

*J. I. McKenney*

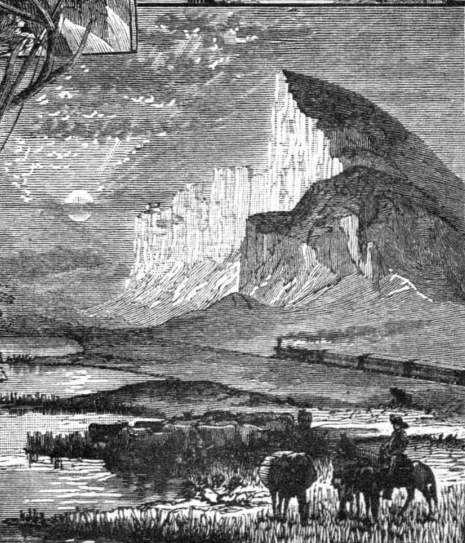
AUGUST, 1886.

THE

# West Shore

ESTABLISHED 1875

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



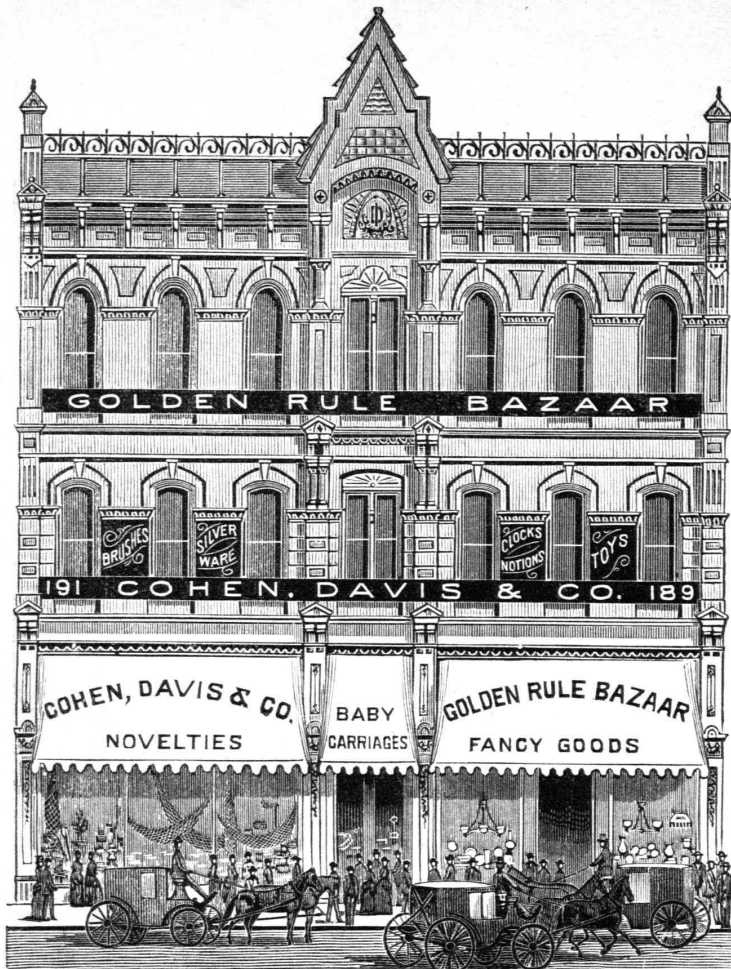
L. SAMUEL, PUBLISHER, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—Nos. 171-173-175 Second Street Corner of Yamhill.

## THE WEST SHORE!

A literary journal circulating extensively throughout the Pacific Coast and the East. Its leading feature is the original illustrations and descriptions of the towns, cities and industries, resources and magnificent scenery of the Pacific Coast. A volume of it contains more information and handsomer engravings of the Northwest than can be secured in any other form at any price. Per year, postage paid, \$2.00; to foreign countries, \$2.25; sample copy, 25 cents.





## DIRECT IMPORTERS

Of English, French and German

## Toys, Dolls & Notions,

American Toys, Books, Games, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Clocks, Silverware, etc.

### Note to The Trade.

All goods sold by us pass directly to our hands from the manufacturer, both American and Foreign—all Foreign goods coming direct to Portland "in bond." We can, therefore, offer as low prices as any importing house in New York or Chicago.

Our Assortment is Complete in all lines.

Specialties in Dolls, Tin, Iron and Wood Toys, Wagons and Velocipedes.

**COHEN, DAVIS & CO.,**  
GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR,

189-191 First St., (Bet. Yamhill & Taylor), PORTLAND, OR.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

# THE ST. CHARLES,

Leading Hotel of the Northwest.

**C. W. KNOWLES,**

PROPRIETOR.



200 Rooms 200

**Cor. Front and Morrison Sts., PORTLAND, OR.**

This house has just been thoroughly overhauled, from ground floor to attic, being repainted, papered and re-furnished throughout. Twenty additional rooms on the west end, second floor, all entirely new in appointments.

### AN OTIS ELEVATOR

Has just been introduced, with a capacity for carrying Ten Tons Weight, making the upper floors as convenient as those on the ground. The ST. CHARLES, as now arranged, is undoubtedly the finest and most complete establishment of the kind in the Northwest.

THE RESTAURANT, in charge of CHARLES HEILMAN, is conducted in first-class style and affords every luxury known to the epicure.

THE WEST SHORE.

# E. Meyer & Company

SUCCESSORS TO

P. SELLING AND J. SELLING & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO  
J. Selling & Co.,  
and P. Selling.

**E. Meyer & Co.**

We would call the attention of our friends and patrons throughout the state to the fact that we are still doing business at the OLD STAND, corner First and Yamhill streets. This business, formerly under the name of P. Selling, and later J. Selling & Co., is one of the oldest in the state, and we doubt whether there is another house on the coast that is more favorably known to-day than

## E. MEYER & CO.

One of the main features of our business for years has been our

### Mail Order Department,

And it is to this department that we are at present devoting the most of our time.

The experience of thousands shows that the system of ordering goods by mail is a good one.

That it saves money; that it is easy, practicable, safe; that it puts the cheapest and best goods from the largest markets of the world at the very doors of the most distant out-of-town residents, are facts to which we believe anyone who has ever given the system a fair trial will testify.

**To Old Customers**—To the thousands scattered all over the coast, and who year in and year out look steadfastly to us for the supply of all their wants, we feel that little need be said. However, of those who have never given this system a test we would kindly solicit a TRIAL ORDER; and we are convinced that after the first order they will be satisfied that it is a saving to them to purchase their supplies of us.

Our large illustrated price list for

### FALL AND WINTER, 1886,

Is now in the hands of the printer and will be ready for issue in a short time.

This catalogue will be more complete than any heretofore issued, and will enable our customers to make their selections with as much ease and safety as they could at our own counters.

In conclusion we would say that all goods sent out of our establishment are guaranteed, and in case they do not give entire satisfaction we will cheerfully exchange the same or refund the money.

We would caution our customers to be careful and address all letters to

**E. MEYER & CO.,**

Successors to J. Selling & Co.,

Cor. First and Yamhill Streets,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

As we are the only successors to the old established firm of J. Selling & Co. and P. Selling, and there being other firms here by the name of 'Selling' the letters may be miscarried unless addressed as above.

Respectfully,

*E. Meyer & Co.*

Address all  
Letters to  
**E. Meyer & Co.**  
J. SELLING & Co.,  
First & Yamhill Sts.,  
Portland, - Oregon.

# E. Meyer & Company

SUCCESSORS TO

J. SELLING & CO. AND P. SELLING,

Corner First and Yamhill Streets,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Farmers & Mechanics' Store,

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

## SHOPPING BY MAIL.

There are no difficulties in the way of purchasing goods by mail, either imaginary or real, which can not be overcome if proper care is exercised by both buyer and merchant. Many who have become familiar with the simple details find it oftentimes less troublesome than shopping in person. The advantages gained in buying in Portland are so great that one can ill afford to lose them, if any way is afforded by means of which they may be obtained.

To be agreeably served, buyers must perform their part thoroughly and well, state their wants clearly and fully, omit nothing, such as the size of hose, gloves, etc., the color desired, or their NAME or address, and must allow sufficient time for the transit of letters and goods. They must remember, also, that the merchant is limited in what can be procured, that all things are not possible with him, and that the supply of any kind of goods may be quickly exhausted; it is, therefore, not always possible to send just what was ordered, no more than it is to find it by a tour through the stores of so large a city as this, and possibly, here lies a principal cause of dissatisfaction. For illustration: certain kinds of goods may become extremely popular after samples have been sent almost broadcast, and may be sold before the orders from such samples can be received; as it required months to produce the stock already sold, it is out of the question to manufacture more; what shall be done?—if the purchasers live within a day's mail route of the city they can be notified that such is the case, and other samples submitted; but if they be far away much time would be lost in doing this; were they at the counter similar goods would be shown them from which to make another choice; as they are absent the difficulty is overcome by making the choice for them and sending it subject to their approval, they having the same opportunity to reject as though present, for their money will be refunded if they return the goods, which they are at perfect liberty to do.

That those who live away from town may stand on the same footing with those who come to our stores, samples of nearly all kinds of goods are sent without charge; these samples are not scraps, odd pieces and remnants, but are cut from the rolls of goods as received from the manufacturer, and are sent freely and willingly. Mistakes occur in spite of the utmost care, but when made known are corrected and made good.

As letters are sometimes lost, a failure to receive a reply indicates that the letter never reached us or our answer has gone astray; if you do not receive a reply in due season, write again. Confidence in the merchant is the key-note to success in shopping by mail. The reputation of our house is a guaranty that its principles and dealings are correct, and open and above board, and that it is worthy of confidence; if we sell goods subject to their being returned, for which we must refund the money, it is evident that it is for our interest to send only the goods wanted; and as it is desirable to retain the same customers year after year, it is proof that the general treatment must have been satisfactory to have resulted in so large a business.

Our catalogues of information will be sent without charge to all who desire.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' STORE,

200, 202, 204 First St., and 6 Taylor St.,

PORTLAND, - - - OREGON.

Farmers' & Mechanics' Store,  
ONE PRICE TO ALL.



THE WEST SHORE.

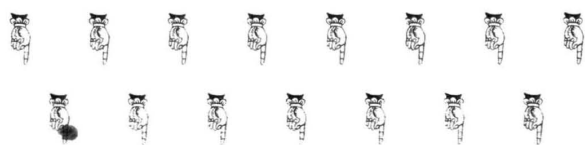
---

**S. H. FRIENDLY,**  
DEALER IN  
**DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, CLOTHING,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,**  
**Crockery, Groceries, Carpets and Oil Cloth.**  
**GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.**

Headquarters for Hops, Wool, Wheat, Oats, Etc. Highest Price paid  
for Country Produce.

**EUGENE CITY, - - - OREGON.**

---



**CRAIN BROS.,**

**Watchmakers and Jewelers,**

DEALERS IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,  
Notions, Fancy Goods, Pianos,  
Organs, Musical Instruments, etc.

**EUGENE CITY, OR.**

---



**E. R. LUCKEY & CO.,**

DEALERS IN

**Drugs, Medicines, Paints & Oils.**

FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES AND PERFUMERY.

Also, Guns, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle  
and Fine Cutlery.

54 Willamette Street, - EUGENE CITY, OR.

First Established Bank in the County.

A. G. HOVEY, President.

H. C. HUMPHREY, Cashier.

**Lane County Bank,**

**HOVEY, HUMPHREY & CO.**

**EUGENE CITY, OREGON.**

Transacts a general banking business and  
gives particular attention to  
collections.

**CORRESPONDENTS:**

PORTLAND, - First National Bank.

SAN FRANCISCO, Bank of California.

NEW YORK, - Importers' and Traders' National Bank.

CHICAGO, - - Chicago Trust and Savings Bank.

**J. S. LUCKEY,**

**Jeweler & Watchmaker,**

DEALER IN

Seth Thomas Clocks, Elgin and  
Waltham Watches

A full line of Plated Ware, Gold and Rolled Gold  
Jewelry. Repairing a Specialty.

**EUGENE CITY, - - OREGON.**

THE WEST SHORE.

# LANDS FOR SALE

## 50,000---ACRES---50,000

In Lane and adjacent Counties, in tracts to suit; prices ranging from \$2.00 to \$75.00 per acre.

## TIMBER LANDS IN LARGE BODIES.

150 Town Lots in all parts of Eugene City; terms easy; titles perfect. Send for maps, descriptions, prices and full particulars, to

**Geo. M. Miller, Eugene City, Or.**

Immigration Agent for Lane County.

Notary Public and Abstractor of Titles.

Conveyances made.

Loans negotiated and collections made.

Insurance Written, Rents Collected, Taxes Paid, and every branch of the Real Estate Business given particular attention.

Thirty years' residence in Lane County. Office established in 1882.

GEO. M. MILLER, - Eugene City, Or.

## EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

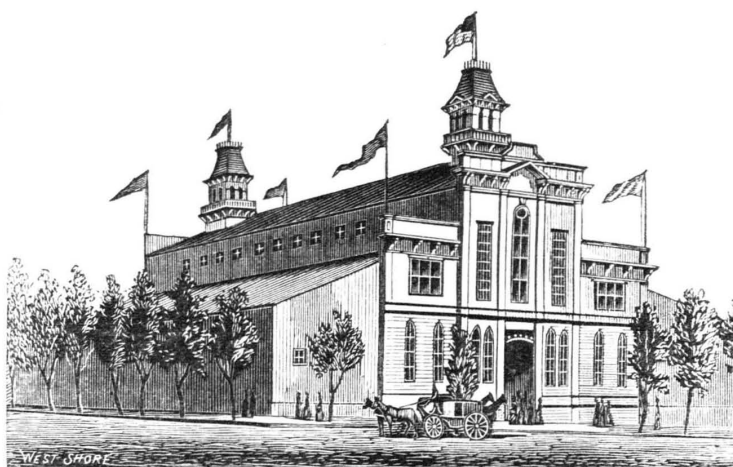
— OF THE —

# PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR,

OCTOBER 7th TO 23rd, INCLUSIVE.



Most Complete Exhibit of  
the Mechanical Skill,  
Inventions, Art,  
Agriculture  
and nat-  
ural products  
of the North Pa-  
cific Coast ever pre-  
sented to the Public.



### EXHIBITS AND PREMIUMS

Every Article, Method or Process susceptible of being displayed at an Exhibition of this character, and having the merit of Excellence in either utility, beauty or attractive novelty, and related to mechanics, arts, science or agriculture will be an acceptable contribution. There is no charge for space or power.



Reduction in rates of fare has been secured on all lines running into Portland, and all goods exhibited will be returned free of charge, in cases where same have not changed ownership.

The Second U. S. Cavalry Band, of Fort Walla Walla, has been engaged to furnish Music.

GUSTAF WILSON, Secretary.

J. B. CONGLE, President.

A. S. WHITING, Superintendent, 27 Stark St., Portland.



# THE WEST SHORE.

12th Year.

Portland, Oregon, August, 1886.

No. 8

ESTABLISHED 1875.

## THE WEST SHORE.

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

Subscription price, per annum.....\$2 00  
To foreign countries, including postage.....2 25  
Single copies.....25

Subscription can be forwarded by registered letter or postal order at our risk.  
Postmasters and News Agents will receive subscriptions at above rates.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher, Nos. 171 and 173 Second St., Portland, Or.

*Entered for transmission through the Mails at Second Class Rates.*

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
Editorial.....	229
Flathead Lake and Valley.....	253
How to Cool a Cellar.....	238
How to Disappoint a Balky Horse.....	250
Lane County, Oregon (Illustrated, pages 233, 244, 245, 256).....	230
Marion County, Oregon (Illustrated, pages 234, 243, 246, 255).....	235
One of his Blunders.....	239
Petroleum Oil Wells of Baku.....	250
Railroad Enterprises.....	258
River Improvement.....	251
Spokane Falls and Surroundings.....	259
The Niagara of the West.....	254
Too Many Irons in the Fire.....	238

THE Oregon State Fair will commence on the thirteenth of September and continue to the eighteenth. Appearances indicate that in many respects the fair will be superior to previous ones.

THE eighth annual exhibition of the Portland Mechanics' Fair Association will be held in this city continuing from October seventh to the twenty-third. It is again under the superintendence of Mr. A. S. Whiting, who so successfully managed its affairs last year.

FROM the annual report of Mayor Yesler, of Seattle, it appears that the assessed valuation of property in that city is \$5,576,475, while the total indebtedness is but \$10,813. Total payments into the treasury during the year were \$63,832. The city is certainly in splendid condition to take advantage of the tide of prosperity again setting in on the Northwest coast.

THE artists and presses of THE WEST SHORE are crowded with work to the utmost capacity, notwithstanding this is supposed to be the dull season. The quantity of bank and commercial work of all kinds, catalogue illustrations, colored labels, maps, portraits, etc., that has been turned out by this establishment since the first of June is surprising, and the superior excellence of the work astonishes everyone not familiar with the fact that THE WEST SHORE has one of the best organized artists' corps, and its establishment is one of the most thoroughly equipped for fine work, to be found in the United States.

At last Portland is to have the much-talked-of reduction works, not through the graciousness of our large capitalists, but by the enterprise of men of smaller means. The Portland Reduction Works Co. has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$50,000.00. Two blocks of ground in East Portland have been purchased and the contract let for the erection of buildings. Arrangements have been made for machinery, which will consist of a small test mill and a forty-ton smelter. As much of this machinery as possible is being procured in this city. It is expected that the works will be in full operation before two months have elapsed. The metallurgist of the company will be Mr. H. O. Lang, and Prof. J. E. Clayton, of Salt Lake City, well known throughout the mining regions of the West, will be consulting engineer and examiner of mines.

FOR some unexplainable reason the business men of Portland take delight in being "worked" with "advertising rackets." They seem to recover rapidly from the shock of finding themselves gulled by some traveling sharp, and are prepared to receive the next one with open arms. They are beginning to fight a little shy of the man with the express chart, the hotel album, the railroad folder, the programme for traveling shows, and the hundred and one smaller "fakes," but when a man comes along like the "manager and proprietor" of Lloyd's map, the "president" of the *U. S. Magazine Publishing Co.*, or the chief bottle-washer of the "Manufacturing, Commercial and Business Enterprises of Portland," they seem to be unable to do enough for him. Officers of our mercantile organizations endorse him over their official signatures, without a shadow of authority for so doing, and our merchants follow their example. To be sure the chief bottle-cleaner talks in a very high sounding strain about the great benefits he expects to confer upon the city, but when the froth is all blown away, it is seen that he is simply running an advertising scheme which can not possibly be of the most remote advantage to Portland. As a result of his labors we will have a book of advertising puffs, in which he who pays the most will receive the most, and from which he who pays nothing will be omitted entirely. This threat of omitting parties is freely made for the purpose of forcing them to contribute to the support of the work, and only has the least weight because of the endorsements given by the business men alluded to. In other words, by their ill-considered recommendation of a stranger about whom they know nothing, and a work about whose "peculiarities" they are equally ignorant, they are permitting him to use their names to extort money from our people. In justice to themselves they should withdraw their endorsements and apologize to this community for ever giving them.

## LANE COUNTY, OREGON.

THE beauty, fertility, healthfulness and equability of climate of the Willamette valley, are facts of such wide and certain knowledge as to render it almost unnecessary to refer to them in giving a description of any portion of Oregon lying within its limits. For half a century its praises have been sung, and now the third generation of its Caucasian occupants is growing up within the sight of hundreds of those hardy pioneers, now old and venerable, who first built homes in this Arcadian wilderness and subdued the rich soil to the plow. Great is the work accomplished in that half century. Millions of acres have been cleared fenced and cultivated; houses, barns and orchards dot the landscape; good roads lead in every direction from the scores of cities, towns and villages bustling with commercial life; railroads, steamboats and telegraph lines minister to the commercial wants of the people; newspapers, public schools, seminaries, universities and churches innumerable speak volumes of their intellectual and moral advancement, and yet there is much to be done which calls for intelligent and persevering effort. Many thousands of acres of fertile lands yet remain to be tilled; new forms of agriculture need to be introduced; industries for the utilization of home products and the creation of a demand for more diversified crops need to be established; the mountains are full of mineral and timber wealth calling for development. A man of means, energy and experience need have no fear of not finding here that which will give him profitable employment for them all. It requires but the exertion of the same good judgment and management necessary any where, to insure equal success here, where all the accompanying conditions of life are so superior. While this is the fact generally throughout the Willamette valley, it is the purpose of this article to direct the attention more particularly to that portion of it lying at the extreme upper, or southern, end, a region well worthy the immigrant's careful consideration.

Lane county was named in honor of Gen. Joseph Lane, the first governor of Oregon territory under the laws of the United States. It has an area of two thousand four hundred square miles, and is the largest of any of the counties lying wholly, or in part, in the Willamette valley. Linn and Benton counties bound it on the north; on the east it extends to the summit of the Cascades, on the south it is separated from Douglas county by the Calipooia mountains, a chain running transversely from the Coast Range to the Cascades, and on the west it crosses the Coast Range to the Pacific. Lying partially in the valley and partially on the slope of three ranges of mountains, the topography and soil are necessarily of a varied character. The valley portion is composed mainly of level or slightly rolling fertile prairie, through which runs the Willamette, dividing within the county into two forks, and several important tributaries, such as the McKenzie, Mohawk and Long Tom rivers. Numerous other watercourses flow down

from the mountains and enter the main stream, or one of its confluent, and a considerable river, the Siuslaw, flows through the southwestern portion of the county, crossing the mountains, and discharges into the ocean near the line of Douglas county.

The valley reaches its arms far up into the foot hills of the enclosing mountains, offering a wide area of agricultural land, which has for years yielded an abundance of diversified products. Wheat that took the first prize at the centennial exposition, at Philadelphia, was raised in this county, and the same farmer has taken numerous prizes for his cereals at other exhibits, including the recent large one held at New Orleans. The white velvet wheat of the Willamette valley, fall sown, has no superior in the world, being large, plump, heavy, hard, and producing the finest quality of flour. Wheat raising is the leading feature of agriculture in Lane county, though other branches are by no means neglected. There are numerous fine bearing orchards in the county, whose large and luscious cherries, plums, pears and apples are sent to market in their natural state, or as dried or evaporated fruit. The fruit of the Willamette valley has of late years acquired a wide celebrity, owing to the railroad facilities for sending it to distant markets which have recently been provided. It requires nothing but an opportunity to place itself in competition with California and other regions to prove itself equal to the best, and superior in size and flavor to the great bulk of fruit found in the markets of the East. Now that a more extended market is opening, more attention is being paid to fruit culture, and besides the orchards to be found on nearly every farm, a number of large orchards have been set out by experienced pomologists who intend to make a specialty of raising fruit for shipment. In a few years the already large fruit crop of Lane county will be greatly increased.

Another important branch of agriculture is hop raising. The deep alluvial soil, enriched by the deposits and vegetable decay of ages, brought down by the streams and stored along their banks, is especially adapted to the growth of hops. To this may be added the further advantage of an entire absence of any disease affecting the vines or any insect pests, both of which have so often ruined the crops of Wisconsin and New York. The latter state, the largest hop producer in America, has this year had its crop almost totally destroyed by the aphis, a parasite of great destructiveness. The result is that the price of hops has advanced to such figures that growers in this region will make a handsome sum on this year's crop. Five years ago, under somewhat similar circumstances, hops reached one dollar per pound. As the cost of placing them in marketable condition is less than eight cents, the producer who has even five acres of vines, yielding only fifteen hundred pounds per acre (and double that quantity has been picked at times), has a good return for his outlay of time and labor.

Much attention has been paid to the raising of cattle, horses and sheep. The foot hills and mountain



valleys offer splendid ranges for stock. Considerable attention has been paid to improvement in the quality of stock, and many high grade animals have for a number of years been imparting their excellent qualities to the flocks and herds of this region. Not much attention has been paid to swine. Great numbers of hogs are raised, but they are of an inferior breed and small in size. It is a common practice in the foot hills to let the swine run at large in the woods and pick their living. A number of farmers have pens of fine blood hogs, and their success with them, as well as the great contrast in size and quality between them and the scrubby, long-snouted natives, is so great that it must result in a general improvement throughout the county.

As a dairying region Lane county possesses many advantages. Grasses of all kinds, both native and cultivated, grow in luxuriance. Cattle have to depend but little upon hay, since the warm rains from early in the fall until late in the spring keep the grass growing. Even in the dry summer season grass remains fresh and green in the meadows along river and creek bottoms, and in the mountain valleys. Timothy is the leading cultivated grass, and many tons of it are annually cured for hay. White and red clover make remarkable growths, especially the former, which is indigenous to the soil, and springs up spontaneously on the hills wherever the destruction of trees and underbrush gives it an opportunity. Wherever seed is scattered it takes a strong hold, and the meadows of the valley are in the spring covered with the white blossoms of the shamrock. There are splendid opportunities for associated dairying in Lane county. Butter and cheese factories conducted on the coöperative or individual plan pursued in the East would meet with the highest success if managed by a man possessing the necessary qualifications of experience and business tact. Certainly milk ought to be produced cheaper in a country where the winter climate is so mild, and fresh green grass can be had almost the entire year. A few successful small dairies indicate that larger ones properly managed would meet with equal or greater success.

The timber resources of this region are vast in the extreme. From the foot hills to their summits the enclosing mountains are clothed with a dense growth of valuable timber, fir, pine, cedar, spruce, hemlock, ash, larch, yew, maple, oak, balm, alder and madrone. The most common and most valuable of these trees for commercial purposes is the Douglass fir, *Abies Douglassii*, which is the chief reliance of the lumberman. This wood is improperly designated in the markets of California and foreign ports reached by shippers, as "Oregon pine." It is of a large, tall and straight growth, adapted for this reason, and for its strength and durability, for ship timbers, masts and spars, as well as for bridge timbers and general building purposes. As yet little lumbering has been done in Lane county, except for the supply of local markets, and the great body of timber may be said to be still in its primeval condition. The maple, ash, alder and oak are used to some extent for

furniture and ornamental purposes, for which they are excellently adapted. Considerable tracts, especially in the Coast Range, have been burned over by forest fires, destroying an amount of timber which would be considered enormous in a country less blessed with such a wealth of forest growth. The quantity of timber that has been destroyed in clearing land, would, if circumstances had admitted of its being converted into lumber, have been worth a sum reaching into the millions of dollars. Circumstances, however, justified this apparently prodigal waste. There is less of this wholesale destruction now, and more effort is being made while clearing land to utilize the timber growing upon it.

The mineral resources of Lane county, while as yet almost totally undeveloped, are known to be extensive and valuable. Gold-bearing quartz ledges have been discovered on the McKenzie and other leading forks of the Willamette. The richness of these ledges has been tested, and recently considerable work has been done on some of them. In conjunction with numerous available water powers, an abundance of cheap fuel, a yearly decreasing cost of the expense of mining and reducing ores, and of transportation, capital should find profitable employment in developing these ledges.

Immigrants desiring to settle here should understand from the first that there can not now be had, either in Lane or any other county of the Willamette valley, any prairie land not already occupied. There are, however, large tracts of timber land comparatively level, and much hill land but lightly timbered. Large areas of rich land, as yet unclaimed, extend along the courses of the streams flowing from the eastern side of the county. In many places the ravages of forest fires have so reduced the heavy growth of timber covering that section of the country, that the work of clearing the land for farming purposes is comparatively easy. Along the eastern slope of the Coast Range are quite extensive areas of foot hill land, covered with brush and timber, which are available for settlement.

Special attention is called to what is known as the "Siuslaw country," by which term is meant the region bordering upon the stream of that name. It extends through the Coast Range to the Pacific, and embraces twenty-nine townships of agricultural land, not a tenth of which has yet been taken. This land belongs to the government, and is subject to entry under the general land laws. The soil is rich and produces prolifically. As a dairying region it possesses advantages even superior to the valley, since the ocean mists keep the grass fresh even during the dry season. There is room on the Siuslaw for five hundred families. On the bay at the mouth of the river are located three salmon fisheries, and preparing for market this excellent fish is the leading industry of that region. The town of Florence is the commercial point and shipping port. The timber of that region is especially fine, and lumbering will become a great industry as soon as transportation facilities are provided. A good wagon road leads down the river from Eugene City, the distance to the bay being sixty

miles. The Siuslaw is the natural railroad route from the upper end of the Willamette valley to the ocean. The bay offers a good harbor, easily accessible now to coasting vessels, and capable of being made so for ships and steamers of deep draught. The bay extends inland in the form of an estuary a navigable distance of twenty-five miles. That a railroad will sometime be constructed from Eugene City to Siuslaw bay admits of little doubt, and that the bay will be the ocean terminus of some transcontinental route is extremely probable. Both the Chicago and Northwestern and the Union Pacific are looking closely into the question of routes across Central Oregon and ocean terminal points, and the advantages of the Siuslaw can not escape their attention. The Oregon & California road traverses the county from north to south, passing through the most important towns and cities. This road will soon be a portion of a through route between Portland and San Francisco, as the gap in Northern California is being rapidly closed up, and connection of the two roads is expected to be effected before the close of 1887. From Junction City to Corvallis, the terminus of both the west side division of the Oregon & California and the Oregon Pacific, running to Yaquina bay, a line has been surveyed, uniting the two divisions of the Oregon & California. This will, no doubt, be constructed, and give Lane county another route to Portland, as well as an outlet to Yaquina bay. Steamers ascend the Willamette as far as Eugene City, and offer additional transportation to the Portland market. The narrow gauge road of the Oregonian Railway Co. enters the northern end of the county, terminating at Coburg, seven miles north of Eugene. Its other terminus is at Ray's Landing, on the Willamette, above Oregon City, where it connects with steamboats for Portland.

The following communication from Dr. J. P. Gill, an old and influential resident of Eugene City, states succinctly some of the advantages and needs of Lane county:

Sixteen years ago I came up the valley from Portland, having just arrived from San Francisco, after a trip across the plains and mountains. We passed over so much rich soil from Chicago to the Rocky mountains that we could not help asking ourselves "why leave all such fine land and journey to a land so far away?" We did not find better land, but we found land good enough. and when we got to the head of the valley and anchored in Eugene City, we could not wonder at the exclamation of delight of Vice President Colfax, when looking north down the valley. With cool nights after the warm days, with freedom from noxious insects, mad dogs, cyclones, destructive lightning, and so many other pests that infest the summers of the old homes we left behind, without the snow and ice of the winters, I say to find ourselves away from these makes it seem that we are in fabled Elysium. What have we at the back of all this? We raise plenty to eat and a large surplus to sell. We have great undeveloped mineral resources. There are numbers of poor men prospecting in the mountains, and their finds in any other country would be worthy the at-

tention of capital; but here where capital is lacking our mineral wealth will have to wait till capital aids, or till the poor miner can work a plan to reduce his own ore. I hear of men who feel confident they have ores that can be reduced by cheaper methods than have commonly been used. This beautiful town will one day be a great center for legitimate mining enterprises. I know of rich ores that would be bringing in vast wealth to the state if found in any other state than Oregon. Oregonians are an agricultural and pastoral people, enterprising enough, but no speculation in them. The poor man can not find any provision made by the legislature to help him to an assay or working test. The state has professors in her colleges to make scholars for any business but what the state needs—a development of her ores. I don't think we turn out one well qualified expert in mines and mining from the colleges of the whole state.

The county seat and chief commercial point is Eugene City, lying at the head of navigation on the Willamette. It is one of the most beautiful, prosperous and enterprising cities of Oregon. The view on pages two hundred and forty-four and five will give a good idea of the general appearance of the city, the site and surroundings. It is the natural trade center of a large tract of country, and has no rival within forty miles. It has a population of two thousand people, intelligent, thrifty and prosperous. The streets are broad, laid out at right angles and are lined with handsome shade trees. It possesses twenty-nine substantial brick business blocks and a number of handsome residences, two banks, eight general stores, twenty-two other stores, two breweries, five hotels and a large number of shops and places where minor industries are carried on. Its manufactures embrace leather, flour, woolen yarns and hose, furniture, carriages, vinegar and evaporated fruits. Other and larger industries would find this a desirable location. Three newspapers, six churches and a public school building costing \$12,000.00 testify to the intellectual and moral character of the people. The State University, a view of whose imposing buildings is given on page two hundred and thirty-three, is located here, and is one of the leading educational institutions of the Pacific coast. The edifices cost \$100,000.00.

A few miles east of Eugene City is the town of Springfield, with a population of three hundred, and containing three stores, several shops, a flouring mill and a sash and door factory. It is an incorporated town, in the midst of a good farming country, lies close to the railroad, and has an abundance of good water power which may be had on reasonable terms. Cottage Grove contains two flouring mills, saw mills, planing mills and a population of three hundred. Junction City, a shipping point on the railroad near the northern end of the county, has a population of about four hundred. Other towns on the line of the road are Latham, with saw and flouring mills; Creswell, with a flouring mill; Irving and Goshen. Pleasant Hill, Willamette Forks, Lowell, Long Tom and Siuslaw are interior villages. Florence is located on Siuslaw bay.



## MARION COUNTY, OREGON.

OUR Willamette valley is one of the garden spots on the surface of the great green earth. The fabled "Garden of the Gods" could have been planted here in many places. If the long coast line could pass before us in panorama, so we could see the Pacific shores from far Alaska to southernmost California, from the northern seas to the southern gulf, from the glaciers of Stickeen to semi-tropic orange groves of Los Angeles, there is no region in it all to equal, much less eclipse, this, in the beauty and harmony of surroundings. There are many rivers, hills and plains that vie with earth's fairest scenes, but not one of them can bear away the palm from the lovely Willamette. It is no mere spot in miniature; it is as broad as a degree of longitude, and its waters flow hundreds of miles from where the fountains rise to where the broad river blends with the Columbia. Shrined by mountain ranges whose fountains furnish living streams, the river gathers from circling hills and rugged heights the streams that vivify and beautify these hills and vales to swell the flow that seeks the sea. Multnomah is but the gateway, and not the valley; Clackamas, with its wooded hills, guards the lower vale; there are broad prairies in "Old Linn," and Lane is charmingly diversified; west of the life-dealing river are the fields of Polk, and the graces and glories of Yamhill; but we stand where Hood takes its first view of cultured vales. Where the beautiful hills mingle so deftly with the fruitful plains, is Marion, the queen of counties, if not the queen of Oregon. Here all that is admirable and fruitful and beautiful in the great valley finds expression, for it has hills and vales and forests and streams which represent the Willamette at its best.

One-half a century ago the great rendezvous of the mid-continent was Green river. There hunters and trappers, traders and travelers, mountainmen and plainmen, met at midsummer and canvassed everything of interest to all. Those who came from the far West compared the parched mid-continent, and all the region east of the Cascades—the plains where no tree gave shade and where no rivulets strayed—with the valleys of Western Oregon, where foliage of richest green and densest shade, bordered streams that were fed by innumerable fountains. This region, they said, knew neither summer's fervent heat nor winter's Arctic frost. Their tales were carried back and told to the frontiersmen east of the Missouri, and made a deep impression. The time came when Americans looked to Oregon for homes, and these "travelers' tales," more than twice told, beguiled the winter firesides of those destined to become pioneers of Oregon. The earliest of them, having traversed two thousand miles of shadeless plains, fragrant with sage brush and alkali; having crossed the Cascade mountains as their last endeavor, came to the long-sought-for Willamette valley. They came down out of the trackless mountains to a land that seemed Eden, to fields that indeed were elysian. The meadows and pastures were rich and luxuriant; they waved before the fresh sea-

winds like billows of emerald. There were then no flocks and herds as we have them now, but the "native races" peopled this wilderness. What we call savage tribes ruled nature; planted their lodges by the streams and had their canoes on all the rivers; hunted and fished and lived by simple laws; the wild deer and elk, the black and brown bear shared dominion with them, and with the fish in the streams gave them their winter's food. Forty years ago the antlered elk ranged free and numerous on all these valleys, prairies and hill ranges. Nature was supreme and the native races, savage and wild, shared the land among them. It is related that as early as 1812 there were hunters who killed game along the river, west of French prairie, to send elk meat for the food supply at Astoria. Aged men of the Calipooias tell how they laid in their winter's meat. Their villages were along the Willamette, the Santiam and Molalla, and also along the foothills. The day was set and early in the morning conch shells were blown to call men out for the great hunt of the year. A great cordon of hunters reached around what is now Marion county, who set fire to the autumn grass, driving all the game before it to a common center. When the space was narrowed enough the best men went in and killed sufficient game to answer their purpose, being careful not to weaken the herds by diminishing their productive capacity. They lived this unfettered life before the white men came among them. There was at Salem, a winter village of immemorial usage, called Chemeketa, where the Calipooias brought their stores of camas, berries, cured meats and fish. The measles became a pestilence, half a century ago in this, their "old home," as Chemeketa has meaning. They followed their old way of sweltering in their sweat houses and then plunging into the river, and many times deaths were sudden. From a prosperous nation these Indians became only a few scores. Chemeketa saw them come no more to winter on the shore where Salem now has possession. While one people inhabited this valley there were many tribes, and those living on different sides of the Willamette quarreled at times. When the old men met on the river and talked matters over unavailingly, and when diplomacy was exhausted, they went to war. When tired of war, the young men turned the matter over again to their elders and so peace would be made. The name of the river has full significance of this old custom, for the meaning of the word Willamette is "The Waters of Peace."

The time came when constant trapping and hunting lessened the number of fur-bearing animals, and the beaver became scarce in all the country west of the Rocky mountains. Then it was necessary for the Hudson's Bay Company to make business for its employees. There were no settlers and only very few missionaries, but the company made a contract to supply the Russians of Alaska with bread, and to send timber and lumber to China and the Sandwich islands. This necessitated wheat growing, and a number of half-breed mountaineers settled in the valley and became farmers. They

chose for their farming operations lower French prairie, a beautiful and fruitful region. Settlement commenced in what is now Marion county and thus farming was inaugurated. F. X. Mathieu, of Butteville, some years ago owned—and may own yet—the first land ever sowed to wheat in this county. It was first sowed about 1830 and was farmed continuously for forty-eight years with good average returns; the forty-ninth year it rested for the first time, and was summer-fallowed. It was sown again the fiftieth year and produced thirty-five bushels per acre. Fifty years ago the first installment of Protestant missionaries came, in the persons of Rev. Jason Lee and his colleagues, who established a Methodist mission sixty miles above the mouth of the Willamette, at the head of French prairie, so called from the character of the early settlers. They afterward moved ten miles south, to Salem, and laid the foundation for Willamette University.

Marion county began to have civilized men as inhabitants a half century ago, but they were not permanent American settlers nor a reliable population. True, the mission laid the ground work for Americans to build upon and proved a valuable aid to settlement and progress in after years. But another decade commenced before the hills and prairies of Champoeg county, as this was then called, were permanently occupied by Americans. Then a work began that will go on for all time. It is interesting to watch the growth and development of any region. Different men who came here in early times have left their character and impress on the country. Daniel Waldo will be known by the Waldo hills, where he was the first settler. So others have given their names to portions of the country they first occupied. The pioneers were, many of them, more than commonly able. Many noble men and unselfish and devoted women came in the forties, and the green sod that covers their earthly mold is not fresher and brighter, when May recalls the world to life, than is their memory to those who knew them. Waldo was bluff and honest, gifted with good sense, and therefore prosperous. In early days many counseled with him, and his house was the gathering place in times of doubt and supposed danger. He was a plain farmer, and having brought with him stock that increased rapidly he always was forehanded. No matter what prices were current he asked his own figure, and that was what he believed to be the fair and reasonable worth of the article. He was often below others in his charges in the speculative times of the gold era. Once a neighbor bantered him to sell his fat steers. "Sixty dollars," said Uncle Dan. "Too much," said the trader. "You needn't take 'em," said Waldo, and he rode off. A few days later the trader rode up again and said "I guess, Mr. Waldo, I'll take your steers." "You can have them for sixty-five dollars." "Too much," he said again. "You needn't take 'em," said Uncle Dan. A few days more and he was ready with the sixty-five dollars, but Waldo coolly named seventy; the same brief words passed. The fourth time he came they were sev-

enty-five, and the cattle buyer planked down the dust in haste before the old gentleman could have a chance for another rise. They were well worth seventy-five dollars at the outset, but the sharp fellow played a losing game in trying to play Dan. Waldo for a grouse. The old man thought sixty was enough and would have taken it. Children of pioneers—who are themselves now honored as early comers—are fond of talking of the early times when they lived on plain, but wholesome, fare, and wore home-made garments; they went visiting twelve or fifteen miles to find their nearest neighbors, and have a good time together talking of "back in the states. They had plenty of stock range and good pasture. One man tells how he located his claim on the Santiam so as to command all the range between there and the mountains. He was a little mistaken in his calculations, as the region he thought he had corraled and fenced in for his own use is now settled by hundreds and contains some thriving towns, all that, too, in the life time of the land grabber himself. The writer drove an ox team southward three hundred miles or more, thirty-five years ago, when there were no towns and few settlers who farmed much land, no steamboats, no mail stage, and not even in imagination was there prospect of the iron horse. The world moved on and here we are!

The capital city of Oregon is a gem set among hills and prairies and bordered by the silver flow of the Willamette, which enterprising folks threaten to span with a free bridge that will cost fifty thousand dollars. Every acre is fenced, golden harvests gleam in the mid-summer sun, and yellow grain waves in billows before the sway of the ocean breeze. Standing on a summit but a mile away we look over this capital city with its pinnacles and spires, and wonder what genius of fable waved his wand over the wilderness we saw in 1851, to convert this prairie into beautiful homes and erect free schools and churches, and magnificent structures built by county and state that rival edifices in older climes and in the greatest cities of the land. Truly it was a wand of prosperity, wielded manfully by a free people! Marion county sits by the river's side of the "Waters of Peace," stands erect on its fertile plains and glorious hills; she pushes her strong arm into the ranges where are rich and yielding valleys and productive foot hills, and wins prosperity for all alike; she stands in mid-summer heats where great Mount Horeb overlooks the winding Elk Horn valley, and waits for coming time when the veins of quartz that hold in trust their stores of gold and silver that cluster in these ranges shall yield their treasures for the common wealth. From the snowy crown of Jefferson, robed in eternal white, she looks abroad over a diversified landscape that is all her own, and rejoices that the "native races" are no more. The lodge of the Calipooia and the Molalla are gone forever, the antlered elk no more guards his flock by Willamette's tide, but the land is full of dwellings and homes; the Indian's canoe is no more, but the steamer parts the river's flow and the world's commerce waits its coming. Over the



wide prairies and through the passes of her hills, the iron track is laid and the screaming of the hoarse-throated engine tells every few minutes of some station reached. The stage coach, that surprised the natives, has given place to steam, as that must in turn give place to electricity. The telegraph flashes across the wires news of the Old World; we are so near New York as to publish the same day the same news its great dailies issue. Roller flouring mills use the flow of rivers diverted from their courses to do good to man. Saw mills work up and digest the mighty forests that once grew here, and the world of to-day bears little semblance to the "long ago." This is no longer a new country, but boasts schools, colleges, asylums, prisons, churches and hospitals. Every June old and wrinkled and gray-haired men and women assemble to talk over the old times and old friends, many of whom are gone—and this is the pioneers' reunion.

Salem is the second town in Oregon, with six thousand population in town and suburbs. It is the most home-like place in the state, with less pride and artificiality than the metropolis has. Spreading maples, natural to this region, are planted along its wide and uniform streets; water from the Santiam is brought in in two streams that afford six mill sites. Great flouring mills grind immense quantities of wheat, and other industries do their part to build the town. The future will see here in harmonious combination great mechanical industries, schools and colleges without superior on the coast, and state institutions that will do their share to make the city prosper. Its common schools are fine buildings and teachers who deserve high merit conduct them. Willamette University is a thriving college. The city spreads far; has generous lots and wide streets, and leafy maples shade the walks. Such as it is, the Methodist mission founded it, and it keeps pace with the growth and prosperity of our state. Salem has far the handsomest court house in Oregon, a building that cost over \$100,000, and is truly elegant in appearance. At the upper end of the avenue on which it stands is the state capitol, a building of great dimensions, that will be completed in due time. The dome and towers planned for it will not be built until the inside is finished, and this is being done now. When built and completed it will be a structure of which any state might well feel proud. East of Salem, a mile or so, the state owns several hundred acres of land, on which are the penitentiary, and insane asylum. These are rather imposing in size, well built, and furnished with all modern improvements. It is safe to say that they—as well as the capitol—have cost less than any similar public buildings in America. Silverton sits close in among the foot hills, and is a busy town. Jefferson, Stayton and Turner have mills that use the Santiam water in busy work. Home industry will make their future. On the railroad, in French prairie, are Aurora, Hubbard, Woodburn, Gervais and Brooks, all growing at a good pace. Along the river is Butteville, famous for its early history. All over the county are towns and villages, farms and

homes, with gardens and orchards that show how well they all can live—if they but choose to do so. The state has its rivalries, and a generous share of rather formidable rivalry is worn out upon Salem. The time came, a quarter of a century ago, when at a general election, all voters cast a ballot to attest their choice for the seat of government. It so happened that a few from Salem chanced to be temporarily residing at the mines in Eastern Oregon. One was a lady whose charms may have faded some in quarter of a century, but then she was attractive enough to win many votes for Salem, and carried all she could. She and others labored so well for "sweet home" as to turn the scale. Salem was indicated by less than one hundred plurality.

Every ten years the state takes a census of its own, in the middle of each decade. The national census being taken at the close and the state census in the middle of each decade, we have a tolerably effective census every five years. The state returns from 1885 credit Marion county with three thousand six hundred and five legal voters, and eleven thousand eight hundred and forty-eight population; of live stock, thirty-one thousand and seventy-two sheep, ten thousand two hundred and forty-five swine, four thousand seven hundred and twenty-five horses, two hundred and four mules, ten thousand seven hundred and two cattle. Of 1884 products, wheat, one million two hundred and ninety-nine thousand one hundred and ninety-six bushels; oats, nine hundred and fifty-eight thousand three hundred and three bushels; barley, sixteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-three bushels; hay, fourteen thousand four hundred and two tons; corn, sixteen thousand eight hundred and three bushels; butter and cheese, two hundred and fifty-six thousand one hundred and thirteen pounds; flax seed, two hundred and fifty bushels; hops, four hundred and fifty thousand two hundred and forty-four pounds; potatoes, three hundred and eighty-six thousand and thirty-eight bushels; apples, two hundred and forty-four thousand two hundred and fourteen bushels; plums and prunes, eighteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight pounds; (there are errors in this, as we know one man who had just about the quantity of dried plums and prunes as is credited to the whole county); lumber, nine million eight hundred and fifty-two thousand five hundred feet; gross value of taxable property, \$5,924,345.00.

Marion county is thus divided: the greatest reach of prairie is the French prairie, comprising the northern part of the county, extending twenty miles north and south and almost as far east and west. It has Aurora, Hubbard, Woodburn, Gervais and Brooks, towns on the railroad, and Butteville, Champoeg and Fairfield near the river. Catholics have a school and convent at St. Paul. This prairie is very fertile and well settled. Howell prairie lies near the Waldo hills and borders on them; it is one of the most beautiful and fruitful of all Oregon's garden spots. Salem prairie is not so extensive as the others, but is a fine piece of country just north of the capital. The Mill creek and Santiam country

also has very fine soil, especially the portion south of the Red hills and west of Jefferson. While the greater part of this county is level, its hills are equally fertile and even more beautiful. On the east of French prairie the foot hill country is becoming well settled and valuable. The "Horse Heaven" section is near the line of Clackamas and Marion. The Waldo hills begin about six miles from the Willamette and rise gradually for ten miles toward Sublimity, which was named from its outlook. Beyond there they join the foot hills. You can follow the hills and valleys far into and among the Cascades, finding settlements hid away in cosy recesses, or planted on mountain plateaus, where stock interests prevail. Mehama is a village on the North Santiam that has quite an extensive country beyond it. This is a famous summer resort, and many while away July or August lounging or fishing in the vicinity, camping in the woods, or stopping with Mrs. Mehama Smith, for whom the place is well named. "No one ever knew her but to love her" excellent meals. There are settlements miles and miles beyond there. Silver creek, which puts into the Olequa below Silverton, is another favorite place for summer camping parties. The falls of this creek form a very grand and beautiful natural object, one of the most attractive to be found anywhere. There are many beautiful places among the foot hills and mountain valleys, and mineral springs, with health-giving properties, exist all along the Cascade range.

Salem has, besides the old established Willamette University, public schools of high excellence. The Catholics have there one of their best schools, where a great number of the young are educated. Four miles north of Salem the Indian school, originally established at Forest Grove, is now in operation. It has several hundred pupils, comprising young of both sexes, from Alaska to the southern tribes, including some from nearly every tribe north of California. Chemawa, as the place is called, little over a year ago was a wilderness. One of the aboriginal forests stood there, and great work had to be done to hew down the lofty firs and prepare the place for civilized uses. The boys of the Indian school have done this work, and now beautiful grounds are there, on which stand elegant buildings. The old time forest is cleared away, but the new growth remains in places, giving relief to the landscape by shapely groves. This school is doing an excellent work, as the Indian lads and lasses are becoming genuinely civilized. The boys have military training, and show that their tastes and capacity are not inferior to the whites. A brass band is organized among them, and the young fellows who compose it play well for their time of training.

Marion county has the three characteristics of Oregon. It represents the state admirably, and while no better, more beautiful, fertile or excellent than other parts, it possesses historical interest peculiar to itself. Oregon is full of beauty and romance, as well as of practical value as a most productive region. Every county in the state will furnish matter of especial interest to the

public. There is no land that is more attractive or desirable as homes.

S. A. CLARKE.

#### "TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE."

This is an old proverb, another version of which is: "He that hath too many irons in the fire, some of them will burn." This morsel of metaphorical wisdom, evidently the work of a blacksmith, is, of course, intended as a warning against undertaking too much, and, at first sight, sounds like a prudential maxim, well adapted to secure efficiency and singleness of aim on the part of all workers. But, more closely considered, the precept shows for itself what it really is—a piece of narrow-minded, petty prudence, adapted only to the guidance of incapables and fools. The fact is, nobody who is good for anything needs any such cowardly caution about having too many irons in the fire. Shovel, poker, tongs and all, these masterly workmen keep always hot and always busy. The rapidity of their daily accomplishment is only equaled by its variety. Both their combinations and their execution are such as perplex and startle little minds, and lead them to repeat in full chatter such petty maxims as the one now under consideration. It is by such men that human progress is advanced, inventions and discoveries are made, fortunes are won, and all valuable improvements and reforms are achieved.

#### HOW TO COOL A CELLAR.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellar cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool, but as it fills the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp, and soon becomes mouldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful—it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded during the day. If the air of the cellar is damp, it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts, of water, and in this way a cellar or milk room may be dried, even in the hottest weather.

## ONE OF HIS BLUNDERS.

FIVE minutes past nine!" The words were impatiently uttered by a man of fifty, who stood looking up at the clock on the platform of the little station of Glenwood. This was John Milward, a farmer from Carlton, a small town several miles from the station, a large man in rough tweeds, a trifle gray, slightly bent, bluff, honest looking and clean shaven except for a little patch of whisker. He walked slowly along the wooden platform till he came to where it suddenly inclined. He paused here to glance along the line where it wound like a stream between high grassy banks, sprinkled with fiery poppies and yellow buttercups; but although his eye could trace the railroad for some distance, no white wreath curling up from the meadows denoted the approach of the train.

The station master and porter watched him, having nothing better to do. The former was trying to guess who it was Mr. Milward had come to meet, for this was one of those quiet parts of Pennsylvania where every one knows every one else; the latter wondering whether it would pay better to carry the baggage of Mr. Milward's expected visitor to the dog-cart, and to leave the minister of the only church in Carlton, who always came by this particular train, to Jem, the other porter, or vice versa.

John Milward veered round and sauntered back, whereupon the station master pulled out his watch and compared it with the clock. He opened his mouth as if to address the farmer as he passed, but seeing that the latter was deeply occupied with his own thoughts, he shut it again and went into his office.

Presently Milward removed his hat and passed his handkerchief across his brow. He looked at his hat thoughtfully before putting it on again. It was his Sunday one, and there was a black band around it, which awoke a train of ideas so absorbing that he did not heed the sun striking fiercely on his head, until he awoke from his reverie with a start at the sound of a bell clanging within a yard of where he stood.

Five minutes more and the engine steamed in. Milward's face flushed and he looked eagerly into the car windows. Three passengers for Glenwood—the minister and his nephew, and a young girl in deep mourning. As the last-named arrival sprang lightly from the last car, the farmer approached her and said, with a shade of hesitation—

"Are you—why, yes, it is —Emily!"

The girl held out a small hand and looked up nervously. She winced slightly at the vigorous grasp it received, and shrank a little from the open look of admiration.

As she raised her eyes, some sudden touch of emotion held the burly farmer silent. It was only apparent in a slight contraction of the brow and compression of the lips, and its cause saw nothing. She had taken him in with one swift glance, and the result was a sigh. A

few minutes later they were sitting side by side in a dog-cart, rattling along the road.

"You are tired," said the farmer, slowly pulling up. "There is a good hour's drive before you. Shall I turn back into Glenwood and get you a cup of tea or a glass of wine?"

"No, thank you. I would rather wait until we get home."

He instantly gave the whip a sharp swish that made the mare jump and start at an energetic canter, which gradually subsided into a more moderate pace. There was silence for a time. Both felt constrained and at a loss. The farmer broke the silence with—

"Look at that! There's a view!"

He gave the whip an expressive semi-circular sweep, and, rousing herself, the girl looked round.

"It is lovely," she said, but without warmth, as her eyes dwelt on the varied landscape stretching out on all sides in green hills and dales, with dark woods nestling in the hollows or climbing the distant slopes.

"I hope you will like the place," he said, after another pause.

"Oh, yes, I hope so; tell me about it. Who is there in the house besides you? I have heard nothing, you know. It is all strange."

"Did not your—" began Milward, his voice not quite so firm as usual—"didn't *she* tell you anything of us and our ways?"

Emily shook her head, but as he was not looking at her she said—

"Nothing."

"There's only me and Azubah, your aunt. You will like her, I hope."

Little more was said until they drove in at a white gate and up a gravel drive to a square, red house, covered with wisteria. The farmer assisted her to alight, and leaving the horse to a man, led the way into a large dining room, where a substantial tea was spread in readiness for the travelers.

"Welcome home, my darling," he said, looking at her for a minute. And then taking her in his arms, he kissed her affectionately. "This is your home for the future, Emily. I can't tell you how glad I am to have you."

Emily half shrank from the resounding, hearty kisses, but the tone of the simple words touched her. She raised her face and pressed her soft lips to his cheek.

"Thank you, father."

The action, for some reason or other, affected Milward strangely. A spasm passed over his face, and almost abruptly he turned away.

A tall, plain woman came into the room. Milward laid his hand on his daughter's shoulder.

"Here she is, tired and hungry. Emily, this is your aunt, Azubah."

The two saluted each other, and the girl was carried off upstairs.

While they were gone the farmer brought in the boxes, which he had at first forgotten, and stood looking



at them afterward with a pleased smile on his broad face.

Miss Azubah Milward was down first, and made tea gloomily, her appearance becoming even more depressed when her brother came in, sat down at the head of the table and stared absently at the snowy cloth.

"Where is she?" he asked, at length; but the words had hardly passed his lips when the door opened, and Emily glided in and took the chair placed in readiness for her.

As she passed her a cup of tea, Miss Milward looked critically at her niece, the result being anything but satisfactory. The curly, rough halo of golden hair displeased her, as did also the clinging, close-fitting, soft, black dress, with its puffs at the elbows and shoulders; but the pale, tired face appealed to her heart, and she said kindly—

"You've had a long journey, child; I expect you want your tea. You must go to bed early."

"Yes," answered her niece indifferently, just raising her heavy eyes for a minute, but dropping them again directly.

The meal passed off almost in silence, in spite of Milward's efforts to carry on a conversation. When it was over he went out; Miss Azubah helped her servant to remove the things, and the new arrival looked sadly from the window.

She felt very strange and lonely, and pitied herself a good deal for the way in which fate had dealt with her—a train of thought dangerous to indulge. The smooth, green lawn and bright patches of old-fashioned flowers became indistinct, and she was shutting her eyes to force back the troublesome drops that were gathering, when an abrupt "Well?" put an end to her meditation.

"Well?" said her aunt, "what do you think of your new home?"

"It is too soon to ask me," she said, without moving. "I am tired and can't think yet."

Miss Milward brought some knitting out of her pocket, and turned her attention to that. Looking up presently, she saw something splash on the window sill.

"Good gracious, child!" she said with a start, "what is the matter?"

The girl would not trust herself to speak, but made a slight motion of her hand toward the crape she wore. The elder woman patted her shoulder to show her sympathy.

"There, there, dear, don't grieve. These griefs are all for our good. Beside, though you have lost one parent, you have found another."

"Yes, but it is so different. No one—no one can be like a mother."

Then burying her face in her hands she gave way to a fit of desolate weeping. Miss Milward remonstrated kindly, tried to soothe her, and finally went on with her knitting.

## II.

The little congregation was just leaving church one glowing Sunday in August. Amongst the foremost were Emily Milward and the minister's nephew, a pale young man, rather below the medium height, with a face that was stamped with the unmistakable impress of the city.

"We have both been down here a month," he was saying, "and I have only seen you three times! And I am going back to town soon. You must let me walk home with you this morning."

"I am not alone, Mr. Burnet, My father and aunt are following."

"Are you really going to stay here? I don't believe it. The place does not suit you. You look ill and bored."

"Of course I am to stay here—where else should I go?" she answered with a sigh.

"It's a horribly dull hole for you. Will you introduce me to your father?"

As the farmer was close behind, she did so, and the trio walked on together for a little distance, the two men exchanging a few commonplaces.

"I must turn back now, or my uncle will be waiting dinner for me," said the young man, stopping suddenly, and giving a keen look from the girl to her father and back again. "Good morning, Miss Milward. Good morning, Mr. Milward."

He shook hands with both, but contrived to put so much meaning into that simple action, as far as regarded Emily, that he left her blushing and greatly confused.

"Where is aunt?" she asked, when they were alone.

"Just behind, with Tom Blakely, Emily, my child, I don't like that chap."

"Who?" she asked, surprised.

"That Burnet."

"Why, you have scarcely seen him."

"I know something about him, all the same. He has been down here before. I don't care to see you two together."

"We were acquainted in New York," said Emily, stiffly, and turned away.

"That don't make any better of it," Milward continued. "Take my advice, my girl, and see as little of him as you can. Thank goodness he won't stop here long!"

Emily was silent, and they slackened their pace to allow Miss Azubah and her companion to join them. The latter, a manly, bronzed young fellow of five and twenty years, immediately fell into the place by Emily's side.

"Glorious weather, isn't it?" he said, giving a side-glance at the golden hair that almost blazed in the sunshine.

"Very—I mean, yes, it is."

"I suppose you are becoming quite used to country life?"

"Perhaps so—I don't know."

"But you like it, surely?"

"Not half so well as town."

"Good heavens! Miss Milward! Can you look at these lovely hills and valleys—why, just look about you a minute, and hear the music of the birds and insects and that delightful little waterfall, and the banks full of ferns and wild flowers. Now, can you say that New York has anything to compare with it?"

"It is beautiful," she was forced to admit, as she stopped with him behind the others to take in the scene, "but it is not that. It is different with you. You were born here. Your friends, all you care for, are here. I know what you are thinking. You look it, if you don't say it, whenever we meet—that I am ungrateful, dissatisfied."

"You seem so unhappy, and I think it is a pity. I do not allude to that," he said, lowering his voice as his eyes fell on her mourning, "a great trouble can only be softened by time."

"You seem to think that pretty scenery, a roof over your head, and fine weather, are all that are needed for complete happiness," said Emily, indignantly. "They may be enough for some people, but they are not for me. You can't understand the want of some one to talk to who feels as you feel; whose ideas—in short, I am out of place. To be happy, one must have friends; and people can't care for each other who haven't a single thought in common."

"You do not give me credit for much intellect, Miss Milward; but apart from that, if you will forgive me for saying so, I think there is more than one here who would be quite capable of entering into your thoughts and feelings if you would only allow them to try."

Emily said no more, but walked quickly so that they soon rejoined her father and aunt. There was a flush on her cheek, and a compression about her mouth that showed she was offended.

"Why did I talk to him?" she asked herself angrily. "I might have known what to expect. Suppose it was because he has more sense than most of these country people."

Shortly after, Blakely took leave, while the others walked home almost in silence. The farmer looked sideways more than once at his daughter's face; but as he received only monosyllables in reply to the remarks he threw out at intervals, he gave up and became moody and abstracted himself.

The evening being sultry and oppressive in-doors, Emily stole out and wandered alone in the dusk in the large, old-fashioned garden. The air was full of the scent of stocks, pinks and flowers that bloomed in friendly companionship with the humbler growths common to the kitchen garden.

There was little dew, so she trod and re-trod the soft turf paths, her head bent, her ears dead to the melody that stole out of the adjacent woods, where a thrush was sending a clear, thrilling song trembling into the still air.

To and fro she glided, looking, in the light wrap she had thrown round her, like some unquiet ghost, shadowy and unreal in the gathering shades. The fragrance of a cigar made her look up, to see her father close at hand, he having come up unheard on the soft grass.

Flinging away his cigar, he turned and walked at her side.

"Emily," he began, "I have something to say to you, but I don't know quite how to say it."

As she did not assist him by a reply, he went on, after a pause—

"Things have not turned out quite as I expected, and I can't see how to better them. You have been here a month now—time enough to be quite settled down and at home."

A sigh was the only answer when he stopped, but it said as much as words.

"It is hard on you, poor child," he said, checking the echo of her sigh, and knitting his brows with a perplexed look, "very hard. I thought a quiet home would be enough. I forgot that you were accustomed to other ways of living. In short, my girl, I see you are not happy here with us. I have transplanted you, and the soil don't suit. What's to be done?"

"It can not be helped," she said, wearily, stopping to lean on a little gate that opened into a wood."

"Can't it?" said Milward, stopping, too. "I won't keep you against your will. I suppose we have been separated too many years ever to—for you ever to feel—like a daughter."

There was silence between them, but the thrush still poured fourth his jubilant notes.

"You see it all comes to this," the farmer continued. "I have brought you here and it doesn't answer. You shall go back to your old life."

"How can I?" asked Emily, with a sob.

"There was more than one of your old friends offered you a home. You have spoken of a Miss Somebody who asked you to go abroad with her. Go. Write and tell her that you have changed your mind. Go where you like. You know better than I do what ways there are. I will provide you with means as I have done before."

"And you?"

"I? Never mind me. I would rather do without you than have you look so spiritless. It's only another of my blunders."

A letter recently received came into Emily's mind, in which a friend begged her to join in a trip to Europe—an invitation she had put aside as out of the question. Her heart leaped with a quick sense of freedom, and her head rose hopefully.

"There would always be this home you could come back to—if you were tired, if you wanted rest or change. Perhaps it would be best for you. Take a week or so to think it over, and then tell me what you'd like best to do."

"How good you are!" rose to her lips, but the next instant came another thought, "He will be glad to get rid of me." She said nothing, but glanced at her father. It was too dark to see his face, so she learned nothing. She could not understand him.

"It is growing damp," he said the next minute, "you had better go in."

She moved a few yards toward the house and then stopped and looked back to where her father seemed a dark shadow against the foliage. Should she go back and say the words that were in her heart, "you are my father; I will not leave you, only let us learn to understand each other better."

A few moments of indecision, and then she ran swiftly toward the house. At the door she paused again, and took two steps as if to return, but altering her mind she went in.

Milward stood by the gate with his arms crossed on the top and stared before him into the darkness. This was only another of his blunders, but like a former one—the memory of which was very vivid now—it was not to be undone without a severe mental struggle. He was no longer young he thought. A few years more and he would be growing old. He would have liked this one young face in the house for a time. She would have married, perhaps, but then he might have what he always wanted, little children about him, little feet running in the garden.

Must he give it all up as he had given it up before? Must he, all his life, be shut out from the brightness of a home circle, such as that of which he had been a part in his boyhood?

Emily's sad, pale little face and listless air rose up before him and displaced the vision of what might have been. He could only keep her with that imprisoned look. Perhaps some day she might be glad to come home; who could tell?

### III.

The next day Emily was absent-minded and very thoughtful. She had slept little, for a conflict was going on within her that was now almost decided. She would be in no hurry to put it into words, but in her heart she had resolved to stay.

To stay in spite of Aunt Azubah. For the discontented girl and the practical elderly spinster were not on the best of terms. Azubah was devoted to her brother in her undemonstrative way. Before Emily came she had felt jealous of her anticipated influence and position with him. Now that she was there, Azubah was growing to dislike her because of her indifference to his affection.

Emily only returned the dislike in a half-hearted fashion. She avoided Miss Milward when she could, and on the Monday afternoon, to get away from her, she provided herself with a basket and wandered out into the lanes.

She was too absorbed in thought to look about her as she went, and scarcely noticed where her footsteps

tended. In imagination she was back among her old friends, in that happy life of visiting and being visited, of occasional theaters or "at homes," with her mother for her constant companion.

How pleasant it had been! How dreary and blank her life had become!

"Miss Milward! How fortunate!" broke in on her reflections, and she started and raised her eyes to see Edgar Burnet advancing.

"I scarcely hoped for such good fortune," he continued, as he held her hand, "are you going anywhere, may I accompany you?"

Her negative movement was so faint that he went on by her side.

"I am only botanizing," said Emily, "or rather looking for specimens to study in the evening. I am not especially fond of botany, but it gives me something to do."

"You must be very hard up for amusement," he continued, sympathetically, "I never could see what pleasure there could be in learning the Latin name of every weed that grows. Have you no books?"

"Oh, yes! Mrs. Blakely sends me plenty; but one can not always read."

"I wish I were not obliged to go back to town. It is a shame that you should be buried out here."

They wandered on for some distance, the conversation soon gliding to topics of mutual interest, music, theaters and other common subjects of small talk in the circle in which they had both revolved. Emily grew animated and laughed, as she had almost forgotten how to do of late.

This unwonted sound greeted the ears of Tom Blakely, as he leaped over a stile that terminated a woodland pathway, and saw their retreating figures in the distance. He stood still for a minute, gazing after the pair in blank astonishment, then followed with a gloomy brow.

Directly after Emily stopped, for she began to think she had gone far enough. They began to retrace their steps, seeing which Blakely turned aside and passed through a cornfield to avoid them. He did not go far, but sat on a gate and became moodily thoughtful. After awhile he, too, retraced his steps, and came out again upon the road.

Meanwhile, Burnet and Emily neared the farm, their steps slackening as the end of the walk seemed at hand. They stopped at the gate, and then Emily looked into her basket and laughed.

"There!" she said. "That is all your fault, Mr. Burnet! I have no weeds, as you call them, to study to-night."

"I am sorry, but talking is better than botanizing. It has been a delightful walk. Can't we repeat it? Are you going again to-morrow morning? Let us arrange to meet."

"Oh, no!—I don't know!" stammered Emily, shrinking from the idea of making anything approaching an assignment.



"I shall come up this way with the hope of meeting you, at all events. Going in? Then good-bye for the present."

"Good-bye!"

"And you will not change your mind about coming to New York? If you do I shall be sure to see you often, I hope. You will accept Mrs. Robinson's invitation?"

"Yes, I think so." And withdrawing the hand he was holding, she hurried in.

Burnet lit a cigar and turned away.

He had not gone far when Tom Blakely came into sight, advancing toward him. As they met, Burnet held out his hand, but the other made no movement to take it.

"Just as you like," said Burnet, with a sneer, "were you looking out for me?"

"I was."

"So I imagined; what will you have?"

"To know what you are doing."

"I won't waste time pretending to misunderstand you, Tom Blakely, though it is no business of yours. I am amusing myself."

"I thought so."

"Well, can't you have it out with me as well walking on as standing here? That's much better. But before you say any more, look here—I don't want to quarrel, it's too much trouble. I did not know that you were taken—"

"Burnet," the young farmer interrupted, "if you are really only amusing yourself with Miss Milward, you will not mind giving me your word to keep out of her way in the future. She is young and innocent yet and may not appreciate your attentions at their true value."

"All right, my boy. I am going to-morrow afternoon, so I think I may safely promise. But you'd better make the most of your time, she is coming to New York again soon."

"No!"

"She is, though. Can't stand that old country bumpkin of a father any longer—and, by George, I don't wonder! Have you any more to say?"

"No," Blakely answered, half angrily. "You are going, so where's the use? I am an idiot to try to make any impression on you. You always were as slippery as an eel."

"And you were always one of those muffs that take everything in earnest. Hang it! what's a bit of flirtation? Why, pretty little Emily—"

Blakely interrupted.

"That's enough!" he said, harshly, and his hands involuntarily clenched.

Then as his eyes fell on the slight, small, almost boyish, figure before him, he gave vent to a short laugh, and striding on, left Burnet to his cigar.

The latter was too much afraid of the muscular young farmer to care to risk a more decided quarrel, so

he kept his word and returned to town without seeking Emily again.

She had herself begun to feel a trifle uneasy at the very rapid progress there intimacy had been making, and did not venture out of the house, so she saw him no more.

A few days slipped uneventfully by, and she knew she ought to decide, or rather, give utterance to her decision, with regard to her father's proposal. That walk with Edgar Burnet had settled the question, but she dreaded the moment when they must come to an understanding.

Milward himself was anxious to "have it out" with her, and when he was going to the nearest town for two days—Friday and Saturday—he called the girl into his smoking room after the dog cart was at the door.

"I shall not be home until Saturday night, Emily," he said. "Have you settled yet what you would like to do?"

"Yes," she said and hesitated.

"Well?" said he almost brusquely.

"I should like to go!" she said desperately, without looking at him.

"All right," he answered, "good-bye my child; take care of yourself."

He went straight out without kissing her, as he generally did, and she heard the wheels grate on the gravel and become distant, then inaudible. She felt uncomfortable and lonely, dissatisfied with herself and half inclined to cry.

She looked around the room almost inquisitively, as though she had never seen it before; and then by a sudden impulse, fetched a duster and carefully dusted and straightened everything about. With that finished, she looked around for something else that needed attention, took the lamp out into the kitchen, and washed the chimney and globe, much to the surprise of Jane and Mary.

Miss Milward passed the door of the smoking room as Emily was replacing the lamp where it usually stood. She paused, and entered with a smile.

"That looks natural," she said, in an approving way. "now you begin to look as though you belonged to the place."

Emily colored and turned the duster around in her hands, folding it up with the greatest care and elaboration. Her aunt came to her side and gave her a little pat or two on the shoulder, which with her was an unusual demonstration of affection.

"I am so glad to see you begin to look brighter, my dear, for your father's sake. It has worried him so to see you so unhappy."

"Don't, aunt." And Emily drew herself away from the kindly touch, and redusted the chimney-piece, taking up her father's favorite pipe and polishing it as she went on. "I—I don't—aunt, I—am going away."

"Going away! Where? What is the matter?" said Azubah, startled at her manner, but not fully understanding what she meant.

"Away from here, aunt. Don't be vexed. I am only a trouble and anxiety to him. He suggested it himself. It will be better for all of us. I thought you would be glad."

"Who suggested it? For heaven's sake speak plainly, Emily."

Miss Milward sank into a chair, and stared at her neice, who shrank beneath her amazed looks in intense discomfort.

"My father. He told me to take my choice—whether I would stay here or go where they want me, in New York, and abroad. And I told him I should like to go just before he left this morning. It will be better so, indeed, Aunt Azubah."

"I don't think I understand you, Emily," said her aunt, coldly. "Do you mean to leave your father—for good?"

"I don't know," faltered the girl, giving the pipe a final rub, and then laying it down. "We should see after awhile how things turned out."

Miss Milward gazed fixedly at nothing for full five minutes in silence.

"Poor John!" she cried, with an odd catching of the breath; and without another glance at Emily, she went up to her own room.

Emily felt quenched and miserable. She went into the garden and gathered some flowers to arrange for the table, there being the while a mist between her and the trees and hedges, and dew on the flowers she held that was not there before they were gathered.

"Poor John!" Those two words rang in her ears all morning; and though at dinner Miss Milward scarcely spoke, her red eyes and nose repeated "Poor John," plainly enough for Emily.

During the duration of daylight Emily could manage to avoid much intercourse with her aunt, but when the lamp was lighted, it was impossible to escape the long *tete-a-tete* before bedtime.

The elder lady brought out her knitting, not having enough heart for anything that required more thought and attention. Emily took a book and made a pretense of reading, her eyes following every word without her mind, and leaving her at the end of a page in complete ignorance of its drift.

"Shall I read to you, aunt?" she asked, nervously, after an unsociable half hour.

"No, thank you," said her aunt, and another silence ensued.

"Aunt Azubah," cried Emily, at last, shutting up her book in despair, "I wish you would scold me, sooner than go on like this. It is so dreadfully silent everywhere, I can't bear it. I don't see why you should be angry—you have never seemed to like having me here."

The reproach cut Miss Milward more keenly than the girl guessed, for she only said quietly—

"I am not angry, nor sorry, on my own account. I am only thinking of your poor father."

"You are rather hard on me," said Emily, letting a tear fall on the cover of the book, and then carefully

removing it with her handkerchief. "You've always kept me at a distance, while I have been so lonely without mamma, and now you are surprised that I am glad to get away."

"Perhaps you will say next that your father has kept you at a distance, too."

"He can't miss me much. All these years he has done without me."

"Yes, poor fellow," sighed Miss Milward. "As you say, perhaps it will be for the best. You have given him nothing but anxiety ever since you entered the house, just as your mother did twenty years ago."

"My mother! Oh, aunt! do tell me how it all happened. Why did they live apart? Why did they ever marry? They were so different."

"Ah! Why, indeed! It was a great mistake."

"Who was my mother—how did they meet?"

Emily drew her chair closer, and her aunt's austerity began to relax.

"Mamma would never talk about her past, but I think there was something in it for which she was sorry," continued Emily.

"Do you mean to say she never told you about your father?"

"No, nothing."

"Humph! She was a teacher to the children at the minister's house—all married, now, poor things!"

"And were they fond of each other?"

"He was," said Miss Milward, vaguely. "She married him for the sake of a home; and it didn't answer. I never thought it would. Poor John! For the first week after they were married he looked perfectly contented; then he began to look—oh, she did just as she you have been doing, only ten times more so—worried the life out of him with her discontented, despondent ways. She had been better off—a lawyer's daughter—and when he died, had to teach for a living, and she looked down on John and made herself wretched thinking she had married beneath her. Beneath her! Why, it was just the opposite way on, if you come to that."

"Poor mamma!" said Emily, "I dare say she was very unhappy."

"Unhappy! and what do you think he was, then? Do you think it can be pleasant for a man to have his wife always telling him that she made a mistake in marrying him? I don't mean telling him in words, but by looks and actions. After a time you were born, but even with a baby to amuse her she was no better. She thought the place so dull, she said, though your father brought her books of all kinds, and took her for long drives, and did everything to amuse and please her. Then by degrees she brooded herself ill, went away for a change, came back better, and went back to her old state in a week. I can't tell you all the ins and outs of it. I never knew exactly how it came to the point, but somehow they decided between them that it could not go on. She thought she should go melancholy mad if she remained here. So she went away, and took with her the little baby girl that was all he had, and I came to

keep house for your father. All at once John became staid and grave, like a middle-aged man. He went on with everything just the same, but I knew he would never be young any more; and he never was. Poor fellow! He had but one ambition in life, and that was to have a good wife and little ones to call him father. I have done what I could, but that is very little. And now, after he had begun to think he was to have a little compensation in you—"

She stopped and dried her eyes hastily, as though she was angry with herself for showing so much weakness.

"To think that for twenty years he has been supplying the means for you to live so as to learn to despise him!" she suddenly went on. "Don't deny it, Emily! You have despised him all this time. You are too refined for him, and can't see that an honest, single-minded, unselfish man is a gentleman, however plain and rough his manners may be. I wish to heaven you had never come!"

Again she dried her eyes angrily and tried to go on with her knitting, when all at once Emily was on her knees by her side, clinging to her hand and trying to speak, with her pale face all quivering with pain.

"Don't—don't say any more," she gasped. "I am not so heartless, aunt."

"There, there, Emily, don't be so excited, you alarm me. Why, how you are trembling, child! No, do not speak yet, wait till you are quieter. My poor child! I didn't mean to—I didn't think you would feel it like this."

"Oh! why—why didn't you—tell me—sooner? I won't go—aunt—now," and the poor girl began to sob wildly.

Miss Milward, who had never given her credit for so much feeling, was quite startled, and tried her best to lull the tempest of emotion, but for a time, in vain.

"I couldn't help it," said Emily, at last, pitifully, "it seemed so cruel."

She was on the floor now, with her head laid against her aunt's knee, a choking sob at intervals being all that was left of the storm.

Azubah's hand wandered over the soft tumbled hair with a soothing touch, but she said nothing.

"Aunt, say you forgive me," Emily faltered, presently, "forgive me and let me begin again. I shall not think of going away. You will forget it all and let me try once more?"

"Yes, child—yes. We will both begin again," replied Miss Milward. And for the first time she kissed her niece with real cordiality, as she took her in her arms.

On the next day Emily was very quiet and anxious to please her aunt, but her little attentions were paid half absently, for she was thinking of her father. The day seemed of inordinate length, now that she was longing for it to pass. John Milward was to be back at tea time, and for once his daughter longed for his arrival.

In the afternoon, Miss Milward went out on some errand of charity, and Emily was left to wait alone. As it grew toward the time, she found some satisfaction in arranging flowers daintily and placing them on the tea-table, and in putting everything in readiness.

A step on the gravel walk caught her ear as she was bringing Milward's slippers to place near his chair. She turned to the window and saw, not her father, but Tom Blakely, advancing with a slow and heavy tread. Something ominous in his looks led her to open the door and admit him herself.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, in almost a whisper, her heart sinking at the first sight of his serious face.

He followed her into the room where tea was spread, and then spoke.

"Yes, I have brought you bad news. Where is your aunt?"

"Gone out!"

"Out! Then she will hear it before she comes back. Emily, your father has met with an accident. You must be strong and help your aunt to bear it. It will be an awful blow for her. Where has she gone? It may not be too late."

"I don't know," said Emily, almost inaudibly, "what is it?"

He led her to a chair and made her sit down before replying.

"He was thrown out while driving. The horse fell down."

"Where is he? I must go to him!" and she started to her feet and tried to pass him. "Oh, don't stop me! Let me go."

"No—no. You can do no good. Emily, can't you guess?" he said, holding her hand, his own face working the while. "How can I tell you, my poor darling!"

He had said enough. Emily stood still, with the truth gradually forcing itself upon her with all its horror. He was gone, and without a word!

"Oh, heaven!"

A wild cry, and she swayed backward and would have fallen. Tom started and threw his arms around her. Her head fell back helplessly, and he laid her on the sofa perfectly unconscious.

At that instant the door opened and John himself entered, followed by Azubah.

"You young idiot!" he said, angrily, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, "what, in heaven's name, did you want to come and frighten her to death for? Look to her, Azubah."

The young man staggered back in astonishment.

"What! you are not—"

"Killed? No; but there has been an accident, and some fool—confound him!—spread it about that it was me. There, be off!"

With a nod of dismissal to Blakely, who, seeing it was no time for apologies, immediately quitted the house, he turned to where his sister was endeavoring to restore Emily to consciousness. As she opened her



eyes, he drew back out of her range of vision. She raised herself and memory came back.

"Oh, aunt!" was all she said, but the two words contained so much hopeless misery that John stepped forward.

"All a mistake, my girl," he said, huskily. And the next instant his daughter's arms were clinging tightly round his neck.

He held her to his breast, and he alone caught the sobbed-out words—

"Thank heaven! Thank heaven!"

The next morning Tom Blakely presented himself at the farm to apologize for his stupidity. John Milward was out, so Miss Milward sent him to Emily, who was in the garden robbing a laden plum tree of its golden fruit, a course of action loudly protested against by some dozens of wasps that were reveling in the mellow food.

Having disposed of him, Azubah went back into the kitchen and busied herself in preparations for dinner. After half an hour, she came out of the back door with her strong hands whitened by pastry-making.

"That girl must have forgotten about the plums!" she said, half aloud, as she passed along the turfy path.

Suddenly she started, for from behind a bower of green almost close at hand came the words—

"But not yet—not for a long while yet. I must show that I can be a good daughter before I try to be a good wife."

#### HOW TO DISAPPOINT A BALKY HORSE.

The Fitchburg *Sentinel* tells how a Leominster farmer cured his horse of a balky freak by gentle means.

He drove him, attached to a rack wagon, to the wood lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him, but tied him to a tree and let him stand. He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn, he would take that load of wood. I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down and he was probably lonesome and hungry. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned and got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but soon as he saw me start for the house, he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone, as much so as a person, and I claim that this method, if rightly used, is better for both man and horse than to beat the animal with a club."

WHEN a man, listening to his conscience, wills and does the right, irrespective of inclination or of consequence, then he is the free man. The universe is open before him.

#### THE PETROLEUM OIL WELLS OF BAKU.

We have at different times described the great establishment of Messrs. Nobel Brothers, at Balakhani, adjacent to Baku, and the operations conducted there. The boring of oil wells, the pumping, refining, and other processes, are not the only task which the petroleum industry of Baku has to carry out. The transport of the article to the consumer has also to be accomplished. It is known that for many centuries past there has been more or less trade in naphtha with Persia and other neighboring regions. The great problem was to get the oil into Russia, and send it into all the principal towns of that widely extended country. The distant position of Baku made this a most difficult undertaking. The oil has first to be sent in steamers to Astrakan; but at the mouth of the Volga, owing to its shallow water, a transshipment into barges has to take place. Some of the oil is sent on by the river, but the greater part is transported by rail. Trucks of a peculiar form have been made for this purpose, and they are now to be seen at all the principal railway stations in Russia.

Messrs. Nobel Brothers, who have brought all the science of Europe, as well as the experience of America, to bear on the manufacture of the oil, have also carried their ability and energy into the organization of transport. They have a splendid fleet of iron screw steamers, fitted up with tanks, which carry the oil to the Volga, with barges carrying it on to Tzaritsin. At this town they have a large depot, from which they send the oil by rail to depots in all the principal towns. By this means they now supply the whole of Russia, and the American oil has been entirely driven from that country. They have begun to extend the supply into Germany, and it may be looked upon as only a question of time when a great part of Europe will receive its petroleum from Baku.

Petroleum oil is now largely used as a fuel to heat the boilers in the Caspian steamers. The oil is brought to the furnace by one pipe, from a tank, while another pipe brings steam from the boiler; the oil is poured into the blast of high pressure steam, and is thereby pulverized or blown into minute particles, which become a sheet of flame underneath the boiler. If a sufficient supply of this fuel could be procured for our ocean-going steamers, many advantages could be derived from it. Among these may be noticed that it occupies less bulk than coal; a ton of *astatki*—the Russian name for dregs—is equal to about two tons of coal. The furnaces burning this material require no stoking, thus saving hands. On the Caspian a ton of *astatki* is about thirty or forty times cheaper than a ton of coal. In proper tanks it is perfectly safe—even safer than coal, the danger of which we have had experience of not long since. The disagreeable process, more particularly to passenger ships, of "coaling," would thereby be done away with. It would thus be cheaper than coal, safer, and its use would be conducive to the comfort of passengers and all on board ship.—*Scientific American*.

## RIVER IMPROVEMENT.

ACCORDING to the memorial to congress of the waterway convention of 1885, the Columbia river and its tributaries extend for a distance of over one thousand miles within the United States, and constitute the natural outlet for twenty-five thousand square miles of agricultural land. This great river runs east and west, parallel with the lines of commerce and emigration, and flows into the ocean at a point where winds, currents and latitude combine to make a center of shipping. But this important waterway can not be economically navigated at present, and the question before us is to make it economically navigable. This question should be constantly agitated in every prudent way, until something comes of it.

As all the inhabitants of the watershed of the Columbia are deeply interested in the proper solution of this problem, I venture, as one of them, to submit some views for discussion, premising that they are not original or novel, except as applicable to this situation. As a physician can not properly diagnose a case without the aid of his patient, who alone feels the pains of illness, so an engineer can not determine what line of action is best to reduce the forces of nature, until he knows the extent to which they are refractory. As persons who are subject to contingencies must needs be close observers, they can not only accurately describe the inconvenience but can often suggest a remedy that is worthy of consideration. If every person, therefore, who has given the subject of river improvements much thought would publish his views, the result must be the collection of much valuable information for those upon whom the duty of adopting definite plans will devolve. I will be brief as possible, and confine myself to outlines, as details would be impertinent before the scheme has obtained a hold upon public favor.

The difficulties in the way of economically navigating the Columbia river appear to be, (1), a bar, near the mouth of the river, at a point out to sea where the conditions are favorable for precipitating the silt borne down by the current of the stream; (2), sand islands, spits and shoals inside the heads and below Astoria, with a tortuous and shifting channel; (3), a series of rapids and a barrier of rock at the Cascades, one hundred and sixty miles above its mouth; (4), formidable obstacles at the Dalles, two hundred and twenty miles above the mouth, consisting of rapids, falls and very swift currents, occurring along a distance of about thirteen miles where the channel is contracted between perpendicular walls of basalt; (5), minor rapids at intervals between Celilo, at the head of the Dalles, and the point where the river enters British America.

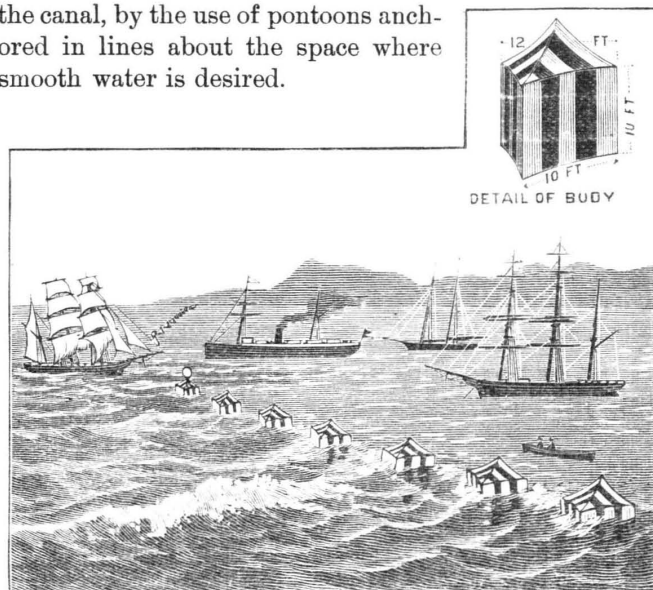
These obstructions will be discussed *seriatim* in connection with a suggestion for a remedy in each case.

The obstructions between Astoria and the offing are serious in character, and difficult to deal with on account of the magnitude of the contending forces—the river on one side and the ocean on the other—and the

breadth of the field upon which the contest occurs, rendering it difficult to make an alliance with either against the other. The problem is complex, and human wit and effort seem inadequate to deal with it. I propose, therefore, to avoid a direct conflict with such Titanic forces, and to flank them by a canal. The canal scheme, as to this situation, being novel, may be defended both by statements as to its merits and by objections to accepted plans. Affirmatively, then, the canal is intended to connect Young's bay with the open ocean, and will flank all the obstructions between Astoria and the offing, rendering further attention to them unnecessary. The engineering difficulties are the excavation of a waterway through the alluvial soil of the delta, and the construction of an artificial harbor at the sea end.

I furnish herewith, partial details of a floating break-water, but the canal scheme does not depend upon that, as a break-water could be constructed in the ordinary way. Experiments with the break-water could be conducted first, and the canal undertaken when the harbor was a success. The canal and harbor once established the Columbia river becomes accessible at all stages of tide and in all stress of weather for vessels of the deepest draft. I believe the cost of construction will be less than the ultimate cost of the experiments proposed for the betterment of the channels inside the heads, and below Astoria. In the first work the benefit is complete and permanent, and in the second it is partial and temporary. I say partial because it does not propose to modify the outer bar, and I say temporary because I claim that it is impossible to erect, upon the insecure foundations of the mouth of the Columbia, a structure that can long withstand the impact of storm waves from the ocean, and the eroding effects of the currents of the river.

I believe a safe harbor can be made at the sea end of the canal, by the use of pontoons anchored in lines about the space where smooth water is desired.



This engraving, taken from the plans of the inventor, shows the idea very clearly. The pontoons are shaped something like a locomotive snow plow. Being anchored abreast they operate by splitting the waves and

deflecting their course, so that the halves of two waves meet midway between two pontoons, and spend their momentum in the concussion of their equal forces. The inventor supposes one line of pontoons is sufficient, but if, in practice this supposition should prove erroneous, a second and a third line may be used. I am inclined to believe that two or three lines of small pontoons would be more economical in maintenance than a single line of large ones, while equally effective of the object sought. The small pontoons would be less liable to drag their anchors or go adrift, and would have less ability to injure vessels colliding with them than the larger ones. I quote here the claims made for this device by its inventor, Mr. E. C. Greenway Thomas:

1. *Comparative Indestructibility*.—Meeting waves and currents, not with one long, unbroken front, as is the case of most break-waters and harbor works, but in detached portions, and not resisting, but cleaving and evading the force of the waters, it is less likely to be injured by violent storms.

2. *Economy in Manufacture*.—Being constructed of few and simple parts, affecting only the upper part and not the whole depth of the water, and covering but a small portion of the area it affects, it will cost less in manufacture than any other break-water known.

3. *Economy in construction*.—As it can be put together in a short time, and anywhere, and no work beyond that of mooring need be executed on the spot where it is required, there will be no necessity for the employment *in situ* of an engineer or other expensive skilled labor, and the usual costs of construction are thus very largely avoided.

4. *Economy in conveyance, Portability*.—The parts, when taken to pieces, lying flat upon one another, will occupy small space, weigh little, and can be easily and inexpensively conveyed by land or sea.

5. It is available in exposed positions, where the continued violence of the sea greatly impedes, and, in fact, almost renders impossible, the construction of any other form of harbor work, but where a short time would suffice for the putting down of the Greenway break-water, which is taken ready made to the spot.

6. It can be kept in store in any quantity at any of our naval arsenals for any length of time, and will thus be in readiness for any emergencies.

7. It is available in any depth, thus rendering easy the construction of shelter harbors in deep water, with access during all tides. It might be used in one long line of defense for many miles of endangered coasts. Finally, it is claimed that it will not cause the accumulation of silt, and thus ruin the port it is intended to benefit, as has been the case with many expensive constructions.

Assuming that the Greenway break-water will produce the useful effects claimed for it, it would also possess many other advantages, amongst them the following: the positions of the pontoons could be shifted as defects in their operation were noted, the lines being doubled or trebled at the more exposed points, and

spread out where less resistance was encountered. Vessels could go through very much smaller openings than those required in break-waters of solid materials, as collisions would not be fatal. The openings, being so much narrower, could be more numerous, and situated so as to facilitate the entrance of vessels from any direction. A disabled vessel could even drift through the line of pontoons to a position of safety behind them, without suffering irreparable injury.

The next great difficulty met with in navigating the Columbia is encountered one hundred and sixty miles inland, at the Cascades. The project of a canal has been wisely adopted here, and is in such a forward state, that, according to the report of Major W. A. Jones, U. S. engineers, with sufficient appropriations, it could be opened for traffic within two years. After the completion of the canal, the other difficulties at the Cascades can be overcome by the use of steel cables, as hereinafter described.

At the Dalles, two hundred and twenty miles above the mouth of the river, exist the most serious obstructions yet encountered. A canal at this point has been rejected by engineers as practically impossible, on account of the immense cost and the very long time required for the completion of the work. The next scheme would be to warp boats through by means of steel cables, first having removed dangerous obstructions by blasting. I believe there is a probability that this might be accomplished. Boats have been repeatedly taken downward under steam, without accident, and I claim that this fact alone raises a strong enough presumption of the feasibility of the cable system, to justify a particular examination of the river on that theory. If navigation through the Dalles could be secured for only a few months in the year, during medium stages of water, simultaneously with the opening of the locks at the Cascades, it would prove of universal benefit to the upper country. If a careful survey, made by men who fully appreciate the importance of an open river, and who are vitally interested therein, should determine that the obstacles to the use of cables are insurmountable, then it seems to me that the scheme for a boat railway presents the cheapest and quickest way out of the difficulty. I feel certain that any plan which proposes to accomplish less than the transfer of loaded boats, however attractive it may be in theory, will be found insufficient in practice. Plans for the boat railway, with detail drawings and estimates, have been made under the direction of Major W. A. Jones, U. S. engineers, and are exhibited in executive document number one hundred and fourteen, first session of the forty-ninth congress. The scheme involves two systems of inclines, one at Celilo falls and one at the Dalles proper. The cost is estimated at one million three hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars. As Major Jones puts this project forward for "agitation and discussion, refraining from recommendation until it has been discussed and treated in the usual way," he would doubtless be glad to hear suggestions in regard to the same from persons whose interests are affected.



The upper river, or that portion of it above Celilo, is divided into stretches of smooth water, where the current flows with moderate velocity, and stretches of rapids with a current of great velocity. Small steamboats, of fine model and great comparative power, now navigate this portion of the river at all seasons, when not prevented by ice. These boats have engines of sufficient capacity to drive them through the water at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and do not hesitate at the worst rapids. They require pilots of great skill and daring, and carry large crews. Such boats can not furnish transportation at minimum rates. The boat of the future that is destined to liberate the producers of the interior from the bondage of exorbitant freights, must have a carrying capacity at least double that of the largest member of the present fleet, while drawing no more water and having but very little more power. Such boats will make their way very slowly up stream, and can not pass the rapids by the use of their paddle wheels alone. To enable them to reach the grain-producing regions I would firmly anchor, above the head of each rapid, a steel cable of sufficient length to reach the foot of the rapid, where the end would be supported by a buoy. The cable occupying a position in the center of the channel, a steamer approaching from below would touch the buoy, and being supplied with a steam windlass, suitable for the purpose, would pick up the cable and warp over the swift water. Such boats will carry produce at very much lower rates than would be possible under the present system.

In proposing a solution of the problem of cheap transportation to the seaboard of the products of the interior, I have considered time as an important factor—just how important it is may be judged from the assertion made by the engineer in charge of the Cascade locks, that each year's delay in opening the river to free navigation involves a loss to the people on its banks almost equal to the approximate cost of the works. I believe the scheme herein proposed can be realized at less expense, and in one quarter the time demanded for the other schemes which have been proposed. This matter of time is of such consequence that it would pay, from a business standpoint, to build the inclines mentioned by Major Jones, for the Dalles, as temporary devices, for use pending the completion of more elaborate works.

EUGENE SEMPLE.

FOR staining bricks red, melt one ounce of glue in one gallon of water; add a piece of alum the size of an egg, then one-half pound of Venetian red and one pound of Spanish brown. Try the color on the bricks before using, and change light or dark with the red or brown, using a yellow mineral for buff. For coloring black, heat asphaltum to a fluid state, and moderately heat the surface of the bricks and dip them. Or make a hot mixture of linseed oil and asphalt; heat the bricks and dip them. Tar and asphalt are also used for the same purpose. It is important that the bricks be sufficiently hot, and be held in the mixture to absorb the color to the depth of one-sixteenth of an inch.

#### FLATHEAD LAKE AND VALLEY.

The fine country around Flathead lake, in Missoula county, Montana, is rapidly filling up with settlers, and at present many fine ranches with comfortable homes are located, where ten years ago there was scarce a habitation. This applies to the section that lies outside of the Flathead Indian reservation, which encloses half the lake and a large tract of country to the east, west and south. North of the lake the fine, large valley, watered by the Flathead river and tributaries, offers great inducements to the farmer and stock grower, and of late years people have flocked to this section to avail themselves of its advantages. It is now estimated that there are over two hundred people living in the valley, and as the tide of immigration is constantly flowing it will not be long until it is thoroughly populated.

This valley is one of the most attractive spots in Montana. Bounded on the south by the beautiful sheet of water whence it takes its name, an immense basin of rolling prairie stretches northward for fifty miles, covered for the most part with luxurious grass and dotted in places along the water courses and at the base of the mountains with heavy belts of timber. On the east and west sides ranges of mountains stretch along its entire length, those on the east being remarkable for their rugged and lofty grandeur. To the north another lofty chain of mountains looms up to the eye of the observer, and as the casual visitor gazes at their snow-tipped summits he is astonished by the information that he is looking at the lofty peaks which guard the famed Kicking Horse pass, through which the Canadian Pacific railroad wends its tortuous way toward the Pacific ocean. Yet such is the case. The boundary line, the Rubicon of defaulting bank cashiers is close at hand, and Her Majesty's dominions are only a matter of seventy miles to the north. This valley is accessible either by a so-called wagon road that stretches from the foot of Flathead lake northward on the west side of that body of water, or by steamboat from the same point across the lake and up the Flathead river. Nearly all the settlers have their own teams and wagons, and when they go to the railroad or Missoula they usually travel overland by their own conveyance. The road, however, is a miserable affair and very hard to travel, and lately the settlers have agitated the question of building a good road on the east side of the lake. This question took definite shape in a meeting held at Egan's ferry, when sufficient funds and labor were subscribed to nearly complete the road. This route is shorter and better in every way than the old one, and the citizens expect, with the help of the county in building the necessary bridges, to soon make it yield them an easy and practicable wagon road.

The country is full of lakes. I climbed a mountain the other day, and in the magnificent landscape unfolded to view from its lofty summit, I counted no less than thirteen. Some of them are mere ponds, but the majority are deserving of the more general term of lakes.—*Correspondent of Helena Herald.*

## THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST.

NIAGARA has been for years the synonym of sublimity in moving water. As the type of that force which, gathered from the almost impalpable clouds and mists and dews of the continents, has cleft the mountain chains and ground to dust the very foundations of the earth, Niagara has been deemed without a peer. It may, therefore, be the height of audacity to intimate that these western wilds contain a rival. We have robbed the East of preëminence in nearly all that is grand and wondrous in natural scenery, but she has clung to her thundering cataract, fondly deeming emulation of it to be impossible. But now with sacrilegious pen we write "Shoshone" (the Indian gives it the more sonorous accent of Sho-shon-ee) by the side of "Niagara."

The great Shoshone falls are on the Snake river, in Southern Idaho, about seven hundred miles from Portland, about five hundred from the mouth of Snake river, and almost an equal distance from its extreme sources in the Rockies. Only less wonderful than the falls themselves is the fact that so few visit them or even know of their existence. They are easily reached by the Oregon Short Line, one of the best railroads in the country, with but three hours of staging over a smooth, if not interesting, road. Every reasonable comfort can be found at the hotel. The Snake is a terrible river. Those who have read Irving's thrilling narrative of the descent of Hunt, in 1811, with the land force of the Pacific Fur Company, will remember how the French *voyageurs* dubbed it *la mahdite riviere enragée* (the accursed mad river). Taking its initial plunge from amid the barren granite crests of the great Teton spurs, it seems to be perpetually shaking behind it the dust of the inhospitable realms it leaves in mad haste to stain and darken the blue majesty of the Columbia, into which it discharges, foaming and raging in muddy wrath to the very last. Even in the occasional calm stretches on the vast plains of Southern Idaho, it seems merely treacherous, luring the unsuspecting voyager to hidden rocks. Our party's first acquaintance with Snake river began at Eagle Rock. Here the Utah & Northern railroad, on which we had come down from Montana, crosses the river. It is narrow and turbid, and very swift. It is said that a two-hundred-pound rock attached to a rope two hundred feet long would not resist the current enough to make it possible to sound the river at this point.

We soon reached Pocatello, where, after twelve hours' rest, we entered the luxurious cars of the Oregon Short Line, and started westward. Just at dusk we again crossed the dark flood of the Snake, this time passing directly over the American falls, a double line of foam on either side of the bridge. Here the river enters a long canyon, extending most of the way to Salmon falls. Our next point of notice was the town of Shoshone, which the west-bound train reaches at midnight, where we discovered signs of life in the activity with which

the hotel runners of the rival houses contended for the possession of our persons. We were still twenty-five miles from the falls. A tourists' stage—fare, \$6.00 for the round trip—was now our dependence, and the following morning saw us on the road.

The great plains of Idaho look sterile enough, yet they possess a certain weird, wan beauty of their own. Not the least of their attractions is the marvelous clearness of the sky. From a little rise beyond Shoshone, one can look back over the vast, palpitating plain and see the serrated edges of the Saw-tooth range cut the sky, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. Two hundred miles to the south—so our driver told us—are the Elk mountains, clearly discernable above the gray sage brush plain, a mosaic of snow and azure. These Snake river plains, the largest unbroken stretches of level land on the Pacific coast, have mainly an excellent soil, broken in places by streaks of lava, sand and alkali. All they need for productiveness is water. Sometime the waters of the Snake will be taken out at Eagle Rock, or some place high up on the river where it runs along on top of the ground like an enormous ditch, and under their quickening influence this spacious domain will yield food for the millions.

Our ride across the prairie came to an end in about three hours, and now we began to see a mist rising from amid the broken rim-rock, and as we paused a moment a deep, muffled roar came from the chasm which we as yet felt rather than saw. "Go and take a look off that point," said our driver, indicating with a sweep of his arm a black pillar of basalt a hundred yards in front of us. A few steps, and then—!! A thousand feet below, the sullen stream, writhing and twisting after the agony of its desperate leap; above, a calm, glassy flood, lost at last between the enclosing walls of black basalt; between, a broad band of water, looking motionless in the speed of its descent, caught here and there on projecting rocks and turned to masses white as softest wool. From the dark gorge rose clouds of spray, drank up by the glaring sun before they could reach our lofty eyrie.

We descended by a zigzag road to the ferry, a work of art of its kind, crossing the river not more than three hundred yards above the falls, a fact calculated to work a little on the fears of nervous people, and yet there is no danger. The river is very narrow, calm and deep at this point. A hundred-and-fifty-foot line does not reach bottom in many places. On the south side of the river is a complete and well-furnished hotel, the only house within twenty miles. The tourist will find here an excellent *cuisine* and a most genial and accommodating landlord.

The falls are nine hundred and fifty feet wide, and two hundred and ten feet high. This last is the sheer pendicular final plunge, unbroken by any island. Between this last leap and the calm water above is a number of falls, separated from each other by bold, rocky islets, and having an average fall of eighty-two feet. This, to-gether with a little stretch of rapids, makes a total descent of about three hundred feet in a distance

of three hundred yards. The basaltic bluffs rise above the foot of the falls to a perpendicular height of one thousand and fifty feet.

From the upper portico of the hotel we obtained one fine view; another from the Lover's Leap; still another from the Dome, while for the distant view we clambered to a point which we named the "Raven's Roost," half a mile below. From here, with the deep pool, dark and swirling, though not swift, for a foreground, we viewed the falls in their sublime unity. But we were not content with a distant view. There is a dizzy path down a ravine shadowed with stunted pines and junipers, down which we picked our way cautiously, "basing our feet on juts of slippery crag." The thrilling roar deepened as we neared its level, and when we reached the troubled waves below, standing on a huge rock veiled with an emerald tracery of moss, we were almost blinded with the swirl of spray driven by a sudden cold gust from beneath the mighty mass. But it passed in a moment and we looked up. In presence of the sublimities of the world, as of its verities, man feels thrown upon his soul that shadow of an eternal past which marks his kinship with an eternal creator of sublimities and verities. So now, as we looked up and saw that awful avalanche of foam and water, poured as if from the "hollow of God's hand," as the spray clouds shuddered in the shaken atmosphere, as a perfect wilderness of rainbows sparkled in ruby and sapphire and emerald profusion on the eddying mists, or even at the very mouths of the flood-caverns, and as the lava portals far above seemed to bow themselves together as if to imprison the escaping stream, we could hardly realize that these had a beginning, that they have ever been otherwise than as they now appear, that they have not partaken with the morning stars of the years of Him who spake and the earth began to move. Here one sees the terrible fury of the falls. The cohorts of water jostle confusedly in their mad haste. One thinks that they will leap far out and overwhelm him, and he draws back in apprehension.

There are two other especial points to see. One of these is the Eagle's Nest, just above the great falls. On a conical rock, inaccessible except by wing, in the very midst of the river hurrying to its frightful leap, the eagles have been for years enlarging their nest until now the huge pile of twigs seems a part of the rock itself. The screams of the old eagles can be continually heard mingling with the roar, and generally the white heads of the eaglets can be seen as they look out in stern tranquility over the savage grandeur of their birthplace. The other point to see and feel is the bluff just below the hotel. Here one can go to the very edge of the falls and feel the breeze and dip his hands in the foaming rush, taking care, meanwhile, to hold to a stunted juniper, whose claw-like roots clutch the points of rock and wind amid the crevices. Here one gets the momentum of the falls. Their mighty weight crushes to nothingness the puny energy of man.

As we peered into that awful abyss below, we caught through the clouds of mist glimpses of the sublimest

spectacle the falls afford. This is the volleys of spray that issue from the foot of the falls. Snow-white, and puffing forth with a fury and velocity comparable only to a cannonade of a thousand guns, now filling all the space below with fleecy purity, now whirling far out and disclosing dusky, yawning deeps, with swift succeeding streaks of saffron and lapis lazuli, as sun or shade weaves a varying garniture, this spectacle is one of the most awful and sublime, yet beautiful, that I have ever seen. As one continues to gaze in admiration, the river imparts its own terrible speed to cliffs and sky, and in dizzy and ever-accelerating haste he seems sweeping on and on into fathomless, rainbow-girdled deeps, until eyes close and fingers clutch the quivering rocks, and "tranced in thought and action," he worships the Invisible alone. As compared with Niagara, Shoshone is infinitely grander in all its accessories. It is less than half the width of the great Horseshoe of Niagara, but it is sixty feet higher, besides the upper fall, only a few yards above, eighty feet more. Niagara is majestic, Shoshone is terrible. Niagara has a calm and irresistible might, Shoshone, a savage intensity. Niagara awes, yet tranquilizes, the soul. Shoshone awes and terrifies one, and fills him with restless fears, as though he were looking into the dim chaos of some half-formed earth, before man's time. Niagara is surrounded with all kinds of human associations; Shoshone is the weird, ghastly, funereal death-march of a lava wilderness.

The entire valley of the Snake has been the reservoir into which the volcanic rivers from the seas of pent-up fires within the earth have burst forth. Here, at the great falls, where the stiffened fire-flood has been cleft a thousand feet by the ceaseless hewing of the cataract, the geological record is of peculiar interest. The upper three hundred feet of the canyon walls are of columnar basalt, of wonderful regularity. Then, with as sharp a division as though laid off with a mason's trowel, and extending the rest of the way to the water's edge, are huge amorphous masses of trachyte. To all appearance the falls were produced by an immense trap dyke, completely blocking up the canyon. On the south side the wall of the canyon is worn into innumerable pot-holes and all manner of aqueous extravagances.

On the last night of our stay the pounding of the cataract so shook the house that one would have thought himself on a steamer at sea. Rising, I went out on the portico. It was the wild and ravishing moment just preceding dawn, when half-awakened nature shakes off the night dews and turns her face with expectancy toward the east. In the dim amethystine sky the stars glowed with unnatural brightness. Out of the awful gorge at my feet, whence the curling mists swept up to catch the starbeams, there seemed to rise all sounds of earth and of imagined realms beyond the morn, shouts, screams and laughter, and tramping of mighty armies. Devoid of all human associations, yet what generations may have loved and fought and died within sound of these "manifold voices." But beyond and before all human-like tones I seemed to hear and feel through the



solid rock the deep thunder of associations with the Infinite and Eternal.

And now the wind suddenly rose and whirled the spray in tropic showers over rocks, houses and trees, so that when the first beams of day shot athwart the canyon, every spicule of the twisted junipers and every blade of grass and every jut of rock glittered with its tiara of pearls. And so, while the mighty Shoshone put on a garniture of morning rainbows, we bade it adieu and climbed the zigzag road to the level of the plain and to the every-day experiences of life.

W. D. LYMAN.

#### RAILROAD ENTERPRISES.

During the past month a number of new railroads have been projected and much progress made on lines already under construction. Work is advancing as rapidly on the Cascades branch of the Northern Pacific as the scarcity of reliable labor will admit. The Washington & Idaho R. R. Co. has been incorporated to construct a line from Farmington to Cœur d'Alene lake, and thence to some point on the Northern Pacific. The people of Walla Walla have so far progressed in their enterprise of securing connection with the Northern Pacific at Ainsworth as to incorporate the Walla Walla & Ainsworth R. R. Co. Another company has been incorporated in the Palouse country, being the Washington Railroad and Transportation Co. The proposed lines are to run from Colfax to Genesee valley, Idaho, and from Colfax to some point on the Spokane & Palouse Co's road, now being constructed southward from the Northern Pacific.

Seattle is rejoicing in well founded anticipations of the opening of a new railroad enterprise. The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern R. R. Co. was organized a number of months ago, and has been quietly at work perfecting plans and securing terminal facilities. Property has been purchased on Smith's cove, just north of Seattle, for \$75,000.00, six miles of track have been located, and iron for forty miles has been purchased. It is expected that this first forty-mile section will be completed this season. The route of the road will be along the shores of lakes Union and Washington, tapping a heavily timbered region, thence through the fertile Samamish valley and Squak valley to the Andrews coal mine, which will be the terminus of work this season. The proposed route thence continues eastward to the Snoqualmie, passing the celebrated falls of that stream and the immense ranch of the Seattle Hop Growers' Association, and crosses the mountains by the Snoqualmie pass. Thence it penetrates the Kittitas, Yakima and Big Bend countries. The construction of this road into the inexhaustible timber and coal region, with its ultimate extension across the mountains, will be of incalculable benefit to Seattle.

Railroad matters in Montana have shown new developments, prominent among which is the change of gauge of the Utah & Northern from Butte to Garrison, and

the beginning of direct railroad service between Helena and Butte. The first passenger train left Helena for Butte on Friday, July 23d, under the charge of James Mansfield, conductor; Matt. Jahr, engineer; Oliver Stingley, fireman; Ed. Hagerty, brakeman, and Frank Johnson, baggage-master. Engineers of the Montana Central are engaged in looking for a practical route across the mountains from Rimini to Butte, with a view of connecting Helena and Butte by their line, and making the latter the western terminus of the great Manitoba system when completed. A somewhat chimerical enterprise has been set on foot by the incorporation at Syracuse, Kansas, of the Montana, Syracuse & Texas Railway Co., for the purpose of constructing a road fifteen hundred miles long, leading southerly from Miles City, on the Northern Pacific, through Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas, to Galveston.

Work is progressing on the extension of the Oregon Pacific from Corvallis to Albany, and the bridge across the Willamette. In Idaho, engineers of the Oregon Short Line are prospecting the country southeast of Lewiston.

WHILE excavations were being recently made for a gas holder at Chester, England, a pig of Roman lead, in an excellent state of preservation, was discovered at a depth of twenty-three feet. It bears on its upper surface the following inscription: IMP VESP AVG V T IMP III., while on the side is inscribed DE. CEANGI. Its weight is one hundred and ninety-two pounds. The inscription shows that it was a tribute to the Roman power, from the tribe in North Wales, commonly known as the Ceangi, and was cast during the fifth consulate of the Emperor Vespasian, and the third consulate of Titus, A. D., 74, and consequently it may be assumed that the pig of lead has been lying where it was found some eighteen hundred years. The ground wherein it was discovered is gravel and marl, which evidently formed part of the old river bed. Close to it was found a human skull, and another was found about fifteen feet away. The skulls and bones of horses and bullocks were also met with in or about the same place.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Therapeutic Gazette* announces through its columns the virtues of castor oil in the removal of warts. Constantly applied for from two to four or six weeks each day—that is, once a day—it has not failed in my hands, says the writer, in any case of any size or long standing. The time it takes may try the patience of the user, but if faithfully used they will get their reward in the removal of the wart without leaving any scar.

DR. VANMONCISCAR, a quack doctor who stopped in Topeka about two years ago, and who went away from here beating the newspapers and many private individuals out of their money, is now located at Portland, Oregon, where he is presumably up to his old tricks.—*Topeka, Kan., Saturday Evening Lance, July 17th.*

## SPOKANE FALLS AND SURROUNDINGS.

OF ALL the names which diversify our map none catches the eye more quickly than Spokane Falls, and of none we may say that examination more completely fills in the pleasant outlines sketched by the free hand of fancy. It is a strategic point in the great Columbia basin. We approach it, therefore, to study not only its future, but also that of the vast region of which it is the natural center.

To strangers to the curious and interesting region commonly spoken of here as "East of the mountains," it may be well to give a brief outline description of its physical features. The drainage area of the Columbia contains two hundred and forty-four thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine square miles. The most of this is in the irregular square bounded on its entire western border by the Cascade mountains, on the east by the multiplied and broken spurs of the Rockies, on the south by the barren steppes of Nevada, and on the north by corresponding plateaus, with some high mountains, separating the Columbia from the Fraser. This vast basin includes all of Idaho, two-thirds of Oregon and Washington, and considerable slices of Montana and British Columbia. By far the greater part of it is elevated over fifteen hundred feet above sea level, much of it above that. Geologically it is one of the most interesting regions of the globe. It was once an immense lake, drained by the lapse of years by a chasm, cleft by volcanic and aqueous violence through the very heart of the Cascade mountains. The great elevation of most of it caused the rivers to fall with exceeding swiftness, so that deep canyons have been formed by the principal streams, while the plains between have been perfectly gridironed by the smaller tributaries. This is the reason that most of the Columbia basin is hilly.

The entire region has been burned, seared, melted, bubbling over with volcanic action. Everywhere west of the spurs of the Rocky mountains the common rock is trap and basalt. Granite is common east of Spokane Falls, and marble is found in places west of it. There, as is generally known, are sedimentary rocks metamorphosed by volcanic heat. The outflows of lava which thus originally covered the whole Columbia basin, have slowly disintegrated into soil. The work has gone on faster nearer the mountains, for there frost and rain have been more constant agencies. This decomposed basalt is the richest soil known. Century by century the ever thickening grass has formed a turf which has finally become an inexhaustible reservoir of nourishing material. Thus was the soil or the great basin formed. In its general external appearance the plain of the Columbia is rolling and destitute of timber. Now in the very center of one of the most considerable expansions of this great plain is Spokane Falls. The region to which it belongs is known as the Palouse or Spokane country, or both, which it properly is, inasmuch as both rivers drain it. The Spokane river is the outlet of Cœur d'Alene lake, and receives also several tributaries from

the prairie country west of that lake. It flows tortuously and with foaming haste to the Columbia. The Palouse rises in the mountains south of Cœur d'Alene lake and flows into the Snake.

Here is a region of country just about enclosed by the line of the Northern Pacific railroad on the north and the Palouse river on the south, which is destined to be one of the finest agricultural sections of Washington Territory, and which is naturally tributary to Spokane Falls. It is, perhaps, seventy miles square. There is hardly any waste in it, except that unspeakably dismal strip of rocks and swamps bordering the railroad between Spokane Falls and Cheney, and giving to travelers an unfavorable impression of the country. A few miles south of the railroad the fringe of pine barrens gives way to beautiful undulating plains of surpassing fertility, unbroken thenceforward to the Snake river, and, in fact, beyond to the crests of the Blue mountains. Besides this great body of agricultural land south of Spokane Falls and directly tributary to it, there is northwest of it the vast Big Bend region, much of which will naturally be a part of the domain of the future Spokane Falls. Northward is the great Colville valley, and eastward are many smaller valleys of fine agricultural resources and still greater capacity for stock.

Such are the agricultural environs of Spokane Falls. Nor are the interests which center there confined at all to the tillage of the soil and the rearing of stock. The gold and silver of the Cœur d'Alene and Colville mountains find here the most available point for exchange for the necessities of life. And besides these vast prospective mining interests are milling interests, both lumber and flouring, which are already unequalled by any in the entire upper country. The mountains bordering the beautiful blue Cœur d'Alene and its inlet, the St. Joseph river, abound in the finest timber. It is floated down the Spokane river, and when it reaches the tremendous water power of the falls it meets the golden tide of grain from the prairies to the south, and there they are both worked up. Thus it appears that Spokane Falls is the natural focus of four great lines of permanent activity: agricultural, grazing, mining and milling. To these the near future will no doubt soon add a fifth, quite likely to overmatch any of them in importance. This is manufacturing. Every natural facility can be found here for a manufacturing point. But we have been considering this "Minneapolis of the West" from a distance, and as to its possibilities rather than its realities; we must therefore enter it and see what it is. As before indicated, the route of the Northern Pacific is an unfortunate one in respect to exhibiting the country. The physical necessities of the case take it from the Columbia river to the *coulees*—old river beds—and when it has mounted out of them it soon runs into the swamp belt, extending most of the way from Sprague to Spokane Falls. Aside from a small belt of good country and the beautiful lake near the town, one sees but little of interest from the railroad. Strangers need to be told of this fact, lest they get an erroneous impression.

Reaching Spokane Falls our first glance indicates a pleasant town, with a bluff hill thinly clad with pines on the south and a large plain to the north and east, bordered with picturesque mountains. We find the business part of town built largely of brick, and very substantial for a town only seven or eight years old. There are many elegant residences here and there, especially among the picturesque rocks—piled around like hay stacks—south of the railroad. The ground on which the town stands is gravelly, not good for agriculture, but of the best for street wear, neither dusty nor muddy.

The falls, of course, form the greatest feature. Both from a scenic and commercial point of view they are of great interest. The clear and cold Spokane, a stream half as large as the Willamette, is here flung over a series of trap dykes, forming a cataract nearly half a mile long, with one perpendicular fall of a dozen feet, and another of thirty or more. While not of sufficient magnitude to be sublime these falls are marvelously beautiful, with the green, glassy surface of the river torn by the projecting rocks into shreds as white as wool. The water power is enormous and is already utilized by three great grist mills, one saw mill, the electric light works, and sundry smaller enterprises. Of the flour mills, two, the Echo and the C and C, are roller mills. The former has a capacity of one hundred and twenty-five barrels of flour per day, the latter not much less. Both have machinery of the most approved kind. The wheat supply for these mills comes mainly from the Spangle and Latah country, south of Spokane. The market, aside from the local demand, is Montana and the Cœur d'Alene mining region. There is one well equipped saw mill, under the charge of the Spokane Lumber and Manufacturing Co. It cuts forty thousand feet per day.

The town has become quite a city recently, by the introduction of fine systems of water works and electric lights. It contains now about thirty-five hundred people. Its public buildings do great credit to so new a place. There are several churches, one, the Catholic, being an elegant building. The public school house, a very neat, though not costly, structure, is located in a slightly spot, in the south part of town. On the north side of the river—the town is almost entirely on the south side—are the Methodist and Catholic colleges. The former, under charge of Rev. Mr. Bisbee, is making a good beginning in trying to meet the educational needs of this great region. The latter is temporarily closed. Spokane Falls is well supplied with newspapers. The *Chronicle* and *Review* are two of the best weeklies in the territory. The *Miner* is an excellent paper devoted to the mining and commercial interests of that region.

As to its connections with the outside world Spokane Falls is well equipped. The Northern Pacific railroad passes directly through it. A branch line from Marshall, seven miles south, is now in process of construction. It is already built to Spangle, ten miles south of Marshall, and is being rapidly pushed on to Farmington, thirty miles further. It traverses the magnificent wheat belt above described. From Spangle another proposed branch diverges to the southeast, probably going through or near the towns of Waverly and Latah, and finding a terminus on Cœur d'Alene lake. This favored region has also another railroad under construction from Colfax to Farmington by the Oregon Railway

and Navigation Co., and still another in prospect. So, in means of communication as well as natural resources, the great Spokane and Palouse country is likely to soon be one of the foremost sections in the territory. Its business will naturally converge at Spokane Falls, inasmuch as Marshall, the point of contact between the branch and the main line of the Northern, has no natural facilities. Besides its existing railroad connections, Spokane Falls has others in prospect. One northward through the Colville valley to some point on the Canadian Pacific, and another northwestward through the Big Bend country to some point on the Columbia river. This latter road will give the Spokane country independent connection with the lower country, for the river can, with a little work, be readily navigated from the Wenatchee to Celilo, at the head of the Dalles. It was, indeed, currently reported that last spring's reconnaissance of the river had been discouraging, but I was personally informed by Captain Troup that such was not the case. He believes that a few short portages—canals ultimately—will open the river from Celilo to Farwell, on the Canadian Pacific, the Kettle falls being the only great obstruction.

To intending immigrants it may be well to say that if you come to Spokane Falls seeking land you will find government land of fine quality, and as yet great abundance, in the Big Bend country. Harrington is the principal place in that region and can be reached by wagon from Spokane or Sprague. If one desire to purchase land he can find it of the finest quality at from \$7.00 to \$20.00 per acre in the Spangle or Farmington countries. There the government land is nearly all taken up. Claims, however, can frequently be bought at from \$600.00 to \$1,200.00. There is also good railroad land for sale. Such are some of the features of this metropolis of Eastern Washington, as its enthusiastic denizens are fond of calling it, and as there is much reason to suppose that it may sometime become. Time fails us to speak of all the multiplied attractions of the mountains and lakes in this region. Could you, artistic friend, stand with me on the glistening dome of Mica butte, and see the mirror-like surface of Cœur d'Alene lake mocking the azure hues of heaven, then could you turn westward and see the limitless prairie, sea-like in its wavy outlines, wrapped for its nightly burial in the golden shroud of sunset; or could you, piscatorial disciple of Walton, or venatorial emulator of Nimrod, descend with me to the bosom of the lake and sate your souls and stomachs on the finny hosts therein or the elk and deer and bear and cougars—if you are ambitious—that run or crouch along the banks; or could you, rheumatic friend, bathe your twisted frame in the "modern pool of Siloam"—Medical lake, in other words—and leap to your rejuvenated feet with the exuberance of boyhood; and could you all drink the pure water and inhale the vitalizing air and satisfy the almost boundless appetites thus created, with the sweet food of the lakes and hills, you would join with me in saying that this country of the Spokanes is one of the most beautiful, and most prospectively prosperous of any in all our great Northwest. The future development of this region, industrially, socially and morally, will be one of the most interesting within the great basin of which it is so important a part. It possesses all the natural requisites to be a land of homes, of permanent interests, of the best traits of our busy, aggressive American life.



## OSBURN & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

Ninth and Willamette Sts., - EUGENE CITY, OR.

Dealers in Drugs and Medicines, Paints and Oils, and everything usually kept in a Well regulated Drug Store.

## McCORNACK & COLLIER,

DEALERS IN

# Books & Stationery,

NEWSPAPERS, PERIODICALS, &c.

EUGENE CITY, - - OREGON.

T. G. HENDRICKS, President.

S. B. EAKIN, JR., Cashier.

# First National Bank of Eugene,

EUGENE CITY, OR.

## PAID UP CASH CAPITAL, - - \$50,000.00

Sight drafts on NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, and PORTLAND, OREGON. All collections entrusted to us will receive attention. We make this department a specialty. Deposits received subject to check. Loans made on approved security, and a general banking business done on reasonable terms.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

## The Oregon State Journal

Published every Saturday, by

H. R. KINCAID,

EUGENE CITY, OR.

Terms, \$2.50 a year, in advance.

† † † † † † † † † †

## The Eugene City Register

Published every Wednesday, by

HODSON & YORAN,

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A Good, Live, Home Paper at  
\$2.00 Per Year.

† † † † † † † † † †

— THE —

## Eugene City Guard.

J. L. CAMPBELL, Pub'r and Prop'r.

Published Weekly at Eugene City,  
Oregon.

One year, \$2.50 } **TERMS** { Three mos., .75  
Six mos., 1.25 } { Single copy, .10

Everyone interested in Lane County should  
take the GUARD.

## F. M. WILKINS,

PRACTICAL

# Chemist & Druggist,

NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE STORE,

Has on hand a full line of fresh Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals. Also a fine assortment of

## FANCY & TOILET ARTICLES,

All kinds of Mixed Paints, Lead, Oil, Varnishes, brushes, Window Glass and Putty.

Careful attention given Physicians' Prescriptions.

## F. B. DUNN,

An Immense and Complete Stock of

# Dry Goods, Clothing,

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

## LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

**GOLD** fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

**RING  
BONE  
AND  
SPAVIN  
CURE.**

**TO HORSE OWNERS.**

A new discovery which we warrant to cure any case of Ring Bone or Spavin or we will refund money. Price, \$1 per box, prepaid by us to any part of the U. S. or Canada. Address D. S. PECK, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y. Reference:—Miller & Beebe's Subscription Agency, Penn Yan, N. Y.

**WELL LOCATED**

**AT \$100 LOTS TO \$300**

FOR SALE BY

**H. H. DEARBORN & CO.,**

Seattle, Wash. Ter.

**UNIVERSAL BATH.** Full, Steam, Hot, Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral. Artificial Sea Bath. Centennial Award. Medal and Diploma. Against the world. Wholesale & Retail. Send for Circulars. **E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.**



**DAYTON & HALL,**

IMPORTERS

**ELECTRICAL GOODS,**

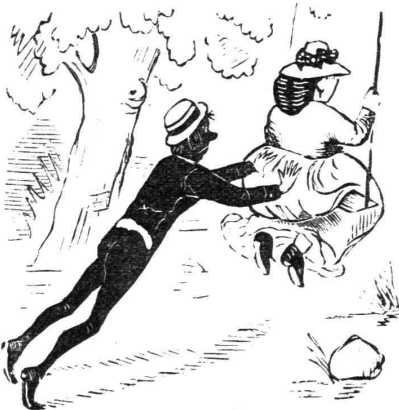
**BATTERIES, BELLS, WIRE, &c.**

Send for Illustrated Price List.

**PORTLAND OREGON.**

**DON'T WASTE TIME**

Swinging Your Mother-in-law, when



**You Can Make \$100 a Month**

Until January 1st, 1887.

We need intelligent young men and ladies to handle our "Child's Bible," introduced by the eminent Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D. It is the fastest selling religious book in the United States. A young lady in Oregon made \$182 the first month; one agent has sold 65 in a town of 674 people; one 73 in a village of 794; one new agent, 85 in ten days, and 263 in four successive weeks; one, 40 in three days. Experience not required. We also handle Cassell & Co's world-renowned Holiday Set. It comprises five lovely books, with the finest illustrations ever put into subscription works, at the astonishingly low prices of from 50 cents to \$3.90. We guarantee that you can make a sale in almost every house. One lady, without experience has 250 orders; one has sold 212 copies in five weeks and cared for her family; one lady sold 90 one month, and did her own housework for a family of three. Send for circular. Address

**DETERING & JOHNSON,**  
Portland, Oregon.

**A MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING**

OF

**Mount Hood,**

**PRINTED IN EIGHT COLORS,**

Is now in preparation and will soon be issued. It will be sent FREE

to all yearly subscribers to

**THE WEST SHORE,**

Or to any address upon the receipt of one dollar. Now is the time to subscribe and secure this elegant engraving. Address

**L. SAMUEL, Publisher,**

**Portland, Oregon.**

**PORTLAND, OREGON.**

**The Metropolis of the Pacific Northwest.**

A handsome pamphlet, giving complete information about Portland and the country tributary to it, has just been issued, and will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of

**TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.**

In addition to the information it contains, it gives two general views of the city, and Twenty-three of Streets, Parks, Harbor, etc., etc., etc., and a large 18x24 colored picture of the New High School Building.

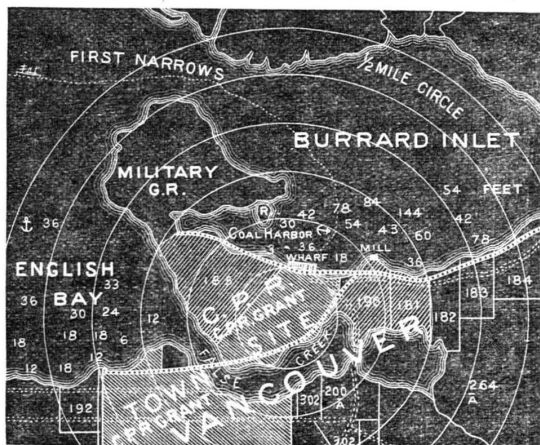
It is just what every Tourist and Emigrant should have. Address

**L. SAMUEL,**

**P. O. Drawer 3.**

**PORTLAND, OREGON.**

# Vancouver, Pacific Coast Terminus of the Canadian Pacific R'y



Offers to-day the best inducements for the investment of capital of any new city in America.

The company have recently put their property on the market, and the most desirable lots can be secured much cheaper than a few months hence.

The company must spend a large amount of money in the next two years in Station Buildings, Round Houses, Wharves, etc. Buildings are rapidly being erected by private capital, and as the city is now incorporated, a Mayor and Council being elected, large City Improvements must be commenced immediately. Now is the time to invest.

Maps and further information can be obtained from

A. W. ROSS & CO., Real Estate Brokers, Vancouver.

## CHAS. H. DODD & CO.,

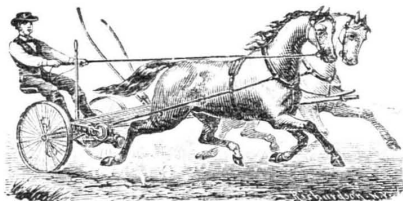
Front, First and Vine Sts., PORTLAND, OREGON,

IMPORTERS OF

## HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL, AND FARM MACHINERY.

We are Sole Agents for the following celebrated implements:

### BUCKEYE MOWER AND REAPER.

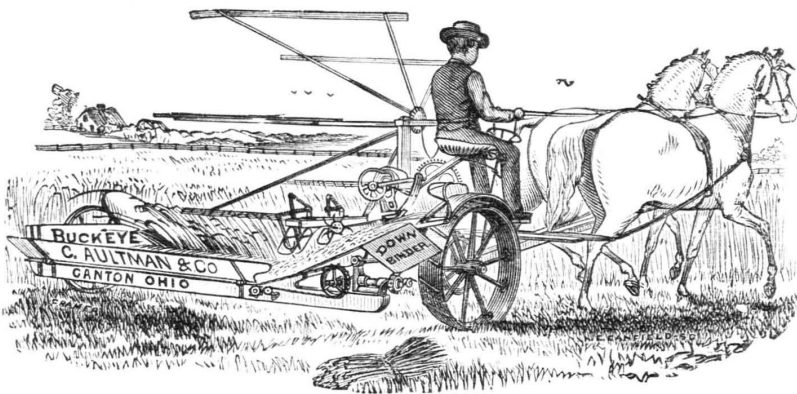


BUCKEYE ON THE ROAD.

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

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

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



### THE BUCKEYE LOW DOWN BINDER.

The features that most strikingly distinguish the Buckeye Platform Binder will be made obvious by a glance at our illustration. It is a lower, narrower, and lighter machine than the Elevator binder. It will pass in a straight line through a ten and a half foot gate, and will do the work on reasonable side hill as well as on level ground and it is the only binder that will do it.

WE ARE ALSO SOLE AGENTS:

New Model Vibrating Thresher, The most effective and successful combination for cleaning grain ever constructed.

Hodge's Haines' Header, The most durable and Lightest Draft Header ever made; so improved for 1886 that it is beyond question, without a rival.

MONITOR UPRIGHT FARM ENGINES.

PHOENIX STRAW-BURNER THRESHING ENGINES,

SCHUTLER FARM WAGONS.

FOUR-SPRING WAGONS, BUGGIES, HACKS, ETC.

Send for Special Circulars for the articles desired. Mention this paper. CHAS. H. DODD & CO.

## BUTTERFIELD BROS.,

Watchmakers, Jewellers and Engravers to the trade. Orders from the country promptly attended to. 162 1/2 First street, Portland, Or.

**AGENTS WANTED** for **DR. SCOTT'S** beautiful **Electric Corsets.** Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales. Territory given. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address **DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, NEW YORK.**

**THOS. VARWIG, SANITARY PLUMBER, GAS and Steam Fitter, No. 73 Washington street, between Third and Fourth, Portland, Or.**

Dealer in Lead and Iron Pipe, Copper Bath Tubs, latest improved Water Closets, Marble Basins, Rubber Hose, &c.

## A. H. JOHNSON,

Stock Broker, Wholesale Butcher and Packer, and Dealer in all kinds of

Fresh and Cured Meats, Bacon, Hams and Lard.

Special attention given to supplying ships. Stalls 26, 27 and 28, Central Market, Portland, Or.

**JAPANESE BAZAAR**  
日本館  
JAPANESE CURIOSITIES  
NOVELTIES & C.  
ANDREW KAN

No. 66 Washington St., PORTLAND, OR.

Portland Steam Candy Manufactory.

ALISKY, BAUM & CO., Proprietors,  
MANUFACTURERS OF

French and American Candies and Confectionery.

Retail department, 145 First st. Wholesale department and factory, cor. E and Sixth, Portland, Or.

**LADIES!**  
"ANTI-CORPULENE PILLS" positively reduce Superfluous Flesh 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison, and never fail. Ask druggist or send 4c. for sealed particulars. Wilcox Specific Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE BISHOP SCOTT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A Boarding and Day School for Boys.

The eighth year under its present management begins September 1. Boys of any age or degree of advancement admitted. Boys fitted for college or business. Three Yale graduates among the teachers. Special instruction in penmanship, drawing, music and modern languages. Discipline strict. No bad boys admitted. For catalogue and circular, or any information, address **J. W. HILL, Head Master, P. O. Drawer 17, Portland, Or.**

## WILLIAM BECK & SON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Sharp's, Remington's, Ballard's, Marlin and Winchester Repeating Rifles,

Colt's, Remington's, Parker's, Moore's and

Baner's Double and Three Barrel

Breech-loading Shotguns.



Fishing Tackle of every description and quality. Leaders, Fly-Books, Baskets, Braided and Tapered Oil Silk Lines, six-spliced Split Bamboo Rods, Sturgeon Lines and Hooks of all kinds.

165 & 167 SECOND ST., PORTLAND, OR.



THE WEST SHORE.

# ★ The WEST SHORE ★

Published at Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.

## The Great Illustrated Journal of the Pacific Coast.



A volume of THE WEST SHORE contains more information and handsomer engravings of the Northwest than can be secured in any other form at any price. THE WEST SHORE is a literary journal circulating extensively throughout the Pacific Coast and in the East. Its leading feature is the original illustrations and descriptions of the towns, cities and industries, resources and magnificent scenery of the Pacific Coast generally, and especially of Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia and Alaska.

The engravings are executed in three colors and are all works of art. Handsome, large supplements of some of the most familiar and striking objects and scenes in this region will be issued frequently, executed in several colors, and worthy to be enclosed in expensive frames. Everyone interested in this region, and every lover of nature and art should be a subscriber to THE WEST SHORE. Only \$2 per year. Address

L. SAMUEL, Publisher,

171-173-175 Second St.,

PORTLAND, OR.

# C. H. Meusdorffer

REMOVED TO 146 FIRST STREET.



## HIGGINS HOUSE,

Three-story Fireproof Brick Hotel.



Only First Class House at White Sulphur Springs, M. T.  
JONAS HIGGINS, Proprietor.

## The Royal Route,

COMPOSED OF THE

Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha

—AND—

Chicago and Northwestern Railways,

From St. Paul to Chicago, and running in close connection with the

Northern Pacific Railway,

Is the best and most popular route with all classes of travelers. No transfers, no delays, and the equipment and track is the very best between St. Paul and Chicago.

Try THE ROYAL ROUTE when you travel.

W. H. Mead, General Agent, Portland.  
T. W. Teasdale, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul.

## DRIARD HOUSE.

The ONLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL  
In Victoria, B. C.  
REDON & HARTNAGEL, Props.

This house offers special attractions for families and tourists. It is located in the healthiest part of the city, and contains large, airy apartments in suits or singly, while the table is unsurpassed by any hotel on the Coast.

## THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,

HELENA, MONTANA.



Is again under the personal management of Schwab & Zimmerman, who have made this house the most popular in Montana. It is centrally located, is first class in every respect, and charges will always be moderate. We shall be pleased to see all our old friends, and invite the public in general to give the Cosmopolitan a trial.



B. F. DOWELL

And Daughter,

Attorneys-at-Law,

Mulkey's Building, Portland, O.

Particular attention is paid to collections, including Government claims.

LANDS FOR SALE.—160 acres, with good new house and fine orchard, all under fence and greater part prairie. 115 acres of the Jesse Applegate Donation Land Claim; railroad runs right through the land. 63 acres near the Jesse Applegate Donation Claim, with good new house and 15 acres in young fruit trees. These lands are situated near Yoncalla Station, in the Umpqua Valley, Oregon, and have everlasting rivulets running through them. To be sold without any "ifs or ands." Also 640 acres on Goose Lake, Lake County, Or. Also garden and fruit land, three miles southeast of East Portland, in small tracts. For further particulars, call on or address

B. F. DOWELL,  
Mulkey's Building, Portland, Or.



Consignments solicited and returns promptly made.

Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Dry and Fresh Fruits handled.

CRESCENT CREAMERY BUTTER.

J. C. MILLER. WILL H. WEST.



The Corbett Fireproof Livery, Hack & Feed Stables,  
Corner Third and Madison Sts., Portland, Or.  
MAGOON BROS., Props. Telephone No. 331.

MARK LEVY  
WHOLESALE  
FRUIT & PRODUCE  
AND GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT  
122 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OR.

## OREGON ONLY POPULAR ROUTE RANGES.

Fast Time! Sure Connection! New Equipment!  
225 miles shorter! 20 hours less time.

Accommodations Unsurpassed for Comfort and Safety. Fare and Freight MUCH LESS than by any other route between all points in

Willamette Valley and San Francisco.

Only route to that Popular Summer Resort

## YAQUINA BAY!

Where for moderate expense you can enjoy

**Finer**  
Surf Bathing  
Beach for Driving and Walking  
Fishing in River and Brooks  
Deep Sea Fishing  
Hotels, Better Accommodations  
Than at any other Summer Resort on the coast of Oregon.

Daily passenger trains (except Sundays) leave Corvallis at 2:00 p. m. Leave Yaquina at 7:10 a. m. Oregon & California west side trains connect at Corvallis. Oregon & California east side trains connect with stages at Albany, at 12:05 p. m.

Round trip tickets at excursion rates, good till September 30th.

## The Fine A 1 Steamship "YAQUINA CITY,"

Sails from Yaquina, Tuesday, August 10; Sunday, August 22.

Sails from San Francisco, Monday, August 16th; Saturday, August 28.

Fares—Rail and cabin, \$14.00. Rail and Steerage, \$9.88.

For information apply to  
C. C. HOGUE,  
A. G. F. & P. Agt., Corvallis.

## Oregon Railway & Nav. Co.

THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE EAST.

Through tickets at lowest rates, and full and reliable information can be obtained only at

ASH STREET WHARF.

Train for the East leaves Ash street every day at 8 p. m.

Train from the East arrives at 10:30 a. m.

Pullman Sleeping Cars run through to St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Dayton, and close connections made with both Northern Pacific and Union Pacific trains at their western termini.

## SAN FRANCISCO LINE.

FROM PORTLAND, Leaving at 12 midnight, as follows:	FROM SAN FRANCISCO, Leaving Spear St. wharf, 10 a. m., as follows:
Columbia, Tues... Aug. 10	State, Mon... Aug. 9
State, Fri... 13	Oregon, Thurs... 12
Oregon, Mon... 16	Columbia, Sun... 15
Columbia, Thurs... 19	State, Wed... 18
State, Tues... 24	Oregon, Mon... 23
Oregon, Sun... 29	Columbia, Sat... 28
Columbia, Sat... Sept. 4	State, Fri... Sept. 3

The company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing days.

## To Astoria, Ilwaco, Clatsop, Canby.

U. S. Mail Steamer leaves Ash St. daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m., for Astoria.

**OLYMPIAN** Leaves Ash St. at 8 a. m., on Tuesday and Thursday, and at 1 p. m. on Saturday, running through without transfer or stoppage direct to Astoria, Fort Canby and Ilwaco. Immediate connection made by Olympian with steamer and stages for Clatsop beach.

TO DALLES AND CASCADES.

Leave Ash street at 7 a. m. except Sunday.

TO OREGON CITY AND DAYTON,

Touching at intermediate points. Steamer leaves Portland daily, except Sunday, at 10:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. Leaves Oregon City at 7:30 a. m. and 1:00 p. m.

Direct connection made for Dayton on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

A. L. MAXWELL, Ticket Agent.

JNO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.



SAMUEL LOWENSTEIN

President.

WM. KAPUS, Secretary.

# OREGON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.

Manufacturers of Furniture and Dealers in Carpets, Bedding, Upholstery Goods, etc. Office and Warerooms, Nos. 208 and 210 First St. Factory, Nos. 209 and 211 Front St. Shipping Department, 7 and 9 Salmon St.,

PORTLAND, - - - - - OREGON.

Occupy an immense four-story brick building, a full block in length, enjoy facilities unequaled on the Pacific coast. The public is respectfully invited to inspect the premises and the stock of Furniture, Carpets and Upholstery Goods.

## COLUMBIA RIVER ILLUSTRATED.

This is a beautiful souvenir of Columbia River Scenery, consisting of sixteen full pages of views of the most noted and picturesque scenes along the great river of the West.

The engravings are executed in colors. Just the thing for tourists to keep as a souvenir of the Columbia, and just what every resident of the Northwest will desire to send to friends. Sent post paid for twenty-five cents. L. SAMUEL, Publisher, Portland, Or.

F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

## FURNITURE



FIRST AND YAMHILL STREETS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE OLDEST RETAIL DRUG BUSINESS IN THE CITY. ESTABLISHED 1867.

S. G. SKIDMORE & CO.,

(CHARLES E. SITTON),

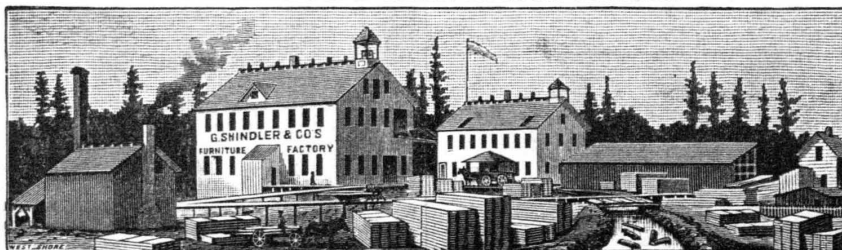
DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,

No. 151 First Street, between Morrison and Alder, Portland, Or.

Manufacturers and Proprietors of Pectoral Balsam (Trade Mark registered), for Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung Diseases. Physicians' Prescriptions and Private Recipes a Specialty.

# G. SHINDLER & CO.

FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.



SCHOOL DESKS, OFFICE FURNITURE A SPECIALTY, BEDDING. 166 First st., through 200 feet to 187-189 Front st., next door St. Charles Hotel, Portland, Or.

Lithographing

Engraving

Commercial Stationery

Bank Checks

Drafts

Wedding Station

Stock Certificates

Catalogue

Show Cards

Letter head

Bill heads

Business Cards

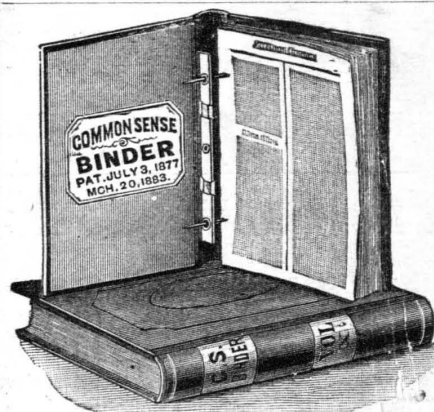
And everything in the Stationery line manufactured to order.

We have excellent facilities for doing color work and Lithographing and Engraving of all kinds equal to the very best Eastern.

West Shore Litho. & Eng. Co.

L. SAMUEL,

171-173-175 Second St., PORTLAND, OR.



The above Binder is intended for those who wish to save their copies of THE WEST SHORE. It is made of cloth, and will hold an entire year's numbers. Sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.00. Address: THE WEST SHORE, Portland, Oregon.

## BANKERS

Throughout the Northwest

Will please bear in mind that The West Shore Lithographing and Engraving Company has a complete outfit of the very latest improved steam machinery for manufacturing Checks and Drafts, Pass Books, and everything required in the Stationery line. We employ a large force of skillful artists, and can do anything in this line that can be done anywhere. Our work is equal to the very best Eastern, and so are our prices.

West Shore Lithographing and Engraving Co., L. Samuel, 171-173-175 Second St., cor. Yamhill, Portland, Oregon. Send for Estimates.