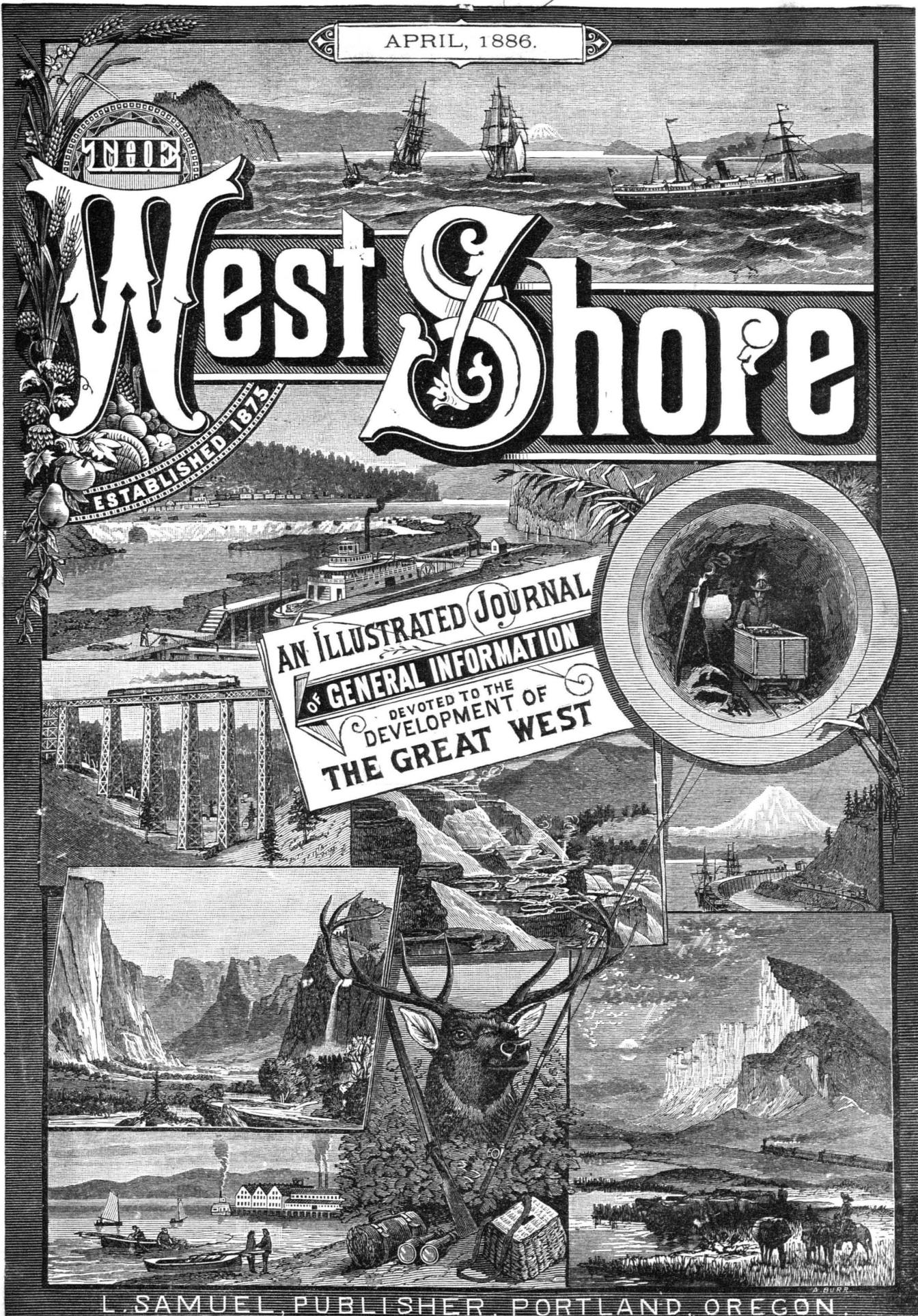


J. J. Mackay

APRIL, 1886.



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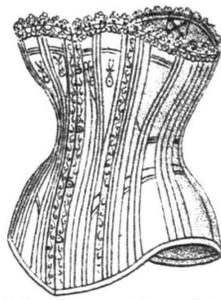


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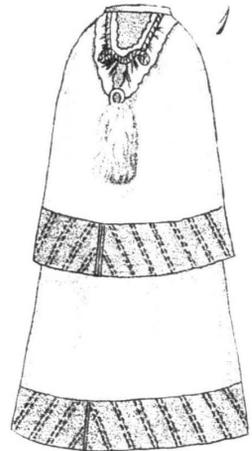
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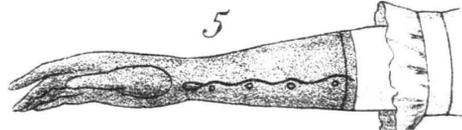
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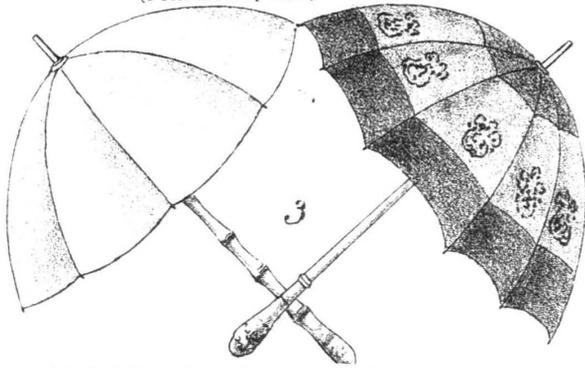
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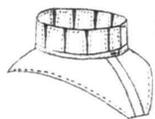
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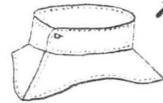
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12th Year.

Portland, Oregon, April, 1886.

No. 4

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THE vigorous stand for law, order and justice to the Chinese, taken by the citizens of Portland, has had its effect. The voice of the agitator is no longer potent to breed trouble, and the fear of riot has passed away. It is wonderful into what a fever of apprehension a community can be thrown by a half dozen brawlers and a few score of irresponsible tramps.

SO MUCH interest has been manifested in the January number of THE WEST SHORE, describing and illustrating Portland, and so great has been the demand for it since the edition was exhausted, the publisher has decided to issue a special pamphlet entitled "Portland Illustrated." The engravings will be tinted, and the cover will be a handsome design executed in colors. The large colored picture of the High School will be a feature of this special publication. It will be ready in a few days, and will be sent, postage paid, to any address, upon the receipt of twenty-five cents.

DURING the month of March the WEST SHORE LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING COMPANY executed in two and three colors the illustrations for the April number, and a second edition of the January number, designed and printed half a dozen pamphlet covers, some of them in three and four colors, colored labels, several forms of certificates in colors, besides a large variety of general stationery, lithographed work of various kinds, catalogues and general printing for some of the largest firms in Portland. Our business men seem to appreciate the fact that they can now obtain here work equal in every respect to the best done in the East. The illustrations of THE WEST SHORE are an evidence of this which will convince anyone who will compare them with the engravings of any other publication.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Eight miles below Hood River, there juts into the Columbia one of those high rocky bluffs which render the line of the O. R. & N. Co. one of the most charming for the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, as well as one of the most expensive to build and operate. It is known as "Mitchell's Point" (see engraving on page 124), in honor of the foreman who had charge of the construction of the line at that place. In blasting a way for the track around the face of the bluff, seven tons of giant powder were used. This quantity was only exceeded at one other point, called "Shell Rock," where eight and one-half tons were required to cleave a rocky bed for the rails. As tourists are whirled rapidly around the point, above them rising the huge rocky wall and below them flowing the grand Columbia, they little think of the days and weeks required to blast out a pathway for their flying train.

The only all-rail route into the National Park of the Yellowstone, is that of the Northern Pacific, which has a branch line running up the canyon of the Yellowstone from the town of Livingston, a fact which has conferred upon that place the title of "Gateway to the National Park." Livingston lies at the very head of the Yellowstone Valley, at the point where the railroad strikes into the Belt Mountains, the dividing ridge between the Yellowstone and the headwaters of the Missouri. It is a flourishing commercial point, and is one of the live towns of Montana. The Northern Pacific has constructed there quite extensive machine shops and round houses, its position as junction of the National Park branch rendering it of much importance. Near by are the fertile acres of Shields River Valley, and to the north lie extensive coal measures, now being developed. Its prominence as the possible starting point for a branch line to White Sulphur Springs, Great Falls and Fort Benton, gives additional interest to Livingston at the present time, when the air is full of railroad rumors. The town contains many substantial brick buildings, and occupies a site both healthful and picturesque.

For fully five hundred miles below the junction of the Gallatin, Jefferson and Madison rivers, the Missouri is hemmed in by rocky walls which are carved and tinted by nature in a most peculiar and striking manner. The Castellated Rocks of the Missouri are as much of a curiosity as the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, especially those along the line of the Northern Pacific between Bozeman and Helena. On page 125, our artist presents a sketch of one of these, known as "Red Rock," from the fact that its barren rocky walls have been stained with iron rust through the action of the elements. These cliffs rise high above the river, great masses of detritus

lying in heaps at their base. Along the river's edge runs the railroad, so that these pictured rocks can be seen by everyone passing along that portion of the line in the daytime. An artist would hardly dare risk his reputation by attempting to reproduce Red Rock with fidelity of tone to the original, since it is so different from anything ordinarily seen in nature, that the critics would no doubt deem the painting the work of an amateur dauber with no eye for color whatever. It is one of those things which must be seen in the original, or not at all.

The Willamette Steam Saw Mills (see page 126) form one of the most important industries of Portland. They are situated on the west bank of the Willamette, in the northern edge of the city, and give employment to about one hundred and fifty men. Logs from the various tributaries of the Columbia and Willamette are towed in rafts to the mill, and large vessels load lumber at its docks for various ports in California, Mexico, Central America, Peru, Chili, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and China. Large quantities of lumber are shipped eastward, along the line of the Northern Pacific and Oregon Short Line. The greater portion of the manufacture is for export purposes. The mills were built in 1871. They are under the management of George W. Weidler and are superintended by J. Ordway, a mill man of large experience. These mills were the first to open markets for Oregon Lumber east of the Rocky Mountains, thus inaugurating a movement which will doubtless prove of great benefit to this region.

The cascades and waterfalls of the Western mountains are legion, and each has its charm, its claim to special notice. Some are buried in the heart of dense forests, while others leap and roar among barren and rugged rocks; but whether their surroundings be sylvan or rocky, they charm the artist's eye and well repay him for his labor, when, after much exertion, he penetrates their wild surroundings and gazes upon their silvery fronts and the foam-crested pools at their feet. One wonders at the ceaseless energy thus displayed in the depth of nature's solitudes, so far from the activities of human life, and the practical man deprecates the apparent waste of power, the unproductive expenditure of a force sufficient to turn the wheels of the world's industries. One of the most beautiful of these cascades, both in the general appearance of the falls themselves, and their surroundings of rocks, trees and verdure, is that of Fall Creek, Southern Oregon, presented on page 136. The streams of that region possess attractions to the disciple of the rod as well as the pupil of the brush, and along their banks the sportsman will not find his gun an idle companion.

The Sacramento River finds its source in the little rills which flow from the eternal snows of Mount Shasta. It is the main waterway of California, and with its tributaries drains the upper half of the great Sacramento Valley and the adjacent portions of the Coast Range

and Sierras. In a similar manner its chief affluent, the San Joaquin, which joins it just above the point of its discharge into Suisun Bay, forms with its tributaries the drainage system of the southern half of the valley and the contiguous mountains. Properly speaking, the Sacramento heads in Goose Lake, on the boundary line between Oregon and California, since its largest northern tributary, Pit River, which rises in Goose Lake, is larger than the main stream above the point of junction. This was in early times known as the "East Fork of the Sacramento," but has long been called "Pit River" from a custom of the natives, who dug pitfalls in the trails for the purpose of catching wild animals or hostile invaders. The scenery of the upper Sacramento, and of Pit River, McLeod River and others of its northern tributaries, is beautiful, as one will readily admit who has ever passed through that region by the stage road, or spent a few days in one of the numerous delightful summer resorts. The Sierras and Coast Range unite here to close in the valley. The gracefully sloping mountains are thickly clad with timber and vines, the brilliant colors of the latter combining in October with the perennial green of the pines to make a picture of transcendent loveliness. Deep canyons there are, and high mountains, but the jagged rocks are covered with a mass of verdure, which reaches to the summit of the mountains. Only here and there appear barren rock formations, such as Castle Rock, or Devil's Castle, which occupies the back-ground in our engraving on page 113. In strong contrast with this universal tint of green, are the white sides and top of Mount Shasta, which rises eleven thousand feet above its base and reaches an altitude of fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea. Another exception is Black Butte, a miniature counterpart of the great mountain, at whose base it stands. As a summer resort the region about the base of Shasta is unexcelled on the Coast. Cool nights, comfortable days, beautiful scenery, clear, cold mountain water, forests teeming with game and the numerous streams which unite to form the Sacramento inviting the sportsman to whip their shady pools for delicious mountain trout, all urge the seeker for health or pleasure to look for both in that beautiful region.

MR. C. W. SHANE sends the following notes from Toledo, W. T.: The steam saw mill has passed into the hands of Messrs. Cattermole & Nelson, who are excellent mechanics. As soon as the machinery is overhauled, and some improvements made, they expect to be able to furnish everything in their line equal to the best. Toledo is a very healthy location, and is backed by a large extent of settled and unsettled land of the first quality, lying, mostly, east of here. Messrs. Patterson Brothers are now building a substantial two-story house. They will open a full and complete stock of goods as soon as the building can be completed. We invite families who desire to locate in a healthy place to come here, where they can educate their children and enjoy as fine a climate as can be found on the Coast.

A VOICE FROM TENNESSEE.

THERE are times when, unless one move abroad, he is in danger of suspecting the progress at home. If I were to make any comparisons since I left Washington Territory and Oregon, especially with this Southern country, just now their most prominent rival in the line of immigration, they could not be to the disadvantage of the Northwest. Take this place, for instance, save Atlanta, the most conspicuous of Southern towns. One is painfully impressed everywhere with the want of enterprise. There is nothing of that push and elasticity with which one is so familiar among us. Talk with the business men, and they will tell you that they have trade enough to live on. What would we say in our community, if we had a town like Nashville, boasting sixty thousand people, and no Merchants' Exchange, Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade! The State of Tennessee has a population of one million five hundred thousand, and yet the combined circulation of the three largest dailies in the State, the *Appeal* and *Avalanche*, of Memphis, and the *American*, of this city, does not amount to twenty-five thousand copies, while Oregon has two dailies that have a combined circulation greater than that, and the California dailies have, probably, a circulation of one hundred and forty thousand.

I have just returned from a visit to the famous "Hermitage." If there is one place which this country ought to revere, it is that. And yet, it is a ruin! Mrs. Jackson's flower-garden, which must have been a marvel in her day, is nothing but a waste of weeds. Jackson's paintings, pictures, etc., are strewn about promiscuously on the floor. The house is in decay. The graves about it are dilapidated. The fence is partly down. The whole aspect of the historic home only raises regrets in the American heart. The State of Tennessee owns the place, so there is no excuse for such a condition of things. I have mentioned it to about forty citizens here, and not one of them has been near the place for ten years. Such hardihood of neglect I believe we are incapable of at home.

I think one of the most noticeable features of society here is its castes and cliques. What Mrs. Browning called "The pale spectrum of the salt" is a very substantial ghost here. People do not mix. The rich and prosperous exact from the laboring men of both colors a habitual respect. Those who are neither rich nor prosperous, men of family or of temporary official importance, emphasize strongly in their demeanor that the employee or subordinate belongs to a different social order. Of course these assumptions are amusing to us. The unexpected change of fortune in our country is an element forbidding such a state of things. The spirit of independence fostered by our agricultural, mining and their related industries, is hostile to any such underbred displays. Aristocracies follow monopolies. This spirit of caste is what DeTocqueville, years ago, prophesied would ruin this Republic. I believe there

is self-preservation enough in this Commonwealth to avert any such danger. And yet, I must say it is much more agreeable to live in a locality where every man of fortune meets every man of misfortune as if his clothes were invisible. That is democratic and manly.

Yet, as a result of these same fissures and canyons in society, fencing it apart into isolated classes, there are here the most perfect servants I have seen anywhere. Such service is not in Oregon or Washington Territory. I call to mind now the companions with whom I have so many times driven all day through the Alkali dust of the Palouse and Powder rivers, or "prospected" among the long swales of bush, so matted together one had to struggle to get through them, companions with whom I have waded morasses and climbed moraines, and all this unflinchingly and good-humoredly, only at last to succumb, and, amid circumstances that should have been comfortable, but were not, lose temper before an insolent servant or boorish hotel-keeper. How we have imprecated in the last stress of lost patience for some interposition between us and the causeless, but inevitable, bruise. One can not journey from Portland to Walla Walla without experiencing many petty and reasonless annoyances at hotels from waiters and porters, annoyances that would not be tolerated here, for here it does not seem to be the anxiety of servants to advertise and demonstrate that their social position and full equality have been in no wise compromised by their present pursuit. They are willing to do their work well, and to imagine and supply wants before they are expressed, and are incapable of harrassing a tired traveler with causeless delays, careless stupidities and neglect, and a hundred irritating, because unnecessary, inflictions. Why, I remember on the way here, and before leaving Montana, at the hotel in Bozeman (that lovely town, more like a town of New England than any other out of it), that at breakfast, after the serving-man had stood at my side, seemingly dumb, for two long minutes, I ventured to make an excursion toward his possible bill of fare, by the half-apologetic remark: "Well, I would like some breakfast, sir." "Well, by —, sir, so would I," was the response, "I haven't eaten anything since five o'clock this morning." It was in Miles City, further on my journey, that, as I was endeavoring to bargain with one porter to transfer my baggage, I heard the following colloquy between a fellow-passenger and the other porter: "Will you black my boots?" "Well, I guess not, to-day; come around to-morrow when I'm blackin', an' most probably I'll blacken 'em." The price for blacking boots was twenty-five cents.

Of course, these are fleeting phenomena among us. The Northwest is in its earlier adolescence, and changes are rapid.

The negroes are leaving here in numbers, but many of them are coming back. They must live in the land of the pine knob. They eagerly devour our immigration pamphlets, which are rainbows rather than landscapes.

CHARLES J. WOODBURY.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 15, 1886.

ATHABASCA AND TRIBUTARIES.

THE country immediately to the north and north-west of Edmonton is almost unknown, save along the few trails extending from here toward the mountains. Those large rivers, taking their rise in the foothills and first range of mountains, are the most southerly branches of the great Mackenzie River. Leaving Edmonton for Jasper House, the first river of this system passed is the Pembina, a stream about eight chains wide, carrying a large volume of water in the spring and rainy season, but not subject to rushes of high water from the mountains, as it does not head far enough in the mountains to feel the effects of the melting snow and glaciers. The banks are high and timbered with a fair growth of poplar, balm of Gilead, and in some places, of spruce. The river winds its tortuous course in a general northeastern direction. Coal in quantities is found on its banks, and some seams are known to have been burning for years. The watershed which divides the waters flowing to the north from those which flow to the Saskatchewan is, in some places, very narrow, the Indians say only a day's travel; in other words about fifteen or twenty miles. Large quantities of timber are to be found in the valleys at the head of this stream.

The McLeod River is the next stream of importance beyond the Pembina. It also flows between high lands clothed with poplar and some spruce, and is very winding in its course. Its heads well into the first range, and is subject to sudden and great floods during the hot weather of the summer, but dwindles to a small body of water in the fall, with a wide stretch of gravelly beach on either side. In high water this stream will have a width of about six chains. Its current is very rapid, rendering it totally unfit for steamboat navigation. In the lower forty miles of the river is a succession of falls and basins. They are about a mile apart, over archy rapids from two to three feet in height. In the autumn the basins are very deep, with no perceptible current, while on the rapids there is hardly enough water to float a canoe. In the summer, with a high stage of water, the rapids are hid, and the steady fall of two or three feet to the mile gives a current of tremendous velocity. Gold in quantities sufficient to pay for working, if access could be had with provisions, is to be found, and will in time be worked, no doubt. The country along the river has, at one time, been very heavily timbered, but fires have done their work there as well as further south, and any timber which still exists will be found to be surrounded by a network of muskegs and creeks. Coal is also to be found, but is not likely to become of any economic value for some generations. Sandstone is the only rock seen in this place, while the drift is of the kind usually found in the bars of some of our western rivers.

The Athabasca, called by the Indians the "big river," takes its head far in the mountains, its western and southern branches rising close to the Fraser and

Columbia rivers, respectively, and flows east to the junction of the McLeod. The Jasper Pass, through which the Government route of the Canadian Pacific Railroad was located, is the head of the river. The Indians of the Jasper country are descendents of the Iroquois, of Quebec, and still speak that language, as well as Cree, which they have learned from their neighbors. Leather from the east side of the mountains, years ago was taken by boat to Jasper, then transferred by horses to the boat encampment on the Columbia River, and taken thence to the coast for sale to the Indians of British Columbia. The banks of the Athabasca are high and are covered with brule and second-growth poplar, spruce and pitch pine, the result of the ravages of fire willfully or carelessly set out years ago, when no value was set on the primeval forests. Coal is to be seen, but not in such quantities as on the Pembina or Saskatchewan. Gold can also be found from the head of the river to the Landing, but whether in paying quantities remains to be demonstrated.

The river is about twelve chains wide at the mouth of the McLeod, with a strong current, and could, undoubtedly, be navigated by steamer as far as the Ghost Rapids, some distance above that point. The awful current lasts to Old Fort Assiniboine, where the river takes a bend to the north, and becomes wider, with more bars. Nothing now remains to mark the site of Fort Assiniboine, save the heaps caused by the fallen chimneys and half-filled cellars. It was situated on a prairie of about two hundred acres, on the north side of the river, and about forty feet above it. It was the connecting link between Edmonton and Lesser Slave Lake, and a pack trail extending to the north and a cart trail to the south. The goods were forwarded by water *via* the Athabasca and Little Slave River and Lake, to the Hudson's Bay Post, on the west end of the lake. The Upper Athabasca has very little flat land along it, the high banks, in many places, rising straight from the river. A number of fine streams come in from the north, some of them rising in close proximity to the Smoky River; notably the Baptiste, Big Hawk, Burnt, Halfbreed and Little Slave rivers. These are from two to five chains wide and drain a large extent of country. They are high in the spring, but as they do not rise in the mountains they add little to the volume of water that pours down the Athabasca during June, July and August. After leaving the mouth of Little Slave River the Athabasca bends to the south with a somewhat swifter current than for the previous eighty miles, till the Landing is reached, thence after its somewhat erratic course it seems to make up its mind and strikes away northward to join its waters with those of the great Mackenzie.

Much good land, though timbered, can be found in the regions traversed by these rivers, and much that is bad, covered with a small and stunted growth of poplar, spruce and pitch pine. Much of it by thorough burning, could be made good grazing land. The snow-fall is not extensive, and good water is plentiful. But, altogether, it is not a country that will be sought by settlers until the vast prairies both to the south, on the Saskatchewan, and to the north, on the Peace River, have been settled.

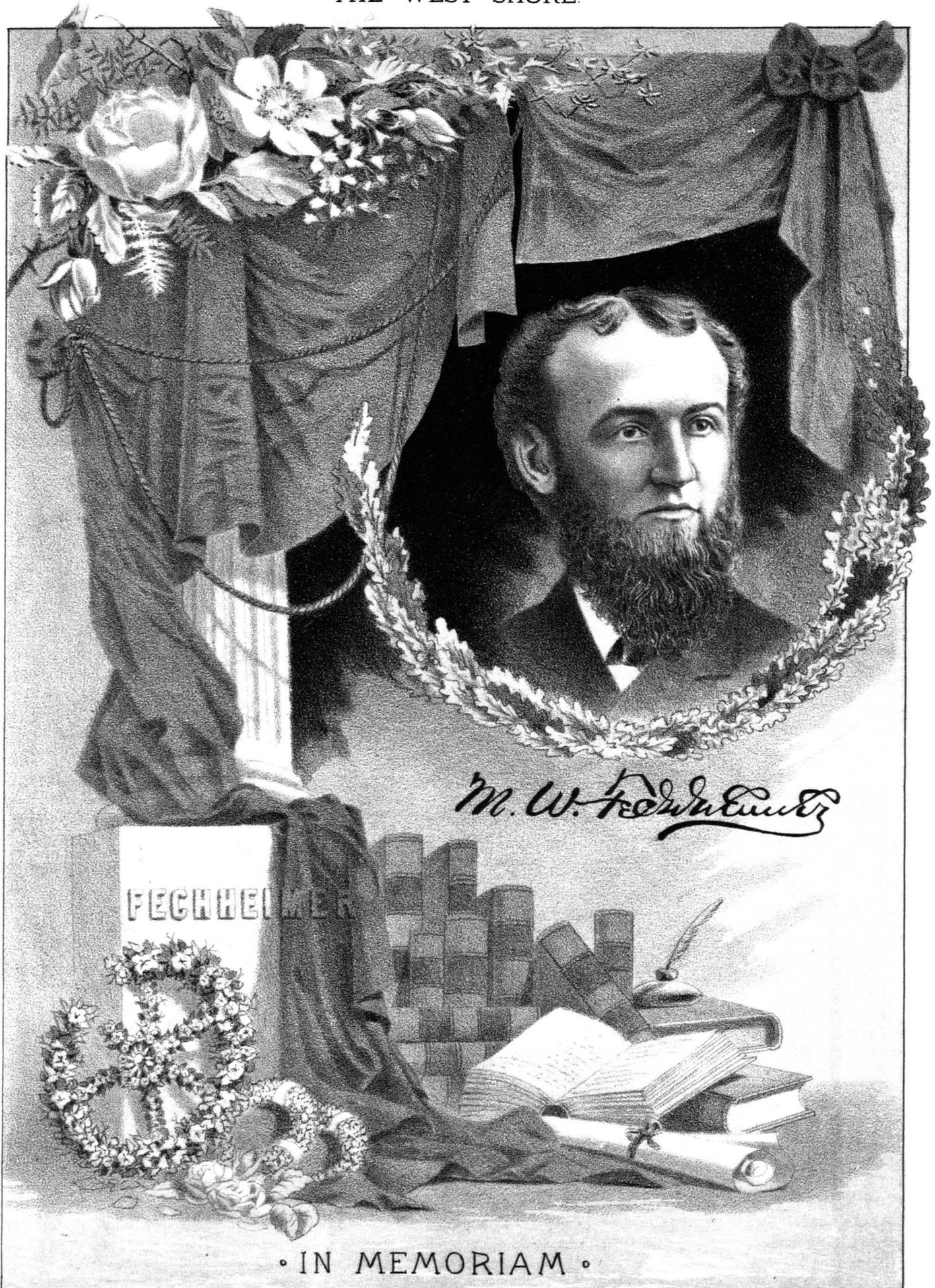
—*Edmonton Bulletin.*



THE WEST SHORE.

• NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - HEADWATERS OF THE SACRAMENTO RIVER •

THE WEST SHORE.



MORRIS W. FECHHEIMER.

IN the death of Mr. Fechheimer, Portland has lost one of her most valued citizens, and humanity a friend, yet only the few who knew him intimately can appreciate the loss. A close friendship, beginning while boys together in a store in Sacramento, and continuing uninterruptedly to the moment of his death, enables the publisher of THE WEST SHORE to speak of him with a knowledge of his character few possess.

Mr. Fechheimer was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 11, 1844, and died in this city, March 15, 1886, in the prime of life and enjoying the full vigor of his mental faculties. He began commercial life early, in Sacramento, and being ambitious of securing a higher range for his abilities, entered upon the study of law in his hours of leisure. Later, in Canyon City, Oregon, he pursued the same course persistently and industriously until he was admitted to the bar, and abandoned mercantile pursuits to devote himself to his chosen profession. In 1866 he began practice in Portland, and in the twenty years of active service in this city rose to be the acknowledged head of the bar in Oregon. He was a lawyer and not a politician. His energies were devoted to advancement in his profession and to the elevation of the profession itself above the level to which the conduct of so many tends to drag it down. Clean, pure and noble in every instinct, he inspired those of his compeers with whom he came in contact with a higher regard for their calling, and a deep respect for himself as a man and an exponent of that noble profession which has drawn to itself the greatest minds and hearts of the human family for ages. What he sought for he gained, if persistence and ability rendered the gaining of it possible, and what he once acquired his mind grasped and held for all time. There was no leak, no aperture through which hardly-acquired knowledge escaped and was lost. With a memory retentive of every detail, he possessed a logical mind of the highest order and the power of concentrating his faculties upon a problem, so that his judgment was seldom in error. So much had he employed these faculties, his logic seemed almost an instinct, and his mind quickly penetrated the mist of sophistries with which any subject might be obscured, and went direct to its core, seizing upon it and holding it up to the view of those who had been too mystified by false reasoning to see it for themselves. With such abilities, such habits of industry and thought, such persistence in following his chosen path, there was, apparently, no limit to what he might have accomplished had not the Reaper's dread sickle ended his career when it had but fairly begun.

As a man, apart from his profession, he was less known by the community, though here was the greater glory of his life. Although of Jewish parentage, his mind rose above all distinctions of race or creed, and looked upon the human family as one common brotherhood, alike entitled to the enjoyment of the gifts of nature, no matter how unequal mentally and physically

they had been rendered by circumstances affecting them as individuals or races. His religion was that of nature, and he took a broad and philosophic view of life, its duties and possibilities. He was generous by impulse, and his charities, both in person and through his family, were extensive. In this he made no parade, always avoiding publicity, and refraining from mentioning even to his most intimate friends his numerous acts of benevolence. Every organized charity, sectarian and non-sectarian, was in receipt of generous contributions from him, and at his death he made them liberal bequests. In this he has set an example which others of our successful men should follow. He was a liberal friend of education, and an earnest advocate and promoter of industries that would aid the city and furnish work to mechanics and laborers. He held stock in several manufacturing enterprises, as a practical way of assisting labor. He also built the Casino, not as an investment, for he knew it would not be a profitable one, but to furnish the people a place of cheap and harmless amusement. He was originator and President of the Oregon Fire and Marine Insurance Company. He was also the originator of a scheme for supplying the city with water at cheap rates. Though always liberal in the use of his money, without being in any sense profligate, he left an estate valued at over two hundred thousand dollars, acquired honorably and without the exercise of parsimony in any particular. In everything he sought the highest good of humanity, aiming so to live, as he expressed it on his death-bed, that the world would be better for his having lived in it. As a husband and father he was kind and indulgent, a guide for their conduct and a strong rod for his loved ones to lean upon in time of trouble. He did not believe in secret orders and societies, thinking they contained a principle of selfishness not in harmony with his ideas. He belonged to no organizations that were not of a purely benevolent character. He was very fond of pictures, flowers, music and everything that was beautiful in nature and art. He possessed one of the largest and best private libraries in the State, and his law library was large and well selected. His sound common-sense and cultivated mind rendered his judgment of the value of books or works of art almost faultless. No one could converse with him on these subjects without being struck with his knowledge and the refinement of his taste. Like all men of a positive nature he necessarily made enemies, though they were few. Nor was his list of intimate friends large. He never sought popularity nor social distinction, and though always courteous and pleasant, he never made special effort to gain the friendship or good will of any one, his friends being those who, during a course of social or business contact, had won his esteem. The few who became acquainted with him in his inner life were more like brothers than friends, and his conduct toward them always transcended the limits of mere friendship. It is they who feel his loss most keenly, and 'tis one of them who pays this faint tribute to his memory.

LAVA BEDS OF SNAKE RIVER.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

THE ABORIGINES of the Pacific Coast, with whom the writer is thoroughly acquainted, having been born and reared among them, are a people who, having no means of recording history or events, possess many strange and interesting traditions, which have been handed down from generation to generation till their origin has become lost in the dim past. Many of them are founded on some physical peculiarity of the country in which the Indians live, and this evidence of their truth wins for them credence, and inspires reverence for many objects held by these traditions to be sacred. One of these traditions, explaining the origin of the lava beds of Snake River, in Idaho, is quite interesting, as told by the Shoshone and Bannack Indians. These two tribes, as far back as the white race has known them, have intermarried and remained peaceable with each other, but have engaged in oppressive warfare with their less powerful neighbors. At times they carried on savage and inhuman warfare with the frontiersmen, who were fast settling up the vast scope of country dominated by them, and who have now wrested it from their possession, are tilling the soil and searching for the precious metals in the high and rugged mountains, from which Idaho, the "Gem of the Mountains," derives her name.

Snake River runs through a continuous lava bed for nearly six hundred miles, and affords many strange and interesting sights to the tourist. The stream is a large one, and at one time a steamer was used above what is known as "The Canyon," at the west end of the vast lava field. At one place, this large volume of water falls three hundred and seventy-five feet, in two leaps. These are known as "Shoshone Falls," and are pronounced superior in grandeur to the great Niagara by those who have seen both. North and south of the river are ranges of high mountains, some of the peaks being white with snow nearly the year round, forming a grand scene for lovers of the works of nature. In the valley proper, which is one vast field of lava rock, the molten mass seems to have cooled suddenly, as in many places the hard, basaltic rocks lie in waves, while in others there are large openings, into which good-sized creeks flow from the mountains and are lost. At one point, just below the Shoshone Falls, where the river runs through a deep gorge, a large volume of water flows from an opening in the perpendicular bank, and falls into the stream. When we consider these strangely interesting freaks of nature, it is not surprising that the imaginative natives should have traditions of them handed down by their forefathers. In this great field of lava there are no visible craters, and to-day the point from which flowed the lava which covers this vast valley, is unknown. But the Bannacks and Shoshones have a tradition on the subject, which they believe with great faith, and as proof that it is indisputable

point to the lava fields, unable to understand why the white man remains incredulous in the face of such convincing proofs.

The tradition states that away back in the dim past, the number of "snows" of which they do not attempt to enumerate, the valley was covered with forests, in which game of all kinds roamed in abundance, and where flowed clear streams, the homes of large numbers of delicious fish. The red men held full possession and were as happy and contented as if in Paradise. But at last a strange people came in large numbers, who commenced to usurp the hunting and fishing grounds. Valley after valley and forest after forest the tribes were obliged to yield to the intruder, who lived in caves and huts built of stone. They were skilled and brutal warriors, and soon killed so great a number of the Indians that the head chiefs called a council of the two tribes, to consult as to what course to pursue to get rid of the usurpers and again come into possession of the beautiful lands of Snake River. They assembled in large numbers on the summit of a high mountain, and the great Medicine Man, who alone could receive inspiration from the Great Spirit, carried on incantations and prayed long and fervently for wisdom, after which he made a long and eloquent speech, in which he advised the braves to be patient, and not arouse further trouble. He would go into the deep forest and pray for more knowledge, and hoped and expected to receive such wisdom that he could devise plans for expelling the usurpers from the country. All assented to his suggestions, and he departed alone on his journey.

For awhile he wended his way through the heavy forests, occasionally catching a glimpse through the sighing pines of a bright star, toward which he kept traveling. The hooting of owls, howling of wolves and mournful sounds of other animals, with an occasional cry of a panther, filled his soul with fear; but he kept on his journey, all the while praying to the Great Spirit to protect him, for the safety and freedom of his much-wronged people, who were anxiously waiting for his return. At last he entered an opening where there was light, and saw a large number of mountain lions, wolves, foxes, panthers, wild cats and kindred animals. One of the mountain lions, which was very large, had hands instead of fore feet, and a head like an Indian. The Medicine Man realized that he was in the land of spirits, and that this animal was the ruler of them all. He tremblingly approached, when the lion greeted him kindly, and told him, in the Shoshone language, that he had been apprised of his coming. Then in a loud voice he summoned all the animals around him, and requested the Medicine Man to state to them the nature of his mission, as they were all good spirits, and ready to hear what he had to say. The Medicine Man, in the most pleading language, told them of the great sufferings of his people at the hands of a tyrannical race, who had seized their lands and were gradually and surely annihilating the two great tribes. He could not tell who they were nor whence they came, but implored the spirits to

send them back to their own country. The spirits told him the strangers were great warriors, and if sent away would not heed the warnings of the spirits, and would surely return. The Medicine Man was again very despondent, but the Great Spirit told him the spirits could get rid of his enemies, but he must promise for his tribes implicit obedience to their divine will for all time to come. He was told that mountain lions, cougars, panthers, wolves and all kindred animals were spirits, that for the people of his tribe to kill or partake of the flesh of any of them, would be considered rebellion against the Great Spirit, and that if this injunction were ever violated the animals would appear in great numbers, and eat up every Bannack and Shoshone Indian in the land. He was then told to go to his home and return as soon as possible with all his people, when another great council would be held. He again entered the dark and dismal forest, and following the bright star as before, reached the Indian council mount before the dawning of another day.

The Medicine Man related the strange story of his journey, told them of the promises exacted of him, and ordered all the warriors, old men, women and children gathered together on the mount as soon as possible. Some of the warriors denounced him, saying that no Indian could see the Great Spirit and talk with him, when he touched a stone, and it took fire, melted and ran like water. The Indians then believed in him, and started on their mission to gather the people together. Several "suns" later they were all collected on the mount to go to the land of spirits. This journey was also made in the night, and when the opening was reached nothing could be seen save animals sitting around on their haunches, and the Indians again doubted him and commenced making preparations to put him to death, when he called piteously to the Great Spirit, who appeared before them and addressed to them words of caution and wisdom. He exacted a promise from all the Indians in council not to go to war any more without first securing the advice and instruction of the spirits, which would be imparted to the Medicine Man and his successor for all time to come, and in return promised that their prayers to be restored to their country would be fulfilled. Then the Medicine Man was lifted high into the air, and his companions soon lost sight of him in the darkness. He was carried above the tree-tops to a high, rocky mountain in the valley. He was ordered to touch the pinnacle with his finger, and when he did so it instantly ignited and burned fiercely. He was carried back and told to depart with his people immediately to the mount on which they had held their previous councils. On their journey a bright light gleamed through occasional openings in the forest, and the return was easy and rapid. On reaching the mount all beheld the mountain of fire, with melted rock running down its sides like red water. The fire increased; adjacent hills and cliffs smelted and rolled into the valley; the forests were rapidly consumed, and in a short time the valley was a lake of fire as far as the eye could

see. The invading warriors were totally destroyed. After many "moons" the lava cooled, but it was several "snows" before the forests began to appear again on the foothills, and game and fish became plentiful. The valley was left barren by the Great Spirit, and when others of the destroyed race came and saw what a terrible calamity had befallen those who had preceded them, they hastened back to the land whence they came.

The Shoshones and Bannacks are to this day firm believers in the truthfulness of this tradition, and point proudly to the great lava beds as indisputable evidence of the fact. The injunction never to kill or eat of the flesh of mountain lions, panthers, wolves or kindred animals is strictly obeyed by the members of these tribes. It may be that when the eruptions took place some extraordinary Indian among them deceived the ignorant races, and impressed them with the idea that he had conversed with the Great Spirit on some important event in their history, from which this strange tradition originated.

E. W. JONES.

THE native Newfoundland deer is the caribou, or reindeer, a specimen superior to those of Lapland or Norway, and sometimes weighing as much as six hundred pounds. These deer inhabit the interior of the island, not in hundreds, but in thousands; some who have seen their armies in the marching season think in hundreds of thousands. The interior being a wilderness, they find no interruption, save now and again when an explorer pushes his way across the region, which, through the summer, they make their home. The marching time of the herds is as regular as the seasons. When snow covers the ground in the northwestern portion of the island they turn their faces toward the south, and by steady marches along the leads, reach the southwestern, or less severe part of the island, where, through the winter months, they can get browse and lichens. Parties who have camped near the main lead in marching time, have left on record that the deer do not move in very large bodies, as that would prevent them grazing freely, but that they march in herds of from twenty to two hundred; that one such body is connected with another by means of a sort of picket, and that each detachment is led by a tall stag. It is a glorious sight for the huntsman, from his eminence, to see body after body of these bright-eyed, nimble-footed animals bending their course in true parallel lines, either toward the north or the south, with the regularity and order of masses of soldiers.

CREMATION POPULAR IN ALASKA.—Most of the Indians of Alaska believe in cremation. No dead Indian is taken out through the door, but through the roof or side of the house. The body is then placed on a pile of logs, while the people stand round and sing, beating time with carved poles while the body burns. When all is consumed, the ashes are put in a box and placed in one of the dead houses built near the town for the purpose of holding the ashes of each particular family.

AT "THE POINT."

DR. GEORGE HALL was at "The Point" slowly getting well after a severe experience with yellow fever—Don't fancy that I am going to inflict a romance built on the horrors of that scourge; the thing has been written out, done in every possible way. But Dr. Hall, aged twenty-seven, having no particular interest in living, and having always felt a curious fascination in the disease, went South among the very first who volunteered. He satisfied his curiosity and enthusiasm fully.

He took common-sense care of himself. He did not consider suicide heroic. He ate and drank and slept just as wholesomely as he could, but he never spared his strength. He worked patiently, faithfully, intensely. The fever passed him by day after day, week after week, though he cared as little about living as a sane man could. Perhaps for just that reason, not fearing death, death took revenge by leaving him.

At last—I say at last, though it was only August, the time had dragged so like an eternity—just as the little town had begun to believe that the curse had burned itself out, partly for want of fuel, the young Yankee doctor's professional sense told him that his turn had come. He made his final arrangements, lay down and gave himself up, and three weeks later went North—on a mattress.

I think he had a little disappointed sense of weariness in having to take up his life again. But he did that, as he did everything else, without the least unnecessary fuss over the inevitable.

And so he was at The Point, very gaunt, very yellow, as ugly a specimen of humanity as a straight, well-made young man can be.

Every sea-port has its "Point." Chester Point had been baptized something fantastic and inappropriate, and was just as sandy and rocky after as before. It had always remained "The Point" in the mouths of the old town dwellers, and came to that shortly with most of the new-comers. A great barn-like hotel had been built, but it had never been a financial success. It had a curious look of unfinished disrepair, and its empty corridors and galleries were about as forlorn as a habitable house could be. Still a few people came back year after year—people who loved the sea or solitude, or had need of quiet, and must secure what they wanted inexpensively. They kept up a feeble life about the place, but it was not a cheerful, not to say gay, resort.

It would have been hard for Dr. Hall to tell what had brought him here. Some one told him to come, perhaps; and, in his utter prostration of mind and body, for the first time in his life, perhaps, he did what he was told unquestioningly.

He had an attendant at first, and took his meals by himself; but as he became more humanized in appearance he dismissed the man, and went down to the general table.

The first time he entered the long hall, there was a noticeable hush among the guests congregated there. He thought it was his ghastly look, and was as impatient about it as if it had been a personal injury. He did not know he was a hero, and that the hush was a tribute to him in that character.

The man who had cared for him had been one of his own patients, who had come North with him. With unbounded faith in, and gratitude to, the savior of his life, the ignorant, good-hearted fellow was never tired of sounding the praises and relating the exploits of the invisible invalid. Hall would have been a good deal amazed at some of the things credited to him.

Perhaps he had over-estimated his strength; perhaps the little flash of temper had been too much for him. There was a little rush toward him of the nearest waiters, and he sat blindly down in the first chair.

A glass was pushed within the hand that rested on the table.

"Drink!" a cool, imperative voice said, and he obeyed.

The wine revived him at once. He turned to thank his neighbor. It was a woman, thin, pale and weary-eyed. She simply bowed in acknowledgement and went on with her meal.

She was eating very little. He got through a very robust programme in very business-like style, and then he turned to her again.

"I shall pair your order. Eat!"

A quick, surprised smile, an amused one, too, ran over her face and transfigured it for the instant.

"And be merry, for to-morrow"—and then she stopped and looked frightened.

"Not a bit of it," he said heartily. "Clearly you are not professional or you would see that I am on the up grade instead of the down."

They left the table then and went up the stairs together. He had to call on a waiter, and she stood at the top and looked distressed, but undemonstratively, till he was beside her.

They went out on the veranda together.

"As I have no one to do the honors, I must present myself. I am Dr. George Hall, of Clairview, Connecticut."

"And I am Irene Roberts, of New York; a public school teacher when I am well enough."

He turned and gave her one full, level look. She was thin, almost to attenuation; her face was colorless, and the heavy hair growing low on the broad forehead made the pallor of her skin the more noticeable. Her eyes were hollow and sad, but after all she did not look like a sick woman.

"Overworked and overfretted, but with the endurance of three men yet," he said to himself. And then he made some trifling remark about the sand or water, or something else, just to hear her voice again.

She talked without animation, a monotonous contralto—one of those voices that keep one expectant.

They sat and chatted till the sun went down, and the moon came up over the darkening plain. People passed them and looked at them curiously. She had been at The Point three weeks, and had not made a half dozen acquaintances. And now she had monopolized this young doctor, whom everybody was prepared to lionize, and did not seem conscious nor triumphant about it.

The sea damp crept up about them. She shivered in her light dress.

"You must go in," turning to him.

"You must go in. Remember, I speak with authority."

She rose at once.

"Good night, then," and went away.

He looked after her. She walked as she talked, without the slightest animation. But she had a graceful figure, lithe and strong with that slender strength that is a gift to New England women.

Afterward, when Mrs. Smythe and Mrs. Robinson, and a little later, Mrs. Jones, all came and laid down their tribute of flattering words for his acceptance, and tried to make him tell stories of his experience, he was grateful to her that she had made no allusion to what she must have known as well as they.

George Hall was not a good talker. His early training had made him distrustful of himself. He knew nothing of what is called polite society. He went off a farm where he had studied by himself, and fought his way, against every kind of opposition, to the medical school which had graduated him. He was a hard student, underestimating the social graces, perhaps—at all events, not cultivating them. He went back to his native town, unmindful of the proverbial prophet, and had walked straight into success. He developed some unexpected tastes; he dressed well, and spent money as if he had always had it, which was by no means the case. Whatever he set his hand to, a game of croquet or an aggravated fracture, he did it without effort and always well. But for one fatal weight that he carried, he might have become a power in the community that had begun by contemning him.

It is quite unnecessary to say that he utterly refused to be lionized. Little by little, Miss Roberts and he grew into a friendliness that rather shut out other people, but, for a wonder, nobody gossiped about them.

A week later they were walking down the shore. At the first pile of rocks Miss Roberts stopped.

"I can not go any farther," she said.

He sat looking at her till her breath came slow and even again.

"Why do you not get well," he said at last, "there is nothing the matter with you."

She smiled and shook her head.

"Are you going home from here?"

"I have no home. That is, I have a married brother."

"With a houseful of children?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to teach again?"

"Not until after the Christmas holidays. I am too tired."

"Pardon me, why do you teach at all?"

"Because I am too poor to live without. I have taught seven years."

"In a city public school! And then the popular idea calls woman weak!"

They said no more about it. She asked him presently—and there was the first tone of interest he had ever heard in her voice—to tell her something about the experience he had just had.

It was the first allusion she had ever made to it. He talked uninterruptedly for half an hour. She had not spoken, hardly stirred; the fine strong hands lay clasped in her lap; he turned and looked into her face. It was flushed a little; her eyes were very wide and very dark.

"And I might have helped. I should not have died."

"No, I don't think you would," quietly. "Be patient, Miss Roberts, there is another summer coming."

"You speak as if you were almost eager for it."

"God forbid! But, with you, I think it easier to lay down life in one supreme effort than to wear it out by ignoble inches."

"And you are so young," she said musingly.

"And you are so old."

"Oh, I—am twenty-five. A woman is old at that."

"Is she? Miss Roberts, if you have any absurd idea in your head that you are to be one of the early called, just dismiss it. You are of the make that is good for a half century yet."

"Mercy on me!" catching her breath.

Then she laughed, a sudden, low, pleased laugh, like a child; and Dr. Hall knew she had taken the first step toward living again.

The summer lingered long that year. September was lovely. No frosts, fervent sunshine, large-starred, soft-breathed nights; there were no departures. But as the time for the inevitable breaking up drew nearer, the little company drew closer. With returning health Dr. Hall grew more companionable. He talked more, was easier talked to, which was the chief thing.

It was found out that Miss Roberts could sing; and there was a happy dearth of performers at The Point. So her small talent came into demand, and she was very good-natured about it. Then a tableau party was set on foot, and it was found that Miss Roberts knew more about effects and causes than all the rest of them put together. She made a very telling Iphigenia, and was a saintly nun in the Consolation.

"Taken altogether you are rather a wonderful person."

She looked up at him. She just reached his shoulder. It was such a different face; but then there never was another capable of so many changes. She did not look twenty, with that soft red in her cheeks, and the light in her eyes:

She would come down to breakfast next morning, probably, twenty-five again; but if she was in one of those calm, even, undisturbed moods, she would be just as charming. Dr. Hall felt a little as if this new being was a credit to his own powers of resurrection.

Miss Roberts was at her happiest at breakfast next day. She was already seated quite away from her usual place, the center of a little group of ladies, and she was talking easily and happily.

The doctor watched her while he ate his breakfast. There was a look in his eyes of late as if he were dreaming—a happy dream, but still not a part of every-day living. But that, perhaps, was because he was consciously getting well, and enjoyed the unusual leisure, knowing it could not last.

They came out through the hall together, a dozen of them, all laughing and talking at once. As usual, he found himself beside her. She had on a white dress, and golden rod in the breast of it. She was not coquetish nor girlish; she was simply enjoying herself, with a soft forgetfulness that, perhaps, she had not known for years.

They sat together talking merrily, when a carriage from the early train drew up.

“A new-comer, just as everyone is going?”

Dr. Hall watched the proceeding idly. But as the door opened and a young man stepped out, he started a little. A curious change passed over his face—an expression of strong self-control, as if he had received a sudden blow and would not betray the shock and pain. He rose and went slowly down the steps.

“Hello, George! You’re looking fine, man;” and as they came toward the door, “Alice was getting uneasy, and sent me to look after you.”

Dr. Hall turned toward Miss Roberts.

“Do not forget that you are to walk with me in an hour.”

It was the first she had heard of it, but she simply assented. The young man gave her a wide-eyed, scrutinizing stare as he passed into the house.

See just sat and waited. I do not think she thought much. She was conscious that something had happened, or was about to happen. Some of the others came and spoke to her, but she paid little attention.

He came after awhile, and she went with him. There were a few remarks about nothing, a kind of sacrifice to the proprieties, till they were out of sight of the house. They stopped at the rocks where he had told her about his Southern experience.

“I am going away, Miss Roberts, my wife’s brother has come for me.”

She said it over after him—

“Your wife’s brother.”

There was a white, strained look on his face.

“I wanted you to hear it from me, rather than from a stranger. I ought to have told you sooner. You will not think that I have been regardless of your feelings—that I have selfishly exposed you to remark. My life has no sunshine in it. I have allowed myself to breathe

fresh air and stand in the light for awhile. It is all over now. I am going back to prison. I wanted to die—down there in that hell out of which I have just come, and I could not. It will not be any easier living now.”

He had gone on and on, as if he dreaded hearing her voice. It was the first outbreak of his life. He had taken his punishment without a sign of flinching all these years; without even acknowledging to himself that he needed pity. Now, it seemed to him as if the world must needs stop moving because his courage had failed him.

She looked up at him when his voice stopped.

“Yes, I wish that I had known,” she replied in a dull way.

He gazed into her face a minute, a look of deadly surprise and pain came into his own. Whatever it was that he saw there, his next words were more a groan than a speech.

“I never thought of that.”

“I do not suppose you did,” quietly. “Shall we go back, now?”

What more was there to be said between those two? Not another syllable passed between them till they reached the house. The morning’s arrival was uneasily pacing the veranda. Hall presented him to Miss Roberts. He had faith in her nerve.

She greeted him with quiet grace.

“You are late in coming to the shore. We have had a very delightful summer.”

“Business brought me, I shall go away immediately,” with a glance at Hall.

He had a weak, good-natured face, a face that might easily be bad, in an irresolute way. Miss Roberts wondered if his sister’s was like that. He was thinking that she was much older—not nearly so pretty as he had fancied her at that first glance.

Hall did not go into the house. The two men walked away together. At the very spot where Irene Roberts had sat just a few moments before Brainerd paused.

“You’ve brought evil news, of course. Wait a minute.”

He turned away and went a dozen paces down the shore, and back again.

“Now,” he said, through his clenched teeth.

“Alice!”

“Yes, go on.”

“You must come back. We can do nothing with her. You’ve been gone now almost four months. Stacy is back again.”

Hall ground his teeth with a smothered groan.

“You’ll come back, won’t you?” Brainerd said weakly.

“Come back to what? A disgraced name—a house that is perdition—to that—that—”

“Sue is my sister,” with feeble defiance.

“Yes, she is your sister,” quieting suddenly. “I’ll go back with you, Joe.”

Miss Roberts was in the hotel parlor. She had some bright netting in her hands, and was quietly absorbed in that.

Hall walked straight up to her.

"I have come for good-bye; I am called away on important and immediate business."

A little circle gathered about him. There was much shaking of hands and many exclamations of regret. He touched Irene's hand the last of all, but he did not speak.

There was a buzz after he had gone.

"Who was the young man?" some one asked.

"Mrs. Hall's brother," Miss Roberts answered, unconcernedly.

"Is Dr. Hall married?" in chorus.

"Oh, yes;" with a quiet smile.

The train slowed down at the Clairview station. Dr. Hall roused himself and gathered up his belongings. All through the ride he had sat speechless, leaning against the window with closed eyes. Brainerd tried to talk at first, being one of those people whose speech must babble on incessantly. He got the shortest answers, or none at all, and gave it up finally.

The dull, chilly twilight was settling down. The station lamps were lighted. As they stepped down on the platform a woman seized Hall, and whispered hysterically, with a semi-regard for appearances—

"She has gone."

"Gone!"

"Oh, not so loud. Come over here and let me tell you."

She drew him away into the obscurity of the farther end of the platform.

"She drove away this afternoon, she and Stacy. She said she was going to visit Grace, in Upland, you know; but Frank says he met her on the Rushville road."

"I understand," standing quietly a minute.

Then he turned toward the train that had given its warning whistle and was just then moving again.

"Where are you going?"

"After them."

He stepped on the already moving car; there was no time for further words. Mrs. Brainerd turned slowly away, with tears, toward the doctor's deserted home.

Seven years ago, the winter that George Hall was twenty years old, and a raw, green country boy, he was teaching school and boarding with a sister of Mrs. Brainerd. Alice Brainerd, three years younger, pretty, silly and vain, had been getting herself talked about by accepting and reciprocating the attentions of a wild young agent of a city firm. George Hall was the oldest son of a rich farmer, who opposed the boy's fancy of studying medicine, after the good old pig-headed country fashion; and, to further the chances of renunciation of his purpose, had cut off supplies. But Mrs. Eddy, and Mrs. Brainerd with her, remembered the paternal

riches, and if George did cling to his crazy fancy for medicine, he would be the first Hall who had departed from the traditions of the fathers. George was easily caught by a pretty face; he was too young to see through the wiles of the two artful women; he saw Alice only under judicious circumstances, and the end of it was that the next news the Hall family received was that George had added to his enormities by marrying Alice Brainerd, nominally without the knowledge of her family.

It was rather a dangerous experiment. George worked and saved, and borrowed money and went away to his studies. The Brainerds acknowledged that they had made a mistake. A country doctor was not such a brilliant prospect. He was starving and pinching himself through a thorough course of training, instead of going back to the plentiful pork and cabbage of the parental roof, for the same grain of determination to carry his point existed in son as well as father.

Alice stayed at home; the Halls would never recognize her. George spent his short and infrequent vacations with her, at every visit growing more and more "city-fied." At the end of three years he came back for good—a resolute, keen-witted, widely-developed man. The end of his first year of practice proved that he had entered the high road to success.

Meantime, Alice had retrograded as much as he had advanced. She had grown peevish and ill-tempered; she had never been a brilliant girl intellectually; she showed positive feebleness of judgment in some directions. Dr. Hall found, after awhile, that there was something louder than whispers against her propriety of conduct. Her mother came to him and begged him to make a home, if it was ever so humble, where he could have her under his direct care and influence. With such a weight as that, George Hall began his career.

What the last three years had been to him nobody but himself knew. She was not only weak and silly, but she had fits of rage that seemed little less than insanity. The last recollection of her that he had carried away with him, as he went away to the South, was that she lay screaming on the floor of her mother's house, because he insisted on leaving her there instead of taking her back to town. He simply dared not do it, for her own sake. But she had gone afterward, in spite of everything; and her mother, unable to control her, had followed her, hoping to keep up at least a show of the proprieties.

And this was his home-coming.

* * * * *

He had thought rapidly after Mrs. Brainerd's story. A branch road connected Rushville with the city, from whence several main lines ran to the great towns of the country. If they really contemplated flight, they would be almost certain to start from this place, having thrown off suspicion by going to Rushville.

The event proved him right. Almost the first face he saw was Stacy's evil, handsome countenance in the

crowd of men waiting to buy tickets at the just-opened office.

He walked straight through to the ladies' waiting room. His wife was sitting a little apart, glancing about uneasily. A shudder ran over him. It seemed to him that she had grown coarser in these few weeks since he had seen her.

He walked straight over to her and touched her shoulder. She gave a little smothered cry of terror as she saw his face.

Did I startle you?" he said quietly. "It is fortunate I saw you. A shopping excursion? Where are your packages?"

He gave her time to recover, and a hint as to what she could say. There was no pretense of joy at meeting—there never was any more.

"I have been disappointed," she faltered.

"The train is making up," he said, "we had better take our places."

She glanced furtively about, then rose and followed him.

"When did you come?" she gathered courage to ask him, after a little.

"To-day—to-night."

And so, for this time, Alice Hall was saved from the depth of destruction into which she seemed determined to plunge.

There was no attempt at explanation. She did not know how much he knew or suspected. The matter was simply ignored. He received greeting and welcome from everyone with whom he came in contact, enough to have warmed any heart less chilled and weighted than his. He always fancied a sort of pity in it all, as if there was a shade more of kindness accorded him in the wish to separate him from any misdoing of his wife. So he took up the burden of his life again, a little heavier and more hopeless than ever, since the shadow of almost certain open disgrace hung over it.

Mrs. Brainerd consented to remain with them. It gave him a semblance of comfort in his house. Coming in tired, cold and drenched from some long ride, it was something to find a fire and palatable food awaiting him. Mrs. Brainerd, to do her justice, did her best to repair the wrong she had done him. She was with her daughter constantly; she seconded every effort of his to save her. She did not preach; she did not obtrude herself. She showed most unexpected good sense in the line she took. But Alice never left the house without her mother or husband. She did not rebel. She had wit enough to know the uselessness of it. George never refused her anything. She wasted money recklessly; he gave it to her without question or remark. Fortunately, her experience had been so circumscribed that she did not know any very extended means of spending.

So the time went on for three months. It was dead winter—desolation all over the land. George Hall's life flowed in the old channel, but steadily growing worse and worse. He was growing as thin as a shadow—the terrible, hunted look of a man who never knows an

hour's repose of soul, grew on his face. Of the scenes that transpired in his own home, no one but Mrs. Brainerd knew. The one servant had been dismissed; it was too open a channel of communication with the outer world. The man and woman were ready to do anything, make any sacrifice, to shield wife and daughter. In the mother it was, perhaps, natural enough, but human patience is not inexhaustible. Who knows what inward reproaches of conscience strove to quiet themselves in this almost superhuman endurance in the husband?

One night—and the outbreak followed a cause so slight that it was evidently only a pretext—he stood in his office bathing his arm where she had bitten him. There was a blue and swollen wound; her teeth had nearly met through the white flesh. His was not a pleasant face to see—disgust, weariness, hopelessness in it.

Mrs. Brainerd came in, weak and trembling. When she saw what he was doing, she began to cry, in a hysterical, sobbing way. He set his teeth harder and made no remark. His over-taxed nerves would not stand much more.

When he did speak, his voice was cold and measured.

"Is there insanity in your family, do you know," he asked.

Mrs. Brainerd's sobbing ceased. The question almost stunned her. She comprehended, but found no words for reply. It opened a possibility before her worse than death, and a possibility that she could only recognize as probable. She stared at him speechlessly. He repeated his question.

"Is there insanity in her blood?"

"My father's sister died insane."

"That explains it. Madam, your daughter, and my wife, will be a mad woman before she is a year older."

It was the first tone of reproach she had ever heard from his lips. She rocked herself backward and forward tearlessly now.

"It is useless to waste words or hope. We must make the best of it."

He did not allude to the subject again in any way. The fact was always before their eyes. After that storm Alice was no longer violent. She was moody and sullen; if she felt any special aversion for her husband, she did not betray it. She rarely left the house now; there were few visitors. Sometimes callers came and she would spend a half hour with them, prettily dressed—she had undisputed taste—and there would be nothing unusual in appearance or behavior.

The Christmas season came on. For a week matters had gone very smoothly. To an indifferent eye Dr. Hall's domestic atmosphere was serene enough. He had occasion to entertain two brother physicians from a distance, and he overheard a remark of one of them just before they went away—

"Pretty, silly little woman, Hall's wife. After all, men do choose their wives for their hearts instead of their heads."

THE WEST SHORE.

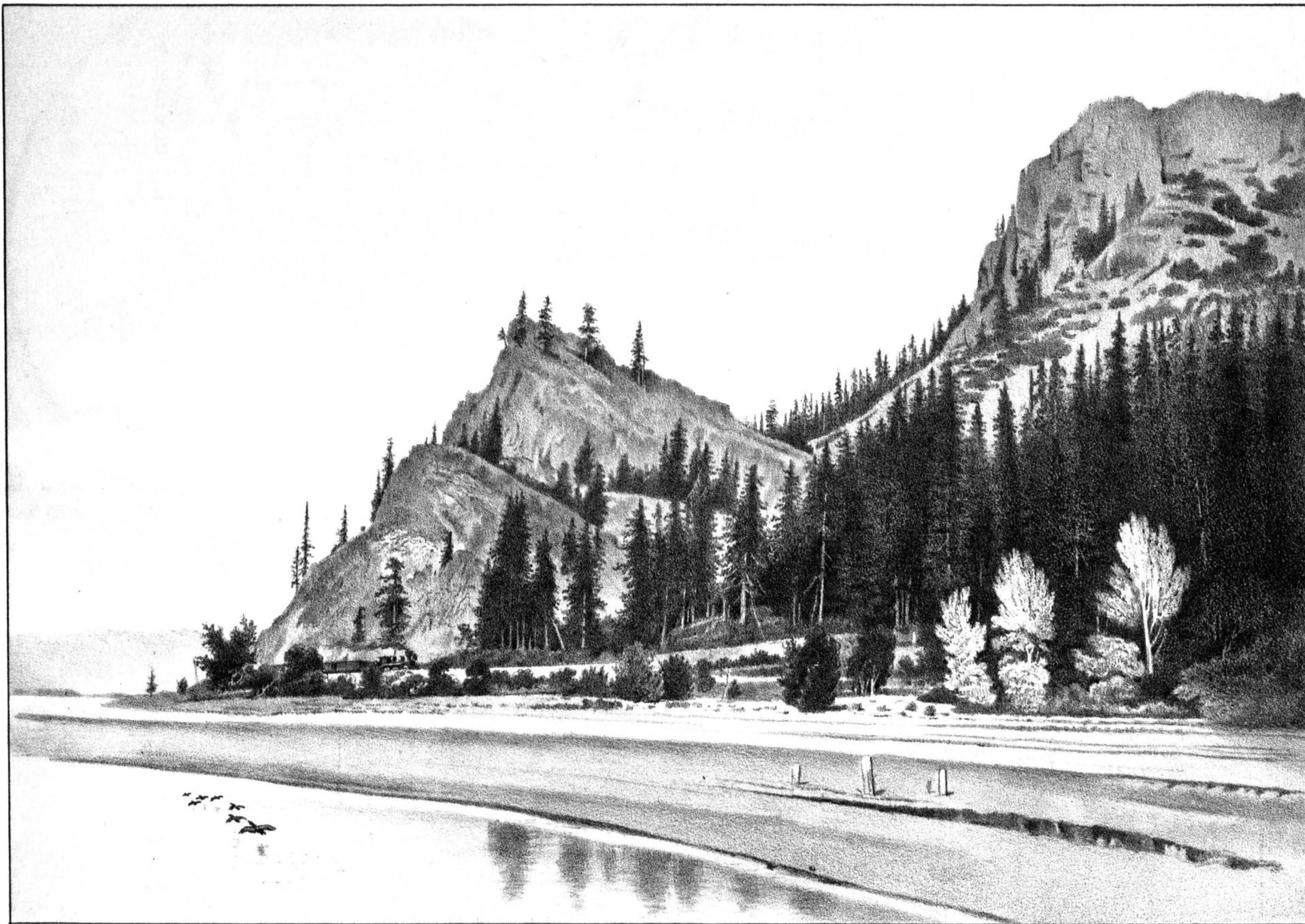


”It is as if the pine trees called me
From ceiled room and silent books
To see the dance of woodland shadows
And hear the song of April brooks”

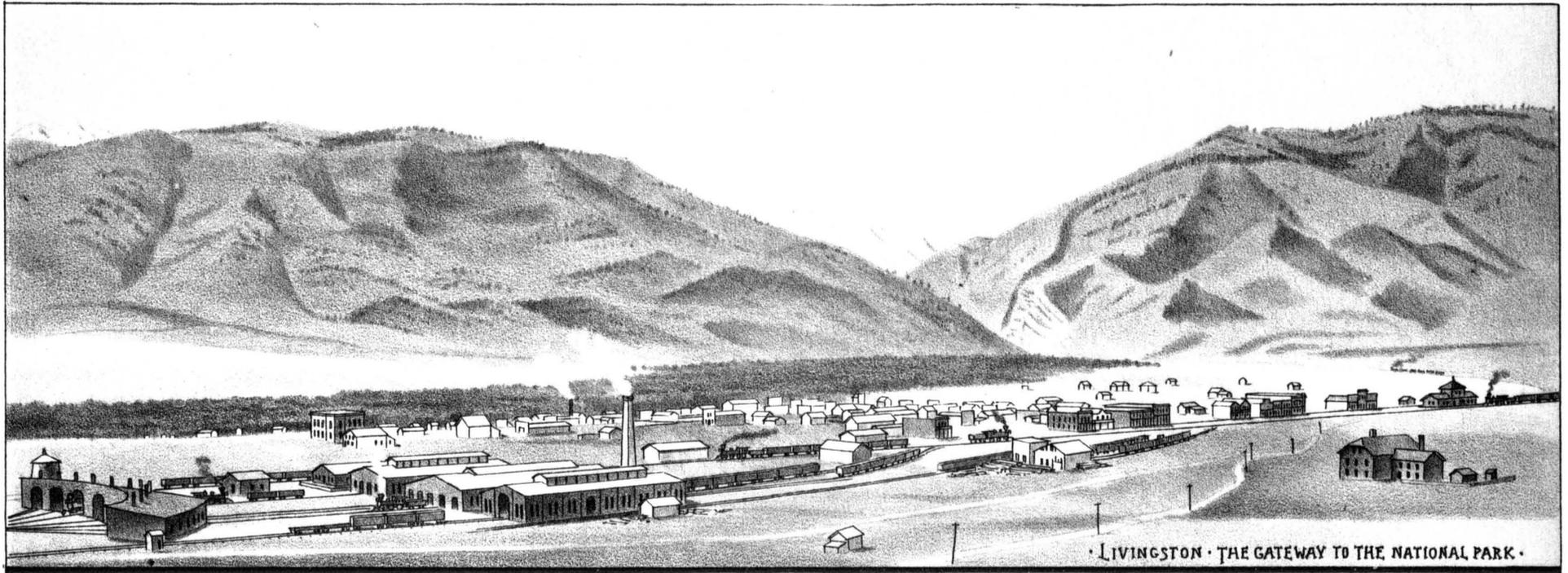
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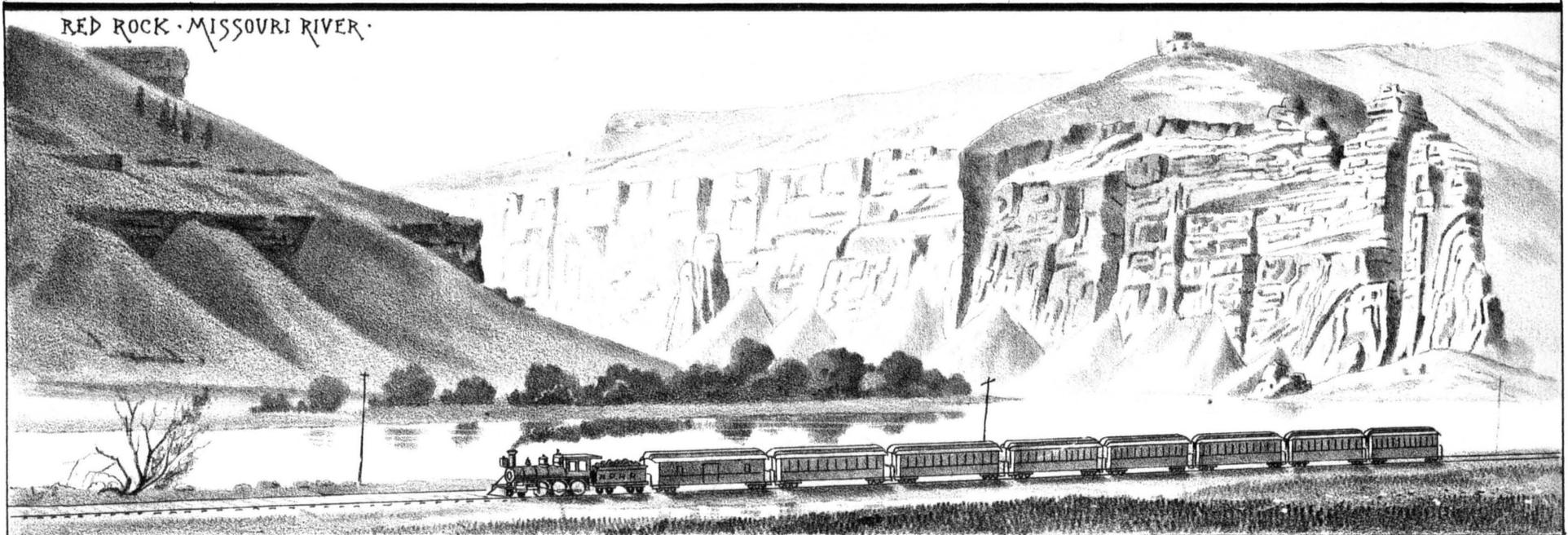
THE WEST SHORE.



COLUMBIA RIVER - MITCHELL'S POINT, O.R. & N. RAILWAY.



• LIVINGSTON • THE GATEWAY TO THE NATIONAL PARK •

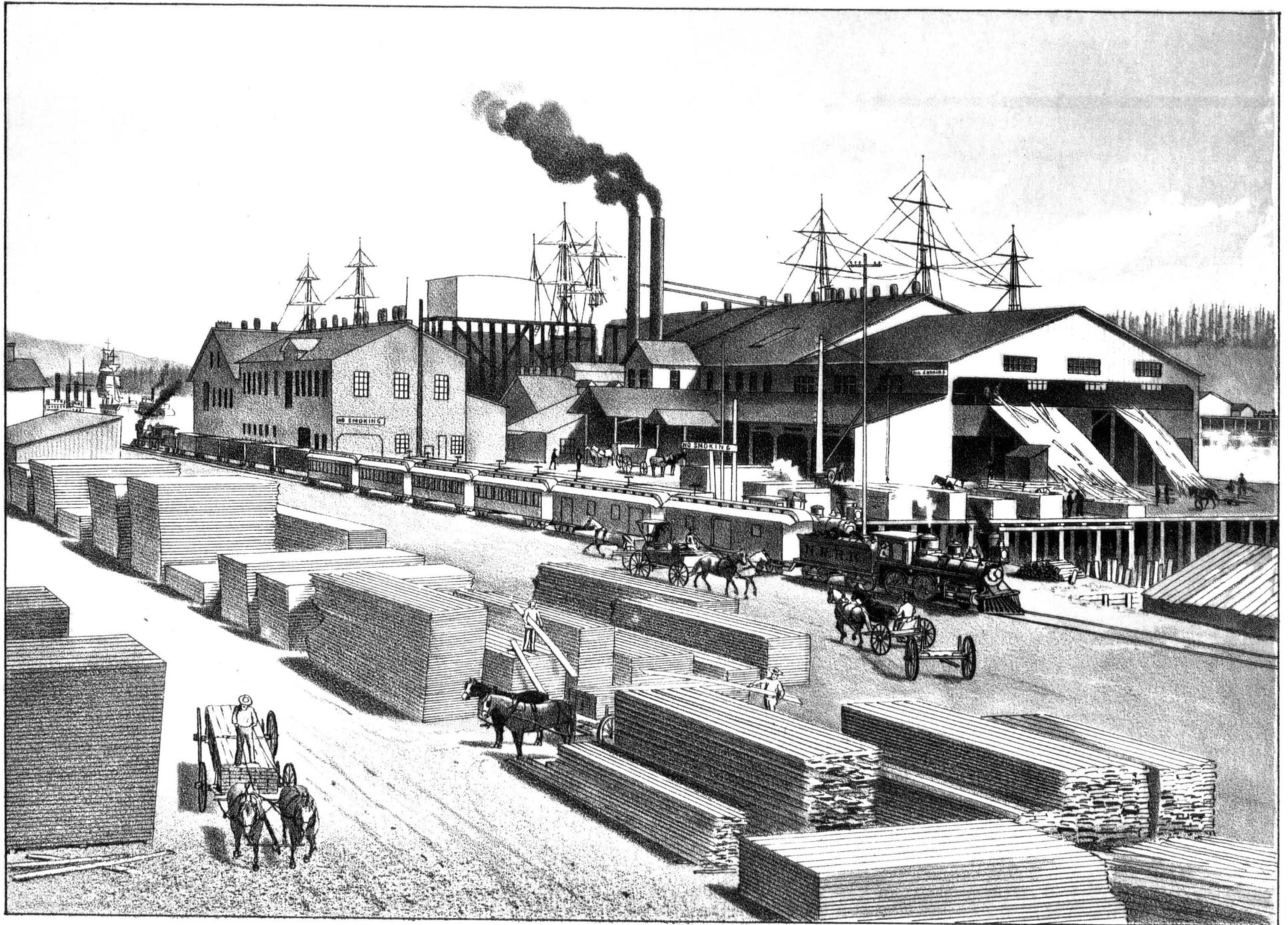


RED ROCK • MISSOURI RIVER •

• MONTANA •

THE WEST SHORE.

THE WEST SHORE.



· PORTLAND, OR. WILLAMETTE STEAM MILLS ·

During Christmas week he was summoned to a consultation in a distant town. He would be detained for two days. Joe Brainerd came to stay with his mother and sister. When the minute of departure came he went to say good-bye to his wife. It was a ceremony he never omitted. Sometimes she met him with a blow, sometimes with sullen silence. To-day she looked up with something of the old childish smile on her lips, and, to his amazement, put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

Some way it did not reassure him. As the train rolled away through the darkening afternoon, a sense of danger grew upon him more and more. It impressed him like the positive knowledge of an impending catastrophe. At last he could endure it no longer; by the time the train had reached the junction his resolve was taken. The consultation might go. A cross-country train would land him within five miles of home. If there was no conveyance there—it was a lonely little place—he would have the distance to walk over these horrible roads. No matter. Anything was better than this.

It was nearly midnight when, as he had expected, he set out on his lonely walk. A winter thunder storm had come on, and the night was black as pitch. A mile from the station he heard approaching wheels. There was nothing unusual in that, but it brought his heart into his throat. He took his stand by the roadway and waited. The carriage came on slowly, floundering through the mud-clogged road.

In the next flash of lightning he thought the faces of the occupants were revealed to him. Without a second's consideration he sprang at the horses' heads and had the startled animals by the bits. An oath came from the driver, and the whip fell in a stinging blow upon the plunging horses. Hall kept his hold. He was a man of unusual strength in his unexcited minutes; now he had the nerve of desperation. They dragged him—he was almost under their hoofs—but he did not lose his grasp, and at length he was on his feet again. Another flash must have showed his face; there was a smothered shriek, and then a pistol ball stung his shoulder sharply.

"You have not killed me, John Stacy, but by heaven, unless you leave that carriage in one minute, I will kill you."

The doctor's voice was very steady. The horses were standing in comparative quiet, and John Stacy did what was, perhaps, the wisest thing, under the circumstances—dismounted at once.

"You idiot," Hall half whispered, "don't you know that you are running away with an insane woman?"

Words and tone carried conviction. The guilty man stood bewildered and helpless. Hall took his vacated place, and left him standing.

"You will find your team at Lewis' stable to-morrow," Hall said, with perfect composure, as he turned back on the road they had just traveled.

Not a word was spoken. Alice sat motionless in her corner. When he reached his house no one was stirring. Her escape had not been discovered.

There was a wretched scene next day. For once Hall broke over his stern resolve of silence.

"What am I to do, Alice? This is twice that I have saved you. How many times must I, can I, stand between you and ruin?"

"Ruin!" with a cold rage in her voice. "What right have you to talk of that to me? I never belonged to you. I was married to John Stacy three months before I ever saw you."

Hall turned away without a word. He went straight to her mother and told her.

"Is it true?"

Mrs. Brainerd wrung her hands.

"I don't know—nobody knows. She was away with him three days once."

"And that was the girl that you gave me for a wife."

That was all he said. He went straight to his office and locked the door. All that afternoon there was utter silence within. Mrs. Brainerd came and went anxiously. Once she knocked timidly, but no answer came and she went away again. If she could have entered the darkened, fireless room, she would have found the doctor outstretched on the floor, like a woman—sobbing, too, as a few women do sob. In all these weary weeks and months he had rigidly shut out all voluntary thought of those weeks beside the sea. It had not been so difficult as it might seem. Body and brain had both been taxed to the uttermost with stern present necessities. But now it came back on him—the pure-faced woman that had crossed his path, that might have been so much to him.

And this other? In the eyes of God and man she had no claim on him. But if he let her go out of his keeping, what would become of her? She had been put into his hands. In the eyes of man he was free. In his own eyes—in the eyes of the Power above all—That was the way it ended, no matter by what train of thought he wrought out the problem. He went over it again and again, and the evening found him worn out with the struggle, but seeing no way but this. Not his wife, thank God; and yet in his care while she lived. He would stand between her and the shame and suffering she was struggling toward. It was hardly likely that Stacy would renew the attempt. If he did he would confront him with her statement. If he could prove it—a sudden sense of relief set his heart to bounding, and then it sunk again just as suddenly. He could not believe her. There was nothing to do but to face his duty, and his duty set him as guardian over her physical well being at least.

Half the night the doctor's steps went back and forth. There was stillness again. When Joe Brainerd, alarmed at the silence, forced the door next morning, he lay asleep on the lounge. It was a sleep that proved a

stupor, from which he was roused only to toss and rave in the delerium of brain fever.

Six long, weary weeks afterward the doctor began to get "hints and echoes of the world" that had swung on unheeding. A week after he first opened intelligent eyes, he turned suddenly to the man who was sitting near him, and asked for—he could not say his wife.

"Where is Alice?"

The man stared for a moment, muttered something unintelligible and fled the room. The doctor lay back, faint with apprehension.

Mrs. Brainerd came. She wore a black dress. He looked at her. She did not speak till he questioned her with a shaking voice—

"What has happened?"

"Alice is dead."

He dropped back against his pillows breathless and faint, but consciousness did not leave him. He heard the whole story, little by little. Dead, and by her own hand, but whether by accident or design no one could tell. A fit of raving violence, and then an overdose of morphine, obtained, no one knew how. At all events she was gone.

It was not many days later, and the doctor, feebly staggering about his chamber, was trying to settle with himself what should come next. Professional common sense told him that entire and complete rest for a time was a necessity too imperative to be neglected. But there were some very solid obstacles in the way, and he was in a condition that made mole hills look like mountains. Under it all, one constant sensation of relief lay like a spring of new strength. He did not call himself heartless; he was not ashamed to face the consciousness that he was thankful the burden had been lifted. He could not blame himself. He had done the best that he knew how.

Then came Mr. Hamilton, the rich man of Clairview. A year ago Dr. Hall had stood over this man's only child, and, watching night and day, had saved his life.

"I want to send Frank abroad for a year," he said, after a few preliminary remarks. "He isn't very strong I want you to go with him. Will you go?"

"Is it yes or no on the spot?" Dr. Hall said, with one of his old smiles.

"Not precisely. See here, George,"—the young doctor would always be George to some of those men who had known him all his life—"I know all about your story; you want to get out of this. Let your practice go for a year, take the time to forget and get well, and begin over again. I owe you what money will never repay, already. Put me under further obligation and spend a year with the boy. He can't go if you don't."

"I have business in New York first, after that is finished I will tell you—in a week."

The words seemed to speak themselves. Being spoken, the matter had arranged itself.

He went to New York two days later. It was small guide that he had—her name and the casual mention of her employment, and she had said that her home was in New York.

He found her name in the school lists—all the bare items that he wanted; the name of her school, her grade, the number of her room. He felt as if she was only in the next room; that he might open the door and find her, sweet and still and strong.

He waited till the hour for afternoon dismissal. A noisy troupe of urchins was streaming away from the great building. He found his way to the rather pretentious reception room, summoned an attendant and asked for Miss Roberts.

The Principal was passing the door. He heard the question, and stopped.

"Miss Roberts—Miss Irene Roberts—she was one of our best teachers. She did come back after the summer vacation, and she was married week before last."

For nearly a year Dr. Hall and his charge had wandered up and down through the highways and byways of Europe. They had seen churches and cathedrals till the boy averred that he never wanted to see another; they had scaled mountains and explored ruins. Now they were in Paris making some final arrangements for a winter trip on the Nile, after which they were going home.

They had lingered in Paris much longer than they had at first purposed. It had its fascinations for both of them. Frank Hamilton went wild over its sights; the doctor was a little less frantic over its opportunities for medical study. He had made friends with various wise men, and found the attractions of the city growing.

"I have a case of sympathy on my mind to-day," one of his new friends said to him. "It is a luxury I don't often allow myself, but this case is too much for me. It is a young woman who came out as governess with a family who were doing Europe. She fell sick, went into a decline, and they left her, friendless, penniless, in a charity hospital. She is a lady, and an American."

Hall stopped to listen with closer attention.

"I wish you would come and see her. You know the American constitution better than I."

Hall went, of course. Quite at the end of the public ward, a little removed from the rest, stood the cot occupied by the American girl. Hall followed his guide unconcernedly. He was ready for some ordinary case of hardship not beyond the reach of money, and he allowed various matters to attract his attention—as doctors will. It was not till he stood quite beside the cot that he glanced at the patient. She was asleep as they came up; it took half a minute to recognize in the wasted features the pure outlines of Irene Roberts' face.

"This is she," in a low voice. "You see—a lady. Good Lord!"

The exclamation was for Dr. Hall's benefit. He was leaning against the wall, utterly white and breathless.

It woke the sick girl. As she opened her eyes her first glance fell on his face. For a minute she lay gazing while the confusion of sleep cleared away from her consciousness. Then a faint smile crossed her lips, and she said very quietly, putting out a shadowy hand—

"Dr. Hall. Yes, I knew you would come."

* * * * *

Three days afterward, in one of the most comfortable of the private apartments of the hospital there was a wedding. It was quite a distinguished affair, apart from its peculiarity. The American consul gave the lady away; the consul's wife shed the necessary motherly tears. The room was crowded with flowers; the bride, who reclined in an easy chair, wore the prettiest white cashmere wrapper that could be found. The doctor who had helped Hall to the discovery was best man, and took on some airs of proprietorship of the whole affair.

The trip up the Nile was postponed a few weeks till Mrs. Hall was able to go, too. She came home in the early summer, feeble still, but showing no intention of dying.

* * * * *

"You see, when I went to your school in New York, and they told me that you were married, I gave you up."

"But I never taught in New York."

"You didn't! It must have been another Irene Roberts."

"I hope she is happy."

THE BEDOUIN DUEL.

The Bedouins have a strong feeling of personal dignity, and are quick to resent insults. Duels of a peculiar kind are not uncommon, always supervised by the elders of the tribe, who never permit them to come to a fatal termination. Sometimes the two adversaries, separated by two parallel ropes about a yard apart, are armed with courbashes (a fearful whip made of hippopotamus hide, which brings the blood with every cut), and they are encouraged to lash each other until their wrath is cooled. In more serious cases the combatants are seated flat on the ground, face to face, as close as they can get. One single knife is given to the man who wins the first cut, after which he passes it to his adversary, who strikes the second blow; and so on alternately. They are forbidden to strike at a vital part, and while they are slashing at each other's arms, legs, thighs and shoulders—not without a chivalrous courtesy—the judges of the combat watch each stroke that is given, and when in their opinion enough blood has been shed, they rise and separate the adversaries, who proclaim themselves satisfied, and return quietly to their tents to have their wounds dressed.

KOOTENAY AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

The Columbia River and Kootenay Railroad Company intend to build this season a railway twenty-five miles long, extending from the mouth of Kootenay River, on the Columbia, to Kootenay Lake. It was originally intended to be a narrow gauge road, but it will probably be made of the standard gauge. It is intended to tap the rich mining region of Kootenay Lake, which is now inaccessible, except from Sand Point, on the Northern Pacific. In connection with the railroad the company will build steamers to run from their western terminus up the Columbia River to Farwell—the west crossing of the Columbia by the Canadian Pacific Railway—and also steamers to run on Kootenay Lake to the boundary line between British Columbia and the United States. The company has a grant of seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of land from the British Columbia Government. Of this it has already taken up fifty thousand acres in the rich mineral belt on Kootenay Lake. The remaining seven hundred thousand acres will be selected along both banks of the Columbia River, from the boundary line to the head of navigation on that stream. A reserve of six miles wide on each side of the Columbia has been made by the Government to continue till the end 1888, before which time the company must make its selection of lands. The mining region of Kootenay Lake District consists of an argenterous belt of galena ore, several miles in width. In this belt exist the most extensive deposits of lead ore probably in the world. The assays of the various veins of ore vary from \$15 to \$175 worth of silver per ton. The facilities for smelting are very great. Iron ore and limestone exist in the immediate vicinity, both being needed for a flux in smelting. A clay capable of producing fire brick is also found on the borders of the lake. Charcoal can be obtained from the forests which surround the lake. It is the opinion of good judges that within a few years the Kootenay District will be the largest base metal producing district on the Pacific Coast, and that hundreds of tons of pig lead will be shipped daily from that region. Northerly from the immediate vicinity of the lead mines, along the rivers emptying into Kootenay Lake, placer gold diggings were found during the season of 1885, and a railway is now projected from the town of Farwell to the head of Upper Arrow Lake, thence across a low divide to Kootenay Lake mines. South of the boundary line, in the Colville District, rich silver and lead mines have been opened during the past season, and it is probable that the belt will be found continuous throughout Idaho and Montana. North of the town of Farwell, in the Big Bend region of the Columbia, some very rich gold bearing quartz veins have been discovered, which will attract a great many miners and capitalists during the coming season. Steamboats will be put on the Columbia River, from Farwell upwards, to supply this district. This mining region will provide a large body of traffic to the Canadian Pacific, as the lead of Kootenay, in pigs, will be shipped over the road to Montreal *en route* to Swansea.

FISHERIES OF ALASKA.

I HAVE spoken of a salmon cannery in Bocade Quadra Inlet, and may add that a number of these industries are scattered here and there in the southeastern horn. They seem to be growing steadily in numbers, which would indicate prosperity. They are graded below Columbia River salmon in quality and price, but the cost is so much less that I think they make more per case, twenty thousand cases having been shipped in 1883. These waters swarm with salmon during the summer, and the main objection against the industry in this district is the inferior quality of fish compared with those of Oregon, which will always be against very high profits, however cheap they may be able to get the fish. As the data to the salmon industry is more accessible in this part of Alaska, I will pass, with the above few remarks, to a district where much less is known, and where, I think, the prospects are much better. I refer to the large rivers of Alaska, and especially those flowing into Behring Sea, the Yukon, the Koskoquim and others, whose waters have not even been prospected with this idea in view. From the fact that all the important salmon canneries of the Pacific Coast are on the larger rivers, the Fraser, of British Columbia, the Columbia, of Oregon and Washington, and the Sacramento, of California, while none worthy of mention exist on the smaller streams, the same might have been inferred in Alaska, and thus drawn attention to these rivers, even if they were so remote and apparently inaccessible. I descended the Yukon River its whole length, two thousand and forty-five miles, in 1883. At two thousand miles from its mouth salmon commence appearing in sufficient quantities to enable the Indians to live upon them in summer, while running, and put by a small quantity, smoked and dried, for future use. The amount thus preserved steadily increases as one descends the great river, and as the natives increase in numbers, until at about five or six hundred miles from the mouth, to that point, the natives live almost wholly upon fish the year round, besides feeding large numbers of their dogs upon them. The drying yards of the native fishermen on the lower river are simply acres in extent, and it seems folly to me to attempt to estimate the amount, except by allowing wide margins for approximation. One person roughly estimates the catch on the Alaskan rivers at ten millions. Allow half that to be correct and we see that the amount annually taken from the Columbia—about six hundred thousand cases, three fish to the case—and which requires most rigid laws to prevent extermination, would have no appreciable effect on this great northern river, the Yukon. There are a very few white traders on the lower Yukon, in the employ of the Alaska Commercial Company, who, keeping their own dogs, purchase salmon from the natives for their winter's maintenance. The natives catch them in traps and weirs, clean them, slice them longitudinally so they will dry faster, put them on trellises to dry, store them away in their caches, and when winter comes

on take them out, sledge them to the trader's store and sell them for a cent apiece, in trade, which means two or three mills. Transferring the Columbia River catch to the Yukon, with the difference of price in the fish, would show a saving of so much over a million dollars that the increased cost of canneries, shipping to and from, etc., would not lower it much below that sum to show as clean profit over that on the Columbia. I saw at least a half dozen fine sites near the mouth of the Yukon, fulfilling all requirements demanded by a canning establishment, as far as water, wood and minor accessories are concerned—a number that could undoubtedly be increased by a person searching with that object in view. The best quality of the Yukon River salmon is said to excel the Chinook salmon of the Columbia River, and so I thought when there, but am willing to acknowledge that a person just ending a long exploration, on the roughest fare, may not be in the best condition to judge, and may be conscientiously deceived. I believe that the best variety is called the "king salmon," with a pinkish, firm, hard meat, and weighing double the Chinook of the Columbia. They comprise, roughly estimated, about one-fifth of the catch of the natives, who treat them the same as the others; one variety, however, the dog salmon, being fed only to their dogs, except in cases where they are pinched for food. The king salmon catch, therefore, could be made equal to that of the Columbia River, giving the others secured to the natives who would be employed as fishermen. Another variety, however, comprising about two-fifths of the native catch, locally known as "red-back," I believe, are claimed to equal the Chinook salmon; but I am inclined to think they might be graded a little lower. The Roskoquim, south of the Yukon, and the Kowak, north of it, are large rivers also, and said to be as good in salmon-canning prospects as the Yukon, although I never visited them personally. I feel confident that the salmon fisheries of Alaska, in their entirety, the merest portion of which has been invaded so far, are as superior to those of the northwest of the United States proper as they are superior to those of California; or, in short, that they are the most important in the world. I might say, in closing the salmon subject, that the mouths of all the Alaskan streams flowing into Behring Sea, which is very shallow on its eastern shore, have built up ugly bars with river sediment, and these must be noticed in calculations about commerce with any industry on the streams themselves. None of them are fatal, however, to such schemes, but simply hindrances of greater or less magnitude to be overcome.

The whale fishery of Alaskan bays and contiguous waters is just the reverse of the salmon fishery, in the knowledge of it by the public; that is, its most important whaling grounds are well known and thoroughly invaded, yielding us an average income of about \$1,000,000.00 per year. All data and statistics of the North Pacific whaling fleet can be so easily procured in San Francisco that I will not follow them up, but in dropping the subject I should say there is getting to be a

tendency to establish whaling stations along the Alaskan Coast, which, by the utilization of natives as whalers, allows small capital to enter this field, heretofore held by those able to fit out ships. Whales are caught for their oil, at Killisnoo, southeastern Alaska, and found profitable; but experiments with other fisheries set them to making herring oil and drying codfish, where from two thousand five hundred to five thousand cases are annually turned out, of a quality said to be superior in every way to that of the East. In its cod fisheries, Alaska is undoubtedly destined to lead the world, if supply and accessibility are worth anything in computation. I have spoken of the shallow shores of Eastern Behring Sea, and these submarine plateaus, the largest in the world, extend in almost every direction from Alaska's shores, and simply swarm with codfish. To compare them with the Atlantic banks would be like comparing the population of China with that of the Hudson Bay Territory; none of them would make a coupon to the cod banks of Alaska. Some of the Alaskan natives live on these fish the year round, mixing them, singularly enough, with the dwarfed potatoes they raise in little patches. The Shumagin Island banks are the favorite ones, and from here they extend westward to nearly one hundred and seventy degrees west longitude (as now located, but probably beyond), into the Arctic, till navigation becomes unsafe, and to British Columbia on the south. On the Shumagin Islands an infant industry is established, on a small scale, catching about a million a year, with but a little over a half dozen men, their daily catch per man being two to three hundred cod, while double that number are often secured. The fish are taken to San Francisco to be cured, and this degrades their quality, a process that more wholesale methods of dealing would obviate. The only element now against the Alaskan cod banks is the demand, which has, heretofore, been only the Pacific Coast, and that in a very restricted sense. With the competition of the Northern and Canadian Pacific, and projected roads to the Northwest, and the resumption of business prosperity, it is probable that this industry may share some of the latter. While there never will be a "bonanza" in the cod fisheries that is probable in the salmon of the Yukon, and the cedar of the southeastern horn, it will always be the corner-stone of Alaska's wealth, when the population of the Pacific, or cheap transportation eastward, creates a demand for it.—*Frederick Schwatka, in Bradstreet's.*

TO CLEAN WINDOWS.—Chamois or buckskin, cleans a window very nicely; but if the wings of turkeys, geese or large fowls are saved and well dried there is nothing better—far more economical than chamois, beside removing all the dirt more effectually. With the wings all the dirt can be taken out of corners, and when done there will be no lint on the glass. Nothing is better for cleaning stoves, brushing out corners or brushing off furniture than a good, clean wing.

THE CROW RESERVATION.

That tract of country commonly known as the "Crow Reservation" was set aside by the Congress of the United States, in the 1865, for the use and benefit of the Crow tribe of Indians. It lies in Southeastern Montana and its boundaries are described as follows:

Beginning at the point of the Yellowstone River crossed by the one hundred and seventh meridian of longitude west from Greenwich; thence following the south shore of the Yellowstone river to the mouth of Boulder Creek at the point on the Yellowstone crossed by the one hundred and tenth meridian of west longitude; thence southerly up Big Boulder Creek to the point upon the east fork of same crossed by the one hundred and tenth meridian; thence due south along the course of said meridian to the base of the Snow Mountains; thence due east forty-five miles; thence due south twenty miles, to a point situated on the north boundary line of the Territory of Wyoming; thence east along the boundary between Wyoming and Montana, to the crossing upon that line of the one hundred and tenth meridian of west longitude; thence due north along the course of this meridian to point of starting. The magnificent region thus outlined is three hundred miles in length from east to west, and averages forty-two miles in width from north to south, therefore containing twelve thousand six hundred square miles, or eight million six hundred and sixty-four thousand acres. Reference is herewith called to executive orders from Washington City, dated October 20, 1875, and March 8, 1876, and the Act of Congress of July 10, 1880.

The lands included in this vast territory may be classified and apportioned approximately as follows: One-eighth arable (with irrigation), one-fourth timber, one-eighth mineral, one-half pastoral.

The Boulder, Clarke's Fork, Rosebud, Rock Creek, Pryor Creek, Big Horn, Little Horn, and Pompey's Pillar Creek, flow through it from south to north, perennial mountain streams, from each of which sufficient water can be taken at comparatively slight cost to irrigate the contiguous areas of agricultural lands.

The intermediate elevated plateaux are everywhere richly clothed with that peculiar variety of steppe vegetation known in local parlance as "bunch grass," which throughout the northern mountain districts of the continent, has been demonstrated to be of inestimable value in the profitable conduct of the live stock industry. At the sources of the streams which water the district are large bodies of merchantable timber, principally of fine cottonwood and ash, sufficient for all possible future local wants.

Limestone and coal abound throughout, and satisfactory evidence is at hand to indicate the existence of extensive deposits of the more important metals, particularly in the western portion, bordering upon the Boulder, New World, and other now well-known mining districts. Extensive fields of superior bituminous coal have been discovered on Rock Creek, samples of which have at

different times been thoroughly tested both for domestic and manufacturing purposes, with most satisfactory results.

The Crow Indians, the putative occupants of this splendid domain, number, according to the official census of 1880, something over three thousand, but estimates made by parties whose intimate relations with the tribe enable them to speak with authority, place the entire number at less than two thousand souls. During 1885 these Indians were removed to the eastern borders of their reservation, and there granted lands in severalty, which, however, are occupied by but a few of their number, the remainder still continuing to roam about the country at large, depredating the ranges and the settlements. It is stated by the members of the Yellowstone Round-up Association, that an average of one beef animal per day is killed upon the Yellowstone range alone by marauding bands of savages belonging to the various tribes of Eastern Montana.

The country included within this magnificent reserve contains all the elements necessary for the support of the varied industries of modern civilization, and for the maintenance of a population of twenty thousand souls. The principle of withholding this magnificent tract from the public domain is a wrong to the Indians and an injustice to the white race. At present it yields to its possessors no single tithe of revenue; it is almost utterly destitute of game, and it retards the civilization of the Indian by tending to unsettle and discontent him, affording, as it does, a wide field over which he may roam and perpetuate the nomadic habits of his ancestors.

Its broad areas of agricultural and pastoral lands, now an unoccupied and forbidding solitude, would, if in the hands of a progressive and intelligent people, soon become a source of great and prolific wealth to the nation. It is impossible for the savages who hold it to occupy one-twentieth part of its area for any purpose whatever, and it is a fact that a larger part of its southern and western portions is never even seen by the Indians. The increasing needs of Western growth and advancement demand every acre of the soil available, and there is no shadow of excuse for delay in the correction of an abuse which is patent to every mind.—*A. H. Hersey, in the Billings Gazette.*

SEVEN VALUABLE HINTS.—Ripe tomatoes will remove ink or other stains from the hands. Kerosene will soften leather hardened by water, and render it as pliable as new. To heal cut fingers with rapidity, grasp them in a cloth saturated with alum water; they will sting sharply for a little while, but the pain will subside quickly and for good. The same remedy will cure chafing, but it is too severe to be used upon children. To keep tinware nice and bright, scour it every two or three weeks with finely sifted coal ashes. To clean willow furniture, use salt and water, and apply with a horse brush, and dry thoroughly. Machine grease may be removed from wrap goods by dipping the fabric in cold rain water and soda.

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW.

STAINED HANDS.—1. Never attempt to wash stains, from whatever cause they may arise, from off the hands by using soap and water. In nine cases out of ten this will only serve to set the stains and lengthen the time of their disappearance. Salt of lemons is the best thing to use if you have it near you; if not, common salt. Use either of these as you would common soap. If, after this, the hands are not sufficiently white, wash them in horse radish and milk.

2. The removal of walnut stains from the hands may be accomplished simply by rubbing with slices of apple or of pear, the cleansing power being due, it is supposed, to the presence of the acid, which therefore may, perhaps, be advantageously replaced by citric acid or lemon juice. If, however, the stains be at once thoroughly washed in fresh water, without using soap, they may be made to disappear almost entirely; but soap is unadvisable, since its alkali acts as a mordant and fixes the color.

TO AVOID SUFFOCATION.—To avoid suffocation in a house on fire, steep a handkerchief or towel in water and tie it round the head, covering mouth and nostrils. In that condition a person will be in a position to breathe freely and walk in the densest smoke to be met with in a burning building.

SWEEPING HINTS.—In sweeping do not scrub your broom into your carpet as if you were sawing a pine board, but sweep lightly and gently, and you will get the dust together just as well, save making half the dust, besides saving a great deal in the wear of the carpets. Many housekeepers wonder why their carpets do not last as well as their neighbor's, which were put down at about the same time, or why this carpet does not wear as well as a previous one of the same kind, and the weaver gets the blame, when nine times out of ten it is the sweeper who is to blame. We don't care how smart our help is in other ways, if she digs her broom into the carpet in that pitching, scrubbing way which so many do, we begin to feel nervous, and wish the "help" was somewhere else, for we know how soon the carpet will begin to show it. Nothing in the world sooner spoils good pictures than dust. It gets into the cracks and corners, where it cannot be got out, so that we think it best to always dampen the broom before sweeping. Some people wear out the broom all on one side. Nothing is more suggestive of carelessness than this. When sweeping, hold the broom nearly straight up and down, and brush rather than sweep, being careful to keep the longest side next the carpet. A broom kept straight will last three times as long as one allowed to wear out all on one side. When sweeping, take a teacupful of corn meal, moisten a little, and sprinkle on the carpet before sweeping. It will all sweep off, and will keep the dust from rising. It also has the effect to scour the carpet and keep it perfectly clean. When sweeping, dip your broom occasionally in water, hot is best, and keep the dust from flying over everything. Coarse salt sprinkled over the floor occasionally is said to keep the moths out of the carpet.

FUR TRADE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

(CONTINUED—III).

WHEN Lieutenant Broughton, of Vancouver's Expedition, explored the Columbia River, in 1792, he ascended to a point a short distance above the mouth of the Willamette, which he named "Point Vancouver." In 1821, the Northwest Company established a post at that point, which became known as "Fort Vancouver." After the consolidation of the two rivals, this was selected for a general headquarters for the Pacific Coast trade, and was placed under the charge of Dr. John McLoughlin, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in this region, subordinate agents or "factors," having charge of the out-lying posts. During the next decade the company extended its operations in all directions, from California, on the south, to Alaska, on the north, and many new trading posts were established in eligible localities. A branch headquarters was established in the town of Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), for the convenience of the trapping brigades sent to California, and the company was represented there by W. G. Rey and J. Alexander Forbes, the first English historian of California.

The operations of the Hudson's Bay Company were carried on in a most thorough and systematic manner. The majority of its employees, or servants, were bound by contract for a term of years, only a few experienced trappers being engaged for transient periods. Fort Vancouver was the hub upon which the entire system turned. To it were brought all the furs collected at the various interior posts, the Columbia River being the chief artery of communication. At stated periods vessels arrived from England with cargoes of woolen and cotton cloth and garments, groceries, hardware, oils, paints, ship stores, trinkets, etc., etc., which were unloaded there and distributed among the various posts in the interior or along the coast, being transported by small sailing vessels, boats and pack animals. The ships returned to England with cargoes of furs. The fort consisted of an enclosure seven hundred and fifty feet long, by four hundred and fifty broad, surrounded by a palisade twenty feet high, defended at each angle by a bastion mounting two twelve-pound cannon. The area within contained forty strong, one-story buildings, devoted respectively to offices, residence apartments, fur warehouses, storehouses for goods, workshops for carpenters, blacksmiths, coopers, wheelwrights, tanners, saddlers, etc., school house, chapel and powder magazine. In the center stood the chief factor's residence, a large, two-story house, containing the dining room and public sitting room. All the clerks and officers, including the chaplain and physician, dined together, the chief factor presiding. The mechanics and other servants of the company did not enjoy this privilege, but lived in a separate village, without the enclosure, numbering about sixty houses. Behind the fort, and on both sides along the river bank, was a magnificent farm of three thousand acres, divided into orchards, fields, gardens and

meadows, interspersed with dairy houses and servants' cottages. A grist mill, saw mill and threshing mill completed the more important details of the establishment. An associate organization, known as the "Puget Sound Agricultural Company," carried on quite extensive farming operations on the Cowlitz and at Nesqually, with headquarters at Fort Steilacoom, on the Sound. This company shipped the product of its farm to the Sandwich Islands and the Russian posts in Alaska and Kamtchatka, besides supplying the Hudson's Bay Company.

At the various posts a regular trade was carried on with the Indians, who brought in furs to barter for the sundry articles of clothing and ornaments which struck their eccentric fancy. Regular trapping parties of about a hundred men scoured the country, trapping the streams and trading with the native tribes living at points remote from the company's forts. These parties consisted chiefly of the company's servants, accompanied by a few free trappers, the former employed on a stated salary, and the latter receiving a certain price for each beaver skin or other pelt captured. A few Indian women, wives of the men, generally accompanied each party or "brigade," the whole being under the charge of an officer of the company. It frequently happened that a trapping party was compelled to go into winter quarters in the mountains, but in such cases, whenever possible, a detachment was sent back to headquarters with the furs which had been collected, and to secure needed reinforcements and supplies. In this manner, gradually extending its operations, the great Hudson's Bay Company trapped and traded from California to the Arctic, and from the Pacific Ocean to Hudson's Bay. One feature of its operations was the "Montreal Express," which maintained communication between Vancouver and Montreal, passing once each way annually. Almost the entire distance was traveled in canoes and boats, the expressmen being none other than the famous *voyageurs* who had been connected with the fur trade in that capacity for several generations. They ascended the Columbia almost to its source in the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia, where they left their boats and made a portage across the summit to the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, down which they rowed to Lake Winnipeg and the settlements on Red River. Thence, by an almost continuous water route, they were enabled to reach Montreal.

In their intercourse with the numerous tribes of the vast region over which their operations extended, it was imperatively necessary that some common language be employed, since it was manifestly impossible for them to learn this multitude of dialects, and equally impracticable to teach the Indians to speak English, especially the more remote tribes with whom they came less frequently in contact. This great want was filled by what is known as the "Chinook Jargon," a conglomeration of bad English, poor French and distorted Indian words. It was but a vocabulary of nouns, verbs and adjectives, possessing no grammar nor structural formation of any

kind. The Chinook was not deliberately invented or concocted by the Hudson's Bay Company, as has been often asserted, but was a growth, requiring many years for its evolution to the stage in which the Oregon pioneers found it in the "forties." The first traders at the mouth of the Columbia, nearly twenty years before the founding of Astoria, were English and American skipper, as has been related in a previous article. In bartering with the natives they naturally evolved a special trade language, consisting of both English and Indian words, the latter applying chiefly to articles with which the natives were familiar, and the former to those which were new to them, such as "musket." The Indian words, and English words mispronounced or combined with Indian words, naturally predominated. After Astoria was founded and became the headquarters of the Northwest Company, this jargon rapidly increased in size and flexibility, and was carried inland by the traders, who found it much easier for the Indians to learn than English. In the course of its evolution, a great many French words were incorporated into it, as the majority of the company's servants were descendants of the French settlers in Canada, and spoke a *patois* of the language of their mother country, which, indeed, many of those still living in the older Provinces of Canada, as well as the halfbreed descendants of the *voyageurs* and traders along the Red, Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers, continue to do to the present day. The Indians, among whom this trade language had its birth, were the Chinooks, living on the north bank of the Columbia, near its mouth. From this fact it is known as the "Chinook," though, as has been stated, it is purely of a composite nature, and is by no means the mother tongue of the Chinook Indians. This jargon is spoken by every Indian tribe throughout the whole region now and formerly dominated by the Hudson's Bay Company. The early pioneers of this region became familiar with the jargon, and even now frequently rattle it off as glibly as a Greek professor his Anabasis. It is related of the late Senator Nesmith, that while making a political speech in the East, he dumbfounded his audience by shouting in a dramatic manner a few disjointed fragments of Chinook, receiving credit for having made an extremely classic quotation from the Latin.

Soon after the consolidation of the two English companies, American traders entered the field in competition with them. The base of these operations was St. Louis, between which city and Santa Fé there existed a large trade in furs, the latter being headquarters for trappers in New Mexico, then a Province of Mexico. The two leading organizations were the American Fur Company, and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. The former had been founded by Mr. Astor, a third of a century before, and now, under the management of Ramsey Crooks, transferred its base of operations from Mackinac to St. Louis. The latter was organized by General William H. Ashley. There were many changes of copartnership in these companies, and numerous private fur enterprises, the details of which have little

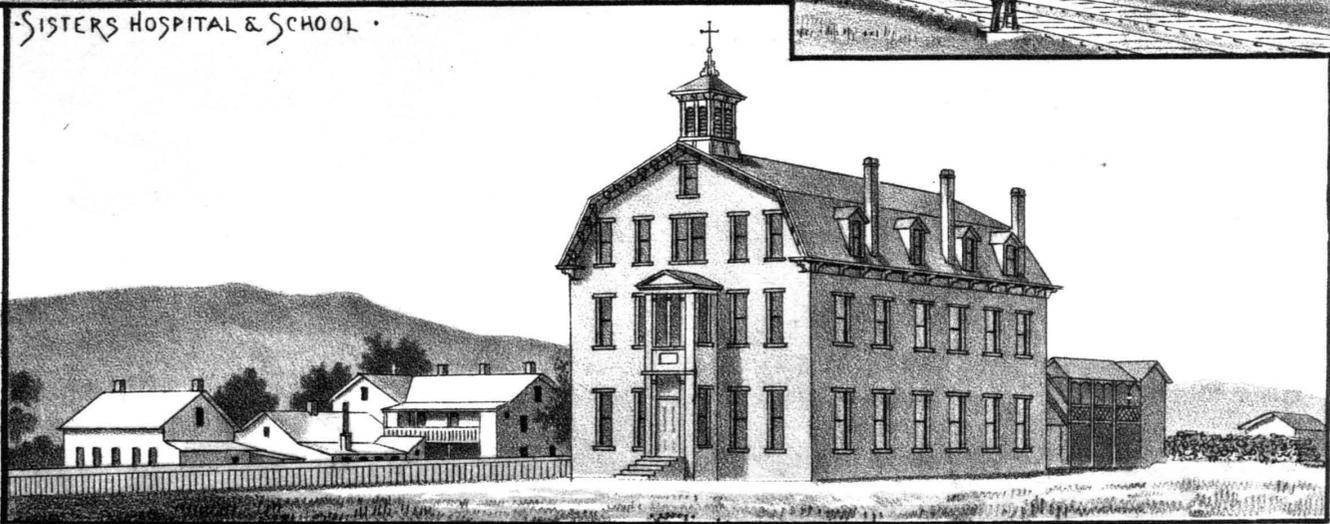
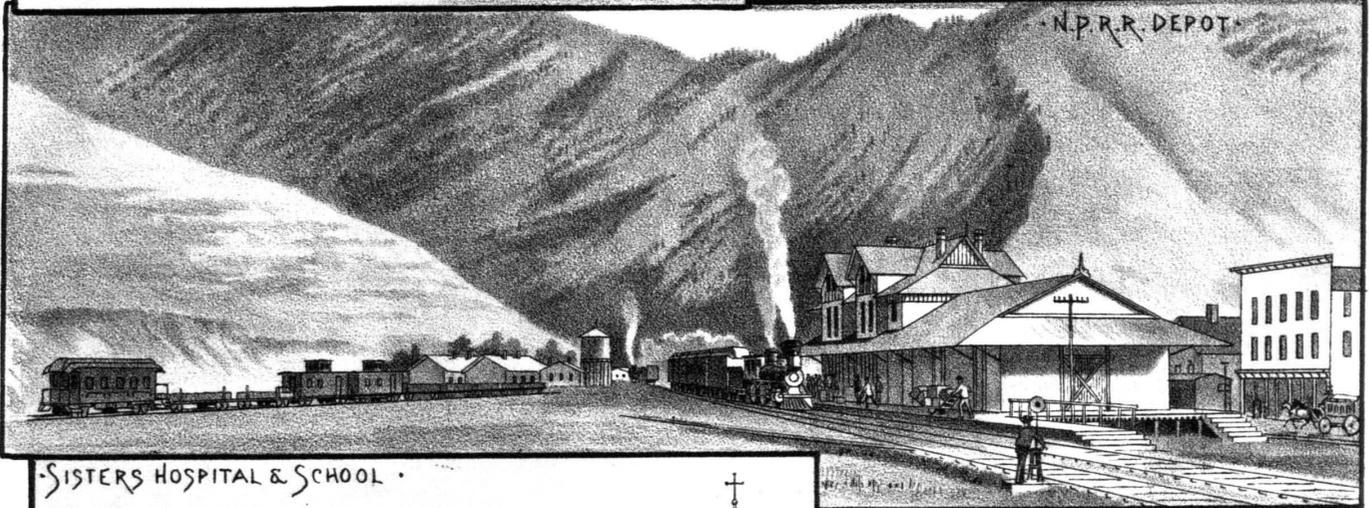
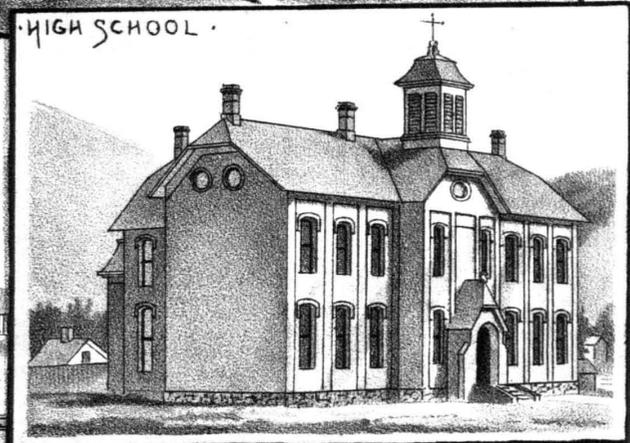
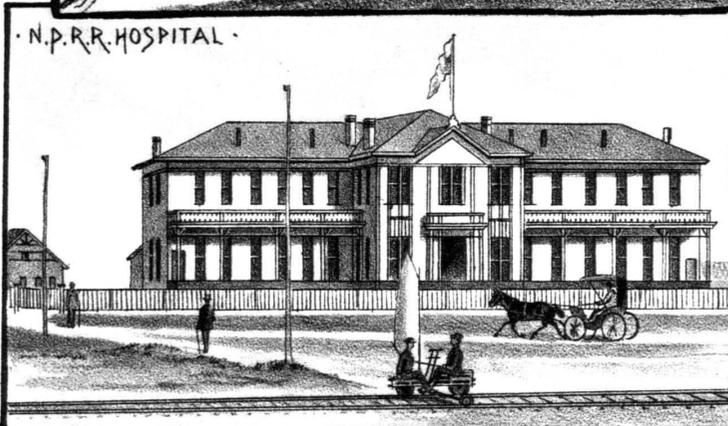
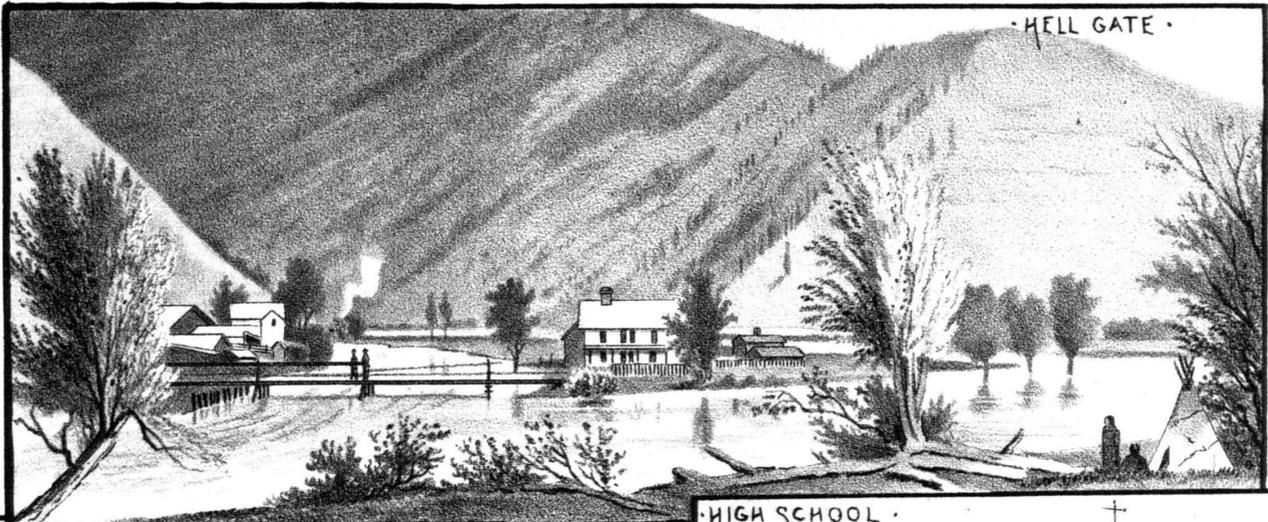
interest, save to show how unsystematic was the American method of conducting the business, and how little hope there was for them to successfully compete with the great Hudson's Bay Company. The most prominent names in the list of American traders are John Jacob Astor, Ramsey Crooks, W. H. Ashley, William Sublette, Milton Sublette, Jedediah S. Smith, David Jackson, Ewing Young, Major Pilcher, Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, James Bridger, Robert Campbell, Thos. Fitzpatrick, and Nathaniel J. Wyeth. These men were proprietors of large enterprises. Second to them was a host of trappers and hunters, those reckless and intrepid mountaineers, whose deeds have been often recorded in border tales, and have served as the inspiration for hundreds of dime novels and tales in the sensational serial papers. Such names as Pegleg Smith, Joe Walker, Joe and Stephen Meek, Kit Carson and Jim Beckwith suggest the general character of them all.

The first invasion of the Columbia River region by these Americans (except those early enterprises previously mentioned), was by Jedediah S. Smith, a partner in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, who crossed the mountains to California in 1825, and again the following year, proceeding up the coast to Oregon in the spring of 1828. His party was attacked by Indians near the mouth of the Umpqua, and only Smith and two of his men succeeded in escaping to Vancouver.* From this time on the competition between the Americans and the English company was intense, until, after some fifteen years, the latter, having driven the former from the field, was itself compelled to withdraw north of the forty-ninth parallel, which was, in 1846, agreed upon as the boundary between the United States and Great Britain's possessions in America. The details of this competition would be tedious, but not so a statement of the distinctive features of the contest.

The chief difficulty in the pathway of American traders, was a lack of unity of purpose and combination of capital and effort. They were independent traders, operating alone or in transient and shifting partnerships. Separately they had not sufficient capital to carry on business in the systematic and comprehensive manner in which the Hudson's Bay Company operated. The trade was not fostered for future advantage, since none of them cared to build up a business for some one else to enjoy. As each sought to make all the immediate profit possible, the competition among them was ruinous to all, and in a few years the whole trade, so far as the Americans were concerned, was destroyed. In their conflict with the English monopoly they were at a fatal disadvantage. One unsuccessful season with them was often financially disastrous, while to the great corporation, covering so vast a scope of country, dealing with so many tribes of Indians, and handling such varied classes of furs, such a thing as a completely unsuccessful season was impossible. Gains in one section compensated for losses in another. For this reason,

* It has been charged that this massacre was instigated by the Hudson's Bay Company, but the charge has little else than prejudice to rest upon.

THE WEST SHORE.



THE WEST SHORE.



·SOUTHERN OREGON- FALL CREEK FALLS·

whenever two brigades of trappers met in competition for the fur trade of a tribe of Indians, the Americans, except in the few cases in which they succeeded in outwitting their rivals, were forced to the wall. The English factor had full authority to use his discretion in such cases, his only instructions being to crush his rival at all hazards. He could give away every dollar's worth of goods, and receive the approval of his superiors, provided he defeated the rival trader by doing so. On the contrary, the American, his entire fortune invested in this one venture, could neither afford to give away his goods, nor lose the opportunity to trade; for often it was the only one of the season, and to miss it meant ruin. The spectre of bankruptcy shook its bony finger in his face, and the vision of an angry and distrustful partner rose up before him. The contest was too unequal to admit of a doubt of the final result.

Candor compels the admission of other reasons for the success of the English and utter failure of the Americans. These were the great difference in their treatment of the natives, and in the character of the men who composed the trapping brigades. The American trappers were, to a great extent, a class of wild, reckless and unrestrainable men, many of them fugitives from justice in the States.* With them might made right, and Indian fighting was one of their chief accomplishments. A state of perpetual hostility existed between them and the Blackfeet, Comanches, and other warlike tribes, and the trapper was not always careful to ascertain the state of an Indian's "tum tum" (Chinook for "heart") before shooting him.† They cared nothing for the interests of their employers, were insubordinate and quarrelsome, and the history of their lives and adventures, written for the glorification of a few of the most noted of them, convince us, that, as a whole, they were not a desirable class of citizens. Irving, in one of many passages of like tenor, speaks of one phase of their character, as follows: "The arrival of the supplies gave the regular finish to the annual revel. A grand outbreak of wild debauch ensued among the mountaineers, drinking, dancing, swaggering, quarrelling and fighting. Alcohol, which, from its portable qualities, containing the greatest quantity of fiery spirit in the smallest compass, is the only liquor carried across the mountains, is the inflammatory beverage at these carousals, and is dealt out to the trappers at four dollars a pint. When inflamed by this fiery beverage, they cut all sorts of mad pranks and gambols, and sometimes burn all their clothes in their drunken bravadoes. A camp recovering from one of these riotous revels presents a serio-comic spectacle; black eyes, broken heads, lack lustre visages."

As has been said, the American method was by no means systematic. The Rocky Mountains were their

favorite trapping grounds. Each company, when there was more than one, organized several brigades of trappers, sufficiently strong to protect themselves from hostile Indians, and sent them out in various directions, under the leadership of an interested partner or trusted agent. Once a year these brigades assembled at an appointed rendezvous, generally on Green River, where a settlement was made. There they met the partner who was the connecting link between them and civilization, such as it was, at St. Louis. He had come up with a train of supplies and packs of goods for the Indian trade, and turning these over to his partners, he loaded his train with the accumulated furs, and conveyed them to market at St. Louis.

Often, furs were sent down to Missouri in a nondescript boat, made of buffalo skins, a craft of eccentric unreliability. With the supplies came a liberal quantity of alcohol. Whisky was too bulky to carry, and as the palates of the trappers and Indians were none too refined, sour mash and bourbon were omitted from the wine list. There was plenty of water at hand, and the spirits could be easily diluted to any strength desirable, but there were not a few who scorned to tamper with good alcohol. Frequently two or three rival bands of trappers assembled at the same rendezvous, and it was not unseldom that a thousand white men and three or four times that number of Indians were gathered in one of these summer camps. The appearance of the train from St. Louis was invariably followed by one of those wild debauches described above by Irving, the greatest excesses being committed by the "free trappers," who had been the longest in the business and had abandoned all thought of any other existence than the wild and untrammelled life of the mountains. These men worked for themselves, receiving a stipulated price for all furs taken by them. In return for a contract to sell all furs to the company, they were allowed almost unlimited credit, which privilege they exercised as freely as it was offered. Their heaviest expenditures were for spirits, horse, gun, traps, clothing and gaudy adornments of every kind for the squaws, of whom each possessed at least one, who temporarily occupied a high place in his good graces. It not unfrequently happened that in a few days their reckless excesses and heedless generosity to their fair ones not only exhausted their balance with the company, but ran up such an enormous bill of credit that their labor for a year was pledged in advance. When it is known that some of these men, when employed on a salary, received as high as two thousand dollars a year, the full extent of their extravagance will be understood. This is certainly an enormous sum to expend in two or three weeks for spirits and gewgaws, even with the "drugstore profits" of the fur traders. Many impositions* were practiced on the Indians, and the men being irresponsible and without restraint, were guilty of many acts of injustice. Their sale of spirits to the Indians, and wanton interference in their domestic

* This is not to be taken too comprehensively, for there were many good men among them, some of whom became early pioneers of Oregon. Such men were Joseph Gale, Dr. Newell, and others. For the character of some of the mountaineers, the reader is referred to the diary kept by P. L. Edwards, of the expedition to California for cattle, in 1837.

† See the published adventures of Joe Meek, Jim Beckwith, and others, as well as Irving's "Bonnevile."

* Such, for instance, as the impious Joe Meek palming himself upon the Nez Percés as a missionary.

relations, were constant sources of trouble, and led to serious demoralization among the natives. The Indians learned neither uprightness nor morality from their contact with them, and had respect only for their bravery.

The reverse was the case with the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, chiefly half-breeds and descendants of the French settlers of Canada—the officers and factors were generally of Scotch nativity—who had had been reared to the business, as had been their fathers before them, and cheerfully submitted to the rigid discipline maintained by the company. It was the company's policy to avoid all trouble, and as a means to this end its agents were forbidden to sell or give liquor either to the Indians or its own servants when on an expedition. It was by pandering to the aborigines' proverbial weakness for "firewater" that the Americans occasionally defeated their opponents in competition for the trade of a tribe, supplying free spirits and holding high carnival with their dusky guests; still, it sometimes happened that after the noble red men had been hilariously, even pugnaciously, drunk, for a week, on American alcohol, they sobered up sufficiently to sell their furs to the English trader, who could offer them a greater quantity of goods in exchange, and left their bibulous hosts to mourn. The company sought by just and generous treatment to bind the Indians to them in a community of interest, as well as to give them a wholesome impression of its power by permitting no act of bad faith or treachery to go unrebuked or unpunished. By this means it obtained an influence among the tribes covering a region a thousand miles square, which amounted to almost the authority of government; and this influence was sufficiently powerful to cause the tribes of the Columbia and Snake rivers to refuse to trade with Bonneville, Wyeth and other Americans, or "Bostons,"* and even to decline selling them provisions when in the greatest distress.

Under these conditions the American competition became feebler every year. In 1835 the Rocky Mountain and American companies combined, and a few years later ceased operations as an organization. Numerous small trapping parties then operated independently, and the trappers roamed the mountains in squads of two and three, trapping in partnership and selling their furs wherever they could find a market, frequently to agents of the English company. Gradually they abandoned their old pursuit and settled in the valleys of Oregon, California and other Western regions, and became the nucleus of American settlements on the Pacific Coast.

HARRY L. WELLS.

(Continued).

* Just when the title "Bostons" was first bestowed upon Americans is uncertain, but probably in 1832, when Wyeth undertook to trade with the Indians of the Willamette and Columbia. His party was from Boston, and they were called "Bostons" by the Indians to distinguish them from the English, or "King George's Men." This distinction prevailed as long as the Hudson's Bay Company remained in this region. It is still used, but signifies any white man as distinguished from a soldier or a missionary. In Indian wars the Indians classify the troops as "soldiers," and the volunteers as "Bostons."

MISSOULA, MONTANA.

Missoula is the largest town in Northwestern Montana, and the most important point on the line of the Northern Pacific between Helena and Spokane Falls. It lies at the mouth of Hell Gate Canyon, a few miles above the point where the Hell Gate and Bitter Root rivers unite to form the Missoula, which, further north, is known as "Clarke's Fork of the Columbia," its proper title. The town contains a number of good brick buildings, a fine public school house, a large school and hospital maintained by Sisters of the Catholic Church, a hospital established by the Northern Pacific for its employees, and quite extensive railroad improvements. It has a population of about two thousand and is a thriving commercial point. Two weekly papers, the *Missoulian* and *Times*, are published there, enjoying a good circulation and occupying a high position in the press of the Territory. Missoula is the seat of justice of Missoula County, one of the largest in Montana. It contains thirty thousand square miles, and possesses great resources in timber, precious metals, and agricultural and pastoral land. The Bitter Root and Cœur d'Alene ranges, which occupy the western end of the County, as well as the whole northern portion, are covered with a dense growth of merchantable timber, which may be said to be practically untouched, though millions of feet of it have been cut for railroad construction, mining timbers and general uses. There are numerous valleys along the courses of the principal streams, varying in length from fifty to one hundred miles, and in width from one to ten miles. These contain thousands of fertile acres open to settlement, where an industrious man can soon make a home for himself and family. One of these, in the midst of good timber, is Flathead Valley, just north of a large lake of the same name, and one hundred and twenty miles north of Missoula. The largest body of agricultural land is Bitter Root Valley, which is an almost level belt of land, from three to fifteen miles in width, extending along either side of Bitter Root River to a distance of eighty miles above its mouth. It has many settlers, several small towns, school houses, churches and mills. General farming, stock and sheep raising and fruit growing are carried on with pronounced success. There are numerous good locations yet to be had in this valley, one of the most fertile in Montana. A branch line will, no doubt, soon be constructed from Missoula by the Northern Pacific, which will not only render the Bitter Root Valley one of the most prosperous and desirable valleys in the West, but will add largely to the business and importance of Missoula. In the region tributary to the town have been discovered and located many valuable quartz lodes, and mining is becoming an important industry. Timber and water are to be had in abundance everywhere, and the importance of these in a mining country can not be overestimated. Missoula lies in the midst of resources that enable her to maintain a leading position in Western Montana.

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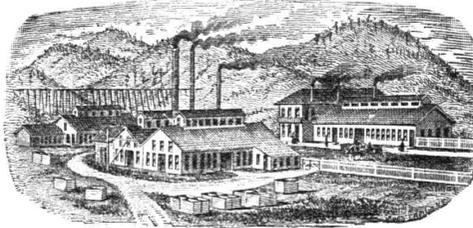
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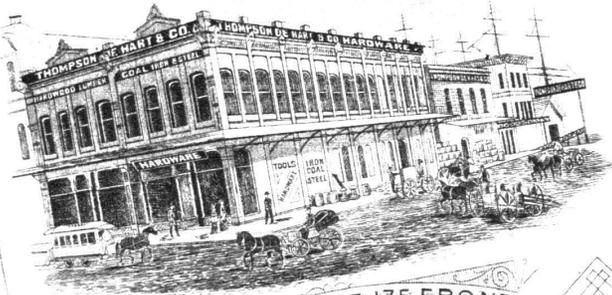
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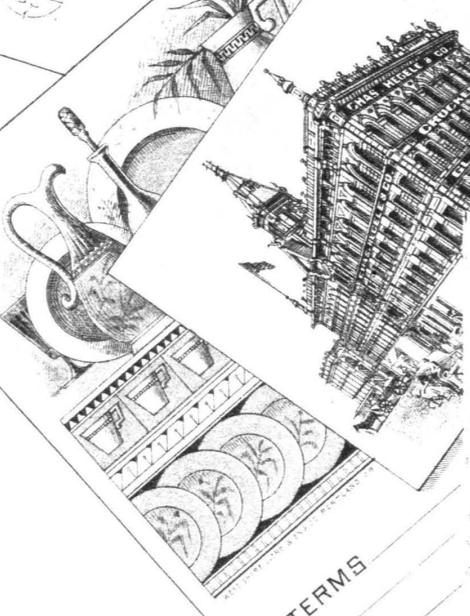
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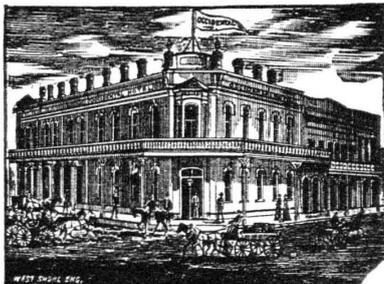
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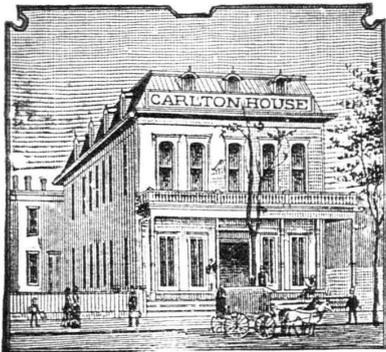
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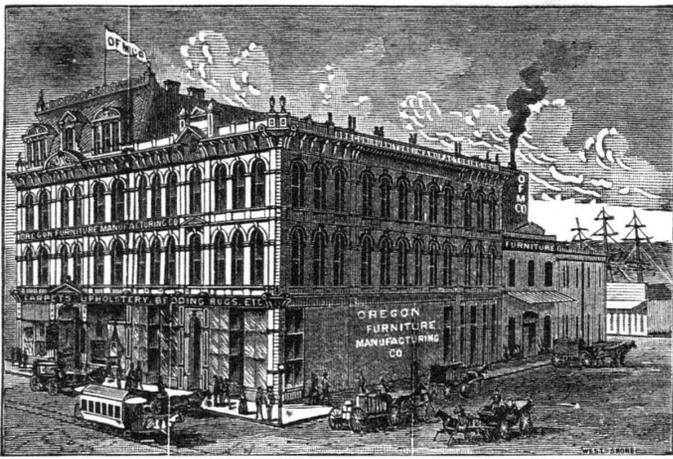
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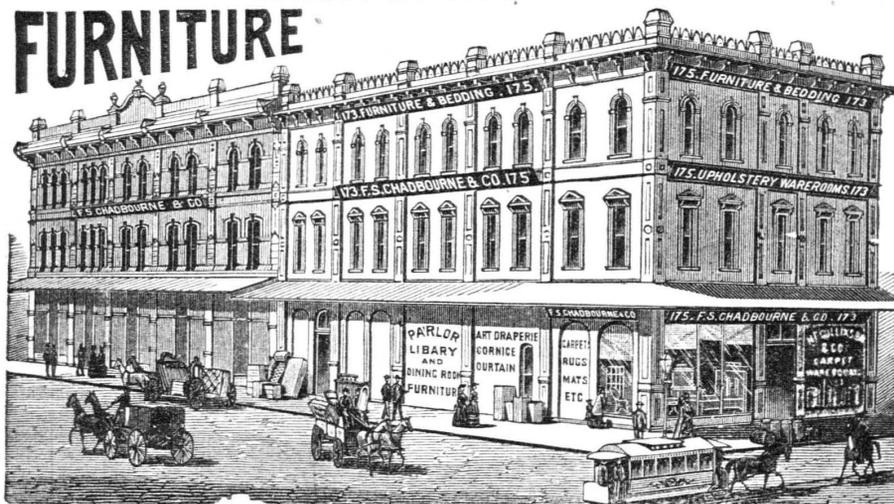
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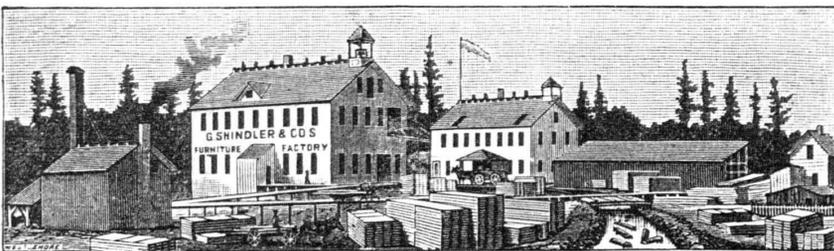
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This delightful little work upon our door gardening for ladies is full of useful information for laying out flower borders, ribbon beds and the arrangement of ornamental plants, selection of seeds for the annuals and perennials, weeding, watering, planting out and pruning. The great satisfaction of yard ornamentation is to have it a success, that one's labor and care shall not be bestowed in vain. Many things must either be earned from our own, perhaps bitter, experience, or the experience of others upon whom we can rely, and ladies will find the suggestions given in these pages such as they can put into practical use.

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