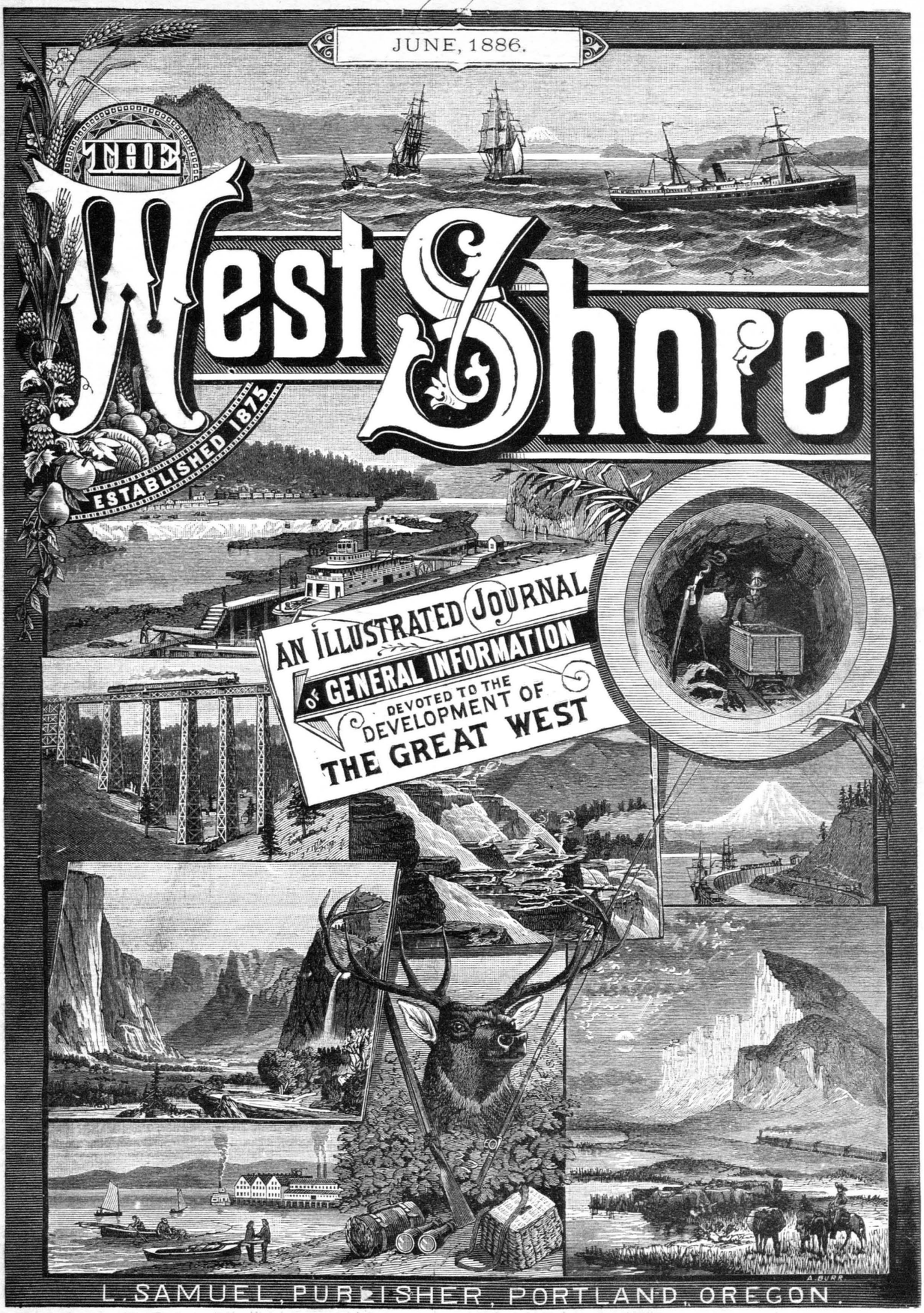
J. S. McKenney



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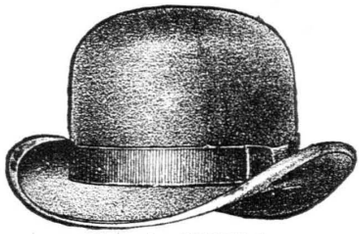

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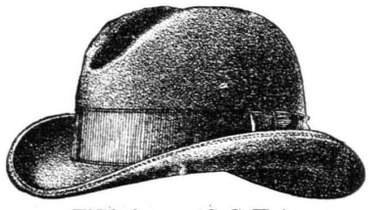

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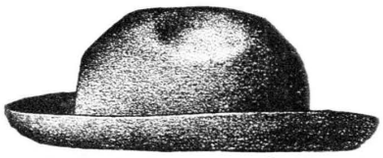

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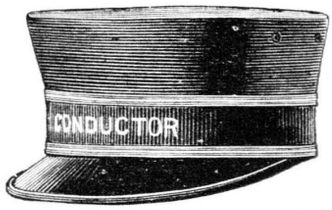

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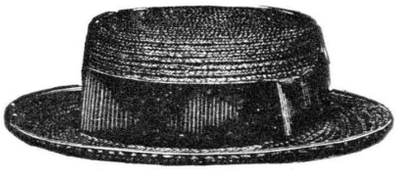

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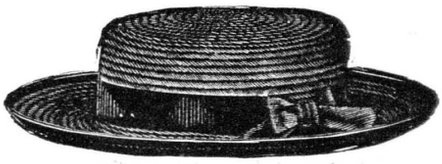

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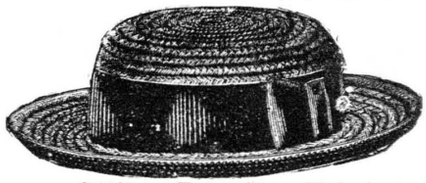

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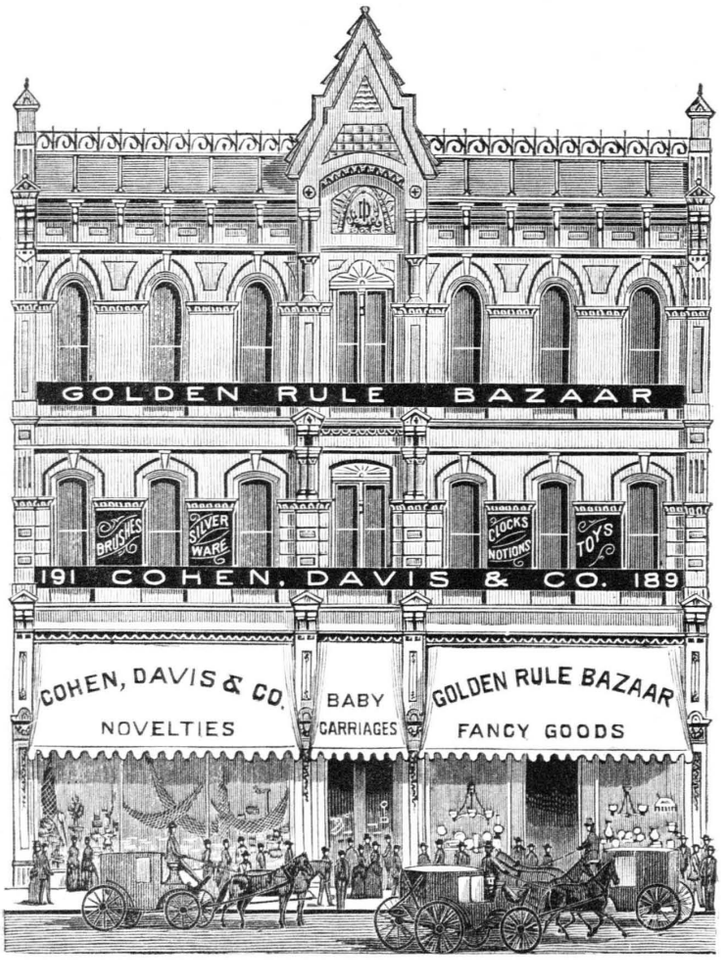

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To be agreeably served, buyers must perform their part thoroughly and well, state their wants clearly and fully, omit nothing, such as the size of hose, gloves, etc., the color desired, or their NAME or address, and must allow sufficient time for the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

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

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

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12th Year. Portland, Oregon, June, 1886. No. 6

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE Oregon State election will be held on Monday, the seventh day of June. Three complete state tickets are in the field, republican, democratic and prohibition, and in many of the counties the latter party has also nominated a full county ticket or endorsed certain candidates on the regular tickets. There are also a number of independent candidates, especially in the county of Multnomah, which embraces the city of Portland. Taken altogether, the political situation is much complicated. As there is no national issue to steady the ranks of the two great parties, and as the strength of the prohibition vote is unknown, as well as the source from which it will come, the uncertainties of an election will never be better illustrated than at the polls next Monday. On page one hundred and seventy-three are presented portraits of the party nominees for governor. Hon. T. R. Cornelius, of Washington county, was nominated by the republicans; Hon. S. Pennoyer, of this city, by the democrats, and Hon. J. E. Houston, of Jackson county, by the prohibitionists. The interest naturally felt in citizens who have been brought so prominently before the public has prompted THE WEST SHORE to thus introduce them to its many readers.

SO MUCH doubt has been expressed of the practicability of rendering a canal or ship railway at Panama or in Central America a financial success, that a few statistics are desirable. During the year 1879, the total tonnage of vessels which entered and cleared from the Isthmus of Panama, and from such Atlantic and Pacific ports as indicated the doubling of Cape Horn, exceeded two million nine hundred thousand. In 1885, this had increased to four and one-half million, a gain of fifty-four per cent. The same rate of increase would indicate nearly six million tons in 1890, the date of completion of the ship railway or Panama canal. It is calculated that at least one million tons of coastwise commerce would be created by the union of the two oceans, giving the route seven million tons the first year, provided all the vessels engaged in the trade chose this route to the old one around the Horn. The tonnage passing through the Suez canal increased four hundred per cent. in eleven years. It would seem as though a ship railway, costing less than seventy-five millions, could be made to pay a profit on the investment. Whether a canal, costing three times as much, could do the same, is another question.

ARRANGEMENTS have been perfected by the publisher of THE WEST SHORE for maintaining a scientific expedition during the summer, for the purpose of examining into a number of important subjects which have never been properly treated. Prof. W. D. Lyman will have charge of the party. He will first visit Spokane Falls, then Butte City and the celebrated Shoshone falls. Attention will then be given to the glaciers of Mounts Hood, Adams and Tacoma, as well as other interesting features of these great snow peaks, especially the caves in the vicinity of Mount Adams. The result of these investigations and explorations will appear in the magazine in a series of entertaining, instructive and profusely illustrated articles. This will be a feature of THE WEST SHORE for 1886, which will render the volume an especially valuable one.

SURVEYS have been completed of a road from Nampa, on the Oregon Short Line, to Boisé City and beyond. It will be standard gauge as far as Boisé, from which point it will be continued up the river as a narrow gauge to the timber belt near the head of that stream. This will give Boisé the railroad facilities she needs, which may be increased in two or three years by a transcontinental road, if the prophets speak wisely of the intentions of the Chicago & Northwestern.

THE cyclone season has opened early this year in the East, and already one hundred and seventy lives have been lost and millions of dollars in property destroyed. When one reads of these and other climatic eccentricities, it is calculated to render him contented to live in a country where he is in no danger of being frozen in winter, broiled in summer, or scattered to the four corners of the earth by a frisky tornado.

QUARTZ MINES OF WESTERN OREGON.

THE quartz mining industry of Southern and Western Oregon, although a matter of twenty-five years standing, has of late begun to attain a prominence which stamps it as almost a new industry. At various times within that period discoveries of greater or less importance have brought the subject prominently before the people, but the interest thus awakened invariably proved ephemeral, and in no case has the community at large received permanent benefits from such discoveries, and the individuals who have benefit by them have been few.

The stagnation and depression prevailing in other lines of business has of late caused the diversion of considerable wealth into mining pursuits, and to a large extent those principles which prevail in ordinary business have been transplanted into the new pursuit of gold and silver mining, thereby placing it on a plane of responsibility and straightforwardness. Men who desire to invest in mines now demand to know plainly the chances of loss or gain, and the facts embraced in this article were gathered with the view of disseminating such information as may serve to assist investors and prospectors in a choice of location in which to conduct their operations. Without further preface, we will proceed to consider the different quartz mining districts of the state.

There is no doubt but that metamorphic vein-bearing rocks of the same description as those which prevail in the mineral regions of California, exist in great thickness on the western slope of the Cascades; but unfortunately denudation by glaciers and mountain streams has failed to remove the lava, sandstone and other late formations which lie upon and conceal them and their mineral wealth. It is only about the headwaters of such powerful streams as the Umpqua, the McKenzie, the Santiam and the Molalla that the erosion has gone deep enough to expose mineral veins of magnitude. On the former stream some promising quartz leads are now being prospected; on the Santiam several mines have at times been worked, and indications are very favorable for the finding of additional extensive and rich veins in the lower exposed strata all along the western slope of the range. It is almost unnecessary to add that the alluvium of nearly all the mountain streams flowing from this region contains gold, sometimes constituting workable placers. The principal mines of Southern Oregon are not situated in the Cascade range, but in the transverse chains which connect that range with the coast mountains. The formations are like those of Northern California, the same description of slates predominating, and quartz veins are large and numerous. The most important lodes lie in the hills which separate the Rogue, Applegate, Illinois and South Umpqua rivers.

JACKSON CREEK DISTRICT.

The Jackson creek quartz veins belong to a strongly developed system which permeates the steep hills which lie about the headwaters of that stream, and are characterized by parallelism and uniformity of dip. They contain little base metal, and their content of gold is found in small, but often very rich chutes—in short, they are "pocket" veins. The principal mines thus far worked are the Hicks ledge, the first quartz vein worked in Oregon; the Davenport, Bowden, Holman, Johnson and Elder and New El Dorado, all of which have produced considerable gold, their estimated production being as follows:

Davenport ledge	$10,000.00
Holman "	10,000.00
Hicks "	2,000.00
Bowden "	5,000.00
Johnson and Elder	.....
New El Dorado	.....

Since the revival of quartz mining in Jackson county, work has been resumed on the Davenport, Bowden and New El Dorado claims, with great promise of success. Besides these, several hundred new locations have been made, fine prospects being found in innumerable places. The most noted of the new mines are the Bell & Moody, Birdseye & Co., and the Mosquito gulch claim. This district has the advantage of possessing a good quartz mill, with efficient apparatus for working large or small lots of ore. The Salmon pulverizer, the best quartz reducing machine yet invented, is in use at this mill, and gives the best of satisfaction to those able to judge of its workings.

APPLEGATE DISTRICT.

This district includes but one mine that has yet produced gold, but that one is the renowned "Steamboat" mine—the most productive claim ever worked in Oregon. It was discovered in 1860, and within two years produced $315,000—almost as much as all the other quartz mines in Southern and Western Oregon. Several partners owned it, but abandoning the claim after it was in their opinion thoroughly worked out, it lay for many years idle, but eventually fell into the hands of Richard Cook, who is now engaged in prospecting for further deposits.

GOLD HILL DISTRICT.

Gold Hill, a noted landmark in the Rogue river valley, has a wonderful history, the most of which is due to the finding of the celebrated quartz mine in 1860, which has ever since been known by the name of the Gold Hill mine. It was an immense "pocket" of very rich quartz nuggets, which gave out after a few weeks' work, but in that short space produced $150,000. The rock was worked at first by arastra, but during the year of its discovery a steam mill of twelve stamps, the first built in Oregon, was brought from San Francisco and set up at the Dardanelles, the present crossing place of the railroad bridge over the Rogue river. Nothing of moment has been done on the mine since 1861, but the organization which owns it is still kept up.

In the neighborhood of Gold Hill are several other important claims, the Blackwell, Swinden, McDonough,

Shump, and others. The Blackwell is said to have yielded $10,000, and the Swinden a less sum. The latter claim is now being worked, and free milling ore which pays seventeen dollars per ton is being extracted. A fine stamp mill, formerly the property of the Oregon Mining and Milling Company of Althouse creek, has been purchased and is being set up on the Swinden ledge by L. D. Brown, Esq. On the north side of the Rogue, opposite Gold Hill, Messrs. Ray and O'Donnell's quartz mine yielded a pocket of several thousand dollars some few months since.

SOUTHERN JOSEPHINE DISTRICT.

In 1860 a mine called the Enterprise was located on Althouse creek near Browntown, and was worked with profit for some time. The rock paid twenty-six dollars per ton at first. In 1867 it was abandoned, but relocated in 1875 by the Oregon Mining and Milling Company, who took up several other quartz leads near by and built a very expensive mill, the same which is now owned by Mr. Brown and is employed at Gold Hill. Some prospecting is now going on in this district, and quartz carrying a fair amount of gold has been lately found.

NORTHERN JOSEPHINE DISTRICT.

Quartz veins are numerous in the mountain region of Northern Josephine. The country rock is highly metamorphic and exceedingly favorable to the existence of veins. On Galice creek are the celebrated Yank and Mammoth ledges, each over two hundred feet thick and traceable for miles. They were the scene of a great quartz excitement in 1874, when every foot of these giant veins was located. Nothing came of it, however, and they still await the day of exploration. The Green ledge, called also the Sugar Pine, has produced twenty-eight thousand dollars in bullion, and has but lately ceased working. The quartz pays from thirty to eighty dollars per ton.

The Lucky Queen mine, on Jump-off-Joe creek, has a history which is too familiar to Oregonians to require a repetition. Its total product of bullion was about $20,000, and the working expenses about $30,000. There are fairly extensive works upon this vein, and a costly mill was once in existence. The Esther or Browning mine, on Grave creek, was worked for some ten years and was well esteemed. Its production is set down at $9,000; expenses, $12,000. The rock averages eight dollars per ton in gold. There is a five-stamp mill, driven by water. Work upon this claim ceased about five years ago. One of the tunnels is about five hundred feet long —the longest in Southern Oregon.

On Cow creek and its tributaries are a great many ledges which have been prospected with encouraging results. The Tellurium and Umpqua mines, near Canyonville, are the most noted. No bullion output is recorded in any case. "Prospects" are tolerably numerous on all the streams of the eastern part of Douglas county, but no ledges of proved value have been found south of the Calapooia mountains.

BOHEMIA DISTRICT.

This district is the most elevated mineral region in the whole Northwest, lying as it does on the very summit of that high spur of the Cascade range which separates the waters of the North Umpqua from those of the main Willamette, and not less than five thousand feet above the sea level. The country rock of these veins is said to be porphyry; and it is doubtful whether the formation is not more recent than the latest of the Jurassic strata. Some very fine specimens of gold quartz have been found in Bohemia, and prospecting is still going on. It is said that the veins are very narrow, and are subject to ramifications, and however assiduously they are traced they fail to solidify into a compact and definite lode. The principal improvements were introduced by Joseph Knott and son, of East Portland, who spent about ten thousand dollars in setting up a five-stamp steam mill at the Excelsior mine, and a large additional sum in operating that and other claims. Rock that went two thousand dollars per ton was found, and the first run of one hundred tons milled forty-five dollars per ton. The gold was free, and no base metals existed to render amalgamation difficult. A streak of chloride ore, worth two hundred dollars per ton, was found in one of the veins.

The McKenzie river quartz leads are numerous, but have not been much prospected, nor has there been any production of gold to chronicle. None of the claims are of particular moment.

SANTIAM DISTRICT.

The first discoveries in the Santiam region were made in 1862, when the celebrated White Bull mine was located. Perhaps no vein in the world has ever produced more beautiful and unique specimens of native gold than this claim. The wire and crystallized metal have become celebrated among curiosity collectors the world over. A joint stock company, whereof W. S. Ladd was president, held possession of this claim until 1865, performing meanwhile considerable work. In connection with four other associations they built a five-stamp mill costing in all twenty thousand dollars. The total product of the Santiam mines to date is estimated at ten thousand dollars; total expenses fifty thousand dollars.

This brief account necessarily omits details of several localities in which gold and silver has been found, such as Sixes river, in Curry county; Molalla river, Clackamas county; Wagner creek, in Jackson county, etc.

STATISTICS OF PRODUCTION.

Jackson creek district	$ 47,000
Gold Hill district	180,000
Applegate district	315,000
Illinois river district	40,000
Northern Josephine and South Umpqua district,	80,000
Sixes river district	1,000
Bohemia district	10,000
McKenzie river district	.....
Santiam district	10,000
Other mines	50,000
Total estimated production to date	$733,000

At present it seems as if the localities which would best repay the trouble of prospecting are the rough, mountainous regions about the head of Williams and Althouse creeks, in Josephine county, and the metamorphic formations along the northern flanks of the Siskiyou range.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Annually on the twenty-fourth of May, the loyal subjects of Great Britain, in whatever quarter of the globe they reside, celebrate in some form the birthday of Queen Victoria. Even in America those natives of the "tight little isle" who have transferred their allegiance from the British crown to the government of the United States, meet on this anniversary occasion to testify to the regard they feel for the land of their birth and the queen who presides over its destinies. These observances of the day in the United States usually take the form of a banquet by the British Benevolent Society, an organization which is maintained in every city of consequence in the union, for both charitable and sociable purposes.

Throughout Canada the queen's natal anniversary is observed as a general holiday. The citizens of Victoria make special effort to show their respect for their queen, in whose honor that beautiful city was named, more than forty years ago, and the twenty-fourth of May is annually made a day of festivity and enjoyment. The men-of-war in Esquimalt harbor and the School of Gunnery fire the royal salute, the bands play "God save the Queen," and the people devote themselves to pleasure in numberless ways. See engravings on pages one hundred and eighty-four and five. Special features of the recent observance of this anniversary in that city were horse racing, an athletic tournament and a game of base ball between the Red Stockings, of Seattle, W. T., and the Amities, of Victoria, in which the latter were victorious by a score of 12 to 4. The grounds are located on Beacon Hill, overlooking the Straits of Fuca, across which lie the Olympian mountains, on the American side. The spectators, instead of staring at a high board fence, as is usual in this country, when not absorbed in the varying fortunes of the game, can feast their eyes on a landscape of great beauty. Another popular form of amusement is races and pleasure trips on the "arm," as a long, narrow and placid inland extension of the harbor is called. This passes through the city and inland several miles. It is one of the finest racing courses in the world, where steamboats do not intrude and interfere with either the racers or the multitude of accompanying boats. On every gala day and on Saturday afternoons, the arm is thronged with boats, canoes and barges of every description, their occupants enjoying to the fullest extent the pleasures that surround boating with a peculiar charm. At one point, known as the "gorge," the inlet passes through a narrow, rocky channel, spanned by a bridge. This is a favorite spot with both watermen and equestrians, and a splendid drive connects it with the city. The arm is a delightful bathing place. Its depth is not great, and the sun sufficiently warms the still water to take off the chill which all but the most experienced bathers object to in the ocean surf. It is also free from under-tow, and as safe for bathers as an artificial pond. Victoria is in many ways a delightful summer resort, and is rapidly acquiring the reputation among tourists of being one of the most beautiful, pleasant and comfortable spots to be found in the course of a journey round the world.

EASTERN LINN COUNTY.

Of the foot-hill region lying in the eastern portion of Linn county, a settler writes as follows to the Albany *Herald-Disseminator:*

Thinking the subject might be of interest, perhaps benefit, to immigrants and others seeking homes among us, I would like through your columns to give a short sketch of this section of the county: Eight years ago, settlers through this region were few; not a schoolhouse was to be found anywhere from Waterloo to Brownsville; but great change has taken place within the past five years. Many families have moved in and made comfortable homes; nearly all have erected good and substantial buildings. A number of new school districts have been formed, neat and commodious school houses built as in older settlements. In our district the number of school children is thirty-three, and in the district adjoining us on the east as many more. The soil is rich, easily cultivated, and produces almost everything that grows in this latitude. Of water we have a never-failing supply, and of the best quality. Our timber is principally fir and oak. All kinds of berries and small fruits do remarkably well. We have but few bearing orchards as yet, but have some as thrifty young orchards as can be found anywhere. If, as we hope, a part of the land which is now held by the Willamette Valley & Cascade Wagon Road Company will be restored to the public domain, as it should in justice be, and thrown open to the public, the change would be far more marked in a few years to come than it has been in the past. Many, no doubt, have been deterred from settling among us by the hard stories in circulation regarding the terrible falls of snow we have. We do, occasionally, have a winter so severe that we have to feed stock from four to six weeks during the entire winter. During the past winter there were ten days on which snow fell. The deepest snow was seven inches, January 21st; by the 24th it was all gone. Cattle were in good order the entire winter without feed.

MEMORIAL DAY.

IN EVERY state and territory of the union lie buried the nation's dead, those who gave up their lives that "government of the people, by the people and for the people might not perish from the earth." Under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic the thirtieth of May is observed as a memorial day, except when, as is the case this year, it falls upon Sunday, when the following day is observed.

This beautiful custom was established by General John A. Logan, in 1868, when, as commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. he issued general order No. 11, in which appeared the following paragraph:

"The thirtieth day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defence of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting service and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit."

This was followed by an eloquent tribute to the memory of the dead comrades whom he thus desired to honor, and with a hope that the observance thus inaugurated would become a perpetual one. At the national encampment held in Washington, May 11, 1870, memorial day was formally established as a perpetual custom. The day selected was chosen simply because it is the time when nature makes her fairest floral offerings. By legislative enactment in several of the states memorial day has been made a legal holiday, and it should also be made a national holiday by congress, to be observed by the nation forever, as are now the fourth of July and the day annually appointed by the president for national thanksgiving.

Memorial day was observed in the various cities and towns of the Northwest on Monday, the thirty-first of May, and the usual ceremony of decorating graves by the G. A. R. and citizens was performed. In Portland, the observance of the day was general. The G. A. R., escorted by the various military companies, paraded the streets and then repaired to Lone Fir cemetery, where the usual ceremonies were conducted, and details decorated the various graves there and elsewhere. In the evening a large concourse of people listened to an oration and the rendition of an appropriate programme of music and reading. Sunday evening the G. A. R. attended the Congregational church in a body and listened to a memorial address by Rev. T. E. Clapp.

The brave are always chivalrous, and the heroes who wore the blue were the first to forgive those who wore the gray, to honor them for their valor and to acknowledge the full measure of their devotion to the cause for which they so bravely but misguidedly fought. With this spirit they have made it a custom to decorate the graves of the few confederate dead who lie in Northern cemeteries, while in the South they formally assist in the ceremonies held by the wearers of the gray in memory of their fallen comrades. Only a narrow and unforgiving spirit can condemn this graceful and proper act, a spirit not embued with true patriotism, since it should be the earnest desire of a loyal heart to cement together by every possible means the once hostile sections of the union. Such people are those referred to by General Grant as men "who did not get fairly warmed up to the war until it was over," men who began fighting when words, not bullets, became the missiles of destruction. Happily their numbers decrease yearly, and the spirit of sectional hate is dying with them.

Throughout the Southern states the custom of decorating with flowers the graves of the fallen brave of both the federal and confederate armies, is becoming yearly more general. The people of the South are rapidly learning to look upon the success of the union cause and the complete overthrow of slavery and the cecession doctrine as the greatest blessing that could have been bestowed upon them. With the exception of a few, now rapidly passing away, whose disappointed ambition and embittered feelings have blinded their eyes to the benefits their country has reaped from the failure of the cause for which the men of the South so bravely fought and heroically died, the sentiment of loyalty to the restored union has become as deep-rooted and fervent as was that more contracted loyalty which made them take up arms for their native state against the government which alone had made that state possible. With this feeling, while honoring the memory of those who with and for them wore the confederate gray, they also strew flowers on the graves of those who wore the blue. They lie together, the blue and the gray, in the bosom of mother earth; one common sward covers them, one common flag floats over them, and the people of one common and united country gather to honor their memory and seal anew the compact written in their blood, that never again shall the brothers of the union rise up in arms against each other. That the decoration of the graves of fallen soldiers of both armies tends to soften the feelings of hostility, to knit closer the bonds of union and draw nearer in a feeling of common sympathy and brotherhood the people of the North and South is too evident to be denied. Should occasion require it, that same spirit of loyalty, contracted and perverted as it then was, which sent the sons of the South out to fight for their native states, will bring them again to the front, musket in hand, to defend the integrity and honor of the whole union, where shoulder to shoulder with the sturdy men of the North, they will stand as a bulwark of defense against violence from within or without. Let us then, as the years go by and the veterans fall before the sickle of the great reaper, take up their work, and in every city, town and hamlet in the union gather on the thirtieth of each succeeding May for all time to come, and place our floral tributes upon the graves of our soldiers. In doing this we keep alive that spirit of martial ardor and honor to the brave which will be the nation's rock of salvation in times of trouble.

THE BIG BEND COUNTRY.

A WISCONSIN MAN, Capt. B. C. Hallin, recently made a tour of observation through Lincoln, Adams and Douglas counties, comprising that portion of Eastern Washington lying south and east of the big bend of the Columbia and stretching from that stream to the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. From a letter to the *Ritzville Record* describing his impressions of that region and what it offers to immigrants, the following paragraphs are taken: Our first camp for dinner was made at Crab creek, where there was an abundance of willow wood and good water. Following down Crab creek from this point we passed several sheep ranches, for which the region seems specially adapted, though cattle and horses are by no means scarce. I think all the horses, cattle and sheep in the state of Wisconsin could graze on the ground we passed over on our first day's trip. We camped in the evening on the open prairie, using sage brush for cooking supper, and picked up a good supply for keeping fire all night. After supper we paid a visit to the next ranch where we met the owner. Among his horses we noticed a splendid imported Clydesdale stallion, nearly a perfect piece of horse flesh. He has nine thousand head of sheep, in three bands, ranging up and down the creek and on the adjacent table lands. He fed his stock a little more than three weeks during the past winter, and that was longer than there was any necessity for, which caused us Wisconsin men to make a mental comparison of the difference in climate of home and here. Think of it! In Wisconsin we feed seven months, corn, oats and timothy, with a free run to wheat and oat stacks and corn fodder, with good shelter, and we manage to bring our stock through by the skin of their teeth, and nearly everything, both man and beast, is exhausted and partially frozen, and with an Arctic look stamped on everything that has life. Everything I have seen up to this time in the shape of sheep, horses and cattle are in equally as good condition as ours in Wisconsin at any time of the year, excepting, of course, stalled for the market block. I mean to say that every kind of stock here has made its own living the past winter, without being fed or sheltered, and is now in good order, and do not have to be lifted up by the tail every morning. Truly, this is the heaven on earth for horses, cows and sheep. Yet they will ask as much for a single sheep, cow or horse as we would in Wisconsin. For instance, sheep are worth $3.50 apiece; a good cow and calf are worth from $45.00 to $50.00, and a span of medium horses, $200.00 to $250.00.

We continued our travel down to the sink of Crab creek. I mean by the sink, where the water entirely disappears and rises no more to the surface, but finds its way through some subterranean channel to mingle with the great Columbia. We noticed some of the finest grazing land man ever saw. As far as the eye could reach it was one unbroken, immense plain, covered with bunch grass as thick as timothy, and far more nutritious. In my estimation if ever a stock man wants to see elysium fields or his earthly paradise, he has but to come here and cry "Eureka!" The country here, too, is perfectly treeless. Nothing that can be called timber is to be found this side of the Cascade mountain range, although along most of the streams willow, cottonwood and alder are found in sufficient quantities for fences and firewood. In talking to some of the settlers about the scarcity of timber, they poo-poohed at us; they don't need one-half the timber we woodsmen are expected to have on one well-regulated farm in Wisconsin. As soon as the tunnel is completed coal can be shipped here for from $3.50 to $4.00 per ton. We next entered Moses Coulee, and to the lover of the grand in nature I will say that he will be amply recompensed for any hardship he may undergo in coming here. Stupendous walls of basaltic rock on either side for twenty-two miles; sometimes standing on end, sometimes lying horizontally, so regular at times that it is difficult not to believe some Titan architect was out here on a jamboree, fitted octagon and pollegon, septagon and square in one harmonious whole. It is grand, sublime and beautiful beyond anything I ever saw. In going down this coulee we met several bands of sheep and cattle which were in splendid condition. We also saw several bands of Cayuse ponies, with Indians herding them, all looking fit for market. It snowed some that night, and the mountains could be seen in the distance for several days partially covered, so we concluded to return to Ritzville by another route, as we learned from an Indian that the snow was too deep to allow us to cross the mountains with a team.

Our aim in starting was to see the stock come out of winter quarters; see for ourselves how they were fed and looked, and compare them with our own in Wisconsin. Well, I must say that I am ashamed to make the comparison; it is all a jug-handle concern, and we of Wisconsin withdraw any and all pretension to rivalry. The impression upon a stranger on first viewing the soil is not very favorable, reminding one of worn-out brickyards in the states. But upon inquiry and observation this impression vanishes, and you are apt to become enthusiastic where at first you were cynical and fault-finding.

The stranger coming from the state of Wisconsin, or from any other of the northwestern states, must not think he will find things here as he did in his pioneer days of the settlement of those old states, where the settlers could find wood mostly within the drive of a day, and water was by no means scarce. Often the writer of this article, while going for firewood to the woods, would kill a deer or some other game that helped to bridge over the time that must elapse before raising his own pork. Nothing of that kind here. Game is scarce and consists only of a few sage hens and jack-rabbits. You can not build even a chicken house here unless out of lumber that has to be hauled from the nearest station. Your firewood, also, is an item that will strike you as almost insurmountable; but in a few years that item will

be among the obstacles overcome, as wood of home growing will be abundant, judging from the growth of wood planted a year ago on timber cultures here, while coal from Puget sound will be accessible after the Cascades branch is completed. There is no country on earth that has not some drawbacks, and none so barren but it has one redeeming quality. This territory is about the last of Uncle Sam's great ranch, and the person who would like a slice must be up and doing, or he will be left to take his chance in older states at high prices and in a crowded community.

Those coming here to seek homes ought to have money enough to bridge them over for a year, until they can raise a crop, and thus provide themselves with the staff of life. They also want money to buy a team, wagon and plow, and to build a house, no matter how small, so long as you can turn around in it and lie down straight. Then, if possible, bring with you a good wife to help you, and to share with you the joys and sorrows of pioneer life. Have a good crop of sand in your craw, confidence in yourself, trust in God and keep your powder dry, and you will conquer every obstacle and have a better home here in a few years than you can ever get in Wisconsin. So gird up your loins, enter and possess the land, and in time prosperity and independence will follow. But if contemplating immigrants to this part of Washington have any idea that the country here, and everything in it, rolls on wheels, and all you have to do is to jump on and ride on a complimentary ticket from Uncle Sam, it is a delusion. Uncle Sam gives you one hundred and sixty acres of land, but he doesn't furnish any mule, and what you have you will work for; if you won't work, just stay where you are; you have no business out here.

OREGON MEMORIAL STONE.

On page one hundred and eighty-six is given an engraving of the memorial stone contributed by the state of Oregon to the Washington monument. Each state and territory was invited to supply one stone from some building material to be found within its limits, the stone to be suitably engraved with the name of the state and any other devices desired. It was the original intention to set these stones in the wall of the monument, but so many states were tardy in providing their contributions, and the stones were of such varied quality, that it was finally decided to place them in niches in the interior. The Oregon stone is a sandstone slab, four and one-half feet long by two feet high and six inches thick, weighing six hundred pounds. The stars in the shield are inlaid pieces of polished granite, while the white caps of the mountains, representing our grand snow peaks, are inlaid pieces of polished marble. The carving is more elaborate than that of any stone sent by other states, and it naturally attracts much attention from visitors to the monument. It was executed by Frank Wood, of Albany, Oregon, and cost the state two thousand dollars.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

Colonel Floyd-Jones, writing from India to the *Military Service Journal*, gives an interesting description of the "Towers of Silence," near Bombay, and the Parsee mode of disposing of the dead. The Parsee is a devoted fire worshiper, and most of his prayers are offered at morning and evening, facing the sun. It is, perhaps, in consequence of this belief that he is careful in preventing the pollution of the other elements, and that after death his body is placed in an open tower, usually on some eminence, where it is devoured by vultures. These open sepulchers have been appropriately named the "Towers of Silence." In every Parsee dwelling house there is an aperture in the upper or sleeping story, which is usually covered by a grating; but when a member of the household dies, his body is placed on a bier and lowered through the aperture to the ground floor, where it is cared for by a set of priests called Neor-ser-sala, or death men, who prepare the body and clothe it entirely in white. Before the body is removed from the house, however, the forehead is smeared with a species of clarified butter, or "ghee," and the dog of the house admitted. Should the animal lick the butter, it is regarded as a good omen for the departed's future happines, but its refusal would signify perdition. The death men have no contact with the world at large, and on no account are they admitted to the house, as their presence would pollute it. Hence it is that the body is lowered to them, in order to make their entrance unnecessary. A procession is then formed, the friends of the dead following the priests to the towers of silence, on Malabar hill. Arriving at the entrance of the grounds, the body is taken in charge by another set of priests, with long beards, who carry it to whichever of the five towers may be selected by the last set of priests. The body is taken through an aperture in the wall of the tower and deposited on a grating. There are three sets of these, one for men, signifying good deeds, one for women, representing good words, and one for children, indicating good thoughts. The clothing is then removed and torn into pieces, after which it is thrown into another tower and the bodies exposed to the vultures. In a few minutes the birds have stripped all the flesh from the bones. Everything about the grounds is kept as neat as possible, and flowers grow in pretty gardens near the entrance. It is very curious that a religion which otherwise contains so much that is elevating should countenance a mode of burial at once so unnatural and repulsive.

THE popular and enterprising Walla Walla *Statesman*, the best democratic paper in Washington Territory, has donned a new dress and appears in more attractive form than ever. Always typographically neat and full of live news, the *Statesman* has won its high position by display of superior merit. To its many friends this evidence of continued prosperity is highly gratifying.

LAKE COUNTY, OREGON.

THE movement on foot to construct a good wagon road across the Cascades, in Southern Oregon, in order to render Lake and Klamath counties more accessible, is attracting considerable attention to that region. With Lake county our people are probably less familiar than with any other portion of Oregon, since its trade is now almost exclusively with San Francisco. It lies south of Crook, east of Klamath, west of Grant and north of Modoc, the extreme northeastern county of California. The center of settlement is the Goose lake region, a large body of water which forms one of the sources of the Sacramento. Lakeview, the county seat, lies a few miles north of the lake, in the midst of the largest body of agricultural land in the county. It contains a population of six hundred, and is growing rapidly. It contains a dozen stores, various kinds of shops, the United States land office for that district, and a good local newspaper, the *Examiner*. The merchants carry larger stocks of goods than one would expect to find in a town of that size, owing to the fact that all merchandise has to be hauled a long distance in freight wagons, and a small stock can not be quickly and conveniently replenished. There are thousands of acres of good arable land in the county, much of which is still open for settlement. Title can be purchased at from $1.50 to $50.00 per acre. Improved land within a few miles of Lakeview can be had at from $10.00 to $15.00 per acre. Wheat, oats and barley produce prolifically and are of good quality. Vegetables of all kinds thrive with cultivation. Hay is, perhaps, the leading and most profitable crop, since the chief industry is stock raising. Large bands of stock roam the hills and valleys, the cattle being disposed of to San Francisco buyers, who send agents to purchase them and drive them to market.

The general surface of the country is mountainous, though by no means rugged. High, rolling hills, between which lie fertile valleys and many lakes of varied sizes, are the general topographical features. In the main the hills are devoid of timber, the sage brush, which holds almost undisputed possession of the vast basin lying between the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges on one hand and the Rocky mountains on the other, being the one great form of natural vegetation. Bunch grass, upon which cattle thrive summer and winter, covers large areas, and is the chief dependence of the stock men. The soil is highly impregnated with alkali, so much so in places as to be rendered unfit for agriculture until relieved of its surplus quantity. The value of alkaline soils is plainly set forth by Professor Hilgard, on another page, to which the reader is referred. Some of the lakes are alkaline, while others are fresh, the latter being well stocked with fish. In Goose lake fish are very abundant, and in the spring season wagon loads of large and delicious trout are caught by the people and salted down in barrels for future use.

The climate is a most healthful one. Malarial diseases are unknown. The atmosphere is fresh, clear and free from miasma and dampness. The newcomer soon finds his appetite stimulated and the quantity of victuals he can dispose of at a meal largely increased. Compared to the upper portion of the Mississippi valley, the winters are extremely mild, though, to be sure, more severe than in that portion of Oregon lying west of the Cascades. The mercury seldom falls below zero, and when it does it is only for a brief period. The lowest ever registered by the thermometer was sixteen degrees below zero. The quantity of snow which falls during the winter is not great, nor does it lie on the ground long at a time. Ordinarily there is enough to give good sleighing for a short time. Spring opens early, and before the first of May vegetation is well advanced. The rainfall is light, so much so that irrigation is necessary in the greater portion of the county, which, owing to the many streams and lakes is not difficult nor expensive. When properly irrigated, sage brush land has proved itself to be the most productive on the Pacific coast. The absence of rain in the summer season is a guaranty to the farmer that his harvest will be exempt from the dangers that menace crops in the East while being gathered. Whatever by his industry he has caused to grow he feels a reasonable assurance he will be able to harvest in good condition.

North and northwest of Goose lake valley lie others, in some of which stock-raising is almost the only industry. The first, Crooked creek valley, is six miles long and from one to two wide. It is all owned by thriving and industrious farmers, who are engaged in the stock business and also raise grain and hay in large quantities. A few miles further north is Lower Crooked creek valley, a stretch of arable land twelve miles long and from two to eight wide. It is owned and enclosed by stockmen, who use it for pasturage and meadow, and who range their stock on the desert in the fall and winter. The Lower Marsh is the name of a small valley a short distance farther north, through which runs the Chewaucan river. Great quantities of hay are cut there for feeding stock. Crossing a dividing ridge northwesterly from this point, one enters the valleys of Chewaucan and Summer lake, about sixty miles in length, enclosed by rimrock on the east and timber-bearing mountains on the west. Snow falls to a considerable depth in the mountains, giving the streams a good supply of water until late in the summer. The mountains contain plenty of grass for summer range, as well as timber for for building. They abound in game, and the streams are full of trout. The foothills are covered with fine grass, upon which large numbers of cattle are grazed. There is considerable farming done in the valley. Paisley, on Chewaucan river, is a town of nearly three hundred inhabitants, and contains several stores and shops. The river affords good water power. The soil is excellent, and in a few years, by irrigation, will be rendered highly prolific. Fruit trees thrive, and many have been set out the past few years, but the settlement is too recent to have any large bearing orchards. A few trees which were set out a number of years ago produce an

abundance of splendid fruit, giving promise for the future when the younger trees shall have reached a good bearing age. On Summer lake, further to the northwest, is a small town bearing the same title, which is the center of quite an extensive stock industry. The settlers have their lands under fence, and a number of them have set out orchards. The soil is highly productive. About ten miles north of Summer lake lies Silver lake, ten miles in length, along whose western side is a valley, or sage brush plain, capable of producing cereals, if irrigated, which may easily be done from the streams running through it. A number of stockmen have settled along the creeks, but have made little effort to cultivate the soil, except for vegetables. This valley is somewhat colder than Summer lake and Chewaucan.

For one who is willing to work hard to establish himself, and none other should attempt the life of a settler in a new country, there are good opportunities to secure land in Lake county. There are good roads leading into California and to the railroads in that direction. There will no doubt soon be a good road, one that can be used winter and summer, constructed to some point on the Oregon & California railroad, probably Ashland. It is doubtful whether a railroad will penetrate that region for some time to come, though one has been projected frem Reno, Nevada, to pass through Honey lake valley and reach the Willamette through Lake county. A few miles have been constructed, but the date of its completion to Goose lake it would be hazardous to predict. A railroad passing through Eastern Oregon some distance north of Lake county is more probable, and with a good wagon road from that line the country will possess better facilities for reaching outside markets.

WENATCHEE VALLEY.

One of the most pleasant and fertile sections of Eastern Washington is the valley of Wenatchee river, a tributary of the Columbia entering it from the Cascade mountains on the northwest. It lies on the northern boundary of Kittitas county, and has been receiving many new settlers the past two years. Now that the railroad is completed to Ellensburg that region has become more accessible to immigrants, and settlement will no doubt become more rapid. The distance from Ellensburg to Wenatchee is about forty miles, over a fairly good road, crossing a high divide and passing by Mount Stewart, the great mountain peak of that region. The Kittitas valley is famous for its products, but except in size and railroad facilities it possesses no advantages not enjoyed by Wenatchee. In fact the latter has a much lower altitude and is consequently better adapted to fruit culture. Many of the settlers have small orchards and vineyards, and the grapes, peaches and apples of the valley find a good market throughout Eastern Washington. There is yet some good government land open to settlement. There is also much good grazing land in that region which settlers can avail themselves of.

THE SPHINX.

An appeal has been made by M. Ernest Renan for funds to enable M. Maspero to remove the sand from around the Great Sphinx. "The clearing of the Great Sphinx," says M. Renan, "was begun two months ago. Up to the present time the ordinary resources of the Boulak Museum have sufficed for the work, which might be completed in sixty days if money did not fail. About twenty thousand francs only are wanted. The appeal for the Longson excavations, which was addressed two years ago to the intellectual public, was so fruitful that we are encouraged to once more ask the true connosseiurs in ancient things to contribute to one of the works, the most imperiously demanded by the present condition of Egyptology. The Great Sphinx of Ghizeh, at two steps from the pyramids, is, in my opinion, the most astonishing work of the hand of man which past ages have bequeathed to us. It is an immense bed of carved rock, about seventy metres in length. The height of the monstrous edifice, if it were cleared, would exceed the highest houses. No fashioned monument, either in the rest of Egypt or in the rest of the world, can be compared to this strange idol, the vestige of a stage of humanity which baffles all our ideas. The impression which such a spectacle must have produced on imaginative races, and who were dominated by the senses, may be understood from that experienced by the Egyptians of the present day when standing before that enormous head emerging from the sand and casting across the desert its sad look. The Arab, at this sight, flies terrified, either throwing a stone or firing a gun at the strange being. The temple opposite the Sphinx, if it is a temple, has also a character of its own. This fantastic construction resembles less the other temples of Egypt than the Pantheon resembles Notre Dame. But that all this *ensemble*, which is unique in the world, must be of the remotest antiquity is indisputable, since the statues found there are those of King Chepren, thus taking us back to ages which everywhere but in Egypt would be called fabulous." M. Renan, in concluding his appeal, points out that to lay bare the Sphinx will be to restore to the light of day the most ancient work which bears the trace of human thought, and he anticipates that "the descent which it will afford into a world now more than six thousand years old, will push still further back the limits of an historic past that seems to fly with each step taken to reach it."

USE THE PARLOR.—The word "use" in this connection does not mean that the children should be allowed to make a play-room of your parlor. In one sense it should not be a living-room, because it should be the one place in all the house where work is not an obtrusive suggestion. Care should be exercised not to make the parlor a "family refrigerator" or give it a stiff and forbidding air. There is no reason why one should feel so constrained that breathing is made painful by the fear of being obtrusive.

ANTWERP.

ANTWERP is an agreeable surprise to the stranger. It is no sleepy, mediæval cathedral town, living on the traditions of the past and the dollars of sightseers, but a live, nineteenth century city. It has felt the electric touch of modern life, and has commenced to vibrate in harmony with the march of progress. It is a busy city—everybody hard at work in store or mart or street. New streets, new wharves, new public buildings, are in progress or recently completed, and the remains of the past are, as in London or Paris, almost buried and completely surrounded by the evidences of a prosperous present.

To understand the cause of this change all that is necessary is to glance awhile at the map of the Netherlands, or rather, what constituted the Netherlands during the reign of William the first, but is now divided into the two small countries of Belgium and Holland. By this division, effected in 1830, by the rebellion of Catholic Belgium, the former country gained its independence, but lost all seaports save Antwerp. The coast of Holland is extensive and bristles with ports at every part, while Belgium has but a few miles of seacoast, unprovided with a single harbor. Antwerp, the ancient port of Flanders, is four hours' steaming up the Scheldt, or as the French call it, the Escaut, and is only accessible by passing for a considerable distance through the territory of Holland. In spite of all this, Antwerp, as a port, has been made to be worth all the Dutch ports put together. The right to free navigation of the Escaut was secured, the river was improved, extensive quays were built and covered with warehouses, and at the present time, ocean steamers of the largest size yet built can steam straight up the river at high tide and land their passengers and discharge their cargo as they lie alongside the wharves. When it is remembered that at Liverpool passengers have to be conveyed on board by small steamers, and that it is only on favorable occasions that the largest vessels can enter the docks, the advantages of Antwerp are evident.

The quays were commenced about 1874 and are now completed. They cover a length of two and a quarter miles, and a width of about three hundred and thirty feet, are in great part roofed in by continuous rows of open iron sheds, and are supplied with lines of railway from end to end. There is no fear of want of water for any ship which has passed the river's bar, for the river walls frame in a depth of forty-nine feet at low tide. Besides the long line of wharf there are six large basins (including the two old ones) and several smaller ones; also two large basins not yet finished, the whole covering an area of three hundred and sixty thousand square yards. Nor is this all, as additional basins for the storage of petroleum, removed from the city, are in process of construction. The basins are, for the most part, at the northern end of the city, and between them is situated an extensive depot, containing a network of sixty-five kilometers of railway, provided with hydraulic cranes and lighted by electricity. Behind the wharves lies a large area of ground recovered from the river, and on this many new buildings have been erected, while much is yet a waste.

As might be expected, the march of improvement has played havoc with the picturesque, but unhealthy, ancient portion of the city. Only two relics of former times can be found along the river front. These are the Porte de l'Escaut and the Steere. The latter is a ruinous castellated structure with a grim history, for it was the seat of the horrible Spanish inquisition—the scene of the worst enormities perpetrated under the bloody rule of the Duke of Alva and other Spanish governors. The Porte de l'Escaut is the only one of the ancient gates now existing, and was built in 1624.

There is not a square block, scarcely a right angle, in the whole city of Antwerp. If a dozen barrel hoops, broken into short lengths, were placed miscellaneously on the ground, along with a number of very rough pieces of fire-wood, they would make up a plan not unlike that of the old part of Antwerp—that included between the boulevards and the quays. The streets curve, branch out at all sorts of angles, widen into open places, contract into narrow lanes, and generally conduct themselves in a most unstreet-like manner. Outside the boulevards, in the far larger space comprehended between them and the existing ramparts, the streets do not curve and are of considerable width, but they still preserve their angularity, radiating in all directions from the irregular semi-circle of the boulevards, and enclosing triangles and trapeziums of varying dimensions.

All the streets are well paved. Vainly may a Philadelphian look for his beloved cobblestones, his cherished brick or sand, his familiar slops and gutters. The narrow roadways and sidewalks of the old part of the city are all paved with what are called in the United States "Belgian blocks," and the broader streets of the newer portions are for the most part similar, though flags are occasional on sidewalks. The streets are much cleaner than those of Philadelphia, for the municipality does its duty, and in no part is the dirt compelled to accumulate. The householders, or at least the women, sweep the dirt into heaps every morning, and the wagons of the city are on hand at the same time to remove it.

Many of the streets of the older portion of the city still preserve their ancient appearance. The characteristic stepped-gable, topping a narrow and high house of five or more stories is common, though paint and stucco do not permit of the picturesqueness obtainable in brick. The new buildings are, for the most part, Renaissance in their style, with occasionally a touch of Gothic. Let it be understood that when "Renaissance" is here spoken of, "Queen Anne" is not meant. Shingle-sided, bristly-roofed, Dolly Varden painted monstrosities in the American manner, which have in the United States of America gained the name of "Queen Anne," are absent. The better class of modern houses, both here and at Brussels, are of brick with stone dressing, of substantial appearance. There is seldom a

garden, for space in Antwerp is restricted, and a small "cour," paved with tiles, serves both for light and ventilation. It seems strange that the interiors of the hotels are as inodorous as they are, since the "cabinets" are usually without any window, and there is no flushing apparatus. Apparently, the system is like that in use in Paris; the solids are separated from the liquids, and the odorless excavators of the municipality remove the former at frequent intervals.

In the matter of shops, Antwerp is considerably behind Brussels. I say shops, because the American store is a misnomer when applied to establishments of moderate size, devoted entirely to one class of goods. Trades seem to be more separated than in the United States. Antwerp has no fine continuous line of shops, but they are dotted about everywhere, many of the best in the narrowest streets.—*W. N. Lockington, in Building.*

REDEEMING TRAITS OF ALKALI SOIL.

Dr. E. W. Hilgard, professor of agriculture and botany in the University of California, presented a valuable paper on "Some Redeeming Traits of Alkali Soils," at a recent meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, from which we gather the following facts:

It is the general impression that an alkaline soil, that is, one manifesting saline effloresence, is of very little agricultural value. Such soils are, however, often very rich in the three ingredients most needed by impoverished soil, viz.: the salts of potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen. The alkali lands are the result of an arid climate, in which the rainfall is not sufficient to leach the surface soil of its alkaline salts. The salts found in the alkaline soils of California are of these classes, viz.: the neutral salts of alkali, such as common salt, Glauber salt, and sulphates and chloride of potash, etc. These are injurious only when present in considerable quantities. Secondly, the earth salts, such as Epsom salts, copperas, etc. The cheap and effective remedy for these is lime. Thirdly, the alkaline carbonates. These are injurious in small quantities, rendering the soil-water corrosive to plants. The antidote is gypsum, or land plaster, which changes the corrosive carbonates into bland sulphates. This antidote has been employed and should be more generally known and used. Prof. Hilgard is sanguine that gypsum, in conjunction with judicious culture will reclaim all but the worst alkali soils. The gypsum fixes both the phosphoric acid and potash, and prevents their escape when the land is afterward irrigated.

These alkali soils have a high moisture-absorbing power, which exerts a most important influence upon vegetation. When the moisture supply is scant, this high absorption power may turn the scale between a good and a poor crop. Passengers on a railroad train are struck by the occasional appearance of bright green oases among the general drab summer garb of the plains. These spots are where there is a greater amount of alkali, but they are not the preferred feeding places for cattle. The soluble salts of the alkali soils accumulate at or near the surface, by capillary ascent and evaporation of water, so that toward the end of summer they may be removed by a scraper. A soil that before would grow only alkali grass, will, after this removal, produce a crop of grain the next season. Under a hot midday sun the surface soil often becomes so dry that a gust of wind raises a cloud of dust most irritating to the eyes of man and beast. As the sun declines a moist surface takes the place of the dry dust. A dressing of land plaster, Prof. Hilgard believes, will change these desolate areas into profitable farm land.

There is no reason for questioning the power of cultivated plants to avail themselves of a part of the moisture accumulated by delequescent salts. When these corrosive salts are less abundant, crops, and large ones, may be grown. We must not forget the fact that these soils are exceedingly rich. The author of the paper writes from a very wide experience on the plains. He believes that many of the mooted questions in agricultural chemistry and physics are more advantageously studied in the field than in experiment plots or the laboratory. He is also of the opinion that the vast unproductive areas in the West should form a subject for careful study for the United States geological survey, or be placed in the hands of the department of agriculture for investigation. If these rich lands can become profitable it is now time they be made so.

MISTAKES OF LIFE.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops of the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge other people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all opinions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowance for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.

THE best things are nearest; breath in our nostrils, light in our eyes, flowers at our feet, duties at our hands, the path of God before us. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, conscious that daily duties and daily bread are the sweet things of life.

SHOOTING SEALS ON THE COLUMBIA.

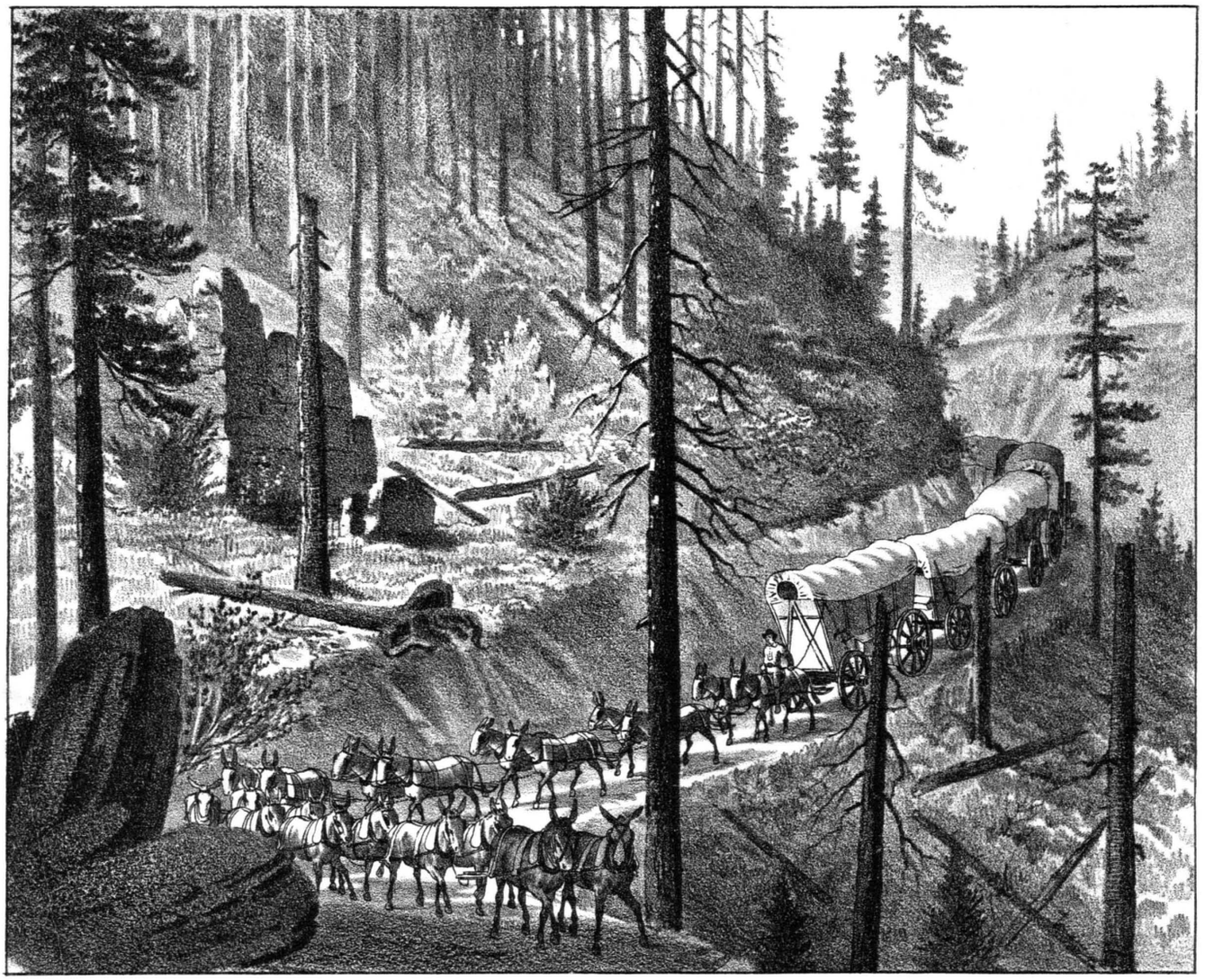
One of the annoyances experienced by fishermen on the Columbia is the huge seals, or sea lions, that feed upon the salmon. These monsters are such rapid swimmers and expert divers that they easily catch even so agile a fish as the leaping salmon. They pursue the salmon up the stream, often catching them after they have become entangled in the nets, not only robbing the fisherman of his catch, but in their struggles seriously damaging the net. As a net is worth from three to four hundred dollars, it can easily be seen that the damage they inflict is considerable. This evil has increased yearly, until this season it has become almost unendurable. The seals have ascended this year as far as the Cascades, where they have been reported to be in considerable numbers, catching the salmon at the foot of the Cascades and even having the timerity to crawl out upon the rocks to sun themselves. The fishermen along the river have declared war upon this hairy depredator, and armed with rifles make it warm for him whenever they can get a chance. Many of them have been killed, but their numbers do not seem to decrease. The mouth of the Coquille is another great resort of these amphibious monsters, where they once swarmed in such numbers as to almost stop the canning industry on that stream. Many fish caught in the nets showed the marks of teeth, as though they had barely escaped destruction. The fishermen there started out upon a regular campaign against their competitors, and by an indiscriminate slaughter of male, female and young so thinned out their numbers that the fear entertained of the salmon being driven away to other streams is at an end. It may be that the lions which this year appear in the Columbia in such unusual numbers, are refugees from the Coquille. A sea lion weighs often in excess of a thousand pounds, and as they are most ravenous gormands, the slaughter they cause among the luckless salmon is enormous. Some means should be devised for freeing our rivers from these pests, who are annually consuming more salmon than the canners, notwithstanding the latter take two million fish annually from the Columbia river alone.

EXTINCTION OF KILAUEA.

Kilauea, the famous volcano of the Sandwich islands, has become suddenly extinguished, perhaps forever. The splendor of its eruptions and the glory of its burning lakes of lava have been the theme of tourists, who have found a visit to Kilauea the greatest pleasure awaiting them in Hawaii. Two immense lakes of glowing and boiling lava occupied the crater, one of them, Halemaumau, having existed for years, and the other, New Lake, being a creation of volcanic activity of recent years. During the latter part of 1885, both lakes were very active, and boiled and surged from side to side with unusual violence. In the middle of December the New Lake commenced building a wall for itself, which by the first of March had covered its surface. On the evening of the sixth, both lakes were full of boiling and surging lava, and were particularly brilliant up to half past nine o'clock. At that time a series of earthquake shocks began, forty-three in number, which lasted until half past seven the next morning. After the fourth shock, the fires of the New Lake had entirely disappeared, and only a slight reflection from Halemaumau was visible. During several days following, cracks and rents were made in the surrounding wall, and immense quantities of steam and vapor rose above the crater. Several upheavals occurred to change the entire configuration of the immediate surroundings. Large portions of the edge of the crater fell into the gulf with a sound like thunder. The cone in the New Lake disappeared entirely, while the bottom of the lake can still be seen five or six hundred feet below its former level; but of Halemaumau nothing is visible but a gaping abyss, four miles in circumference. It is possible that the volcanic fires will never be renewed, and that Kilauea will be classed with that large list of extinct volcanoes which tell of past energy and fire. The islanders, it is reported, do not admit this probability, as it would rob them of one of their greatest attractions for tourists. They hold that the lava has found some subterranean outlet, where it may be expected soon to solidify, and being thus cut off from other escape will again fill the crater of Kilauea and recall its dispersed admirers.

In a lecture at Glasgow by Professor Thompson he states that the magnetic pole is at present near Boothia Felix, more than one thousand miles to the west of the geographical pole. Singularly enough, in 1657, the position of the needle showed the magnetic pole to be due north. It had been eastward before that; it then began to point westward, and this westward variation continued to increase until 1816, when the maximum was attained; it has since steadily diminished, and in 1976 it will again point to the true north. Professor Thompson says that the changes which have been observed not only in the direction but in the strength of the earth's magnetism show that the same causes which originally magnetized the earth are still at work; and, strangely enough, these changes do not occur at long intervals in the course of centuries but are going on from day to day, from week to week and from year to year.

The annual meeting of the West Side Fair and Racing Association will be held at Butte, Montana, from the tenth to the fourteenth of August. There will be three events each day, or fifteen in all, and a total of six thousand eight hundred dollars in prizes is offered by the association, in addition to the entrance fees in certain races. One purse of a thousand dollars is offered for a free for all trot, and seven hundred and fifty for a mile heat handicap. The meeting promises to be the best held this year in the Northwest.



A MOUNTAIN TRAIN.
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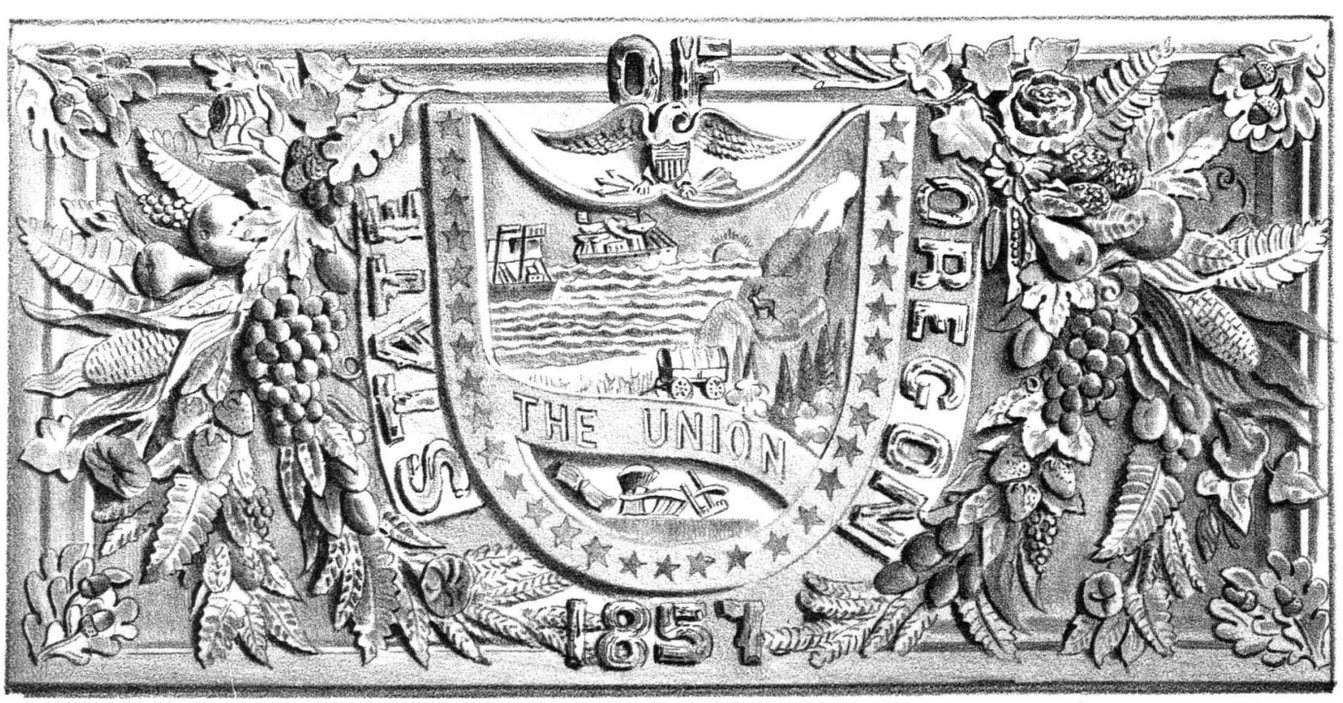

OREGON MEMORIAL STONE IN THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
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THE MOUNTAIN TRAIN.

TOILING slowly up steep and tortuous mountain grades, and as slowly winding down again, with brakes set and wheels locked together, the mountain train may be seen by any one who visits the mining regions of the West. Time was when the stage and the freighter's wagons were the only means of conveyance of passengers and goods throughout the entire Pacific coast, save where the Columbia, Snake, Willamette and Sacramento rivers offered routes for steamboats, or where, no roads having been made into mountain fastnesses or thinly settled districts, the patient pack mule formed the connecting commercial link with some base of supplies along the more traveled routes. Although, like the once ubiquitous stage, the freight wagon has been pushed further and further into the interior, and superseded completely in many places, by the steady encroachments of the railway, there are yet many localities where it holds undisputed sway, the stay and dependence of hundreds of mining camps and remote settlements. Grant, Lake and Klamath counties in Oregon, are entirely dependent upon them, also Northern California and that portion of the state lying in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Idaho yet finds them her main reliance, and in Montana they are the only means of transportation for goods to the mining camps and towns lying at a distance from the two lines of railway which traverse the territory. In the same way Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona find commercial life closely linked with the crack of the stage driver's whip and the jingle of the freighter's bells.

The mountain train generally consists of from two to five wagons secured together in succession from the largest to the smallest, and drawn by from four to ten spans of horses or mules, or both. The driver sometimes walks and sometimes rides one of the wheel animals, where he can guide the leaders with a long rein, and at the same time set the brakes on all the wagons by an attachment to the forward one within reach of his hand. Generally the driver has one or more assistants, or several train teams travel together, so they may lend mutual aid in many of the difficulties that arise, while at night, when, as is often the case, they are compelled to go into camp, they can find pleasant companionship while they drink their coffee and smoke their evening pipes. A glance at the construction of the wagons, especially the large one in front, will show what an enormous capacity for freight they possess, and if one could peep under the canvas cover so closely strapped down to protect the load from dust, which at times hangs in a dense cloud about the train, he would discover every article of merchandise not too bulky for transportation. Pianos, safes, milling machinery of the heaviest kind, in fact everything of sufficient value to bear the expense, is carried in this way often a distance of two hundred miles, and in the early days, a trip of five hundred miles by "prairie schooner," as the large white-topped wagons are often called, was not uncommon. Such trips were made from Chico to the Idaho mines, from Walla Walla to Blackfoot and Deer Lodge, and of late years from Boisé and Wood river mines to Kelton and Winnemucca, on the Central Pacific. The expense of thus transporting goods often reaches five, and even ten, cents per pound, which is promptly doubled by the merchant and added to the price of the goods.

Often the leaders of a mule train are decorated with a set of bells, whose constant jingling give notice of their approach, so that parties traveling the grade in an opposite direction may take warning and stop at one of the numerous "turn-outs," or "wait-a-bits," as they used to be called in Yankeeland, in order to allow them room to pass. If this is not done it may result in an awkward meeting at some point where the road is too narrow to admit of passage, with a face of solid rock on one hand and a steep precipice on the other. Such a meeting is devoid of charm, even for the best of friends. It is well for one who has reached the summit of a mountain grade to inspect the road ahead before beginning the descent; otherwise he may find himself in a predicament, in juxtaposition with the long-eared leaders of a mule train. Even if the grade be so tortuous that he can see but little of it at a time, a glance at the foot may reveal a wagon or two standing without mules, indicating that the team is somewhere on the grade with the other wagons. This is often the case, since on steep and winding grades the driver is unable to handle the whole train at once, and is compelled to make two or three trips with a portion of his train, both in ascending and descending. Though climbing the mountains is laborious and tedious, the engineer of the mule train no doubt prefers it to that portion of his route which lies across the sage brush and alkali plains, where eyes, nose, mouth and ears become filled with irritating dust, and man, animals and wagons bear one unvaried hue of powdered earth.

LEAD PENCILS.

There was a time when a spiracle of lead, cut from the bar or sheet, sufficed to make marks on white paper or some rougher material. The name of lead pencil came from the old notion that the products of the Cumberland mines were lead instead of plumbago, or graphite, a carbonite of iron capable of leaving a lead-colored mark. With the original lead pencil the wetting was a necessary preliminary of writing. The lead pencil is now adapted, by numbers or letters, to each particular design. There are grades of hardness from the pencil that may be sharpened to a needle-like point to one that makes a broad mark. These gradations are made by taking the original carbonate and grinding it and mixing it with a fine quality of clay, in differing proportions, regard being had to the use to be made of the pencil. The thoroughly mixed mass is squeezed through dies to form and size it, is dried, and encased in its wooden envelope.

LORD WILMER'S DAUGHTER.

THOUGH I am an old man, my memory has not wholly deserted me. My youth was passed in the upper section of the Mohawk valley. At that time, as one may suppose, there were few settlers in that region, Utica being a mere village. From my father's farm, which lay on the hillside, our house overlooked the winding river. Half a mile below us was the "Roaring Dam," and on the bluff-like bank stood "Old Harris's" cabin. It lay there nearly concealed by the willows which lined the water's edge, when the first of our neighbors came to the valley. Its builder and occupant, an old trapper, according to belief, had long ago been scalped and killed by the Mohawks. For years it had stood tenantless. It was seldom or never visited, as by the simple, credulous country folk the spirit of the murdered trapper was suspected of a *quasi* possession.

The neighbors, therefore, were startled on being apprised of the presence in the old cabin of an object which bore the outward appearance of a living human body. Stranger still it was a woman; yet more remarkable, it was a young and handsome one. While prowling along the river in an old scow, one summer day, some urchins discovered her at the water's edge. They saw her ascend the over-grown path leading to the cabin, and disappear behind the tall, thick alders. Unable to resist the promise of an adventure which the stranger's presence afforded, the boys crossed the river and paddled up and down before the place of her disappearance. Becoming bolder, they splashed the water and rocked the boat with a vague hope of attracting her notice.

Finally, by singing and shouting they succeeded. The stranger reappeared—this time gazing at them through an opening in the foliage on the bluff, directly in the rear of the old hut. She beckoned to them; timid and distrustful, they approached her. They were accosted and induced to land and ascend to the place where she stood. Once there, they accepted an invitation to step inside the stranger's abode. It was the first time, perhaps, they had done so. Though the interior was neat, and as habitable as the deft hand of woman could make it, at best it was but a sorry place of residence. But the great beauty of the stranger's face, and the grace and charm of her manner, held them as with a spell. Here they spent some hours. When they departed they did so reluctantly, and as the loyal, zealous subjects and friends of the new comer.

Soon the news of the stranger's presence penetrated every dwelling roundabout us. Her beauty was extolled, her charms exaggerated, and a corresponding degree of mystery thereby aroused. With no name, no age, no origin, and no object known, the stranger was as one dropped from the sky. Every degree of fancy was indulged in respecting her past and present life. At length distrust stalked in. Had she done murder? Had she fled to the wilderness here a fugitive from justice. The gossips shook their heads. She was much too handsome and refined—too much the lady to choose a life like this unless, unless—

The young girls began to frequent the old cabin; like the boys, they too were delighted by the charming personality and sweet companionship of its occupant. She visited the bedsides of the sick and awed all by her sad and striking face, her thoughtful eyes, low voice and tender touch; she was welcomed everywhere.

But though never directly asked, she never offered to impart her secret, if she had any, or the reason for her voluntary seclusion. The offers of neighbors to share their home with her she respectfully but firmly declined, but she could not prevent them from decoying her to a certain sick room, one day, where she was detained under one pretext or another until "a bee" had thatched her leaky roof and boarded up the chinky logs and made the interior of the old hut more presentable and vastly more comfortable and cozy than it had ever been. Bedding, provisions, etc., were left where, on her return, she might find them. When next she appeared in public, her red eyelids betrayed the emotion which this kindness had brought into active life. Thus the strange creature passed the years; never asking any aid, but rendering in the sick room all she could. Every urchin, every miss and love-sick swain and heart-sore victim, successfully sought of her sweet sympathy and consolation.

"Aunt Polly"—for so she chose to call herself—added more to her age by certain periods of musing and abstraction than did old time himself. Though her presence in after years had ceased to be a novelty, her coming and the facts pertaining thereto continued to be the main topic. Another peculiarity in her conduct deepened the apparent mystery. At frequent intervals she left her solitary abode, and for days and sometimes weeks was not visible thereabout. Now and again rumors reached us of her presence in the valley below; but the object and the fruits of these excursions were alike unknown to us. Again the gossips ominously shook their heads and muttered; yet not one of them dared to utter aught against her probity. At length, following an almost constant attendance in the sick room, typhoid fever seized her. After a two days' absence she was found tossing in her lonely cot, and faintly calling for water. The neighbors gathered, and a doctor was called in.

Most of the three weeks which succeeded was spent by the patient in delirium. In her lucid intervals she raised her head from the pillow and sweetly smiled and nodded to those who watched and waited. Then she drifted off into long periods of unconsciousness. Sometimes her mutterings, taking shape, were partly intelligible. They bore reference to various subjects.

"O father, father!" was the exclamation often on her lips. Again, the burthen of her outcry was "Louis, Louis!" "My boy, my own sweet boy," she often uttered in piteous tones, as her fingers nervously clutched the coverlet.

When a month had elapsed she seemed a trifle improved, though her cheeks still glowed and her brilliant eyes yet sparkled with an unnatural lustre. Feebly she pointed one evening to a corner of the only room the cabin contained. Taking the direction indicated, an attendant touched a wooden bench and then paused. The patient shook her head in the negative. The attendant tried again. She put her hand upon some worn and faded clothing depending from the wall. Aunt Polly's eyes widened—she seemed pleased when the clothing was taken from its peg. Yet when it was brought to her she nodded "No." After a pause she again indicated the place where the clothing hung. As before, the nurse removed it. Again Aunt Polly shook her head in the negative when it was brought to the bedside. For the third time she directed attention to the corner; then, as if despairing of making her meaning known, she let her wasted hand fall wearily; and then closing her eyes she drifted into slumber.

Toward morning she awoke with a wild unmeaning stare. A storm of wind and rain had succeeded the sultry evening calm. The big elm at the doorway bent to and fro as through its leaves and branches the gale rushed with startling force; meanwhile the rain falling heavily furiously beat the cabin roof. Aunt Polly glared wildly as each fresh blast shook the old hut. Her eyes gleamed with terror. Clasping her ears to shut the storm sounds, she fairly shrieked,

"Louis, O Louis! Father, father!"

As the neighbors tried to calm her, she resisted them with extraordinary energy. She continued calling upon the absent ones till nigh daylight. Then her head sank gradually deeper into the pillow; her face changed color; her voice sank to a whisper; her eyes became fixed. Sighing mournfully as a tired sleeper at the close of a fatiguing journey, her perturbed spirit fluttered away, and she lay there at last in perfect peace.

As one may suppose, the death of this strange creature was the sensation of the day in that sparsely settled country. The children followed her to the grave with unaffected grief. They had lost something of whose value they had a tolerably clear conception. Of course all mourned her. Some held her to have been a kind of fallen angel who had tried by self-imposed sacrifices to atone for some early departure from duty's path. How closely they arrived at the real solution they learned some months later. Her personal effects, which were of the poorest kind, were appropriated by the grateful neighbors as keepsakes, and carefully preserved in the vague hope that they might one day aid in revealing her identity. In this they were disappointed. The full facts were brought to light by other and unexpected means.

One autumn day a squirrel, while desperately pursued by cruel boys near the old cabin, sought its shelter. Into this the relentless young hunters also ran, in time to witness the disappearance of the fugitive beneath the floor. To reach the corner whence his squirrelship had escaped and to pry up one end of a plank was a most natural proceeding. Instead of a whole plank, which they had counted on, they were thrown sprawling by the unnecessary force used in forcing up a piece only, about a foot long. On regaining their feet to execute their plans for the squirrel's capture, they saw resting in the receptacle exposed by the removal of the piece of plank a square wooden box. Almost before its exterior was fully understood, it was conveyed to the nearest neighbor's house—which happened to be our own—and the squirrel was no more thought of that day. The box, a highly polished one, was pearl-inlaid on the sides and top. It opened with a clasp to which was attached a bit of faded blue ribbon. In a well preserved state inside lay a locket containing the picture of a beautiful boy infant; another of a young lady—none other than that of Aunt Polly herself representing her in girlhood. Then followed letters, and at the bottom a neatly-folded manuscript bearing in strikingly graceful characters the inscription:—

"To my neighbors. To be read after my death."

Here was a sensation! With trembling fingers my eldest sister essayed to remove the wrapper and peruse the contents. But my mother's sense of propriety intervened.

"It was public property; as such, it should be read in public," she said.

Accordingly the neighbors far and near were summoned to my father's fireside to receive the communication which all felt must contain the facts so ardently longed for. That night our humble rooms were crowded. When all had come that could come—and those that did not attend must have surely been prevented by some extraordinary circumstance—Aunt Polly's mystic message was eagerly called for. My sister, who was a tolerable reader, seated herself in the center of the expectant group, untied the package, and nervously unrolled the manuscript. The rest listened with keen attention while she, after wiping away a tear or two with her apron, composed her voice and began to read.

"Precisely where or when I was born," the tale began, "is of little or no interest to any one save myself. Enough to know it was across the deep blue sea, on the shores of Merry England. My father was a peer of the realm, rich, noble and generous. His features were dark, clear-cut and handsome; his form tall, erect and commanding. Of my mother unfortunately I have no recollection; for on my coming into the world her spirit passed out of it. Yet from the sweetly expressive face which from its frame of gold continually gazed at me, and from the servants' talk of her, I knew her to have been as noble in character as her family was proud in name.

"The large ancestral hall in which I first saw the light, in which my youth was passed, and about which clustered so many family associations, for generation after generation, had been the homestead of my father's people. An ancestor had built it; many others had been born, and had loved and died within its massive walls.

Of family treasure it had been the sole repository; and the receptacle perhaps of many a family secret. Immensely large dark rooms opened on long and gloomy halls and ghostly passages which led to vaults beneath, into whose mysteries few had the desire and none the courage to penetrate. Its moss-grown walls, to which the ivy clung, and over which the morning-glory displayed its royal purple, were shaded by the larch and willow; in front a broad lawn stretched away, and from the richly curtained windows of my own room I looked out on ships at sea. Here I often sat, and childlike mused for hours and hours, happy in the love which my father lavished upon me, and grateful for the care with which my slightest wish was gratified.

Adjoining my father's estate was that of another peer, whose daughter Isabel, of exactly my own age, was my constant companion. Whatever might have been the charms of my own person, Isabel was very, very beautiful. Her form was willowy and graceful, her hair was raven black, her complexion olive, and her eyes a dark brown, deep and lustrous. Her wishes were my wishes, her friends were my friends; I shared her joys, and her griefs I made my own. The same teachers instructed us; we studied our lessons from the same book. Thus passed our childhood. When we had arrived at the age of nineteen years our friendship had not waned; if possible it was deeper and firmer than ever before.

"About this time a French teacher was engaged to instruct us in the language of his people. Louis was young, vivacious and agreeable; and under his tutorship we made rapid progress. When we rode out he accompanied us, and he was our companion in many a ramble across the fields and through the woods in search of ferns and flowers. As might have been expected, this daily intercourse led to yet more intimate relations. Isabel and I were young and thoughtless; Louis was full of the passion of his race, and he fell a victim to its fierce consuming fire. I supposed Isabel to be the object of his love by reason of the marked attention he paid her. Unconscious alike of its presence and of its nature, a change took place in all my feelings. This change I knew afterward to have been the beginning of a passion which gave rise to hopes, alas! never to be realized. I fell madly in love with our French tutor. When he smiled on me I was happy; when he sought Isabel's society I was miserable indeed. At last he turned from her and devoted himself to me exclusively; my cup of happiness was full. Contrary to what I had feared, and what I had expected Isabel's affection for me underwent no change. Thus a winter and a spring passed by, and with its balmy air, its clear blue sky, its birds and flowers, the month of June came on.

"In the northwest corner of the old hall was a room whose interior had never been seen by myself, or by any living servant; and even my father had never stood within its walls. Its heavy oaken door, with its rusty lock and the dusty cobwebs which enveloped it like a screen, were evidence of its long disuse. Among the servants was a tradition that, during a past generation, Lady Alice—a beautiful and accomplished daughter of the house—was wont to meet her lover in this very room. Her lover was of a family at feud with her own, and he was forbidden to seek her hand. But through the bribery of a servant, he gained access to his lady's presence, and here in this ghostly chamber they secretly kept their tryst. One night they were discovered by an angry brother, who fought with and slew the lover with his mistress standing by. Shrieking she threw herself upon her lover's corpse; when removed, her reason had fled forever. Not long afterward she died a maniac, tearing out handfuls of her golden hair, and raving to the last her lover's name. The room in which the tragedy took place was closed and never afterward reopened.

"This tale was told me by my nurse over and over again. So firmly did the servants believe in this legend, and so filled were their minds with superstitious fears, that not one of them could be induced to approach the threshold of what they termed the haunted chamber. Beneath a portrait in my father's room, hung a large and rusty iron key. This the servants said belonged to the door of the haunted chamber, from which they fancied issued sounds of mortal combat. In vain I argued that what resembled scuffling was only the sound of the scampering rats.

"One day I asked my father if he knew what the room contained—why it remained a sealed and almost forgotten mystery. He shook his head sadly in reply. With his hand resting upon my hair he said,—

"'My dear child, in this world are many, many things it were better never to have known, or if known better they were totally forgotten. This is one of them. The threshold of that chamber I have never crossed; neither did my father, nor his father before him. To stand within its walls, or to penetrate its mysteries, I have no desire; and I hope I never shall have. Go, my dear child, to your studies—never mention the subject again.'

"As may be supposed, this, instead of satisfying my childish curiosity, served to inflame it the more. I mused over the mystery by day, and at night my dreams were of a ghostly creature with pleading eyes and streaming hair who kept pointing to the portals of the haunted room.

"One day in confidence I whispered the tale to Louis. He laughed in scorn.

"'Fudge! It is but the fancy of some daft creature,' he said.

"Next day, however, he asked me to repeat the story; I did so. Instead of jesting, he listened attentively. When I had done he asked me to show him the door of the haunted room. I complied, clinging to his arm, fearful lest evil might befall him.

"From this time forward a change came over him hardly preceptible at first, but more and more plainly marked each day. Formerly he was gay and sprightly and free of speech; now he was fitful, uneasy and taciturn. With sorrow I observed the change. How bitterly I upbraided myself for having told him the weird

tale; and with what alarm I viewed its effect upon him! Alas! how little I knew the nature of the subject which engrossed his every thought, or the wild idea which had possession of him. The more I endeavored to turn his mind from it, the more tenaciously it clung to the disagreeable topic.

"At last he suggested that we pay a visit to the haunted room. If, instead, he had asked me to share with him the commission of some awful crime I could not have been more startled.

"'Visit the haunted room! Louis! You must be jesting, surely!' I exclaimed.

"He said no more that day; but on the next and the next he repeated the suggestion.

"But, my friends, I need not weary you with the details of how he held to his purpose; and how, failing to coax me, at last he overcame my opposition. I loved him passionately—I loved him with all the fervor and strength of my young heart; therefore, when he threatened to leave me, I yielded. He planned the details, and I passively obeyed his instructions. He wished me to procure by stealth the rusty iron key during the day, preparatory to a visit to the haunted room at night, when all the house should be abed and still. This I dared not do, lest meanwhile my father should miss it from its accustomed place. We might get possession of it then, he said, after my father had retired for the night. To this proposition, in common with the rest, I tacitly consented.

"As the time selected by my lover for the ghostly mission arrived my feelings may be imagined, but not described. As if in keeping with the deed we meditated, and the forbidding character of the chamber whose inner mysteries we were about to fathom, the night was one of the wildest of the year. The heavy rain pounded the earth outside, and beat against the windows, and the shutters were loudly rattled by the wind that rumbled dismally in the chimneys.

"As the old clock on the landing tolled the hour of twelve, trembling with fear, I crept down the stairs leading from my chamber; through the darkness I groped my way to the portrait gallery, where Louis was to await my coming. So overcome was I with the terrors of the situation, that when Louis clasped my hand I threw my arms about his neck, and piteously begged him to abandon, or postpone, at least, his dreadful purpose. Caressing me tenderly, he used all his powers of argument and persuasion to calm my fears.

"'Now, darling, get the key,' he said.

"'Oh, Louis, you cannot mean it—you do not mean it!' I pleaded.

"But in this, as in all things else, he was inexorable. Holding my hands, he accompanied me to the door of my father's chamber. Softly he raised the latch—cautiously he pushed open the door to let me through. Hardly conscious of where I was, or what I was doing, I passed in; somehow or other I gained my father's bedside. Pausing to collect my scattered thoughts and to calm my heart's fierce beating, I groped to the spot where I knew I should find the object of my search. As my hand came in contact with the cold metal a shudder passed over me. I grasped the key desperately and turned to reach the door.

"At that instant a flash of lightning lit up the room. It was but momentary, yet sufficient to disclose a scene which I can never forget. The bed curtains were partly drawn, and there on his pillow, with his noble face upturned and one arm thrown over his head—there lay my dear father, sleeping peacefully.

"With precipitous haste I reached the door, and was clasped in my lover's arms, while he whispered in my ears words of praise and encouragement. After what I had already endured, to reach the door of the haunted room was comparatively an easy task. Again I endeavored to turn Louis from his purpose, but in vain. Stealthily, noiselessly he inserted the rusty key in the rusty lock; carefully he turned it, and grating dismally, the bolt retreated from its socket—the door was free. Inch by inch he pushed it back; the hinges creaked dolefully; the foul air rushed out, and the damp, disagreeable odors offended the sense of smell. After allowing the foul air to escape, Louis pushed his way in and bade me follow. When we were fairly inside he whispered,—

"'Hold the candle.'

"With trembling fingers I did so, while he struck a light.

"As the feeble, flickering rays lit up the interior of the room, I clung to my lover's arm. Everything was veiled with cobwebs and gray with dust. On the wainscotted walls, dimly outlined, hung cupids and dragons, pictures of a by-gone age. A coat of mail and helmets, with spear-heads and battle-axe, testified to the chivalrous and warlike traits of my ancestors. These objects I but glanced at, while Louis shaded with his hand the sputtering light. Removing his hand he took a step forward; instinctively I did likewise.

"Horrors! What a sight greeted me! Near the center of the room, with a sword thrust between its fleshless ribs, and with its skinny arms thrown out as if in supplication—there lay a grinning, ghastly human skeleton!

"There before us was the evidence of the tragedy said to have been enacted on that very spot so many years before, and respecting which there had been so much gossip and speculation. You may—if you will—picture to yourselves my terror, as speechless I stared at the ghastly object. Even my lover, to whom—as I afterward learned—the legend respecting it had been of no import whatever, even he was unable to do aught but stare blankly at the hideous skeleton, of whose existence until now he had entertained not the faintest idea.

"When able to speak, I said,—

"'Louis, dear Louis, take me out of this room—do take me out of this dreadful place, or I shall go mad!'

"He was about to reply when the door behind us creaked on its hinges. So startled was I by this that I

could not repress a scream. Turning my head quickly I saw—my father. By the rays of the candle which he held in his hand, I plainly saw the expression of mingled surprise, shame and sorrow with which he regarded me. I see him now—I see his bewilderment as he glanced from me to my lover and back again to me. With a curse Louis dashed away the sputtering candle, and sprang toward the door. I shrieked loudly—I shrieked with all the energy of despair, and staggering fell.

"Of what succeeded, I have but a dim and imperfect recollection. There was a struggle followed by the sounds of voices and retreating footsteps. I felt myself borne rapidly along the hallway, out in the howling storm. I knew no more.

"When I recovered consciousness I was in a strange room, with a strange, ugly looking French woman bending over me. I started up hastily, my mind full of the terrors inspired by the recent dreadful events; but from sheer weakness fell back on my pillow. I inquired the whereabouts of Louis, and where I was. Louis was away, but would return that night. Respecting my father, and why I had been removed from home, my questions were met by evasive replies.

"That night Louis appeared at my bedside—but how changed! His clothing was soiled and torn, his eyes were wild looking, his face was haggard and pale.

"'Louis, dear Louis, where are we, and what of my father? Why are we hear?' I anxiously whispered.

"His voice was firm when he said,—

"'You are with friends. Your father is very angry.'

"'Oh, Louis, he will surely forgive me—he cannot be angry with his only child. Go to him, Louis, or write and beg him to come and take me home,' I exclaimed with tears.

"'Yes, child, I'll go to-morrow: now lie down and be quiet.'

"I did not again see him until the evening of the third day. He said he had been to my father, who refused to listen to him; in a passion he had ordered him from his presence, and to inform me to never darken his door again. On receiving this message, I wept bitterly and was inconsolable. When able to sit up, I penned a long letter to my father, in which I confessed all my errors, and begged forgiveness. This Louis said he would send by messenger. Days and weeks passed without a reply. In despair I penned another letter, which Louis forwarded; but after weeks of weary waiting no answer came.

"Louis, meanwhile, had broached the subject of our marriage, but I put him off from day to day, in hopes of hearing from my father. At last I begged Louis to take me home; in person I would entreat my father's forgiveness. This he refused to do unless I would first be married. So anxious was I to see my dear father that I consented. Accordingly a clergyman was called to perform the marriage service, which he did in the presence of two witnesses.

"Louis now remained constantly with me, and from day to day deferred the fulfillment of his promise to take me home. Thus a month passed. Louis never went out during the day, but left me when evening came on, and remained away sometimes most of the night. Where he went or what he did I dared not ask, as, since our marriage he had grown irritable and strangely indifferent.

"One night during his absence I accidentally discovered a mask, a wig, and false whiskers. What uses they were put to I had no very clear idea. Yet I felt they were not needed to the accomplishment of any good purpose. Suspecting that I had discovered them, Louis next day explained that he was employed as detective, which employment rendered such disguises necessary. Another month had hardly passed when he began to absent himself for days and weeks together.

"At length with an aching heart I remonstrated with him.

"'Dear Louis, why do you remain from me—why do you neglect your wife?' I said.

"He turned on me furiously. With flushed face and glittering eyes he replied,—

"'Curse you! How dare you ask me? You're no wife of mine—I hate you!'

"'Oh, Louis, Louis!' was all I could say.

"He went on:—

"'I'm tired of your whining. I never loved you. I thought to use you as an instrument of revenge—I thought to get the treasure which I believed the haunted room contained; but instead there was that heap of grinning bones. Curse them—curse you, and curse your father!'

"Advancing, he raised his hand to strike me—I knew no more.

"When I recovered, the French woman was chafing my hands. Louis had fled, leaving me to starve or die.

"A few hours later appeared a gruff-looking police officer.

"'Where is he, mum?' he inquired.

"'Who?'

"'The chap wot stays here.'

"'Oh, why, sir? Why do you wish to know?'

"The French woman had complained of him, I thought, for his cruelty to me; but I could not have him punished.

"'I want him for murder,' replied the officer.

"'Murder!' I said, starting up.

"'Yes, mum—for murder.'

"'My Louis would not do such a thing! No, no!' I exclaimed.

"'He has done it already, mum. He has murdered Lord Wilmer on the night of the twenty-second of June; stabbed him, mum.'

"'Lord Wilmer! My father, O my father!' I shrieked.

"My friends, there is no need, and I know you will not expect me to relate how for days I lay raving and tearing my hair in the delirium of fever, or how my father's and my lover's names were continually on my lips. True, I survived the shock, but my peace of mind

had fled forever. When able to bear it, they told me all —how on being discovered that night in the haunted chamber, my lover had stabbed my father to the heart; then, with my senseless form in his arms, had fled through the storm and darkness. His pretended desire to divine the mysteries of the haunted room was but to obtain the treasure which somehow he surmised was concealed there. His affection for me was likewise assumed for a purpose best known to himself. His marriage with me was a sham. During his absence from me he associated with the vilest characters, and his disguises were rendered necessary to elude pursuit.

"When my boy baby came, the love I had lavished upon the guilty father I lavished now upon his child. I clung to him fondly, as the only human object left me worth loving, or worth living for. Disgraced as I was —my lover outlawed and my father brought to his grave through my disobedience—I had no desire to return to the scene of that midnight tragedy. I resolved to remain concealed and unknown.

"When my boy had reached the age of two years, one day a stranger snatched him up before my door and disappeared. I was distracted. In vain I searched the neighborhood, and travelled long distances in search of him; he was never again seen or heard of. I still toiled on, cheered and sustained by the hope that I might yet discover my darling boy. After a time a letter in a strange hand came to me, saying that in this part of America I might find my child. All eagerness I came; and after searching vainly the length and breadth of this valley, in despair I resolved on ending my weary life in the gloomy wilderness, far removed from the scene of my lover's crime, and my own disgrace and sorrow.

"This, my friends, is why in strict seclusion I have sought to conceal the causes of my present unhappiness, and to banish from mind the memory of my past misfortunes. I have suffered long, and have suffered much —how deeply none but myself can ever know; yet it may be—and I sometimes think so—that my sufferings, after all, were but a punishment intended by an all-wise God for my youthful errors and weakness. Something —what it is I do not know—something tells me that my weary journey is almost ended. If I could only see my boy before I die—but even that prayer is denied me. Oh, God, how long—how long—"

Here the tale came to an abrupt conclusion. Toward the last, the characters were traced with an unsteady hand. This circumstance indicated that the last sentences were penned about the time the fever seized her. This manuscript legacy inspired a profound desire to discover Aunt Polly's son, and to convey to his mother's people in England the intelligence of her death. But no trace of the former was ever found; and letters addressed to various public functionaries abroad elicited unsatisfactory replies. Gradually these unfruitful efforts ceased, and all hope of tracing the identity of our late neighbor became fainter as the years sped on. The expense and dangers of an ocean voyage, in those days of slow sailing vessels, were considerable, and no individual among our people was hardy enough to incur them.

A paragraph in an English newspaper recently recalled to me this almost forgotten episode. In a brief notice of one of the aristocracy, the murder of an ancestor by his daughter's lover was incidentally referred to. I thereupon wrote the gentleman, informing him that for a special reason I desired the particulars of the tragedy. He promptly replied; and from his letter—which was a long one—I take the the following:

"I regret that I cannot furnish you with any verified particulars of the occurrence itself. The victim was the uncle of my grandfather. He had an only child—a daughter. Contrary to what has been commonly supposed, the murderer was not her lover; he was the family coachman—an intemperate, brutal fellow of French parentage. At the conclusion of an evening drive his master reprimanded him for intoxication and dismissed him from his service. That night at a late hour the disgraced and vengeful servant forced his way into his master's bedchamber, and stabbed him to the heart. He was apprehended in London some months later, and was convicted and hanged. The daughter, aged seventeen—by name Inez—disappeared on the night of the tragedy. It was clearly proved that she had been abducted—it was supposed by her father's murderer—but all efforts to discover her whereabouts were futile. Her fate was never known. She was probably murdered, yet no trace of her, dead or alive, was ever discovered. Every inducement, even to a commutation of sentence, was offered the murderer before his execution to divulge the facts of her abduction; but not a word on the subject could be got from him. This in substance is the story as it has come down to me. At the time, all Europe was excited by the tragic affair."

Here were the outlines of Aunt Polly's story. In certain particulars they disagreed, it is true; the names given to her father and to herself in the narrative were not those given by my correspondent. Her lover was a tutor—not a coachman. But both were Frenchmen; both had stabbed the father and abducted the only child —a daughter.

I at once forwarded to his lordship a copy of the manuscript of Lord Wilmer's daughter. I was convinced that she was the abducted heiress. Of course to those now in possession of her father's estates, the knowledge of her fate can provoke no other feeling than that of gratification. Her son, we must assume, is dead. His descendants, if any, could not, except by a mere chance, establish a right to the family name and possessions. It is a curious case. I shall learn in a few months, at least, whether Aunt Polly was really the abducted heiress mentioned by his lordship. Meanwhile, I give the facts to the public. By the press of both countries we shall probably know ere long whether I have at last solved Aunt Polly's riddle.

About two thousand men are at work on the northern extension of the California & Oregon railroad.

INDIAN TYPES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

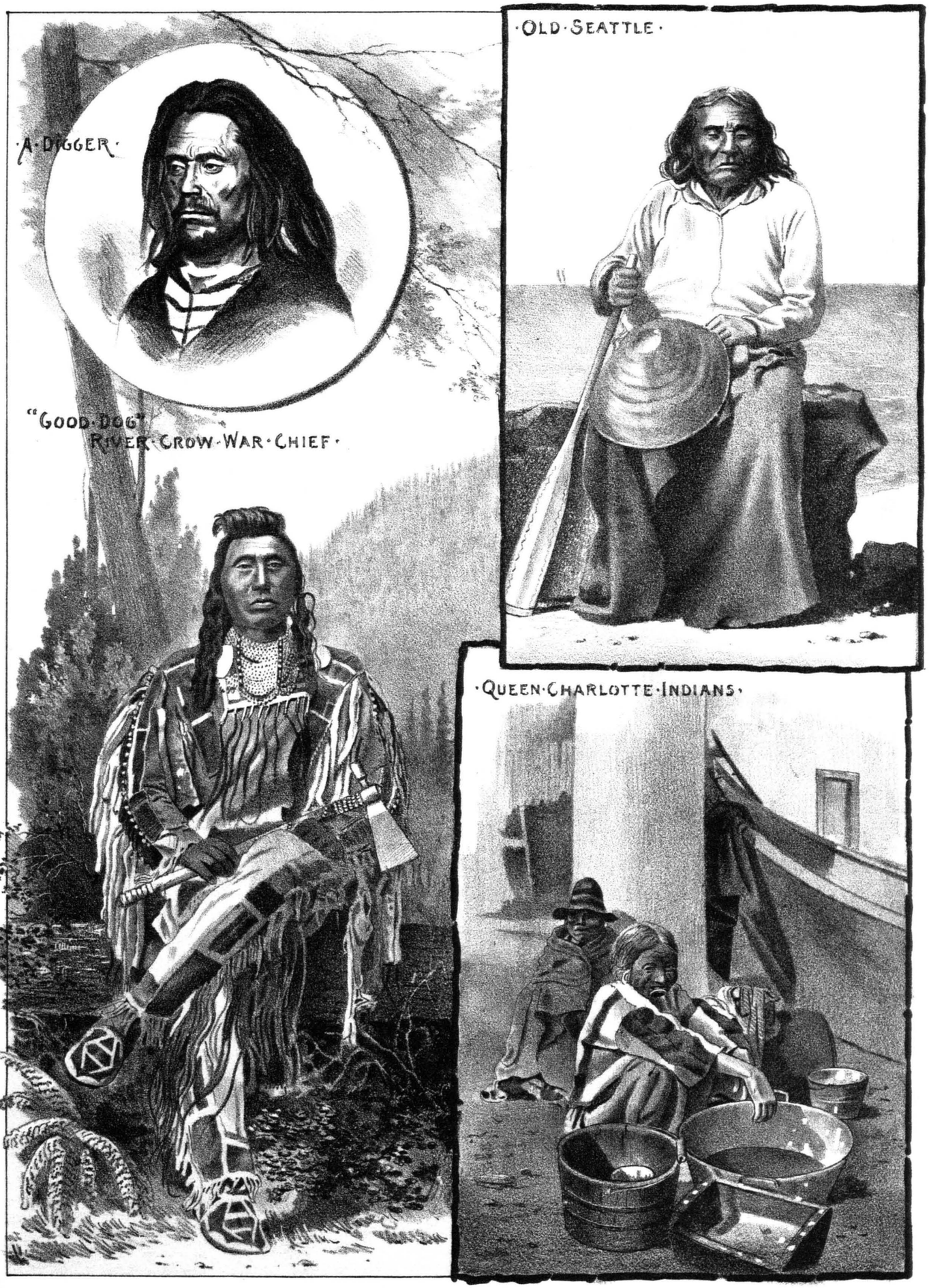
AN INDIAN is not an Indian any more than a horse is a horse. There is as much difference between various native tribes as there is between different breeds of that great servant of man. The Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the Scandinavian, has each his marked physical and mental characteristics which are peculiar to his nationality, the result of long years of growth under conditions of climate, country, soil, etc., differing from those which were concurrently moulding other nations to other models. So it is with the different tribes of native Americans, which show as wide a divergence as can be noticed between the most extreme nations of the great Aryan race. Compare the fish eater and root digger of the valley with the bold and fearless hunter of the mountains; see how the ease with which the one has for generations procured food has combined with the mild climate to render him stunted, lazy, and improvident, while the more invigorating climate and the necessity for exertion and display of courage and skill in procuring food have made the other stalwart, bold, warlike and intelligent. Between the miserable Digger of the Sacramento valley and the large and warlike Klamaths but a few miles to the north, the early pioneers of California found a wonderful difference. Let the portraits of the Digger and the chief of the powerful Crow nation speak of the effect of environment upon a tribe through a series of generations. On page one hundred and ninety-five they are both given. It has always been the case since settlement of America began, that the mountain Indians have offered the greatest opposition to the westward march of the pioneer. Even in comparatively contracted limits this rule has held true. The Oregon pioneers well remember that it was not the Indians of the fertile Willamette valley, where nature provided food for them with a lavish hand, who gave them trouble, but the fiercer and more powerful tribes of the southern and eastern mountains and high rolling plains.

Habitat also had much to do with the character of the native in other respects. The Yakimas, Cayuses, Walla Wallas, Nez Perces, and other tribes occupying the splendid bunch grass region between the Cascades and Blue and Bitter Root mountains, became naturally large breeders of horses, which they sold to those living in the mountains to the eastward. The Crows and Blackfeet, powerful, cunning and warlike, made incursions into this grazing region for the purpose of stealing horses, the Nez Perces, by reason of their location, receiving the most attention. Marauding expeditions by the Blackfeet into the Nez Perce country were frequent, and often war parties of the despoiled tribe crossed the Rockies to retaliate upon their enemies. In this manner the Nez Perces were educated in the school of experience to become the most warlike of the tribes living on the Columbia and Snake river plateau. Had this powerful tribe joined with the others in making war upon American settlers in 1856, the result would have been most disastrous.

Many people affect to believe that the only "good Indian" is a dead one, but were that the case now, or had it been so in the past, how different would our history read. Instances are numerous where the friendship of tribes and individuals has prevented the impending destruction of entire settlements, and the intercourse between the white and Indian races has been marked by many acts of kindness and nobility on the part of the latter, more than the treatment they have received would lead us to expect. An example of this was Seattle, whose portrait is given on page one hundred and ninety-five.

"Old Seattle," as he is spoken of by the pioneer citizens of the middle Puget Sound region, was chief of the Sequamish Indians forty years ago, with seat of power at the Old Man House, now Port Madison, across the sound twelve miles from the present town of Seattle. The first white men who came to the Sound, after the Hudson's Bay Company employees, settled at the head, at and near what are now the towns of Olympia and Tumwater. The Indians realized the advantages to be derived from the proximity of white settlements, enabling them to sell their fish, game and labor; and in return buy tools, guns, trinkets, etc. With an eye to these advantages Seattle temporarily removed his place of dwelling to Olympia, and there he was found by Dr. D. S. Maynard in 1851. Maynard wanted to get further down the sound, and to locate at some point favorable for trading with the Indians, and for the building of a town. Seattle told him he knew a place to suit him, and an arrangement was quickly made by which Dr. Maynard was taken down the sound by Seattle and his Indians in a canoe.

At that time the Duwamish tribe dwelt all around that place, on Salmon bay to the north and on Duwamish and Black rivers to the south, but none lived on the site of the present town. From time to time it had been the temporary abiding place of roving companies of Indians, and one deserted house was found there by the doctor, the Denny brothers, W. N. Bell, C. C. Terry, H. L. Yesler and others of that early day. The Sequamishes and Duwamishes were allied tribes, or, perhaps, one divided tribe, the Duwamishes living on the eastern shore of the sound and the Sequamishes on the western. While Seattle was the immediate chief of the Sequamishes, he had great influence with the Duwamishes, and in fact later became their chief also by appointment of Gov. Stevens. By locating the whites here he evidently considered that he was favoring both branches of the tribe, this being a central and convenient point for all the thousand Indians thus associated. For several months the place went by its Indian name, a name almost unpronounceable and quite impossible to write. After struggling with this barbarous name until their patience was exhausted, the white men concluded to make a change. They deliberated among themselves, and finally settled upon Seattle as a name in every



INDIAN TYPES.

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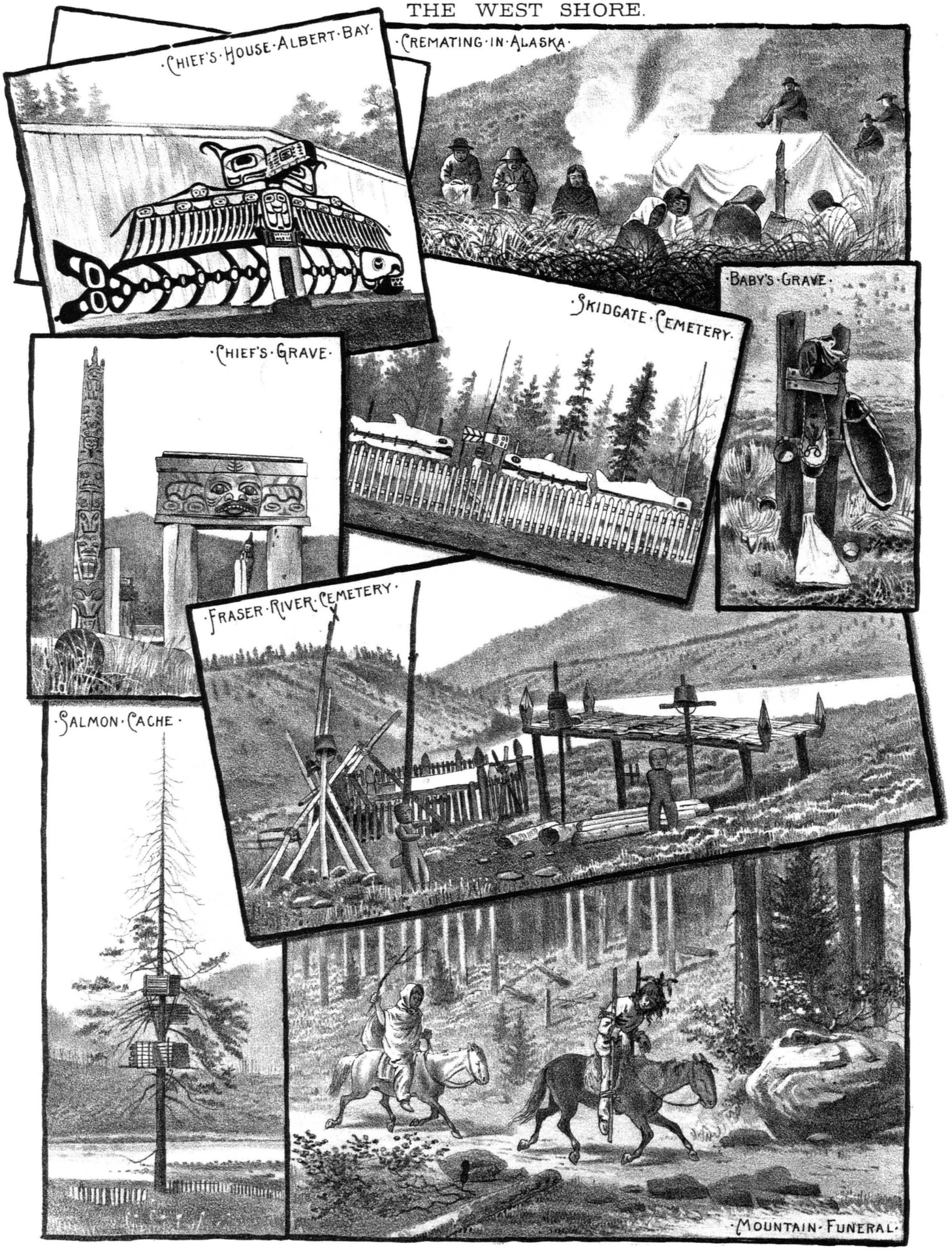

INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

way worthy the town they were founding. The chief was much pleased with the honor thus paid him, and showed his gratitude and good feeling in numberless ways thereafter. His friendship to the town and its handful of citizens stood them in good stead during the Indian war of 1855-56, and was undoubtedly the cause of the saving of the life of many a white person. In fact, had the Indians over whom Seattle exercised jurisdiction joined the hostiles during that terrible time, instead of opposing them, as they were led to do by their chief, the destruction of the town itself might have been compassed, as was every other settlement of whites within forty miles. The pioneers always have a good word for Seattle, and will allow nothing said against his memory to go unrebuked.

Seattle was a superior Indian. He was tall, well-built and powerful. His voice was clear and musical. He had absolute control over his tribe. The white men of his acquaintance greatly admired him. Seattle was born about the beginning of the century. As nearly as can be learned at this late day, he early assumed prominence in his tribe, rising therein until he was its acknowledged head. He kept his residence at the Old Man House until his death, in 1866, where his grave is yet shown with pride and reverence by the Indians still living at that point. In his social relations Seattle was exemplary. He had but one wife, who bore him three childred—George Seattle, Jim Seattle and Angeline. The wife and George died over twenty years ago, and Jim five years ago. Angeline still lives, occupying a little house on the water front of the place named after her father, a place that, notwithstanding many hard knocks and bitter opposition, has become the leading city of the territory, and second to only one in the Pacific northwest—Portland.

The Old Man House referred to in the foregoing was a wonderful work for simple, ignorant people like these Indians. It was built before the white men made their homes in this country. It was an immense structure, intended for grand occasions and great assemblages. Logs two feet in diameter were used in building its walls, the cutting and hauling of which under the circumstances are a marvel to this day. The stringers placed twenty feet above the ground were huge and heavy timbers, the handling of which without hoisting apparatus would be deemed impossible by the American or European mechanic of to-day. The roof was made of long shakes, or cedar logs split in slabs, put in a slanting position to shed the rain. It was a famous structure, in which not only the Sequamishes but all the other Puget sound Indians felt intense interest. Naturally enough the village surrounding the Old Man House took its name from that building, but of late years with its gradual disuse and destruction the Old Man House has been but little heard of, and, like Chief Seattle, who gloried in it and assisted in its construction, will soon be remembered by none but the oldest inhabitants.

The custom of making caches of whatever is desired to be hidden or be preserved is a universal one among the natives and frontiersmen. The word cache (pronounced kash) is of French origin, and came into general use through the Canadian-French employés of the great Hudson's Bay Company. Whenever an individual or a tribe is compelled to leave provisions or property of any kind unprotected from the ravages of other individuals or tribes, a cache is made, and every possible precaution is taken to so obliterate all evidences of its existence that prying eyes will not discover it. So successfully is this sometimes done that the owner himself, after a lapse of time, finds it difficult, and often impossible to find his hidden property. Caches of thousands of dollars worth of traps and furs were made by trappers in the early days, which were sometimes discovered and plundered by Indians, dug up by wild animals or ruined by floods. The most common cache is a hole in the ground, more or less elaborately prepared according to the nature of the articles to be secreted. Sometimes a large pit is dug, the bottom and sides carefully lined with brush, which is also piled on top to protect the contents from contact with the ground. Naturally, traces of such an elaborate cache are difficult to obliterate. When considerable property is to be thus disposed of the owner generally prefers to make several caches at some distance from each other, with the hope that if one is discovered the others may be overlooked. When provisions are thus stored, it is essential that they be so deeply buried that the keen scent of wild animals will not detect their presence; otherwise, unless protected by huge stones, tree trunks or other defenses, they will undoubtedly fall a prey to wolves, bears or mountain lions. When a cache is made solely for the purpose of protecting provisions from animals, it is customary in a forest country to stow them away amid the branches of some solitary forest giant, in whose grizzled embrace the most toothsome delicacies become the sourest of grapes to the hungry animals often attracted to the foot of the tree by the fragrant odor from above. The Indians of the coast, in whose dietetic orchestra the salmon plays the leading part, often a solo, are in the habit of thus caching the product of their summer's fishing, as well to preserve it from the animals as to keep it thoroughly dry and uncontaminated by the damp earth. Salmon caches of this kind are a familiar sight to the traveler along the streams of British Columbia.

The burial customs of the various Indian tribes differ widely. Some inter their departed relatives in the ground, others expose the bodies to the dissolution of the elements and the plunder of carion birds by depositing them on biers or racks in some secluded spot, while others cremate the bodies and scatter the bones and ashes, or collect them in some receptacle and preserve them in numerous ways. On page one hundred and ninety-six several of these varied forms of burial are presented. At the top of the page is given a cremation scene among the Alaska Indians. In the background, behind the Indians seen crouching in the tall grass, is a funeral pyre of logs, upon which lies the body of the dead Chilcat, the whole pyre being gradually consumed

by fire. The Indians of the upper Pacific coast are great carvers in wood and stone, and every house and grave bears specimens of their skill. The red cedar of that region is the material in most common use. The carvings represent figures which are typical of their tradition and mythology, certain ones of which form the crest or coat of arms of the family. Totem sticks, tall cedar poles, carved from top to bottom with a great number of blended figures, may be seen standing before the house of every head of a family, and at every chief's grave, as shown in the engraving. The most prominent figures represented are the bear, whale, eagle, raven and hunter. A curious custom is that depicted at the bottom of the page. On the leading horse is strapped the body of the dead Indian, well secured to poles to maintain it in an upright position. Following behind rides the squaw who was the defunct brave's abject slave, but who now drives him rapidly before her with shouts and frequent application of a brush whip to the back of the Cayuse upon which he rides, and thus is he borne to his last resting place. The custom of placing in or upon the graves of the dead those things which were nearest and dearest during his life, is the most universal of any observed by savage tribes in all quarters of the globe. The warrior's weapons of chase and war are buried with him. In some tribes his favorite horse is led out and slain at his grave, and in the case of a great chief often his favorite wife meets the same fate, so that in the happy hunting grounds the dead chief may have his weapons, war horse and slave to attend him. In cases of cremation these articles are laid upon the funeral pyre, with the exception of horse and squaw, the former not being used by cremating tribes, who live on the coast, and the latter being fortunately not expected to follow her lord and master so quickly. In the same way the miniature canoe and valueless belongings of the child, the charms and sacred trinkets of the medicine man, and the trophies of the hunter are elevated on the same poles, consumed by the same fire or deposited in the same grave with their owner.

NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

A GENTLEMAN of experience thus gives his opinion of the Granite creek mines, in the Similkameen region, B. C.: We know that Granite creek is good. By next winter the best of it will be worked out. The depth of ground on Granite is from one to eight feet, and in some places deeper. The best part of the mining season is from August first to December. The high water in May, June and July interferes with successful work. There are five or six more creeks that contain gold, but it is not known how they will pan out; can not tell until summer. It is a good country to prospect in, although I do not know of any very rich claims in the camp. There are no hill or gulch claims of importance yet found. The diggings appear to be in the creek. I think the population is about fifteen hundred. My opinion is that the mines are overrated, but I am satisfied with the prospect. From the number of persons here I think wages will not be above $3.00 per day without board. I would not advise men to come unless they have money to prospect with.

THE product of the mines of Montana for the year 1885, as estimated by the superintendent of the U. S. assay office in Helena, is $26,097,660.71, of which three-fifths were gold and silver and two-fifths copper and lead. The probable yield of the current year is estimated at upwards of $30,000,000.00. Increasing railroad facilities are leading to the development of new mines, and the outlook indicates that for years to come Montana will be the leading mineral producer in the United States.

SEVERAL parties that have entered the Calispel valley, north of Lake Pend d'Oreille, this spring, to prospect the valley and surrounding mountains for the mineral deposits which rumor has located there, have been induced to leave by the hostile attitude of the Indians of that region. Many of these Indians do not belong to the Calispel tribe, but are renegades and refuges from various places, and do not relish the idea of having their place of refuge intruded upon.

THE Weiser Water Company is constructing a ditch thirteen miles long from the river to traverse the flat west of Weiser City. It carries three thousand inches of water, and can be enlarged when necessary to a capacity of twenty thousand inches. All the land covered by this canal not now settled upon will soon be located, as the irrigation facilities thus supplied render it highly valuable. Weiser will soon become one of the most fertile valleys on the Pacific Coast.

THE annual shoot of the Northwest Sportsmen's Association will take place in this city on June 4th and 5th. A number of prizes are offered, the leading one being a magnificent badge, valued at two hundred dollars, which will be an individual championship badge. The membership of the association is large, and as there are many first-class trap shooters among them, a series of close and interesting contests may be expected.

SEVERAL dredging machines are being set up in the Cœur d'Alene mines, for working the deep placers where there is too much water for ordinary working. The machines will scoop up the dirt from the bottom, raise it to the surface and dump it into the flume. Great results are expected from this method, as an enormous quantity of dirt can be handled by such a machine daily.

THE well-known stationery firms of J. B. Ferguson & Co. and T. R. Pearson & Co., have been consolidated and incorporated as the British Columbia Stationery and Printing Company, Limited. The business is under the management of Mr. Ferguson. The company is established at Victoria, New Westminster and Vancouver.

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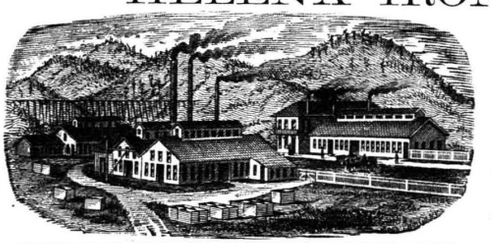

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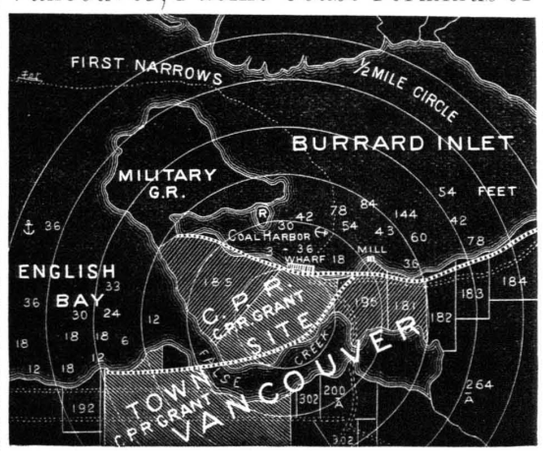

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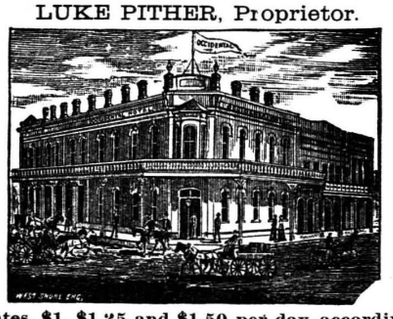

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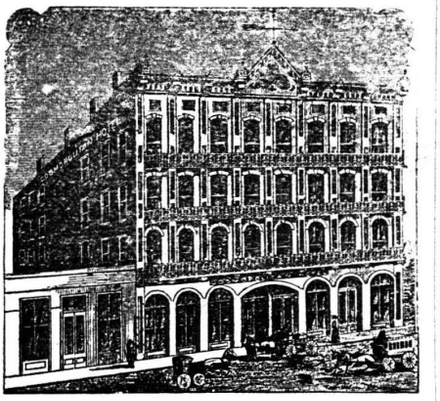

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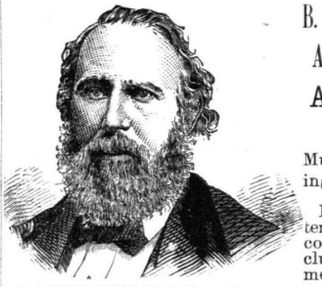

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Columbia	9	Oregon	8
Oregon	14	State of Cal	13
State of Cal	19	Columbia	18
Columbia	24	Oregon	23
Oregon	29	State of Cal	28
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Dayton, Or.	7 00	.....	7 00	.....	7 00	.....
Corvallis. Salem.	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	.....

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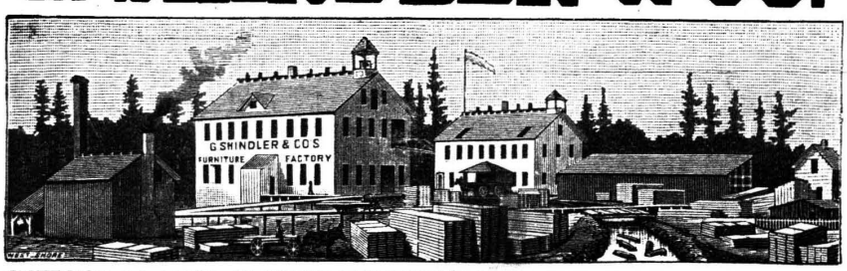

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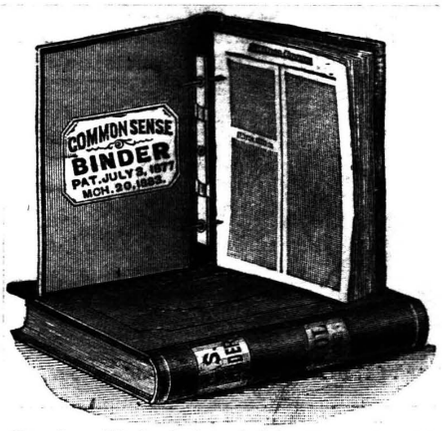

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