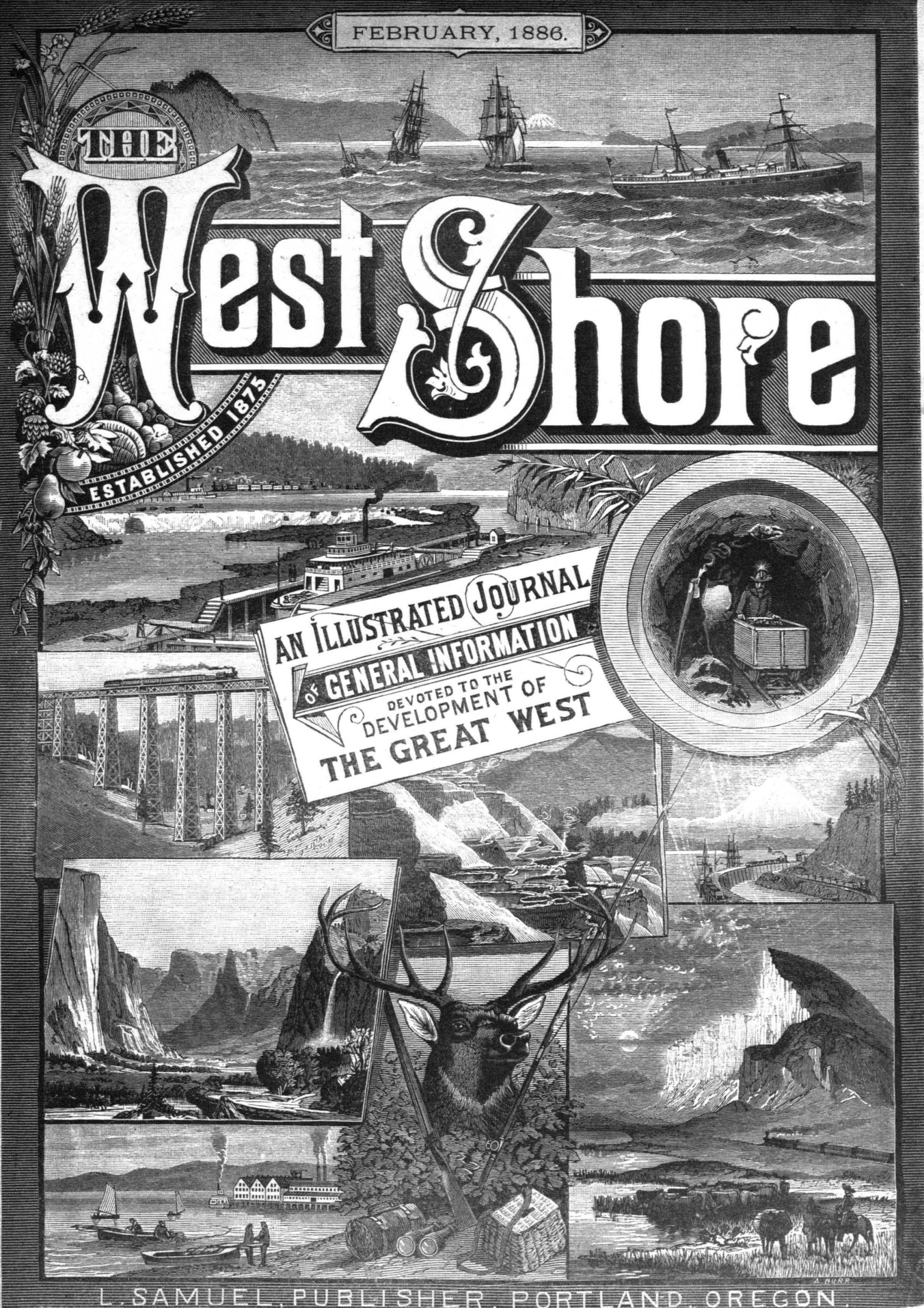


D. S. McKinney

FEBRUARY, 1886.



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

L. SAMUEL, PUBLISHER, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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THE WEST SHORE.

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WITHOUT ceremony or previous announcement, THE WEST SHORE has moved into more commodious quarters. A large increase in the number of its employés, and a material enlargement of its facilities by the addition of much new and heavy machinery, rendered it necessary to have more room for every department, from the artists' studio to the bindery. This has been accomplished, and now, after the usual labor and annoyance of moving an establishment long settled in one place, THE WEST SHORE is comfortably located at 171 and 173 Second Street, corner of Yamhill, where it will be pleased to receive its friends and introduce them to the mysteries of publishing an illustrated magazine. Visitors will be able to trace the work of producing a large colored supplement from the making of the original sketch to the completion of the picture, and the regular illustrations and printing from the plain white paper to the bound copies.

THE publisher has received so many verbal and written compliments upon the colored supplement of the Portland High School, issued with the January number of THE WEST SHORE, that he has decided to give other supplements from time to time. A splendid colored lithograph of Mount Hood is in preparation, also a large bird's-eye view of the State of Oregon. The latter will be given to yearly subscribers only, since the cost of its production is too great to admit of its sale with single copies. All regular subscribers will receive a copy free, and one can be obtained in no other way. Its enlarged facilities enable THE WEST SHORE to produce these magnificent colored supplements in addition to its regular illustrations, and though to accomplish this the publisher has gone to great expense, subscribers will receive the benefit without extra cost of any kind.

It is said that the policy of the Canadian Pacific Railway will differ radically from that of other transcontinental routes. It will not make local traffic secondary to through business, but will do all within its power to build up the interior points and develop the country along its route, expecting the increase in local traffic, which will be permanent and reliable, to more than compensate for any through business that may be lost. That this is the wisest course seems clear to all but railroad men. The latter, to be sure, are presumably the best judges of how to manage a railroad, yet, possibly, having imbibed radical ideas on the subject, they may be unable to look at the matter as comprehensively as one who has not already been educated to view it from a particular stand-point. The history of railroads in the United States shows that the most prosperous roads are those which have the greatest local traffic. This is so self-evident that it is a mystery to the uninitiated why our great transcontinental routes deliberately discriminate against local traffic, and retard the growth of their tributary country, for the privilege of fighting with competing lines for through business. It will take a number of years for the Canadian Pacific to demonstrate the superiority of its policy, but even before that is done, other roads may be wise enough to begin laying the same firm foundation for future prosperity.

SO GREAT have become the stock interests of the West, and so rapidly have range cattle increased in numbers, that many thoughtful men express the opinion that in the future there will be a steady decline in the price of beef, and a corresponding reduction in the profits of the stockmen. This opinion does not seem to be well founded, since it views the increase in cattle without comparing it to advancement made in other directions. Statistics show that in 1860 the United States had eight hundred and fourteen cattle for each thousand of inhabitants. Four years of wasteful war decreased the supply to such an extent that in 1870 there were but six hundred and eighteen. Ten years of great prosperity and wonderful increase in the stock business of the West failed to restore the rate of 1860, and in 1880 there were still but seven hundred and seventy-two to each thousand people. Not only is the population of this country increasing at a rapid rate, but the proportion of those who eat meat regularly is increasing, these two keeping the demand fully abreast of the supply, even when foreign markets are not considered. The demand for canned meats which a great European war would create, is another factor, which, though not a definite one, must not be lost sight of. Another fact which will have a large influence in the future, is the rapid settlement of the West and the inroads homesteaders and preëmptors are making upon the ranges. The limits of expansion of the range industry in the United States are almost reached, while the work of contraction has already begun.

The extension of railroads, the gradual reduction in cost of transportation, and the increasing facilities for handling dressed meats, all tend to increase the demand. Everything being considered, it would seem that ten years hence the beef market will not be so badly glutted as to take all the profits out of the stock business.

THE enchantment of distance is better illustrated by the many mining excitements the Pacific Coast has witnessed than by any other event in the history of the Nation. The disposition to believe that the mines the most distant and most difficult to reach are the richest, seems to be universal. This season Alaska will occupy a large share of public attention, simply because its distance and the fact that so little is known about it, combine to charm the imagination and excite the credulity of those who seem to be unwilling to learn a lesson from history. On another page will be found a statement of the mineral resources of Alaska, and the nature of the country in which they exist. If, upon reading that, any one shall decide to pass by the numerous mining districts of the Coast, which are convenient of access and easy to get away from, and whose richness is not a matter of doubt, and seek the gold fields of Alaska, he will at least be able to start with some idea of the probable chances for success and the nature of the obstacles to be encountered. Alaska may, eventually, prove to be the greatest gold-producing region yet discovered, and, in fact, it now possesses the richest quartz mine in the world; but summer is not made by a single swallow. It is known positively that placer gold is diffused over a vast region, but its concentration in good paying quantities in any particular spot has not yet been ascertained, and until that is done none but experienced prospectors, well aware of the special hardships they will be called upon to endure, and the unusually rugged nature of the country, should venture into that region. When it is known beyond a doubt that rich and extensive placers have been found, it will be time enough for less experienced men to court the fickle jade in that far region, where failure means more than it ever did in any mining camp on the Pacific Coast.

SOME of the decisions made by Land Commissioner Sparks have raised considerable commotion in the West, not alone among "land sharks" and "timber thieves," but among honest settlers and innocent purchasers as well. The most recent one of note is to the effect that the Northern Pacific has no land grant between Portland and Puget Sound. The original act of 1864 provided for a main line across the Cascades to Puget Sound, and another down the Columbia to Portland, a land grant provision accompanying it. The act of 1869 authorized the construction of a road from Portland to Puget Sound, but did not contain a land grant clause, and Commissioner Sparks holds that none was implied, and that the former grant can not be extended so as to attach to the latter line. This is, of course, a legal question, and if the decision of the Commissioner be sustained by Secretary Lamar, will have to be passed upon by the Supreme

Court of the United States. In that event, even should the final decision be favorable to the company and to the holders of land along this line under purchase from the Northern Pacific, the delay and uncertainty of titles must have a most harmful effect upon Tacoma and other towns located partially upon railroad land. Few people will invest in land with such a cloud upon the title. Should the final decision be averse to the company and the settlers upon the lands, Congress will probably pass an act relieving innocent purchasers, as much as possible, from the effects of the decision, either by confirming their titles or by allowing them an opportunity to purchase again from the Government at a nominal price. Such a measure would be but simple justice to *bona fide* purchasers from the company. In any event it is a serious complication, and traffic in town lots in towns effected by it will be at a low ebb until the question is finally determined.

POLITICS force party men into many inconsistent and undignified positions, but in spite of this they seem to worship the party idol with all the blind devotion of the typical heathen who raged and imagined a vain thing. An illustration of this is the captious opposition to the admission of several Territories, now being made in Congress by men representing States which, at the time of their admission, were much less qualified for Statehood than these new applicants. They then possessed far less population, wealth and prospects of rapid and permanent growth, and, indeed, even now, are threatened with being soon surpassed by these Territories their representatives affect to look down upon.

The leading Republic of the world, the boasted champion and personification of equal rights and popular government, presents to mankind an elevating example when it makes the admission of a fully qualified Territory dependent upon its possible political action. These men seem to forget that States are neither Ethiopians nor leopards, whose political skins and spots are unchangeable, and that Washington, Dakota and Montana will be powerful members of the Union when the Republican and Democratic parties are but a memory. It is of far more importance to the people of the United States how these aspirants for Statehood stand on the questions of silver coinage, tariff, honest government and the protection of the individual from the oppression of monopolies, than their possible temporary attitude toward the two political parties now fighting each other for the spoils of office. Yet, since such is the condition of affairs, it is to be hoped that the political scales may be so evenly balanced by the skillful party manipulators at Washington, as to give these Territories the recognition they justly claim. Dakota is Republican, Montana is Democratic, and Washington may be said to be doubtful, since it elected a Republican Legislature and a Democratic Delegate to Congress. A compromise may be effected by which all three may be admitted, giving each party one State and a chance to capture the third one, until such time, happily not far distant, when live questions, now kept under by the fast-failing strength of party worship, shall rise to the surface and change the political character of them all.

It is announced that the Oregon Pacific will put another large steamer on the route from Yaquina Bay to San Francisco. She will reach Yaquina Bay early in May with a cargo of railroad material from the East, and will then be run on the route as a companion to the *Yaquina*. The material will be used to extend the road to Albany.

STRENUOUS efforts are being made to induce Congress to establish a public park in that portion of Klamath County which contains the great natural wonder known as "Crater Lake." The tract specified embraces but ten Townships, making a park twelve miles wide by thirty long, a very small portion of the public domain. It is a region which will never be valuable for any purposes of agriculture, and should be protected by Congress from the clutch of those who will, ere long, seek to obtain possession of the few practicable approaches to the lake for the purpose of extorting toll from visitors. The United States has had a sufficiently warning example in Niagara Falls, and should take steps so preserve all such natural attractions as Crater Lake for the permanent and unhampered enjoyment of the people.

AT LAST the contract for cutting the Cascades Tunnel has been let, and a definite time, May, 1888, fixed for its completion. The contract was awarded to Nelson Bennett, who has already done much construction work on the Northern Pacific, and who is required to give bonds in the sum of \$100,000. There seems no doubt now that within the specified time the Cascades Branch will be in running order, and both Tacoma and Seattle will be terminal points of an overland route. The great benefits both Eastern and Western Washington will enjoy from being thus closely linked together are plainly apparent, and that the completion of this road will have a highly stimulating effect upon the whole Territory—possibly a State by that time—is undeniable. It is a matter of congratulation for the whole Northwest.

NEARLY two thousand cattle men from Texas, Wyoming, Utah, California, Nebraska, Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Kansas, New Mexico, Indian Territory and Mexico, assembled in Denver on the 27th of January, one hundred and seventy-four being accredited delegates to the first International Range Cattle and Horse Growers' Convention. Though members of the National Association, which was founded at St. Louis, the companies and individuals represented by these delegates felt the necessity of organizing an association limited to members engaged in the range industry, as distinguished from stock-raising in agricultural regions. The two systems are so distinct, and to a degree antagonistic, that the range men propose a separate association as a better means of furthering the interests of the range industry. The probabilities are that the new organization, representing more definite interests and better organized enterprises, will soon become more prominent and powerful than the National Association.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE fourteenth of February is a red-letter day in the lives of thousands of young people who are afflicted with the grand passion in varying degrees of intensity. No doubt it is so considered by the young people in the engraving, though what the butterfly thinks of it is not so certain. For one whole day good old St. Valentine joins hands with merry little Puck, and a glorious time they have of it together, scattering broadcast their missives of sentiment and burlesque.

THOUSANDS have admired the beauty of Multnomah Falls in the summer time, who have little idea of how different they appear in winter. During the few weeks when ice forms in the Columbia Gorge, the falls present a strange, but still beautiful, aspect. The spray is driven by the shifting winds in all directions, till every jutting point of rock for many yards around has a long pendant of ice. When the storm is over and the icy crystals glisten in the sunlight, the effect is indescribably beautiful.

THE scenery of the Rocky Mountains, from Mexico to British Columbia, is peculiar to itself. Its leading characteristics are boldness of outline, prominence of barren rock, scantiness of timber, unique and fantastic rock formations. These features are specially observable in the accompanying engravings of the Teton Range, Prickly Pear Canyon, and the large view from the summit of Mullan Pass. The Tetons are a spur of the Rockies, lying near the corners of Idaho, Wyoming and Montana, and just north of the route of the Oregon Short Line. Their sharp, spire-like summits served as a landmark for the early trappers, explorers and emigrants for many weary miles of travel. The view across the mountains, eastward from the summit of Mullan Pass, is unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur. In the distance lies the Prickly Pear Valley, in which is the City of Helena, and back of it rise the Belt Mountains, a parallel range on the opposite side of the Missouri. Nearer by can be seen the track of the Northern Pacific winding its tortuous way down the mountain to the valley, doubling and turning so often that it is impossible to tell in which direction the train is going. Just beneath the point of observation lies the Mullan Tunnel, through which the road crosses the summit. The peculiar rock formations are widely scattered through the range, but are probably the most marked in the castellated rocks of the upper Missouri and the tributary streams. This is observable in the sketches of Prickly Pear Canyon, the Castle, the Old Woman and Turtle, etc. In passing through that region the traveler's eye is constantly finding profile faces and peculiar figures among the rocks, whose sharp and suggestive outlines impress themselves upon his memory. To one who is at all imaginative in his disposition, there is no end to the diversity of fantastic forms his eyes will discern.

THE three compositions on the subject of "Repose," are the work of Messrs. Edward Espey, E. W. Moore and

C. L. Smith, of the Portland Art Club. In December, last, some twenty gentlemen, pursuing professionally some form of art, including in their number the staff of THE WEST SHORE, organized the Portland Art Club, for the benefit to be derived from mutual improvement by association, for the encouragement of art in the city, and for social pleasure. The club occupies the former Council Chamber, in the old First National Bank Building, which was kindly tendered them by Hon. H. W. Corbett. The officers of the club, are H. W. Corbett, President; Cleveland Rockwell, Vice President; Edward Espey, Secretary; G. T. Brown, Treasurer. A business meeting is held every Friday evening, and every Monday night the club meets to sketch from models. Each second Friday all members are required to present a composition on some subject previously given out, which are displayed for examination and criticism. A vote is then taken on their relative merit, as to conception and execution, and the three receiving the greatest number of votes become the property of the club, the others being taken by the member who proposed the subject. At a recent meeting, compositions were presented on the subject of "Repose," suggested by Mr. Corbett, and the three here given were decided to be the best. By special vote they were presented to the President. It is, no doubt, a surprise to our own citizens, as well as to others, to learn that there are in Portland so many artists capable of such really good work.

THE lover of winter sports must be prepared to seize the golden moments as they fly if he would enjoy them in Portland. If he follow the example of the five foolish virgins and delay his preparations until the snow comes, he will fair no better than they did. Especially was this the case the past month. Just one day intervened between the time the snow reached sufficient depth to make good sleighing and the beginning of a rapid thaw, and only those who were ready enjoyed the luxury of a sleigh-ride after the approved fashion, with bells, graceful cutter, robes, etc., etc. Others were compelled to catch a few moments of enjoyment in rude and hastily constructed contrivances, while still others, who spent the day of grace in improvising some nondescript craft, were compelled to paddle about the next day in the slush. The skaters enjoyed themselves for nearly a week, but the lovers of coasting found their sport more limited. Yet even for such a brief period of sleighing, Portland was able to display many handsome turnouts, both public and private, which were kept on the streets from early morning till far into the night.

ONE of the most important enterprises in this region is the Columbia River Paper Company, at LaCamas, W. T. The company was organized in April, 1884, with the following stockholders and officers: H. L. Pittock, President; J. K. Gill, Vice President; S. R. Irwin, Secretary and Manager; William Leuthwaite, Superintendent; C. A. Malarkey, Treasurer, and D. S. Tuthill. The mill was completed and began the manufacture of paper in

May, 1885. The building is a four-story wooden structure two hundred and eighty-eight feet long and eighty feet wide, for about half the distance, and fifty-six the remainder. It rests upon a solid stone foundation. The machinery consists of an eighty-four-inch Fourdrinier Paper Machine, a Jordan Beater, five eight-hundred-pound Rag Engines, Rotary and Vat Bleachers, four Voelter Wood Pulp Machines, of three tons daily capacity, a gang of ten Dryers, two stocks of Calendars, and a general assortment of other necessary machinery. The power is supplied by five Leffel Water Wheels, aggregating seven hundred horse-power, the water being brought from LaCamas Lake, a mile and one-half back of the mill and one hundred and fifty feet above it. The mill turns out six tons of paper in twenty-four hours, chiefly from the pulp of cotton-wood and straw, with a mixture of rags, etc. About eighty hands are employed at the mill, the monthly pay-roll averaging \$3,000. Large sums are paid out for materials, chiefly in the vicinity of the mill, where the supply of cotton-wood and straw is ample. The company has invested about \$100,000 at LaCamas, and is doing a good business, principally in Oregon and Washington, in News, Manila and Straw Papers, the only kind it makes. The old mill at Clackamas, Oregon, belongs to this company, and is working on Straw Paper only, producing two and one-half tons per day. The general office of the company is at 128 Front Street, Portland, Oregon. It has, also, an agency in San Francisco.

A SAW MILL with a daily capacity of one hundred and thirty thousand feet, has been built at Port Hadlock, near the lower end of Puget Sound, where it is accessible by sailing vessels, without the services of a tug. This is one of the largest mills on the Sound, the main building being three hundred and fifty feet in length.

MRS. AZALIA E. OSGOOD has written a long poem entitled "The Vision on the Mount," in which, in a series of cantos, she follows the career of General Grant from the Mexican War to his death-bed on Mount McGregor. The poem has been neatly published, with excellent portraits of the hero and the author, and will, no doubt, meet with ready sale among the thousands of admirers of the great defender of the Union, who can not fail to appreciate the beauty and value of this tribute of love.

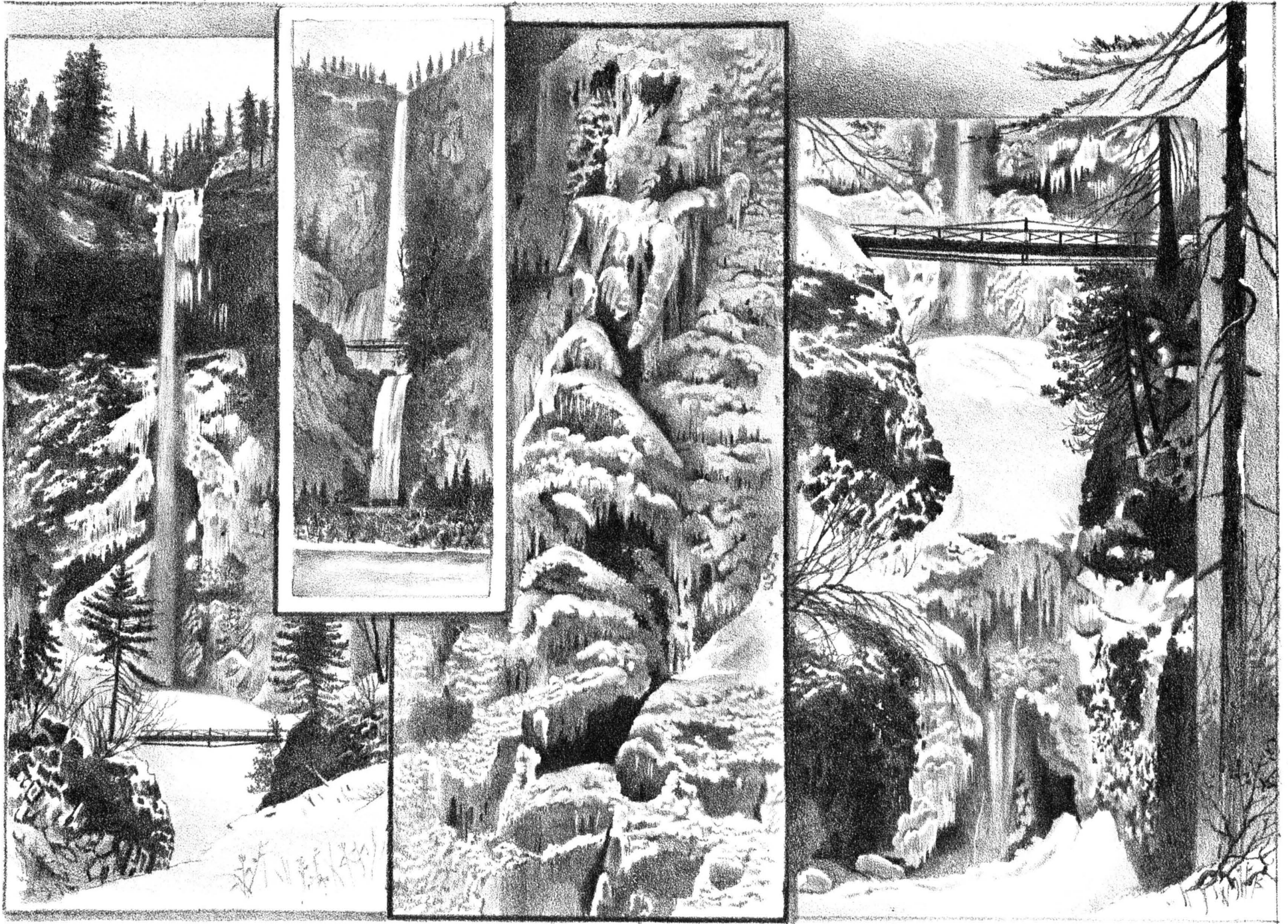
AT THE Legislature now in session at Olympia, strong efforts are being made to have the capital of Washington Territory removed to North Yakima. The citizens of that place, and the Northern Pacific, also, have offered to donate a large tract of land for the capitol and other Territorial buildings. Geographically, North Yakima is near the centre of the Territory, and when the Cascades Branch is completed will be equally accessible from either side. As a compromise between the Walla Walla and Puget Sound regions, it is probable that North Yakima will be chosen for the capital, since neither of those populous sections will be content to have the seat of government located in the other end of the Territory.

THE WEST SHORE.

FEBRUARY 14TH



THE WEST SHORE.



WINTER AT MULTNOMAH FALLS.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CENTRAL OREGON.

BEAR CREEK BUTTE rises from the elevated table land of Eastern Oregon to an altitude of between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is near the geographical centre of the State, twenty-five miles south of Prineville, the county seat of Crook County, and about forty miles east of the Cascade range of mountains. Like the greater part of Eastern Oregon, this mountain is without timber except a scraggy growth of juniper. From its summit is obtained one of the most expansive prospects I have had on the Pacific Coast—a bird's-eye view of an area of country larger than New England. The grand snow-capped Cascades to the west, northwest and southwest, the grass-covered hills as far as the eye can reach to the north, wooded mountains to the northeast, sage plains to the east, and the great uneven expanse to the south and southeast formerly known as the "Great Oregon Desert," make up a view well worth the time and labor required to obtain it.

In the month of November last I stood upon this summit alone and breathed an expression of satisfaction that I was permitted to look upon so grand a scene. The air whistled fresh and keen through the clumps of stunted juniper that adorn the brow of this mountain of the plain. The sky was perfectly clear, and the altitude and the pure, bracing, rare atmosphere made up that condition, almost peculiar to the West, that enables one to see so far. Far to the north were seen the rolling hills of Crook and Wasco counties. At my feet a slight depression marked the beginning of one of the many gulches that cut and scar the face of the mountain. These gulches are of great depth, their walls of basalt almost vertical, and down these natural channels the rush of waters wake the echoes of hidden caverns among them. In the spring time these streams become swollen to the proportion of rivers and go rushing and roaring down the mountain side to join the Des Chutes on the west and Crooked River on the north, or are lost in the "Desert" to the south.

At the foot of the mountain the country spreads out in an almost level table land, fifteen or twenty miles wide, covered with bunch grass and sage brush, with here and there scattered forests of juniper. Large areas of excellent soil are found on this table, and the presence of the industrious pioneer is made known by the houses, barns and cultivated spots which begin to dot the plain. Stock raising is the chief occupation, but the adaptability of climate and soil for agriculture has been fully demonstrated, and presages a prosperous agricultural country as soon as facilities are furnished for transportation. The climate, though somewhat rigorous in the winter, is wonderfully healthful, and but little feeding of stock is required. Further on toward the north is seen the Ocheco Valley, about one thousand feet lower than the table land just described, and though not a large one, yet one of the richest in Eastern Oregon. The Ocheco is about forty miles long, with a varying width of from one to five miles. Prineville is located in this valley, at the junction of the Ocheco and Crooked rivers, and does an

immense business as the base of supplies for a large radius of country. Its population is about five hundred, with all that goes to make up a thriving and prosperous town—schools, churches, two newspapers, a flouring mill, two good hotels, etc.

The settlement of Ocheco Valley has been rapid and its improvement wonderful. Almost everything needed for the table that can be produced on a farm is here yielded in abundance. Apples, pears, plums and other fruits are raised and are of an excellent quality. Vegetables and the cereals grown here are not excelled on the Coast. The wool clip of this valley and the surrounding country is very large. The scenery is picturesque, the climate, though colder than Western Oregon, is excellent. Water is abundant and of the finest quality, fish are plentiful in the streams, and the people seem healthy, contented and happy. Timber is plentiful to the north and northeast, in the Ocheco Mountains, for all domestic demands, consisting of pine, fir, spruce and cedar. With a railroad, which seems to be one of the most distinct shadows cast by coming events, Ocheco Valley would become of great importance to the State by the fuller development of its resources and the profitable shipment of its products. Still on to the north, but beyond the line of vision, are other valleys equally rich and productive, though smaller. And everywhere were seen thousands of cattle, horses and sheep. The distance to The Dalles is about 120 miles. From my elevated perch on Bear Creek Butte I could also see many little valleys along the line of the Des Chutes River.

Turning to the south and southeast, a panorama entirely different from the one just described met my view. In this direction the view is unobstructed at points for more than a hundred miles, comprising an immense area of country. Directly below, clad in its sombre garments of the ever-present sage, with here and there dark piles of basalt rearing their frowning forms above the plain, lies the "Great Oregon Desert," where for many a weary mile no surface water is to be found. The desert from this lofty stand presents a very peculiar appearance, dotted as it is with spots bright and shining in the perfect semblance of lakes, and to one not acquainted with the country the illusion is calculated to deceive. The mirage of the desert, how many have been its victims since the eyes of man first played him false! Many a weary traveler has been lured on and on, led by thirst and deceived by the ever-receding vision of lakes, streams and shady groves, until tired and discouraged, with the exasperating mirage only a little in advance, changing its form and feature, as if laughing at the torture of weak humanity, he has fallen and perished miserably and alone, his bleaching skeleton left to the speculation of those who should follow him. Such things as this have occurred even in this once barren waste, in times long past, before the trails were known and the hidden springs were found. It has since been demonstrated that in most places, and at an easy depth, water can be had in abundance, and settlers are now selecting eligible spots and establishing comfortable homes. It is found that a

great deal of this soil is very productive, and the time will come when the greater part of this "desert" will be reclaimed from the common waste and will be made to add its abundance to the wealth of the great Inland Empire. Everywhere over this region the grass is excellent, and the absence of surface water tends to preserve it for winter range, where the vast herds of the neighboring valleys find abundance of food. Deer and antelope are plentiful, though a shameful destruction of them is going on. From this elevated stand can be seen Wagontire Mountain, a hundred miles away, where the last remnants of the mountain sheep of Oregon are found.

In the dim distance to the south are visible the bluff "rim rock" and wooded mountain that bound Silver Lake and Summer Lake valleys on the south and west, and separate the Chewaucan from Goose Lake Valley. To the southwest, clear and distinct, though very distant, shining like a steel point against the clear sky, Mount Shasta proclaims herself in queenly grandeur. Turning now with face to the west, the Cascade Range, only forty miles away, forms a sublime background to the picture in that direction. Sweeping a glance to the north and west, and then to the south and west, along this majestic range of snow-clad mountains, one is startled into the consciousness of having before him one of the grandest and most expansive views on the continent. Almost from British Columbia to Shasta the view extends, and embraces within it thirteen prominent and eternally snow-clad summits. Commencing at the south, and naming them in their order, they are: Shasta, 14,440 feet; McLaughlin (or Pitt), 10,000; Thielson, Diamond Peak, Three Sisters and Jefferson, each exceeding 9,000 feet; Hood, 11,225; St. Helens, 9,750; Adams, 9,250; Rainier, 14,440, and Mount Baker almost as high, besides other summits towering far into the ethereal blue and crested with snow.

The Three Sisters and Jefferson are nearest, and stand out in such bold and grand relief, so startlingly majestic, that one cannot wonder that the simple natives used to worship them. The Des Chutes River flows between the butte and the range, through a low valley and a deep gorge, making the height of these peaks seem doubly great.

As the sun began sinking to the west, and passing below these towering piles of grandeur, the scene commenced to change and the imagination easily painted thousands of strange and weird impossibilities.

I watched the shadows as they stole quietly over the valley and gorge of the Des Chutes, then up the side of the mountain on which I stood, and imagined a message borne to me on the wings of the evening from the Goddess of Snow, who for thousands of years has reigned supreme among the crags and peaks of eternal winter. Quietly and silently, like the approach of night, this messenger came, until its trophy of shade was at my feet, and without sound or touch as steadily passed on, leaving me to my own speculation. The eastern slope of the gigantic range before me, clothed in its forests of pine and fir, inhabited by its thousands of wild beasts, ac-

knowledged the coming of the sable Goddess, and donned a robe of darker green. A deeper gloom settled over the valley and gorge of the Des Chutes, the atmosphere became crisp and chill, and as the shadows pursued each other over valley and plain far below me, the mirages of the desert took unto themselves wings and flew away. The colors of desert, plain and mountain that make up the beauty of the midday landscape seemed to dissolve under the touch of the shadows, and leave a broad panorama of sombre hue and uncertain extent. The snowy peaks from British Columbia to California acknowledged the last salute of the expiring king, and for a brief space returned it in crimson and gold; then as the color died away from them, and the stars came out one by one, the peaks that a moment before were shining like polished gold in the evening sun, took upon themselves a gray, cold, steel-like appearance and retired into the night. As I stood alone, miles from the haunts of man, on the summit of a lofty mountain, surrounded by the first snows of winter, yet in the presence of eternal winter, a feeling of solemn consciousness came over me. I seemed to hear "the music of the spheres" in one and the same strain, singing words of admiration for the wonders of Nature, and a solemn requiem to the dying of a day.

C. B. WATSON.

SPEARING FISH UNDER WATER.

THE natives of the Hawaiian Islands have many ingenious ways of catching the dwellers of the water surrounding their lovely islands, and one of the most novel is that of diving and capturing them with a spear or by hand. The spear used by the diver is a slender stick of from six to seven feet in length, made of very hard wood and sharply pointed at one end, but more tapering at the other. Since the possession of iron, spears are always tipped with it, but perfectly smooth, without hook or barb. Diving to a well-known station by a large coral rock or against the steep face of the reefs, the diver places himself in a half crouching position on his left foot, with his right foot free and extended behind, his left hand holding on to the rock to steady himself, watches and waits for the fish. Fish in only two positions are noticed by him, those passing before and parallel to him, and those coming straight toward his face. He always aims a little in advance, as, by the time the fish is struck, its motion has carried it so far forward that it will be hit on the gills or middle of the body and thus secured, but if the spear were aimed at the body it would be very apt to hit the tail or pass behind. When the fish is hit, the force of the blow generally carries the spear right through to the hand, thus bringing the fish up to the lower part or handle of the spear, where it remains whilst the fisherman strikes rapidly at other fish in succession should they come in a *huakai* (train), as they usually do. Some fishermen dive to well-known habitats of certain fish and lobsters, and, thrusting their arms up to their armpits under rocks or in holes, bring out the fish one by one, and put them into a bag attached for the purpose to the loin cloth. Women frequently do the same in shallow waters and catch fish by hand from under coral projections. The different kinds of edible sea slugs are caught in the same way, although the larger kinds are sometimes dived for and speared under water.

BY STEAMER FROM SAVONA TO EAGLE PASS.

SINCE the Fraser, the great main waterway of the Province, is too turbulent and rocky for navigation in the great canyon extending for many miles above the town of Yale, the steamboats plying on the interior streams and lakes of British Columbia are disconnected from those on the Lower Fraser and Gulf of Georgia. The most important of these inland routes is that from Savona through Lake Kamloops, up Thompson River and through the Shuswap lakes to the settlements on Spallumcheen River. From Lytton, where the Thompson pours its accumulated waters into the Fraser, the former stream is unnavigable as far as Savona, at the foot of Lake Kamloops, a distance of sixty-nine miles. During the summer of 1881 repeated attempts were made to utilize the stream for forty-seven miles below Savona for the transportation of supplies for railroad construction, but all ended in failure. The most notable effort was that made by Captain John Irving with the steamer *Peerless*. The run down the swift and treacherous stream was made in a few hours, but it was only after a month's hard work and many narrow escapes from wrecking that the valuable steamer was again safely tied up to the landing at Savona.

From Savona to Spallumcheen steamers have plied for a number of years, and last year the route as far as Eagle Pass, by which the Canadian Pacific cuts through the Gold Mountains, was utilized in conveying passengers, supplies, etc., during the construction of the railroad running parallel to it. On this route ran the *Peerless*, commanded by Captain Troup, well known on the Columbia as the man who took the *Harvest Queen* through the rapids at Celilo, and who in 1883 successfully ran the gauntlet of the Cascades. Captain Troup was no small factor in hastening the construction of the Canadian Pacific. During the fall of 1884, though navigation of the Upper Thompson was at that season deemed impossible, this was the only practicable route by which supplies and material could be distributed along the line of construction. Captain Troup alone was found equal to the emergency. He declared the river navigable and proceeded to demonstrate it. His carefulness and skill brought success, and after three months he was presented by Mr. Onderdonk, the contractor, with a check for \$1,000 in addition to his regular large salary. From Savona the lake and river route is about 150 miles in length, and on it now run the *Peerless*, *Kamloops* and *Spallumcheen*, the first named costing \$30,000. They are owned by J. A. Mara & Co., the partners being Captain John Irving and F. J. Barnard. The headquarters of the company are at Kamloops. The Thompson is a rapid and shallow stream, but the lakes are deep enough to float the largest craft, reaching in places a depth of 300 feet.

It was a beautiful August morning when I boarded the *Peerless* at Savona for the purpose of going to Kamloops and then by the same boat to Eagle Pass. The steamer drew slowly away from the dock, and heading into Lake Kamloops was soon churning the water into foam with her wheel. Kamloops is the least attractive

of these inland lakes, and yet in the bright, clear morning air it was a beautiful sight. It is seventeen miles long and from two to three miles wide. The water has not that crystal transparency for which the Shuswaps are noted, but in them salmon and the beautiful lake trout swarm in countless numbers. Its shores are bordered by gracefully rolling hills, barren of timber, yet pleasing to the eye in spite of the absence of rocky gorges and green forests. At the upper end of the lake we entered the Thompson again, the lake itself being but a widening of that stream, and after ascending it nine miles reached the bustling town of Kamloops, lying on the south side, opposite the point of junction of the North Thompson with the main stream.

Here the difference in the water of the two rivers is very noticeable. The North Thompson, like the Fraser, is a muddy stream, while the South Thompson carries the crystal waters of the Shuswap. For a distance below Kamloops the waters of the two streams flow side by side, gradually mingling until the river becomes of one hue throughout.

After a short stop at this thriving inland town, which has become the most important trade centre of the interior, the *Peerless* again headed eastward and proceeded up the south branch. The pebbly bottom could be clearly seen, since the water was only from ten to twelve feet deep, and as I bent over the rail I saw thousands of salmon, perch and trout darting in all directions from the steamer's bows. The salmon I could hardly recognize as the same fish I had seen swarming in the Fraser a few days before, or which the fishermen at the mouth of the stream had been hauling into their boats as I entered the river below New Westminster. While leaping and darting in the turgid waters of the Fraser Gorge, the salmon, with his silver sides glistening in the sun, is a sight to captivate the eye and challenge the admiration of every beholder. In the Upper Thompson it is another fish. Its days of glory have departed. Instead of the plump, succulent salmon of a few days ago it has become a long, lank fish, whose tenure of life is brief. During its pilgrimage of 400 miles from the sea it has been denuded of its silvery scales by its encounters with rapids and sharp rocks, its body has assumed a dull red hue, and though it still darts through the water with lightning speed its almost boundless energy is well nigh spent. A few weeks later I saw the bed and banks of Upper Thompson and Eagle rivers covered for miles with their festering bodies. The salmon is truly a wonderful fish. Nature has given it the instinct to return from the sea in the summer season and ascend to the headwaters of the stream where it was born to exercise the faculty of procreation, and has provided it with the power and energy to accomplish the task. They are often found 2,000 miles inland, their heads bruised, their fins and tails almost worn away, their scales rubbed off and their sides covered with wounds and sores, still valiantly fighting their way upward against the current of some shallow and rapid mountain brook, on whose banks their lacerated carcasses finally lie rotting in the

sun. The number that annually visit the Fraser is marvelous. Below Yale they occasionally run in such numbers as to seriously interfere with navigation by the steamers, and when these vast shoals are crowded into the narrow gorge above the river is literally choked with their struggling bodies. Along the river banks for miles the Indians capture them with dip nets of primitive construction, and dry them in the sun for winter food. The contrast of the bruised and battered fish I saw in the Thompson with the leaping and plunging masses which had challenged my admiration as I gazed down from the platform of the car a few days before, while threading the rocky cuts and tunnels of the Fraser Gorge, gave me a pang of regret at this quick termination of a life gifted with such power, grace and energy.

We passed up the South Thompson a distance of thirty-six miles and then entered the first of the Shuswap lakes. Little Shuswap is four miles long and nearly half as wide, its crystal waters teeming with trout of from one to eight pounds' weight. Little River, a shallow and rapid stream four miles long, connects it with Big Shuswap, from the lower end of which to Eagle Pass is an expanse of water forty miles long, deep and clear. Here, 400 miles from the sea, is a body of water that would float the tonnage of the world. The scenery along the Thompson had been beautiful, but as we entered the Shuswaps its beauty and grandeur intensified, that of the Big Shuswap being the most entrancing of the whole route from Savona to Eagle Pass. As the *Peerless* left Little River and entered the great lake I swept my eye around the horizon in one comprehensive glance of admiration. Forty miles to the eastward the snow-capped peaks of the Gold Range were a beautiful and refreshing sight, while nearer the green, forest-covered hills rose abruptly from the beach, in marked contrast with the snowy peaks as well as with the glassy and shining surface of the water which reflected their graceful forms and sylvan adornments. The run up the lake was most delightful and exhilarating, and in due time we were landed at Eagle Pass, not many miles from the point where, a few weeks later, the last spike connecting the ends of the great Canadian Pacific Railway was driven. Beyond this point the steamers run to the mouth of the Spallumcheen and ascend that stream to the flourishing settlements further south.

The country about the Eagle Pass, lying between Shuswap Lake and the Columbia, approaches the ideal "sportsman's paradise" nearer than any other I was ever in. Between Eagle Pass and Farwell, the new town which last year sprang up on the Columbia as head of navigation and depot of supplies brought up from Spokane Falls, lie four delightful sylvan lakes, filled with beautiful, voracious, gamey trout. In the order of their size they are named "Three Valley," "Griffin," "Summit" and "Victor," the first being two miles and the last but half a mile in length. The hills are densely covered with timber, where brown, cinnamon and grizzly bears, cariboo, mountain sheep and goats abound. It is a ride of but a few minutes from Eagle Pass Landing to the

mouth of Eagle River, where young salmon from six to eighteen inches in length will give the angler all the sport he can wish for. A tramp of a few hours into the mountains will introduce the hunter to game worthy of his rifle—game, too, which has been often known to turn hunter itself, and add excitement, if not pleasure, to the sportsman's adventuresome quest. E. G. JONES.

MILES UNDER THE SEA.

MANY curious forms of fishes have recently been found in the deep sea. One fish, dredged from a depth of nearly three miles from the surface, shows a complete modification of structure. It is estimated that this fish has to contend against a pressure equal to two and one-half tons to every square inch of surface. A sealed glass tube, inclosed in a perforated copper covering, has at two miles been reduced to fine powder, while the metal was twisted out of shape. Yet the fishes are so constructed that they withstand the pressure. Their bony and muscular system is not fully developed; the bones are permeated with pores and fissures. The calcareous matter is at a minimum, and the bones of the vertebrae are joined together so loosely that in lifting the larger fish out of the water they often fall apart. The muscles are all thin, and yet the connecting tissue seems almost wanting. Yet these fishes are able to dart about and capture prey.

Sunlight penetrates about 1,200 feet below the surface of the sea. At 3,000 feet the temperature lowers to 40 deg. Fahrenheit, about the same the world over. How do the fishes and other forms here see? Their eyes are modified as well as their other parts. The fishes that live 500 feet from the surface have larger eyes than those in the zone above them, so that they can absorb the faint rays that reach them. In a zone below this many forms with small eyes begin to have tentacles, feelers or organs of touch. Many of these deep sea fishes have special organs on their sides and heads that are known to possess a luminous quality. Other organs are considered accessory eyes, so that the fishes have rows of eyes on their ventral surfaces looking downward, while near are luminous spots that provide them with light. One of the largest of these deep sea torch-bearers is a fish six feet long, with a tail, dorsal fin extending nearly the entire length of the body. The tips of this fin are luminous, and also a broad patch on its head. Along the side of the body is a double row of luminous spots.

One of the most ferocious of these deep sea forms is the chanliodus. Its mouth is fairly overflowing with teeth, that protrude in a forbidding manner. The fins are all tipped with flaming spots, while along the dorsal surface extends a row of spots that appear like so many windows in the fish, through which light is shining. The little fishes, Bombay ducks, are luminous over their entire surface, and when numbers are collected together they present an astonishing spectacle. One of the most interesting of the light givers is the chiasmodus, a fish attaining a length of only thirteen inches. The top of its head is the principal light-giving organ, and its fins gleam with phosphorescent light.

AIMEE.

SOMEWHERE in the middle of Normandy, off the high road, and at a distance from any centre of business or pleasure, there is a small manufacturing town with two or three high chimneys and a few hundreds of work-people. The country round it is flat and uninteresting, the straight roads are bordered here and there by poplars; a slow, sluggish stream flows between its low green banks without a single wind or curve; the one long street with its uneven pavement is narrow and dirty; the limes which surround the tiny *place* look stunted and unhealthy; the churchyard is overgrown and neglected; the church itself has no pretensions to beauty or even to antiquity. Few people visit Pont-Avize; there is nothing to attract them. Few people live there who can afford to live elsewhere.

Yet Pont-Avize, too, has its society, its cliques; its ambitions, its aristocracy. M. Jules Dubois, *avocat*, has his name on a bright brass plate on the door of a red brick house at the corner of the principal street; the doctor and the curé live side by side in two whitewashed houses behind the church, and the private houses of the owners of the two large factories stand in their own gardens on the outskirts of the town.

M. Blanchard is the principal inhabitant of Pont-Avize. M. Laval, who lives nearly opposite, is of less consequence in the eyes of his neighbors. His factory is smaller; his house has no carriage drive up to it. M. Blanchard has conservatories, a fountain in the middle of his lawn, and some bright flower beds round its edge. M. Laval has only two Etruscan vases on the steps which lead to his door, filled with nasturtiums. His flower beds are weedy, his walks are overgrown; his modern white house, with its green shutters all closed, is overshadowed by trees, and has a melancholy, dull look as of a young person who has grown prematurely old.

When Madame Laval died (bidding farewell without regret to a world in which the poor woman had found but little pleasure) she left an infant daughter of a few weeks old behind her. That was nearly nineteen years ago, but M. Laval is still a widower, and the little Aimée has known no other care than that bestowed upon her in a dutiful rather than a loving spirit by Mademoiselle Stéphanie, M. Laval's unmarried sister. Like a plant which springs up wherever it can find the least depth of earth in the crevice of the hard rock, and blossoms alike in rain and sunshine, so the child has turned darkness to light, and for her, as yet, life has no sadness even in its dull uniformity.

Aimée was eighteen on her last birthday, another is near at hand, and she is beginning to be conscious of unsatisfied needs and unfulfilled desires. She has a world of her own inside the narrow world of Pont-Avize.

It is evening, and she has pushed back the Venetian shutters, and is standing by the window looking down the street. The church clock has just struck five and her father will soon be coming home. M. Blanchard has left his office, and after standing on the step a moment talking to his clerk, he comes down the road to his own

great iron gates. Before turning into them he looks up at the window and takes off his hat with a gallant wave. M. Blanchard is the greatest man in Pont-Avize; he is nearly forty, but he is still a bachelor. He has a white waistcoat and yellow gloves, and a rose in his button hole; but though Aimée returns his bow politely she does not look after him. On the contrary, she turns away again rather quickly.

"What do you see? Is anything passing?" asks Mademoiselle Stéphanie rather crossly.

"I am watching for papa," says the girl gently. "There is nothing else to look for." There is no complaint, but just a touch of resignation in her voice.

M. Laval is at this moment coming down the road opening his white umbrella, for the sun has not lost its power. He has just taken off his hat with an absent air to the doctor as he drives past, when all at once his attention appears to be arrested. He stops short, stares along the dusty road, and adjusts his double eye-glass.

Aimée, who was about to withdraw from the window, leans her pretty head forward with a little gasp of astonishment.

For down the straight road leading only to the town which no tourist ever visits, a stranger is coming; a tall young man with blue eyes and a sunburnt face.

"You see something; what is it?" her aunt repeats.

"He is speaking to papa. He has stopped. What can he want here? It is—yes, it is an Englishman."

"An Englishman! Impossible. They never visit our quiet town," says Mademoiselle Stéphanie, coming to look over the girl's shoulder.

"It is true no one visits Pont-Avize," says Aimée with a faint smile. "Nevertheless he is speaking to papa. He is coming to the garden door." Her heart is beating fast with timidity and pleasure.

"And you have been staring at him out of the window, Seat yourself and resume your work."

Aimée obeys in silence. But the voices are coming nearer and there are steps on the uncarpeted stairs.

"Permit me to present you to my sister, my daughter," says M. Laval, preceding his unexpected guest into the room and indicating first one and then the other.

"This gentleman is the young Mr Horace Dallas," he says, addressing himself to his sister. "You will remember the grandmamma of my poor Henriette was of the same name. I have often, have I not, spoken of our English relations? Mr. Dallas is traveling in Normandy for the first time. Join your entreaties to mine that we may persuade him to pass a few days here."

Mademoiselle Stéphanie dislikes strangers and hates Englishmen, but she stiffly expresses a hope that Mr. Dallas will not find Pont-Avize too secluded to be agreeable. He notices her grim smile, he sees M. Laval's little shrewd eyes fixed upon him; he glances round the bare yet gaudy little drawing-room, and he hesitates. He turns to where Aimée sits bending her little dark head and flushed cheeks over her work, and he hesitates no longer.

It is quite unconsciously that she looks up at Mr.

Dallas in that moment of indecision, but that look has turned the scale and he accepts M. Laval's hospitality.

"But I will not agree to talk English with you," says M. Laval, laughing. "If you can not talk French to me you must ask my daughter to converse with you. She has studied English at school and it is for her an agreeable exercise; is it not, Aimée?"

"Yes, papa," she answers, blushing.

But he has no opportunity to talk English with Aimée that evening. Mademoiselle Stéphanie is not to be won over easily, and she receives the young man's advances coldly. When she leaves her room the next morning she sees with satisfaction that his boots are still outside his door, and before she goes to attend to her household affairs she orders Aimée into the garden.

But circumstances are too strong for Mademoiselle Stéphanie. When Horace comes down half an hour later, he sees the house empty, and he sees Aimée sitting on the steps which lead from a glass door into the garden. Another minute and he is standing by her side.

"You are to talk my own language to me, you know," he says smiling, and as she answers his greeting in French. "You had an English great-grand-mother, and you ought not to forget it."

"I make so many mistakes," she says, in her pretty, hesitating way. "But it will be an advantage to me if you will pardon my mistakes."

"Have you no English friends?"

"I have only two young friends, and they have never learned English. No strangers come to Pont-Avize, and my aunt does not care for society."

"And you never go away?" says the young man with a sort of horrified astonishment.

"I have been twice to Rouen," cries Aimée, brightening. "What gay streets and beautiful shop windows! I have also been once to the theatre. And every year I shall return for a week or two to the convent, where I was at school. My aunt is one of the nuns. It is very peaceful and happy there."

"But you must not go there too often," replies Horace, quickly. "You must not be shut up between high walls forever. What would your father say if you were never to come back again?"

"Ah, papa!" she says innocently; "I am a great charge to poor papa."

"Not a very heavy one, I think," says Horace, laughing, and looking at the little figure in the close-fitting dress of dark linen which economy and propriety alike suggest to Mademoiselle Stéphanie as most suitable to Aimée's years.

"But I am often in his way, you know. He often says if I had been a son it would have been so much better. I should have understood his affairs. No doubt it would have been better if I had been a son."

"It would not have been at all better," cries Horace decidedly. "On the contrary, it would have been an infinite pity."

His blue eyes were looking straight at hers; she does not understand what he means, yet she is startled. A

door has slammed in the distance; what if Mademoiselle Stéphanie should find her here!

"I must go," she says quickly. "Breakfast will be ready and papa will be waiting."

"Nonsense," cries Horace, gently constraining her to sit down again. "They will come and tell us when breakfast is ready. Why should you not stay here with me a little longer?"

Aimée is in an agony, for she hears her aunt's voice coming nearer. "Aimée, Aimée," she cries, calling to her from the back passages, and in another moment she may be upon them.

But it is not Mademoiselle Stéphanie who interrupts them, after all. It is M. Laval himself. He looks neat and alert, as is his custom when things are going well. He glances at Aimée's flushed, averted face without displeasure; he shakes hands in a friendly manner with his guest.

Then they go together into the bare, shady dining-room, where old Marie is waiting to hand round the beef-steak and fried potatoes, and Mademoiselle Stéphanie is too much occupied in seeing that all is as it should be, to give much heed to her niece.

II.

Dinner at M. Laval's is apt to be a somewhat dull affair, but this evening the master of the house is unusually agreeable. He even tries to draw Aimée into the talk, and to her unfeigned astonishment it is her father himself who proposes that they should adjourn to the garden, though he knows his sister is afraid of the night air, and after awhile he says something of the imperative demands of business, and he too withdraws into his study.

Horace has lighted a cigar; his fair head is uncovered, his eyes are fixed a little absently on Aimée's, as she sits near him on a garden chair; he looks round at the neglected walls and weedy borders, and says presently:

"It is really a shame that you should know so little about flowers. There is a language of flowers which I thought all young ladies studied. You can fancy what flower your friends most resemble. Let me see, to what shall we liken you? But I can not tell unless you let me see your face."

Slowly, shyly, she turns towards him. The warm glow from the sunset rests on the childish rounded cheeks and dark head, and softly touches the outline of the white figure in the big wicker chair.

"You are not like a garden flower at all," he says with a half laugh. "Is it only the sunset which crimson his sunburnt face? You are like the wild rose."

Aimée droops her head. It seems to her that he has spoken disparagingly, and yet his eyes contradict his words.

"And I rather think you are only a rosebud, Mademoiselle Aimée."

"I am older than you imagine," she says quickly. "That is why papa is vexed. I can not go back to school, and it would not suit him to have me always here. My

aunt, too, wishes to leave Pont-Avize, and so they wish—they would like,” says the girl, suddenly embarrassed, “to see me provided for.”

“You must not go back to the convent, whatever you do,” cries Horace, throwing away his cigar. “What should I do if I returned to find you shut up behind high walls?”

“You need not fear, I have no vocation,” she answers, smiling.

“What will you do, then?”

“Indeed I do not know.”

“But I know,” says the young man quickly. “You will be married.”

“I think not. I do not think any one will marry me.”

“And why not? if I may ask the question.” He feels unreasonably offended, as if some one else had made the remark.

“I have so little fortune,” she says, rather shame-faced. “Papa is not a rich man, and though I am an only child——”

“What do little wild roses want with fortunes? Tell me—you need not be afraid to tell me—would you like to be married?”

“Yes,” hesitating; “but it is not likely. My aunt had a better *dot* than I shall ever have, and no one wished to marry her.”

Horace, thinking of Mademoiselle Stéphanie’s thin lips and sharp features, could laugh outright but that he is piqued by the girl’s frankness. She was shy enough of him a while ago; has her delicate instinct told her that if he can speak lightly on such a subject she need be shy of him no longer?

“In England we do not think so much of money,” he says coldly; and then a disagreeable recollection comes across him of his father’s feelings on the subject, and of the fortune of the old family, which he, the eldest son, is one day to retrieve by an alliance with a newer name but better filled coffers. “To-morrow is Sunday, is it not?” he says, abruptly changing the subject. “What do you do on Sundays? Oh, I remember; you walk with your friends, Madame Langré and her daughters, after vespers. I shall walk with you also.”

“Indeed that is not permitted,” cries Aimée, eagerly. “You could not come with us; but papa will no doubt take you for a walk,” she adds, seeing he looks discomfited.

“Not if my company is so little desired,” he says, rather crossly.

III.

“Aimée make haste; take off your hat,” says Mademoiselle Stéphanie, as they stop at their own door on their return from the church the next afternoon. “Your papa wishes to see you in the study.”

M. Laval is seated at his writing-table when Aimée comes to him in obedience to this command.

“That is right, come in, my daughter,” he says in a tone which is meant to be encouraging. “You wonder

why I desired to see you. It is nothing disagreeable, I assure you. Come, I give you leave to guess what it is that I mean.”

“I—I do not understand you, papa,” says Aimée, falteringly.

“Aimée, a piece of singular good fortune has befallen you. Should all go on as prosperously as it has begun, an unexpected, indeed I may say, an undeserved and happy lot awaits you. M. Blanchard, good, excellent M. Blanchard, whose business becomes more prosperous every day, is content to sue for the hand of my young daughter—of you, yourself, Aimée.”

He pauses and strikes his hand on the table to emphasize his words.

As for Aimée, she is struck dumb. All the color fades from her cheeks, which were so sweetly flushed but now.

“Of me?” she murmurs. “It is impossible.”

“It is indeed an honor, my child;” but M. Laval is not so unmindful as he appears to be of those paling cheeks. “I do not wonder that you are overcome with astonishment that you, my simple little girl, should have attracted so sensible and honorable a man.”

“M. Blanchard is very good,” says the girl in a low voice, “but—but—I have no thought of marrying.”

“Of what, then, do you think?” cries M. Laval, exasperated. “Of the convent and your aunt Nathalie, perhaps! No, no, my daughter,” he adds in a milder tone, “you need not be alarmed. M. Blanchard will give you time to transfer to him the affections which have been centered, as is proper, upon your aunt, your piano, your young companions; and I shall wait patiently for the happy day when I shall see my only daughter the wife of that estimable man. Go now; put on your prettiest dress; M. Blanchard may come in this evening.”

M. Blanchard comes after dinner when they are once more seated in the stiff little drawing-room. He bows to the company generally, and then with an air of perfect assurance he seats himself by Aimée’s side.

He hopes that she is not fatigued by her walk. She replies in the negative, and then he makes another effort. He would be much honored if she will sometimes walk with her aunt in his grounds.

“You are very obliging, monsieur,” she says shyly.

“Not at all. It is a solitary garden; a lonely house,” says M. Blanchard, who would be sentimental if he might.

So they carry on the conversation after the same fashion a little longer, and then M. Laval, seeing how matters stand, wisely interrupts the *tete-a-tete*.

Horace has, however, only the opportunity to say a few words to her apart this evening.

“Not one kind word or look, all day, Mademoiselle Aimée; what have I done?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing!” cries the poor child. She can hardly keep back her tears. The day she thought would be so bright has ended so miserably.

“Never mind,” cries Horace gaily; her manifest discomposure has restored his good humor.”

"To-morrow morning let us meet in the garden. Is it not a promise?"

She dares not say yes, she can not say no, and that night it is little use to try to sleep. When sleep at length comes it is so profound that she awakes with a start to find the sun shining with such power as to make her fear that some of the precious hours before breakfast are already past; and yet though the thought gives her a pang she is in no haste to leave her room. She fears she knows not what. If she again finds herself alone with Horace, can she any longer be happy and unconstrained, when every day she is drawing nearer the time when she will be M. Blanchard's affianced wife?

"Aimée," says her aunt, meeting her at the door, "you are late. Never mind, you were fatigued last night. But see, this linen requires putting in order; apply yourself to the task till breakfast. I am required elsewhere."

Mademoiselle Stéphanie has opened the door of the room where the linen-closet stands. The shelves are empty, the linen lies in piles upon the floor.

Aimée makes no objection; she sets herself somewhat wearily to her task.

IV.

Mr. Horace Dallas is somewhat displeased, when, having taken the trouble to be out of his room at an unwonted early hour, he can see no signs of Aimée.

"Little deceiver," he says to himself, feeling very much annoyed with her for having induced him to disturb himself so early. "Of course, I might have known these French girls are as changeable as the wind." And then for a moment he thinks of another girl, a fair-haired girl in England, to whom he need give no secret appointments, by whose side he is welcome to sit with the full approval of all her friends—a girl, too, who is pretty and good-tempered and placidly fond of him, whose recognized lover he may become at any moment, no man forbidding him.

"Marie," he calls, leaning his elbows on the sill of the dining-room window, and addressing the old servant, who is engaged within the room, rubbing the furniture, "Marie, tell me, has Mademoiselle Aimée gone out for a walk this fine morning?"

"Mademoiselle Aimée is occupied, monsieur; she will not descend until the breakfast is served."

"But she has left her room," cries Horace, brightening. "If she is so busy, do not you think, Marie, that I might be able to help her?"

"Bah! in arranging the linen in the storeroom! That is very likely, monsieur," cries old Marie, taken off her guard.

Horace is not a young man of very rigid principles, and he has not a great opinion of other people's, moreover, he is bent upon having his own way.

He takes a five-franc piece from his pocket and rolls it gently along the polished floor till it rests just underneath the hem of Marie's petticoat.

"You should not have such big holes in your pockets, Marie," he says, "look, you will lose all your money.

And now," he adds, making one long stride which brings him over the sill of the window into the room—"now show me where is this storeroom."

Marie reflects for a minute whilst she pockets the money and wipes her hands on her apron. Mademoiselle Stéphanie deserves to be annoyed. It is not her fault if the young gentleman will persist. Finally, no one else is likely to give her a five-franc piece. So she takes him into the hall, and pointing up the stairs, leaves him in no doubt as to which is the storeroom.

Aimée is seated on the floor, some linen in her lap, and her head leaning back against a great pile of sheets. She is already tired, but she starts into a less listless attitude as the door opens and Horace enters. When she sees him a sudden sweet rosy color flushes her face like a dawn in a summer sky.

"Why have you hidden yourself from me so persistently—why?" he asks, and though his words are reproachful, he can not keep the gladness out of his voice. It is but a paltry triumph he has gained, but Aimée's troubled and yet brightening face all unconsciously gives him his reward.

"I did not hide myself," she says simply; "on the contrary, monsieur, I am very glad to see you, for there is something I wish to say."

"I am quite ready to listen," replies Horace, seating himself on the high stool.

But the permission to speak seems to have deprived her of the power. For a moment she remains quite silent, and then without raising her eyes, she speaks with quiet resolution.

"I have been wishing to tell you that you must not seek me in this way when I am by myself. My aunt has reproved me. You make it hard for me to please her. I would do all I can to make your visit agreeable to you, but you would not have me to do wrong?"

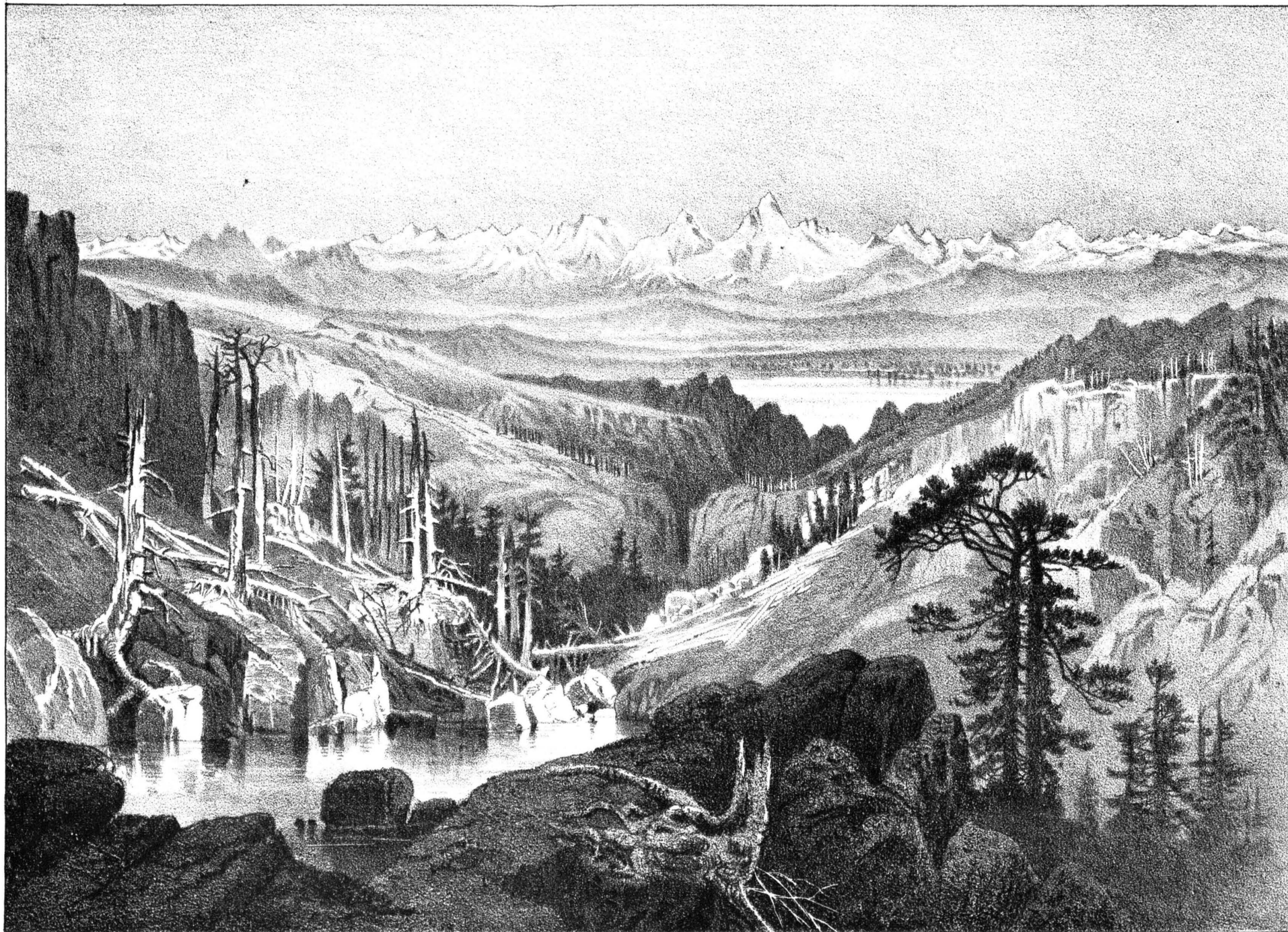
"Does your aunt give you permission to walk with M. Blanchard, to sit the whole evening without speaking to any one but him? What does it mean?"

"You have no right to ask all these questions," she answers, "no right whatever; and yet if you wish to know, it means that M. Blanchard desires to marry me."

"But it does not mean that you wish to marry him," cries Horace; "it can not mean that. It is a sacrilege even to think of it. How has he ever dared—how can even your father or your aunt have allowed him for one single moment—"

He stops suddenly and fixes his eyes upon her. How gentle and sweet and pretty she is, with her pale cheeks and her dark tender eyes which are still bright with the determined effort she is making to keep back the signs of her weakness!

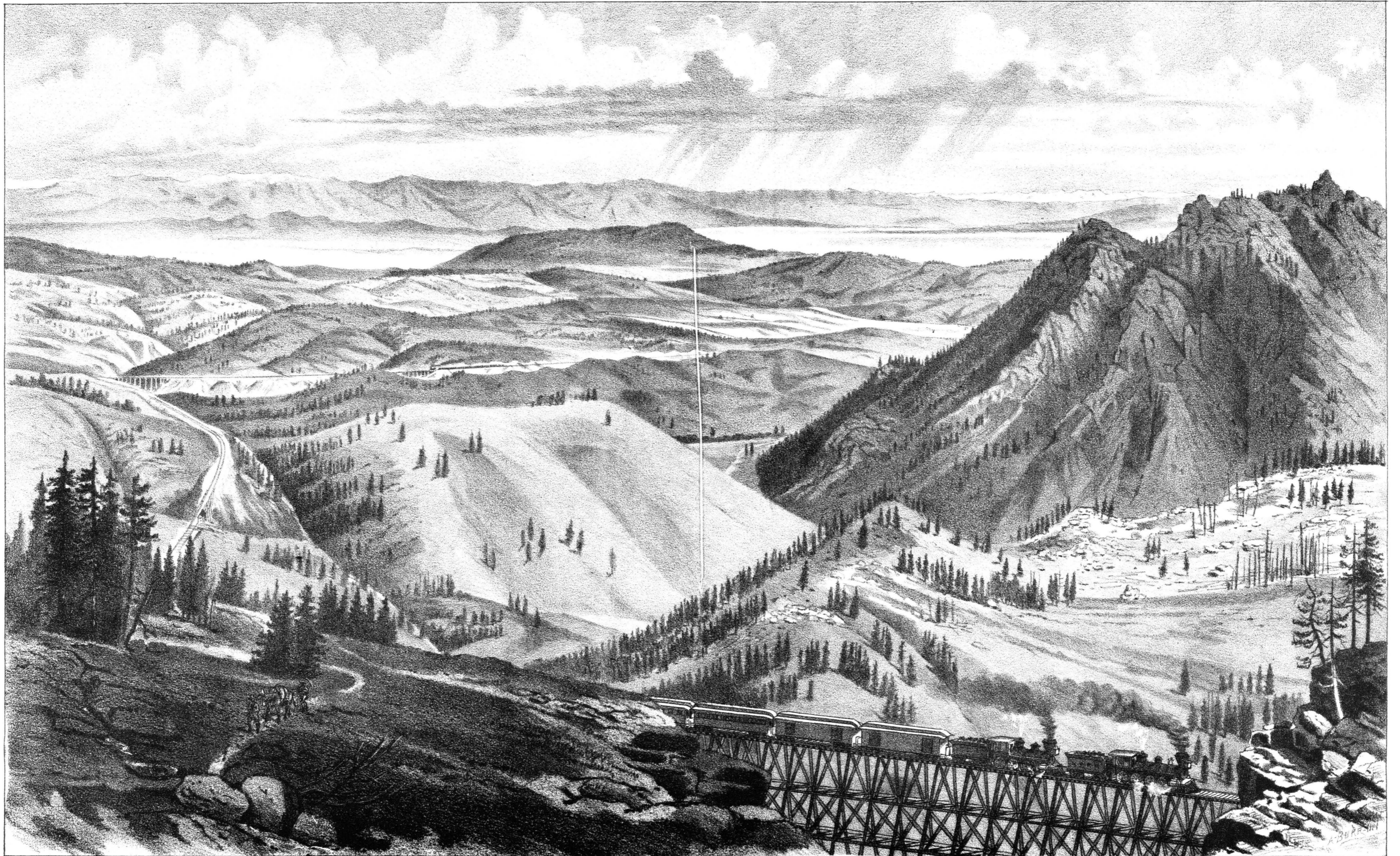
"You should not speak in that manner of those whom I am bound to obey. Are you, whom I have known three days, to be the judge of what is right for me? M. Blanchard has been my father's good friend for this long time. It is true I was too young to know his disposition, to appreciate his good qualities. But is he not giving a proof of his goodness in wishing to marry me?"



THE WEST SHORE.

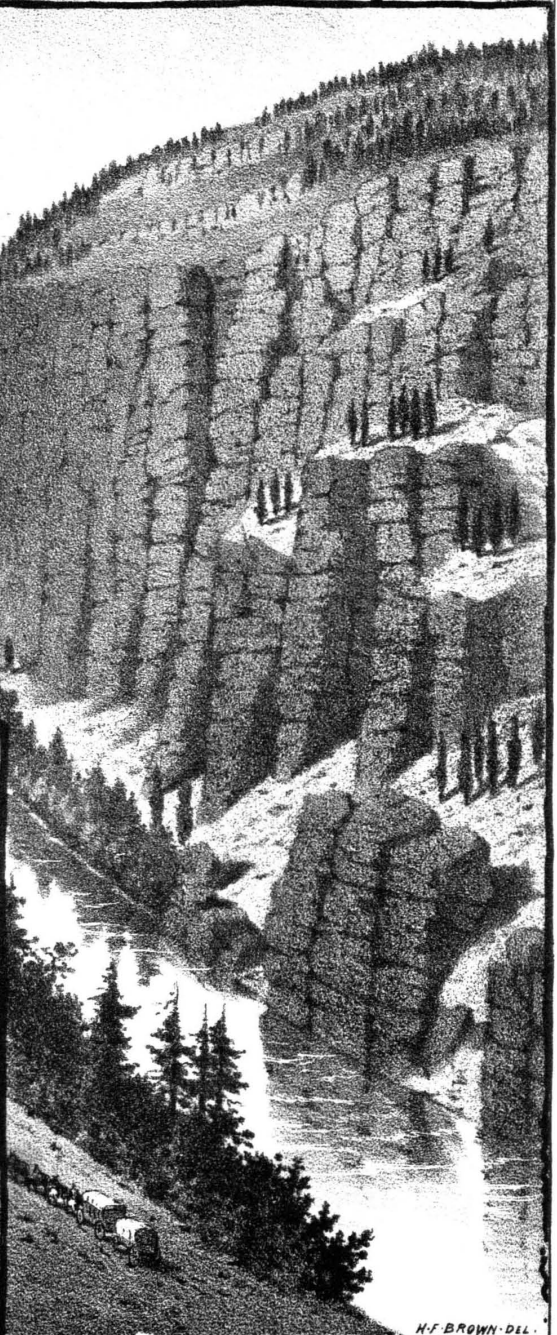
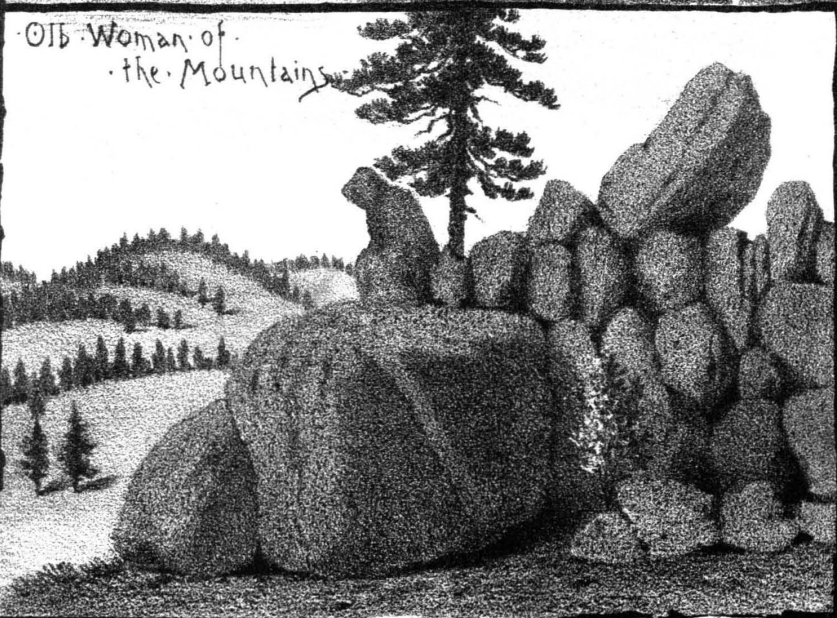
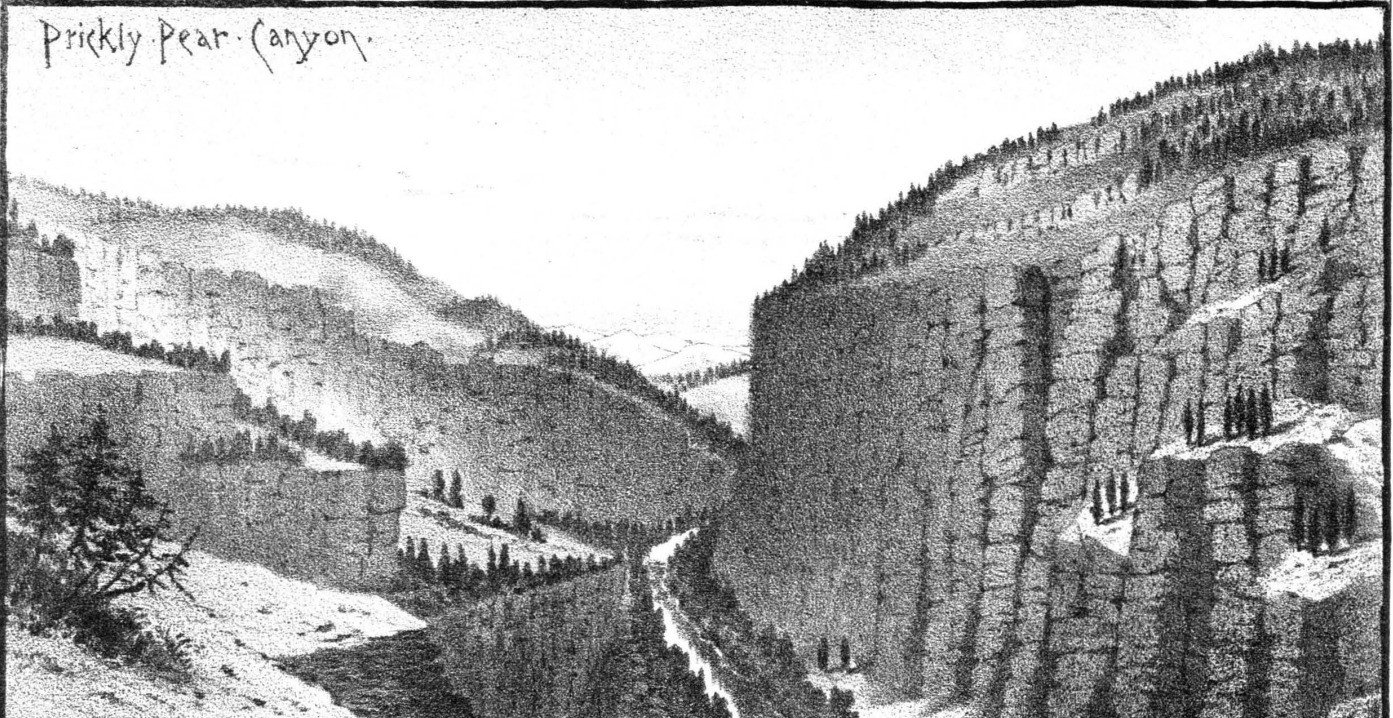
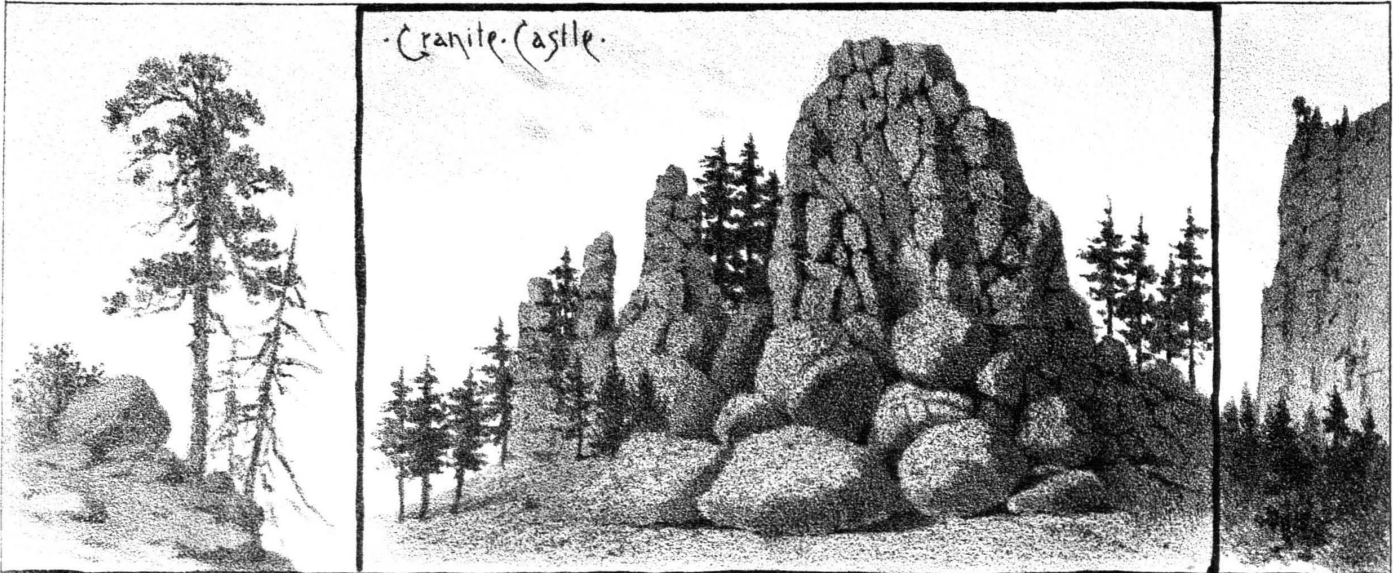
IDAHO - THE GREAT TETON RANGE.

THE WEST SHORE.



ACROSS THE ROCKIES—LOOKING EAST FROM THE MULLAN TUNNEL.

THE WEST SHORE.



H.F. BROWN - DEL.

"You are right; such self-sacrifice is almost inconceivable!" says Horace gravely.

"You need not despise it," she says quickly, stung by his tone. "It is not every man who would wish for a *fiance* with no *dot*, nothing that any one will envy him. You may hear what they say in Pont-Avize. They will not think of it as you do. I shall not bring him anything that he cares for, and he will give me a share in all that he has."

"Yes, in his refined pleasures and his gilded drawing-room, in his absurd fountain and his Chinese pagoda, in the Venetian mirror of which he talks so much, and his fat poodle. Your fate will be indeed a happy one," cries Horace scornfully.

She turns away and makes no answer, for her strength has deserted her, and miserable scalding tears fall fast upon the white linen. But Horace is not appeased though he knows that she is crying.

"So this is to be the end," he says again, bitterly. "Why did I not know it before?"

"Because I did not know it myself," she says, hastily brushing away her tears and turning once more toward him. "It was only yesterday that they told me. It will be a long time before he asks me himself. Papa has said that he will wait. He will give me time."

"And what will time do for you?" asks Horace coolly, seating himself on the stool and fixing his eyes upon her.

"Why—why do you try to make it harder for me?" she cries, while the tears drop unheeded upon his coat sleeve and her own hands.

"Why? Must I tell you why?" She stops crying at the question and looks at him like a frightened child, for she can not withdraw her hands from his, nor hide her face from his eyes.

"Do you know now?" he asks again slowly, whilst at the rush of color which his look has brought into her face a great gladness takes possession of his heart and holds high revel there. "Do you not understand that it is because I would make it impossible? Will you not love me, do you not already love me a little? Tell me—answer me."

But she makes no answer. She only droops her head lower and pulls her hands away from him.

He lets them go and steps back. "Then you can not," he says quietly. "If it was not so you could not send me away without one word. At least you would speak to me. You need not be afraid; I am not going to forcé an answer now;" and he makes a movement as if to leave her. It is fortunate that her confusion is too great for her to observe that his voice is not so desponding as his words.

"Wait," she says, stretching out one imploring hand; "I did not mean to be unkind."

"Then look up. Only look up, and I will not ask you to speak even one word."

She has been trained under a strict rule, and with her obedience is almost an instinct. She does not dream of resisting the tone of authority, gentle as it is.

Her heart is beating in frightened throbs; she does not even know what she would say; her long lashes are still wet with tears; her cheeks are burning; yet difficult though it is, she does not hesitate to lift her shy eyes to his. And she has no need to speak, for they have told him all that he would know.

"My sweet little love," he cries joyously, and takes her in his arms; and she does not struggle or try to speak, but hides her face upon his shoulder.

v.

Three days have passed since that stolen interview in the storeroom—three days since love came and claimed his prey. He has reigned with undivided sovereignty for three joyful rosy dawns—three happy wakeful nights, in Aimée's glad young heart. Horace is still at Pont-Avize; they are not as yet betrothed, for M. Laval is cautious. He has two strings to his bow, and he will not, as yet, discard either.

If young Dallas can obtain the consent of his friends and the approval of his family, he will be a better *parti*, for Horace will be an English baronet some day, and that is the next thing to a lord. But he fears lest the young man should not be able to carry out his intentions; even in England parents have some authority, and Sir George Dallas may withhold his consent. As to the young people marrying without it, such a thing is not to be thought of for a moment.

Horace has written to his father, and M. Laval is clever enough to see that he is uneasy about the result.

Horace for his part is very far from being at his ease. He breathes not a word of his doubts or his fears to Aimée, but he thinks of the old home and the tribe of younger brothers and sisters. He remembers his father's anxieties and care for the future, above all he remembers a fair-haired English girl, whose fortune would have made his path in life so easy, a girl of whom his mother had said, "She is so good and true, Horace; if you win her you will be a happy man;" and in his heart he knows that a week ago he was ready to believe that she was right. Yet at least he was not pledged, and though he has sealed his love to Aimée by but one kiss, it is a pledge which shall never be broken.

When the letter comes at last he opens it with nervous haste, and as he turns the first page his brows contract and an angry light comes into his eyes. He for once seeks M. Laval of his own accord, but it would not seem that the hour which he spends with him in his study has tended to soothe his perturbed feelings. As he leaves him he thrusts the letter into his pocket, crushing it in his hand, and goes out gloomily into the street.

"Go, then, if you will; obtain your parents' permission and then come to ask mine," M. Laval has said. "It is well our good Blanchard knows not of this little episode," he thinks to himself as the young man leaves him. "Bah, it is the overture before the opera, the grace before the meat."

"He is insufferable," Horace says to himself. "Aimée shall never see him again when once we are married. It

is useless to stay here longer; he is right. I will cross to-night, and when I come back it will be to take her away."

It is hardly evening; as yet the factory people have not turned out from their work, the streets are empty and silent, the light is dull and grey, there is an oppressiveness in the air as of a coming storm. For once, as Horace acknowledges in the midst of his irritation, fortune favors him. As he looks down the street he sees Aimée coming towards him. She is on her way home from vespers, for it is a feast-day. She is accompanied only by Marie, who walks muttering and grumbling close at her heels.

They have come to the stone bridge which leads over the river. They stop for an instant to allow a laden wagon, with its team of horses jingling their bells, to pass them by, and in a moment Horace is on the narrow footway beside them.

"Marie," he says, with an authoritative tap on the old woman's shoulder, "Marie, my good woman, you are fatigued. I see you pant for breath. Here on this stone seat you may rest yourself. I am going to take Mlle. Aimée down to the water's side. And remember silence and discretion are a woman's greatest virtues; even in this world they shall be rewarded."

"Ah, monsieur, it is a crime, a treachery you would have me commit," cries the old servant, but he pays no heed to her, and so she resigns herself, and seated upon the bench which he has pointed out she folds her brown, wrinkled hands over her brown stuff petticoat.

Then it is that Horace, turning his flushed, handsome, face upon her, tells Aimée that she is to come with him. And she does not resist his will, for is it not her joy to obey his behests?

"The letter has come, Aimée," he says, "and I see now that it was a mistake to write. I can not make them understand. Your father, too, lays upon me hard conditions. I think I must leave you just for a little, that I may come back when no one can forbid it, and claim you as my own."

He speaks quickly, with a remembrance of his interview with M. Loyal and his father's letter making his tone more full of annoyance than she has ever heard it before.

She does not speak for an instant, but it seems to him that the little hand he holds is cold and nerveless in his clasp and he presses quick kisses upon it and draws her nearer to him.

"Your father will not risk anything, my darling. He can not see that if we were at once married all would be right in the end."

"He wishes your father also to give consent? But is not that right?" asks Aimée timidly; "I have never yet heard that any one was married without the consent of their parents."

"People are never married with it in England," says Horace succinctly. How can he tell her that any one in this wide world dares to hold her lower than himself?

"But you must not let me be the cause of your parents being angry with you. You must not grieve them for my sake, Horace," speaking the last word almost most under her breath.

"They have no right to be angry or grieved either," he answers quickly. "Grieved that I should have gathered the sweetest, fairest little flower that ever blossomed! It is only that English people are so narrow-minded that they can only appreciate themselves."

"It is, then, because I am French that they will not approve of me."

"Yes, I suppose so," he says reluctantly.

"And then your papa is noble, and our family is not; and also it is true I shall have so small a fortune. He would have wished you to marry some rich lady, perhaps."

"Perhaps," echoes Horace evasively.

His short answers fall like so many stabs upon her heart. If this is true, and he can not deny it, what is to be the end?

"What are we to do then," she cries, whilst her tears fall fast.

"We must be true to one another," says her lover eagerly. "It is only a question of waiting until I come back from England. When I am face to face with them — It is nothing but these preconceived notions; this absurd insular pride."

He breaks off. It is not so easy to make all this plain to her. She looks at him wistfully enough, poor child, but she does not speak, for she does not know what to say.

"It will not be very long," he continues, speaking rather low and quickly, and looking away from her. "Only eight hours from Havre to Southampton, and then I am close to my home. It will be nearly as quick as writing, and so much better. I suppose they will want me to stay a few days, and it would not do to put them out, would it? If you can spare me, perhaps I had better stay a week."

"You must not think me so unreasonable," she says gently. "I can wait. It will only be seven days after all."

"Only seven days," he echoes mechanically, but somehow he wishes she would not be so literal.

"It will soon pass," he continues, more cheerfully. "Do you know it is only ten days since we first met?"

"I know," she answered softly. Was not each day as distinct as yesterday, marked with gilded letters in love's calendar?

"And you have already learnt to love me," he cries again gladly, for sitting here with her hand in his, even though they are soon to part, he can not choose but be glad. "Oh, my little pure love, how unworthy of you I am! Why did this dull old town, of all places in the world, hold within it such a treasure for me?"

She shakes her head and half laughs at that. What is she but a little wild flower he has stooped to gather?

"Horace," she says, after a little while, standing up and speaking gently yet decidedly, "we must go. It is late already."

So the moment of parting has arrived, yet no words come to his lips, for a sudden, sharp pain contracts his breast. He hesitates, and as if searching for help, looks blankly round him.

The long shadows lie across the flat pastures, a white mist is rising along the river's bank, and slowly the dusky hand-maid of the coming night is wrapping the distant outlines in its soft mantle of obscurity. In the stillness you can hear the faint swish and ripple of the water amongst the rushes and the whirr of the bat's wing in the air.

When he turns to the girl once more all the glad light has died out of his eager eyes, and his face is white.

"You will not forget me," he says in a passionate whisper. "Never doubt me; never cease to believe that I love you. Never, my sweet one, never."

"Why do you ask?" she says with an innocent wonder in her eyes lifted to meet his searching gaze. "How could I forget?"

His only answer is to take her in his arms and press his farewell kisses upon her lips, God knows he means to be true to her, and yet in some sort he recoils before that perfect trust which makes no protestations, exacts no pledges, and is above all promises.

He would rather that she had wept, but her excitement is too highly wrought to allow of tears.

In the darkness of the night, in the unwelcome dawn which tells her that he is gone, in the days when he is absent, when she looks in vain for his return, she will have time enough for tears.

Pacific Coast Lumber in the East.

The *Northwestern Lumberman*, of Chicago, the best journal of the lumber trade in the United States, expresses the following opinion of the market for the fir and cedar of Oregon and Washington, and the redwood of California, in the region lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains:

A pine dealer of this city, with a mill connection at Menominee, and having a system of yards in Kansas and Nebraska, has come to the conclusion that he will handle California redwood in his trade in the states named. The development of the laws of trade, as affected by transportation with reference to sources of supply, has, in a sense, forced him to pay some attention to Pacific Coast lumber. He says that he can lay down clear redwood lumber at Omaha for \$43.00 a thousand, which is fully as cheap as a select pine would be, shipped from this city, after freight was paid. He rightly concludes that if the the wide and perfectly clear lumber of the west coast were sold alongside of selects in Omaha, or any point in Nebraska or Kansas, there would be a place for it. Redwood can be shipped to Omaha over the Union Pacific line at sixty cents a hundred.

The dealer referred to intends to next season carry redwood lumber in such of his numerous yards as require considerable good stock of some sort. He will do this simply because the logic of events has convinced him that it is good business policy, just as merchants in other lines carry goods that are in demand and will sell. For a like reason the retail yards throughout Kansas and Nebraska, and to a considerable extent in Iowa, are induced to keep yellow pine lumber in stock. The time is coming, and not far in the future, when the fir and cedar of the North Pacific Coast will meet white and yellow pine, cypress and redwood, on the plains of the West, in trade rivalry. The autocracy of white pine is a power of the past. Not that there will not be a sale for white pine as long as it lasts, or that it will not hold over any other wood as a favorite with carpenters. Its very nature insures that. But as good pine diminishes, and the proportion of wide clear stuff to the coarser qualities decreases, other lumber that is both wide and clear will come in for a share of recognition. Narrow, knotty white pine can not maintain its unrivaled sway against a flood of good yellow pine, cypress and redwood that is waiting for a chance to enter the field in heavier volume than hitherto.

Transportation facilities and cost are to largely determine the future of the lumber trade west of the Mississippi. The building of new railroads to the Pacific, which is inevitable, will increase competition and lower freight rates. The rivalry between the Central, Union, Southern, Northern Pacific and the Atlantic & Pacific roads has already very materially lowered rates on other commodities than lumber, and has even operated to cut down the tariff on that. As soon as the Northern Pacific is completed through the Cascade Range to Puget Sound, there will another sharp rivalry spring up between the Columbia River and Sound traffic, while the California trade will not brook being left behind. The endeavor of the Pacific Coast lumbermen to sell product this side of the mountains will be stimulated by the increase of population and growth of towns and cities in the region between the Missouri River and the mountains. Until recently eastern markets have had no trouble in supplying this vast territory. But it is now becoming such an important market that it can not longer be monopolized by the white pine sellers. As this market expands, while at the same time transportation facilities from the Pacific Coast are enlarged and cheapened, the natural tendency will be for the redwood, cedar and fir of that country to come over the mountains for distribution.

THE rediscovery of the ancient and once-lost quarries where the beautiful antique marbles were obtained is interesting. An extensive quarry covering two thousand acres has been quite recently discovered in the Province of Oran, near the Mediterranean Coast, in Algiers. The deposit has been obtained by an Italian, who has constructed roads and commenced operations. The deposit contains giallo antico, breccia and cipoline besides black and white marble.

FUR TRADE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Reports by the early explorers of the Atlantic Coast of the rich furs to be procured from the natives, and the hope that other and more valuable articles could be obtained in trade, led to the organization in England, in 1669, of a company to engage in that profitable business. They applied for a royal charter to Charles the II, who had but recently ascended the throne of his murdered father. The king earnestly desired the discovery of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific (then known as the "South Sea"), by going around America to the north. Such a passage was believed to exist, and was known as the "Straits of Anian," to which name modern historians have prefixed the word "fabulous." Upon the agreement of the company to diligently search for this passage the charter was granted. The two-fold object of the company was expressed in the charter, which created "The Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay," organized "for the discovery of a near* passage into the South Sea, and for the finding of some trade in furs, minerals and other considerable commodities." Of the vast region whose water shed is into Hudson's Bay,† this company was given absolute control to the exclusion of all persons whomsoever. All persons were forbidden to "visit, hunt frequent, trade, traffic or adventure" therein without permission of the company, and the annual rental to the Crown for this magnificent empire was "two elks and two black beavers," to secure which the king must go upon the land and collect for himself. There are few rent receipts on file among the papers of the company. This was the founding of the organization known in history as the "Hudson's Bay Company," a name vividly impressed upon the memory of pioneers of Oregon and Washington.

The company soon learned that the discovery of the Northwest Passage would be highly detrimental to its interests, and consequently, instead of searching for one as the King had expected, it exerted all its influence to prevent one from being discovered. The result was that a whole century passed before the English Government made a vigorous effort to discover the Straits of Anian. Meanwhile the Hudson's Bay Company occupied the granted territory and kept the Government and every one else not connected with the organization in complete ignorance of that region, in which it was doing a business which had assumed gigantic proportions. Such was the organization of that company which, a century and a half later, ruled the Pacific Coast from California to Alaska.

The pioneers in the fur trade of the Pacific were Russians. The illustrious Peter the Great had gradually extended his dominions eastward across the snowy wastes of Siberia until his empire was washed by the waters of the Pacific, beating upon the Peninsula of Kamtchatka. The fur trade of Siberia became valuable and added ma-

terially to the great revenues of the Tsar. His next step was to discover a water passage into the Pacific from the great Arctic Ocean which washed his dominions on the north. Just such a passage as the English were desirous of finding by sailing west from the Atlantic, he proposed to discover by sailing eastward towards the same common point. He ordered vessels to be constructed at Archangel, on the White Sea, and on the coast of Kamtchatka. The former were to search eastward for a passage into the Pacific, and the latter were to hunt for the same waterway by following northward along the Pacific Coast of Asia. Peter died before his plans could be put in operation, but they were faithfully carried out by his two successors, Catherine and Anne. A series of explorations were carried on from Kamtchatka, resulting in the discovery of Behring's Straits, in 1728, by Vitus Behring, a Danish navigator who had charge of the Russian expedition.

In 1732 another expedition discovered the mainland of Alaska, and in 1741 Behring reached the American Coast in the vicinity of Mount St. Elias, a name which he bestowed upon that giant peak which rears its snowy crest nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea. Upon the return voyage they were driven out of their course and many of the crew died from scurvy. They finally sighted a small island lying between the Aleutian Archipelago and Kamtchatka, and running their vessel close in they landed with the intention of spending the winter. The island, now known as "Behring's Isle," is a small speck upon the bosom of the sea, consisting of a few barren granite peaks thrust up from the water, their sides continually lashed by the surf and upon which the waves dash furiously when storms sweep across the surface of the ocean. Their house was constructed of the broken timbers of their vessel, the *St. Peter*, which was wrecked upon the rocks during a gale immediately after they disembarked, and whose broken pieces were washed up by the surf. Before spring Behring and thirty of his followers found a grave on those water-bound rocks. Upon the return of spring the survivors constructed a small vessel from the wreck of the *St. Peter*, and in August succeeded in reaching the Bay of Avatscha on the Kamtchatkan Coast, the point from which they had sailed.

Although half a century elapsed before a full account of this fatal but most important voyage was published, the general features of it were known in England soon after its sad termination. The unfortunate crew had lived upon the flesh of fur-bearing animals—probably seal and otter—and their skins had served for beds and clothing. In these furs were the survivors clad when they returned, and their value led to the dispatch of several private expeditions by Russian traders, to visit the islands lying to the eastward in search of furs. In this way the fur trade of the Pacific was begun, and in a few years reached proportions fully as great as that of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Atlantic Coast. For years this hazardous traffic was carried on by individual adventurers, but at length Siberian capitalists formed a

* The Straits of Magellan had been discovered in 1519, and the passage was made around Cape Horn in 1616.

† Entered and named by Henry Hudson in 1608, but probably entered first by Gasper Cortereal in 1501.

company, established regular stations on the various islands and dispatched vessels at stated periods to collect the furs which resident agents had gathered. These vessels also carried out supplies for the agents and hunters, and various articles and trinkets for barter with the natives in purchasing furs.

More frail and insecure vessels than those employed in this traffic, probably never ventured to sea. They were of crude construction, with their planks fastened together simply by leather thongs. Equally primitive was their system of navigation. They were unprovided with charts or scientific instruments of any kind, and their ideas of the relative positions of the various stations, so far as latitude and longitude were concerned, were vague indeed. Their system of navigation was simply to sail eastward from the Bay of Avatscha until an island was sighted, and use that as a landmark by which to reach the next. By this means they passed from island to island both on the outward and return voyages. As a consequence of this, the Russian knowledge of the Alaskan Coast was for years confined to the Aleutian Islands, and indeed, they believed, and so represented on their maps, that the region between Mount St. Elias and Kamtchatka was one vast sea of islands, an idea which prevailed until after the memorable voyage of Captain Cook in 1778. Fully one-third of the vessels engaged in this traffic met disaster every year, and the loss of life was great. There seems to have been no difficulty in securing a sufficient number of reckless men to embark upon such perilous voyages, although scurvy, starvation and exposure aided shipwreck in its work of destruction.

The principal depots on the Siberian Coast were Avatscha and Ochotsk. Furs were conveyed on sledges to Irkutsk, a distance of three thousand four hundred and fifty miles, where they were divided, some being sent on to St. Petersburg, a further journey of three thousand seven hundred and sixty miles. The greater portion were taken from Irkutsk to Kiakta, a Russian town on the Chinese frontier, where they were exchanged for tea, tobacco, rice, porcelain, silk and cotton goods. China was then, and is now, the greatest fur market in the world. Only the fact that furs originally cost but little, since the trinkets bartered for them were comparatively valueless, permitted them to be transported such enormous distances at a profit. The great expense was transportation, hence at Kiakta they were worth three times as much as at Avatscha, and at St. Petersburg four times.

There was an easier and cheaper route to China, but the Russians had not discovered it. They were not aware that the ocean in which these fur islands lay was the same Pacific, or South Sea, which could be entered by way of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. Nor with their crude methods of navigation were they at all likely to learn it. Accident alone revealed that great geographical fact. In 1771 a few of the patriotic defenders of Poland, who had been exiled to Siberia by the Tsar, made their escape in a small vessel from a port on the coast of Kamtchatka, under the leadership of Count Maurice de Benyowsky, a Hungarian. After a voyage of

considerable vicissitude, during which they picked up a large quantity of furs, they finally reached the port of Canton, where their cargo sold for a high price. It was several years before intelligence of this accidental discovery was disseminated in Europe. Then for the first time was realized the immense magnitude of the Pacific; that the same waters which beat upon Behring's Isle washed the shores of the thousand islands of the South Sea, gazed upon the frowning rocks of Cape Horn, and bore the Spanish galleons on their long voyage from Acapulco to the Indies. The spreading of the information that the rich fur regions of the North Pacific were accessible to Canton by sea was one of the greatest factors in the subsequent rapid growth of the fur trade of the American Coast.

The advancement Russia was making in the Pacific caused England great uneasiness, and finally, in 1776, the Admiralty dispatched the celebrated Captain James Cook, with the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, on a voyage to the Pacific Coast of North America, for the double purpose of ascertaining just what progress the Russians and Spaniards were making, and to discover, if possible, some waterway from the Pacific into the Atlantic across or around North America. More than a year was spent by Cook in exploring Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, and the Friendly and Society islands, which he reached by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, and it was not till March, 1778, that he sighted the Pacific Coast of America, not far from the boundary line between Oregon and California. He coasted north in search of the various traditional waterways, but observed none. The first object noted by him of whose existence he had previous knowledge was Mount St. Elias. Following the trend of the coast westward from that point he rounded the peninsula, sailed northward along the coast through Behring's Straits, and followed the Arctic Coast of Alaska as far eastward as Icy Cape. Having learned the geographical fact that Alaska was a large and important portion of the main land and not a sea of islands, as the Russians supposed, and having learned as much as possible of the character and extent of the Russian occupation of the Aleutian Islands, he proceeded to the Hawaiian Islands to spend the winter. These he had discovered the previous January before reaching the Oregon Coast. Early in the spring of 1779, he was killed* in an unfortunate and needless difficulty with the Hawaiian natives, and the remainder of the voyage was conducted by his subordinates. The two consorts proceeded again to the Arctic, but discovered nothing new, and in September touched at Canton on the way home for the purpose of selling the furs that had been collected on the voyage. So great was the price brought by these skins, which had cost almost nothing, that it was difficult for the officers to prevent an open mutiny of the crew, who were eager to make another voyage to the American Coast for furs in-

* Keepers of Museums are hereby notified that the only original and genuine "Club that killed Captain Cook" was a spear, which was thrust into the valiant Captain's back as he was endeavoring to reach his boat through the surf.

stead of returning to England. Authority prevailed, and early in October, 1780, the *Resolution* and *Discovery* reached England after an absence of four years and three months, during which, in the excitement of current events, Cook and his voyage had been almost forgotten. England was involved in a struggle with her American Colonies, and was in no position to make new ventures in the Pacific. Accordingly the official report of this wonderful voyage was held back and not published until 1785. The Lords of Admiralty could pigeon-hole the reports, but they could not seal the mouths of the seamen, who related marvelous tales of adventure and of the profits to be made in the fur trade between the American Coast and China. One of these seamen, John Ledyard, an American, endeavored to influence American and French capitalists to embark in a fur enterprise, but unsuccessfully. He then conceived the idea of traveling around the world and passing through the fur country by way of Russia, Siberia, the Pacific and America. He had progressed as far as Irkutsk, when he was arrested, conducted back to the Polish frontier, and released with a warning never again to set foot on Russian territory. This arbitrary act is ascribed to the influence of the Russian fur monopoly, which did not relish the idea of foreigners prying into its business.

The first to avail themselves of the discoveries of Captain Cook were the Russians. They were not embroiled in war with any nation contending for supremacy in America, and their Pacific possessions were exempt from molestation. Cook's voyage opened their eyes to the nature and value of the fur regions, and they resolved to enter deeply into that which they had been simply skimming for years. The Russian American Trading Company was organized in 1781, which during the next five years established a number of permanent stations on the islands and mainland of the Alaskan Coast. The company extended its business until forty stations had been established. The headquarters were located at St. Paul, on the island of the same name, but in 1832 were transferred to Sitka (New Archangel), on Baranoff Island, further southeast and near the mainland.

The first successful venture made by the English in the Pacific fur trade was that of James Hanna, who, in 1785, sailed from the Portuguese port of Macao, in the East Indies, secured a load of furs at Nootka Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and disposed of them in China for \$20,000. The next year he repeated the voyage, but found that other traders had arrived whose competition made it impossible to secure a good cargo; also that the Chinese market was glutted by this sudden avalanche of fur. England adopted a short-sighted policy in her efforts to establish herself in the Pacific. In her anxiety to plant her foot on the western shores of America, and forgetful of the failure she had made a century before in chartering the Hudson's Bay Company for the discovery of the Northwest Passage, she committed the error of surrendering her privileges to private monopolies. At that time the East India Company was already firmly established in India, and to this corporation was

granted a monopoly of all trade to the ports of Asia and adjacent islands—all other subjects of Great Britain being prohibited from trading in these waters under heavy penalties. A new association, an outgrowth of the speculative fever that ran riot in England at the time, was chartered under the name of the "South Sea Company," and to this was granted similar exclusive privileges on the American Coast of the Pacific. No English ship could pass around Cape Horn, save those of the South Sea Company, while the ensign of the powerful East India Company must fly at the masthead of every British vessel that doubled the Cape of Good Hope. All other subjects of Great Britain were debarred from the Pacific, no matter how eager they might be to carry their country's flag into these almost unknown waters. It was, of course, supposed that these two great companies would embark at once in the fur trade on an extensive scale, and lay broad and deep the foundations of English power on the American Coast and isles of the Pacific, as one of them had already done in the land of the Brahmins; but a difficulty at once arose. The great fur market was China, the source of supplies was America; The East India Company had exclusive privileges on the one side and the South Sea Company on the other; one controlled the source and the other the market, and neither could accomplish anything. This resulted in a third organization, the King George's Sound Company, to which special permits were granted by both of the rival monopolies. Several unsuccessful voyages were made, the China market having been glutted with fur, and then the second South Sea Bubble collapsed. Shares in the company, which it had formerly taken fortunes to purchase, were thrown into the streets of London, and the projectors of the enterprise barely escaped the rude clutches of a mob. Such scenes may soon be witnessed in Paris, when the still greater bubble DeLesseps is inflating for his countrymen, at Panama, shall reach the rapidly approaching limit of its expansion.

Not England alone, but other nations were invading the Pacific and causing the Spanish Government great uneasiness. In 1787 the *Imperial Eagle*, sailing under the flag of the Austrian East India Company, but commanded by Captain Barclay (sometimes given as Berkeley) made an unsuccessful trading voyage along the coast. The new-born Republic of the United States, as soon as the treaty of peace was signed, began at once to resume those maritime commercial ventures which the war with England had suspended. American vessels visited the ports of every country, and the whale fishing around Cape Horn was resumed. As early as 1787 five American vessels were engaged in the China trade. In 1788 two Boston vessels, the *Columbia Rediviva*, Captain John Kendrick, and the *Lady Washington*, Captain Robert Gray, entered the Pacific with a cargo of Indian goods sufficient for several years' active trade in furs with the natives. It was the former of these two, then commanded by Captain Gray, which first entered the Columbia River in 1792, and gave its name to that great stream, laying one of the foundations upon which the

United States subsequently based its successful claim to Oregon and Washington. The Americans proceeded at once to Nootka Sound, which was generally made the base of operations by fur traders, where they found Captain John Meares with a fleet of three vessels engaged in the same business. Captain Meares had been a lieutenant in the East India Company's marine, and had the year before made a disastrous voyage to the American Coast in the interest of that Company. He was now acting as a private individual, and to avoid the monopoly the Company had upon the trade of English vessels with China, was sailing under the Portuguese flag. The vessels were commissioned by the Portuguese Governor of Macao, and were nominally the property of Juan Cavallo, a merchant of that port.

The sight of so many English and American vessels entering the Pacific* admonished Spain that if she would maintain her supremacy in those waters she must be vigilant and aggressive. Spain not only claimed dominion over the whole American Coast from Chile to Alaska, but a century before a royal decree had been issued, commanding that foreign vessels of every nation should be seized wherever found in Pacific waters, unless they possessed a trading license from the Spanish authorities. From this position taken in the seventeenth century she had never in the least degree receded. In order, then, to enforce her claims, she adopted a vigorous course. Early in 1789 an expedition was dispatched by the Viceroy of Mexico to Nootka Sound, which was fortified and garrisoned. Meares remained in China that season, but his three vessels, commanded by English officers, proceeded to Nootka Sound, where they were seized by Martinez, the Spanish Commandant, their cargoes confiscated and their crews sent as prisoners to Mexico. The Americans were not molested.

Though Meares was sailing under the Portuguese flag and nominally in the employ of a Portuguese merchant, no sooner did he get into difficulty than he threw off his mask and claimed the protection of England. He proceeded from China to London and laid his case before the Government. After a long and acrid correspondence during the course of which both nations made great preparations for war and were several times on the verge of hostilities, the "Nootka Convention" was signed, by which Spain agreed to surrender or pay damages for all captured property, to abandon the port of Nootka, and to interfere in no manner with the trade of English vessels in the Pacific.

From this time until the war of 1812, Americans took the lead in the whaling and fur trade of the Pacific. The reasons for this were simple. English independent traders were excluded from Asiatic ports by the monopoly charter of the East India Company; Russians did not enjoy the privilege of entering the few Chinese ports open to the commerce of the more favored nations, and continued to market their Alaskan furs overland from

Kamtschatka. Naturally this usurpation of the fur trade by Americans was distasteful to the English, who did not consider the enterprise and commercial methods of the "Yankees" commendable. They were called "adventurers," and were accused of beginning their voyages with a cargo of "cheap trinkets," and, after exchanging these for furs on the American Coast and for tortoise shells, sharks' fins, pearls and sandal-wood in the South Pacific, which were in turn exchanged in China for teas, silks, nankins, porcelain, etc., reaching home after an absence of two or three years with a cargo many times as valuable as that taken out.

With the exception of the "cheap trinkets" slur this may be called a correct statement of the Yankee method. The vessels were generally large ones, dispatched by wealthy merchants, and besides trinkets for the Indians carried large cargoes of manufactured goods, with which they supplied the Russian and Spanish settlements on the Pacific Coast. The Russians in particular were dependent upon these traders for sugar, spirits, manufactured articles and ammunition. The trinkets were used in bartering for furs with the natives, as has been the custom from time immemorial with civilized nations in their dealings with inferior races. Commercially of little value, they were highly prized by the natives, who willingly gave for them more furs than they would have offered for some object intrinsically worth ten times their value, but which did not captivate their eye or was of no use to them in their manner of living. This method of trade with the Indians was practiced at the same time by the great Hudson's Bay Company, and the Russians also bartered beads and cheap ornaments for valuable furs. Such articles have always been considered a "valuable consideration" by every nation in dealing with uncivilized races. The rich and intelligent people of Holland paid thousands of dollars for tulip bulbs, and the refined enthusiast of today expends enormous sums for cracked and utterly useless bits of porcelain; why should not an Indian give a sea otter skin for a string of beads?

There was one feature of the Yankee method which was not only reprehensible but impolitic for the traders themselves. They used whisky as an article of merchandise, reaping present profit, but sowing the seeds of decay that have swept away the natives of the Pacific Coast like flies by an October frost. They also sold fire-arms to the Indians, and in that manner several fierce tribes acquired arms, by means of which they became a great annoyance to the Russians. The Muscovite traders were extremely harsh and illiberal in their dealings with the aborigines, and they little relished the idea of having the natives supplied with arms with which they could defend themselves from oppression, and even take the offensive if opportunity offered. Complaint was made to the United States Government, and steps were taken to abate the evil, by endeavoring to concentrate the business in the hands of a company.

HARRY L. WELLS.

(Continued.)

*There were many others not here mentioned, some of them engaged in quite extensive explorations in the South Pacific.

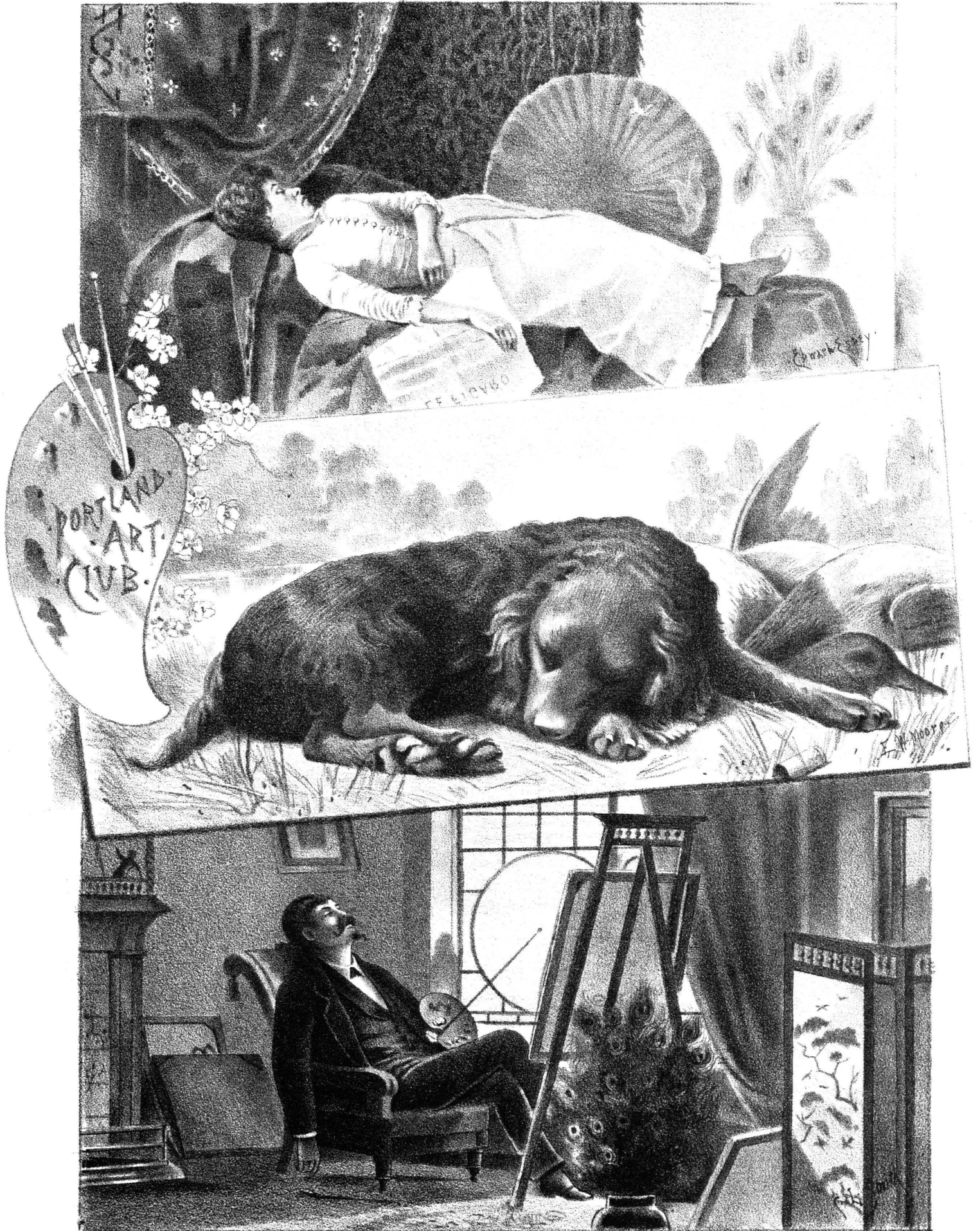
MINERAL RESOURCES OF ALASKA.

For the small amount of Alaska that has been explored by those able to judge of its mineral capacities, it might be truly said that the prospect of its taking rank among the mineral-bearing territories can be said to be fair at least. Until very recently people were prohibited from legally gaining any rights to mineral lands, and consequently those "prospects" that were good, but needed further verification to solicit capital, were legally strangled at once, if that verification called for an outlay of money. The law so recently thrown over Alaska, coming on the same wave with the financial depression, it is hardly fair to judge what good it may do until the latter is well past. On Douglas Island, in the southeastern horn, mines have been discovered of sufficient importance to build up the largest town in Alaska, Juneau, although of that floating character that is hardly fair to give it this reputation. One mine there is said to have the largest quartz mill in the world—120 stamps—while \$16,000,000 have been declined for it, owing to the prospects in sight. Anyone at all familiar with the character of the country in southeastern Alaska, and knowing that even a single productive mine had been found, might well hope that it was not an isolated case, for in no place in the world is prospecting carried on with greater difficulties. The steep, mountainous country standing almost "on end," so to speak, is covered with a dense, almost tropical, jungle of forests and vegetation, even on the steepest inclines, and these have been accumulating for years, apparently never rotting, until the labor of reaching the ground for prospecting purposes becomes a work that Hercules would sub-let. Indians, it is said, took the prospectors to the Treadwell mine, near Juneau, referred to above, or it might have remained a secret for another century, as probably hundreds of others might, as they certainly could be hidden even from the keen eyes of the natives. Occasionally an avalanche sweeping down the steep mountain sides lays bare a broad swath of land that can be examined, but otherwise, unless gold-bearing float or other indications point to very circumscribed localities, prospecting in southeastern Alaska is most discouraging. The Treadwell ore is gold-bearing and is a light-tinted quartz, crushing easily. Many other less satisfactory mines exist in this district, but as they are all near the little settlements, not previously determined by their existence, it is fair to presume that many valuable mines are yet hidden in the less accessible parts; in fact, for the reasons given above, they may exist "under their very noses," for all they would know until they stumbled on them. Attempting to get inland in this part of Alaska is almost out of the question, as even the Indians seldom essay it for any purpose, owing to the obstacles named. That even these obstacles may be overcome in the not far future is very likely, in the light of the past, when gold is the inducement. When I crossed over to the head of the Yukon River, through a pass in the Alaska Coast Range of mountains, I knew that prospectors had preceded me, but with what luck was unknown. This river is two thousand and forty-five miles long. About one thousand seven hun-

dred miles from its mouth, where a large affluent, the d'Abbadie River, comes in from the east, prospects of gold commence, and last in varying amounts almost to the mouth of the river. I afterward ascertained that miners had gone up the d'Abbadie River two hundred miles, prospecting. Everywhere we found gold that gave ten to twelve "colors to the pan." Sometimes, at the mouth of the incoming stream or other favorable places, it would amount to twenty "colors," and sometimes sink to three or four, but it seemed to exist everywhere, but in no place could it be traced to much better prospects. To the very head of the d'Abbadie it was the same, and one miner I afterwards met, who had been on this part of the river, said that this wide-spread diffusion of fine gold could even be traced up the sides of the steep hills. The Pelly River, a large tributary of the Yukon from the east, and about one thousand five hundred miles from its mouth, is the only tributary of the great river where miners have found placer gold in paying quantities, and even this can only be inferred from their returning from year to year to work on this stream, the amounts they realize being unknown to the outside world. It certainly seems as if a concentration of the precious mineral could be found at some points, where so much was scattered over such a vast tract of country. The Rocky Mountain Divide, with its gold-bearing belt, after reaching sixty-three or four north latitude, sweeps westward, crossing the Yukon along the "Upper Ramparts," and becomes the Alaskan Range of mountains, finally fading away to the westward in the Aleutian Chain of mountains. Where the Yukon cuts through, signs of mineral become a little more numerous. The Tanana, an immense tributary of the Yukon, probably a thousand miles in length, and wholly unexplored, sweeps, according to Indian reports, along the foot-hills of this range, further westward, sending many little streams into the mountains themselves, and offering, I believe, from all the surrounding circumstances, the best field for prospecting in Alaska. It could be reached by descending the Yukon, as I did in 1883. The current of the Tanana is very swift, a great obstacle in ascending it, but assuring a good disposition of placer gold if there be any. The Indians near the boundary, however, say they know a trail that leads to its head. The Scheffelin brothers prospected the lower Yukon the year I was upon it (1883), and I understood from the elder brother, the discoverer of the Tombstone mines of Arizona, that he found ounce diggings on the Melozecargut, that might well pay individual enterprise, but would not suffice for extended capital. Gold-bearing deposits on the Kenai Peninsula were once claimed by the Russians, but they never seem to have met all expectations since.

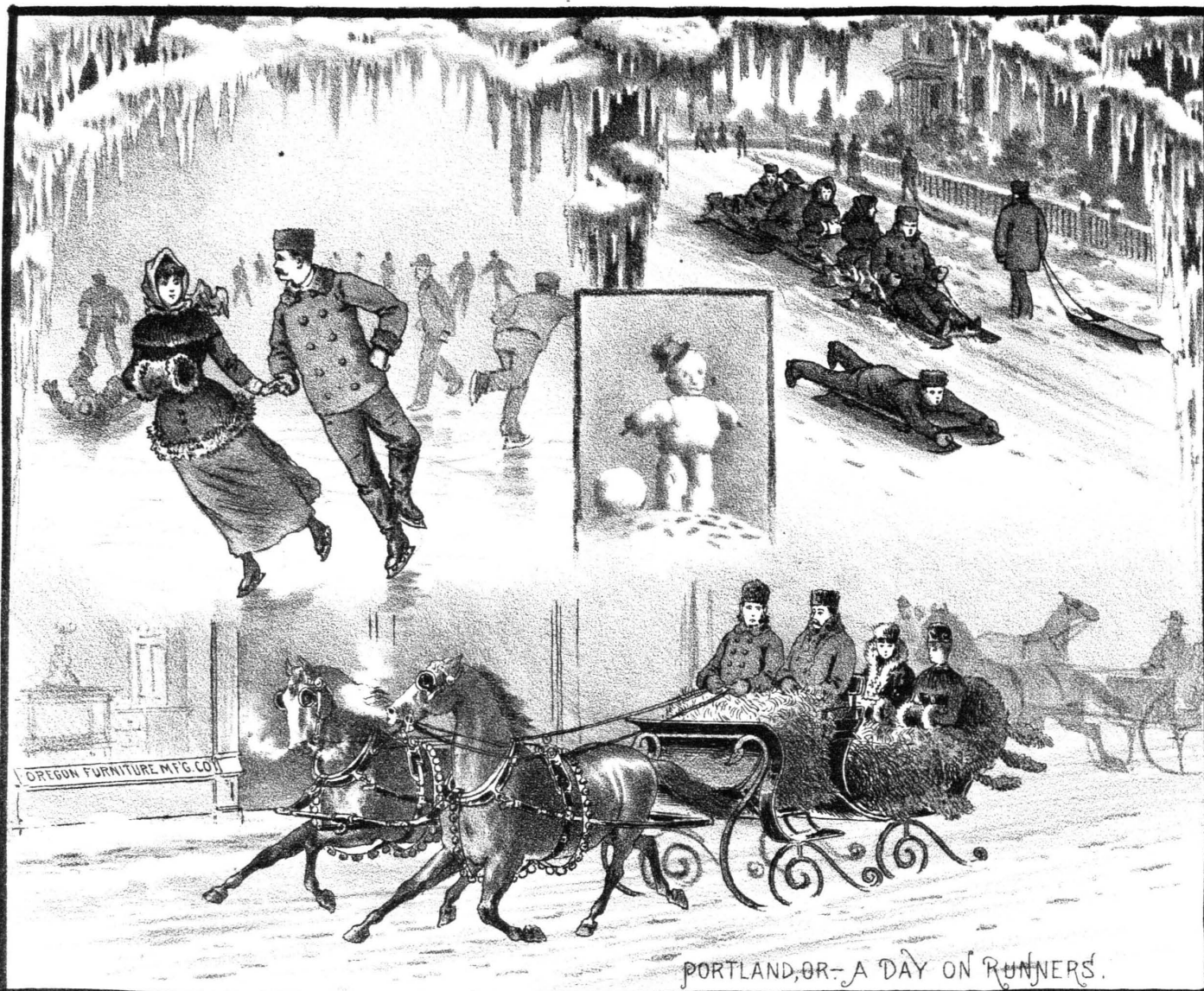
Argentiferous galena mines have been worked in Golovin Bay, on the north shore of Norton Sound, and when I was near there in September, 1883, a sailing vessel, the *Alaska*, was loading with this ore for San Francisco. It was said to assay \$57.00 to the ton, and the supply seemed to be good. I afterward was told that the *Alaska* had never been heard from since. When at St. Michael's, on the southern side of Norton Sound, I was informed by

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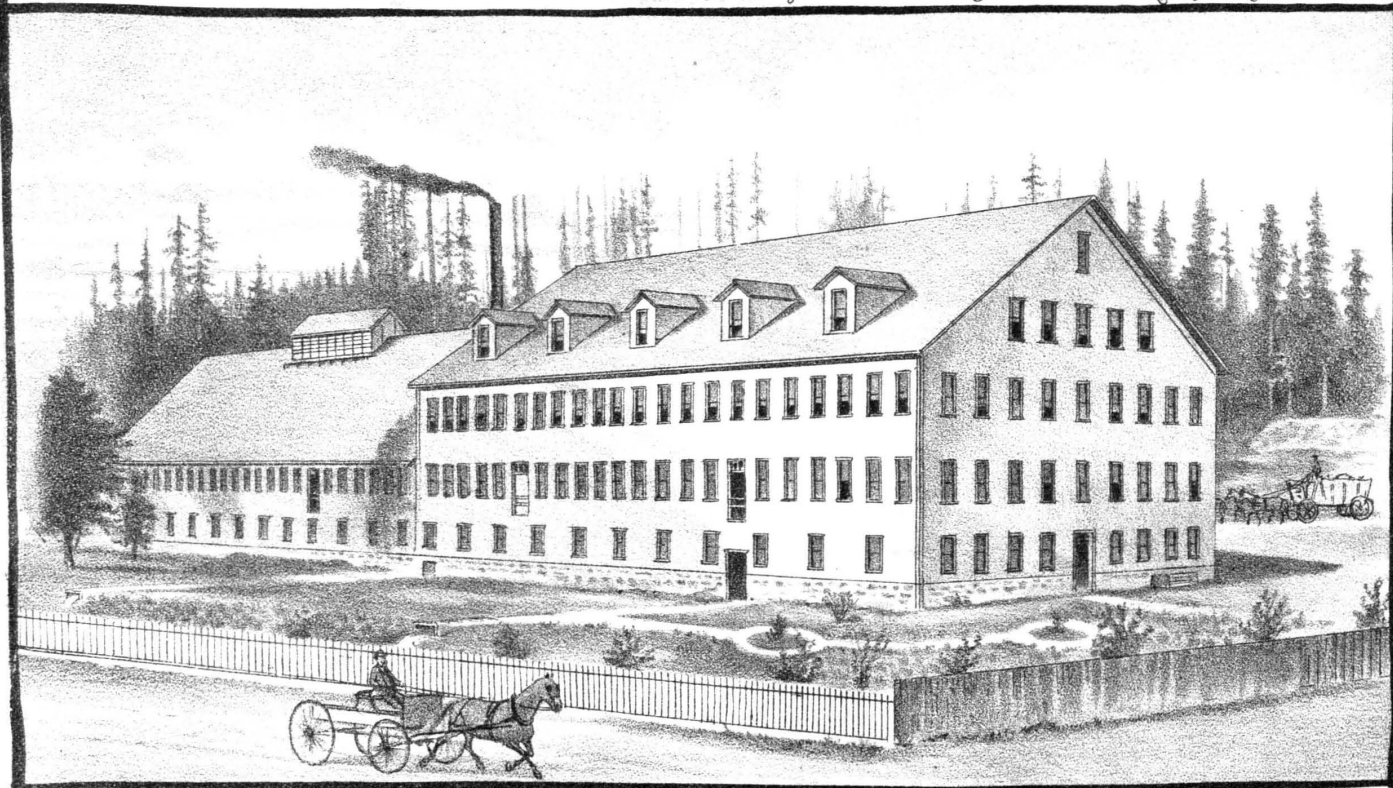


"REPOSE"-PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

THE WEST SHORE.



PORTLAND, OR.-A DAY ON RUNNERS.



WASHINGTON.-LA CAMAS PAPER MILL.

an employé of the Alaska Company that the natives had shown him specimens of the same kind of ore, taken from somewhere between Golovin Bay and Unalachleet, and told him the supply was inexhaustible, they having become familiar with the ore by seeing it often at the Golovin mine, where they had been. I heard the story corroborated verbally, but never saw any of the specimens, which, I might add, I considered in its favor; for, had the report been a "put-up job," Golovin Bay specimens, easy to get, would no doubt have accompanied it.

Native copper has for years been brought down the Copper, or Atna, River of Alaska, by the Indians, and from here found its way to many white people in the way of trade, and so on. The Copper River is not navigable, except in stretches, being full of rapids, falls, etc., by Indian reports at one place a glacier jutting into the stream. So far the Indians have prevented the whites from entering this valley far, and have refused to disclose the whereabouts of the mine. The river is said by them to have two principal forks, and each one heads in a lake. When I was upon the Yukon River I was shown specimens of copper ore taken from the valley near the boundary, which at once indicated good azurite or the blue carbonate of copper. It came from quite an extensive ledge cropping out. All the rest that is known concerning it is from Indian reports, but agree so well with what would be expected that I give them. This blue stone, they say, crops out here and there for a distance inland, equal to a day or two's journey in the winter, with dogs and sledge, or probably twenty or thirty miles; they then have the same appearance of a reddish stone for a like distance, and then they come to a lake in the mountains, where is found native copper in sheets, and where they get enough for arrow heads, although they seldom visit it, owing to hostile Indians living about it. Geologically their reports agree well with facts. In the mountainous country, where igneous action has been at work since the copper was deposited, it has been smelted by natural operations, and appears in sheets as native copper, while the azurite or blue carbonate is in its original form of deposition, while half-way between, the heat, though not great enough to smelt, has driven away an equivalent of carbonic acid, leaving it as cuprite or red oxide. If the deposits are anything near like the dimensions given by the Indians, the copper field must rival any district now known of that mineral. The Yukon is navigable well past this district, and large quantities of Sitka spruce cover the country near it, from which coke could be made for smelting, while coal exists on the river a little lower down.—*Frederick Schwatka, in Bradstreet's.*

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NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

DURING 1885 fully two hundred mines in the Wood River Country sold ore to the works at Hailey and Ketchum, or shipped to Denver and Omaha. This shows what an aid to the development of a mining district are sampling works, where parties who are working their claims on a small scale can dispose of their ore and get money to aid them in developing. By this means many paying mines can be opened, which would otherwise be held back for want of means.

THE Dallas *Hemizer* states that much progress will be made in that place the present season. A National Bank will soon be established, and a flouring mill erected. A woolen mill, straw paper mill and a large brick manufactory are under consideration. The business men of Dallas are prepared to aid any worthy enterprise that seeks a location there. The town lies in the midst of one of the best farming districts in the Willamette Valley, and is a splendid location for many forms of industry.

A MOST excellent map of Montana has been issued under the authority of the Territorial Legislature. It is thirty by forty-five inches in size, and is made on a scale of fifteen miles to the inch. It is clearly and handsomely lithographed on bond paper, and is as near correct and complete as it was possible to make it from the notes of all Government, Territorial, County and Railroad Surveys. Price, \$2.25 in neat book cover; \$1.75 flat, without cover. Address the publisher, Geo. E. Boos, at Helena, Montana.

NEW Pumping works and other machinery have been placed in the Virtue Mine, near Baker City, and before long it will be a large producer. Baker City will enjoy a healthy mining boom the coming season. The mines which have in the past contributed to its prosperity will continue to do so, and new ones on Burnt River and Pine Creek will add greatly to its business. The Burnt River Mining and Milling Company will actively develop the Poorman and other properties, and considerable capital will be invested by other parties, in various properties in that region.

THE whole fertile region surrounding Bois  City, Idaho, is being covered by irrigating canals. Enough ditches are now under construction on the south side of Boise River to cover all the land lying between Bois  and Snake Rivers, from Kuna to the mouth of Bois  River. Some of them will be completed the present year, and all within five years. The lands brought under cultivation by these ditches will be among the most valuable and productive on the Pacific Coast. The soil is extremely fertile, and with a crop rendered certain by irrigation, will produce prolifically every year. This is not a matter of theory, but has been demonstrated practically for a series of years. Bois , in a few years, will be the centre of one of the most prosperous agricultural regions in the West.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the erection of a quartz mill in the Sparta District of the Pine Creek mines. The claims to be worked are the Dolly Varden, Gem, Ajax and Mountain Queen. The first has 1,500 tons of low grade ore on the dump and will have 1,000 more by the time the mill is ready to run in the spring.

On the 19th of January, articles of incorporation of the Newport, Cape Foulweather and King's Valley R. Co., were filed by J. R. Bailey, G. R. Meginson, J. W. Brassfield and Royal F. Baker, all of Benton County, Or. The principal office is at Newport, Or., and the capital stock is placed at \$3,000,000. The object of the company is to construct a narrow-gauge road from the present terminus of the Oregonian road, in King's Valley, to Cape Foulweather and Newport, giving the West Side another outlet to Yaquina Bay. The plan also embraces a line of steamers to San Francisco. If capital can be induced to take hold of this enterprise, it will be a great help both to the valley and Newport.

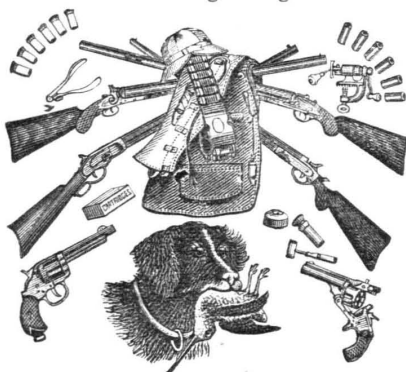
THE *Ladies' Floral Cabinet*, No. 22 Vesey street, New York, has entered upon its fifteenth year of usefulness. It is the leading floral magazine for amateurs, giving more pages of reading matter and illustrations than any other botanical publication. The *Cabinet* has a large list of special contributors on different branches of floriculture as well as the domestic arts and household topics. Each subscriber for 1886 will be entitled to one of three premiums, consisting of choice flower seeds and bulbs. Price, \$1.25 per annum; single numbers, 12 cents; sample copies, 6 cents. Every lady who possesses or desires a flower garden should subscribe for the *Cabinet*.

THE report of W. A. Robertson, who recently returned from an extended exploration of the Queen Charlotte Islands, shows the existence of large areas of agricultural land, in which respect it differs from that made in 1884 by N. H. Chittenden. The difference arises from the fact that Mr. Robertson penetrated the interior while Mr. Chittenden explored along the coast in a canoe. In a number of places he found meadow land requiring drainage, and considerable areas of tide lands which could be rendered valuable by dyking. Along the valley of the Ya Koun River were observed about 30,000 acres of rich alluvial land, some of it heavily timbered, and other portions lightly wooded bottoms of alder and salmon berry. In this valley also large measures of bituminous coal were discovered, while lignite coal was found in several localities. In his report Mr. Robertson says: "The importance of this coal discovery is still further enhanced by the fact of its being surrounded by large tracts of first class land, sufficient to support a large colony of settlers, who would produce among themselves a good portion of the supplies needed for works of development, and form the centre around which new enterprises would cluster and prosper in healthy competition with each other. No doubt the time is rapidly approaching when these islands will be the scene of great activity, furnishing food and other supplies to the vast mineral regions of the north and northwest coast, and by such means reduce the cost of supplies and further the interests of various mining communities. And, if for no other reason than the one stated, every inducement should be given to parties capable of forming small colonies, so that the nucleus of rising and prosperous communities can be formed on a basis of progression and mutual protection."

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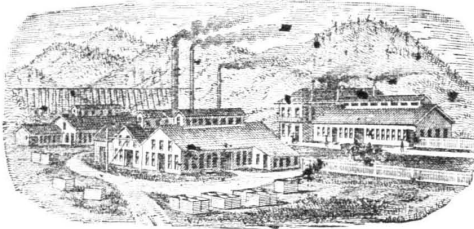
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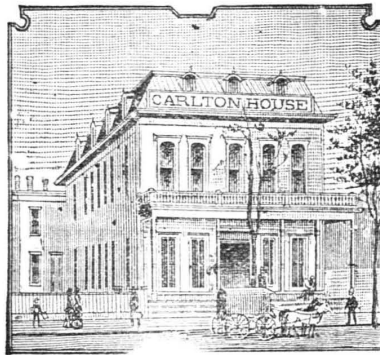
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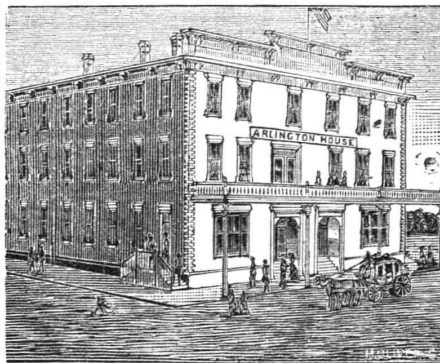


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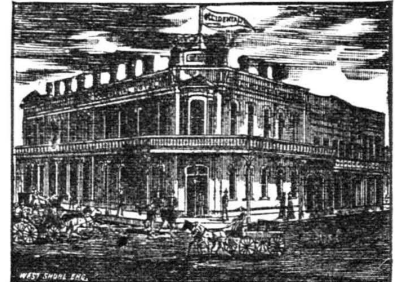
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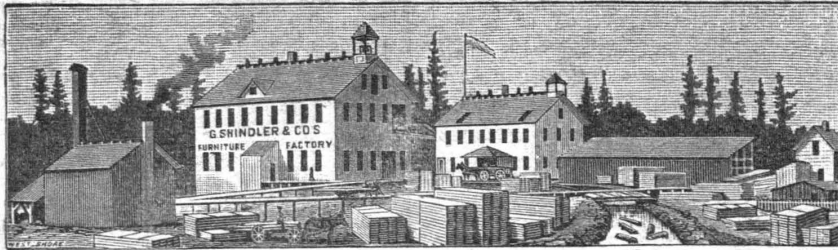
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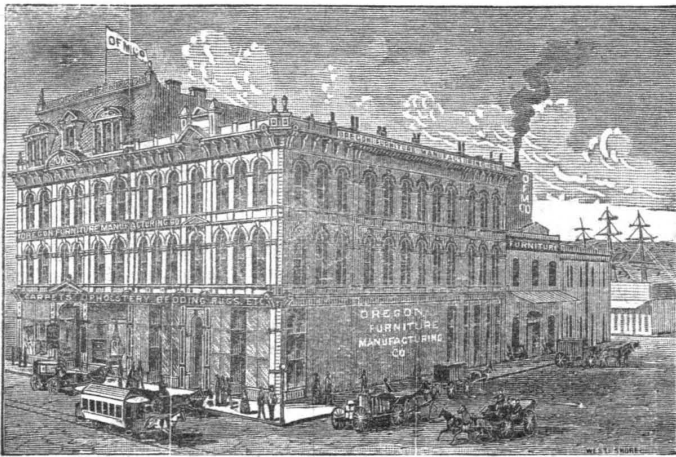
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