

Ed McKenney

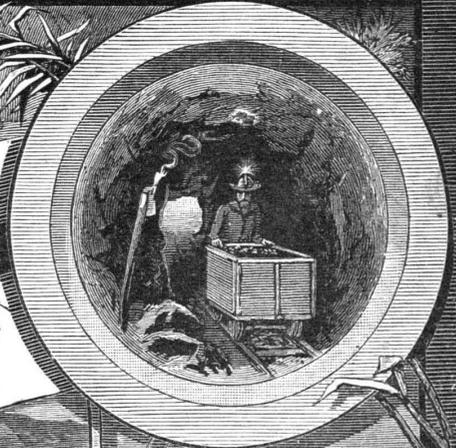
MARCH, 1886.

1875

ESTABLISHED 1875

West Shore

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OF GENERAL INFORMATION
DEVOTED TO THE
DEVELOPMENT OF
THE GREAT WEST



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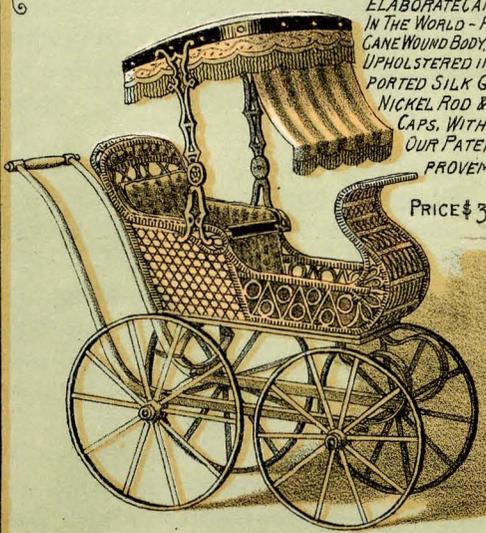
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THE WEST SHORE.

12th Year.

Portland, Oregon, March, 1886.

No. 3

ESTABLISHED 1875.

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ONCE more certain of our business firms see their names in print, for a consideration. The latest "scheme" by the advertising fiend is a "splasher," to be put up in hotels and other places where Tom, Dick and Harry wash their hands and faces. That such things can be "worked" on sensible business men is one of the most encouraging evidences we have of the approaching end of "hard times."

THE WEST SHORE LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING COMPANY is now prepared to do Bank and Commercial work equal in quality to the best in the United States. The business men of the Northwest are invited to send for estimates and designs for stationery, stock certificates, bank checks, drafts, bonds, and all other forms of fine lithographed work, either in black or colors. It is no longer necessary to send East or to San Francisco for anything of that description.

THE position taken by THE WEST SHORE on the Chinese question is identical with that of the responsible portion of the press of the Northwest, viz.: While it is desirable that the country be freed from the presence of the Chinese as quickly as it can be done by legal and proper means, no form of intimidation or violence towards them must be permitted, and they must be protected in their persons and rights of property wherever they may choose to reside. To do less than this is not only dishonorable, but is to lay up an account against ourselves which will be hard to meet when the day of reckoning shall come between China and the United States. A few papers of the sensational stripe are all that the brawlers can look to for encouragement.

THE papers of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and other cities which lie on the eastern border of the Great West, agree in predicting an unprecedentedly large immigration into the Northwest the coming spring and summer. The usual desire to "go West" is stimulated by a fear that desirable public lands will soon be all taken up, public attention having been directed to the subject by the great prominence recently given it at Washington and in the newspapers. The unusual amount of suffering from cold and storms in regions formerly supposed to be exempt from the rigors of winter, has also had much to do with infusing into the bosoms of the discontented a desire to come to a region where the weather may be depended upon.

SEVERAL features of the recent disturbance at Seattle should be brought to the attention of those of our Eastern friends who affect to believe that lawlessness is the normal condition of the West. Nearly every man found in the ranks of the rioters was but a transient resident of the city, having no interest in it and caring nothing for its welfare and good name. On the other hand, with scarcely an exception, the actual citizens of Seattle were arrayed on the side of law and order. Nearly every citizen actively engaged in upholding the law, did so notwithstanding he was in sympathy with the object of the riot, viz.: to rid the city of Chinese. It was not the object, but the method, they opposed. So far, then, from showing that the citizens of Washington Territory are incapable of self-government, the Seattle incident proves them to possess that faculty in the highest degree, since, though unanimously opposed to the presence of the Chinese in the city, they rallied to their aid and upheld the law, even to the extremity of shedding blood.

MANY people erroneously confound the Knights of Labor movement with the anti-coolie agitation, and especially that feature of it which has led to the forcible expulsion of the Chinese from various localities. The Knights of Labor, as an organization, are no more answerable for the lawless acts of these brawling agitators and their irresponsible followers than are the Knights of Pythias. Members of the former organization, to be sure, may be seen among the anti-coolie crowds, but the order itself has nothing to do with it, while others of its members have arrayed themselves as prominently on the side of law and order. The Knights of Labor is an organization of working men throughout the United States and Canada, whose object is to secure by legitimate and lawful means, better care, better pay and a better position for the laboring classes than, in many localities, they now enjoy. Such an object is commendable, and the order should not be made to bear the onus of the lawless conduct of these anti-Chinese riot-breeders.

Now that the committee in charge of the erection of the Skidmore Fountain is moving in the matter, it is not out of place to suggest that it consider the merits of White Bronze, which is being so extensively used for memorial monuments, statuary and fountains in the East. It is highly recommended for durability and general beauty of appearance, and can be fashioned into most graceful designs. The subject should be examined by the committee before deciding upon the material to be used in the proposed fountain.

ST. PAUL is luxuriating in her Ice Palace and Carnival at a season when the fruit trees of this region are budding, the flower gardens and green lawns receiving the gardener's care, and the winter grain is growing rankly in the fields. If they enjoy their icy sports as well as we our glorious spring weather, our congratulations are given them freely and heartily. In the one we can never hope to rival them, nor they us in the other. If ice blocks of sufficient dimensions could ever be procured in Portland, the palace would be a goose-pond within twenty-four hours after the warm breath of the Chinook touched it. We will have to build our ice palace of wood and paint it.

THE benefits the Oregon Pacific's Yaquina Route is conferring upon the Willamette Valley are becoming better appreciated daily. As a route from the Valley to San Francisco, both for freight and passengers, it is becoming so well known and well patronized that another steamer will soon be put on to run alternate trips with the *Yaquina*. The road will soon be extended from Corvallis to Albany, which will open to the route a much larger field than it now covers, which will probably be further increased by other extensions. The Oregon Pacific is doing good work for the producers of the Willamette Valley.

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the Bedrock Flume Company, the Cœur d'Alene miners are highly elated over the prospects of the various districts in that region. The quartz ledges of the South Fork, Carbon Center, Beaver Creek, Prichard Creek and Eagle Creek districts promise grand results, such as will make Cœur d'Alene one of the leading mining regions of the West. A mass meeting was held at Murray a few days ago, for the purpose of sending a memorial to Congress, asking that all of the Idaho Pan-handle lying north of the Clearwater Divide be annexed to Montana instead of Washington. As a reason for this it is urged that the business interests of that region are in Montana rather than Washington, that the former Territory is a mining country and the latter an agricultural one, the Clearwater Divide forming a natural line of division between those two forms of industry in the Pan-handle, and that the miners of Cœur d'Alene are chiefly former citizens of Montana, who would prefer to become again connected with that Territory.

MESSRS. R. L. POLK & Co. have just issued a new directory of the City of Portland, East Portland, Albina, Vancouver, LaCamas, and minor suburbs, which is complete and accurate in contents and a splendid specimen of work. In every respect it is an improvement upon the directory of 1885, which was far superior to any previously issued in Portland. It should be in every business office in the city.

THE lectures, or essays, of the Social Science Course should receive more attention than they do from our people. They are given in the chapel of the Church of Our Father, corner of Yamhill and Seventh. The price of single admissions is twenty-five cents, while course tickets for the entire five lectures are sold at seventy-five cents. The series for 1886 embraces essays by Miss Kate N. Tupper, Rev. R. W. Hill, Archbishop W. H. Gross, Prof. J. B. Grossman and Mrs. G. W. Chandler. These lectures administer to the intellectual wants of our people and should be well attended.

THE Washington Improvement Company has let a contract for the construction of a cut and tunnel to connect Lake Washington with Lake Union, just north of Seattle. The cut will be five hundred and fifty feet long, and the tunnel eleven hundred feet. The present object of the company is to float logs from Lake Washington to the Sound; but it is the intention soon to convert the connection into a canal, by washing out the earth, which can easily be done, as Lake Washington is fourteen feet higher than Lake Union, and the distance between them only a quarter of a mile. This will enable vessels to enter Lake Washington, which will then be the best location for a sheltered inland navy yard the United States can find. Wood, ship timber, coal and iron abound in the vicinity. Its superiority over the Mare Island location, in every detail, is evident.

THERE are a few apparently respectable men who are either actively engaged in the anti-Chinese demonstrations, or are lending the law-breakers moral support in the form of approval of their acts, whenever they fall short of actual riot. There are not many of these, and when their cases are considered critically it is found they are but a squad of axe-grinders, who think they are doing good political work by making themselves "solid with the boys." In this they are grievously in error, and were that all, no one would take the trouble to allude to them; but, unfortunately, their connection with the agitation misleads those not familiar with the exact status of the movement, to believe that responsible citizens are engaged in this lawless crusade. Such is far from being the case, and our Eastern friends are assured that the business men, property holders, industrious and reliable working men and respectable citizens generally, are almost unanimously opposed to every form of violence, intimidation or unjust treatment of the Chinese or any other foreign element in our midst.

OUR NEW QUARTERS.

THE new quarters of THE WEST SHORE, corner of Second and Yamhill streets, are now open to the inspection of its friends, who are cordially invited to visit its rooms and see the many interesting processes by which fine lithographing is produced. The illustrations on pages ninety and ninety-one give a fair idea of the exterior of the building, and the interior of the various departments. The building stands in one of the most convenient business locations in the city. In fitting it up the proprietor had three objects in view—neatness, convenience, and facilities for doing the best class of work. The first two were but matters of taste and a knowledge of what was needed; but to secure the latter required the purchase of much new and expensive machinery and tools, and the employment of additional high-priced labor. His theory is that first class work requires first class workmen and first class tools. The result of putting this theory into practice may be seen in the products of this establishment, which are equal to the best executed in any city in the United States. The employment of such a large number of high-priced artists and workmen makes the salary list of THE WEST SHORE LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING COMPANY one of the largest in the city, while it renders the establishment superior to all others on the Pacific Coast.

In making a tour, one naturally begins with the main office of the company and editorial rooms of the magazine, which are large, light, airy and elegant, and are furnished for convenience and comfort in every particular. The walls are hung with pictures and specimens of fine color work. A visit is then made to the art room, where men are seen engaged in sketching, designing in black and colors, engraving on stone, crayon work on stone, engraving on wood, etc. Here, also, everything indicates neatness and taste, while perfect quiet reigns. Passing through the composing room and bindery, the visitor reaches the large press room, where he finds lithographed work in all stages, from the stone just etched to the printed sheets in the large drying racks. He will be especially interested in the large Hoe press, weighing twenty-four thousand pounds, on which the fine color work is executed. This very expensive piece of machinery, as well as others, was purchased from Messrs. Tatum & Bowen, who are agents for R. Hoe & Co. on the Pacific Coast, and who handle printers' supplies, type and machinery of all kinds, as well as general machinery of every description. The firm has fulfilled its contract in every particular. Not so much as a bolt or screw was missing from the press, which was set up by them and placed in perfect running order in a remarkably short time after its arrival from New York. Under the management of Mr. A. F. Hildreth the Portland branch of Tatum & Bowen has become the acknowledged head of the machinery trade of this region, and is recognized by printers and publishers as the most reliable firm in that line of trade in the

Northwest. Their office and warerooms are at 91 and 93 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

Numerous other features of THE WEST SHORE establishment receive attention from the visitor, which help to impress him with the fact that it is capable of turning out an immense amount of the finest class of work, of which he is fully convinced by examining the work already done and which he sees in process of execution. On this subject the *Oregonian* says:

"Heretofore our banks and business men have been compelled to send East for fine stationery, bank work, catalogue covers and engravings, especially color work, but this is no longer necessary, as this establishment has both the men and all requisite machinery for doing work equal to the best produced anywhere."

The *News*, in like complimentary terms, says:

"The artistic work of this excellent establishment has always been of the highest order, but it has recently made heavy investments in superior machinery, and employed additional first class artists. It is now one of the most complete lithographing and engraving establishments in the United States, and is turning out work that is unsurpassed anywhere."

THE WEST SHORE establishment, like everything else of permanent value, is a growth, having been built up through a series of years from a small beginning. In August, 1875, Mr. Samuel issued the initial number of THE WEST SHORE, of which he is still sole proprietor and manager. It was then an eight-page sheet with few illustrations; now it is a handsome magazine of from forty-eight to eighty pages, profusely illustrated with original engravings. Then the work was done by contract, the circulation was small, and the office was in the proprietor's hat; now it occupies the large quarters just described, employs a great many men, and reaches every corner of the United States. This is the result of hard labor on the part of Mr. Samuel, combined with a determination to build up an art magazine of the highest order. In pursuance of his plan he has from year to year increased his facilities, added to his staff of artists, improved the style and appearance of the magazine, and by successive steps, carefully and wisely taken, has evolved the excellent magazine and superior lithographing establishment in which it is published. The work is by no means ended, nor will it end as long as THE WEST SHORE exists. Five years hence the magazine will have made still further advancement in every particular, and the publishing house will have increased in size and facilities in like proportion. It is with pleasure the publisher assures its many friends that THE WEST SHORE will be in the future a greater source of pleasure than it has ever been in the past.

The magazine is not a local publication in the sense in which the term is applied to newspapers. Though published in Portland, it has devoted its space impartially to the whole Northwest, and in building itself up has had the satisfaction of being one of the most powerful agents in building up the country as well. That the work it is doing, and will continue to do, is

appreciated, is proved by many evidences, not the least of which is its large and increasing list of subscribers in every city, town and village. Numerous localities which have already been illustrated will have further attention given them, while others will be allotted the space they deserve in due season. It is the purpose of THE WEST SHORE to lay every section of the Northwest before its readers, and this will be accomplished as rapidly as the immensity of the field to be covered will admit. The prosperity of the Northwest means the success of its chief exponent, and so surely as we desire the latter, so surely will we work diligently, faithfully and honorably to promote the former.

INDIAN ROCK.

On an island in the Columbia River, four miles above Celilo, stands a rugged basaltic ridge about five hundred feet in length, and rising high into the air. The forces of nature have chiselled many curious forms in its rocky walls, the most prominent of which is a perfect profile of an Indian face. The profile faces the northwest, and may be seen from the deck of a steamer passing through the old channel on the southwest, from which side the sketch on page ninety-two was taken. It can also be seen from the line of the O. R. & N. Co., two miles below, but only by the use of a glass. The head has been worshiped for ages by the Indians of that region, who call it the "Great Spirit of the Columbia." At certain seasons it was, in times past, their custom to repair to the island for worship. None of them would ever make their home upon the island, being deterred by a superstitious fear. The current of the river at that point is very rapid, and the island is somewhat dangerous to approach, but one skilled in handling the oar or paddle can feel reasonably safe in undertaking the feat. The engraving was made from an oil sketch by Mr. J. E. Stuart, a Portland artist, who has made a specialty of paintings of the magnificent scenery of the Northwest.

THE SANDAL-WOOD OF JAPAN.—Passing by a shop you see cords of wood cut into small blocks about six inches long. This you learn is nothing short of shoe timber. These cords of wood will speedily be converted into shoes of various sizes, at prices ranging all the way from four to twenty cents. The wood is called *kiri*, and is very light. The clogs are still further lightened by hollowing out the center. So, in point of fact, there is little truth in calling the shoes heavy, although they appear so to the inexperienced observer. It must be admitted, though, that they are unreasonably clumsy. Sometimes the shoes worn by the ladies are lacquered, and are fastened by a velvet band passing from either side over the lower part of the instep, and between the first and second toes. With this same kind of wood are made bureaus, and the whole box is made adjustable in horizontal sections. Owing to the lightness of the wood these boxes may be filled with clothing, and carried off on the shoulders of the coolie in case of fire.

IMPROVEMENTS AT COAL HARBOR.

Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, on Coal Harbor, is a lively and growing place. Fifty new buildings have been erected this winter, and the town contains fully one thousand people. Six hotels are totally inadequate to accommodate the throng of visitors and newcomers. Contracts to the amount of \$50,000.00 have been let for clearing the town-site, and the work is progressing rapidly. Bids for the construction of the extension from Port Moody have been received, and the contract will soon be let. Fully four thousand men—no Chinese labor being permitted by the terms of the contracts—will be at work on the town-site and railroad within a few weeks. It is expected that the line will be completed and in operation by the middle of July, by which time Coal Harbor will have made great progress in its work of building up a city.

PROGRESS OF THE C. & O. R. R.

Information regarding the progress of the California and Oregon Railroad northward from Delta, was obtained, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, from Chief Engineer Wm. Hood, of the Southern Pacific Company, who has charge of the work. Mr. Hood said that when the present season of work was begun, there were one and one-half miles of road completed above Delta. The track is now laid to a point near Portuguese Flat, five miles north of Delta, and the bridges, culverts and other work are all finished. The bridges across the Sacramento River are of iron, resting on solid foundations of Portland cement. From eight hundred to one thousand Chinese are at work in the tunnels and on the grading above Portuguese Flat, and the masonry contractor is employing between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty men, among them many stone-cutters. One tunnel has been completed since the late operations were begun, and three others are now in process of construction. The citizens of Yreka are anxious that the road shall pass through their town, and have made overtures to the company to secure this result. As Yreka lies seven miles off the direct line on which the road is to be built, and is on a high elevation, it is hardly thought that the plan of running the railway through it is practicable. The Southern Pacific Company's Directors have instructed Mr. Hood to proceed with the work slowly until the land grant matter is settled by Congress. In case the lands are forfeited it is probable that the line will be completed to some central point from which a stage route can be easily built to Ashland. The Oregon and California Railroad, with which the line extending above Delta is to connect and form a through railway to Portland, has abandoned construction although it has four tunnels opened south of Ashland, its present terminus. Passenger trains now run to a point about three miles above Delta. The bench lands along the Sacramento River, near the newly completed section of the road, are being rapidly settled.

ARABLE BENCH LANDS OF MONTANA.

The region lying around the Great Falls of the Missouri, and to a large extent naturally tributary to the town of Great Falls, is the "garden spot of Montana." On the west side of the Missouri, emptying into it just opposite the town, is Sun River, with its beautiful valley already dotted with farming residences that will compare favorably with any in the States, rising in the Rocky Mountains and having a valley one hundred miles in length and from two to ten miles in width—land to give two hundred and fifty families a fine farm each. Parallel to this valley, near the mouth, is another valley, or sag, still richer, evidently an ancient bed of the river, which by actual measurement contains one hundred farms of one hundred and sixty acres each of fine land. On the northwest is the Missouri Valley, which, in thirty miles distance, gives over one hundred farms. On the southeast lie the fertile valleys of Box Elder, Belt and Highwood rivers, at the average distances of nine, eighteen and twenty-five miles, respectively, already well settled by prosperous farmers, and land enough more to carve out one hundred and fifty farms.

Just south of Great Falls is the mouth of the famous "Sand Coulee." This broad, green valley is about twenty-five miles in length, and can not be surpassed as a farming region. Without a single house five years ago, it is now dotted with the homes of well-to-do farmers. Twenty miles further south is the valley of Smith River, which is a hundred miles in length and contains scores of first-class farms.

Within a radius of a few miles are six or seven valleys, containing the finest and best lands in Montana or in the whole country. But these are not all. The farmers of that region were long since convinced that the best agricultural lands are those on the bench and not in the valleys, and many are now cultivating them. Until lately the scarcity of water has prevented a more universal cultivation of these bench lands; but since flowing wells at a moderate depth can be obtained in that vicinity, the problem of water supply can be easily solved. With the favorable situation of these lands, surrounded by three ranges of mountains, with their natural reservoirs of water, it is safe to conclude that wells of pure water can be obtained at moderate cost.

Within a radius of thirty or forty miles there are one hundred townships, or three thousand six hundred square miles, equal to fourteen thousand four hundred farms, of one hundred and sixty acres each, nearly all capable of producing the largest crops. This is an area equal to one-third the State of Vermont, which supports a population of three hundred and forty thousand people, and has not one-half as large a percentage of arable land. One-half the labor and thrift bestowed upon one of those Vermont farms would make a Montana farmer rich. It would open wide the eyes of an Eastern farmer to go to this region and see men plowing in December and again in February.

Nowhere does land yield more prolifically, and nowhere is it so abundant and cheap. One hundred and sixty acres of land can be had under the Homestead law by living on, and cultivating it for five years, and paying a few dollars as fees. One hundred and sixty acres more can be taken under the Preemption act, by paying \$1.25 per acre, and one hundred and sixty acres can be had by planting ten acres with timber. Six hundred and forty acres more can be taken by man and wife each, under the Desert Land act, by irrigating and cultivating the land, and paying \$1.25 per acre, thus giving from eleven hundred to eighteen hundred acres of land to every farmer for much less than the cost of a small farm in the States.

IDAHO FRUIT.

The *Boisé Statesman* says, that for growing apples, pears, plums, prunes and many of the smaller fruits there is no locality west of the Rocky Mountains superior to Southwestern Idaho. California can raise a much greater variety of fruit, owing to her warmer climate, but for the fruits named she has no advantage over Idaho. In fact, Idaho apples are superior to the California grown in firmness and flavor. The fruit industry is one that has yet scarcely a commencement in Bois  Valley. The field to be supplied is the whole United States, and if every foot of land between Bois  and Snake rivers, and from Kuna to the mouth of the Bois , were planted to orchards of the above varieties of fruits, a ready market could be found for all the fruit raised. This is not an extravagant assertion. The demand for good fruit is always greater than the supply, and the demand seems to increase every year. An acre of ground planted in good varieties of the above-named fruit will pay a larger return than any other crop that can be raised in this country; besides, there is less labor attached to growing fruit than most any other kind of crop. If every land owner in Bois  Valley would plant out a small orchard of the best shipping varieties of apples, pears, and plums (mostly apples), and every year thereafter add to the number of acres planted, it would not be long until he would have a bearing orchard, and he will be surprised at the income derived from his fruit as compared with raising other kinds of crops. These hints are dropped for farmers and others to think about. The view is not a visionary one, but is entirely practical, as results have heretofore proven and will continue to prove to every one who tries it. In this connection a summary of weather statistics for 1885 will be interesting. The signal office at Bois  City reports as follows: Mean annual temperature, fifty-two degrees; highest, ninety-nine degrees; lowest, seven degrees below zero; days on which temperature rose above ninety degrees, twenty-four; below thirty-two degrees, seventy-nine; total precipitation of rain and snow, twelve and fifty-six hundredths inches; months of greatest precipitation, January, February, May, June, November and December.

PUTTING DOWN A RIOT.

BEFORE proceeding to a description of the stirring events at Seattle, so graphically depicted on pages seventy-nine and eighty, a few words are necessary to explain the condition of society in the Northwest, and the general position occupied by the people on the Chinese question. The people of the Eastern States seem to think that violence and personal insecurity are features of life in what they are pleased to consider the "Rowdy West." They apparently forget that the citizens of the Pacific Coast are their own brothers, sons and cousins, gifted by nature with equal abilities with themselves, inheriting the same love of justice, peace and law, and possessing the same desire to see American institutions preserved and sustained. There is scarcely an individual in the East who has not some friends or relatives here, and by multiplying these by several hundred thousands he will have some idea of the character of our population. The youth of the country, the descendants of the pioneers, have enjoyed excellent educational advantages, and have become good and industrious citizens in as large a proportion as has the same class in Eastern communities. It is not the native, but the imported, element that has defied the law and been punished. The riotous elements of this region are the same that have within a few months bid defiance to the authorities of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, East Saginaw and numerous other Eastern cities. They consist of those thriftless, hand-to-mouth, itinerant laborers, who, bound by no ties of family or property—and one might add "country"—roam from city to city and state to state, working a little here and a little there, never saving a cent, and, consequently, always discontented and ready to lend a willing ear to the voice of the demagogue "agitator," who easily persuades them that they have not received their just share of this world's goods. It is only of late years we have had many of this class among us. Numbers of them were employed by railroad contractors in the East and discharged here, while others have found their way here since the era of railroads, led by their general desire to "see the country," or by the reports of high wages paid in this region. The "hard times" of the past two years have increased the chronic discontent of this class in the West, the same as in the East.

As regards the Chinese, it is the universal sentiment of all classes, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, that they are a detriment, a drag to business, a menace to free labor, and an unassimilative, foreign element which can never become a part of the body politic, and can never be taught to cherish and practice those great principles which form the foundation stones of Americanism. Such being the case, demonstrated by a third of a century of practical life, the desire to have the country permanently relieved of their presence pervades all classes, and is the one wish entertained by all, irrespective of political or religious opinions. Knowing this, the "agitator" has directed the discontent of the

lawless elements against the Chinese, hoping this universal desire for their expulsion would create sympathy and tolerance for them in their efforts to drive out the Mongolians by force. It is on this point they make their mistake. Much as the people desire to be rid of the Chinese, they love law, order, justice and the security of life and property more. The industrious, law-abiding citizens, men of family, and possessing an interest in the welfare of the communities in which they live, who are here, as elsewhere, in a great majority, will never permit the Chinese to be expelled by force, nor the laws defied and overridden by violence. They hold that relief must come through Congress, and by the exercise of lawful and peaceable means, such as the refusal to employ Chinese or use the product of their labor. With this idea of the condition of society and the position of the people on the Chinese question, the occurrences at Seattle, and the manner in which the citizens vindicated the majesty of the law, can be easily understood.

For several months the formation of "anti-coolie" clubs has been very active in the larger cities and towns, the avowed object being the expulsion of the Chinese. The people generally have held aloof from the organizations, fearing the "agitators" would secure control and the lawless elements be led by them to the commission of acts of violence. Many peaceable working-men have joined them, however, thinking they could accomplish their object by legitimate means. The result has been that in some clubs the law and order element has obtained control, and in others the lawless class have gained the upper hand. In the latter cases, encouraged by the large membership of the organizations, they have erroneously thought themselves strong enough to put in practice their ideas of forceable expulsion. Last November, when Tacoma permitted herself to be disgraced by the driving out of the Chinamen, and the burning of their quarters, the citizens of Seattle determined that such acts should never be permitted in their midst. They organized a strong company, armed with rifles, and took the oath as deputy sheriffs, placing themselves under the orders of Sheriff McGraw. This organization was called the "Home Guards," and embraced many of the prominent citizens of Seattle. There were, also, two companies of militia, the Seattle Rifles and Company D, which could be relied upon in case of need. The display of force served to prevent the Tacoma incident being repeated in Seattle at that time, but it seems that the leaders of the movement only delayed until they supposed the vigilance of the citizens had relaxed. Preparations were made in secret, with the aid of "leaders" from other localities, and Sunday, the seventh of February, was selected for a raid upon Chinatown. The steamer *Queen of the Pacific* was to sail that day for San Francisco, and the plan was to escort the Chinese to the dock and load them on the steamer, clearing the city in one sweep. So quietly were arrangements perfected, neither the authorities nor the citizens received an inkling of what was to happen.

At daylight, Sunday morning, committees proceeded to the Chinese quarters and notified their occupants to be prepared to go on board the steamer at one o'clock. Shortly after this a large number of wagons and men arrived, and the work of removal began. The ordinary Chinaman has but few trappings besides a blanket, and when he migrates, these are rolled up into the blanket and tied in a bundle, which he carries over his shoulder on a bamboo pole. Often another bundle wrapped in bamboo matting, a basket or a cheap trunk, depends from the other end of the pole. The work of removal was carried on rapidly, as the Chinese offered no resistance and received aid in packing. As soon as one house was cleared, its occupants and their effects were loaded on wagons, and the committee passed on to another shanty. As fast as the wagons were loaded they were driven to the dock where the *Queen of the Pacific* lay. The work was carried on so quietly that it was after ten o'clock when the citizens became aware of what was being done. Then the peal of the fire alarm broke the quiet of the Sabbath morning. The Home Guards and Militia began rapidly to collect in their armories, while Sheriff McGraw visited the scene of trouble and requested the police to interfere. This they refused to do, saying they would only protect the Chinese from bodily harm.

Mayor Yesler appealed to Governor Squire for aid, and the Governor telegraphed to General Gibbon, at Vancouver, and the authorities at Washington, for United States troops, saying that a conflict between a mob and the lawful authorities was imminent. He also issued a proclamation ordering the rioters to disperse, and directing all good citizens to aid the sheriff in upholding the law. By the time a force sufficient to cope with the mob had been collected, the Chinamen had all been removed to the dock, with the exception of a few who had been left in each store to pack goods. A committee had also gone throughout the city collecting all the house servants, and escorted them to the dock. Meanwhile, arrangements were made with Captain Alexander to take the Chinamen to San Francisco for \$7.00 each, and a collection was taken up among the people, resulting in enough money for eighty-nine tickets. Eight Chinese purchased tickets for themselves, and ninety-seven were taken on board the steamer, leaving two hundred and fifteen still on the dock. Matters were brought to a crisis by a Chinese resident, who applied to Chief Justice Greene for a writ of *habeas corpus*, alleging that ninety-seven of his countrymen were unlawfully detained on board the *Queen of the Pacific*. The writ was served on Captain Alexander, and made returnable at seven o'clock Monday morning. A guard of deputy sheriffs was placed over the Chinamen on the dock, and another in the Chinese quarters. The rioters dispersed, leaving the officers in control. The Seattle Rifles and Home Guards bivouacked in the court house. Had the President responded to the call of the Governor, and sent a company of troops from Port Townsend, they would have reached Seattle before morning, and

the blood-shed of the following day would have been averted. The city was patrolled during the night to guard against fire or pillage.

At seven o'clock the following morning, warrants were issued for the arrest of eight men on the charge of riot. They were quietly taken into custody, but were speedily released under bail of \$500.00 each. At the same time the Chinese from the steamer were escorted to the court room by a posse of deputy sheriffs and officers of the vessel. Through an interpreter, Judge Greene informed them they were at liberty to leave the city or remain, as they might elect; that the fare of those who chose to go would be paid, while those who decided to remain would be protected. He added that there was a deep-rooted hostility to them among the people, and he could not promise that other attempts to drive them out would not be made; all he could do was to assure them if such attempts were made the authorities would exert themselves to the utmost to protect them in their rights. When the Judge had finished his remarks seventy-one of the Chinamen expressed a desire to go, and they were escorted back to the dock and placed on board the steamer, the others joining their friends in the warehouse. Money was easily raised to pay the fare of all—\$1,500.00—since everyone was willing to contribute. Sheriff McGraw was so pleased to see the affair terminate so peacefully and the Chinese depart so willingly that he paid \$100 into the ticket fund.

The work of embarkation progressed rapidly, until one hundred and ninety-six had been taken on board, when Captain Alexander refused to receive any more, as the steerage contained all the passengers the law allowed. It was agreed between the Sheriff and the leaders of the movement, that the remainder should be permitted to stay in the city unmolested till the next steamer sailed. The Home Guards then proceeded up the street, escorting the Chinamen to their deserted quarters. It seems the situation was not understood by the rioters, who supposed the Chinese were being taken from the steamer and returned to their quarters permanently. As the procession advanced they were harrassed and reviled by hoodlums, and when the corner of Main and Commercial streets was reached, the crowd closed in and prevented further progress. The officers attempted to arrest the most violent and active of their assailants, who resisted and endeavored to take the guns out of the hands of the Guards. A hand-to-hand conflict ensued, in which the butts of muskets were used and a number of shots were fired. Five men were wounded, one of them so seriously that he died next day. While the fight was in progress the Chinamen lay flat down, sheltering themselves behind their packs. In a few minutes the Seattle Rifles came up on the double-quick, and with the Guards formed a hollow square about the prostrate Chinamen. The crowd, which had been scattered by the shots, quickly gathered again, and after removing the wounded, confronted the line of muskets in a threatening manner. The Sheriff commanded them to disperse, but they paid no heed to his

words. Company D then arrived from the court house, and took its place in the line. Several speeches were made, the situation was fully explained, and the crowd dispersed. The Chinese were escorted to their quarters, where a sufficient guard was left for their protection, and the companies marched to their headquarters at the court house. During the melee, Special Officer James Murphy was wounded in the arm, and Sheriff McGraw received two bullet holes in his coat.

Shortly after the fight, Governor Squire issued a proclamation of martial law, appointed the necessary officers and placed all forces under their command. The cadets at the Territorial University were mustered into the service of the Territory, and performed acceptable duty during the next three days. The situation was telegraphed to Washington, and another appeal made for troops, which were ordered to proceed from Vancouver. Warrants were procured from a Justice of the Peace for the arrest of Judge Thomas Burke, E. M. Carr, Frank Hanford and Rev. L. A. Banks, members of the Home Guards, charging them with murder. When the constable appeared at the court house he was ordered by Judge Greene not to serve the warrants, as the men were officers of his court, and that furthermore, all civil processes had been suspended by the proclamation of martial law. The feeling against the Home Guards was very bitter, especially the men who were accused of firing the fatal shots. The mob knew the Guards and militia were equally anxious with them to see the Chinese leave the city, and consequently, did not think they would fire upon them. They did not realize until afterwards that the love of law and order, and determination to protect the Chinese from violence, were stronger than the wish to see them depart. During the night guards patrolled the city, and no one was permitted on the streets without a pass from the Provost Marshal. The third day, ten companies of troops arrived from Vancouver, under command of General Gibbon, and relieved the militia and special officers. Martial law was strictly enforced by the military, and many undesirable characters concluded to seek other fields of operation, to the great relief of the city. Finally, after being under the iron hand of military rule, civil authority was restored, and affairs dropped back into their accustomed channels. The aftermath has yet to be recorded.

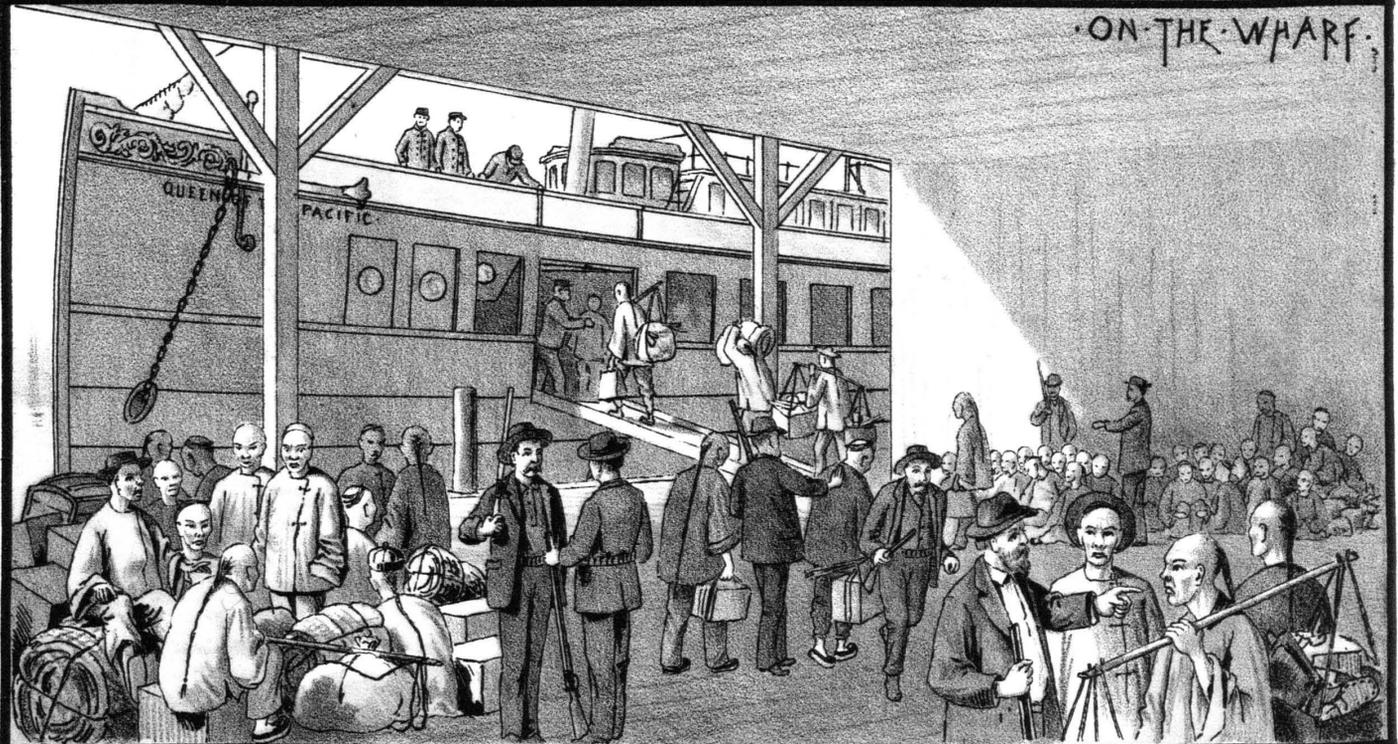
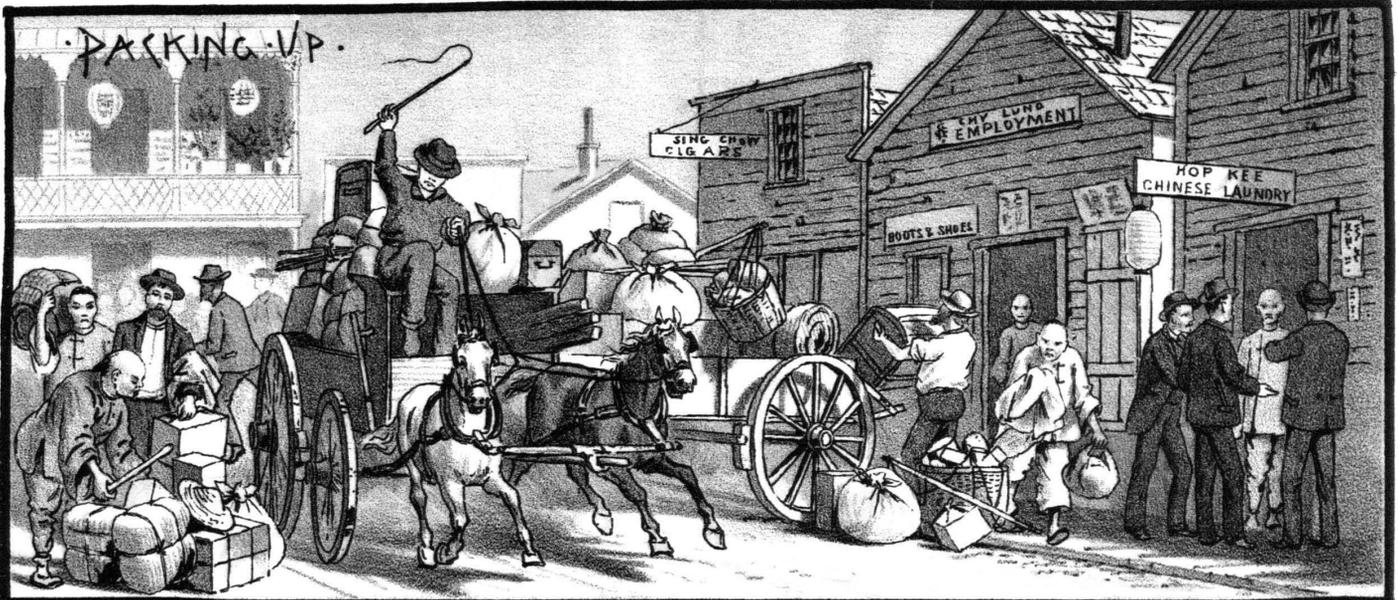
THE *Decorator and Furnisher* for February contains a great number of particularly rich and useful designs. There is a well-written article on the Hayes Villa, at Lexington, Mass., profusely illustrated; there are two pages of Celtic and Russian ornamentation; designs for chandelier, and brackets suited to a bed room; a plain and an elaborate sketch for a ceiling; a beautifully arranged dining room interior, and a set of fine drawing room furniture recently made; an article upon new styles in gas fixtures, etc., etc. It is published at 30 and 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York. Sample copies, twenty-five cents.

MINERAL PRODUCT OF MONTANA.

It is estimated that that portion of the United States now known as "Montana," has given to the world from her gulches and lodes, \$250,000,000.00, the larger per cent. of which is gold. \$140,000,000.00 in placer gold was added to commerce when Montana was infested by savages and border ruffians. If Montana in pioneer days, before the iron car of civilization crossed her boundary, produced such fabulous amounts of gold, surely with the return of good times, with railroads carrying capitalists to her mineral belts, with the additional hundreds of thousands who will soon people her in quest of the glittering placers, gold and silver leads, she will for ages pour forth her hundreds of millions more, and develop into the great mineral Golconda, not of the United States alone, but of all time. During the past year placers were located and discovered on the Big Hole and other parts of Western Montana, from which a goodly sum of gold dust has been extracted, and their working promises to re-create one of the early day furores. It has heretofore scarcely been touched, and when it is explored by thousands of placer miners in the near future, and we see a thorough application of the most improved modern machinery known to placer mining brought to bear in washing out the shining metal, many a bar of yellow gold will show up as a result of such work, and many millions be yet taken out from the placers of Western Montana.—*Bozeman Chronicle*.

THE Galt Railway, which is to run southward from the Canadian Pacific to Fort Benton, and possibly to Helena and Butte, will probably be the first railroad to enter Northern Montana. The capital for this enterprise is ready, and the only difficulty is the securing of charters from the Canadian Parliament and the United States Congress. The chief engineer recently stated that he hoped to be in the field by the first of April, and as there is comparatively little heavy work along the route, the completion of the road to Benton by October is possible. A few weeks ago Sir Alexander Galt organized a company and purchased two hundred and fifty-six thousand acres of coal lands from the Dominion Government, located on the south side of Belly River, a short distance north of the international line. The *Benton River Press* states that these coal lands are probably the most valuable lignite deposits known in North America. It more nearly resembles anthracite than any coal yet discovered. Extensive work is still going on. Their tunnel is one thousand feet long, and the vein is five feet and two inches in thickness, of solid coal, free from slate or other foreign matter, and as progress is made the quality is found to be improving. The mine has a roof of more than three hundred feet. The company has a contract with the Canadian Pacific for the delivery of four hundred tons per day, the delivery of which has necessitated the purchase of new cars. They also keep the markets supplied from Macleod and Calgary to Winnipeg.

THE WEST SHORE



THE ANTI-CHINESE RIOT AT SEATTLE. See Page 76.

THE WEST SHORE



Carrying off the Wounded.

The Night Patrol.

Reading the Riot Act.

Mustering in the Cadets.

FUR TRADE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

(CONTINUED—II.)

ONE ASPECT of the fur trade, not yet considered, was the overland operations of Eastern traders, a feature which finally became the dominant one. Prior to the English conquest of Canada, in 1763, its French possessors had been extensively engaged in the fur trade in the region of the Great Lakes. During the latter part of the seventeenth century and first half of the eighteenth, French explorers and Jesuit missionaries traversed the whole of the Mississippi Valley. They established a chain of stations connecting Canada with Louisiana, and even penetrated as far westward as the Rocky Mountains,* called first the "Shining Mountains," and later the "Stony Mountains." The most noted of these explorers were LaSalle, Pére Marquette, Baron LaHontan, the Verendryes, Pére Hennepin, Dupratz and Charlevoux. Nearly all of these wrote accounts of their travels, giving descriptions of the country and its native inhabitants. From their own observations and information gleaned from the Indians, they compiled maps of the territory, embracing a little which they knew and a great deal which they guessed at. Modern maps reveal what remarkably poor guessers some of them were. The explorations of these French travelers ended with the war between France and England, which was participated in by their respective colonies in America, and which is known in United States annals as the "French and Indian War." When Canada fell into the hands of England, in 1763, all the advanced posts which the French had established in the West were abandoned. The fur trade of Canada, which the French traders had pushed far to the westward in the wake of the explorers, was also abandoned by them to traders of the conquering nation.

The old French traders had established an elaborate system, embracing, in addition to regular post traders, two distinct classes of employés, the *Cœurs du Bois* and the *Voyageurs*, the former maintaining communication between posts through the dense forests, and the latter navigating the numerous lakes and streams. These men had been trained in the service for several generations, and it was with reluctance that they found themselves compelled to look to new and foreign masters. It was not long, however, before they became as willing and loyal servants to the English and Scotch traders as they had been to their own countrymen. As the business progressed westward, the woodsmen became of less importance, while the *voyageurs*, on the contrary, developed into the most important adjunct of the system.

Irving thus describes them: "In the intervals of their long, arduous and laborious expeditions, they were wont to pass their time in idleness and revelry about the trading post or settlements; squandering their hard

* The farthest point west was reached by the sons of Chevelier LaVerendrye, who ascended the summit of the Rockies, January 12, 1743, near Bear Tooth Peak, not far from the great falls of the Missouri, in Montana.

earnings in heedless conviviality, and rivaling their neighbors, the Indians, in indolent indulgence and improvident disregard of the morrow. * * Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases. They are generally of French descent,* and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. * * They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning till night without a murmur. * * In the course of years they will gradually disappear; their songs will die away like the echoes they once awakened, and the Canadian *voyageurs* will become a forgotten race, or remembered among the poetical images of past times, and as themes for local and romantic associations." The last public appearance of these almost forgotten people, was their employment last year by General Woolsey, in his expedition up the Nile.

Montreal was the great base of the fur trade by the independent traders of Canada, both under the old French régime and that of the English and Scotch. After the War of Independence closed, Americans began to compete with the Canadians in the fur trade in the region of the Great Lakes and further toward the head waters of the Mississippi. The general headquarters was in New York City, and the frontier headquarters at Mackinac. The most prominent American trader was John Jacob Astor, who organized the American Fur Company, in 1784. Another base of operations was St. Louis, which was founded in 1763, by Pierre Liguette Laclède, who, with Antoine Maxan and others, had, the year before, been granted a charter for fur trading, by the French Governor of Louisiana. The business of this company became very large in a few years, and many independent traders also engaged in trapping and trade along the Missouri and its tributaries.

After her acquisition of Canada, England took no steps to occupy the extreme western posts, abandoned by the French, or to follow her energetic predecessor in the work of exploring the vast interior. Whatever was done in the way of exploration was the work of private individuals in the interest of trade.† A number of Montreal traders pushed as far westward as the Athabasca and Saskatchewan, as early as 1775, and carried on an independent trade with the natives. In 1784 these traders combined to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company, into whose territory they were pushing, and which was too strong for them to combat individually. This organization was called the "Northwest Company, of Montreal." In this company all the agents were interested partners, and as a consequence, it became in a few years a most powerful organization.

* They were much mixed in blood by frequent marriages with the women of various Indian tribes from the Atlantic to the Pacific for several generations.

† Except the journey of Captain Jonathan Carver, in 1766, who, according to the best lights of history, traveled little and claimed much.

The Northwest Company established Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, twelve hundred miles northwest of Lake Superior, in 1788; and this became the great western headquarters of the company. Traders covered the whole country east of the Rocky Mountains, and in 1789, Alexander Mackenzie, the partner in charge of Fort Chipewyan, made a journey to the north, discovered the Mackenzie River, and followed it from its source, in Great Slave Lake, to where it discharges its icy waters into the Arctic Ocean. In 1791, Mackenzie started westward from Fort Chipewyan with the purpose of reaching the Pacific. He followed up Peace River with his small party, and camped for the winter at the base of the Rocky Mountains. In the spring of 1792, he crossed to the head waters of Fraser River, followed that stream south in canoes a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, and then crossed to the coast at the North Bentinck Arm, in latitude fifty-one degrees and twenty minutes. This was but a few weeks subsequent to the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia by Captain Gray, and the Fraser and Columbia were supposed to be the same stream for a number of years thereafter. In 1805, Simon Fraser left Fort Chipewyan and followed Mackenzie's route to Fraser River. He established a post on Fraser Lake, and called the country "New Caledonia." This was the first fur trading post established west of the Rocky Mountains by the subjects of Great Britain or the United States, who were contending for possession of this region. It was supposed to be on the head waters of the Columbia, but this error was soon revealed, and the stream was named "Fraser River," in honor of the founder of the post.

This step of the Northwest Company was taken in competition with a contemporaneous movement of the Americans. In 1803, the French claim to Louisiana, embracing all the vast region west of the Mississippi not claimed by Spain, and having no definite northern boundary, was purchased by the United States. President Jefferson immediately dispatched an exploring expedition overland to the mouth of the Columbia. Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clarke, with a small party of soldiers, hunters, *voyageurs*, etc., left St. Louis in the spring of 1804, passed the winter among the Mandan Indians, on the Missouri, and the following year crossed the Rocky and Bitter Root mountains, and descended Snake and Columbia rivers to the mouth of the latter stream, which they reached on the fifteenth of November, 1805. They spent the winter there, calling their camp "Fort Clatsop," after the name of the Indian tribe living south of the Columbia, at its mouth, and the following year retraced their route,* reaching St. Louis September 25, 1806. The purchase of the Louisiana Claim from France, threw the fur trade, as carried on from St. Louis, into the hands of Americans, though French and Spanish traders still engaged in the business. In 1808 the Missouri Fur Company

was organized, with headquarters at St. Louis, the leader being Manuel Lisa, a Spaniard. The same year trading posts were established on the chief affluents of the Mississippi and Missouri. Henry, one of the agents, penetrated the Rocky Mountains and established Fort Henry, on Lewis, or Snake, River, the great southern branch of the Columbia. This was the first actual settlement on the Columbia or its tributaries, and the first made by Americans west of the Rocky Mountains. The hostility of the Indians and failure of supplies led to the abandonment of Fort Henry, in 1810.

This was the condition of affairs when the Russians officially complained of the conduct of American traders in the Pacific, who were demoralizing the natives by selling them whisky and fire-arms. The Government turned to John Jacob Astor, who had been the central figure in the trade at New York, and who soon devised a remedy. His idea was to concentrate the trade in the hands of a company strong enough to monopolize it, and by securing the contract to supply the Russian posts, cut off the main reliance of independent traders. It was his plan to establish a permanent post at the mouth of the Columbia, which would be the headquarters of a large trade with the interior and along the coast, and to supply this post and the Russian establishments by a vessel sent annually from New York, which should also convey the furs to China, and return home with a cargo of silk, tea, porcelain, etc. To carry out this plan, Astor organized the Pacific Fur Company, himself supplying the capital, and owning a half interest. He selected competent men of much experience in the fur trade, to manage operations in the field, and to bind them to his interests divided among them the other half share in the enterprise. One of these, Wilson Price Hunt, was entrusted with the management of the company's affairs on the Pacific Coast. The others were Ramsey Crooks, Joseph Miller, Robert McLellan, Alexander McKay,* Duncan McDougal, David Stuart, Robert Stuart and Donald McKenzie. The last four were Scotchmen, who had been in the employ of the Northwest Company, and were men of much ability and experience in the fur trade. They were not, however, suitable partners in an American enterprise, since, in case of trouble between the United States and Great Britain, their sympathies would naturally be with their countrymen, as afterwards proved to be the case, to the great disaster of the company, to which they were bound only by financial ties.

On the second of August, 1810, the ten-gun ship, *Tonquin*, sailed from New York under command of Jonathan Thorn, a lieutenant in the United States Navy. On board were McKay, McDougal, the two Stuarts, twelve clerks, several artisans and thirteen Canadian *voyageurs*. The cargo consisted of goods and supplies of all kinds for the fur trade. After a voyage eventful only for the continued wrangling between Captain

* It was on the return trip, about the first of April, 1806, that they discovered the Willamette River, at Sauvie's Island, calling it "Multnomah."

* Father of the well-known Tom McKay, of pioneer days, and grandfather of Dr. William C. McKay, of Pendleton, Or., and Donald McKay, of Modoc War fame.

Thorn and the Scotch partners, the *Tonquin* reached the Columbia on the twenty-second of March, 1811, and after much difficulty and the loss of part of the crew, crossed in and came to anchor. A fort was erected on the south side of the stream, and was called "Astoria," in honor of the founder of the enterprise. This was the first settlement of any kind on the Columbia* River, and with the exception of Fort Henry, on Snake River, and Fraser's post, on Fraser Lake, the first west of the summit of the Rocky Mountains, except by Spaniards in California and Russians in Alaska.

While the fort was being erected, Thorn and McKay, the only partner who had possessed the good sense to refrain from wrangling with the irascible captain, sailed up the coast on a trading voyage. A few days later the vessel was destroyed and all the crew murdered, by the natives on the west coast of Vancouver Island. The only survivor was the Indian interpreter, who escaped to tell the sad fate of the *Tonquin's* crew to their companions at Astoria. On the fifteenth of June, the people of Astoria were surprised to see a canoe with nine white men in it, descending the river. They proved to be a party sent out by the Northwest Company, headed by David Thompson. He had been dispatched overland from Montreal the year before, for the purpose of reaching and occupying the mouth of the Columbia in advance of the Astor party, but had been so much delayed by difficulties and desertion, that he arrived too late to accomplish his purpose. The Northwest Company held a warm place in the heart of McDougal, who was in charge at Astoria, and though Thompson was, at best, a spy upon his hosts, McDougal entertained him hospitably, and gave him a bountiful supply of provisions and other necessary supplies for his return journey.

A party of sixty crossed the continent on foot, headed by Wilson Price Hunt, the managing partner, and after almost incredible hardships, reached Astoria in straggling parties early in the spring of 1812. On the ninth of the following May the ship *Beaver* arrived with reinforcements and supplies, and the Pacific Fur Company was now in a condition to enter upon a vigorous prosecution of its business. Hunt took the *Beaver* on a coasting voyage similar to that upon which the ill-fated *Tonquin* had been engaged. Other parties penetrated many miles inland, and founded posts on the Columbia, near the mouth of the Okinagon, on the Spokane, and among the Nez Percés. The various parties returned to Astoria in the spring of 1813, having been, for the most part, very successful, and having well-established themselves among the Indians. They then learned that war was raging between Great Britain and the United States, and were greeted by the unwelcome sight of a small party of Northwest Company men, un-

der J. G. McTavish. The war interfered with the arrival of expected supplies, and after much consultation the partners decided to abandon the country the next year and return overland, provided more encouraging news be not received by that time. They sold Fort Spokane to McTavish for \$848.00, and he took possession of it in the name of the Northwest Company. In October he returned to Astoria with a party of seventy men, and informed the partners that he was waiting for the arrival of a vessel of war that had been sent to capture Astoria. With this threat, and a promise of a partnership in the Northwest Company for McDougal, who was in charge during the absence of Mr. Hunt, he purchased the entire stock of furs and supplies, worth fully \$100,000.00, for \$40,000.00. Two months later the *Raccoon* arrived, and Astoria was formally surrendered to her commander, who raised the British ensign in the place of the Stars and Stripes, and re-christened the place "Fort George." A few weeks later Mr. Hunt returned, and was filled with indignation to learn that the interests of Mr. Astor and his loyal associates had been sold out by the treacherous McDougal, who was enjoying the fruits of his duplicity as resident partner of the Northwest Company, in charge of Fort George. He sailed away again in disgust. The other partners, with eighty-five of the employés, returned to the States, overland, while the remainder of the men continued in the employ of the Northwest Company, whose servants the majority of them had been previous to their engagement by Mr. Astor. When the war ended, after much negotiation between the two governments, Fort George was formally surrendered to the United States, but it still remained in the actual possession of the agents of the Northwest Company, subjects of Great Britain. Mr. Astor never received any compensation from the Government for his losses in this enterprise, nor any encouragement to again attempt the role of pioneer of American interests on the Pacific Coast.

Upon securing possession of Astoria from the treacherous McDougal, the Northwest Company had undisputed possession of the Columbia, though it was engaged in a struggle with the old Hudson's Bay Company for supremacy in the region east of the Rocky Mountains. These two companies had grown too large to be tolerant of each other, and one must go to the wall. When the Northwest Company was first organized, the old company, enjoying charter privileges and supreme monopoly of a vast region, scouted the idea that a few independent traders could so combine as to become dangerous rivals; but in a few years the aspect of affairs was changed. The new company began operations upon a new and thorough system, which soon rendered it a most powerful organization. In the height of its power it gave employment to two thousand *voyageurs*, and its agents penetrated the wilderness in all directions in search of furs. Being interested partners, these agents worked diligently for the company's interests. It established a general base of operations on the northern

* In 1810, Nathan Winship, of Boston, ascended the Columbia in the *Albatross* and began the construction of a post at Oak Point, a point on the south bank, forty miles up the stream, and nearly opposite the present Oak Point of Washington Territory. High water and hostility of the Indians caused him to abandon the effort until the next year, before which time the arrival of the Astor party so changed the aspect of affairs that the project was given up.

shore of Lake Superior, called "Fort William," and the Fort Chipewyan, previously mentioned. It explored and took possession of the vast region from Lake Superior to the Pacific, and from the Columbia and Missouri to the frozen Arctic. It was progressive and energetic, while the older company was sluggish and confined itself almost exclusively to its granted territory, the water-shed of Hudson's Bay. The latter inertly awaited the periodical advent of Indians at the fur trading posts that had been established in central localities, while the rival company dispatched agents to the Indians far and near. The result was that all Indians, except those in the immediate vicinity of Hudson's Bay posts, were gradually won to an alliance with the younger and more enterprising company. So vigorous was the campaign thus made for a series of years against the older company by the younger one, that a complete extinction of fur-bearing animals was threatened in the region occupied by both organizations.

This aggressiveness at last aroused the Hudson's Bay Company to a realization of its precarious position, and stimulated it to adopt a similar vigorous policy. It was not long before this trade rivalry developed into physical hostility, and a state of antagonism was created amounting finally to open war. The first reported case of overt conduct was in 1806, when an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company was forcibly deprived of four hundred and eighty packs of beaver pelts. Numerous other cases followed rapidly, the Northwest Company being the aggressor in nearly every instance. There was no law in the wilderness, and no redress for wrongs. By appointment of the Canadian Government, the agents of the Northwest Company were magistrates or peace officers, and the despoiled servants of the Hudson's Bay Company had no means of redress whatever.

In 1812, Lord Selkirk, a man of energy and an enthusiast on the subject of colonization, received a grant of land from the Hudson's Bay Company, and commenced a settlement on Red River, at the mouth of the Assiniboine, south of Lake Winnipeg.* The rival company at once determined to destroy the settlement. In the autumn of 1814, an expedition left Fort William for this purpose, and after harrassing the settlement for several months, made a assault upon it the following June, but was repulsed. The settlement had a stronghold called "Fort Gibraltar," which resisted the attack of of its assailants. Artillery was procured, and with the cannon the besiegers succeeded in breaking down the fort and capturing it. The governor of the settlement was sent to Montreal as a prisoner, the cattle were slaughtered, the buildings demolished, and the people expelled from the country. The colonists returned in greater force in a few months, and established themselves more firmly than before. They were under the leadership of Colin Robinson, and were accompanied by Robert Semple, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company territories. In the spring of 1816, Alexander

McDonnell advanced upon the new settlement with a strong force of Northwest Company men. The invaders first captured a supply train, on its way to Red River, and then surprised Governor Semple and a force of thirty men, killing all but five, one of whom was made prisoner and four escaped. The settlers who had collected in the fort, seeing the hopelessness of resisting the invading army, surrendered. To the number of two hundred they were sent in canoes to Hudson's Bay, and the settlement was again destroyed. Strange as it may seem, both the colonists and their assailants were chiefly Scotchmen or their American descendants, but the ties of blood seemed to have no influence when weighed against the love of gain.

In 1821, Parliament ended this bloody struggle by consolidating the rivals under the title of "The Honorable Hudson's Bay Company," by which name the franchises of the one company were united with the power, vigor and wealth of the other, to make an organization stronger than either. There was now no rival in the whole fur region, save a few independent American traders operating on the Missouri and its tributaries, and the Russians in Alaska. New settlements on Red, Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers were made, Winnipeg soon became a large business point, Fort George was occupied by the new company, and the ascendancy of the Hudson's Bay Company in this region was complete.

HARRY L. WELLS.

(Continued.)

THE claims of the Nicola Milling and Mining Company, ten in number, are situated at Stump Lake, thirty-two miles from Kamloops, and are connected therewith by a good stage road. The company has been at work for some time running a tunnel which will cut the Gentle Annie, Joshua, Bella Scott, Tubal Cain and Elkord claims. Two shifts of three men each are working, and the tunnel is now opened and timbered for sixty feet. At a distance of one hundred and ninety or two hundred feet from the mouth the first lead will be struck. Work is also being prosecuted on the surface of the Tubal Cain, Gentle Annie and Joshua, and already fully \$20,000.00 worth of ore, estimating its value by assays that have been made, is already on the dumps. Specimens of the ore, from the various leads owned by this company, have been sent to Ottawa, Denver, Butte City and Victoria for assay, which have yielded \$50, (the lowest) to \$628 (the highest) per ton in silver, and from \$5 to \$154 in gold—the richest in one metal being the lowest in the other. The leads show well-developed walls of slate and porphyry, and average in width from eighteen inches to six feet. With the establishment of smelting works at a convenient point on the railway—which are essential for the proper development of our rich quartz mines—business would be almost immediately remunerative. Fortunes await the men who have the energy and capital to embark in the enterprise; and it will not be much to the credit of Canadians if all the rich plums are plucked by the Americans.—*Colonist*.

* This was on the present site of the flourishing City of Winnipeg, which now contains a population of thirty thousand.

AN IMMIGRANT'S FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

IT IS THE GENERAL CUSTOM in "writing up" a country, to give the best possible phases of it, and to avoid mention of all that might seem to be its undesirable features. This, to say the least, is not treating the reader fairly. First, because, as a rule, the reader of such literature is one who contemplates a change of residence in the hope of bettering his condition, and to him this undue coloring may prove disastrous. He reads, is captivated, and with "Eureka" sounding from his lips, he packs his little of earthly goods, and is off for the land that promises so much, only to meet with disappointments and discouragement, which his wasted fortune can never be made to cure. Thousands have visited the Pacific Coast, with impressions wholly made up from just such sources, which, being blasted in the bud, have caused them to cease from further examination, and returning to their Eastern neighbors, raise a potent voice against one of the most desirable countries in the world. They do not intend to misrepresent, yet unconsciously they do it. Neither did the writer from whom they read intend to misrepresent, or create false impressions, but he did it, and the results are no less laden with damage to the land and to its visitors because both the writer and the believing reader meant well.

Fifteen years of almost constant travel and close observation on this Coast, and a study of its climate, soil, productions and topography, together with careful study of cause and effect, have convinced me that this country has been injured by those who have intended the reverse, and abused because it has not been understood. In going East, one will find a great majority of people incredulous when he tells them of our climate, that way up here in latitude forty-six, and even forty-nine, degrees north, we have magnificent valleys, where snow seldom falls, and where frost is almost equally a stranger; where the grass never ceases to grow and where flowers bloom in the open air every month in the year; yet we know it to be true. They shake their heads in a dubious sort of a way, when told emphatically that this is not only true, but that while we revel in almost eternal spring, snow is ever in sight, and that during the hottest of our summer weather, we are in the presence of eternal winter. We can not compel belief in the truthfulness of a statement we make, if that statement be contrary to all the rules, the training and the observation of the listener; we must furnish evidence on which our auditor can base his faith, or we must reason with convincing logic. To the assertion of such a climate in such a high latitude, if told on the eastern slope of our country, the answer is: "How is it possible? And so far north, too! Why you are further north than we, and yet we have snow and ice for months." Of course, all this is true; and with them winter means ground frozen several feet in depth, the death of all vegetation, ice, snow and blizzards, with the mercury down to thirty or forty degrees below zero; while we, in Portland, in

latitude forty-six degrees north, seldom see snow on the streets, or the thermometer low enough to stiffen the wet earth. The grass grows rankly, and all nature looks clean, clad in garments of bright verdure, and refreshed by the copious rains. Here, in the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, and others of lesser note, lying between the Cascade Mountains and Coast Range, these most desirable features of climate, soil and production are seen, sung about and sounded the world over; and thousands come believing the whole of Oregon to be like this. The great mistakes are made by creating just these false impressions.

It should be understood that, probably, no other country of like extent furnishes so much variety in climate, soil and topography as Oregon and Washington, and that one must not expect to find all parts of this immense country possessing the same characteristics and productions. The valleys above named, and the Puget Sound region, are the most favored, so far as moderate climate is concerned, while other parts of the State and Territory are especially adapted to particular branches of husbandry. Again, one coming for the first time from the prairies of the Mississippi Valley, via one of the great overland routes, is first ushered into Oregon or Washington, in the midst of what appears to him a trackless waste of sand, alkali and sombre sage. As far as the eye can reach, the view seems unbroken, the monotony unrelieved, save by an occasional view of distant mountains, or piles of dark basalt rearing their frowning heads above the saggy plain. A sigh escapes the expectant traveler, and the first chill of disappointment creeps over him. If he be approaching via the Northern Pacific, he enters Oregon at the banks of the Columbia, and soon finds himself beset on either hand by towering cliffs, in places hundreds and thousands of feet high, fantastically carved, weather scarred, looking old as time, and extremely desolate and dreary. The train rushes on and on, through this interminable canyon, beside this noble river, but with no sight of the valleys or verdure. The great wheat fields, farm houses or orchards of which the home-seeker has read, and which he expects to find in Oregon. For mile after mile he looks and waits and watches, only to see the great cliffs growing greater, the broad river becoming broader, instead of verdure the monotonous sage, instead of meadows great fields of lava, basalt and drifting sand—and yet this is Oregon. His disappointment deepens, and he begins to long for his native prairies of Illinois, Iowa or Wisconsin. He had not been told of this, consequently did not expect it, and feels now that all the bright things told and written to him are palpable absurdities. The gloom is on him, and unless he be one of those who appreciate and read nature as they find it, this will be a poor time to commence explaining to him that the great wheat fields and stock ranges of Oregon and Washington are away from the river, to the north and south of it. He looks now with suspicion on representations of the richness of the sage plains, for he sees no evidence of it.

A moment's respite is given him at The Dalles, he looks at the seething, roaring, boiling, rushing torrent, confined to so narrow a channel, then at the spots of green and the pretty little city as he enters it, and begins to think that at last he is reaching civilization. Again the train moves on, through small fields—they look so to him—neat farms with pleasant little houses and meadows and orchards. But they do not satisfy him, for the area is extremely small, and just in the background, looking almost ready to fall on him, are those gigantic cliffs, now grown to terrible proportions, and partially covered with timber; and on the other hand is the grand old Columbia, more than a mile in width, and still beyond in picturesque grandeur, the Cascade Range rises thousands of feet, clad in green, with torrents and cascades leaping from giddy heights, making up a scene well worth going thousands of miles to see; but he is a home-seeker, and as yet has seen nothing but rocks, gorges, cliffs and waterfalls. He can not live on grand scenery, and has seen nothing yet for homestead or preëmption. He passes the Cascades, with all its beauty showing off to him in grand style, but nothing that looks like home, or that meets the ideal which he has formed. He learns now that it is but a few miles to Portland, and peers out into the forest through which he is rushing, for a realization of his far off visions of Oregon; but still he is disappointed. The sounding whistle and announcement of Portland, now cheer him with the thought that at last he must see some of the boasted fertility of the State which he has traveled so far to find.

True, he finds a bustling, lively city, evidence of wealth and business all around him; ships from every sea lie at the docks. But first and foremost he is met and pursued by pamphlet peddlers, distributing the same glowing accounts of Oregon that he read in his far-off prairie home. He is in no tune to read them now. He has traveled three or four hundred miles in Oregon already, and has seen nothing yet as he expected to see it, except the grand gorge of the Columbia, and he feels that he has been gorged with gorge, and desires something more than mere sight-seeing. He wants a home, and plenty of real estate dealers are ready to supply him, but their prices are little, if any, lower than those he has left. He wants to take a homestead or a preëmption, and he is still more discouraged when told that he will, in all probability, have to go to Eastern Oregon to be accommodated. What he has seen of Eastern Oregon has not impressed him very favorably. He remembers it as a crooked, rocky tunnel several hundred miles long, with the top knocked off, and finally concludes, after a two days' scuffle with real estate dealers in Portland, that he'll "take a spin into Washington, up on the Sound;" and away he goes, through the woods, across the river, and finally reaches Tacoma, with his disgust now at fever heat. He has seen nothing but big forests, big rivers, big canyons and big mountains, and takes the first train East, vowing an eternal enmity to the country and all who praise it.

This is not an overdrawn picture. The writer made a trip East last summer with a party of these returning immigrants, who related their experiences and observations substantially as given above. They can not be blamed much, for the conclusion they reach is but a reasonable result of the character of advertising which the country has had. It is a fact well known that Oregon and Washington are divided, geographically, into three separate and distinct parts, viz.: that portion lying between the Coast Range and the ocean, which is an almost unbroken forest, with rich bottom lands, but all heavily timbered; that lying between the Coast Range and the Cascade Mountains, which is the most favored as to climate, fruits, etc.; and that part lying east of the Cascades, known as "Eastern Oregon and Washington." These three geographical divisions are as diverse in climate, topography and soil as though they were on opposite sides of the continent, and should always be treated separately.

The climate is affected by well-known physical conditions, both of the land and the ocean currents. Altitude and the direction of the mountain ranges have also their effects, and, hence, we find in Oregon, situated but a few miles apart, and having about the same altitude, but separated by a mountain range, valleys having climates entirely diverse from each other. We find, also, that people seeking homes are as diverse in their wants, and the locality and climate suited to the purpose of one would be entirely unsuited to another. Those people, who have always lived on the sea coast, generally want to get near the sea in their new home. The farmer from the western prairies, would not be suited in the forests along the coast, and a fisherman would not take kindly to the high table-lands of the interior. The man who has made up his mind that nothing short of the traditional poetical climate of Oregon, will satisfy him, must be reconciled to pay a good round sum for a home in one of the favored valleys; but if he come willing to take the next best, and to work hard for a few years, he will find virgin nature in Eastern Oregon offering him a smiling welcome, where the climate, though a little more rigorous than west of the mountains, is still an improvement over the same latitude east of the Rocky Mountains.

C. B. WATSON.

IF Mulhall's statistics are reliable, there are not far short of one hundred and fifty thousand vessels engaged in Europe and North America in fishing. Between six hundred thousand and seven hundred thousand men are employed in this industry, and the total annual product of fish is not far short of one million five hundred thousand tons. Few people realize the full meaning of these latter figures. A ton of fish is equal in weight to about twenty-eight sheep, and hence, if Mulhall's estimate is approximately correct, a year's fish supply for ten European countries, included in this estimate, and the United States and Canada, might be represented by forty-two million sheep. Of this amount the United Kingdom, Canada, Russia and the United States, alone aggregate one million tons, equivalent to twenty eight million sheep.

THE MISTRESS OF BURNLEY HALL.

MY UNCLE JIM, in spite of many eccentricities, was one of the good old English squires who are growing fewer and fewer every day; and, speaking for myself, I had always found in him the qualities of an ideal uncle. He was a rich old bachelor, and the story of my life, as far as I knew it, was, that I had been born an orphan—no, not exactly that, but I had had next to no parents, so soon did they leave me orphaned. I was the only child of dear Uncle Jim's favorite sister, and he had done his best to become mother and father, and everything else that was good, to me, in his own peculiar fashion. He sent me to a public school, where I was duly birched, and that pretty frequently; I mention this fact lest you marvel at the splendid qualities I afterwards manifested, and not ascribe them to their right source—the rod.

From school I was sent to Cambridge, where, with the connivance of the Don, and the assistance of the tradesmen, I wasted a good deal of time, and spent a good deal of money, without doing myself, or anybody else, an over-burdensome amount of good.

After this, he sent me to loaf about on the Continent, which he called seeing the world and improving my mind, and fondly hoped I was accomplishing both, dear old fellow!

During the intervals which occurred between these several interesting stages of my existence, my home was at Burnley Hall, Uncle Jim's residence. He was very regular in his habits and simple in his ways; nevertheless, he kept the best of cooks, and never drank any but the best of wines. He saw little or no company, and lived all the year round at Burnley Hall, a quaint old place at Greenwich. It stood on a kind of pier, at the water's edge, so that the windows of the river front looked directly over the water.

And it had a history, this large, rambling old place. The great hall was as big as a tennis-court—that is, supposing all tennis-courts to be of one size—and it had long, wide passages, filled with eerie sounds at night, especially when the storm winds were rattling the ivy leaves about the casements.

It was a lonely place, too, for Greenwich in those days was really a village, and there were no railways, nor telegraphs, nor bicycles, nor any such modern abominations.

My uncle had two staunch friends and servants, who shared his solitude—his butler and his housekeeper—both had been born and bred on the estate, and had never served any other master. There were other servants, of course, but no one ever saw them. I believe it was a matter of pride with Mrs. Primly, that the housework should appear to be done by magic; and with Simpson, that no one but himself should, under any circumstances, answer the bell. It was, altogether, one of those establishments wherein everything seemed to move on wheels, so noiselessly, yet so perfectly, did the household machinery move in harmony.

After the process of seeing the world and improving my mind had been duly got through, as I have already mentioned, staying at Burnley Hall, as usual, I one day ventured to broach a very delicate subject to Uncle Jim. The common fate which overtakes most young men had befallen me, namely, I had fallen in love, become engaged, and conceived a natural desire to become married. As Uncle Jim had remained a bachelor, I was doubtful and at the same time very anxious, as to how he would receive the intelligence that I wanted to order my own life differently.

I did not suppose for one moment that he would entertain the idea of these sacred bachelor precincts being invaded by a woman, nor did I dream of asking such a thing; but after a while, I did screw up my courage sufficiently to tell him of my engagement, and of my wish that it should be fulfilled.

He had never in my life let me know the want of money. He had been too kind to me, if anything; but he had brought me up to do nothing for my living, and I was entirely dependent upon him. There was no good to be got by beating about the bush, however, so I made one desperate plunge.

"Uncle Jim," I said, "I'm engaged, and I want to get married as soon as possible."

He smiled, sipped a glass of port, and said:

"Very well, my boy, when is it to be?"

"That depends upon you, uncle."

"Not a bit of it, not a bit," said the old gentleman, placidly; "arrange your own affairs. I'll make whatever settlement you think necessary, and only impose one condition—that when you are married you bring your wife here, but that until then you never mention the subject to me. Now, my boy, name the figure and say no more."

"But, uncle—"

"Not one word. Name the figure."

I knew him too well to trifle with him, and blurted out—

"Five thousand pounds."

"Tut, nonsense. That is of no use to you."

He drew a sheet of paper from his desk and wrote:

"I agree to accept a bill of twenty thousand pounds, to be drawn upon me by my nephew, James, at three months, the money to be held in strict settlement by the trustees of his marriage settlement.

(Signed)

JAMES ADY."

My astonished eyes followed his pen, and, as he came to the dash under his signature, I was about to tender profuse thanks, when again he stopped me.

"That settles the matter; no more, please." And he returned to his port wine and began to talk politics.

All this had been done as quietly as though he had been giving Simpson a check for the week's bills.

Ten o'clock came, and with it Simpson and a bedroom candle. My uncle rose as usual, wished me good-night, and went to bed.

Simpson returned in due course, and asked me whether I wanted anything else, and what time I wished to be called in the morning. I answered him exactly as I had answered him every night for the last fifteen years. "Nothing, thank you," to the first question, and "Half past seven," to the second, and he went away.

I was left to my reflections.

I am an old man now, I was a young one then, and I did not know that the too ready gratification of our wishes is sometimes disappointing. My uncle had been more than kind—he had been overwhelmingly generous—with one dash of his pen he had swept away the last obstacle to my marriage, and yet I was conscious of a feeling of dissatisfaction. He was one of those rare men who never ask questions. As far as my experience went, I never remember to have heard him ask even such simple ones as "Where were you yesterday?" "Where are you going to-morrow?" His want of curiosity on this occasion was positively aggressive. I should have liked to have talked to him about Enid, but he would hear nothing. He just accepted my statement, and gave me the money to carry out my desires, and there the matter was to end, for the present. I was disappointed—I was hurt.

The next morning my uncle was provoking as usual. We breakfasted together, but he made no allusion in any way to my confidence of the preceding night.

Breakfast over, I drove to town, to the office of my future father-in-law, and showed him my uncle's paper. He both looked at and treated it in a business-like manner. He said the paper ought to be stamped, but that this formality could be dispensed with. He then ordered a clerk to draw up a bill, directed me to sign it, enclosed it with a letter to his solicitor, naming the trustees of the settlement, and instructing them to draw the deeds; told me he declined to make any settlement, as he needed all his money in his business, and added—

"I am sorry Enid is marrying an idle man, but as you are in a position to maintain her I offer no opposition. Good morning."

Again I was hurt and disappointed. Had Enid been a bale of goods he could not have been more unconcerned in making over the possession of her to me.

I drove to his private residence, sent away the carriage, and went in. Enid met me just beyond the threshold. Ere my lover-like greeting was half over, she whispered almost breathlessly—

"What does your uncle say?"

I was in a dilemma. The actual, bare truth stuck in my throat. I could not say "He is very pleased, my darling, and longs to see you." That is what I longed to be able to say, but my regard for the truth, or for the possible consequence of such a falsehood, deprived me of all utterance. At last I stammered—"Well, darling, he says he will settle twenty thousand pounds on you."

"Never mind about the money," said Enid—it is singular how girls differ from married women in this respect—"what did he say about me?"

The real truth was, "Nothing; he does not know who you are, and doesn't care." But I hadn't the pluck to give her that answer; what is a man to do when a girl has her arms around his neck?

"My uncle says it is all right," I managed to get out; "you see he knows me, dear, and can trust to my taste."

This, as may be expected, did not satisfy Enid.

"But when is he coming to see me? When shall you take me to Burnley, to be introduced, you know?"

I cleared my throat, and led her to a seat.

"You see, my darling, Uncle Jim is an old bachelor; he knows nothing about love-making and that kind of thing. When we are married we shall go there."

The murder was out! I read the look of blank disappointment on Enid's face, and with a nervous attempt to change the conversation, I said—

"I have seen your father this morning."

"And what did he say?" she cried, catching like the proverbial drowning man, at this straw of comfort.

Now, it was, of course, my cue to make him out to be at least as great a monster as Uncle Jim, so I drew a little on my imagination, and replied in a hard voice—

"He says that he dislikes idle men, but he will tolerate me on account of my money."

She looked at me incredulously. That my uncle should not care to see her, as it were, on approval, had nettled her considerably; but that her own father had been quite as coolly indifferent toward me was more than she could bear. A bright crimson rushed over her face, submerging the kisses I had left there; she burst into tears, and, before I could stay her, she was gone.

The next few minutes were a blank, and then the door opened, and, like a frigate in full sail, in came Mrs. Weatherley. She did not say "Good morning," but, with a fair dash of vinegar in her tones, assailed me at once with the following question—

"What have you been doing to Enid? The poor child is crying her eyes out up-stairs, and will tell me nothing."

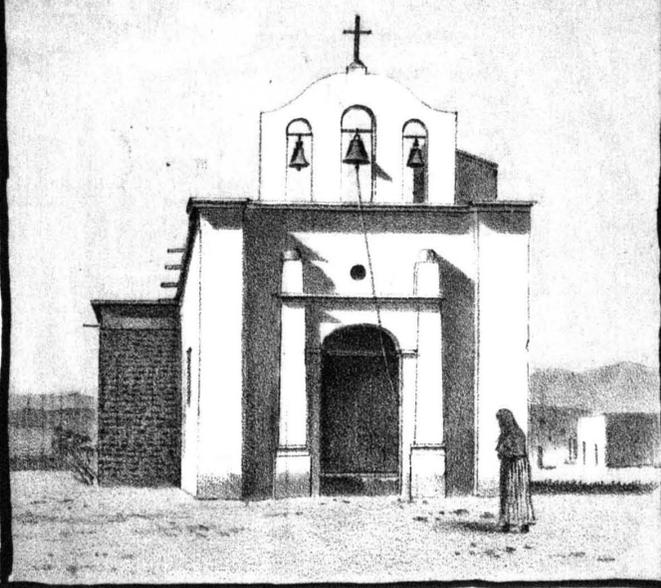
I told my story, ending with regret that that I could neither understand nor over-rule my uncle's decision, and the comment that I thought Enid rather foolish to make such a fuss about an old man's fancies.

"She is a sensitive girl," said her mother, "but not an unreasonable one. A little reflection will show her that she is mistaken in supposing your uncle to cherish any unkind feelings toward her."

I hastened to assure her that he had given the greatest proof of kindly feeling toward her, in the abstract, and that it was only a strange and incomprehensible whim which made him object to know her personally until she was my wife.

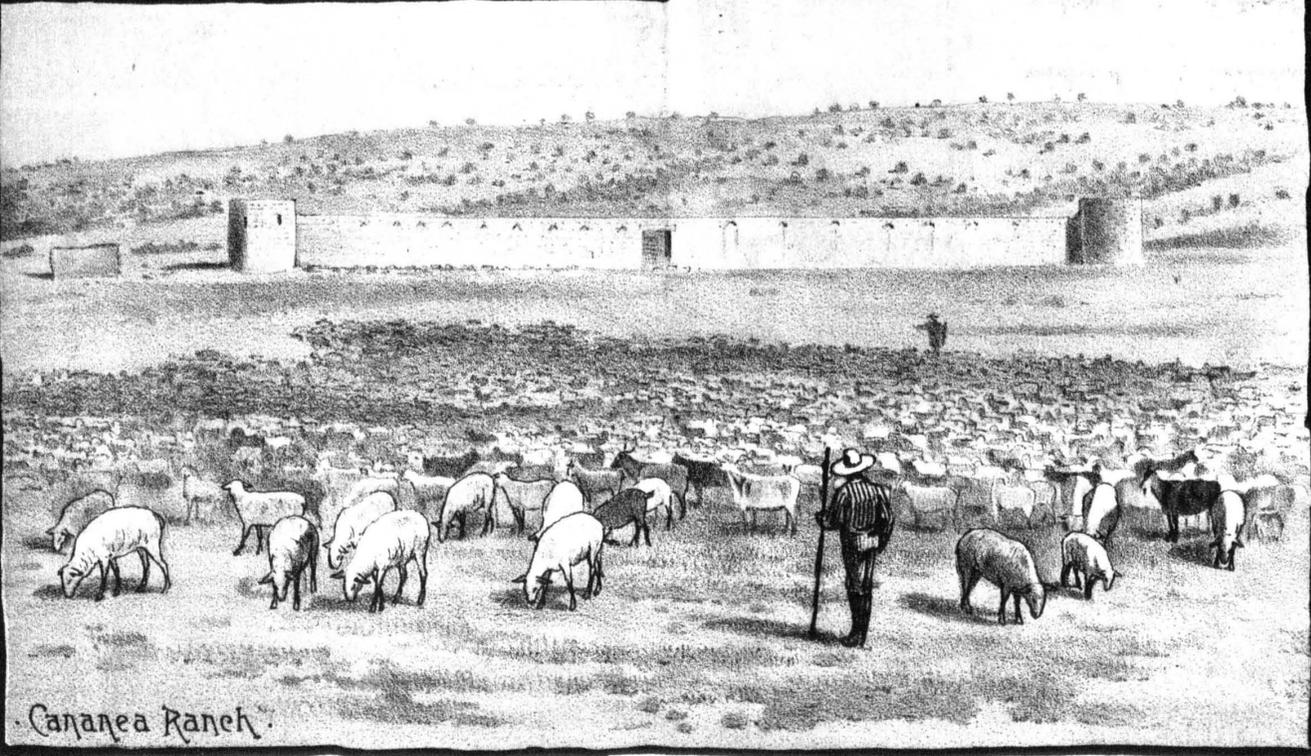
She softened toward me, and we went in to luncheon. Enid did not appear. A tray was sent up to her. The mother and I went through the ceremony of eating with a solemnity that was appalling. I am sure that my countenance would have been a fortune to a mute, and hers was full of mystery and importance.

• The Church •



• A Street Scene •

THE WEST SHORE

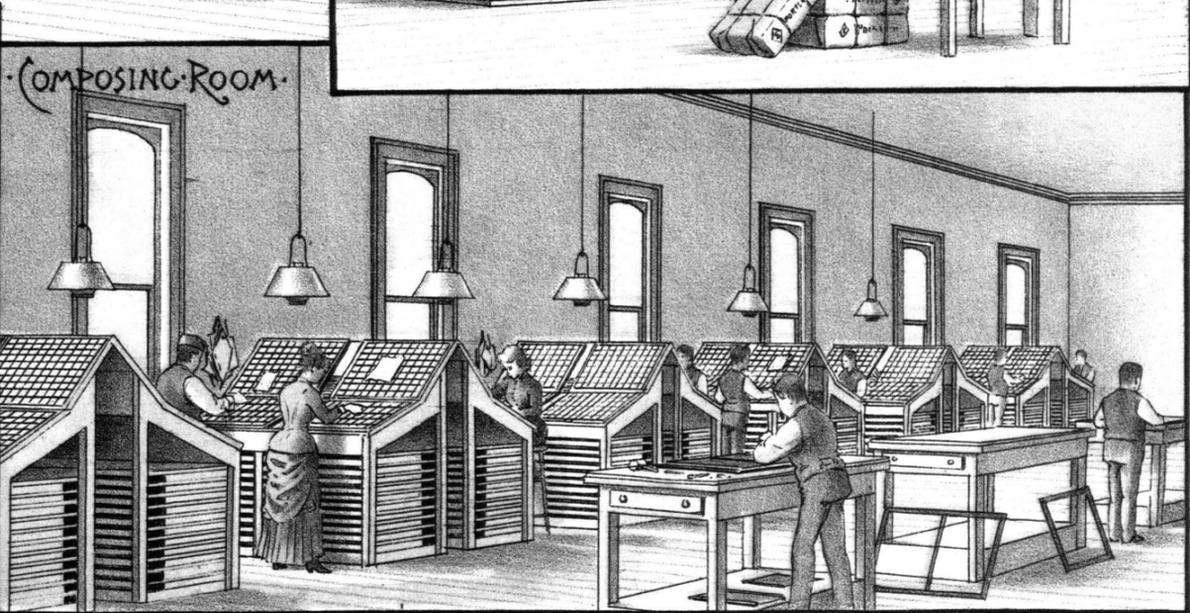
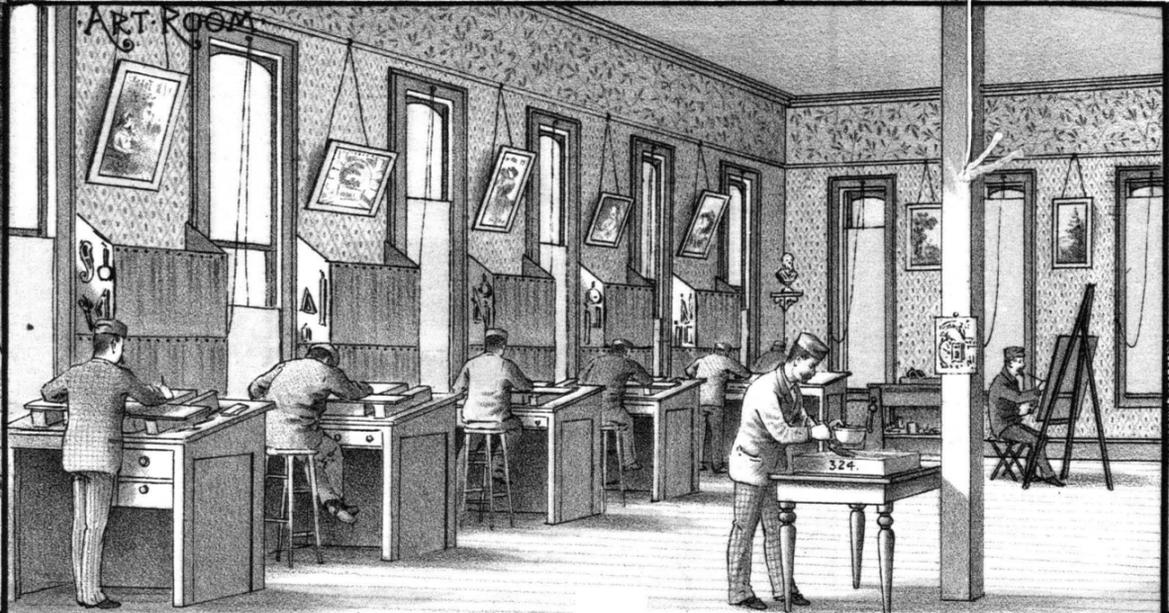
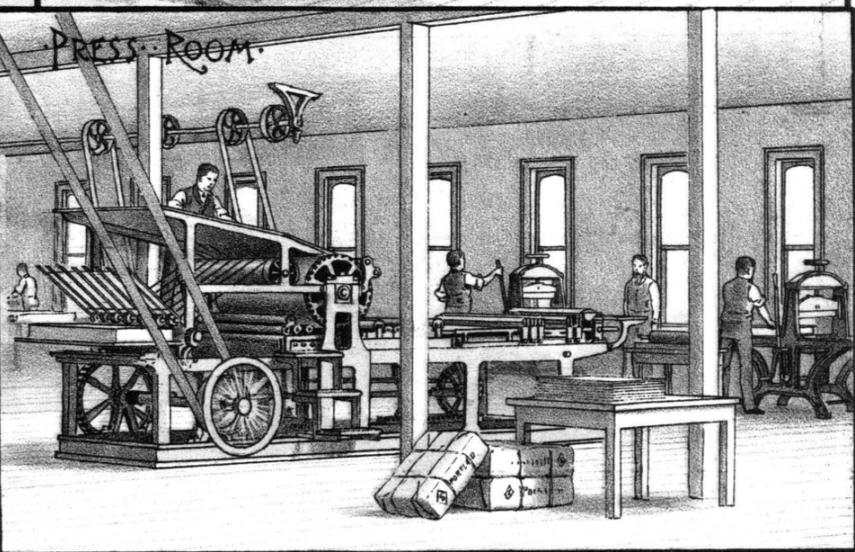
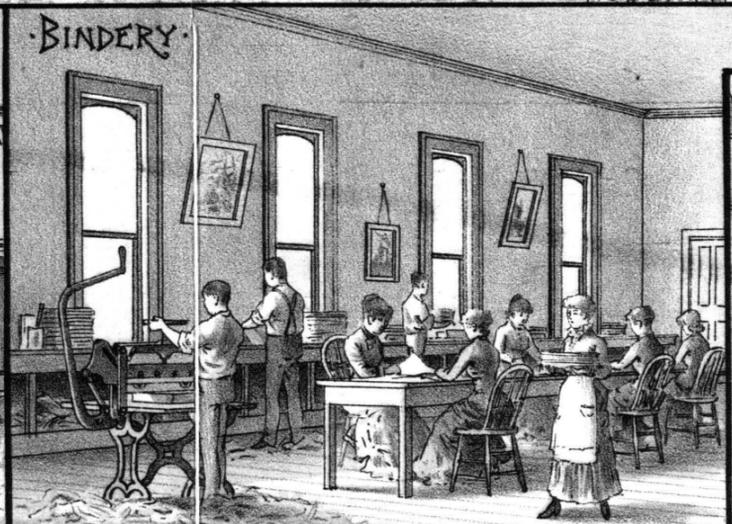
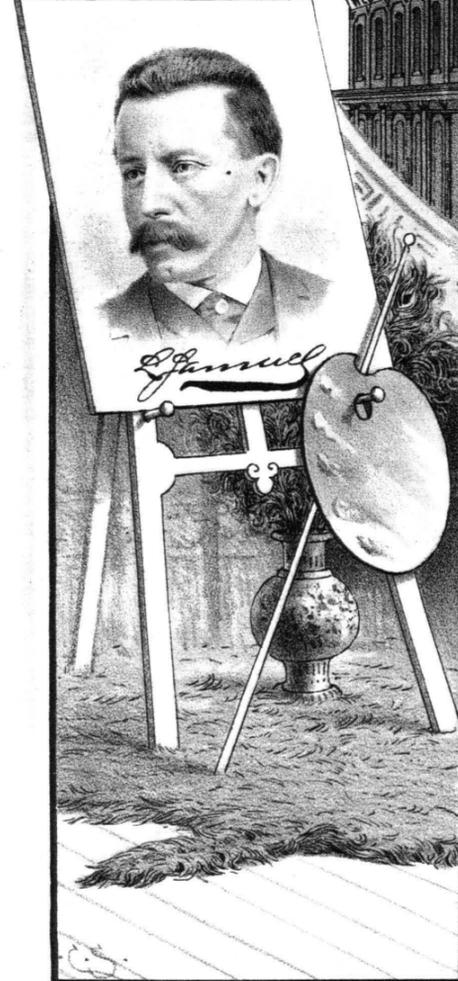
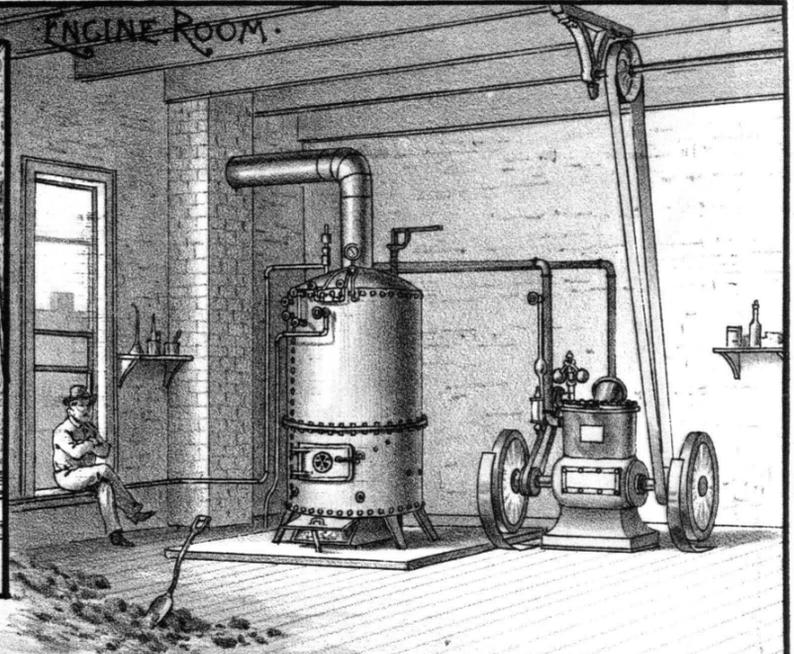
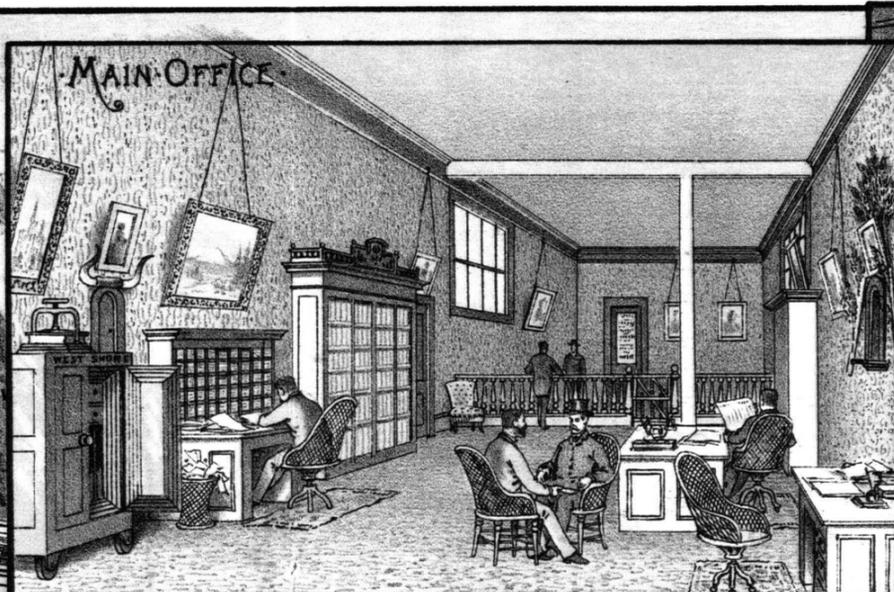


• Cananea Ranch •



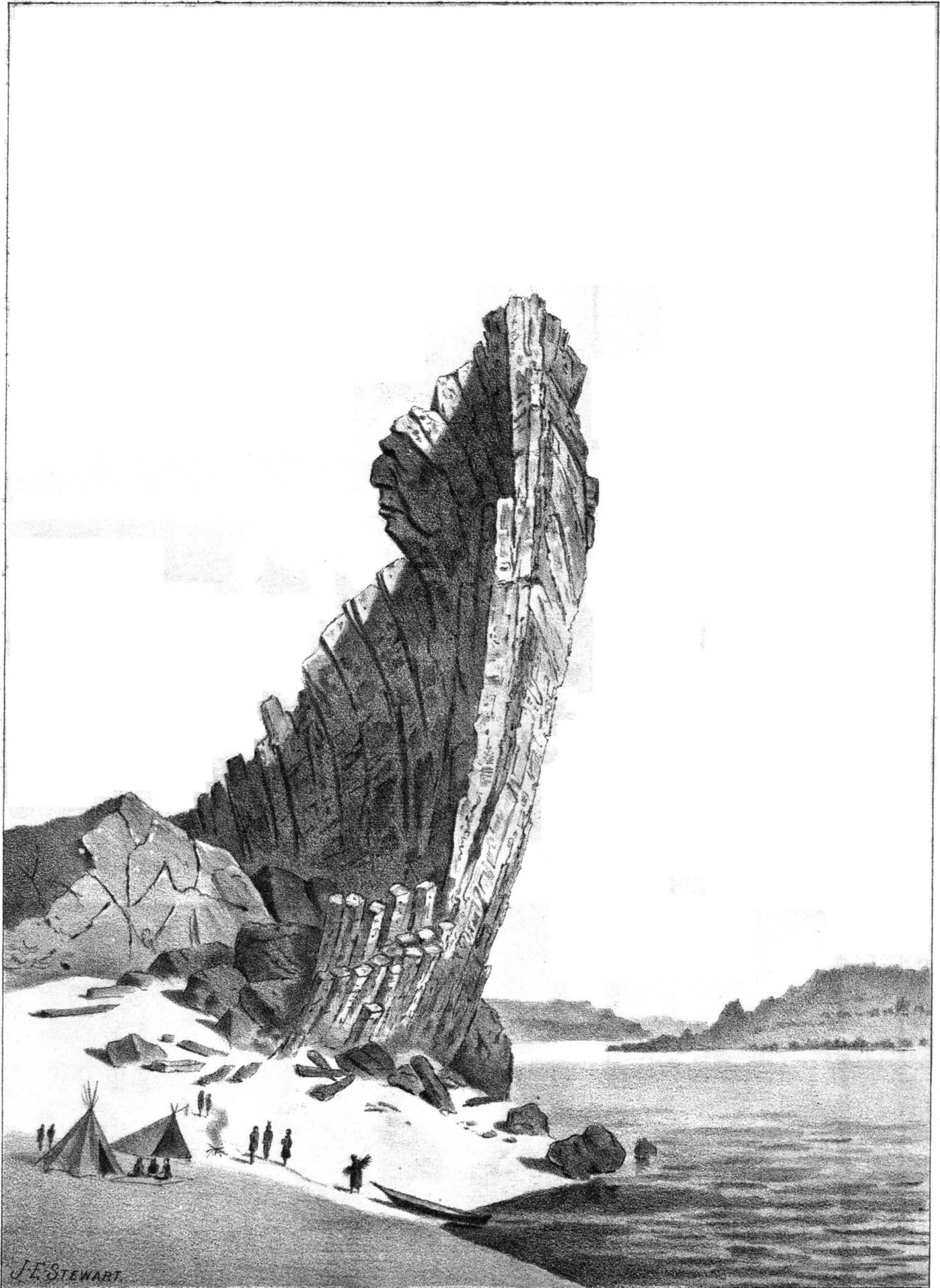
• A Native •

THE WEST SHORE.



PORTLAND, OREGON.-THE NEW QUARTERS OF THE WEST SHORE LITHOGRAPHING & ENGRAVING COMPANY.

THE WEST SHORE.



J. E. STEWART.

COLUMBIA RIVER—INDIAN ROCK.

Luncheon over and the servants withdrawn, we renewed the discussion. By degrees Mrs. Weatherley worked herself into a state of excitement over the supposition that a slight could in any way be intended to her daughter, either by my uncle or me, which had not reached its climax when I walked Mr. Weatherley, leisurely drawing off his gloves. After him came Enid, the traces of tears still visible on her cheeks. Mr. Weatherley looked from one to the other of us.

"What is the matter now?" he asked, in his business-like tone. "Calm yourself, my love. Sit down, Enid. You, sir, seem the only sensible member of this trio; perhaps you can tell me the meaning of this excitement."

"I can only account for it, sir, by saying that I fear your daughter is not pleased at my uncle's behavior with regard to our engagement."

"Not pleased? Why, his generosity is altogether exceptional. Do you want the old man to make love to you, as well as the young one?"

"No, papa; I—I—"

"Ridiculous! You are engaged to the young man, Enid, and not to the uncle. Be satisfied to have him at your feet. And, understand me, I will have no shilly-shallying; you must make up your mind once and for all. My dear, I think we had better leave the young folks together."

He gave his arm to his spouse, and the two discreetly retired. Enid and I were left alone—and Enid did make up her mind.

Our honeymoon had lasted a little more than a month; it was time to go home, and above all, it was time that Enid should make my uncle's acquaintance. She knew, from my description, every room in his old house, every window that looked out on to the river, every nook and corner of the garden; and though she had a most unbounded respect for him, there was always a little cloud in her mind between him and herself—a cloud which I knew his kind face and gentle, jovial ways would soon dissipate.

I think it was on account of this that she conceived the odd desire to make acquaintance with the house first; she wanted to become familiar with it, at home in her new home before the ordeal of presentation to him had to be undergone. She wished this all the more for the somewhat genuine reason that she believed it impossible to accomplish. My uncle never left home, and was as sure to be found in certain regular places at fixed times as the man in the moon, or the beadle of the Bank of England.

In those days it was a real pain to me to refuse to gratify any of my young wife's whimsical fancies, and as I was conning the matter over, wishing that it were possible to gratify her in this, it suddenly occurred to me that there was just one day in the year upon which my uncle made it his invariable practice to dine and sleep in London—and that day was Christmas day.

Whatever was the motive that induced him to except this one particular day, I had no doubt that he would not depart from his usual practice this year. I therefore proposed that we defer our return until that day, going to Burnley on Christmas morning, which would give us twenty-four hours in the old place before he arrived on the scene.

Enid jumped at the proposition. Simpson and Mrs. Primly had known me from my birth; indeed, the latter had brought me up and taught me my letters, so I was sure that Enid would receive a hearty welcome from both.

Complying with my uncle's stipulation to the letter, I gave him no inkling of our intention, and on the twenty-fifth Enid and I went quietly down to Burnley together. Sure enough he was away—expected him back to-morrow they told us—so Enid and I took possession.

The tears rolled down Mrs. Primly's cheeks as she helped Enid to alight from the carriage.

"God bless you, ma'am. It's many a year since there was a mistress in Burnley Hall. Thank God I've lived to see this day."

Now, Enid had never contemplated being mistress of Burnley Hall. She had hoped to be a welcome and honored guest of my uncle from time to time, but more than this she had not expected. She turned an inquiring look upon me, to which I replied with a dull stare.

Simpson read the expression on our faces, and explained—

"Yes, sir, your uncle has said that he, and not you, is to be the visitor here in the future. God bless him! He hopes you will take care of him in his old age."

Enid turned to Mrs. Primly.

"And now you must take me all over the house—into every room. We came here to-day expecting to find uncle away, purposely that I might explore every quaint corner of this dear old place."

Is it not strange what a passion women have for going over houses? I suppose it is another phase of their proverbial curiosity. I had lived all my life at Burnley, and I do not think I had been into what is called the state room more than half a dozen times. I followed Enid and Mrs. Primly patiently through the downstairs apartments, and heard the old lady tell the young one all about the pictures, and detail the old legends that cluster round every nook of an Elizabethan mansion.

We arrived at last at the state bed-room—a vast chamber, with a huge four-poster so high that none but an acrobat could get into it unaided. The walls were hung with ancient tapestry, the furniture was oak, and matched the massive fire-place, which, more like a family tomb than anything else, filled up about half the side of the upper end of the room. Above the fire-place hung the portrait of a lady, and a very striking and beautiful portrait it was.

Mrs. Primly, loquacious before, waxed more eloquent still on entering this room. Queen Elizabeth had slept

here on her way to Tillbury Fort. Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had darkened its doors. Sir Walter Raleigh had gazed upon his ships from its windows. The maids of honor had admired the tapestry, bright and new then, but now some two hundred and fifty years had taken all the shine out of it.

Having delivered herself of these interesting particulars, Mrs. Primly held the door open, impatient for us to pass on. But Enid was not going to be hurried away. This state room was the very kernel of the nut she had so desired to crack, and its ghostly flavor had especial attractions for her. She must know how, when and where the tapestry was made and designed; who was the hero of the hunting scene on the north wall; who was the lover that was climbing into the window on the southern panel; who was the lady in tears at the bottom of the room, and what was the romance of which she was the central figure? Then turning to me, and pointing to the picture over the mantel-piece, she asked—

“Whose portrait is that?”

“It is a funny thing, darling,” I replied, “but I never remember seeing that portrait before. No doubt Mrs. Primly can tell you all about it.”

Mrs. Primly hesitated and stammered. It was very evident that the longer we lingered, the more uncomfortable the dear old soul grew. At last, being pressed by Enid, she said, reluctantly—

“That is the portrait of master’s mother, the last mistress of Burnley Hall.”

“Dear me,” said I, “how very odd! I have never heard my uncle mention his mother, and I am quite sure I never saw her picture before.”

“Very likely not, sir,” said Mrs. Primly. “That curtain hangs over it all the year round, except on Christmas day, and you have never in your life spent Christmas day in this house.”

It was quite true, I never had; and yet this fact had never struck me until now. My uncle had always made rather an occasion of taking me to spend Christmas day with him in London, and I had never suspected him of any ulterior motive in doing so. I was twenty-eight; I could look back upon some twenty or more Christmas days, not one of which had been spent in this gloomy old house. This was the first, and I remembered that my presence here on this day was due to my own and Enid’s willfulness.

I awoke from my little revery to find Mrs. Primly still standing with the door in her hand. Enid made no move to follow her. There seemed to be an uncomfortable silence, which was broken by Enid’s young voice penetrating the shadows.

“Mrs. Primly,” she said, “I think this is the most beautiful room I ever was in, and I want to have it prepared for my own use.”

Mrs. Primly’s “front” fairly stood on end. Firmly, but politely, she said that it was quite impossible; the room had not been slept in for fifty years, she had no sheets big enough for that great bed, and the east room,

which was much nicer, had been got ready for us. If Enid really desired to have the state room, she could, perhaps, have it when master returned, but now it was not possible.

The opposition of the worthy old dame only added fuel to the fire of Enid’s wish, and at last I was obliged to interpose and tell Mrs. Primly that if my wife really desired to have the room, have it she must.

The housekeeper, for the first time in her life, spoke rudely to me.

“Remember, it is none of my doing, and you must be prepared to take the consequences. I wish we had never entered it, and upon this day of all others.”

The dear old lady was greatly upset as she went about her preparations. Enid and I, feeling very much like naughty children, strolled out into the garden.

A little garden goes a long way at Christmas time. Enid and I soon got enough of it, and three o’clock found us in uncle’s sanctum with our toes on the fender.

When we were thoroughly warmed, Enid decided upon an expedition to her room, and left me alone. Presently there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Primly appeared. She looked pitifully distressed, and coming close up to me entreated me to dissuade Enid from sleeping in the state room. She told me how her grandmother caught a chill that caused her death, from sleeping in a room under similar circumstances. She went on to say that my uncle had never allowed the room to be used since the day when his mother, in *articulo mortis*, had insisted upon being carried into it to die; and she continued through a maze of coughs and hints, by which she meant to convey to me that some awful calamity would surely fall upon me, and my children after me, if Enid’s unholy design was persisted in, of violating the sanctity of the state room.

I knew of old that it was quite useless to argue with Mrs. Primly. I had learned (even in six weeks) the utter futility of arguing with one’s wife. I was endeavoring to smooth matters between the contending parties, when in came Enid, who embraced the astonished old housekeeper and exclaimed—

“You dear, stupid old thing, why did you put all that modern china into the state room? I have turned it all out, every bit of it, and put the old things back in their places. Only fancy, Jim, I found all the old china belonging to the room stuffed away in drawers and closets, and a lovely embroidered quilt, with a legend all around it in old English letters, and such funny spelling—

“Sleepe ’neath my sylkenne folds this lyve-
longue nyte,
May chauntynge Angelles grant thee dreams
of lyte;
And when ye sunnebeames gylde thy faire
hedde,
Wyth thanks to Godde, aryse thou from thy
bedde.”

"It is too delicious," she cried, clapping her hands. "The room looks exactly as it must have done fifty years ago—with its wood fire flickering on all the jolly old things. Come and see it."

She seized us both in her enthusiastic delight, and whirled us away. The oak staircase creaked under our weight, as if its massive timbers were going to mutiny. Speedily we found ourselves in the state room.

It really did look charming, and not more uncomfortable than could be reasonably expected. Enid was enraptured with everything, and her delight would have made me assent to far more incongruous things than this. Mrs. Primly could not speak for emotion. To her eyes the room looked just as it had fifty years ago.

The evening passed, how I can scarcely remember. Bed-time arrived. Enid, faithful in her persistence, had retired to the state room. Simpson had asked his two questions, and received his two answers; then came a divergence from his usual habit—he paused at the door to ask—

"Are you really going to sleep in the state room, sir?"

"Yes, Simpson, indeed I am. My wife has set her heart upon it, and, of course, I don't care."

"Pray don't, sir, let me entreat you not; I know that you ought not, and so does Mrs. Primly; but it is as much as our place is worth to say more."

"It's too late now, Simpson."

"No, sir, not a minute too late," he said, eagerly, "the east room is quite ready."

My masculine readers will sympathize with me when I say that nothing short of authority would induce Enid to relinquish her determination, and I shrank from exercising that, all the more that I knew it would be useless. I thought myself that this one night would be enough for her, and to-morrow we should soberly and contentedly take possession of the east room, and Uncle Jim need never be told of this invasion of the state chamber.

Simpson did not appear in the least satisfied with this assurance; but finding me bent on gratifying my wife's whim, he retired. I heard the sigh of resignation with which he closed the door, and cowered more closely over the fire. In a few minutes the door again opened and Enid came in. She had her dressing gown on and her hair was unbound. She looked a little wild and excited.

"Whatever is the matter?" I cried.

"Nothing! oh, nothing! only I could not stay by myself in that big room. I suppose it was the intense quiet that frightened me. I looked out at the river rolling past till I felt quite scared. But I'm all right now. Come up with me, darling."

"Would you like to go to the east room?"

"Oh, no. I could not think of such a thing."

We went back together. The room was brilliantly lighted by fire and candles, and Enid was ready enough now to laugh at her former fears.

Before lying down she asked me to draw the curtain over the picture over the mantel-piece.

"I can not bear it. It looks at me so."

It was one of those portraits painted with the eyes of the sitter fixed upon the artist; one of those pictures that "walks," as the old superstition has it.

With some trouble I drew the curtain over it, then put out the lights and got into bed.

Through the semi-darkness that filled the room, the dead silence seemed almost audible. Hardly had I begun to realize its depth than it was broken by a sound, which I strained my ears to catch; the sound of the curtain rings over the picture being drawn back.

I lifted myself quietly, hoping that Enid was already asleep. The flickering light from the wood fire showed me the rings moving back along the iron rod, with a grating sound, moved by no visible hand. The curtain was falling aside—in another second the picture would be uncovered. A chilly sensation lifted the hair on my scalp, and yet, even now, I will not own to the ghost of a fear.

Suddenly Enid started up and seized me by the arm. Speechless with terror she pointed at the picture.

I tried to persuade myself and her that the curtain was merely obeying the law of gravity, the rod being out of the horizontal; but as I spoke the slow, creeping movement of the rings ceased, and the curtain, which now only hung over half the picture, was dashed aside with a whirl.

I jumped out of bed and ran forward to the fire-place.

The next instant I became conscious of a figure standing before me, between the fire-place and the bed; the figure of a tall, handsome, middle-aged woman, clad in a traveling gown of russet brown, well, and even elegantly, made, after a by-gone fashion, however. Her hair hung down about her shoulders. And now I saw that hers was the hand which had drawn back the curtain, for she still held it aside. My eyes traveled further, and saw, to their amazement, that the frame of the uncovered picture was empty. I glanced again at the woman. Here was the face with the haunting eyes, which had stared at us from the canvas.

While I still gazed, spell-bound, she turned to Enid and said distinctly and firmly—

"Your uncle knows, and Mrs. Primly knows, that on this one night of all the year the house is mine; they should have warned you against intruding upon me. I alone am mistress of Burnley Hall to-night. Christmas day speaks to you love, peace and good-will. To me it tells another story, a story of hatred, revenge and murder."

She paused, then moved toward the bed. With one bound Enid sprang out, and, rushing forward, clung to me in terror. I threw her dressing gown about her, and held her within my arms. She was too frightened to scream; she stood there as I did, with her eyes fixed upon the strange apparition, which now stood between us and the door.

Keeping her eyes fixed on the bed, the figure approached gradually the end wall. When it was reached she turned back the old tapestry, and opened a small door in the panel behind it. Through this door came a male figure, of a distinguished mien, and handsomely clad. He cast his eyes toward the bed, and whispered to the woman—

“He is fast asleep; he will never waken in this world. There was enough opium in that port to kill a dozen men.”

“Is he sure to die?” she asked, “if so, let us leave him where he is.”

“No,” returned he, “it must be supposed that he committed suicide. Open the window.”

She did so. The river flowed darkly past in the stillness of the night. The man advanced to the bed. The curtains hid him for a moment from our view, then he emerged bearing the body of a man of about sixty, in a deep sleep, whose white hair hung down from his drooping head. The murderer shuddered as he gave a violent hoist to his victim. There was a loud splash in the water below, and the mistress of Burnley Hall sank down to the floor insensible. Her accomplice made an effort to bring her round; she opened her eyes and gave vent to a piercing shriek. There was a loud knocking at the door.

“Tell them he had taken too much wine, and that he has fallen out of the window,” said the man. Then he pushed back the tapestry and disappeared.

She cried after him, “Don’t leave me,” and rushed toward the door of the room.

She vanished; but on the threshold, white with terror and trembling in every limb, stood Mrs. Primly,

“What does it all mean?” I gasped, breathless with the rapid succession of events, real or ghostly.

Enid darted from my side.

“He is there—in there behind the tapestry,” she cried, “but where is the woman gone? Oh, why did you not stop her? We saw them do it—saw them take the old man out of his bed and throw him into the river. Where is she, Mrs. Primly? Surely you saw her pass.”

She walked to and fro, wringing her hands, her eyes flashing wildly, and unceasingly repeating, “I saw them do it. They murdered him before our eyes. I am not afraid now; draw back the tapestry—we can find him yet;” and seizing Mrs. Primly’s candle she clutched hold of the arras.

Getting in behind it, in nervous haste, she kept it off her with her right hand, in which was the lighted candle, as she searched high and low for the door which she had seen opened in the panel. We could see the candle light clearly through the meshes of the threadbare canvas; and in another moment a sheet of flame burst from the tapestry. The fire caught instantaneously on the woolen ends at the back, and ran up them as if they had been tinder. The whole wall was afire in a moment.

To seize Enid and drag her forth, was my only thought. She resisted violently. She seemed to be, in-

deed she was, for the time being—mad. By main force I carried her from the burning room, and then from the house to the lodge at the gate.

Mrs. Primly had, in the meantime, given the alarm and aroused all the other servants. The old house lent itself but too readily to the devouring element, and it was plain that nothing could be done to save a single timber from destruction. In the gray morning’s light, all that remained of it was a smoking and blackened mass.

My mind was too full of anxiety on Enid’s behalf to feel the calamity as I otherwise should have done, and while listening to her ravings, and eagerly questioning the doctor in attendance, I actually forgot all about Uncle Jim until his hand grasped mine, and I saw his jovial face drawn out with the anxiety of sympathy.

“She’ll be all right, give her time and don’t be more anxious than you can help, my boy.”

Then it occurred to me what culprits Enid and I had been, entering his house secretly, and actually burning it to the ground during his absence. He had a right to be angry, and to cast us out from his favor forever.

“Uncle Jim,” I faltered, “can you ever forgive us—”

He stopped me at once, nor would he listen to one word. The very crown of all his eccentricities seemed to be that he was actually relieved that Burnley Hall was no more, and acted toward us as though we had freed him from an incubus.

I am willing to believe that it was so, after the experience of that terrible Christmas night, concerning some of the events of which I am as much in the dark as ever. Some to whom I have mentioned them say that it must have been due to a hideous dream. I am willing to believe that it was so, and yet I am more of the opinion of Mrs. Primly, who shook her head sententiously and said—

“None of us can see farther than the length of our noses, and there ain’t any of us can tell what takes place beyond.”

I do believe myself that our natural vision is by no means the limit of existence nor of action. But here I must stop, for I feel myself to be treading upon delicate ground, and let the reader account for my narrative as he will.

Enid’s mind righted itself by degrees, but so confused ever after was her memory of that strange Christmas night that she regarded it as an ugly dream, an opinion I encouraged. We found another home, not so much to her taste, but far more to mine and Uncle Jim’s, than Burnley Hall.

In the new mansion Uncle Jim had his own rooms, and was duly waited upon, to the last day of his life, by Simpson and Mrs. Primly.

The site of the old hall is now occupied by a part of the busy suburb of Greenwich, and I can hardly think that any of its busy work-a-day inhabitants have even heard of the last mistress of Burnley.

THE SHABBY UMBRELLA.

The average man is openly ashamed of a shabby umbrella—one of those slouchy, corpulent affairs, with the bleached-out covering divorced from a third of the rib-tops, and a shoe-string clasped around its waist in lieu of the long-vanished elastic. How he will hide it as far as possible under his arm, run it up his coat-sleeve, tuck it away beneath the folds of his coat, keep it between himself and the wall, and when he gets in the car how careful he is to dispose of it in the darkest possible corner. And if, perchance, anybody spies it out, how quick he is to head off criticism by explaining that it is the one he keeps in the office—so convenient to have one there, you know; one that you know nobody will steal—ha! ha! Or maybe he will go a step farther—the lying rascal!—and say he borrowed it, and if he didn't return it old Grimshaw would never forgive him—ha! ha! But when the clouds lower and the rain drops begin to patter, who so at ease, so envied, so proud and happy, as the man with the shabby umbrella, as he stalks along between rows of unprotected men and women with his despised umbrella dripping liquid harvest indiscriminately on the just and unjust? Verily, there is nothing in this life wholly good or wholly bad.

CHICCORY WITH COFFEE.

The chicory root, which was used more with coffee when the latter brought a higher price than it does now, but which is still greatly used on the Continent, somewhat resembles a parsnip. The stem rises to a height of two or three feet, the leaves round the base being toothed, not unlike the dandelion—indeed, it is closely allied to that plant. The preparation of chicory, as carried out in Belgium, is very simple. The older white roots are selected, cleaned, sliced, and kiln-dried, and are then ready for the manufacturer. It is roasted in an iron cylinder, called a drum, which revolves over a coke furnace. When taken out it is of a dark brown color, and while hot is soft and pliable, but after being raked out and subjected to a draught of cold air, it becomes hard and crisp, and is then ready for the mill. From the mill the powder is passed through a cylinder sieve, from which it emerges as fine as the finest flour; and the partially ground pieces, or foreign matters that may have found their way into the chicory, drop into a separate bin. The shades of color vary occasionally to suit the taste of the purchaser. The chicory root is cultivated in Belgium, Holland, France, and Germany. In Belgium, where it is also used as a vegetable, it is very extensively grown, its culture and its manufacture (both of which are unrestricted) forming two of the greatest industries of that country; and its infusion is largely drunk as an independent beverage. For home consumption it is put up in small round and square packets of various weights, with highly colored and attractive looking labels attached, and so dispensed to the public,

who can also purchase it in a loose state. To preserve it in good condition, chicory should be kept in a tightly closed tin box and in a dry place; otherwise, it will become lumpy and rank, and unfit for use. Instead of being ground down to a fine powder, chicory is sometimes granulated—that is to say, ground into grains or small lumps. This is often done when it is intended for export, as in this state it can be packed loosely in barrels, and is less likely to deteriorate. When exported in powder it is packed in tin cases, which are hermetically soldered down to prevent injury from atmospheric changes. The *London Grocer* says that large quantities prepared in both ways are annually shipped from Belgium to all parts of the world.

A PRETTY DESIGN.—A very effective bit of decoration was made of cat-tails. Above a long, low book-case, so low that it needed a finish about it, a strip of white matting was tacked; on this strip of matting were fastened cat-tails of all lengths and sizes, the stems being made even at the base, which makes the heads unequal in height, just as they grow in the field. The leaves are kept on the stems, which, in time, become so like the matting in color that it is impossible to distinguish them at a little distance. The effect against the wall, which was of a neutral tint, warm though light, was very charming, the dark, velvety heads of the cat-tails being brought out by the light background, and all stiffness taken away by the ribbon-like leaves which stood out from the stems. In gathering cat-tails for this purpose great care should be taken of the leaves which add very much to the effect of such decorations.

THE water of the Red Sea is of an intense green color, and so transparent that even at the depth of two fathoms the sea bottom is distinctly visible. It is carpeted with coral plants of many species, and with numerous other "wonders of the deep" of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The infinite diversity of form and color and arrangement, still farther varied by the restless medium through which it is seen, makes a sight which the eye never wearies of contemplating. This beauty is still further enhanced by the thousands of brightly-colored fish which flash through the waters. They are truly marvelous for their beauty of form and color. To say that every color of the rainbow is represented is an utterly insufficient comparison. Not only are there violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red fish of purest hue, but there are numbers which combine two or more of these colors. One little finny fellow of most graceful form is of a delicate cobalt blue, with fins and tail of a fine lemon yellow. There are others with dark blue stripes on a rich golden ground, some black, with silver spots, some red, with green fins and tail, and others with secondary and tertiary color mingled in most elaborate patterns and delicate proportions; while one species, having a rich, warm green for its prevailing hue, has fins and tail edged with genuine prismatic spectrum.

MINING IN SONORA.

FOR nearly three centuries after Cortes hewed a path for civilization and the Cross through the empire of the Montezumas, Spain filled her treasury with silver from the mines of Mexico and Peru. This was the rich storehouse from which that great power drew the means to carry on her wars in Europe, and conduct her government on a scale of magnificence grander by far than her European resources could sustain. Her receipts from America dwindled from year to year, until Mexico's declaration of independence, in 1822, cut off that great source of supply altogether.

The methods of mining and reducing ores employed by the Spaniards were crude and primitive as compared with the scientific mining of the present day, yet their system of labor enabled them to work successfully mines that would to-day be considered of little value. In all parts of the country are to be seen mines long since abandoned, in which are found workings of a rough nature, but of great extent, showing that they were productive for a long series of years, since, in those early times and with their primitive tools, the rapid progress now made by the diamond drill, the huge pumps and hoisting engines was impossible. A mine in those days was the center of a colony or community, and the missionaries were the directors. The *padres* never lost sight of material things when laboring among the credulous natives of Mexico and California. They brought together at their missions hundreds of people for the good of their souls, often taking them by force for this commendable purpose, but never failed to provide them work for the welfare of their bodies, work, too, which redounded to the financial advantage of the *padres* and their patron, the Government. As in California, so in Mexico, the missions were places where the natives were collected and taught to recite the catechism and list of saints for themselves, and to work for their instructors. A Mexican mission would possess several hundred *peons*, a portion of whom would be employed in agriculture and gardening for the support of the colony, a few in making *zerapes* and other clothing, a few in herding sheep and cattle and other miscellaneous employments, and the remainder in mining. As labor cost nothing, and supplies the same, whatever metal was produced was clear gain for the *padres*. Mines were worked in this manner which an American would find a poor investment for his capital to-day. At the Cornucopia Mission, in Sonora, are found thousands of feet of work done by this pauper, or slave, labor, with crude implements, from which, no doubt, great quantities of silver were taken; and yet there is to be found there no ore which would pay the expense of working by present methods.

During the last decade many Americans have come to Sonora, the Mexican State adjoining Arizona on the south, and are engaged in opening up some of the old mines, and in developing new prospects. Though, as

shown above, many of the ancient mines have been found valueless at the present day, such is not the fact in all cases. I was told last fall by the owner of the Las Minas Prietas, that the output of that mine for the month of October was \$90,000 in silver. Mines are being worked in many parts of the State for both silver and gold. Much copper is found here, but on account of low price has been but little worked. Silver is found with the copper, often in galena and often in free milling ores. Doubtless, when the country is better opened up by Americans, more extensive prospecting will reveal new ledges of promise, and show that many of the old mines can be made paying properties. The country has been but little prospected as yet, owing to three causes—the frequent incursions of Apache Indians, the small number of Americans yet here, and the burdensome laws governing prospecting and gaining possession of claims. Prospectors, as a rule, are poor men, and as it costs from \$300 to \$600 to gain possession of a claim, according to the distance of the location from the center of the large mining district, the difficulty can be readily apprehended. This is in addition to the expense of work required by law to be done upon a claim—a shaft ten *metros* deep and a tunnel five *metros* long. Still, as American and European capital is already here seeking investment, as more men and money come in annually, and as the mountains are highly metaliferous, the probabilities are that this will be a great mining country in a few years.

Americans are treated as well by the natives as they could hope to expect, in view of the nature of relations that have existed between the two countries along the international line. The Mexicans are, naturally, a very courteous people, and, as a rule, treat strangers with great hospitality. If one behave himself properly, he quickly makes friends among them. There are, to be sure, many who show a marked aversion to the *Gringos*, for which they are largely justified, as it arises from a natural resentment of wrongs committed by lawless adventurers who have, at times, raided this region and run off across the line many thousand head of cattle. In view of these facts, it is no wonder that a *Gringo* is looked upon with suspicion until he prove his worthiness. Individually, my experience has been a pleasant one. Many exceptional favors have been done me by Mexicans, almost total strangers to me, and I know of no place in the United States where they would have been surpassed. The introduction of American influence and methods into Sonora has, as yet, had little effect upon the people or their customs. Only in the few railroad towns along the line to Guaymas do Americans make any considerable showing of numbers or influence. In all of the towns of Santa Cruz, Arispi, Bacanuchi, San Miguil and Ures, I doubt if half a dozen Americans can be found. The few that are here are scattered through the mountains, engaged in mining.

I have spent some months in Sonora, and can not give Americans a better idea of what they will experience here than to describe, briefly, the country and the

people as I have found them. The location of the Cananea Mining Company, with which I am connected, is about fifty miles southeast of Nogales, Arizona, in a narrow pass between the Cananea and Maraquilla mountains, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and two thousand feet below the summits of the mountain peaks on either hand. The climate of this region is delightful. For about two months during the winter season there are infrequent light falls of snow. In July and August there are occasional heavy, transient storms, often accompanied by cloud bursts, followed by foaming torrents in the numerous mountain canyons, often by a wall of water that goes tearing down with a roar like the ocean surf. The remainder of the year is dry, cool and breezy. For weeks at a time not a heavy cloud is seen in the sky. The nights are invariably cool and comfortable, while the heat of the day never becomes so oppressive as it does at times in every portion of the United States. The heat of this latitude is modified by the high altitude, and the cooling breezes always felt in the mountains. So far as climate is concerned, I know of no place in the world I would exchange for the mountains of Cananea. The scenery is grand—rough, precipitous mountains, clothed here with groves of mountain oak, and there with firs and pines and plats of verdant grass. I have stood on the summit of a peak when a fierce storm hid the pass below from view, while above the clouds, other peaks stood out clear and bright in the sunshine. From the highest point on the Maraquillas one can see the Huachuca Mountains in their rough grandeur; to the east, across the San Pedro Valley, the San Josés; to the south, range after range, growing dimmer and bluer in the distance, and to the northwest, eighty miles away, Baboquivari Peak, near Tucson. On the very top of Maraquilla I found an old Indian grave—probably that of a chief, from its exalted position—and with a friend, went up to delve into its mysteries. A half day's hard climb and still more fatiguing labor in digging among the roots of a tree, which ran through the hard ground of the grave, were rewarded only by the unearthing of numerous pieces of *ollas* (water flasks of rough, baked clay). Night put an end to our archaeological research. We were not entirely without compensation for our labor, for we took back to camp a young moss-horned buck whose juicy steaks relieved greatly the monotony of our fare.

Far up a canyon, with the Maraquilla almost overhanging it, is an old deserted Apache village, a pleasanter neighbor, by far, than the descendants of its once inhabitants, for the Apaches are one of the unknown quantities in the problem of life in this region. Every few weeks some one falls a victim to those merciless raiders. One afternoon last June, during a fierce storm, four men, hatless, wet, and faint from fatigue, one of them with his leg pierced by a bullet, came to one of our mines and were brought down to camp. On their way up from Bacanuchi, they had been fired upon by concealed Apaches, and had fled, leaving their horses and pack animals and everything else, including one

comrade who had fallen. They knew not whether he were dead or had made his way into the bushes and escaped, but as he fell from his horse when fired upon they believed him killed, either by the merciful bullet or the cruel tortures of the savages. The scene of the ambushade was in the Jaralito Canyon, fifteen miles from camp. That night, fourteen of us, well armed, started out to find the man, dead or alive. Down through a narrow canyon to the San Pedro Valley, past the Cananea Ranch, whose old stockade has withstood many an Indian assault, up over the *mesas*, in single file, quietly, watchfully, we rode, with a bright moon rising in the east and casting startling shadows from stump and tree. At midnight we reached Jaralito Canyon, a horrible hole to ride into at night, deep, narrow and black, where a hundred Apaches could be massed on either side, within bayonet reach, and still be invisible. Cautiously we crept through a mile of its dark length, and then, coming into a clearer space, where the moon again held sway, we found our dead lying by the roadside, cold and still in the white light. There was a mining camp some six miles distant, and we decided to go there in search of a wagon in which to carry the body. We had gone but a few steps when there was a plunging and scattering of horses—a dead *burro* was lying in the road, a crippled horse was standing near by, and the dead body of Francisco Romo was seen on the grass to one side. We returned from the mine in the morning with a light wagon, and brought the dead bodies back to camp. In the afternoon we buried them side by side, over the grave of one placing a plain stone, telling how J. T. Gilliam, miner and prospector, was shot by Apaches in Jaralito Canyon, June, 1885. After one has gone through such an experience as this, he has but little patience with the false sentiment that has dictated the policy of the Government in its treatment of the Indian question.

The nearest settlements to Cananea are San Pedro, twenty miles distant, population, one hundred; Santa Cruz, twenty-five miles, population, two hundred; Arizpi, eighty miles, population, fifteen hundred or two thousand; Bacanuchi, fifty miles, population, two hundred; Magdalena, sixty miles, population, four thousand or five thousand. The company has a stage line running now to Charleston, Arizona, but formerly to Nogales, and this forms about our only means of communication with the outside world. To reach the mines of Sonora, one should take the Southern Pacific to Benson, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé from Benson to Nogales, from which point the Sonora Railroad runs to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California. This is the only railroad in the State, and passes through Magdalena and Hermasillo. Fares on Mexican railroads are three cents per mile. A stage line runs from Hermasillo to Bacanuchi via Ures. Beyond this, with a full purse, one may proceed on horseback, if poorer, on a mule, if in decidedly straightened circumstances, on a five-dollar *burro*, if dead-broke, he can foot it. We live high, in another sense than that of altitude and quality

of food. California flour costs \$12.00 per hundred, and we are glad to get it at the price. The best Mexican flour could not be sold as fourth class anywhere else in the world. If one chew the bread tenderly he may make a meal in blissful ignorance of the grit it contains, but if he be at all voracious let him beware. Duties are outrageous. Corned beef, which we buy in Tucson for thirty cents per can, is raised by the duty to \$1.12. French canned goods and wine cost about the same as in the United States. Our bill of fare includes beef and mutton, with occasional game, Chicago ham and bacon, California flour in various forms of bread, biscuits, etc., potatoes, beans, honey, syrup, prunes, peaches, etc. An occasional delay in the arrival of supplies reduces us to beans, adamantine steaks and bran, as we call this Mexican flour, which whets our appetites for the good things when they finally arrive.

The monotony of camp life is broken by an occasional visit of a day or two to some of the towns mentioned before. Arizpi is a type of them all, and one with which I have become somewhat familiar during my sojourn at the mine, though it is distant but the trifle of eighty miles. Arizpi is a town whose glory has departed, and long rows of empty, half-ruined houses tinge the place with melancholy. For every hundred of her inhabitants she once had a thousand. "*No soldados, no genti, no nada, ay, muy tristi,*" as a tearful-voiced *senora* exclaimed in a peculiar Mexican wail, when referring to Arizpi's present woeful state. But however *tristi* it may seem to its own people, it is a delightfully quiet, strange place for an American to drop into after being in the whirl and bustle of our own cities. The town lies to the west of the valley on a *mesa* possibly forty feet high. The valley is about a mile wide, and then rise the Arizpi Mountains, abrupt, bold, picturesque. The valley is one mass of green gardens, orchards and fields, separated by narrow walks so deeply shaded that one would never guess their existence did not chance, or, possibly, some fair guide, lead him through them.

Arizpi is said to be on the Sonora River. Do you picture to yourself a Sacramento or a Columbia? Alas! One finds but a few ditches, and even these few have to take turns at being "the river," for there is not sufficient water to fill them all, tapped, as they are, for irrigation purposes. But below the town "the river" returns to its natural banks, and one can find many pools, where, from a projecting rock, he may "take a header" without danger of being brought up too suddenly on a hard bottom. And what a gallop I had down the banks of the stream, at sunset, the second evening of my being in Arizpi, getting glimpses, here and there, of bebies of olive-skinned bathers fleeing into the bushes, alarmed by the rapidly approaching beats of my horse's hoofs! Afterwards, when riding back to Arizpi, and passing one after another of those *senoritas*, I would bid them "*buenas tardes*" as in custom bound, adding, in some cases—who can be indifferent to beauty—a look and a tone of voice not demanded by custom; but always came the same unmodulated, expressionless reply—"buenas

tardes, señor," with dropped eyelids, and without the movement of a muscle not needed in the articulation of the three words. What models of propriety one would think them—so wary of showing the depths of those dreamy black eyes.

The lovely *senoritas*, of whose charms so much has been written, how well I remember my first meeting with one of them! I had been in Arizpi but two days, when there were, probably, not ten persons in town who did not know of my presence, "*el jovin Americano,*" being a *rara avis*. On the third morning, I was apprised that there would be two or three *senoritas* at the house, ostensibly to visit the daughter of my hostess. The first one who came was a disappointment—not exactly what would be called homely, but still, far removed from being handsome, and I almost repented of having postponed an intended visit to one of the old mines until after noon. But soon came two more, and one—oh, what perfect loveliness! Tall, slender, lithe, with the bearing of a queen, and a face one could only wonder at without attempting to describe. Full well can I believe that on the whole length of the Sonora River is not found her equal. Perfect in every detail of feature, complexion, figure and grace of movement. Of course, I fell in love with her on the spot, and fell out again in the same natural sequence of events.

Since then, my experience has been more extended, and though I have never met the peer of the lovely *senorita* of Arizpi, I have seen many that were gay, witty and beautiful. It is no wonder their black eyes draw the young gallants into difficulty, and this leads me to the relation of a painful incident, which happened a few weeks ago. We had for a harness maker at the mine a young Mexican, named Uribi. He was above the ordinary class, fairly intelligent, and thoroughly liked. I believe at one time he was chosen orator for some feast day or celebration of the Mexicans in Tucson. For some time he had been madly in love with a *senorita* in Magdalena. She returned his love, but the parents opposed, and for the past few months Uribi had been constantly seeking an opportunity to marry her. Once, I believe, he met her with a carriage, drove to the depot, and was about boarding the train when overtaken by the parent. But it is all over now, for rumor tells us that as Uribi was asleep, the father and two men crept upon him, and with daggers gave sleep a deeper hue—prolonged eternally his waking. I hope it could not have been so foul a murder. I have many friends among the class to which these parties belong; friends who are apparently free, open-hearted, sincere, noble-minded men, and whom it is not easy to think capable of such a crime. But of Mexican character I yet know too little to measure the amount of treachery and revengeful hate it may contain.

Arizpi life is radically lazy. Through the heat of the day the unemployed sleep, and the remaining few loll about in the coolest places they can find, refraining from all unnecessary exertion. Towards evening there is a slight awakening, a little movement here and there,

THE WEST SHORE

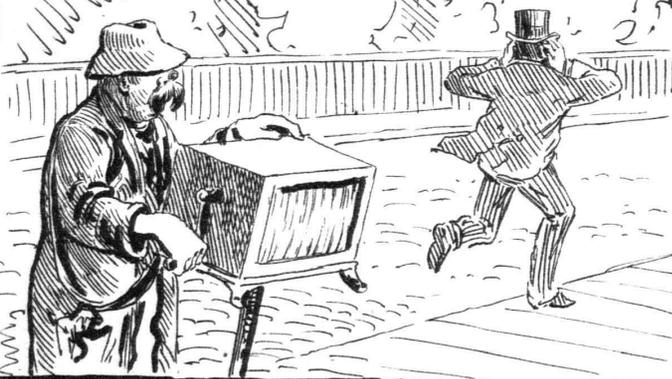
"You must prepare your bosom for the knife."
Merchant of Venice



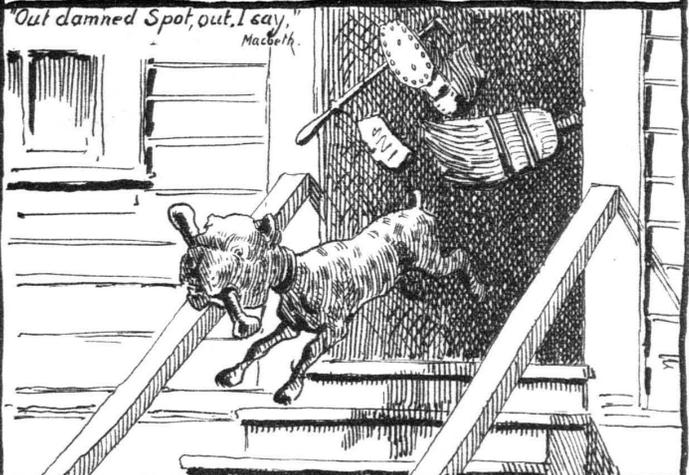
"This is a trick to put me from my suit."
Othello.



"I perceive you delight not in music."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.



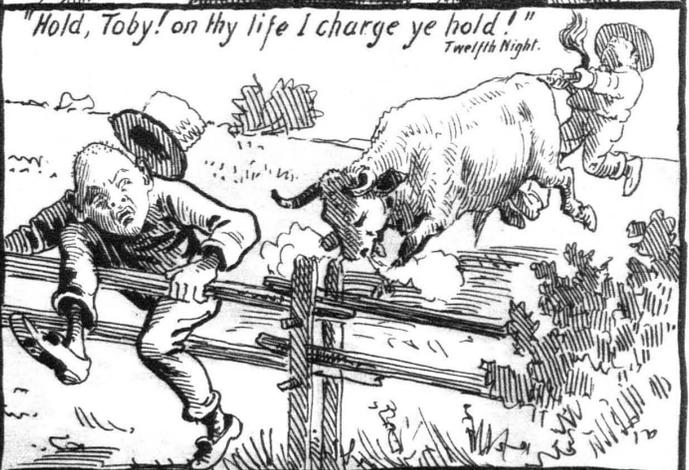
"Out damned Spot, out, I say."
Macbeth.



"O weary night! O long and tedious night! abate thy hours; shine comfort from the east."
Midsummer-Nights Dream.



"Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge ye hold!"
Twelfth Night.



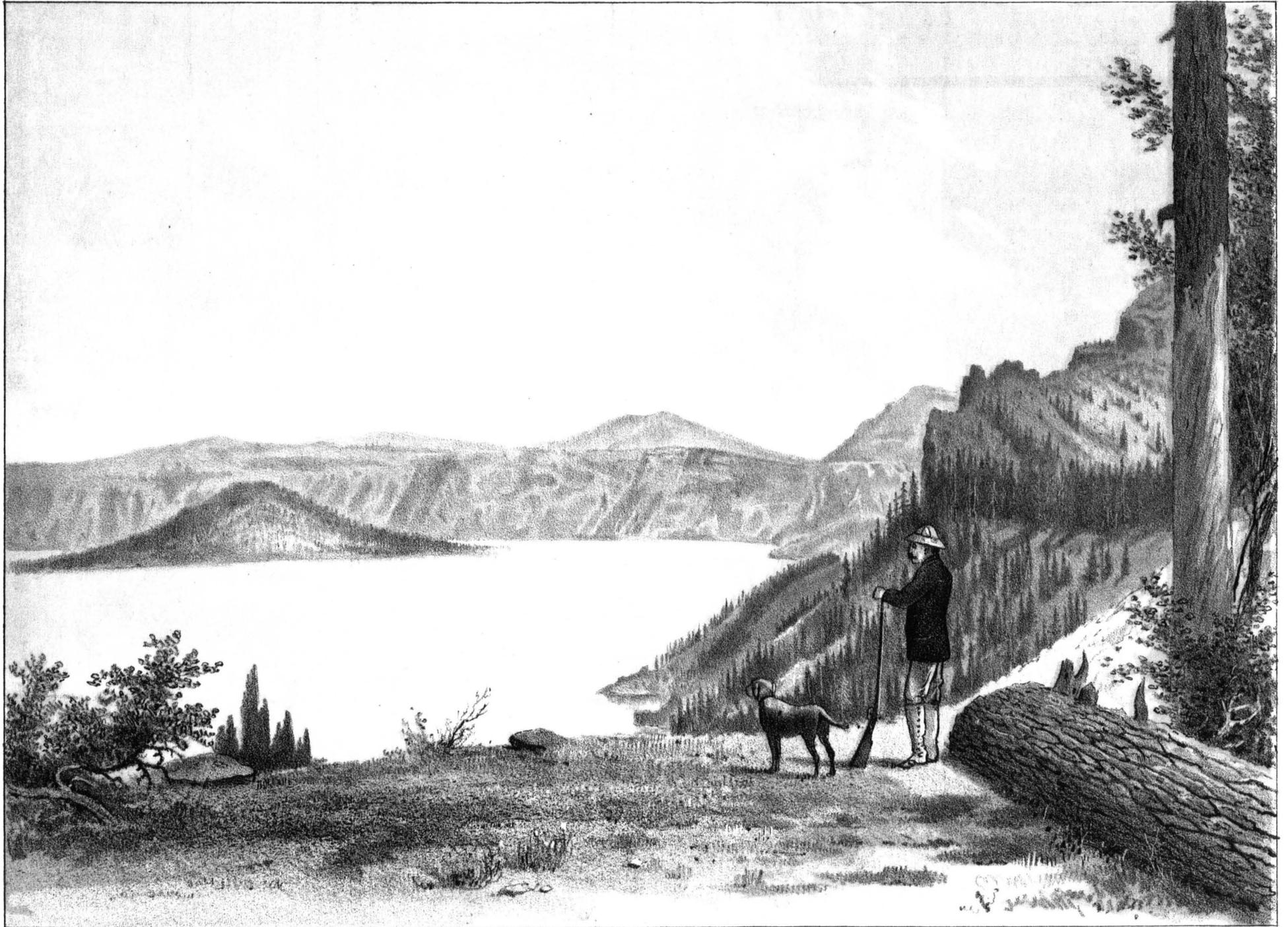
"Advance our waving colors on the walls."
King Henry VI.



"I have heard of your paintings too."
Hamlet.



THE WEST SHORE.



OREGON.-CRATER LAKE-See Page 104.

an occasional passer along the quiet streets, a knot of gossiping *senoras*, but nothing approaching excitement. All stores close at 6 p. m., not even the saloons excepted. In one of the stores I saw a large box of fire-crackers, and was seized with an intense desire to take the lot into the center of the *plaza* and see if by no possibility I could wake up the town. To walk the streets at 10 o'clock at night would awe one, were it not for the dogs, they alone breaking the stillness. I used to stir them up occasionally, as a relief to my oppressed feelings. One stone would start a prolonged howl, that spread from street to street until the whole town was in a delightfully hideous uproar. I hope the inhabitants enjoyed it as much as I. And they must, for there is no other conceivable way in which such a vast horde of dogs could be utilized, and surely they would not be raised without purpose. There is no utterly worthless, miserable, cowardly type of dog imaginable that is not found in Arizpi, and found in numbers, too.

There has been a saw mill at Cananea for years, so that at this place the houses are frame buildings, forty or fifty of them constituting the settlement of San Ygnacio del Pinal, which we call our own. Most Mexican houses are built of the sun-dried *adobe* peculiar to this country, or rather, these people. Few houses have floors, tables or chairs. The custom of squatting on the ground renders such articles of furniture unnecessary. It is wonderful how these Mexicans stand the cold. Few of them possess more than a *serape*, ordinary wearing apparel excepted, and with houses where a candle could not be kept lighted on a windy night, I can hardly imagine the possibility of sleep. I can remember how, last spring, when I first came here, I would see them bunched together in the morning on the sunny side of a house, waiting for the warm rays to thaw out their half-frozen bodies. Their living is of the plainest kind—*tortillas*, *frijoles* and a little meat. But they are a happy-go-lucky people, and seem contented with the simple life they lead, without craving the luxuries their inborn laziness and unprogressive disposition deny them, and of which, happily, they know and see little. This is the contentment of the household cat, which, having eaten whatever is given it, lies down before the fire satisfied. One of their songs illustrates this trait in their character:

Tu tienes tortillas, frijoles,
You have tortillas, beans,
Tu tienes un frasco mezcal,
You have a flask of mezcal,
Tu tienes un bueno serape,
You have a fine cloak,
Que mas, Que mas quieres tu?
What more, what more do you want?

They are a light-hearted, merry people and fond of music. Many of their songs are set to exquisite airs, but the words to our ears are insufferable "gush." Yet when sung by or with the lovely *senoritas*, accompanied by the soft notes of the guitar, they are indescribably charming.

The religious feature is a strong one in the Mexican character. The observance of church rites—for they

are all Catholics—and the commands of the *padres*, is universal and unquestioned. They attend church assiduously every day of the week, even in small villages where no priest is stationed. A hungry man has but to make the sign of the holy cross to procure a meal in any part of the country. The hold of the priests upon the people is wonderfully strong, and their exactions of contributions from their slender means are said to be enormous. Some of this revenue is applied to the support of local worship, but the bulk of it goes to enrich the church and sustain its elaborate and costly system of priesthood, nunneries, convents and various orders. Time was when the church was extremely wealthy, but soon after Mexican independence was declared the Government confiscated church property on a large scale. Relics of the magnificence of those all-powerful missions may still be seen, even in the smaller towns, especially in the region where the *padres* had control of the mines and the free labor of their native neophytes to work them. The church at Arizpi was built and furnished with an appropriation of five per cent. of the earnings of one of those old mines. It contains a fine collection of oil paintings, all of them being from one hundred to two hundred years old, and some of them are said to be veritable Murillos. Those old *adobe* missions are a study for the artist and the lover of the curious, and about many of them is to be seen some old and feeble *padre*, who, though submitting in all humility to the changes time has wrought, still plaintively laments the departure of those "good old days" when the Church was supreme in everything.

There is a greater change yet to be witnessed when Americans become so numerous as to introduce new forms of worship, or to teach these willing servitors of the priests that there are millions who can exist without any aid, advice or command whatever from those spiritual masters. As yet, as I have stated, American influence is scarcely felt, and the natives pursue their ancient customs in serene ignorance of, or serene contempt for, any better methods. It is a *manana* land, and the people are totally without business capacity, poor and thriftless. In a large part of the country they still use the primitive crooked-stick plow, and other equally crude agricultural appliances and methods. But few of them evince any desire to learn English, and even those who have associated with Americans long enough to learn many English words rarely use them in speaking, if possible to avoid it. This, of course, can not last always. The Americans will come in greater numbers; their plows and other implements will revolutionize agricultural methods; social and religious customs will undergo a change, and it is not at all improbable, certainly not impossible, that in time Sonora will become as completely Americanized as have been southern California, Arizona and New Mexico. When that day comes, if it ever does, the better class of Mexicans will be found to make good, reliable, intelligent and law-abiding citizens, as in California, where many of the best people are the old Spanish families which settled and ruled that State as a colony of Spain, and Province of Mexico, long before the American conquest.

C. H. BUFFETT.

CRATER LAKE AND HOW TO SEE IT.

A TRIP to Crater Lake is, to a lover of the grand and beautiful in nature, an important event, around which will ever cluster memories of unalloyed happiness, thoughts of little adventures and weird experiences that go to make life worth the living. The lake lies on the summit of the Cascade Mountains, near the head of Rogue River, and about thirty miles north of Lake Klamath. It has been variously known as "Deep Lake," "Blue Lake" and "Lake Majesty," but the more appropriate name it now bears, will, no doubt, remain with it forever. The walls which enclose it are from seven thousand five hundred to nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and from one thousand to two thousand five hundred feet above the surface of the water. The lake may be said to have no shore, for only at one or two points can a sure-footed person descend the almost perpendicular cliffs to the water's edge. Looking across from the surrounding wall, the sky and cliffs are seen perfectly mirrored in the smooth and glassy surface, over which the mountain breeze creates scarce a ripple, and it is with great difficulty the eye can distinguish the line dividing the cliffs from their reflected counterfeits. In circumference, the lake is over twenty miles, the general outline of the surface being almost an oval. Let one conceive a volcano which is twenty miles in circumference at a height of seven thousand feet, then carry it up until its apex is reached at fully twenty-five thousand feet above the sea, more than twice the height of Mount Hood, and then add to this a column of flame, smoke and lava shooting high into the blue air above, and he will have a fair idea of the vast mountain which has since spread itself over many square miles in the form of pumice, ashes and volcanic scoria, and in whose exhausted crater now lies this deep, silent and mysterious lake. In the midst of the lake rises a perfect, but extinct, volcano, about six hundred feet in height, its sides fringed with a stunted growth of hemlock. The lava flow from this has made an island in the lake about two miles in circumference. The cone has a dish-like depression in its apex, which formed its crater, where, through this small vent, the monster gave its expiring throes. Burning lava flowed fiercely down its sides, where now the dwarfed hemlock has gained a precarious foothold among the cinders and seeks to cover its barrenness with a mantle of vegetation.

Leaving Portland by the Oregon and California railroad at eight o'clock a. m., one will arrive at Medford, in Rogue River Valley, about three o'clock the next morning. Here a team and wagon should be in readiness, and an early start secured. About two and one-half days will be required to reach the lake, but the time in transit will not be lost, as the scenery on the route is magnificent, especially along the Rogue River.

To those who contemplate a visit, probably a word about the preparations would not be out of place. There is no habitation near the lake, and it is necessary

to camp continually. Under such circumstances, nothing contributes so much in the way of solid comfort to one who has many times roughed it in the mountains, as a rubber pillow that can be carried in the pocket, to be filled with air and ready for use at a moment's warning. Good field glasses are indispensable. A compass and a barometer will add greatly to the pleasure of the trip. One pair of coarse, easy shoes for ordinary wear, and a heavy pair of boots for climbing the cliffs should not be forgotten. Aside from these, of course, are the common necessities of camp life, such as guns, ammunition, cooking utensils, provisions, etc. However, after all the above preparations are made, remember that one point is yet forgotten. Provide yourself with a cheap alarm clock, a phial of sulphuric acid, and a little red fire. That prepared with shellac is the best. Place in the center of the red fire a preparation of equal parts pulverized chlorate of potash and white sugar. Then place the phial of acid so that when upset the contents will fall on the latter preparation. Set the alarm for a suitable time, then attach a string to the hammer of the clock and the phial, draw it taut and await developments. Of course, when the alarm goes off, the acid is spilled in the potash and sugar, which is instantly ignited, and the care and labor expended are rewarded by the magnificent scene which follows. It was our intention to prepare an illumination of the lake from the summit of the island, setting the clock so that the alarm would strike and the red fire be ignited at about eleven o'clock, after darkness had taken possession of the mountain. What we did will be related further on.

As the journey draws to a close, and the last hill is being ascended, the excitement increases with every step. At last, the darkness of the trees in front gives way to a glimpse of the blue sky, and a few minutes are sufficient to pass the last tree, when, instantly, Crater Lake, in all its glory, lies in full view at your feet. At first glance it seems far smaller than the imagination had pictured it, the walls of a less altitude; but as you sit and drink in the inspiration of the scene the cliffs grow higher and the lake expands; the island recedes, and ere many days, as you climb down to the water, each rock seems a cliff in itself, while the lake below, like a will-o'-the-wisp, seems to flee from you. At three hundred feet down, the distance seems greater than from the top to the water's surface, and yet, there remain seven hundred feet to descend, this, too, at the lowest point in the precipitous walls, which rise, in places, fifteen hundred feet higher.

Our party purchased in Portland a light, canvas-bottomed canoe, which was carried to our destination. Arriving there, however, the trouble began. Early Monday morning we appeared at the top of the cliff with our craft, ready for the descent to the lake. E. T. Lockart and myself picked up the boat and started down, while John M. Breck, Jr., and a sheep herder, named Frank Abbott, held the end of the rope, which was passed around a tree or rock to secure a good purchase. A slip or fall, on the part of Lockart or myself, was a signal

for Breck and Abbott to hold on like grim death. Hard and slow was the descent, but long before noon we reached bottom, and drew a sigh of relief as we glanced back over our rocky and precipitous path. The boat was at once placed upon the water, and began to leak freely. However, we had come for the purpose of visiting the untrodden island, and we proposed to do it, leak or no leak; so, within twenty minutes after making the descent, the bow of the canoe was "pointed to sea," and the experiment of crossing the lake in a leaky boat was being tried.

It took thirty-five minutes of hard paddling—and bailing—to reach the island, one of the rockiest and most utterly desolate in all the world. Promptly starting for the top we found it a long, tedious, laborious climb, first over uneven rocks, then up the steepest kind of a cinder cone. Arriving at the top, however, we fell exhausted, drew a long breath of relief and gazed in silent wonder and amazement at the awe-inspiring grandeur that surrounded us. In our haste we had forgotten to carry water with us, and as we cast longing glances below, and our tongues thickened with thirst, the words came mockingly to mind—"Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." After descending into the crater and partaking of our lunch, although acutely suffering for water, we could not resist the temptation to roll a few large boulders down to the lake before taking our departure. Such sport became very exciting indeed, as we watched them bounding from rock to rock, increasing in speed and violence, until, like a tornado, they swept through the branches of trees a hundred feet high, hurling them to the ground, and dashed on to the quiet waters, beneath which they plunged nevermore to rise.

Two general camping points present themselves. One close to the walls of the lake, and the other fully half a mile back and down a steep grade. Each has its peculiar advantages. With ladies in the party, I would endeavor to camp as near the lake as possible, to secure every advantage of scenery, to witness the glorious sunrise and magnificent sunset on the lake. In this case a barrel should be provided in which to haul water. Our party selected the lower place, the advantages of which were the presence of a strong spring of the clearest, purest and best of mountain water, and fine grazing for the horses close at hand. The disadvantage was the long, laborious climb to the top of the cliffs, whenever the lake was visited. While close to our camp on the west a stream of icy coldness gurgled by, on the east, in near proximity, quietly flowed a spring of a higher temperature. Although not hot, or even warm, the chill was taken off, making it a good place to wash, while camp was served with ice water on the other side.

To those who enjoy the noble sport of hunting, the vicinity of Crater Lake is especially attractive. Great numbers of deer, elk, bear, panther and mountain sheep roam through the timber in fancied security, inviting the keen eye and steady nerve of the sportsman. Although passionately fond of such sport myself, the

grandeur and sublimity of the surroundings so overcame me with a desire to see and prosecute our explorations, that I forgot my love for a running shot, in an inordinate desire to climb over the cliffs and view the wonderful place from every conceivable point. My companions were no less affected, and the result was that we ran out of meat and applied to a native sheep herder for some mutton chops. He scowled upon us for a moment, then informed our spokesman that "when he butchered he never saved the heads." At last, after passing many days in exploring both by land and water, we reluctantly turned our backs upon the most magnificent scenery I expect ever to behold, and started on our return down the valley of Rogue River.

Our party took five pounds of red fire, which we intended to burn on the summit of Wizard Island, but owing to the fact that the air was so filled with smoke as to destroy the effect, our plan was changed, and we took it to Rogue River Falls on our return. Here we met quite a number of hardy mountaineers, and at nine o'clock left camp for the falls, about one mile distant. The night was very dark, and a weird sort of a scene it must have been as we climbed over logs and rocks, lighted on our way by tallow candles and a lantern that flickered dimly. At last the bank of the stream was reached, and while the noise of the rushing waters was intense, nothing could be seen but the dim outline of something white far down below us. At this point the walls of the stream are perpendicular, and one hundred and eighty feet high. They are also solid rock from top to bottom. Directly opposite where we stood, Mill Creek falls into Rogue River (one hundred and eighty feet), and this is what we came to see. In order to get the benefit of the red light, it was necessary for some one to climb down to the water. This duty fell to a stranger in the party, who had made the descent during the day, and myself. He led the way, carrying a dim lantern, and I followed as best I could. The rocks are covered with a remarkably thick layer of moss, which is kept very wet by the rising mist. The path, if such it might be termed, led along the side of the cliff at an angle of about forty-five degrees. As we cautiously climbed from rock to rock, it was a sort of feeling of intensified interest that overcame us, when we realized that a single misstep would precipitate us to the rocks below—and worst of all, possibly we "never would be missed." The bed of the stream was reached at last, and the fire ignited close to the falls. Ye gods! What a transformation! Suddenly, the canyon, which could not be seen before, was as bright as day, lighted by a fire so brilliant that we could not look upon it. Crimson air and crimson water, crimson walls and crimson everywhere. No magician of the ancients ever conjured up by a stroke of his wand a spectacle more sublime. It was one of transcendent beauty, upon which the human eye seldom rests, and when it does its possessor is spell-bound by the bewildering vision. One almost loses the power of speech in a desperate struggle to see and comprehend the scene, and before it is realized the

light dies away and darkness reigns supreme, rendered ten-fold more dense by the splendor of so magnificent a tableau. Never forget the red fire when you visit the snow peaks, lakes, canyons and waterfalls of the mountains.

Many times the question has been asked "How does Crater Lake compare with Yellowstone?" Well, it does not compare at all. As well ask the question, "How does Yosemite compare with the Mammoth Cave?" The scenery is totally different. One may travel through the Alps and see the Yosemite reflected in a thousand forms; so with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; but Crater Lake stands preëminent and alone, the sole possessor of a peculiar trait of grandeur not matched in all the world. The time is coming when men of wealth who have looked with pride upon the Alps, will cross the great Atlantic, wonder at the grandeur of Niagara, linger in the valleys of the Yellowstone, gaze with rapture at the fleeting marvels of the Rocky Mountains, and at last, stand on the walls of Crater Lake, overcome with astonishment and mute with an unspeakable admiration of the sublimity of nature as there unfolded.

W. G. STEEL.

ALASKA CEDAR.

Nearly all of Alaska south of the Arctic Circle may be said to be well covered with timber, except an immaterial portion facing Behring Sea and the Aleutian Islands, although in the broadest sense none of it is fit for more than local use, except Southeastern Alaska, and most of this, from its remoteness, can never expect to compete with the more valuable and vast timber fields of British Columbia, Oregon and Washington Territory, until, in the far future, the latter are exhausted. There is one exception to this general rule, however, in a very valuable kind of timber found near the tip of the southeastern horn, and extending into British Columbia along the Pacific Coast. I refer to the Yellow Cedar of Alaskan parlance, *Cupressus nutkanensis* of scientists. For numbers of years it has been used upon the Northwest Coast as a "fancy wood," for its exceeding fine, hard texture, great durability, an odor, which, though agreeable to the *genus homo*, is a sure preventive to moths, and other good qualities for cabinet making, special wood work and so on. The yellow cedar attains enormous size, compared with the dwarfed species by which it is surrounded, often reaching a height of over a hundred feet, and corresponding diameter at the butt, shown by the conifer family. When I was in Boca de Quadra Inlet, Alaska, not far from Dixon Entrance, that separates this territory from British Columbia, we had to unload sixty-five tons of freight, at a salmon cannery there, and this was done in two loads by a raft made of two logs of yellow cedar not yet thoroughly seasoned. I thought they were ten feet at the butt, so grand were the logs, but probably two-thirds that would be about the truth. Even in the region that this extremely valuable tree occupies—the lower third of Southeastern

Alaska—it is not found in large districts, either in compact forests or straggling cases among other kinds, but, rather, in little isolated groups, or patches here and there, ten-acre and hundred-acre lots, so to speak; but once found, this patch is quite densely populated with them. This would really be greatly in its favor in securing these "groups" as timber land. Some of them, however, are quite large, and many have never been outlined, and others, no doubt, are yet to be discovered in this almost wild country. Most of it grows near the water, and this phase in an Alpine country, cut up by numberless channels and inlets of water, running in every direction and creating thousands of islands, may be readily appreciated. Near by the old Russian towns the clumps have been exterminated by them before we came into possession of Russian America, and had they held it I have but little doubt it would now be worked on a large scale, or monopolized by some Muscovite favorites. While living in Oregon and the adjacent Territories, I often heard these valuable fields of timber discussed by parties who desired some law to protect them in securing them, and I was more than impressed with their sayings when I afterwards visited the districts. Our present financial depression, with capital seeking no new ventures, falling just as Alaska was given some form of law, and the probability that no surveys or methods of getting at these districts even in the rough law applied, has probably left these yellow cedar fields in much the same status as the past. I look on the industry based on this timber as one of the future "bonanzas" of Alaska, and the only one in the line of lumber.—*Frederick Schwatka, in Bradstreets.*

HALIBUT.

French halibut is consumed in large quantities in the United States, and the smoked fish is a very important article of food. In England halibut is but little used. Gloucester, Mass., has been sending vessels to Iceland for a number of years, and in 1884 twenty vessels were fishing in these northern seas. The Icelander apparently looks with wonder at the superiority, not only of the Gloucester vessels, but at the excellence of their fishing apparatus. Mr. Thorsteinson, describing a Gloucester schooner, writes that as to construction, rigging, and sails, she "could not be distinguished from an English pleasure boat." The comparison was evidently made between the trim American craft and the slovenly English and French vessels. The Icelander tells how well fed was the American crew—"receiving fresh bread every day." As many as seven thousand fish were caught last year by the Gloucester craft. These northern halibut will sometimes weigh three hundred pounds. As the halibut on Grand Banks are decreasing, the supply of these fish, it is probable, will be taken in future from Icelandic waters. When the Vikings first reached Iceland, using it as a stepping stone for the discovery of shores not so far distant to the westward, could they have ever fancied that a race of men would have been born who in their turn should start from the West and seek Iceland once more. The waters of the North Pacific teem with halibut of the finest quality, and it will not be many years before the markets of the United States will be supplied from this source.

NOTES OF THE NORTHWEST.

EDWARD DEKUM & Co., No. 49 Washington Street, keep a full line of plain and fancy stationery, including all the latest fashionable novelties in cards, writing paper, etc. They also have a choice stock of books, periodicals of all kinds, blank books, etc. Superior goods and polite attention render Dekum's the favorite book and stationery store in Portland.

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THE Montana Central Railroad Company has filed articles of incorporation, in Helena, for the purpose of constructing a railroad from Helena to the Great Falls of the Missouri, with branches to Marysville and Red Mountain. This road is one J. J. Hill is interested in, and will form part of the route of the Minneapolis and Manitoba road, which will, before long, be extended from Devil's Lake, Dakota, across Northern Montana to Fort Benton and Helena. Construction on the Montana Central will be actively pushed until completion.

THE result of the process used at Randolph by Pugh & Co., for separating the gold from black sand, is not satisfactory; in fact, the process is a failure. A great many other inventions of this kind have been tried heretofore, and failed. The process worked admirably when tested with a small quantity of sand, but when several tons were put through the machines in a day—as is necessary to make the working of black sand a success—the result in each case was a failure. There is a fortune awaiting the man who invents a machine that will save nearly all the gold in the sand. The parties who have invented the numerous different machines tried at Randolph and the beach mines, were all sanguine of success. The machines were generally invented in San Francisco, and a small amount of black sand was forwarded from the mines, as a test. This amount being run slowly through the machine, of course each particle of gold came in contact with quicksilver and was caught, leading the inventors to believe that they had "struck it" at last. The machines were then pronounced a great success, and were immediately forwarded to the mines, where they proved utterly worthless, as, when any quantity of sand was run through, the prospect in the tailings was fully equal to the prospect in the unworked sand. To make the working of the mines, both inland and on the beach, pay, a considerable quantity of sand must be run through daily. Up to the present the rough lumber sluices and coppers are far ahead of any new process.—*Coo's Bay News*.

IN January, the Drum Lummon Mine, near Helena, Montana, produced \$100,831.19, the largest monthly output of that valuable property. The owners expect great results from the new developments made in the lower levels. It is such mines as these, operated as a business enterprise and not for stock speculation, which give character and stability to the mining industry. Another Helena Company, the Red Mountain Consolidated Mining Company, has just been incorporated with a capital stock of \$5,000,000.00. The company owns thirty-seven locations on Red Mountain, and it intends to work them on an extensive scale. It is more than probable that before the close of the year a line of railway will have been constructed from Helena to Red Mountain, to facilitate the operations of various companies in the latter district.

JUDGING from present indications there will not be as many cattle driven into this country during the coming season as were brought last year. With a very few exceptions the ranges in this section of Montana are all required to support a sufficient amount of stock already, and it would not be to the interest of those already engaged in the cattle business to permit a large flow of cattle into the country, which is already well stocked. Quotations at present on Eastern cattle are as high as those on range cattle in this country, and it is a well known fact that stock men can not afford to pay as large a price for cattle not inured to range life as they can give for those which have passed one or two winters on the range and which have thoroughly acquired the knack of rustling for themselves. The prospects at present are that nearly all the large investments which will be made in stock the coming season will be transacted right in this country, and most of the stock purchased will be range stock.—*Miles City Journal*.

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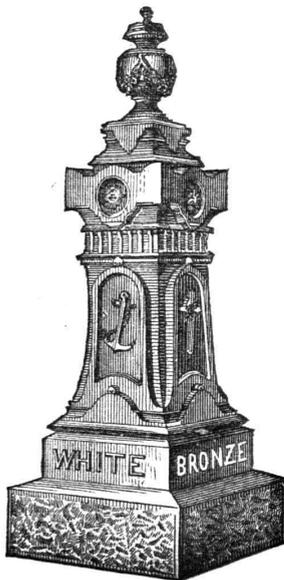
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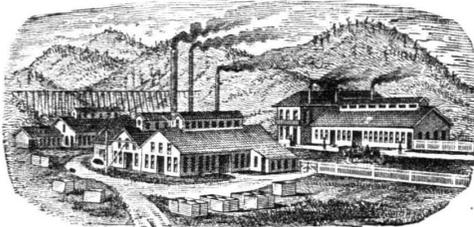
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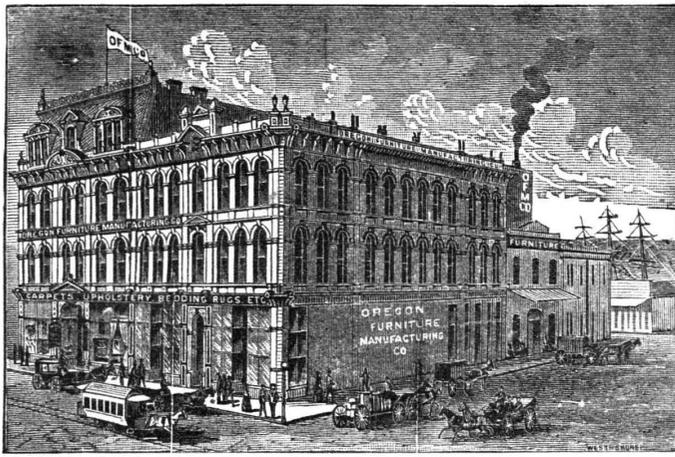
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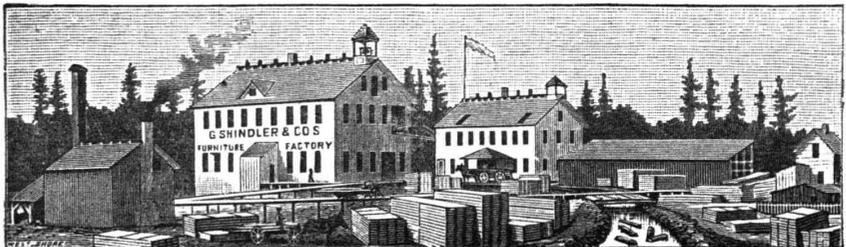
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