, and we made good progress, finding a better path to camp than the one by which we had come.

We felt rather depressed that evening. There was only enough flour and bacon remaining to last two days. I was mixing slapjacks by the brook when the lawyer came down to me and said that he had made up his mind to go up the mountain next day, and if I would not accompany him he would go alone. We knew the route better, and it would be easier than the day before. I agreed to go with him. The next morning the surveyor announced that he would also make the attempt, and if the faintness came on he would return alone. With that understanding we started about seven o'clock, following our last evening's trail. By noon we reached our lunching place of the previous day, and were thus nearly an hour in advance. We soon passed our highest mark of the day before, and going around a point of snow discovered that the summit lay only a short distance beyond. The inspiration of success was upon us and overcame our fatigue, though we had to stop every five minutes to catch a full breath. We found that what appears to be the summit from the north and from Tacoma is not in reality the highest point, but only a northern ridge. We passed up the valley connecting this ridge, then ascended the little round snow-covered dome which forms the real summit, and, arm in arm, so that we might all be first, marched to the topmost point. We had just given three wild Western cheers to express our exultation at being, as we supposed, the first human beings to stand upon the white summit of Mount Rainier, when our eyes fell upon a walking stick protruding from the snow. It was a most common, scrubby looking affair, but was sufficient evidence of the previous presence of some human being who had planted it there as a warning to all who came after him not to claim too much for themselves, and our ardor was considerably dampened.

It was now half-past two, and we had but a brief time to make observations. The summit consists of two basin-

shaped craters, side by side, each a quarter of a mile in diameter, the ridge between them being the highest point. These were full of snow, but their rocky rims were bare. We observed several holes in the snow by the edges, where the strong odor of sulphur indicated that heat had been given out not many months before. On the western edge there is a large chamber in the snow, and from a hole six or eight inches in diameter a continuous column of steam and sulphurous smoke arises, showing that the internal fires of Mount Rainier are not yet extinguished. We stood about it to warm ourselves, and endeavored to peer into the hole, with no other result than receiving a burnt hand and inhaling a disagreeable quantity of sulphur and brimstone fumes. Near this chimney hole we found a piece of lead with four names inscribed upon it. We examined the summit carefully, though we did not visit the western peak, which is about four hundred feet lower. The rocks are all volcanic, with considerable of scoria. Curiously enough we found a butterfly fluttering over the snow. We had observed numerous others in going up. The day was bright and clear, with no clouds and but little fog or smoke hanging over the low places, offering a splendid view of the surrounding country. It is a common but erroneous idea that the view from the top of our great mountains is grander than that afforded by lower altitudes. We found that the view does not increase in grandeur with the altitude. In this respect a high mountain is somewhat disappointing; the sight is much less impressive than one naturally expects, the one redeeming feature being the knowledge of the fact that the eye ranges over a vast extent of territory. It is too much like a bird's-eye map, like the prospect from a balloon; the range of vision is too comprehensive and the eye cannot take it all in. The view through gaps in lower mountains is far more impressive.

We spent much time in studying the details of the great panorama spread out before us, which, as a whole, was so confusing in its vastness. To the north Mount Baker, one hundred and fifty miles distant, seemed near at hand, and we could plainly see the mountains of British Columbia, more than twice the distance. We traced the shores of the Straits past Victoria far up the side of Vancouver Island. Below us the Cascade Range, with its peaks six and eight thousand feet high, seemed scarcely more than a potato patch. Westward, over the tops of the Olympic Mountains, the Pacific Ocean formed a level horizon, and nearer, through a semi-transparent sea of haze, were seen the tortuous outlines of Puget Sound. The cities were marked by their smoke, and even the steamboats announced their position in the same manner. The grain fields and prairies seemed like little islands in the vast blue sea of forest. To the south the sharp peaks of Adams and St. Helens loomed up grandly, with their long snow-covered sides. Oregon was shrouded in smoke, Mount Hood and a few other points alone lifting themselves above the gloom. On the east the spurs of the Rocky Mountains closed our horizon, though because of the smoky haze they were but dimly

seen. We could count seven distinct glaciers running down from the mountains, the heads of six rivers. We experienced no peculiar physical effects from the high altitude. It was not extremely cold, thawing a little in the sun and freezing in the shade; but a sharp, cold wind chilled us very quickly whenever we ceased exercising, and we were glad enough to start down again after spending an hour on the summit. The only actual fun of such a journey is in the descent. It took us eight hours to ascend and only two to return. Squatting on our feet, and using our alpine-stocks as a kind of third leg and break, we would sometimes slide down a half mile of smooth slope in about two minutes. We reached camp at six—satisfied, jolly and hungry.

New trials were in store for us. For three days we had been among the whitest snows, with the August sun shining. We had two pairs of goggles, but did not use them, because we could not see so well with them, and sometimes a misstep of an inch would have thrown us down a crevasse. However, we kept our faces in the vicinity of the eyes well blackened with charcoal. My two companions had been troubled more or less before, but that night their eyes became very much inflamed and pained them so that they could not sleep. The next morning they could scarcely see. We had only one day's rations, and there was the Carbon glacier to cross, which required the most careful watchfulness, and a mile of hard climbing, besides three of rough traveling to reach the trail. But it was a case of necessity, and we started, progressing slowly and painfully the first day, but more easily the second, as the sore eyes became better in the shade of the woods. We reached Tacoma thirteen days from our start, with hands and faces so burned that the skin was peeling off, but with added health of body and that satisfied condition of mind which comes only from success.

WARNER FOBES.

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 DON'T WORK ON AN EMPTY STOMACH.—The errors that prevail with regard to early morning exercises are simply monstrous. Even the strong and athletic are liable to injure themselves by exercising long and vigorously in the early morning on an empty stomach, while the delicate, the dyspeptic and the nervous should not allow themselves to indulge in any sustained activity of the brain or muscles until the system has been fortified by at least a preliminary breakfast. Farmers sometimes injure themselves by working too long before breakfast. Moderate exercise, such as walking, the lighter forms of gymnastics and easy games, can be taken indiscriminately, just before or just after meals, without injury; but the severer tasks—rowing or active games—should usually be reserved for the middle of the forenoon or afternoon, or for the evening. It is not well to go to our meals in a condition of exhaustion, either of the brain or of the muscles. It is not well to be over fastidious about exercising just after meals, for our own feelings will usually guide us right. After a hearty meal we do not care to plunge into the severest kind of work.—*Dr. Geo. M. Beard.*

THE COW AND THE COWBOY.

FROM Oregon to Nebraska, and from Montana to Texas, vast stretches of country are devoted exclusively to the grazing of millions of cattle, raised solely as a beef supply for the Eastern markets and packing houses. Wherever are to be found broad expanses of grass-covered plain, valley or hills, unoccupied by the agriculturist or so devoid of natural moisture as to render them practically valueless for cultivation, there may be seen great bands of cattle ranging under the care of the much abused and much misunderstood cowboy. These cattle represent hundreds of millions of dollars, all intrusted to the care of cowboys, upon whose integrity, faithfulness to duty and bravery in times of danger the owners are compelled to rely for the safety of their property. These millions of cattle graze almost unrestrained during the winter, but in the spring they are gathered in, the calves branded, and steers of suitable age selected out to be sent to market. Thus each year the increase is taken care of and the surplus marketed. During the summer cattle on the drive may be seen everywhere, some of them going to market and others being changed from one range to another. In this way the cow and cowboy are constantly shifting from one locality to another. Formerly cattle were driven hundreds of miles to reach a shipping point; but now railroad facilities have so increased that in most regions long drives for that purpose are no longer necessary, and, in consequence, the cattle reach their destination in much better condition. The present season cattle have been sent by rail from Oregon and Washington to Chicago, a distance of more than two thousand miles. It is generally admitted that this journey is too long, and that it is the better plan to send them to the Montana ranges one season, and from there to market the next. In pursuance of this plan nearly fifty thousand have been taken by rail this season, while many large bands are annually driven north from Texas to fatten on the bunch grass ranges of Montana. The bulk of the cattle shipped to and from that Territory are handled by the Northern Pacific Railroad, and this is the leading item of freight traffic. This includes the shipment from the East of thousands of high grade breeding cattle and young cattle for fattening upon the ranges.

For the purpose of handling stock to the best advantage the company has established yards and feeding stations at convenient distances between Wallula and St. Paul. These consist of several large pens, accommodating a thousand cattle, having large water tanks connected with them by means of service pipes. Stock trains unload at these places and lay over a number of hours for rest and refreshment of the cattle with water and feed. By this system stock arrive at their destination in the best possible condition. These yards are located at Horse Plains, Helena, Livingston, Glendive and Mandan. On another page are given views of the yards at Helena and a few characteristic scenes in handling the cattle, as well as the portrait of a typical cowboy.

The idea entertained of the cowboy by the Eastern

public is as erroneous as it is possible to be. The cowboys, as a class, are a brave, intelligent, honorable, kind-hearted and cool-headed class of men. In their ranks will be found college graduates, sons of many of the first families of the East, men worth their thousands in their own right, scions of nobility from Europe and natives of the plains and mountains, the last, of course, by far the most numerous. That their life of freedom from restraint should develop certain wild traits of character, or that among them should drift an occasional refugee from justice is not surprising; but such a recruit must behave himself like a man, and should he commit any outrage or crime his companions would be the first to see that he was properly punished. They have no great love for Indians, nor, for that matter, has any man who has been brought into actual contact with that lazy, pilfering, ignoble race, and if they occasionally have trouble with Mr. Lo, the blame is by no means entirely their own. No better description of them and their characteristics can be given than the following by a cattleman, who has lived and worked with them for years:

"The cowboy is the most thoroughly misunderstood man, outside of the localities where he is known, on the face of the earth. I know him in all his alleged terrors, and as a class there are no nobler-hearted or honorable men in the world. Brave to rashness and generous to a fault, if you should be thrown among them you would find them ever ready to share their last crust with you, or lie down at night with you on the same blanket. Say that I have ten thousand cattle which I am about to send overland from Texas into Montana to fatten for the market. Those cattle will be on the drive from the first of April until the middle of September. They are divided into three herds, with a dozen or sixteen men with each herd. I intrust those cattle in the hands of a gang of cowboys. For six months I know absolutely nothing of my stock. I trust their honesty to the extent of many thousands of dollars without a contract, without a bond, with no earthly hold upon them, legally or morally, beyond the fact that I am paying them \$35 or \$40 a month to protect my interests. And these are the men pictured in the East as outcasts of civilization! I trust absolutely to their judgment in getting those cattle through a wild and unbroken country without loss or injury. I trust as absolutely to their bravery and endurance in the face of danger, for a man to be a cowboy must be a brave man. For instance, we are on a drive. The cattle are as wild as deers naturally, and being in an unknown country are as nervous and timid as sheep. The slightest noise may startle them into a stampede. We have been on the drive all day and night is coming on. It is cold and raining. We have reached the point where we intend to round up for the night. The men commence to ride around the drove, singing, shouting and whistling to encourage the animals by the sounds they are familiar with and to drown any noise of an unusual character which might provoke a stampede. Round and round the cattle they ride until the whole drove is traveling in a circle. Slowly the cowboys close in on them, still shouting and

singing, until finally the cattle become quiet, and after a time lie down and commence chewing their cud with apparent contentment. Still the vigilance of the men cannot be relaxed. At least half of them must continue riding about the resting herd all night. A stampede of cattle is a terrible thing to the cowboys, and may be brought on by the most trivial cause. These wild cattle away from homes are as variable as the wind, and when frightened are as irresistible as an avalanche. The slightest noise of an unusual nature, the barking of a coyote, the snap of a pistol, the crackling of a twig, will bring some wild-eyed steer to his feet in terror. Another instant and the whole drove are panting and bellowing in the wildest fear. They are ready to follow the lead of any animal that makes a break. Then the coolness and self-possession of the cowboy are called into play. They still continue their wild gallop around the frightened drove, endeavoring to reassure them and get them quiet once more. Maybe they will succeed after an hour or two, and the animals will again be at rest. But the chances are that they cannot be quieted so easily. A break is made in some direction. Here comes the heroism of the cowboy. Those cattle are as blind and unreasoning in their flight as a pair of runaway horses. They know no danger but from behind, and if they did, could not stop for the surging sea of maddened animals in the rear. A rocky gorge or deep cut canyon may cause the loss of half their number. Those in the rear cannot see the danger, and the leaders cannot stop for those behind and are pushed on to their death. A precipice may lie in their way, over which they plunge to destruction. It matters not to the cowboy. If the stampede is made the captain of the drove and his men ride until they head it, and then endeavor to turn the animals in a circle once more. A hole in the ground, which catches a horse's foot, a stumble, and the hoofs of three thousand cattle have trampled the semblance of humanity from him. He knows this. A gulch or gorge lies in their path. There is no escaping it. There is no turning to the right or the left, and in an instant horse and rider are at the bottom, buried under a thousand cattle. History records no instance of more unquestioning performance of duty in the presence of danger than is done by these men on every drive. Should the stampede be stopped there is no rest for the drivers that night, but the utmost vigilance is required to prevent a recurrence of the break from the frightened cattle. This may happen hundreds of times on a single drive.

"I remember one instance which, from the friendship in which I held the victim, has made a lasting impression on me. Two brothers were together on the drive. Both men had been educated in an Eastern college, but for some reason had drifted to the cattle plains of Texas and had become cowboys. The elder was the captain of the drive. Sitting about the camp-fire one night the younger was very down-hearted about something, and finally said: 'Charlie, let's throw up this drive. I don't want to go; I feel that one or the other of us will never go back. I am ashamed of this, but I cannot shake it

off.' His brother was impressed by his seriousness, but could only say: 'George, here are three thousand cattle in my charge. I could not leave them if I knew that I would be killed to-morrow.' 'A stampede!' cried one of the men. In an instant they were all at their animals, saddles were adjusted, and away they went. The captain gained the head of the drive, and had succeeded in turning them a little when his horse stumbled. In another instant horse and rider could hardly have been distinguished from one another. This is the class of men cowboys are made of, and I never knew of many instances where they failed to do their duty.

"There is another interesting period in the life of the cowboy, and that is the spring round-up. In the fall the cattle stray away, and in working away from the storms they sometimes get away a hundred miles or so. Each cattle owner has his own particular brand on his cattle. The ranchmen in some natural division of the country will organize a grand round-up in the spring. The cowboys will drive the cattle all in together in one big drove. Then the captain of the round-up will direct the owner of ranch A to 'cut' out his cattle. One of A's most experienced men will then ride into the drive until he sights an animal with his brand on. Deftly he will drive the animal to the outer edge of the herd, and then with a quick dash run the beast out away from the drove, and it is taken in charge by others of A's ranchmen, while the cutter goes back after another. After some fifteen or twenty minutes A's cutter will be taken off and B's man given a chance. This will be continued until each ranch has its cattle cut out. If any cattle are found without a brand they are killed for the use of the men on the round-up. This cutting is a work requiring great skill and experience, and frequently requires the use of the lariat. Often cattle with a strange brand are found. If any one recognizes the brand, a ranchman living nearest the owner takes charge of it and notifies the owner. If no one recognizes the brand the captain of the round-up advertises it, and if no owner is found, it is sold at auction for the benefit of the Cattlemen's Association.

"These things will go to show the responsibilities resting upon these men. I will tell you how they get the reputation for recklessness. We will suppose these men have been on a drive for six months and been paid off. Then they are just like any other body of men; they go in for some fun, and on their lark ride yelling through the streets of some little town, shoot a few street lamps out, or get into a saloon row. Some imaginative correspondent immediately sends an account of it to some Eastern paper, where it comes out headed 'Another Cowboy Outrage.' Now, I know of hundreds of cowboys who never carry a revolver. They have strict ideas of honor, and they stand upon their honor. They are off duty a lot of big-hearted, rough boys, but they are not outlaws or outcasts. They are not the class of men who rob trains or hold up people crossing the plains, and I believe that, taken for all in all, the American cowboy will compare favorably in morals and manners with any similar number of citizens, taken as a class."

OLD AND NEW JAPAN.

NO. 1.

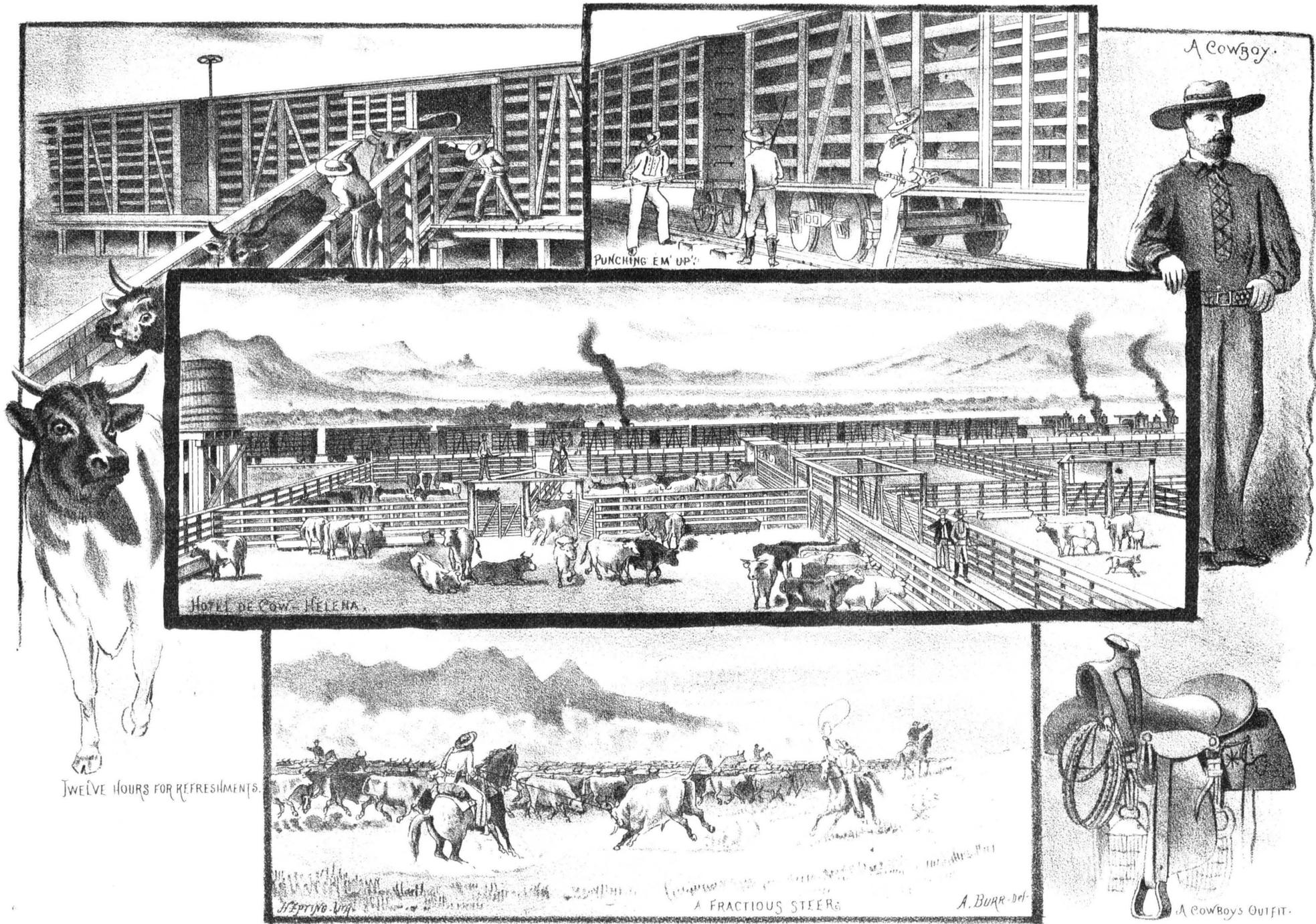
SINCE the beginning of the last half of the present century there have been two Japans—one which we never knew and another with which we are but just becoming acquainted. The one unearthed by Commodore Perry and his floating forts of wood has passed away, and in its stead has arisen another, thoroughly imbued with the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. That stagnant and almost dead empire, buried under the deep crust of its own exclusiveness, has sprung into new life under the progressive influences which were at first forced upon it at the muzzle of shotted cannon, even as the grains of wheat which had been buried for four thousand years in the tomb of an Egyptian mummy sprouted and grew when planted in the warm, moist soil of a country thousands of miles distant from their native land. The germ, the living principle, was there, and it needed only the proper influences to quicken it into life. The entering wedge that split the shell of exclusiveness with which the Mikado's empire had encrusted itself was driven by the United States, and recognizing the great benefits to their nation which have followed, the Japanese keep a warm place in their hearts for America, and our countrymen are held by them in higher esteem than the subjects of any other Power.

Ever since the time the Spaniards from the east and the Portuguese from the west began their search for Marco Polo's Kingdom of Cathay and Island of Zipangu, great interest has been centred in those old civilizations of Southeastern Asia, and the extravagant ideas of their richness which have been handed down through the centuries have only been dispelled by the better knowledge of them that has gradually been acquired, chiefly during the last half century. Historians have generally accredited Japan with being the original Island of Zipangu, with a description of whose wonders the great Venetian traveler astonished his countrymen in the fourteenth century, and which, more than anything else, gave rise to those extravagant ideas and romances which filled the Pacific and other unknown regions of the East with nations of strange civilizations and amazing wealth; made them the repository of gold, pearls and precious gems in

NOTE.—The data for these articles, especially in regard to the official, social and business customs, and the progress made during the last quarter century, are supplied by Rev. Jonathan Goble, of Sumner, W. T., whose qualifications for being an authority on the subject he thus sets forth: "I first visited that country in 1853, entering Yedo Bay and steaming up to Yokohama early in July of that year. The greater portion of my life from that time up to December, 1883, was spent in that country. I made my home in Yokohama, and in pursuance of my work as a missionary traveled over a great portion of that island empire. I became so much a citizen of that country that its language is now more my own than my mother tongue, as I learned it first in my native home in New York. I became conversant with all classes of people, from the lowest coolie, or day laborer, to the members of the Imperial Court. I have lived with the people of that country in the humble homes of the poor, in the mansions of wealthy merchants, in the comfortable homes of various grades of officials and in the palaces of nobility. I have acted as adviser to the Chief Council of State, the *Dai Jo Kwang*, have served as interpreter and attorney in their native law courts, and have been admitted to the imperial palaces on state occasions." From the above it will be seen that Mr. Goble has had unusual opportunities for becoming acquainted with the inner life of that nation, and that his statements are entitled to credence wherever they in the least conflict with those made by travelers who, after a visit to Yokohama and a hasty jaunt of a few days into the interior, undertake to tell us all about Japan.

such fabulous quantity that the greatest riches of the known world seemed but the veriest dross in comparison; gave into their keeping the mystical fountain of youth, endowed them with all the beauties and wonders of earth, air and water the mind could conceive, and even located within their confines the Terrestrial Paradise from whose gates the angel of the Almighty had driven the progenitors of mankind with a flaming sword of fire. Under the progress of geographical knowledge these mystical regions became gradually revealed in their true light, so far, at least, as to disclose the lack of any real foundation for the romantic ideas entertained by the adventurers who first penetrated them for the purpose of gaining riches by the sword. At the behests of commerce the fleets of Europe and America penetrated these regions, and by the middle of the present century had gained the right of entrance to the ports of every nation in the world except Japan. She alone hedged herself in with a wall of exclusiveness and refused to have anything to do with her neighbors of Asia or the greater Powers bordering upon the Atlantic. The desire to break down this wall of prejudice and establish commercial relations with a nation whose people were known to be industrious and intelligent and were supposed to be extremely wealthy, for thus much of the ideas of the early adventurers still lingered in the popular mind, became strongly engrafted upon the maritime nations of Europe and America. Especially was this the case in the United States, whose recent acquisition of California and Oregon had given her a commanding position on the Pacific and made her the advance guard of Caucasian progress. For many years the best means of establishing commercial relations with the Mikado's empire were discussed. Many were in favor of the opening of the sealed ports by force, advocates of the doctrine of Sydney Smith, who said: "I am for bombarding all the exclusive Asiatics, who shut up the earth, and will not let me walk civilly and quietly through it, doing no harm, and paying for all I want." But a natural reluctance to use such harsh measures prevented any of the interested nations from taking summary measures for the accomplishment of their desires. In the United States the feeling became very strong in commercial circles, and the Government was urged to send a commission to Japan, backed by a sufficient naval force to compel a respectful reception from the Imperial Court. Commodore M. C. Perry was an earnest advocate of this idea, and when the Government determined upon the expedition, he was selected for the dual position of ambassador and commander of the fleet.

Commodore Perry steamed out from Norfolk in the flagship *Mississippi* on the 24th of November, 1852, expecting to meet the steamer *Susquehanna* and the sloops *Plymouth* and *Saratoga* and other vessels and storeships in Eastern waters. It was not until the 4th of the following May that the *Mississippi* dropped anchor in the Chinese port of Shanghai, where she found the *Susquehanna* and *Plymouth* awaiting her. Leaving the latter to guard American interests during the Chinese rebellion then in progress, he soon sailed with the two



A Cowboy.

PUNCHING EM' UP.

HOTEL DE COW. HELENA.

TWELVE HOURS FOR REFRESHMENTS.

A FRACTIOUS STEER.

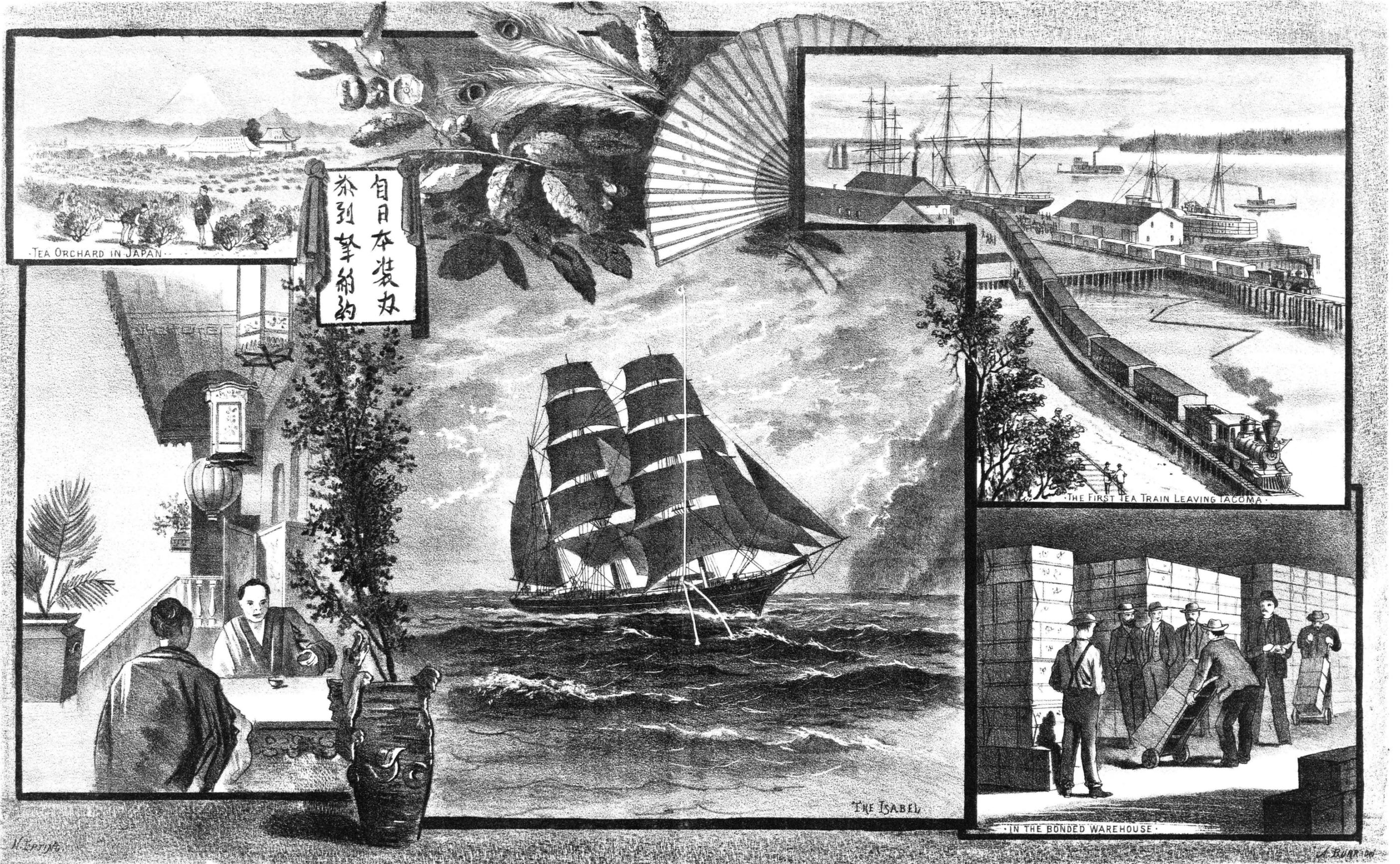
A CowBoys OUTFIT.

THE WEST SHORE.

THE COW AND THE COWBOY,

"WEST SHORE" LITH.

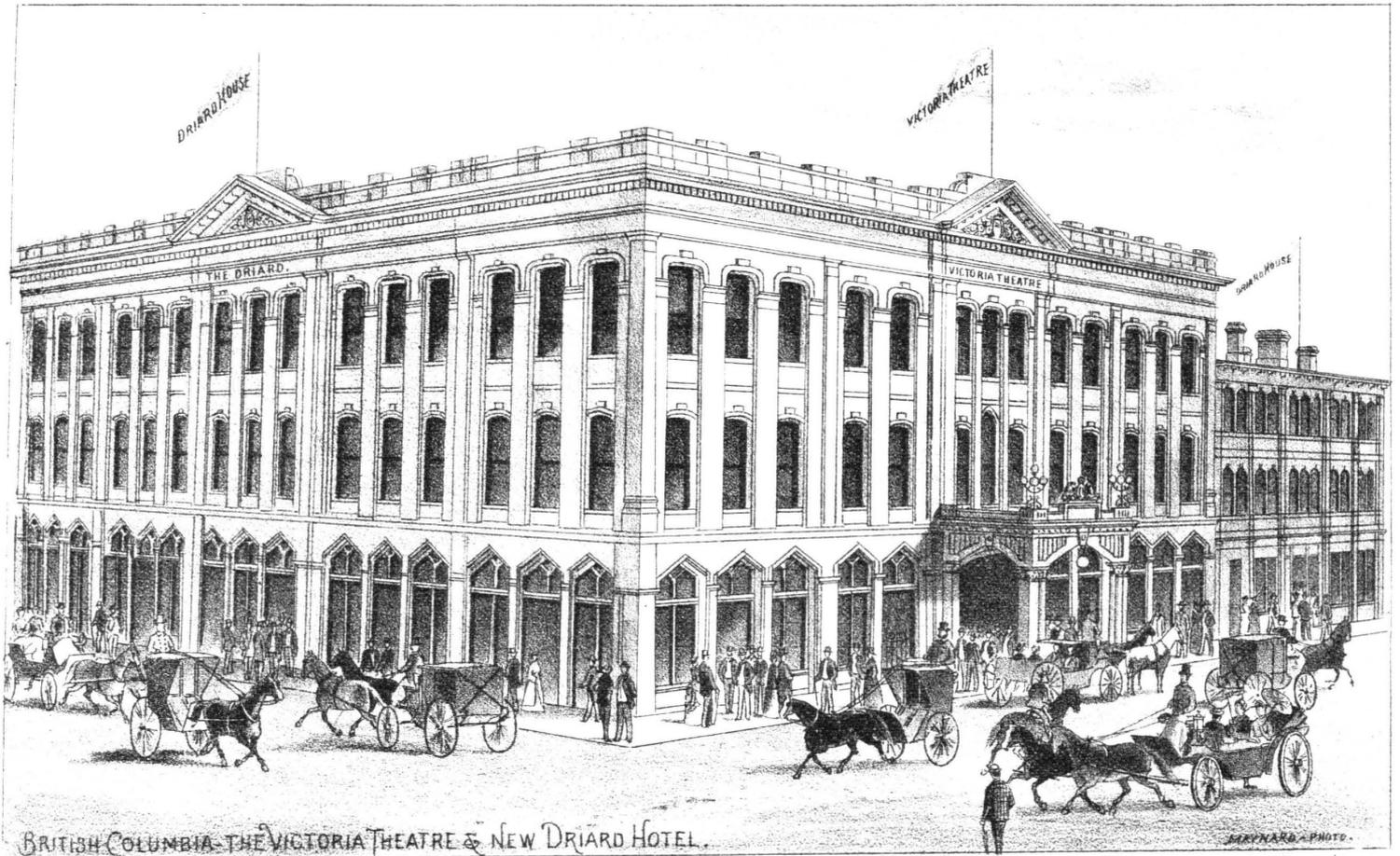
THE WEST SHORE.



"WEST SHORE" LITH

THE NEW TEA ROUTE FROM JAPAN TO TACOMA & NEW YORK.

THE WEST SHORE.



WASHINGTON-PORT TOWNSEND IMPROVEMENTS.

steamers and the storeship *Caprice* for the Loo Choo Islands, where he lay for several weeks before he established satisfactory relations with the Regent of that little kingdom.

Having been joined at Loo Choo by the *Plymouth* and *Saratoga*, Commodore Perry sailed with his entire force for the port of Yedo, the reputed capital of the empire, anchoring at the entrance of the Bay of Yedo on the 8th of July. In the morning the fleet moved up the bay, the sloops in tow of the steamers. Many native boats were seen darting hither and thither in apparent excitement, while groups of people along the hills that hem in the bay were closely watching the strange vessels, many of them using long telescopes. Quite a fleet of boats put out from shore with the apparent intention of obstructing the passage of the ships; but paying no attention to them whatever the vessels moved steadily on, their progress without oars or wind being a marvel to the natives, who had never before set eyes upon a steamship. The fleet soon came in sight of the little town of Uragawa, whose small harbor was protected by a rude fort on a commanding headland. The fort mounted two or three old, diminutive cannon, whose discharge threatened death to every man within a hundred feet. There were also several large logs worked into the semblance of huge guns, the bore in the centre being represented by a round patch of black paint. Terrifying as these wooden siege guns were supposed to be by their designers, there was on board of each steamer an apparent weapon of war of a far more threatening aspect. On the voyage from the Loo Choo Islands the fleet had encountered a cyclone, and the topmasts and yards had been sent down for safety. The tall smoke-stack had also been lowered, and lay upon the deck like a monster gun, pointing directly forward.

As the vessels arrived opposite the fort a small shell was fired by the garrison, bursting directly overhead. A second skipped along the crest of the waves directly in front of the advancing vessels, exploding some distance beyond. This was recognized as an order to "Heave to," and the Commodore complied by heading the fleet directly toward the fort and dropping anchor in the harbor within three cables' length of the shore. To see four vessels change their course and glide toward them without the use of sails or oars, at the same time emitting fire and smoke, and to hear the rattle of 180 feet of iron cable as the huge anchors sought a resting place at the bottom of the bay, a noise which, for all they knew, might be preliminary to a deadly eruption from that huge black engine of destruction whose yawning mouth was pointed directly at them, was too much for the courage of the garrison, and to a man they abandoned their guns and fled to the hills. During the night they crept back, and morning revealed the garrison again at their posts and a throng of natives along the shore, who had evidently come in from the surrounding country to see the big ships of these audacious foreigners.

After a time a boat put off from the shore, containing an official of rank, as was plainly indicated by his gaudy

apparel and retinue of attendants. Commodore Perry had adopted a manner of conducting himself in his negotiations in full keeping with the peculiar customs of the Orientals. Knowing that they looked upon their sovereigns as too holy to be approached by any save the most noble of their subjects, while even their lowest officials were considered good enough to carry on all intercourse with foreign barbarians, he had determined to conduct himself in a similar manner. Upon the supposition that the President was the equal of the Mikado, he, as the special representative of the President, would not personally hold communication with any one but the Mikado himself or some specially delegated official of sufficient rank and dignity, all preliminary negotiations with inferior officials being delegated to his subordinate officers. Accordingly, when the Japanese boat approached, he retired to the seclusion of his cabin. The boat was hailed by the officer of the deck asking the purpose of its occupants, to which it was responded that the gorgeously arrayed official desired to come aboard and confer with the American commander. He was informed that the commander was a personage of too much importance to be seen by any save one of the highest rank; but if he was possessed of sufficient authority to transmit a message to the Mikado he would be received on deck by the officers, otherwise the best thing he could do would be to return to the town and let some one of sufficient rank come aboard. Upon assurances from him that he possessed the authority desired he was received on deck by the officers. He proved to be the Vice-Governor of Uragawa, and when put to the test acknowledged that the authority to receive a communication did not rest in him, but in his superior, the Governor. He was dismissed with an injunction to send the Governor in person. Not long afterwards a still more gorgeously arrayed official, accompanied by a more imposing retinue, made his appearance, who proved to be the Governor himself. He was received with great ceremony, the men being at their quarters and the marines under arms, and escorted to the captain's cabin. He asked to be conducted to the commander of the fleet, but was informed in the most impressive manner that the Commodore was too sacred to be seen by any save the highest dignitaries of the court, but that the captain, who was also an officer of distinction, would hear anything he had to say. The Commodore, screened from observation by the lattice-work of his stateroom door, was seated within a few feet, where he could hear every word that was uttered, and where his officers could secretly communicate with him when necessary. There was no lack of interpreters or languages in which to communicate. On board were Rev. S. Wells Williams, who spoke Japanese; Mr. Portman, who spoke English and Dutch, the latter language being well known in court circles of the empire, and a Chinese scribe who could read and write the official language of Japan. Among the visitors, also, was a dignitary who could speak English fluently. The Governor opened negotiations by expressing a desire to know to what fortunate circumstance they were indebted for the honor of this visit from the

honorable Americans, expressing surprise that they should have come so far across the ocean to this poverty-stricken little group of islands. It had always been the Japanese policy in intercourse with foreigners to convey the impression that the empire was poor and worthless, undeserving the attention of any of them, the better to maintain their seclusion; hence the self-depreciatory tone of the Governor. He was informed that the great American envoy had brought an autograph letter from the most puissant ruler of the United States, and that he must deliver it in person to the Emperor himself at Yedo. This, the official answered, was impossible, since no foreigner was ever permitted to approach the sacred presence of the imperial ruler of Japan, nor were they allowed to even enter the port of Yedo. The Americans were ignorant of the fact that the true capital of the empire was Kioto, a city far into the interior, where lived the Mikado, and that the ruler at Yedo was not the actual Emperor, but a *Taikun* (Tycoon as usually spelled in English), or *Stiagun*, simply the commander-in-chief of the military forces. Betraying this ignorance in their first proposition to the Governor, they were placed at a disadvantage at once, for the wily official seized upon it and thereafter sought to confirm the same impression. The result was that Commodore Perry was completely deceived, and though he supposed, when he finally sailed for home, that he had actually reached the fountain head, the august Mikado himself, he had, in fact, advanced no higher than the *Taikun*, whom he supposed to be the Emperor. Quickly grasping this idea the Governor offered to take charge of the President's letter and convey it as a sacred trust to His Imperial Majesty at Yedo, returning in a few days with the commands of his master. He was informed that the letter was too holy to be intrusted into the hands of anybody but a court dignitary of the highest rank, and that it was the intention to move the ships up to Yedo, where the envoy could communicate directly with the court. At the bare suggestion of such an idea the Governor held up his hands in horror, and, assuming a tone of great indignation, assured the officers that should they attempt such a rash proceeding the fleet would be utterly destroyed. "On the other side of the point beyond," he said, pointing up the bay, "there are numerous heavy batteries. No foreign ship has ever passed them, and if you attempt it you will be completely destroyed." "Tell him," said Perry, who heard the challenge with rising indignation, and sent the message from his stateroom, "Tell him that we will try those batteries to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock sharp." The official retired, being escorted to his boat with great ceremony. The Japanese were playing a game of "bluff," and had they, like the Americans, been backed by war vessels and heavy guns, it is doubtful if Perry had succeeded in reaching even the *Taikun*.

Early the following morning the anchors were lifted, and with the crew at quarters, decks cleared for action and marines under arms, the four vessels proceeded steadily up the bay. As they rounded the point, the Japanese Rubicon which they had been warned not to

pass, a small battery of old, rusty guns appeared in sight, having no carriages, but resting across timbers lying on the beach. It certainly was not a formidable affair, and but for the fact that the shore was lined with soldiers and the gunners stood with lighted torches as if they really meant mischief, would have provoked a laugh of ridicule. As it was, it looked like a serious matter, not that any great injury could be inflicted upon the fleet, but an attack from the battery would have compelled its capture by the vessels, involving considerable loss of life to the natives, a contingency which the Commodore was extremely anxious to avoid. The vessels sailed so close to the shore that every motion of the garrison was plainly visible. A single shot would have been answered by a broadside from every ship and a volley from the marines. This the native officers could easily see, and the result was that as the men on both sides watched each other in breathless silence the ships sailed slowly past the fort without a gun being fired, and the first bloodless victory was won.

The fleet felt its way along the shore for several miles and then came to anchor before the little town of Kanazawa. A boat was sent up to the town to reconnoitre, which returned with several baskets of peaches and casks of water, and the information that the town contained neither guns nor troops to make it a dangerous neighbor. During the night it became evident that something unusual was on foot. Great numbers of lights flitted about, both on shore and water, and the sound of boats was borne to the ears of the sailors continuously. The morning revealed a great fleet of boats filled with armed men, while other soldiers were assembled on the shore. The boats darted hither and thither, gradually drawing nearer to the fleet, whose decks were cleared for action, until, approaching too near, they were sternly warned to maintain a greater distance. Throughout the forenoon the boats thus hovered about the ships, keeping, however, at a respectful distance; but early in the afternoon a junk came sailing round the point and dropped anchor so near the flagship as to arouse suspicions of some evil design connected with her. She was warned off, but paid no attention to the command. A boat was dispatched to investigate her, and as the sailors boarded her on one side the crew scampered over the other into a boat and paddled hastily away. The craft proved to be a fire-ship, loaded with combustibles saturated with pitch and oil. It had been evidently the intention to get her alongside the flagship and then apply a torch to her. This dangerous addition to the fleet was taken in tow by the boat and moved down the bay to a safe distance, where she drifted out to sea, wrapped in crackling flames.

The next move was a descent in force by the fleet of small boats, filled with soldiers armed with swords and spears. On they dashed, heedless of warnings to keep off, until they received a salute of hot water from a hose attached to the ship's boilers. Screams of pain and anger arose in a fearful din, followed by the precipitate retreat of the attacking force beyond the reach of this unknown weapon of war.

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JUAN HALLADO: A STORY FROM LIFE.

BY F. C. VALENTINE.

I.—STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

"H'ELL never set the river afire," was commonly said when Walter Miller was discussed. Not that people considered him stupid, or even dull—he simply was a very ordinary man. He had not been a signally brilliant boy. His childhood was marked by its absolutely negative history; he had no likes or dislikes; he grew up, learned his lessons, advanced from class to class, never excelled in anything, never took any prizes, and not even his fond mother prognosticated greatness for him, nor did he ever pass through the period when boys are oft-times assured that they are destined to be hanged. His father never had cause to administer even the slightest kind of a reproof, and was astonished, even confounded, one day, when Walter was fourteen, to note him attentively observing the movements of a watch in a transparent case. From this trifling circumstance Mr. Miller formed the wise opinion that Walter had a predilection for the watchmaker's trade. He was at once taken from school and apprenticed to the house of Meredick & Co., watchmakers and jewelers. There Walter preserved his equanimity and acquired the *sobriquet* of "Sterling," simply because he performed all of his duties faithfully, though without enthusiasm, and his advance was known to his parents only by the repeated increase of his salary.

As he approached manhood Walter did not shine in society. He danced well; he sang fairly, and played accompaniments with obliging amiability when others desired to sing. He was considered a most trustworthy young man by parents, and was held up as a model to their children, none of whom loved him devotedly, nor on the other hand disliked him. None played pranks on him. Yet he was welcome at all times, especially whenever illness or any other misfortune came, for his company, in a negative way, was pleasant, his attentions delicate, and his advice manly and practical. When they tired of calling him "Sterling Walter Miller," they varied the prefix by converting it into "Solid," to distinguish him from his uncle, "Liquid Walter Miller," a gay old beau who prided himself on still being "one of the boys," despite his bald head and iron-gray mustache. He was a jolly old fellow, full of fun, though his fun sometimes verged on indiscretion. Uncle Walter was the only one who at all disparaged his nephew's steadiness, by winking whenever his name was mentioned, and remarking that "Still waters run deep"; but it was never known how he would have the phrase applied. At all events, Walter remained ever the same steady, industrious, trustworthy young man, enjoying everybody's respect, yet provoking no one's enthusiasm or animadversion.

Walter was twenty-four years old when, on returning home one Saturday evening, he courteously apologized to his mother for delaying dinner. "We were busy," he explained, "arranging the details of the partnership."

"What partnership?" asked his father.

"Meredick & Co.," answered Walter, adding quietly as he turned to his brother, "Will you oblige me with some bread, Edgar?"

"Taking in a new partner?" asked Uncle Walter.

"Yes," responded Walter calmly, as he said and did everything.

"To increase the capital?" asked his uncle.

"It will not be increased materially," said Walter, not evincing the slightest annoyance at his uncle's pertinacity, and continuing in the same tone said to his mother, "Yes, thanks, I should like a little more soup."

"But say, Wal—the new partnership," persisted Uncle Walter.

"Well, what of it?" asked Walter affably.

"What sort of a man is the new partner?" asked the uncle.

"Why, Uncle Walter, I am the new partner."

"You!" exclaimed all of the members of the Miller family in concert.

"Yes," responding Walter, calmly as ever, and showing not the slightest reflex of the elation that suffused his parents' faces.

"Why, confound your confounded equanimity, Walter, I congratulate you, confound you!" blurted Uncle Walter, grasping his nephew's hand and endangering several cruets in the castor as he vehemently rose and reached over the table.

"Thank you, uncle," answered Walter calmly; "I hope my fork has not hurt you?" he added solicitously.

"No, I guess not," said the elder gentleman somewhat ruefully, "only it is hardly kind of you," and he examined the slight indentions made in his wrist, "to receive the congratulations of your family at the point of the bayonet."

"Oh, then, I presume I should put down my weapons entirely, when I tell you that I think of getting married," rejoined Walter, laying his knife and fork across his plate.

"Married!" echoed the Miller family, in tones that conveyed consternation as well as amazement.

For the first time in his life matter-of-fact Walter Miller manifested astonishment. His relatives' manner seemed to express regret, but whether at his prospective separation from them or for his future wife, he was at a loss to determine.

His father's voice sounded almost severe when he asked, "And whom do you propose to marry?"

"Miss Mathilda Meredick."

"Oh, ah!" was long drawn out by those assembled, and the youngest member of the family even added, "Poor Mattie."

"And why do you sympathize—"

"It is not that, dear," interposed his mother; "but Mattie is such a sprightly, wide-awake girl, so fond of life, and you are so—so—old, you know."

"Then none of you object to Miss Mathilda?" said he.

"Oh no, dear no," exclaimed all those to whom this general query was addressed.

"Then I shall endeavor to settle the question to-night," he said, deliberately adding another lump of sugar to his coffee.

After dinner he explained his financial condition fully to his parents, and showed them conclusively that his income would warrant marriage with any young lady. He made the statement much as the confidential clerk of a wealthy corporation would make his annual balance sheet clear to the stockholders, for his figures appeared as soulless and devoid of sentiment as they possibly could.

When he left the house on the path that many of us have journeyed with misgivings and many others stumbled into, Mrs. Miller said:

"Poor Walter is destined to meet his first great disappointment to-night—Mattie—"

"Nonsense, Priscilla," said her brother-in-law, the "liquid" Walter Miller, "I tell you that 'Still waters run deep,' and I have always said so."

No one knew what to say, and all appeared to content themselves with a specious agreement to Uncle Walter's ambiguous speech.

All seemed to feel that for once, at least, Walter would require his relatives' consolation, if not their congratulations, and therefore all remained at home, imagining that he would return soon. He did.

He came back in less than an hour, and, as his step sounded in the hallway, all were still, anticipating that he would go to his room, and there, alone, endeavor to heal the first heart-wound of his life. Each one of his loving relatives tried to think of some fitting words of sympathy, and his father let a thought of foreign travel slip through his mind. Poor fellow! it would be a hard thing to overcome this disappointment. Mattie Meredick's brilliant, lively, even dashing disposition, her beauty of form and mind, to say nothing of her wealth, made her the girl most sought after in the entire community; what more natural, then, but that she should refuse the hand and heart of Walter, whose staid and serious character was his only recommendation?

Walter's footsteps sounded as firm as ever; they did not take the way to his room, and—"curious indeed" all thought—a light, tripping echo seemed to follow them. The sounds went to the parlor, its door was opened and closed, and Walter's voice was heard to say, "They are in the sitting room."

"Poor fellow, he must be greatly upset, to speak to himself."

The steps approached the sitting room, and as a hand touched the knob all within felt themselves spell-bound as by that terrible stillness which oppresses all animate nature before some mighty convulsion of nature. The door opened and none dared look at Walter, all fearing to see the painful traces that his countenance would surely portray. Would the dear son, the beloved brother, ever recover from it? Would—

Like the silvery tinkle of a sweet-toned bell a voice came:

"Well—how is this? Walter told me that you all want me to be your daughter and sister."

It was Mattie. The commotion—although much different from the one expected—came. Walter's relatives crowded about Mattie, kissed her, embraced her, and assured her that she had to expect nothing but love from

them, and they had barely subsided into a semblance of calmness, when Uncle Walter sighed audibly and said, "Well, confound you, Walter, I always did say that 'Still waters run deep.'"

II.—LOST.

Walter Miller's strict attention to business, his energy and capacity bore its fruits, and Meredick & Co. flourished like the proverbial green bay tree. Marriage did not change his character or that of his wife a particle, and all the world was surprised, if not disappointed, to know how happy they were. The young mother, indeed, appeared delighted when little Walter, just entering his fourth year, endeavored to set a staid example to his little sister Mattie, then only two, and the baby but a few months old.

When Walter's mother endeavored to explain to her daughter-in-law the peculiarities of Walter's character, the young wife interrupted by saying:

"Why, mamma, you do not understand how lovely and good a man my darling is."

And when her children did not require her attentions, she was the sprightly, brilliant, ever dashing little society woman that she had always been.

Early one afternoon Walter hurried home and informed his wife that on the following day he would sail for Central America. It seemed that a large jewelry house in San José de Costa Rica, that had until then enjoyed extensive credit, had suffered from the depreciation in the price of coffee, and was near bankruptcy. The interests of Meredick & Co. needed attention there, and he deemed it his duty, as junior partner, to set out at once and give the matter his personal attention.

Mattie's heart sank at the idea of a separation from her idolized husband, but she bore up bravely with the anticipation of his return within three months.

The eight days' waiting and watching that followed Walter's departure seemed interminable to all. At last, early on the ninth day, Mattie burst into her mother-in-law's room with a cablegram in her hand. It was from Walter, dated Colon, the day before, and read: "Arrived safely. Love to all. Particulars by mail."

"Was it not real sweet of my darling to telegraph so explicitly, and to think of every one of us?" said Mattie gayly, "for he says 'Love to all.'"

"Yes, darling," said the older Mrs. Miller; "but what is that?"

A braying, penetrating voice on the street below screamed: "Extree! Turribul accident on the Panama Railroad! Extree!"

In a trice the paper was secured. One paragraph of the report held them spell-bound, and the mother and wife clasped each other in despair. The dread words were:

"One corpse, horribly mangled. From similarity of garments in valise near it, and judging by photograph of family group found in trunk, it is undoubtedly the remains of Mr. Walter Miller, of the New York house of Meredick & Co. Documents seem to show that he was on his way to Costa Rica."

Several weeks later Walter's baggage and documents were returned to the saddened widow, who, after a prolonged illness, yet determined to live for the sake of her beloved husband's children.

Uncle Walter was the only one who dared read the crude notes that Walter had made on his voyage. He sighed sadly, and this time did not say that "Still waters run deep."

* * * * *

Good Sister Idelfonsa, of the order of St. Joseph, shook her head sadly when the surgeon asked her if any

marks of identification had been found on the body of the person whose crushed head and mangled limbs made it a subject of wonderment that he still lived and breathed.

"It is hardly worth while doing anything for him—he cannot last long," said the doctor.

"Oh, please, doctor, do try. Perhaps he may be revived if for no longer time than to prepare to go to God."

"Ah, well, if you wish it, Sor Idelfonsa," the doctor smiled; "but it seems hopeless, and then we need every inch of space in the hospital."

"Yes, but it is a human being," pleaded Sister Idelfonsa.

The stranger's wounds were dressed as well as the skill of the surgeon and the resources of the hospital would admit of, and then he was left to die or get well, as the saints and the fates might decree.

He must have had an extraordinary constitution, untainted by any vice or excess, for he not only did not succumb to his injuries and the intense heat, but eventually recovered—physically, at least.

Sister Idelfonsa noted his daily improvement with joy, and bestowed more care upon him than was given to the other sufferers by the collision, but she was chagrined to find that, though he started whenever a noise was made and followed her with his large intelligent eyes, he did not understand a word of any language that was spoken to him.

Soon he learned to feed himself, and one day, while doing so, dropped a spoon. He felt for it about his cot, but failed to reach it. Sister Idelfonsa found it and said, "Ya está hallado" (it is found).

The patient repeated "hallado," and thenceforth Sister Idelfonsa called him "Juan Hallado," to which name he soon learned to respond, and as such he was entered upon the hospital books.

Juan Hallado, though in appearance a man of thirty or thereabout, was mentally a child, a docile, pleasant boy, anxious to learn and to be taught. Within a year he could speak, and soon after read. He made many friends, and justified Sister Idelfonsa's good opinion of him by the eminent propriety of his conduct.

To all intents and purposes he became a Panamanian.

His friends observed that occasionally he would interrupt himself in a speech, even if it were a most energetic, vociferous bet at the Sunday cock-fight or bull-fight, or, after begging a light for his cigarette, by a sudden, vacant stare, a precipitate forgetfulness of himself and his surroundings; then he would shiver slightly and, for some time thereafter, be unable to recall what had occurred.

Another peculiarity was noted in him. Whenever he heard English spoken, which was not at all infrequently, he would look at the speaker yearningly, intently, as if the sound brought back memories of something far back in a dim, undefinable past.

Then his employer, Don Alejandro Arcibia y de los Valles, used to laugh at him and say:

"Don Juan, I'll bet you a *duro* that you are Inglés!" (An Englishman.)

"I do not know, Don Alejandro," Juan Hallado would then answer, "I do not think that I could ever learn any language but ours, yet there is something peculiar—something that attracts me in this harsh English tongue."

"I dare say that something attracts a fellow who is in love," laughed his employer, who had noted Juan's attentions to Encarnación, his pretty niece.

Juan had, while learning to read and write, become a sort of inferior employé at "La Tienda Mestiza" (variety store), as Mr. Arcibia's store was called, and had rapidly risen to a clerkship, more rapidly, in fact, than

was warrantable under the circumstances, unless it was through his steady attention to his duties, and, indeed, it was curious that he should advance, because in Panama a clerk must needs be quite a polyglot to be able to serve the many people of all nations who congregate there or pass through the old town on their way to and from California, Central and South America, even Europe and Asia.

Don Alejandro did not object to Juan's assuming the responsibilities that attached to the care of Señorita Encarnación, and it was hardly two years since his new birth in the hospital that one beautiful morning at early mass, before the young day had come, Juan Hallado became the husband of Encarnación Arcibia; and while Padre Raull extended his hands in benediction, the old cathedral bells, that are forever ringing, pealed forth a merry salutation to the happy married pair.

It was the following Noche Buena (Christmas night), and the deep-toned cathedral bells called all Panama to midnight mass. But neither Encarnación nor Juan were present at the solemn service. A little stranger had come to bind them more closely together. And yet Juan knew it not, for when Encarnación was taken ill he grew very much alarmed and excited, and finally fell into a violent convulsion. Then he slept heavily for some twenty hours. After that he was apparently well.

As family cares and responsibilities grew heavier the attacks became more frequent, and finally Juan was compelled to retire from business. He was an epileptic, and Encarnación sought advice far and wide in her husband's behalf.

One evening as they were taking their evening promenade on the "Bóvedas," that pretty boulevard that means so much of pleasure and merriment to those who walk upon it without a thought of the clanking chains and prison fare beneath, the military band that plays the "Retreta" (Taps), struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" in salutation to some United States naval officers, who had come to see the high life of Panama at its afternoon amusements of throwing foot-balls, flying kites and flirting.

Juan started, endeavored to control himself, clutched his wife's arm, and then fell in a fit.

"Válgame Dios!" (God help me), exclaimed poor Encarnación, as she endeavored to loose Juan's garments and gently control his violent motions to prevent his injuring himself.

"What is it?" asked one of the officers, peering over the crowd that assembled quickly.

"It is Señor Hallado having one of his terrible attacks," some one answered.

"Look at him, doctor," said the officer who had inquired.

The surgeon bent over the man whose violent clutchings and jerkings were subsiding into the usual sleep.

"Epilepsy from compression; yes," continued the surgeon after a brief examination, "here is the depression—evidently an old fracture of the skull."

"Curable?" asked the other officers.

"Probably," answered the surgeon.

Before he could say another word Encarnación grasped his hands and, kissing them, said:

"God and Saint John sent you, Señor Doctor. Cure him and you need never go to sea any more—I am rich."

"My good lady, I shall be only too glad to do my best for this gentleman, if my commander will give me a few days' leave."

"Certainly, doctor," said the other officer; "take all the time you wish."

The following day, when Juan awoke from his heavy sleep, he was informed of what had occurred, and gladly

consented to the operation that, while it was dangerous, might yet cure him of his terrible disease.

Had Juan known what the result would be he might have hesitated, and poor little Encarnación—well, her love was strong; it was that intense tropical love, passionately tender to the object of its affection and yet infinitely tyrannical to itself, capable at once of the deepest devotion and yet of the loftiest abnegation.

III.—THE SURGEON'S TEMPTATION.

Juan kissed his wife and son and courageously laid down on the table, hoping for relief and trusting in the skill of the surgeon.

The gentleman who was to perform the operation spoke enough of Spanish to explain to Juan that he intended to cut through his scalp to the bone, then to dissect up the soft tissue that covered the skull, and after that to drill out a circle of bone about the size of a dollar, leaving the membranes that cover the brain bare, but relieving the organ from the pressure that was brought upon it by the edges of the broken bones that had never been brought back to their original positions, and were consequently pressing upon the brain, a pressure increased by the deposit which Nature always throws about the fractured edges of bones.

When the pressure thus produced provokes epilepsy, in a large number of instances the disease is curable if the patient survives the operation, and it was with this idea that the surgeon proposed to relieve Juan.

The anæsthetic given Juan acted well, and the last twists of the trephine were made and the fragment of bone lifted out, the scalp neatly drawn back to its place, the head properly bandaged and the operation completed before the patient became conscious.

"Que tal?" (How are you?) asked the surgeon cheerfully.

The patient looked at him astonished.

"He has not recovered quite from the chloroform," said the surgeon to the assistant.

"Chloroform?" repeated the patient in English; "did I take chloroform? And who are you, sir?"

"Why, you speak *English!*" exclaimed the surgeon in astonishment.

"Certainly; I never spoke any other language; where is my wife?"

"Very curious," mused the doctor; "but I am anxious to see what he will say to her." With that he went to the door and called Mrs. Hallado in with, "Ya pueda entrar, Señora." (You may come in now, madam.)

All agitation and tears she flew to her husband's side, kissed him, and murmured:

"Bendito sea Dios, Juan de mi alma." (Blessed be God, my beloved John.)

Her husband did not recognize her, but said slowly in distinct English:

"Evidently I am still dreaming. I thought I had gone to Panama, on my way to Costa Rica; something about an accident, then something confused about Panama and marrying—so vivid, yet so odd—but where is my wife?"

"Juan, mi vida, no me conoces?" (My beloved John, do you not know me?) exclaimed Encarnación in anguish.

"I do not understand you, madam," said the patient.

The surgeon led poor little Encarnación from the room, after explaining that absolute quiet was necessary.

He came to see his patient daily, and could elicit nothing from him except that he wished to see his wife. Finally, more with a view to studying this most curious mental phenomenon than with a desire to obtain information, he asked:

"What is your name?"

"Walter Miller," answered the patient promptly; "Walter Miller, of Meredick & Co., 6,628 Broadway."

Medical men of necessity are practised in controlling their emotions. The surgeon must have received quite a shock to make him ask in an agitated manner:

"Are your parents alive?"

"Why, yes; but this is curious; yes, I must have been ill, because it was winter when I remember—and it is now very hot. And this room—am I in a hospital?"

"Answer my questions first—have you an uncle?" persisted the surgeon, as large drops of perspiration gathered on his brow.

"Yes, Uncle Walter; but why—?"

"Listen. You must answer me first. What are the names of your children?"

"My little boy is called after me, Walter, and little Mattie has her mother's name, and baby—why, what is the matter with you, sir—are you ill?"

"No, no;" the surgeon seemed to be about to choke; "no, it is nothing—the heat—is very intense." He breathed heavily in his attempt to recover his equanimity; but he failed. Then he arose and almost brusquely said:

"Mr. Miller, I must make another visit; until I return you must keep entirely quiet, must not endeavor to understand anything. My servant will answer no questions; he will simply continue to wait on you as he has done."

"But when shall I see my wife?"

"In—about—two—two weeks," said the doctor, as he hastily left the room.

Aimlessly he walked the streets for a while, mechanically returning the salutes that were offered him by his shipmates. Eventually he found himself—he knew not how—in the room he temporarily occupied in the Gran Hotel.

Very little power of observation, indeed, rests in the person who can pass through life without noting that violent emotions may often convert us from strong, vigorous persons into the weakest of mental wrecks. But such changes may occur in a few moments, and during that hour of weakness, wherein mental activity becomes subservient to physical impulses, rash deeds may be and often are done. Extraordinarily strong characters may withstand and overcome such impulses, wherein the muscles seem to act undirected by the mind, or the strong individuality of another mind may even work the cure.

Our surgeon sat for a long time, staring into vacancy. But for his breathing, he might well have been the image of a person condemned to death and awaiting execution. How long he sat thus he could never have told himself, but suddenly a look of determination flushed his pallid face; he arose and strode firmly to a table, upon which a case of instruments rested. He opened the case, took from it a sharp knife, tested its point on a little drum of gold-beater's skin, and put his left hand to the side of his neck where he felt the carotid artery beat.

"God forgive me," he muttered, as he raised his other hand.

The door was hastily torn open, and in rushed poor little Encarnación.

"Ay de mi, Señor Doctor; lo sé todo" (Pity me, doctor, I know all), she wept, as he caught her, falling at his feet.

Her uncle had told her that the doctor had on the previous day communicated to him his suspicions of Juan's true condition in life, and Don Alejandro had spent the day investigating the records of the case. With the doctor's explanation he had found that Juan Hallado was Walter Miller, and that now he could never be Juan Hallado again.

IV.—MATTIE.

The light of Mrs. Mathilda Miller's life had gone out in darkness and sorrow. She would gladly have succumbed after the loss of her husband had not her keen sense of duty impelled her to live for her children's sake.

Little Walter, under his mother's care, grew to be very much like his father, while little Mattie, two years younger, was a sprightly little girl, full of fun, and with a spirit of adventure that often disconcerted her grave "big brother," who took such affectionate and good care of his five-year-old sister.

One fine morning he was about to conduct her into the house, when she, mischievous sprite that she was, knowing that she would alarm him, slipped her hand from his and darted across the street. Walter called her back, and as she was returning a frantic horse, dragging a cart, dashed toward her. Walter leaped into the street and grasped his little sister, but a moment later he was knocked down by the furious animal, and in some inexplicable manner entangled in the front wheel. Mattie dropped from his arms uninjured, but Walter was dragged on to what would have been a certain death had not a gentleman, at the risk of his life, run forward, caught the horse, stopped it, and then confiding the care of the animal to some one in the crowd that quickly assembled, extricated the boy from the wheels and gently took him in his arms.

There was no need of asking for the boy's residence; a ghastly pale woman in widow's garb stood at an open window, her every lineament sharply drawn in unspoken anguish. Other women might well be horrified who witnessed such an occurrence, but only a mother could view it thus.

The gentleman quickly carried the boy into the house, and the brave little fellow said when he saw his mother, "Don't be frightened, mamma, dear, I am not much hurt."

"Oh, Walter, my darling," she sobbed.

The gentleman who had saved him, after a few encouraging words, asked where there was a bed for the boy, and when he was placed upon it, quickly cut his clothing from him, and with such appliances as were at hand improvised temporary bandages for the broken leg and arm. Then in a tone that was all gentleness he asked Mrs. Miller to send for her physician.

"Are you not a surgeon?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, but—"

"May I have your card?"

"Certainly, madam," he answered, complying with her request. It was inscribed: "Guy Harrington, U. S. N."

"Doctor Harrington? Why, yes, Doctor, you are our neighbor; our family physician, Professor Draden, told me so yesterday, little thinking that when he recommended me to send for you in case surgical services were required, that you would be needed so soon. You know Professor Draden is not a surgeon and—oh, Doctor, save my boy, will you not?"

"Under the circumstances it will not be a breach of professional etiquette to do all that lies in my power," answered Dr. Harrington.

Professor Draden was summoned and assisted Dr. Harrington in applying the permanent dressing, the latter remaining in charge of the case.

During the following six weeks Dr. Harrington was a daily visitor at Mrs. Miller's house, and being on "waiting orders," he had but little other occupation than the professional care of Walter, who progressed admirably.

Every surgeon knows that under ordinary circumstances simple fractures of the femur and humerus require but little attention after the patient is able to sit

up, but in this instance the circumstances were not ordinary; the fact was that the patient had a mother, a very pretty little widow, whose mourning, though perennial, was unobtrusive. She lived for her children; and as she endeavored to be both mother and father to them, she oft-times needed to appear gay as she sang and played with them, and guided their education, so as to make it more of a pleasure than a task.

Dr. Harrington loved children; what, then, more natural than that he should become a devoted friend to the fatherless little ones, who soon learned to consider him an essential element in all their enjoyments. What wonder, then, that he continued his visits long after his attention as a surgeon ceased to be necessary?

One evening the doctor sat with young Mrs. Miller, watching the children at play. Walter had just ceased to use his crutch, and smiled at the little ones as they played at "restaurant," he being the sedate diner at a little table and they the waiters, serving him with prodigious imaginary meals on bits of paper, that for the nonce represented plates and dishes.

"Collecting your bill, doctor?" asked Uncle Walter, entering suddenly.

Mrs. Miller looked a trifle annoyed at what must have appeared an indelicate remark to the doctor, but he blushed and stammered:

"Why, Mr. Miller, I do not understand."

Uncle Walter assumed his most humorous look, and was about to speak, when little Mattie exclaimed shrilly:

"I know what you're going to say—'Still waters run deep.'"

"Oh, you little minx—you must give me a kiss for that," laughed Uncle Walter. His forfeit obtained after a struggle, and then repeated voluntarily by the child, Uncle Walter again turned to the doctor and asked banteringly:

"Now, really, did you not know what I meant when I asked if you were collecting your bill?"

"No, I did not understand your meaning," and he appeared not at all anxious for an explanation.

However, Uncle Walter was not to be deterred, and the doctor covered his annoyance as best he could when Uncle Walter began: "Well, I'll tell you. You see, Mattie and doctor, a gentleman had been ill, and after his recovery the physician sent his account for so many visits. The former patient wrote a note to the physician, saying that the account was correct, the forty-two visits had been made, and that—"

"He would make the doctor forty-two visits, too—chestnuts!" laughed little Mattie, who had been an attentive listener, awaiting the opportunity to anticipate his usual oft-repeated sayings and anecdotes.

"Oh, you little witch," said Uncle Walter, "I'll have two kisses for that."

The noise made in the child's pretended avoidance of her great-uncle and his final victory was quite a relief to the doctor, who had expected a very different explanation of Uncle Walter's salutation.

Several days later Dr. Harrington hurried to his fair neighbor's house, carrying a large envelope.

"So early to-day, doctor; what is the news?" the widow greeted him cheerily.

"That I've received orders to sail to-morrow," said the doctor, as he looked at her searchingly.

"To-morrow—" her eyes filled with tears, a fact that, contradictory as it may seem, delighted him. "But, doctor, what shall we do without you? We shall miss you very much."

"And I, too, shall miss—all of you very much; but you know that there is a revolution now on the Isthmus, and I am glad that our Government has at last made up

its mind to protect American property and American lives in other lands."

"Will there be war?" asked the widow, in a tone that clearly showed her solicitude for the doctor. "And will you be in it?"

"Certainly, and I know I shall come back safe and sound, especially—"

"Oh, doctor, why do you expose your life going to sea and to terrible countries, where severe diseases and revolutions will meet you at every step, while your skill would certainly soon secure you a living ashore? Why do you not resign from the service?"

"I cannot now, when I am ordered to duty," he said manfully. But when he saw how sad his words made her, he added, in tones that did not conceal his anxiety:

"But when I return I will resign, if you wish it, Mattie."

Her eyes opened wide as if in fear, but she did not attempt to free her hands from his grasp. She drew him to a sofa and sat near him, then taking his hand as a sister might, she said, slowly and sadly:

"Doctor, if I could ever think of marrying again, I know you would make me happy, but my love is with my husband, of whose death I can never be convinced."

"But, my dear friend," said the doctor, "how can you believe otherwise?"

"Yes, all evidence came," she answered, "even the lock of hair our thoughtful consul cut from his dear head. I could not mistake that; true, it was precisely the color of Walter's hair, but his was a little finer and curled a little more. I have told mother this and the others, too, but some assure me that I am mistaken, and others say that after death the hair loses some of its curl and becomes apparently coarser. Is that not a mistake?"

"Yes," the doctor responded; "but there is no doubt, there can be no doubt of his death."

"We women do not reason, doctor, and I cannot but remain firm in the belief, perhaps born of hope, that my Walter will return some day."

He was silent for a moment and then spoke pleadingly:

"What if I should bring you unquestionable evidence that your husband was buried in Panama, may I then hope, Mattie?"

"I do not know. My love is with my husband, all, all of it! But, doctor, I esteem you as a brother—"

"Do not say that, Mattie, say a friend."

"I will say my very dearest friend," she murmured. He endeavored to kiss her hand, but she drew it away and ran hastily into another room.

The following day the Saskatchewan sailed, and she had been at sea but four days when news was brought that the revolution on the Isthmus was over, and that the Secretary of the Navy had cabled to the commander of the men-of-war to await further instructions in the Bay of Aspinwall.

V.—UNCLE WALTER'S STRATEGY.

Some four weeks after Dr. Harrington left New York, Uncle Walter walked into the room of his nephew's widow, and attracted her attention at once by his important bearing.

"What is it, uncle?" she asked, imagining that he was going to tell her that his favorite horse had won another race.

"Sit down, my dear, and listen attentively." He said it gravely, as if he was about to ask her advice on a most important undertaking.

"You have observed," he proceeded, "that Priscilla's health is failing."

"Yes, uncle."

"Mattie," said he suddenly, "can you bear what I am going to tell you?"

She stared at him as he fidgeted about violently, and then, as if in hysterics, almost screamed:

"Mattie, can't you guess it; don't you know that our Walter is well and coming home?"

She looked at him imagining that he had gone mad, as he threw his arms about her and wept with joy.

"Control yourself, Mattie," he sobbed; "remember the children, remember Walter's parents; control yourself, dear; oh God bless Dr. Harrington!"

"Uncle—uncle—see, I am calm; uncle, are you dreaming?"

"No, my love, look at this," and he handed her a cablegram which read:

"Walter Miller, Sr., New York: Nephew not killed at accident four years ago. Somebody else's mangled body mistaken for his and buried in his stead. Compression of brain caused him to forget who he was. Operation two weeks ago returned his memory. He sails for New York to-day. Prepare his wife cautiously. Congratulations. HARRINGTON."

The letters danced before her eyes, but exerting all of her will-power she read the missive through. Then she said as if in a dream, "God bless Doctor—"

Her joy was too great. She fell fainting at Uncle Walter's feet.

"Help, help!" he screamed. "Priscilla, John, help! I have killed Mattie; help!"

His loud tones called the family together in alarm.

"What is the matter, Walter?" asked his brother.

Uncle Walter could utter but a few inarticulate sounds and point to Mattie, who lay unconscious before him.

"Walter, what have you done? Speak man," said John Miller in anguish, as he grasped his brother and shook him, "speak."

"John," gasped Uncle Walter, "tell Priscilla—"

"Yes," stammered John, "there she is; tell quickly—"

"Priscilla," Uncle Walter seemed to choke, "Priscilla—control yourself—m—m—Priscilla"—he stopped as all looked at him aghast—"Priscilla," he screamed again, "'Still waters run deep!'"

But no further explanation was needed, for Mattie, opening her eyes with a sigh, that changed into a great gulp of gladness, threw her arm about Mrs. Miller's neck and drew her face close to hers.

"Thank God, mother dear," she whispered.

"John, father, don't you hear what she says? John, come here; kiss our darling girl. Thank God! our Walter has been found."

Uncle Walter sank into a large chair, quite limp and exhausted. All the family congregated in the room, and when it became Uncle Walter's turn to share the kisses of joy which that rejoicing family showered upon each other, he muttered:

"Well, I always said that 'Still waters run deep.'"

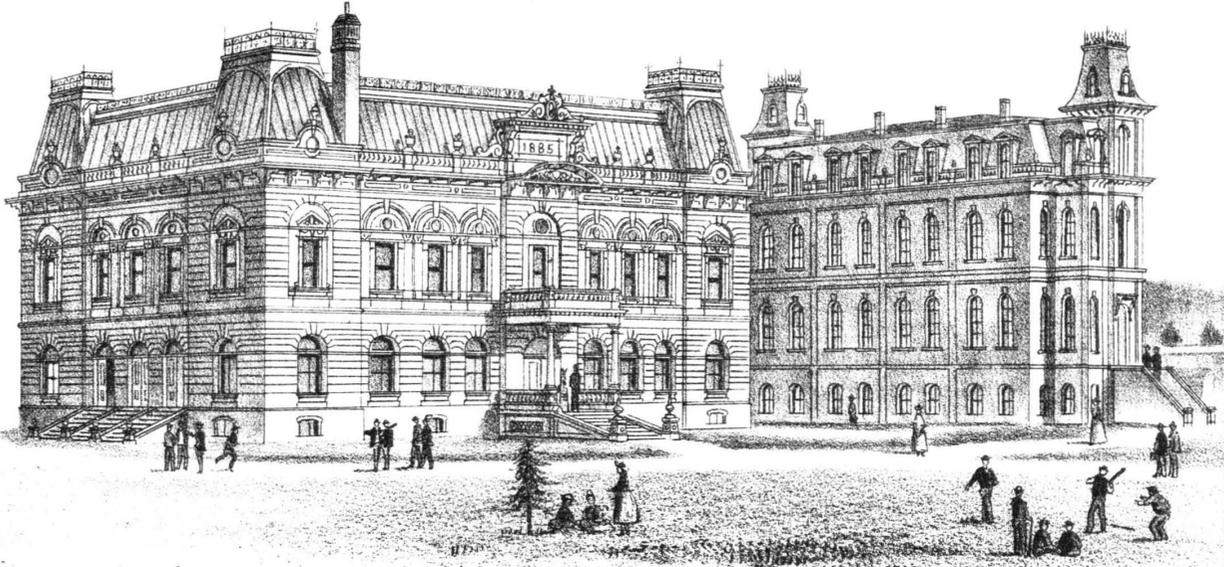
* * * * *

PANAMA, U. S. of Colombia, Dec. 14.

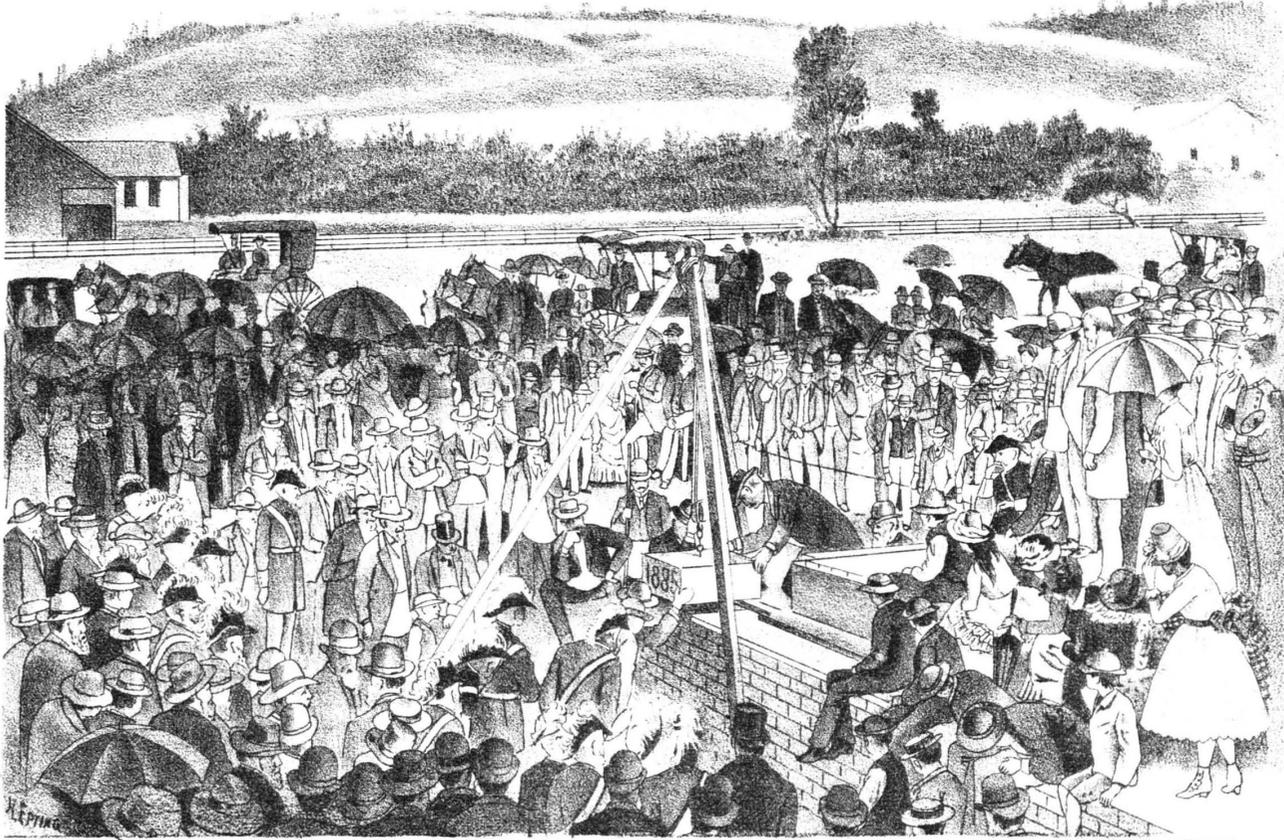
My Dear Walter: After your little ones have gone to bed on Christmas Eve, and you sit with your wife and the other dear ones, breathing the air still redolent with the exhalations of the cedar that here and there was touched by the flames of little candles, then turn your thoughts to me. Read this on Christmas Eve, and, if you will, read it aloud, first giving one and all my most sincere good wishes for many a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

I dare say that I shall write you a very long letter, for I have much to say, and I know that you will be glad to hear from me, *in extenso*, for the first time in these five years.

THE WEST SHORE.



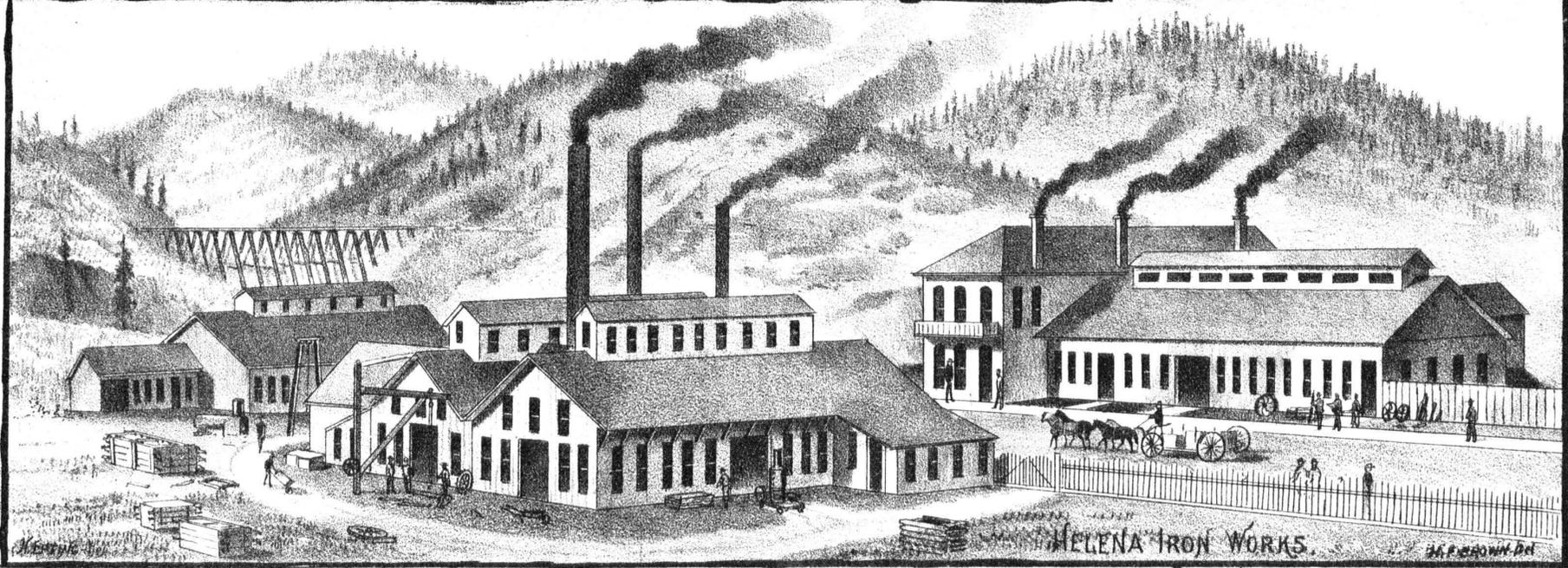
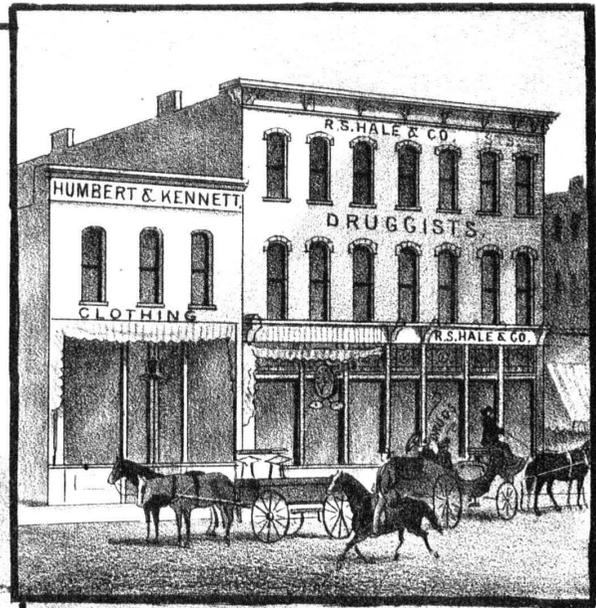
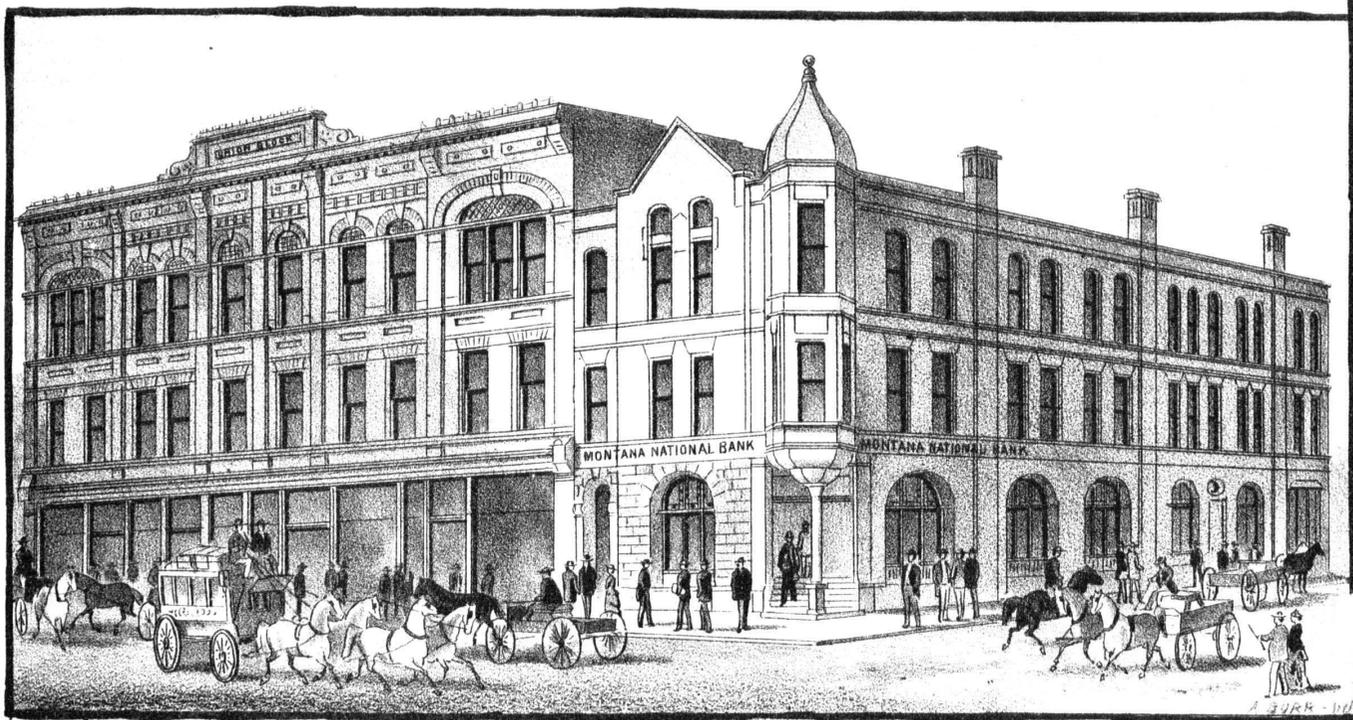
THE NEW BUILDING.



LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

PHOTO BY C. L. WINTER

THE WEST SHORE.



HELENA, MONTANA.

First, my dear Walter, I must make you a confession. When Juan Hallado died in you and Walter Miller was born again, your first few words told me that I must give up all hope for what then seemed the only possible happiness for me on earth. I was first a coward, and would have killed myself had not one, in greater anguish than even I, come in to save me. Juan Hallado's wife rushed to me for help in her hour of need. Then fiendish thoughts pursued me. The opening in your skull my trephine had made was filled in only by a pliable cartilaginous substance. In bandaging your head, as I had to do daily, I could easily have introduced a pad or wad over the healing wound, and so trained the newly-forming bone that it would have projected *into* your skull and pressed upon your brain, as the old callous had done. Walter Miller would have probably died—Juan Hallado come to life again.

One day, Walter—I *must* tell you—I partially yielded to the temptation, and pressed my finger upon the healing tissues. You at once became unconscious, and when the fiend within me urged a further pressure, you opened your eyes and said "Encarnación," with all of that pretty musical inflection that only those who are born to the Spanish language can give it.

She, poor thing, trembled and wept, and prayed aloud. But she did not pray for the restoration of her husband; she prayed that God might let Walter Miller live to be well and happy with his loved ones in his own country.

That poor woman's loving sacrifice of self did for me what all my sense of duty, honor and professional self-sacrifice could not do. It made a man of me as far as you were concerned.

When I bade you farewell in Aspinwall I wished I might die. I certainly had not the courage to return home, and to prevent my giving way to any weakness I resigned from the service, as you know, and established myself here. As far as practice was concerned I had nothing more to desire—fortunately I at once became very busy.

Encarnación and her child whom you, Walter Miller, never knew nor even now remember, took up her heavy cross with patient gentleness. As you charged me to care for her and to deliver to her the very liberal sums of money you sent by each mail, I quite naturally sought to lighten my own grief in assuaging hers.

You see, Walter, I can now speak of the matter calmly, so calmly, indeed, that I shall shortly write up my notes of that most curious case for one of the medical journals. By the way, that reminds me that I never could discover who it was that occupies your grave. The stone placed over it by your wife's orders was removed as soon as we succeeded in making the matter clear to the authorities.

Your letter in which you tell me how dear, good Mattie, as she insists I must call her, received the explanation of Walter Miller's death and Juan Hallado's marriage, has never been answered. I could not summon the courage requisite hitherto, but now I can say that she is a brave, sensible little woman. *You* never forgot your troth to her, and can never be held responsible for any acts while you were Juan Hallado.

When you announced to me the birth of little Guy, I—well, yes, I wept. My grief was bitter and deep, but it is all over now. Yes, happily for you and me—and for Mattie, too, although I once hoped differently.

And here I have written an immense letter, and yet not told the most important thing of all. It is this: I do not wish you to send any more money for Encarnación and Juanito, because last night la Viuda de Hallado promised to become the wife of your friend,

GUY HARRINGTON.

P. S.—Tell uncle that "Still waters run deep."

NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

The old Pyrenees gold mine, near Cable, Montana, has been purchased by a Scotch company. The old mill of five stamps will be remodeled into a new and complete twenty-stamp mill.

A new town site has been recorded in Yakima County, Washington Territory. It lies at the junction of the Yakima and Teanaway. It embraces a quarter section, which has been platted into some five hundred lots.

When, some years ago, the Government engineers abandoned the effort to open the Umpqua to navigation between Scottsburg and Roseburg, there remained an unexpended balance in the fund of \$4,685. At the solicitation of Congressman Hermann this balance has been made available for improving the river below Scottsburg, the only portion which can be rendered permanently navigable, and the much-needed work on the channel from that point to Gardiner will soon be commenced.

The capacity of the immense smelters at Anaconda, illustrated in the last number of THE WEST SHORE, will soon be doubled. Another concentrator, equal in size to the present mammoth one, will be constructed, also a building containing ten new calciners. The works will then be perfectly balanced, containing two concentrators of 600 tons capacity each, twenty-six matting furnaces and thirty-six calciners, giving a total daily capacity of 1,200 tons of ore. The mine and machinery are in good condition for supplying this amount to the smelters. This is good news for Anaconda and Butte.

About a year ago mention was made of an extensive body of marble near Fort Spokane, W. T. Specimen pieces have been sent to marble workers in the East and have been pronounced of an excellent quality. It is easily worked and susceptible of a high polish. In color it varies from pure white to orange and gray. With the exception of a small quantity of inferior marble found in California none is quarried on the Pacific Coast. There is, apparently, much value in these ledges, whose cropings are said to cover the whole side of a mountain. The discovery of a number of large ledges on the Big Hole River, Montana, has recently been made. The marble is of great density, both white and mottled, and some of the veins are eighty feet in width.

A shipment of twenty Montana horses to England has been made by S. H. Truman, the great horseman of Bushnell, Ill. They were a portion of a lot of 150 sent to him from the Territory. Mr. Truman expresses the opinion that Montana is the best horse breeding district he has ever seen, producing animals with strong constitutions, good feet and great lung power. This is the first shipment of Montana horses to England, and marks the beginning of what may develop into a good business. The best character of sires and brood mares are being placed on the ranges of the Northwest, and a most profitable industry may be expected to develop itself. In case of a great war in any portion of the world such horses as these ranges will produce will be in great demand.

The oyster beds in Shoalwater Bay are in as good condition this season as at any time since their first discovery. A few years ago they were so depleted by some epidemic that the business was thought to be ruined, but from that time on they increased in quantity until now they are again in most excellent condition. Fully one hundred thousand baskets have been transplanted the present season from the breeding to the fattening grounds. Many efforts have been made to propagate the large oysters of the Atlantic, but without success. When trans-

planted here they thrive and grow fat, but do not reproduce. Eastern bivalves that have been in the bay for ten years are fat and in good condition, but none of them have bred. The reason is not known, though the fact has been learned at much cost to experimenters.

The recent discovery of large deposits of decomposed bedrock, containing gold in large quantities, near the town of Malheur, in Baker County, Oregon, has greatly excited the people of that section, and they are all confident that the discoveries are genuine and lasting. There are hundreds of tons of the mineral in sight. The parties who own the recent discoveries are pushing the work of development as rapidly as possible, and the further they sink on them the richer and more extensive they become. They have prospected the ground for over an acre in area and find the same deposit everywhere. With a common hand mortar they crush the ore, and after panning out find coarse gold in greater or less quantities. It is the intention of the owners to thoroughly prospect them, and at an early day to introduce a process for their working on a large scale.

Many new discoveries have been reported in the new mining district of Pine Creek, Oregon. There is considerable dispute as to the quality and permanence of the ledges, a question which must, of course, be finally settled by actual development of them. One thing is certain—large quantities of sample rock have been sent to Omaha and have yielded wonderfully rich returns in the mills. So little work has been done that these samples are not open to the charge of being selected from a great quantity of rock. The Whitman has been bonded for ninety days to C. Neuner, of Louisville, Ky., for \$40,000, and the Tiger and Companion for \$30,000. A contract has been let for sinking on these locations at \$15 per foot, and work is progressing rapidly. Numerous other claims are being vigorously prospected, and in a few weeks the character of these ledges will be better known. Roads are being constructed to Cornucopia, the camp of the new district, both from Baker City and Grande Ronde Valley, and should an extensive mining district be developed the farmers of those sections will find a new and good market for their products.

The Province of British Columbia is being examined thoroughly by a mining and civil engineer for the purpose of learning the extent and value of its minerals. For this purpose the Dominion and Provincial governments have each appropriated \$2,500. The work is progressing under the direction of Mr. Amos Bowman, of the Dominion Geological Survey. Mr. Bowman will examine the various mining districts in Cariboo. The design is to map out the placer mines where worked and denote them on a map, with amounts of gold taken out, and also to locate and determine the extent and worth of quartz ledges. The direction and extent of the gravel formations will be gathered, and every information that will be of use in mining will be clearly shown in map form. Districts that have been worked will be mainly followed. The benches of the Fraser will also be examined. These were undoubtedly a lake country and extend into the mountains to gravel deposits, some of which contain gold, while others do not. Another feature that will be demonstrated, it is thought, is that the rich mineral deposits which prevail south also exist in the districts of the Province and northward to Alaska. Of course, this will all have to be determined afterwards by the prospector. The age of the gravel deposits will also be determined, whether tertiary, glacial, volcanic or a later period, and it will be shown when and how these deposits were placed in Cariboo. The reports will be printed and

given to the public as quickly as made, and the means at the disposal of the survey are such that this can be readily done.

In Southeastern Oregon, especially in Grant, Lake and Klamath counties, large tracts of the best agricultural land are held by speculators who have taken possession under the provisions of the Swamp and Overflowed Land Act. They have never been able to secure title, but have succeeded in keeping possession, chiefly for stock purposes, and warding off all attempts at settlement of the question. In a recent decision upon claims of that character in California, Secretary Lamar says: "A careful consideration of all the evidence shows that the said tract is subject to periodical overflows in the winter or spring months, but the overflow subsides so as not to render the land unfit for cultivation by reason of the overflow. The land, therefore, is not swamp and overflowed land within the meaning of the Swamp Land Act, and the claim of the State must be rejected." All swamp land which requires draining to render it valuable was granted to the State by Congress. Speculators have seized upon it, including many thousands of acres which the periodical overflow, instead of injuring, renders valuable for agriculture and dairying. This State has received practically no benefit from this donation, and would lose little and gain much if the California decision should so far apply to Oregon as to return to the public domain these valuable tracts and open them to settlement under the general land laws. In Harney Valley, especially, is much of this land to be found, the best in the valley, which, were it open to settlement, would attract thousands of immigrants.

The Treadwell quartz mill, on Douglas Island, Alaska, which was completed and put into operation about the middle of June, is an establishment of considerable proportions. The main building is 144 feet long by 116 feet in width, and 71 feet to the apex of the roof from the lower floor. The flat on which the stamps (120 in number) are operated is 40 feet above the foundation. Three hundred to 350 tons of rock are crushed daily. During the first twenty-two days' run nearly \$100,000 of gold were cleaned up. This was what is called the free milling portion of the product. The ore carries from 3 to 4 per cent. of sulphurets, which will be subjected to chlorination. Chlorination works have been erected, with two revolving furnaces of the most approved description, by which, from tests already made, an average of \$100 to the ton is expected to be realized; from this source alone at least \$1,000 per day is anticipated. Had the sulphurets which were saved during the first month's run been worked the shipment of gold bars would have been increased by many thousands of dollars. In addition to these works the company have in operation a saw mill capable of cutting 100,000 feet of lumber per day. The motive power which drives the quartz mill is supplied by water which has a head or pressure of 400 feet, and is carried to the wheel by iron pipes of great strength. In the mine and about the works there are over 200 men employed, being a mixture of white men, Indians and Chinamen. It is a safe statement to make that, for general convenience and the opportunities of mining and reducing the ore, the Treadwell mine has no equal on this continent, as it is erected within 300 feet of ocean navigation, and distant from the face of the mine, say, 300 feet more. It is proposed to run the ore to the mill by a cable railroad, which will be extended along the tunnel. The vein or lead has been proved to be payably productive for at least 300 to 350 feet in width, and the body of ore above the tunnel about 400 feet high, so that there are in sight many millions of tons of milling rock.

SUPERIORITY OF NORTHWESTERN RANGES.

IN his report Joseph Nimmo, Jr., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, who has made a special study of the cattle question, explains why Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington have a better climate for stock grazing than other range districts further east and south. In addition to the fact that the ranges of this region are covered with the celebrated bunch grass, which dries on the roots and remains nutritious throughout the winter, giving a natural and unfailing food supply, the climatic conditions are highly favorable, enabling the cattle to obtain both food and drink easily, as is thus explained by Mr. Nimmo:

The characteristics of the range and ranch cattle area, with respect to temperature during the different seasons of the year, are very clearly exhibited in the census temperature charts, and also in the annual reports of the Chief Signal Officer of the War Department. The isothermal lines indicate approximately the relative severity of the winter season in various parts of the range and cattle area. It will be observed that these isotherms pay little heed to parallels of latitude. For example: The January isotherm of 30 degrees sweeps in an apparently fantastic course through 14 degrees of latitude, equal to 967 statute miles, between Washington Territory and New Mexico. Such wide departures of the isothermal lines from the parallels of latitude are due mainly to the hypsometric characteristics of the continent, and especially to its orological features.

It will be observed that the point of lowest January temperature along the northern boundary line of the United States is about where that line is crossed by the Red River of the North, the boundary between the State of Minnesota and the Territory of Dakota. It will also be observed that the mean January temperature rises from a little below zero at that point to 20 degrees above zero in the northern part of the Territory of Idaho, and to 30 degrees above zero where the boundary line between Washington Territory and British Columbia touches Puget Sound.

The northwest winds which during the winter months blow over Montana, Wyoming, and which also sometimes reach Western Dakota and Nebraska and Northern Colorado, are comparatively warm winds, and evidently come from the Pacific Ocean. They are commonly known as Chinook winds. During certain seasons these winds have been so warm and so long continued as to melt the snows and to break up the ice in the Upper Missouri River and its principal tributaries. As the swelling waters, filled with broken masses of ice, flow onward, they at length reach a point in Dakota or Nebraska where the effect of the Chinook winds has not been felt, and where the Missouri River is solidly frozen. This, in certain instances, has caused widespread and damaging overflows.

It has been found that cattle do not suffer much from the severity of the temperature of the northern ranges so long as they are able to obtain an abundance of nutritious food. This is always the case when the winter

snows are light, or when they are blown off the high lands.

The storms most disastrous to cattle are usually those which occur in the latter part of the winter or early spring, and when, after a rainfall, the grasses and shrubbery become covered with ice, and for several days the cattle are almost entirely cut off from their feed supply. Losses from the severity of the weather occur in every State and Territory from Texas to Montana. Sometimes it happens, as has been the case during the past winter, that the losses from the severity of the weather have been even greater in Texas than in Montana. Range cattle usually have heavy coats of hair which, when saturated with rain and frozen, cause their sufferings to be much greater than when exposed to extremely cold but dry weather. The regions where losses on account of the weather are least are generally those where the cattle are best able to obtain sufficient food, and where they can readily find natural sheltering places from the violence of the winds.

GOVERNMENT LANDS DISPOSED OF.

THE following statement shows the number of acres of Government land in Oregon and Washington disposed of during the eleven years from 1873 to 1883 inclusive. It embraces all the land disposed of under all the national land laws, including selections by railroads and the State and Territorial governments:

	Oregon.	W. T.	Total.
1873.....	209,809	124,735—	334,544
1874.....	168,503	87,823—	256,326
1875.....	184,378	86,203—	270,581
1876.....	149,445	97,766—	247,211
1877.....	144,827	100,849—	245,676
1878.....	180,411	229,865—	410,276
1879.....	121,073	251,181—	372,254
1880.....	240,619	421,521—	662,140
1881.....	313,326	419,237—	732,563
1882.....	309,548	449,389—	758,937
1883.....	504,844	764,448—	1,269,292
Total.....	2,527,276	3,028,017—	5,555,293

THERE are exempted by the laws of Montana to the citizens thereof, free from sale or levy on execution, a homestead consisting of any quantity of land not exceeding 160 acres, used for agricultural purposes, and the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances; or instead thereof, at the option of the owner, a quantity of land not exceeding in amount one-fourth of an acre, being within a town plat, city or village, and the dwelling house thereon and its appurtenances, owned and occupied by any resident of the Territory; provided such homestead shall not exceed in value the sum of \$2,500; also all wearing apparel, one sewing machine, household and kitchen furniture, provisions and fuel, two cows with their calves, two swine, fifty chickens, the personal earnings of a judgment debtor for thirty days preceding the levy of execution, farming implements, mechanics' tools, library and instruments of professional men, and the dwellings, tools and machinery of miners. The property of widows and orphans, of any description not exceeding \$1,000, is exempt from taxation.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS.

August.

- 2—\$30,000 fire in Bullion, Idaho.
- 3—Terrific cyclone in Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; much damage in Philadelphia... \$1,000,000 fire in Toronto, Canada.
- 5—First cargo of tea to Puget Sound reached the custom house at Port Townsend.
- 8—\$10,000 fire in Alkali, Or.... \$30,000 fire in Walla Walla, W. T.... Funeral obsequies of General U. S. Grant in New York.
- 10—James W. Marshall, discoverer of gold in California January 19, 1848, died at Coloma, Cal.
- 12—Cyclone and cloud burst in New York kill several people and do much damage.
- 14—\$2,500 fire in Butte, Montana.... \$28,000 fire in Walla Walla, W. T.
- 15—Rebels defeat Government troops at Canta, Peru.
- 17—Steamer *Fulton* wrecked by dynamite in Philadelphia; 16 injured.
- 20—Ship *Huddingtonshire* wrecked off Point Reyes, Cal.; 18 lives lost.

The Cosmopolitan Hotel, Helena, has again been taken in hand by its former proprietors, Messrs. Schwab & Zimmerman, who made it the leading hotel in Montana. They set a table which is universally acknowledged by the traveling public to be unexcelled. Under their management it will maintain its rank and increase its popularity.

The largest wholesale and retail dealers in clothing and gents' furnishing goods in Montana are Messrs. Gans & Klein, Helena. The trade of this house extends throughout the whole Territory, and to better cater to its numerous customers branch houses are maintained at Butte and Benton. The firm enjoys a widespread popularity for reliability and quality of goods handled.

The San Francisco Bakery at Helena is the oldest in Montana, and is owned by M. Reinig, who also does a general grocery business. Mr. Reinig occupies a stone and brick building, 55x100 feet, protected from fire by an iron awning. Twice this building and the exertions of its owner and employes has preserved that portion of the city lying east of it from destruction. Mr. Reinig is a pioneer and a business man of ability and integrity.

The popular druggists of Montana are R. S. Hale & Co., located on Main street, Helena. They do both a wholesale and retail business, extending over a large portion of the Territory. The store is elegantly fitted up and contains an enormous stock of drugs, sundries, assay goods, oils, etc., etc. This house is a pioneer of 1863, and that it retains the favor of the citizens after twenty-two years of business is the best recommendation it could receive.

Messrs. Sands Brothers, Helena, Montana, are wholesale and retail dealers in dry goods, carpets, house furnishing and decorating goods, ladies' and children's cloaks and suits, etc. This is one of the oldest and most substantial houses in the Territory, enjoying a trade reaching to great distances in all directions. Careful management and honorable dealing have placed it in the front rank of popularity and volume of trade. Sands & Boyce, Butte, are a branch of this house.

One of the most attractive places in Victoria is the Japanese Bazaar of Charles Gabriel & Co., on Government street. It is a museum of Japanese art, and contains a wonderfully complete collection of curios of all kinds, wooden ware, bronze ware, lacquered goods, silks, jewelry, handkerchiefs, fans, and all the varied assortment that one could hope to find in a bazaar of that wonderful island empire. These goods are desirable both as ornaments and curios, as well as for their utility, and are sold cheaper in proportion to their intrinsic value than other articles used for a similar purpose.

T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent of the Royal Route, has given another evidence of that enterprise and intelligent perception of the desires of the public which has made that favorite route a popular one with travelers. He has issued a neatly printed and illustrated pamphlet giving a sketch of the life and deeds of General Grant. The title page reads: "General Grant, the Nation's Hero: Sketches of His Life from West Point to Mount McGregor. Presented by Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway, the Royal Route." On the back is an excellent map of that popular route.

The third annual catalogue of the Oregon State Normal School at Monmouth contains 35 closely printed pages of information concerning the Normal School and its relation to educational work in general, with a good view of the buildings. The faculty remains the same as in the preceding years, except that Miss Kachei Loughary becomes Principal of the Mod 1 Primary School. There are seven professors and teachers. There were 302 students the past year and 17 candidates for graduation in the different departments. The Normal graduates receive diplomas from the State authorizing them to teach in any public school in the State without further examination. Catalogues and full information will be furnished free on application to President D. T. Stanley, Monmouth, Oregon.

"Karan Kringle's Journal," by Miss Karan Kringle, of Klodsville, Ohio, is a new book in press and to be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., and it is one of the brightest, cleverest and most comical of recent humorous romances. There is a hearty laugh on every page, and the drollery is, here and there, mixed with pathos and sensation, several highly interesting love episodes being introduced. Karan is an old maid, but genial, good-hearted and shrewd. She receives a legacy, whereupon she becomes prominent, and goes through a series of the most ludicrous adventures and experiences possible to imagine. Everybody should read this capital work, and all who do will be both highly amused and thoroughly entertained. The book is copiously illustrated with twenty-one handsome engravings, printed on tinted paper, depicting some of the most comical episodes, which add greatly to its attractiveness. It will be published in a large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, price \$1.50, and its popularity will no doubt be as great and as lasting as that of "Major Jones's Courtship," and "Major Jones's Travels," written by Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

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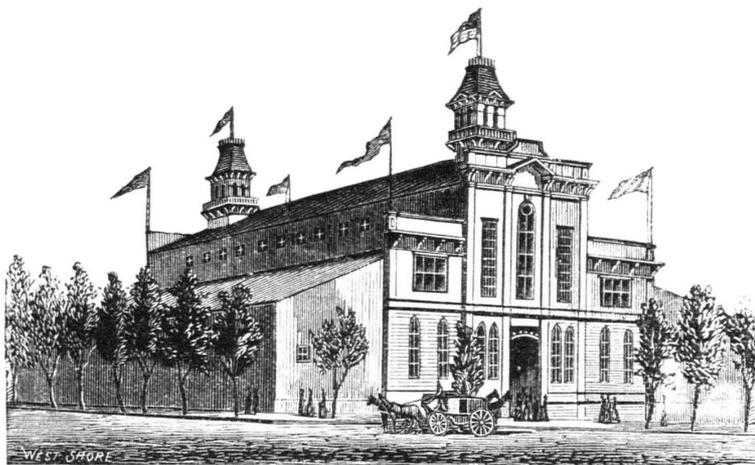
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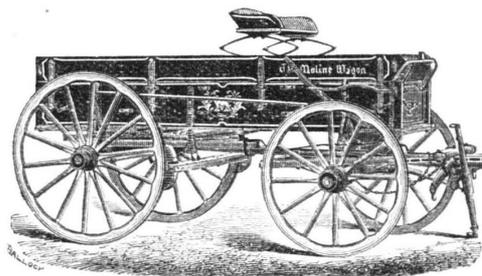
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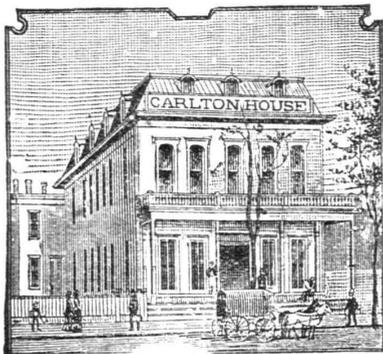


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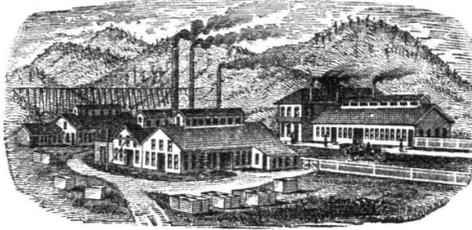
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State.....	Sept. 10	Columbia.....	Sept. 13
Oregon.....	Sept. 14	State.....	Sept. 17
Columbia.....	Sept. 18	Oregon.....	Sept. 21
State.....	Sept. 22	Columbia.....	Sept. 25
Oregon.....	Sept. 26	State.....	Sept. 29
Columbia.....	Sept. 30	Oregon.....	Oct. 3

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Dayton, Or.....						
Corvallis.....				6 00		
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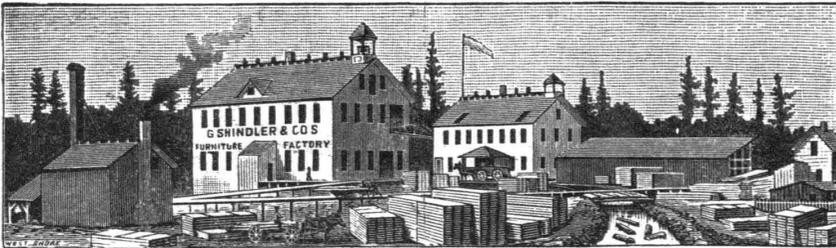
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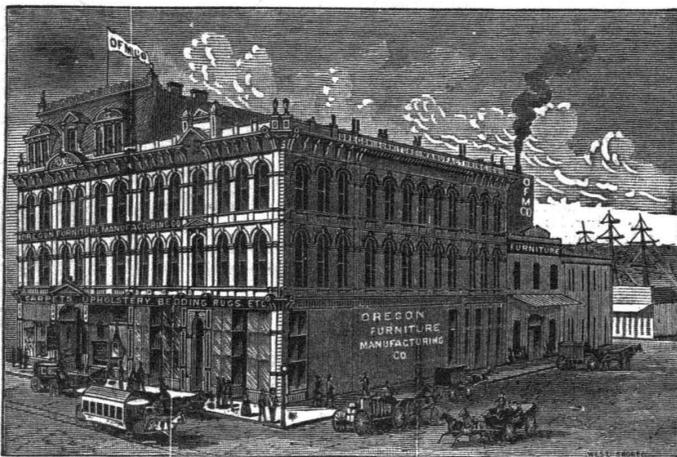
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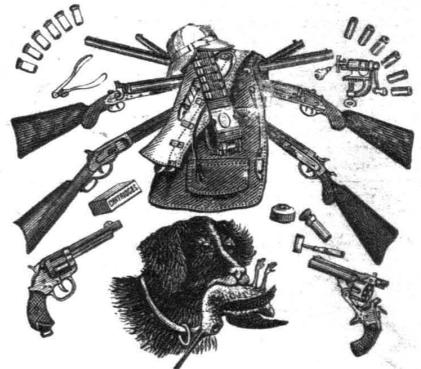
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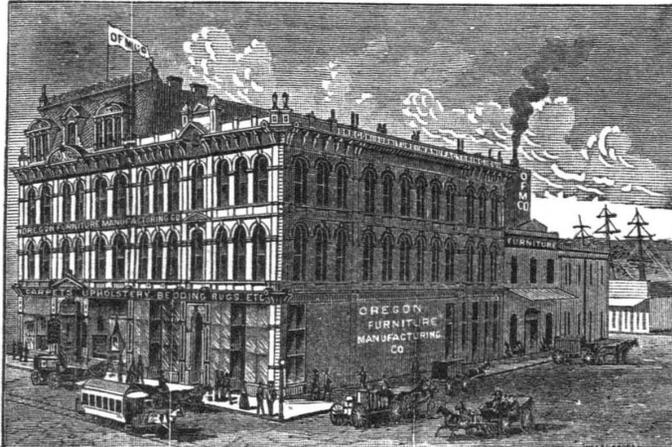
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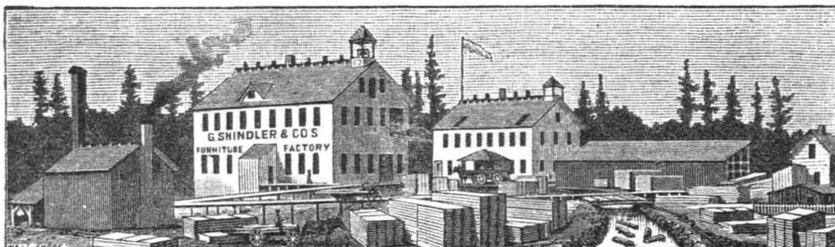
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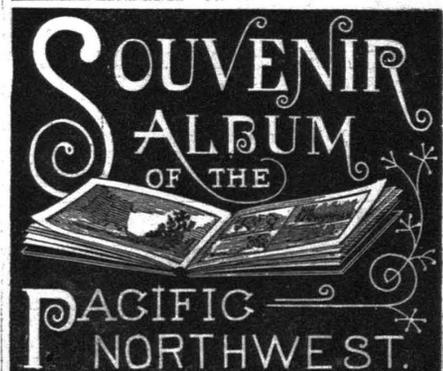
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