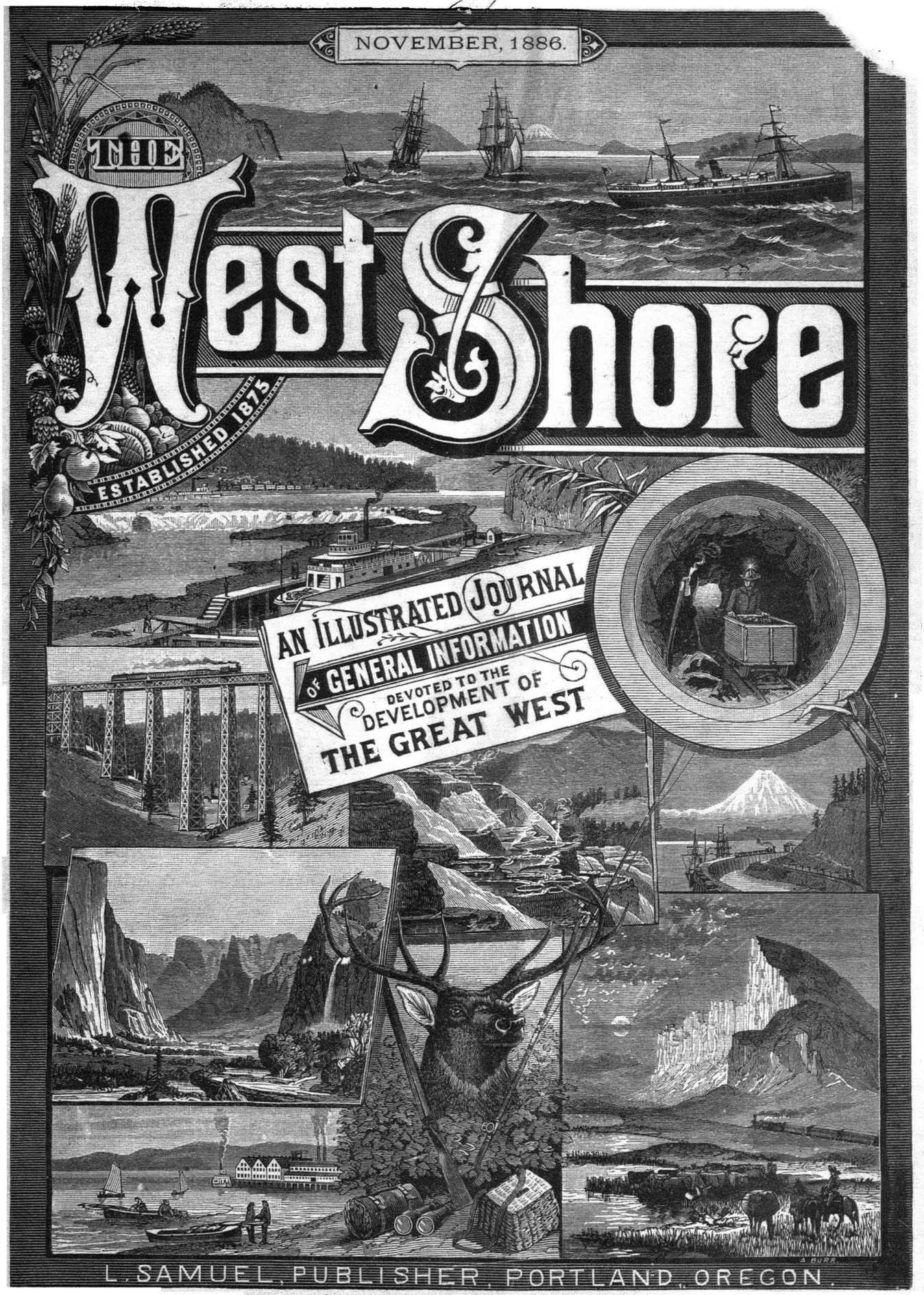
D. J. McKenney

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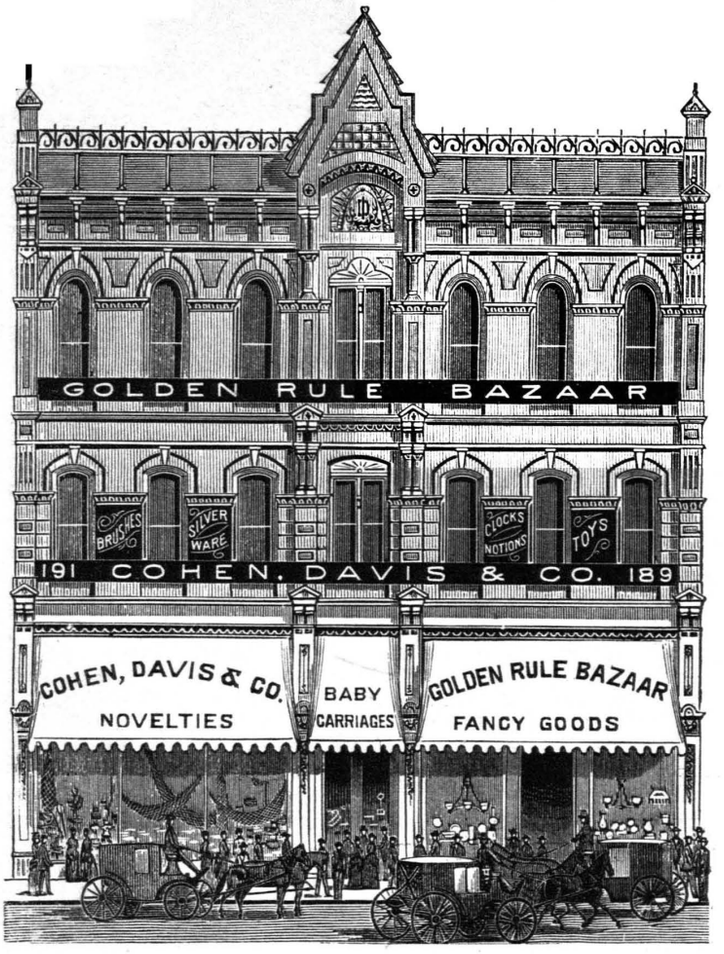


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That those who live away from town may stand on the same footing with those who come to our stores, samples of nearly all kinds of goods are sent without charge; these samples are not scraps, odd pieces and remnants, but are cut from the rolls of goods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

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

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# THE WEST SHORE.

12th Year. Portland, Oregon, November, 1886. No. 11

ESTABLISHED 1875.

THE WEST SHORE.

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THE holiday issue of THE WEST SHORE will be one of special excellence, both in its artistic and literary features. It will be much larger than usual, and will be filled with beautiful engravings and choice reading matter appropriate to the season. Our magnificent picture of Mt. Hood, executed in eight colors, is now completed, and is highly praised by all who have seen it. Regular subscribers only will receive this engraving free with the holiday number; all others desiring a copy can obtain one upon the payment of one dollar. If such of our subscribers as desire to receive the picture without its having been folded, will remit fifteen cents, it will be sent them by mail, postage paid, carefully enclosed in a pasteboard roll. The crease made by folding, however, can be removed by laying the picture face downward, covering it with a dampened cloth, and pressing over this with a hot flat-iron.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to inaugurate a "Pacific Coast Annual Conference of Charities," to be composed of persons interested in charities and reform. A committee, of which Mrs. J. S. Spear, Jr., 1511 Geary St., San Francisco, is the secretary, has issued invitations for a conference to be held on the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth of December, in Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, San Francisco. It is earnestly desired that every public and private institution or association of a charitable or benevolent character be represented at the conference, and a general invitation is extended to all interested to attend and participate in the proceedings. The purpose of the conference, as set forth in the letter of invitation, is "to obtain and diffuse light relative to benevolent, charitable, prison and reformatory work of every description; and to discuss all means devised for ameliorating the condition of the dependent, defective and delinquent classes of the community." Papers on the various topics to be considered, will be presented for discussion, and special attention will be given to the subject of charity organization in cities.

THE attention of manufacturers, owners of mining properties, counties which have vacant lands and undeveloped resources, and all persons who feel an interest in advancing the commerce of this country, is called to the American Exhibition which will be opened in London on the second of May, 1887. The association was chartered January 1, 1885, and since that time has been actively preparing for a more complete display of the products of the soil, mines and manufactures of the United States than has ever been shown in Europe at any international exposition. London is the chief market of the world, and it is rightly assumed that such an exhibit in that city will so impress the people of Europe and their colonies abroad, with a sense of the magnitude and variety of our industrial resources, the skill and ingenuity of our artisans, that it will increase the foreign trade of the United States wherever established, and extend it into countries where at present it has no foothold. The exposition grounds cover twenty-three acres, upon which an immense main building and other structures are being erected. These are constructed of iron and glass, and will be completed and ready for the reception of exhibits by the first of March. Provision has been made for the granting of permission to sell goods exhibited or by sample displays. Individuals and firms who desire their exhibits to be classified must make application for space on or before December 1, 1886. Allotments of space will be made at that time. Applications, however, will be received until the first of February, and no later, but all such will be allotted space in a miscellaneous department, without regard to classification, and without motive power. Full particulars may be had by addressing John Gilmer Speed, secretary of the association, No. 702 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This is an opportunity which should not be neglected by the people of the Northwest. An effort is being made to have Oregon fittingly represented, but it has not, as yet, been completely successful. The benefits to be derived are obvious, and not only Oregon, but the adjacent territories, should take immediate steps to secure them. Special effort will be made to have American art properly represented, and the management of this department has been placed in the capable hands of John Sartain, who may be communicated with at the address given above. Here is an opportunity which our artists should improve.

In opposing the forfeiture of the land grant for the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific railroad, both of the Oregon senators spoke of the strong competition which this, and our other Pacific railroads, are likely to have from the Canadian Pacific. In neither of their speeches, nor in other references to the subject, does there appear to be any exaggeration of the important part which the Canadian Pacific is to play in the traffic across this continent, and the development of business in the Northwest.

This road may be said practically to have the British government behind it, notwithstanding the fact that many of its securities are owned by Americans. It was built to extend the civilization and power of England in accordance with the policy announced by Brougham about thirty years ago,—"to preserve the connection of the different component parts of a great and settled empire and connect the whole mass,"—the same policy as that by which the Roman empire was consolidated, by making all roads lead to the imperial city. All the ocean paths now lead to England. The route to the East was shortened by the Suez canal, and England contends that a shorter and a cheaper route is now open through the Canadian dominion, and there is no doubt it will be used. The advertised time between London and Hong Kong via Gibraltar and Suez, is forty-two days, and to Yohohama, fifty-two days. By way of Montreal and Port Moody the run from Liverpool to Yokohama can be made in thirty-seven days. On the Eastern route vessels must take coal at Aden or Ceylon, which has to be carried from the mines in England or Australia, while the local supply on the Canadian route is abundant. Taking all things into account, the extra cost for coal, the tolls upon the Suez canal, and the difference in climate, the Canadian route would seem to be the most favorable for English traffic with Japan and Northern China.

Although the road has been open to traffic but four months, five tea ships from Japan have arrived at Port Moody, and others are chartered. These cargoes, however, are not for England, but for consumption in the United States and Canada. The Northern Pacific has been open for traffic three years without receiving as many cargoes of tea. The distance from Puget sound to Yokohama is five hundred miles less than from San Francisco—a difference of two days in favor of the sound. With a line of steamers plying regularly between the western terminus of the Canadian road and China, with mail patronage in addition to all the other favors of the British government, it is plainly to be seen that the road will have an immense advantage over our Pacific roads in foreign commerce, which has been regarded from the first as one of the main sources of revenue for these roads. Asa Whitney, who began forty years ago to urge the importance of building the Northern Pacific railroad, said it was "the only route which would shorten the distance between Europe and Asia so as to force a change to it." But the Canadians have built another road a little shorter, and, what is of more consequence, the patrons of the new rival have business to give it. Our government, which has been assiduously striving to avoid having foreign commerce, has succeeded so well that now it has very little trade with the East. English ships take our raw cotton to England, where it is manufactured into cloth; then English ships carry it to China, Japan and the Philippines, and return with cargoes of tea, coffee and spices. The aggregate amount of cottons sold by England in the East in one year is some six hundred million yards.

But the foreign commerce that may pass over the Canadian Pacific railway will not be its only, nor its main, support. This road will doubtless play about the same part in the transcontinental business of this country that the Grand Trunk has so long played between Boston and Chicago. Although the Grand Trunk was the longest road, it has successfully competed with other lines at every possible point, until now it is one of the most prosperous, as well as most powerful, roads in America. The Canadian Pacific will pursue the same policy. It has already secured a large share of the Eastern traffic on the sound, and is drawing business from San Francisco. It has established direct connections with Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, and it will send its branches down into every fertile section of our northern border. It will come wherever there is business—to Seattle, to Portland, to Spokane Falls and to Helena—and its coming will also stimulate business at every favored competitive point. With the development of its oriental traffic other roads will have to go to its western terminus to get a share for distribution in the United States.

Vanderbilt used to say, when the Grand Trunk was pressing him so hard, that it was difficult to compete with a road which was not compelled to pay dividends. The London stockholders of the road were not seeking to make instantaneous fortunes, but to build for the future, to extend the commercial relations of England, and so they were willing to have their dividends deferred. The political importance of the Canadian Pacific is so great that it will be sustained, even if its business in the early stages of development should not be remunerative. All these considerations give it prestige to start with, and if the policy by which it has been opened, is continued, it will be a mighty factor in the development of business at various points in the Northwest. It may also teach American statesmen that foreign commerce is one of the elements of national grandeur and wealth, that even as great a country as this can not afford to despise.

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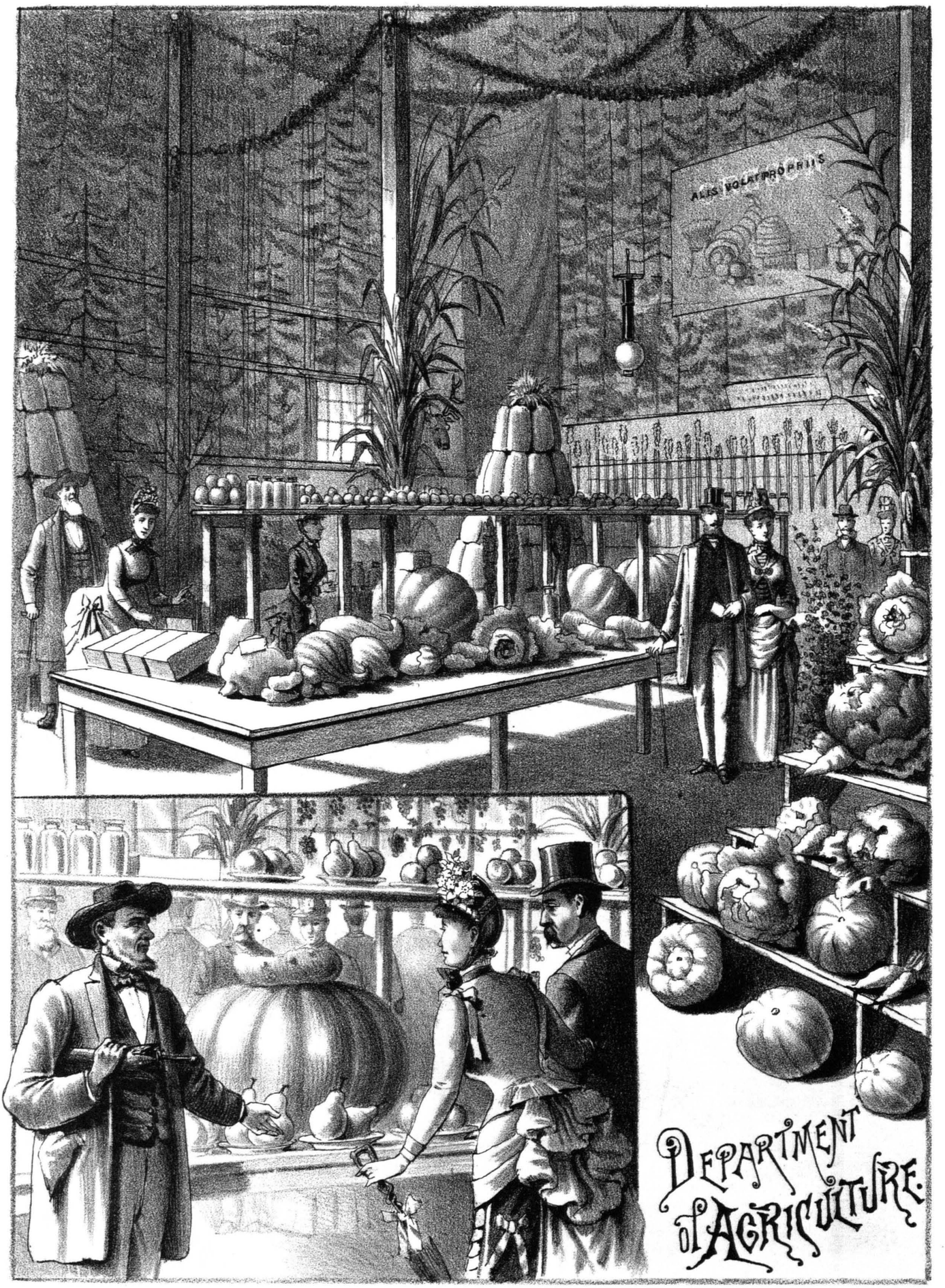
OREGON.—PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR.




OREGON;- PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR.

## THE PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR.

BEGINNING on the seventh of October and closing on the twenty-third, was the eighth annual exhibition of the Portland Mechanics' Fair. Few cities in the United States—in fact, no other city of forty thousand people—can boast of an annual exhibit at all approaching this in quality and extent. The reason for this is obvious. Portland is the metropolis of a wide and rapidly developing region of large and varied resources, and, in consequence, has a wealth, and transacts a business, largely in excess of that of Eastern cities of the same size. An exhibit of the trade and industries of a city is naturally proportionate to its commercial importance, rather than its population, and the commanding commercial position occupied by this great metropolis of the North Pacific coast enables it to support a more extensive institution of this character than do other cities of even greater population.

To a resident of the East, whose mind has not kept pace with the march of civilization in the West, and who, in consequence, still entertains the idea of twenty years ago—that there is nothing of a metropolitan character west of the Missouri, save San Francisco—will naturally be much surprised and deeply interested by the revelations made in the engravings of the recent fair contained in this issue of THE WEST SHORE. To thousands of such people, uninformed upon the real status of the West, the knowledge that there exists in the extreme Northwest a city of forty thousand people, doing a wholesale business of $50,000,000.00 per year, possessing all the metropolitan conveniences of the age, counting among its residents a score of millionaires, and supporting an annual exposition as extensive as that herein portrayed, will come like a revelation. Their interest will be aroused, and the result can but be of great benefit to the city and the vast region of which it is the commercial center. It is the pleasant duty of THE WEST SHORE to lay these facts before the people in the most striking and attractive form possible, and by its lifelike engravings do vastly more to remove false impressions and instill true ones, than could any mere description, though published in every newspaper in the land, or sent broadcast in pamphlet form.

If such results are to follow the mere making known of the existence of such an institution, what must be the benefit to the city of the fair itself! That our business men fail to appreciate the good it is doing, and the necessity of giving it all the aid and encouragement in their power, is painfully evident. It is certainly within the bounds of truth to assert that one-half of the business men of Portland did not step inside the doors of the pavilion during the seventeen days the fair was in progress. This is not only discreditable to them as citizens, but indicates a lack of that broad business capacity which recognizes the merit of such collateral aids to trade as the Mechanics' Fair has proven itself to be. The fair draws to the city thousands of visitors, and becomes one of those connecting links which bind together the metropolis and the country, creating a feeling of intimacy and good will between them, which must be strongly felt in commercial circles. Everything which causes the people of the Northwest to look to Portland for its possession or enjoyment, helps to maintain and and advance the metropolitan character of the city; and nothing we have exerts so powerful an influence in this direction as the Mechanics' Fair. What is needed is for our business men to so identify themselves with it that its attractiveness will be doubled, and thus draw from a distance thousands where it now brings hundreds. To be sure such a result will depend largely on the action of the immediate managers of the exhibition; but these need the assurance that behind them is a universal spirit of good will and desire to aid in the business community. Starting with that as a basis, they can give us an exhibition which will be doubly attractive and beneficial, and will fill the city with visitors from far and near.

A few reforms and improvements are necessary to achieve better results, and it is well to briefly refer to them. The first, and most important, is an increase in the capacity of the building. The present structure was ample for Portland when the fair was instituted, but since then the city has grown in size and importance, and has acquired facilities which enable the people of a great region to visit it, who were formerly debarred by distance and expense of travel. The accommodations, both for exhibits and visitors, are entirely too meagre. The seating capacity is ridiculously inadequate. There is no doubt that the attendance would have been increased from among our own people by several thousands, had there been a greater number of seats. Such excellent music as was given us this year would have drawn a great crowd nightly, were there an assurance of seats. Strangers, and those who are attending for the first time, desire to move about and examine the displays; but those who have satisfied this curiosity prefer to secure an eligible seat, where they can listen to the music in comfort and obtain a commanding view of the fair and the people. This place is naturally in the gallery, but it is limited in size and supplied with only about one-half the chairs it could accommodate. The result is that many who would attend almost nightly if a good seat were assured them, go but once or twice.

In making this increase in capacity, it is evident that no mere tinkering of the present building will be sufficient. What is needed is a new structure, covering fully twice the ground area of the present one. In no other way can the fair keep pace with the growth of the city. The construction of such a building, the attention it would attract, the opportunity thus afforded for advertising, the confidence it would instill into the people that something worthy of their attention was being prepared, and the great number of exhibits a fair advertised to be conducted on so extensive a scale would attract from a distance, would combine to make it the most popular, successful and beneficial known in the history of the association. In erecting such a building,

provision should be made for large seating capacity, as well as for more promenading space, and a better arrangement of displays. The gallery could be made with three or four terraces of seats, or one whole side could be devoted to an amphitheater so arranged that the main floor, music stand, etc., would be in plain view from every seat. A larger and better art gallery is needed, and the fancy work department calls loudly for more room and a better arrangement. Every department of the fair, save only the conservatory, needs more room and more conveniences for display, and better facilities for examining them.

A material change in the character of exhibits is necessary; not that any now present should be omitted, but others more representative of the Northwest should be procured. Working exhibits are the most attractive. People are accustomed to the sight, in its completed form, of nearly every manufactured article, while they are ignorant of the manner in which that article is produced. To show them some one of the numerous processes by which the article is made, is to attract their attention and create an interest which a stack of the completed object itself, piled even to the roof of the building, could never do. There is nothing novel or especially attractive about a box of crackers, a set of harness, an earthen jar, a stove or a broom; but in the manufacture of any of these things there is some process which can be easily shown at the fair, and which will attract great attention. Such displays should be encouraged by the management by the offer of special premiums. It is somewhat discouraging for a manufacturer who has gone to considerable expense and trouble to make such an exhibit, to have no more recognition given to it by the management than is received by some pile of imported dry goods. There are enough industries in this city which might be induced to make such displays in a fair to be conducted on the scale suggested above, to make an exhibition of the greatest attractiveness. Let manufacturers but be assured of proper official recognition of the merits of their displays, and of a great throng of visitors from out of the city to witness them, and there will be no lack of exhibits of this nature.

Another reform is necessary in the matter of appointing judges. No more should be selected on the jury system, where knowledge is considered a disqualification. Judges should be men possessing an expert knowledge of that upon which they are called to pass an opinion, and not persons chosen at random from among a body of men, ignorant both of the quality of the article and the process by which it is produced. This is a vital point. Nothing can exceed the disgust of the manufacturer of a first class article, to see an inferior one classed as its equal, or, possibly, its superior, simply because the judges did not possess sufficient knowledge of the goods and the methods of their manufacture to make an intelligent decision. So long as the present system continues, it will become yearly more difficult to induce manufacturers to go to the trouble and expense of making an exhibit where they have no assurance of receiving the recognition due its merit.

Special attention should be given in the future to procuring exhibits from surrounding cities and towns. Many industries have sprung up in Salem, Oregon City, The Dalles, Pendleton, Walla Walla, Astoria, the cities on Puget sound, and in fact, in every section of the Northwest, and with proper inducements held out the managers of those enterprises could be prevailed upon to make a display of their work and products at the fair. The chief thing needed is to convince them that the fair will be conducted on a scale and in a manner that will render an exhibit therein valuable to them as a means of introducing their products to the favorable notice of a great throng of people. Satisfy them of this, and there will be no lack of exhibits. The fact that numerous displays of this kind are made from outside points will at once indicate an increased and widened popularity of the fair, which will materially augment the number of visitors from without the city. To achieve this result will require the personal effort of some intelligent and accredited agent. He should visit the various sections, and by personal conference with manufacturers and leading citizens, convince them of the advantages the fair offers them. A little money spent in this way will be productive of wonderful results. This method of proceedure, seconded by a liberal use of printer's ink, will gather such an exhibit as has never been seen in this city. The display of minerals made by Baker county was a most interesting one, and was undoubtedly of great benefit to the county. It was a revelation of the resources of that region which astonished a great many people and created much interest. It would be of advantage to every county to make a display of its resources, and the enterprising citizens of many of them could be induced to take this matter in hand another year if the subject were brought to their attention in a proper manner.

Another important factor is the music. There is no question about the good effect the excellent music had upon the attendance at the fair just closed. Last year music was supplied by a temporary orchestra, whose range of pieces was necessarily limited both in quality and number. This year the management engaged the Second U. S. Cavalry band, stationed at Walla Walla. The band is under the leadership of Mr. M. C. Meyrelles, a gentleman of great musical ability and of long experience as leader of celebrated bands, both in this country and Europe. Conducted by him the band of the Second Cavalry has become one of the finest in America. Each night it played an entirely new programme, repeating nothing except by request, and in each instance making such piece an extra. Its selections covered a wide range, from popular songs and melodies to national airs and the extremely classic music of Wagner. Many people came night after night simply to enjoy the concert, and this was an indication of what would be the result of a combination of such music with more and better seating capacity.

The suggestions made above are merely such, and are not intended as a criticism upon the management. The gentlemen who conduct the affairs of the association do so at the expense of much care and loss of valuable time, and are entitled to the thanks of the community. The association itself is not maintained by its stockholders with the hope of realizing material profit upon the capital they have invested. The prevailing idea when it was organized, was that a fair of this description would be of so great a benefit to the city that the business men could afford to contribute to its founding and subsequent support; and it is to be regretted that the same public spirited men are compelled year after year to bear the burden of the conduct of its affairs. It would be a relief and aid to them if a liberal sprinkling of new members were introduced, and with them an infusion of new ideas. If our business men, as a body, would take the interest in this matter its importance deserves, and bring to it the zeal of which they have so often shown themselves capable, we would have in 1887 an exhibition that would be worth thousands of dollars to the trade of the city, and whose beneficial influence would be felt throughout the whole Northwest.

## STEVENSON'S REGIMENT.

The voyage of Stevenson's regiment to California is one of the many episodes pertaining to the history of the pioneer-times of the Pacific coast, and is described fully in Bancroft's history of California, Vol. V.

An act of Congress of May 13, 1846, authorized the raising of a force of volunteers for the Mexican war. The President decided to send one regiment to the Pacific coast around Cape Horn, and Colonel Jotham D. Stevenson, of New York, was requested to devote his services to its organization. Only men of good habits were wanted, and such as were of a calling and character likely to make them desirable settlers in the territories to be wrested from Mexico. Stevenson was a colonel of militia, a ward politician, and ex-member of the legislature. Just what wires were pulled by him and his friends to secure his new position, is not known. He proceeded to open recruiting offices in New York City, Albany, Bath and Norwich. No volunteer dreamed of conflict with any foe. All regarded themselves as immigrant adventurers bound for a distant land of many charms, under the protection of the government. The regiment included men of nearly every class, except the most opulent. A large proportion were steady mechanics of all trades, and there was a sprinkling of the boys of New York City and not a few intemperates and ne'er-do-well's. Many of these were attracted solely by the love of adventure, and but for the ice would as readily have gone to the north pole, while others had records, associations and debts from which they were eager to run away.

When the ranks of the regiment were filled, it was sent to Governor's island, where military drill and discipline soon disgusted many of the volunteers. These ran away or were rescued by their parents through writs of habeas corpus, known at that time by the name "non Californium," while the whole force was rather flippantly referred to by the newspapers as the "baby regiment." Late in August, three staunch ships were chartered for five thousand dollars. On September 26th the vessels departed. They were the *Thomas H. Perkins*, six hundred and ninety-seven tons, the *Loo Choo*, six hundred and thirty-nine tons, and the *Susan Drew*, seven hunand one tons. The U. S. sloop of war *Treble* accompanied the three transports as convoy. At Rio de Janeiro, where they stopped for a time, there was a prospect of getting into war-like complications with the Brazilians. The wife of the quartermaster-sergeant on the *Perkins* had given birth to a daughter, and at her christening as "Alta California Harris," Minister Wise indulged in some remarks in reference to another christening, that of a "royal bantling of the Brazilian nation." For this pleasantry the Emperor was thought to contemplate an order commanding all American vessels to leave, in which case the volunteers meant to resist by force. However, the order was not issued, and consequently the Americans had to leave without giving the Brazilians a taste of the mettle of Republican soldiers.

When the vessels arrived at San Francisco in March, 1847, all offensive military operations had ceased, and the regiment was put at the disposal of General Kearny for garrison duty.

The intention of the government had been to advance the settlement of California by sending out this volunteer regiment, and the result accomplished fully justified the step. Most of the members became useful citizens. Many achieved prominence as lawyers, merchants, etc., while a few found their way to prison or to the gallows. Mr. Bancroft's account is full of the more special details, which render his arrative of the career of Stevenson's regiment full of interest.

THE *Manufacturer and Builder* thinks that the man who is working to secure a small piece of property substitutes a new and distinct ambition for a remote and vague one. Day dreams about large estates and princely incomes may be very amusing, but they are not half so profitable as a vision of a lot one hundred by two hundred, with a snug little dwelling house upon it. With this before him, a man will rise early and retire late, turning his hand cheerfully to any and every kind of work. He will have a motive for rigorous economy which will make it a pleasure. He will have a vision of the last payment before him as a perpetual motive to moderation in passions, economy in expenses, abstinence from expensive pleasures and from expensive companions. Thus it will come to pass that a judicious debt incurred at the beginning of a journeyman's or laborer's career, will become his good genius, watching over him, inciting him to all industry and to self-government. Every laboring man ought to own his house. The first duty of the workingman should be to convert his earnings into real estate.

## A DEAD MAN'S FACE.

IMAGINATIVE beings who invent marvellous tales may take what license they please, but a simple narrator is nothing if not accurate; so, before beginning this, I looked up old correspondences and various memoranda made at the time when the following things occurred. The first paper upon which I put my hand was a letter. I may as well open with a copy of it:

"DEAR OLD BOY.—I have met her at last—my fate—the one woman in the world for me. Nothing is settled as yet, but I should not write this unless hope were a certainty. You must wish me joy, although she is a widow and an American—two qualifications which I know you will find fault with. No matter; when you see her you will recant and be envious. Yours ever,

CLAUD MORTON."

The writer was my brother—I was going to say my only brother, but I had another, once, although the less said about him the better. Nearly every family has its black sheep. Ours had been a peculiarly sable one. When he died, some years ago, I passed a sponge over his long list of delinquencies, and tried to think of him as kindly as possible. He died a disgraced man, far away from home.

I call this black sheep, Stephen, my brother, not Claud's, the fact being that Claud can scarcely be said to have known him. I stood in age midway between the two. Claud was sixteen years younger than Stephen, so that when the latter was shipped off as irreclaimable, the former was a little golden-haired fellow of seven.

The above letter made me feel both glad and sorry. I was glad that the boy—he was still the boy to me, although his age was seven-and-twenty—was going to be married; but I was sorry that his choice had not fallen on one of his own countrywomen, and one who could have given him her first love. Still, all this was his own peculiar business. No doubt he had made a suitable choice, and the only thing left for me to do was to write him a cheerful letter of congratulation, and hope that his love affairs would soon be happily settled.

A week went by; then came a long letter from him. He had proposed in orthodox form, and had been duly accepted. His letter lies before me at this moment, and I feel sad as I read again the two pages covered with the lover's usual raptures.

I am not a mercenary man, but I own I felt somewhat disappointed on learning that she was poor. Somehow one associates wealth with an American widow who is sojourning in England. But, so far as I could gather from Claud's letter, Mrs. Despard, or Judith, as he called her, was not well off. He spoke of her as being all alone in London, which fact, he added, would necessarily hasten his marriage. It would take place, he hoped, in a week or two. In conclusion he pressed me to run up to town in order to make the acquaintance of my future sister-in-law.

I was very busy at the time—I may say, in passing, that my business is to cure people's ailments, not to tell stories—nevertheless I managed to pay a flying visit to town, and was duly presented to Claud's betrothed.

Yes, she was handsome—strikingly handsome. Her whole appearance was much out of the common. She was tall, superbly built, on a large scale, perhaps, yet graceful as a panther in every movement. Her face gave evidence of much character, power and determination, and of passion also, I decided. Her rich, dark beauty was at that time in full bloom, and although I saw at a glance that she was some years older than my brother, I was not at all inclined to blame Claud for his rapturous expressions. So far as personal charms went, I could find no fault with Judith Despard. For the rest it was easy to see that she was passionately in love with Claud, and for the sake of this I gladly overlooked all my fanciful objections to his choice, and congratulated him heartily on having won so beautiful a creature.

Yet, strange to say, in the midst of his new-found happiness my brother seemed anything but his usual cheerful self. He, the merriest and most talkative of men, seemed taciturn, moody, and preoccupied. The curious thing was that his changed manner struck me particularly while we were in Mrs. Despard's company. He spoke and behaved in the most affectionate and lover-like way, but there was in his general bearing something which puzzled me altogether. It seemed to me that he might perhaps be nervous as to what impression his fair friend might make upon the elder brother whom he so reverenced and respected.

This theory of mine was strengthened by the fact that when, at night, we found ourselves alone and I was able to freely express my admiration of Mrs. Despard's good looks, he brightened up considerably, and we sat until a very late hour, and talked over the past, the present, and the future.

"When do you mean to be married?" I asked.

"In a fortnight or three weeks. There is nothing to wait for. Judith is living alone in lodgings. She has no friends to consult, so we shall just walk to church some morning and get it over."

"Well let me walk with you. I should like to see the last of you."

"All right, old fellow. But you'll be the only one—unless Mary likes to honor us."

Mary was my wife; but as her time was just then fully occupied by a very young baby, I did not think it at all likely she would be able to make the long journey to town.

"I will fix the earliest day I can," added Claud. "The fact is I have been feeling rather queer lately. I want a change."

Thereupon I questioned him as to what ailed him. So far as I could ascertain, all that was the matter was his having worked too hard, and being a little below par. I prescribed a tonic, and quite agreed with him as to the benefit which he would derive from change of air.

When I reached home my wife scolded me for my stupidity. It seems that it was my duty to have found out all about Mrs. Despard's antecedents, relations, connections, circumstances, habits, and disposition, whereas

all I could say, was that she was a beautiful widow with a small income, and that she and Claud were devoted to each other.

"Yes," said Mrs. Morton, scornfully, "like all other men, the moment you see a pretty face you inquire no further. I quite tremble for Claud."

When I reflected how little I really knew about Mrs. Despard, I felt abashed and guilty. However, Claud was a full grown man, and no fraternal counsel was likely to turn him aside from his desire.

In the course of a few days he wrote me that he was to be married on the 5th of the next month. I made arrangements which would enable me to go to the wedding; but three days before the date named I heard again from him. The wedding was postponed for a fortnight. He gave no reason for the delay; but he said he was anxious to see me; and to-morrow he should run down to my home.

He came as promised. I was aghast when I saw him. He looked worn, haggard, wretched. My first thought was that business had gone wrong with him. His looks might well be those of a man on the brink of ruin. After the first greeting I at once took him to my study in order to be put out of suspense. Just as I was about to begin my anxious questions, he turned to me.

"Frank, old fellow," he said, imploringly, and with a faint attempt at a smile, "don't laugh at me."

Laugh! That was the last thing that I was likely to do. I pressed his hand in silence.

"You won't believe me, I know," he continued. "I can't believe it myself. Frank, I am haunted."

"Haunted!" I was bound to smile, not from any disposition toward merriment, but in order to show the poor boy the absurdity of his idea.

"Yes, haunted. The word sounds ridiculous, but I can use no other. Haunted."

"What haunts you?"

He came closer to me and grasped my arm. His voice sank to a hoarse whisper.

"A horrible, ghastly, grewsome thing. It is killing me. It comes between me and my happiness. I have fought and struggled against this phantom terror. I have reasoned calmly with myself. I have laughed my own folly to scorn. In vain—in vain. It goes, but it comes again."

"Overwork," I said, "insomnia, too many cigars, late hours; and had you been a drinking man I should add, too much stimulant, too little food, anxiety, perhaps. Have you anything on your mind—any special worry?"

"Of course I have," he said, pettishly. "Did I not tell you it is killing me?"

"What is killing you?"

He rose and paced the room excitedly; then suddenly he stopped short, and once more clutched my arm.

"A face," he said, wildly—"a man's face; a fearful, white face that comes to me; a horrible mask, with features drawn as in agony—ghastly, pale, hideous! Death, or approaching death, violent death, written in every line. Every feature distorted. Eyes starting from the head. Every cord in the throat standing out, strained as by mortal struggle. Long, dark hair lying flat and wet. Thin lips moving and working—lips that are cursing, although I hear no sound. Why should this come to me—why to me? Who is this dead man whose face wrecks my life? Frank, my brother, if this is disease or madness, cure me; if not, let me die."

His words, his gestures, sent a cold thrill through me. He was worse, far worse, than I had feared.

"Claud," I said, "you are talking nonsense; cure you! of course I mean to cure you. Now sit down, collect yourself, and tell me how this hallucination comes."

"Comes! How does it come? It gathers in corners of the room; it forms and takes shape; it glares at me out of the wall; it looks up at me from the floor. Ever the same fearful, white, dying face, threatening, cursing, sometimes mocking. Why does it come?"

I had already told the poor fellow why it came, but it was no use repeating my words. "Tell me when you see it," I asked; "at night—in darkness?"

He hesitated, and seemed troubled. "No, never at night. In broad day light only. That to me is the crowning terror, the ghastliness of it. At night I could call it a dream. Frank, believe me, I am no weak fool. For weeks I have borne with it. At last it has conquered me. Send it away; or I shall go mad!"

"I'll send it away, old boy, never fear. Tell me: can you see it now?"

"No; thank God, not now."

"Have you seen it to-day?"

"No; to-day I have been free from it."

"Well, you'll be free from it to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. It will be gone forever before you leave me. Now come and see Mary and the babies. I haven't even asked you how Mrs. Despard is."

A curious look crossed his face. "I think she grows more beautiful every day," he said. Then he seized my hand. "Oh, Frank," he exclaimed, "rid me of this horror, and I shall be the happiest man in the world."

"All right," I answered, perhaps with more confidence than I felt.

Although I made light of it to my patient, his state greatly alarmed me. I hastened to put him under the strictest and most approved treatment. I enforced the most rigid sumptuary laws, made him live on plain food, and docked his consumption of tobacco unmercifully. In a few days I was delighted to find that my diagnosis of the case was correct. Claud was rapidly recovering tone. In a week's time he seemed restored to health.

The days went by. As yet Claud had said nothing about leaving; yet, unless the date was once more adjourned, he was to be married on the 19th. I did not counsel him to postpone the happy day. He was by now so well that I thought he could not do better than adhere to his arrangement. A month's holiday, spent in the society of the woman he loved, would, I felt certain, complete his cure, and banish forever that grisly intruder begotten of disorganized nerves.

From the monotonous regularity and voluminous nature of their correspondence it was evident, delay and separation notwithstanding, that matters were going on quite smoothly between Claud and Judith Despard. Every day he received and wrote a long letter. Nevertheless it was not until the 16th of the month that I knew exactly what he meant to do about his marriage.

"Frank," he said, "you have been wonderfully kind to me. I believe you have saved my life, or at least my reason. Will you do something more for me?"

"Even unto half my kingdom," I answered.

"Look here; I am ashamed of the feeling, but I absolutely dread returning to town. At any rate I wish to stay there no longer than is needful. Thursday morning I must, of course, be there, to be married. You think me cured, Frank?" he added, abruptly.

"Honestly, yes. If you take care of yourself you will be troubled no more."

"Yet why do I dread London so? Well, never mind. I will go up by the night mail on Wednesday—then I need only be there for a few hours. Will you do this for me—go up on Wednesday morning, see Judith, and explain how it is that I shall not see her until we meet in the church?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. But you had better write as well."

"Yes, I shall do that. There are several other little things you must see to for me. The license I have, but you must let the clergyman know. You had better go and see my partners. They may think it strange if I marry and go away without a word."

Thinking it better that he should have his own way, I promised to do as he wished. Upon my arrival in town on Wednesday afternoon I went straight to Mrs. Despard's. I was not sorry to have this opportunity of seeing her alone. I wished to urge upon her the necessity of being careful that Claud did not again get into that highly wrought nervous state from which my treatment had so happily extricated him.

She was not looking so well as when last I saw her. At times her manner was restless, and she seemed striving to suppress agitation. She made no adverse comments on her lover's strange whim of reaching town tomorrow only in time for the ceremony. Her inquiries as to his health were most solicitous, and when I told her that I no longer feared anything on his account, her heart-felt sigh of relief told me how deeply she loved him.

Presently she looked me full in the face. Her eyes were half closed, but I could see an anxious, eager look in them. "He saw a face," she said. "Has it left him?"

"He told you of his queer hallucination, then?"

"No; but once or twice when he was sitting with me he sprang to his feet and muttered: 'Oh, that face! that ghastly horrible face! I can bear it no longer!' Then he rushed wildly from the room. What face did he see, Dr. Morton?"

To set her mind at rest, I gave her a little scientific discourse, which explained to her how such mental phenomena were brought about. She listened attentively, and seemed satisfied. Then I bade her adieu until tomorrow.

The marriage was to be of the quiet kind. I found that Mrs. Despard had made no arrangement for any friend to accompany her; so, setting all rules of etiquette at defiance, I suggested that, although the bridegroom's brother, I should call for her in the morning and conduct her to the church. To this she readily consented.

Somehow that evening I did not carry away such a pleasing impression of my brother's bride as I did when first I met her. I can give no reason for this, except that I was not forgetful of my wife's accusation, that when first I met Judith Despard I had been carried away by the glamour of her beauty, and thought of nothing else. As I walked to Claud's rooms, which I occupied for the night, I almost regretted that he had been so hasty—certainly I wished that we knew more of his bride. But it was now too late for regrets or wishes.

I called for Mrs. Despard at the appointed hour, and found her quite ready to start. Her dress was plain and simple—I cannot describe it; but I saw that in spite of her excessive pallor she looked very beautiful. In the carriage on our way to the church she was very silent, answering my remarks with monosyllables. I left her in peace, supposing that at such a moment every woman must be more or less agitated.

When the carriage drew up at the church door, the bride laid her hand upon my arm. I could feel that she was trembling. "Claud will be here?" she asked. "Nothing will stop him?"

"Nothing. But I may as well step out and see that he is waiting."

Yes, Claud was in the church waiting for us. We exchanged greetings. The old sexton summoned the curate; and Judith Despard, my brother, and myself walked up to the altar rails.

Claud looked very well that morning; a little fagged, perhaps, but the long night journey would account for that. He certainly looked proud and happy as he stood on the altar step, side by side with the woman, who, in a few minutes, would be his wife.

But before the curate had finished reading the opening address a great change came over him. From where I was standing I could only see his side face, but that was enough to show me that he was suffering from some agitation—something far above the nervousness so often displayed by a bridegroom. A deadly pallor came over his face, small beads of perspiration sprang to his brow, and I noticed that those tell-tales of mental disturbance, the hands, were so tightly clinched that the knuckles grew white. It was evident that he was suffering anguish of some kind, and for a moment I though of stopping the service. But the rite is but a short one, and from whatever cause Claud's agitation might proceed, it was perhaps better to trust to him to curb it for a few moments than to make a scene. Nevertheless I watched him intently and anxiously.

Then came the charge to declare any impediment. As the curate made the conventional pause, Claud, to my surprise, glanced round in a startled way, as if fearing that his marriage would at the last moment be forbidden. The look on his face was now one of actual terror.

Both bride and bridegroom said their 'I will' in such low tones that I could scarcely hear their voices. Then, in pursuance of my duty, I gave the woman to the priest. He joined the hands of Claud and Judith.

After having played my little part, I had not moved back to my former station. I was now close to the bride, and as Claud turned to her, could see his face to advantage. It was positively distorted with suppressed emotion of some kind. His mouth was set, and I could see that his teeth were closed on his upper lip. He did not look at his fair bride. His gaze passed over her shoulder. In fact, he seemed almost oblivious to her presence. I was dreadfully frightened.

The clergyman's voice rang out: "I, Claud, take thee, Judith, to be my wedded wife." Then, hearing no echo of his words, he paused.

"Repeat after me," he prompted. Again he began, "I, Claud—"

His voice was drowned in a louder one, which rang through the empty church. With a fierce cry, as of inexpressible rage, Claud had thrown the bride's hand from him, and was pointing and gesticulating toward the wall, upon which his eyes had been riveted.

"Here—even here!" he almost shrieked. "That cursed, white, wicked, dying face! Whose is it! Why does it come between me and my love! Mad! Mad! I am going mad!"

I heeded not the clergyman's look of dismay, or the bride's cry of distress. I thought of nothing but my unfortunate brother. Here, at the moment which should be the happiest he had yet known, the grewsome hallucination had come back to him. I threw my arm around him and tried to catch him.

"It is fancy, my dear boy," I said. "In a moment it will be gone."

"Gone! Why does it come? What have I to do with this dying man? Look, Frank, look! Something tells me if you look you will see it. There! There! Look there!"

His eyes were fixed on the same point. He grasped my arm convulsively. I am ashamed to say that I yielded, and looked in the direction of his gaze.

"There is nothing there," I said soothingly.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "It will come to you as to me."

It may have been the hope of convincing Claud of the illusionary nature of the sight which tormented him, it may have been some strange fascination wrought by his words and manner, which made me for some moments gaze at him. God of heaven! I saw gradually forming out of nothing, gathering on the blank wall in front of me, a face, or the resemblance of a face, white, ghastly, horrible! Long, dank, wet-looking dark hair, eyes starting from their sockets, lips working—the whole appearance that of the face of a man who is struggling with death, in every detail as Claud had described it. And yet to me that face was more terrible than ever it could be to Claud.

I gazed in horror. I felt my eyes growing riveted to the sight as his own. I felt my whole frame trembling. I knew that in another moment I should be raving as wildly as he raved. Only his hoarse whisper recalled me to my senses.

"You see?" he asked, or rather asserted.

Horror forced the truth from me. "I see, or fancy I see," I answered.

With a wild laugh Claud broke from me. He rushed down the church and disappeared. As he left me, the face, thank Heaven, faded from the wall, or from my imagination.

I turned to my companions. Judith Despard was lying in a dead swoon on the altar steps; the curate with trembling hands was loosening the throat of her dress. I called for water. The sexton brought it. I bathed the poor woman's temples, and in a few minutes she sighed, opened her eyes, and then shuddered. I took her in my arms and staggered to the church-door. The curate removed his surplice and followed me. I placed my almost senseless burden in the carriage.

"For Heaven's sake, see her home," I said to the curate. "I must go and look after my brother. As soon as I have seen him I will come round to Mrs. Despard's. Get her home quickly. The coachman knows where to go."

The brougham drove off. I threw myself into a cab and drove towards Claud's room. I hoped he might have gone straight there.

To my great relief, when I reached his house he was on the door-step. We entered his room together; he sank wearily into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. I was scarcely less agitated than himself, and my face, as I caught its reflection in the mirror, was as white as his own. I waited for him to speak.

Presently he raised his head. "Go to her," he said. "Ask her why that face comes between us. You saw it—even you. It can be no fancy of mine. Tell her we can meet no more."

"I will wait until you are calmer before I go."

"Calm! I am myself now. The thing has left me, as it always does. Frank, I have hidden from you one peculiarity of my state. That awful face never shows itself to me unless I am in her company. Even at the altar it came between us. Go to her, ask her why it comes."

I left him, but did not quit the house for some time. I went into an adjoining room and tried to collect my thoughts; for, as I said, my mind was more troubled than even Claud's could be.

I am ashamed to reassert it; I am willing to own that excitement, my brother's impressive manner, superstition which I did not know I possessed—anything that may bear a natural explanation—may have raised that vision. But why should that phantom, gathering and

growing from nothing until it attained to form, or at least semblance, have been the face of one I had known? Why should the features distorted in deadly agony have been those of my brother Stephen? For his was the dreadful face which Claud's prompting or my own imagination had raised.

Almost like one in a dream I went to do Claud's bidding. I was thankful, upon reaching Mrs. Despard's, to find that she had gone to her room, and left word that she could see no one to-day. This gave me time to consider the position.

Acting on a sudden impulse, I went to the telegraph office, and sent instructions to my wife to forward to me, by passenger train, a small box in which I kept old letters and papers. Then I went back to Claud, and after some persuasion induced him to leave town at once. I told him I would arrange everything on the morrow. He was better away.

In the morning my box arrived. In it I found what I wanted. After the calming effects of a night's rest I felt ashamed of my weakness as I took from an old letter a photograph of my brother Stephen—one taken about two years before the report of his death reached us. Nevertheless I put the portrait in my pocket, and about noon went to Mrs. Despard's.

I was at once admitted, and in a few minutes she came to me. She looked worn and haggard, as if sleep had not visited her for nights. Dark circles had formed round her fine eyes; lines seemed to have deepened round her firm, passionate mouth. She advanced eagerly toward me and held out her hand. I took it in silence. Indeed, I scarcely knew what to say or how to act.

"Where is Claud?" she asked, in a quick voice, but scarcely above a whisper.

"He has left town for a few days."

She pressed her hand to her heart. "Does that mean I shall see him no more?"

"I am afraid I must say it does. He thinks it better you should part."

She gave a sharp cry and walked up and down the room wringing her hands. Her lips moved rapidly, and I knew she was muttering many words, but in so low a key that I could not catch their meaning. Suddenly she stopped, and turned upon me fiercely.

"Is this by your counsel and advice?" she demanded.

"No. It is his own unbiased decision."

"Why?—tell me why? He loved me—I love him. Why does he leave me?"

The passionate entreaty of her voice is indescribable. What could I say to her? Words stuck in my throat. It seemed the height of absurdity for a sane man to give a sane woman the true reason for Claud's broken faith. I stammered out something about the bad state of his health.

"If he is ill, I will nurse him," she cried. "I will wait for years if he will give me hope. Dr. Morton, I love Claud as I never before loved a man."

She clasped her hands and looked imploringly into my face. In a mechanical way I drew the portrait of my dead brother from my breast. She saw the action.

"His likeness!" she cried, joyfully. "He sends it to me! Ah, he loves me!"

I handed her the photograph. "Mrs. Despard," I asked, "do you know—"

I did not finish the question, yet it was fully answered. Never, I believe, save then, did a human face undergo such a sudden, frightful change. The woman's very lips grew ashen, her eyes glared into mine, and I saw them full of dread. She staggered—all but fell.

"Why is it here—who is it? she gasped out.

I was a prey to the wildest excitement. To what revelation was this tending? What awful thing had I to learn? "Listen," I said, sternly. "Woman, it is for you to answer the question. It is the face of this man, his dying face, that comes between you and your lover."

"Tell me his name." I read rather than heard the words her dry lips formed.

"The name he was once known by was Stanley."

A quick, sharp shudder ran through her. For a moment I thought she was going to faint.

"He is dead," she said. "Why does he come between my love and me? Others have loved, or said they loved me since then. They saw no dead faces. Had I loved them I might have married and been happy. Claud I love. Why does the dead man trouble him?"

"That man," I replied, "was my brother—Claud's brother."

She threw out her arms with a gesture of utter despair. "Your brother—Claud's brother!" she repeated. Then she fixed her eyes on mine as if she would read the secrets of my soul.

"You are lying," she said.

"I am not. He was our eldest brother. He left England years ago. He passed under a false name. He died. When and how did he die?"

She sank, a dead weight, into a chair; but still she looked at me like one under a spell. I seized her wrist.

"Tell me, woman," I cried—"tell me what this man was to you; why his dying face comes to us? The truth—speak the truth."

She seemed to cower beneath my words, but her eyes were still on my face. "Speak!" I cried, fiercely, and tightening my grasp upon her wrist. At last she found words.

"He was my husband; I killed him," she said in a strange voice, low yet perfectly distinct.

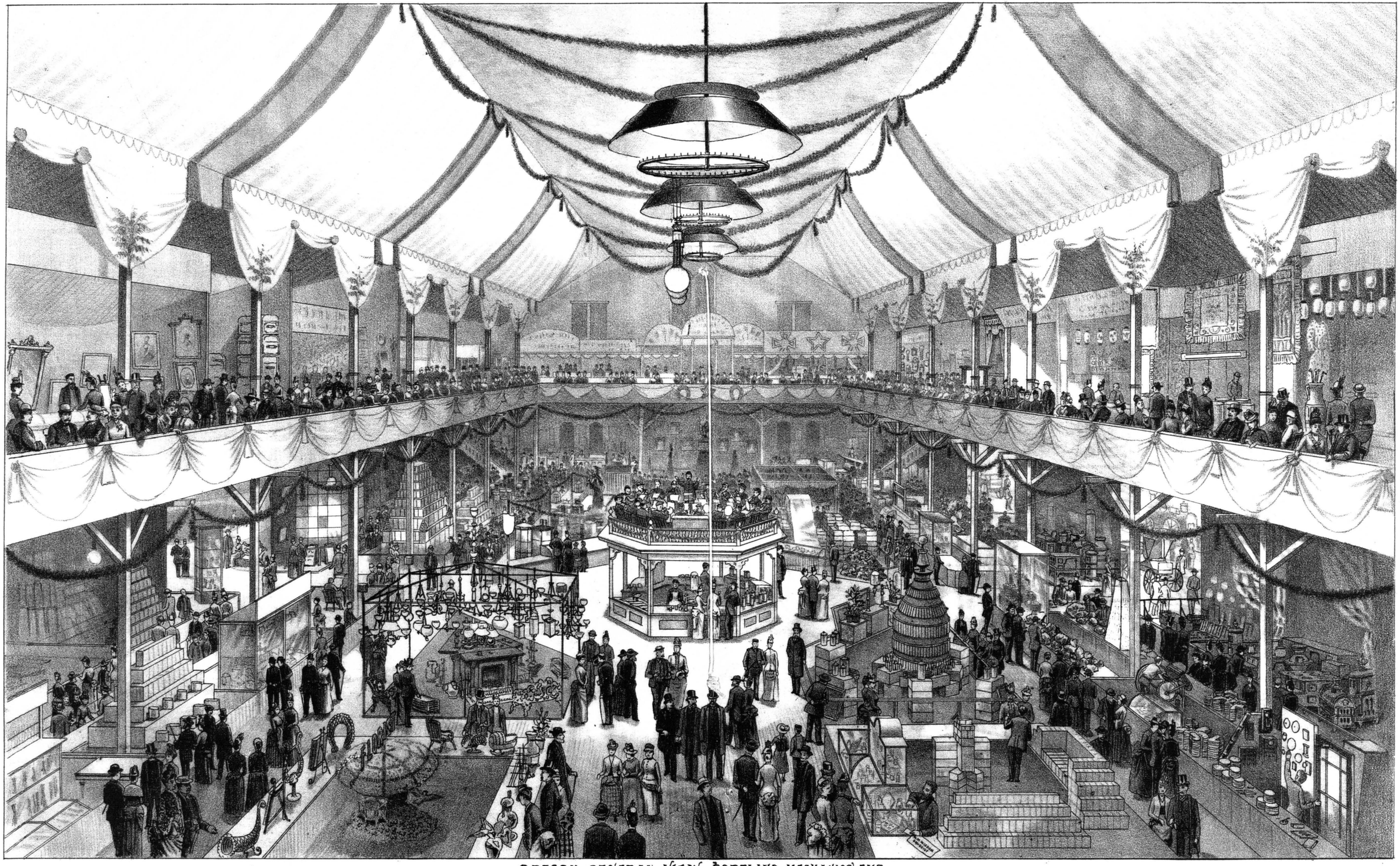
I recoiled in horror. This woman, the widow and self-confessed murderess of one brother, within an ace of being the wife of the other!

"You murdered him?" I said, turning to the woman.

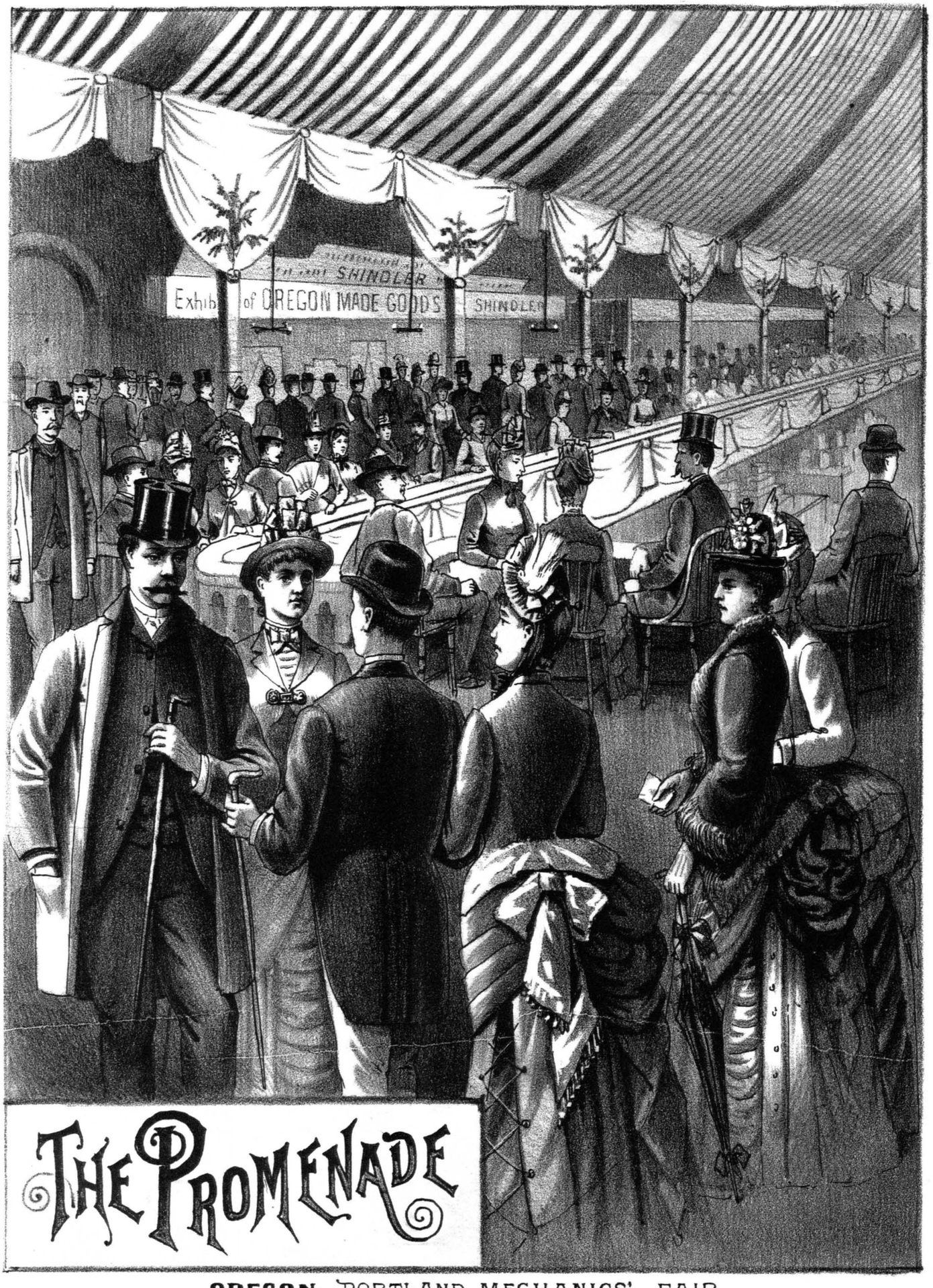
"I murdered him. He made my life a hell upon earth. He beat me, cursed me, ruined me. He was the foulest-hearted fiend that ever lived. I killed him."

No remorse or regret in her words! Quite overcome, I leaned against the chimney-piece. Bad as I knew Stephen Morton to have been, I could at that moment only think of him as a gay, light-hearted school-boy, my elder

**OREGON;**— MACHINERY HALL, PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR.



OREGON.-GENERAL VIEW-PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR.




# THE PROMENADE

**OREGON;**—PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR.

brother, and in those days a perfect hero in my eyes. No wonder my heart was full of vengeance.

Yet even in the first flush of my rage I knew that I could do nothing. No human justice could be meted out to this woman. There was nothing to prove the truth of her self-accusation. She would escape scot-free.

"Would that I could avenge his death!" I said, sullenly.

She sprang to her feet. Her dark eyes blazed. "Avenged!" she cried. "Isn't it doubly, trebly avenged? Has he not taken all I care for in life from me? Has he not taken my love from my side? Coward in life, coward in death. When I killed him I knew he would try to come back to me. I could forget. I could love. I could have been happy. Yet he has conquered at last. Not me—he could not conquer me—but the one I love. Oh, the coward is avenged!"

In spite of my feeling of abhorrance, I gazed on the speaker in amazement. Her words were not those of one who had committed a black crime, but of one who had suffered wrong. The strange, fanciful idea that the dead man had been trying to haunt her, but had been kept at bay by her strong will, was in my experience unprecedented. As I saw the agony of mind under which she was laboring, the though came to me that perhaps her words were true, that my brother's death was this day avenged. I resolved to leave her. I could gain no good by prolonging the painful scene.

She was still pacing the room in fierce passion. Suddenly she stopped short, and in thrilling accents began to speak. It seemed as if she had forgotten my presence.

"See," she cried, "the river-bank—the dark, rushing stream. Ah, we are all alone, side by side, far away from every one. Fool! if you could read my heart, would you walk so near to the giddy brink? Do you think the memory of the old love will stay my hand when the chance comes? Old love is dead; you beat it, cursed it to death! How fast does the stream run? Can a strong man swim against it? Oh, if I could be sure —sure that one push would end it all and give me freedom! Once I longed for love—your love. Now I long for death—your death. Oh, brave, sweet tide, are you strong enough to free me forever? Hark! I can hear the roar of the rapids in the distance. There is a deep fall from the river cliff; there are rocks. Fool! you stand at the very edge and look down. The moment is come. Ah!"

With her last exclamation she used a violent gesture, as if pushing something fiercely from her. She was, I knew, in her excitement, reacting the tragedy.

"Free! free! free!" she cried, with a delirious, almost rapturous laugh, and clasped her hands. "Hold him, brave stream! Sweep him away. See! he swims; but he dare not swim with you. You are hurrying down to the rapids. He must face you, and wrestle with you for his life. Bear him down; keep him from me. If he masters you, he will land and kill me. Hold him fast, brave stream! Ha! his strength fails. He is swept away; he is under. No, I see him again. He turns his face to me. He knows I did it. With his last breath he is cursing me. His last breath! He is gone! gone forever! I am free!"

The changes in her voice, ranging from dread to tearful joy, her passionate words, her eloquent gestures, all these combined to bring the very scene before my eyes. I stood spell-bound, and even, as she described it, seemed to see the unfortunate man battling for dear life in the rushing stream, growing every moment weaker and weaker. As the woman's last wild exclamation—"Gone forever! I am free!"—rang through the room, I seemed to hear the cry of despair drowned as the waves closed over the wretched man's head. I knew every detail of my brother's fate.

I turned to leave the room. I longed to get away, and if possible to banish the events of the day from my mind. It was not given to me to be Stephen Morton's avenger.

My hand was on the door, when the woman sprang to my side. She grasped my arm and drew me back into the room.

"Look!" she whispered. "Do you see it! There! The face—that awful face! It has come at last to me. The dead man has conquered. There! look! His eyes glaring, his mouth mocking. Now it has once come, I shall see it always—always. Look!"

No, I was not doomed again to see or to fancy I saw that face. Its mission, so far as I was concerned, was at an end. But the look of concentrated horror which Judith Despard cast at the wall of the room beggars description. Then with a piteous cry she fell at my feet, and seemed to strive to make me shield her from something she dreaded.

I raised her. She broke from my grasp, and again fell upon the floor, this time in paroxysms of madness.

My tale is ended. That night she was removed to a private lunatic asylum, where for three years she was kept at my expense. She died raving mad, and from inquiries I made I know that from the moment when it first appeared to her to the hour of her death, the face of the man she had killed was ever with Judith Despard.

HUGH CONWAY.

## SECTIONAL TRAITS OF AMERICANS.

### PART II—THE SOUTH.

SOME years ago it was my fortune to spend a few hours in very pleasant talk with an intelligent Frenchman, who had traveled much in this country. In the course of our conversation, he remarked that he knew I was from the South, by my accent, and added: "I like ze Southern people; zay are like ze French—zay say not what zay mean." When I begged an explanation of this dubious compliment, he replied, in substance, that when people meant disagreeable things he would rather not have them candid—that he would rather be soothed by a Southerner's kind lies than stabbed by a Northerner's exasperating truths.

My Gallic acquaintance, it was evident, had observed one of the marked contrasts between Northern and Southern society. The typical Southerner shrinks from disagreeable social facts, and will exhibit delightful tact in hiding them from his friends. The typical New Englander, on the contrary, be he never so friendly, considers it his privilege to speak his mind, whenever he has a mind to—so only he speak the truth. Unfortunately, among all nations, truthfulness has been a virtue far more praised than practiced. By the Romans it was highly esteemed, and yet so rare did they find it that their senate restored to liberty, and caused a statue to be erected in honor of, one of the prisoners whom Augustus brought from Egypt, because he enjoyed the reputation of having never told a lie. With the advance of Christian civilization truth-telling has become more common, but that it is not so common in the South as in the North must be admitted by unpredjudiced observers. This is the more remarkable because courage is one of the most important helps to truthfulness, and the Southern character is eminently courageous. But for generations Southern whites have been nursed by slaves, and, through life, have been brought into daily relations with a servile race, which, like all servile races, practiced habitual deceit. The general custom among Southerners of supporting an assertion with "indeed," as, "indeed I will," and "yes, indeed," arises, in part, from imitation of the negroes, but it is, also, like the oaths of the Orientals, a tacit confession that the mere word needs to be braced to carry conviction.

It is to be observed, however, that much which is misleading in the conversation of Southern people, is not intentional untruth. Those common faults—inaccuracy of observation, and unconscious inaccuracy of language—are especially common in the South, and account for the difficulty which travelers there experience in getting trustworthy information about the common facts of life in the country. This inaccuracy is to be ascribed to the Southerner's natural warmth of temperament, which leads him to see and describe things in the light of his feelings, and to his lack of that rigid mental and moral training which subordinates warmth of temperament to the purposes of truth. But while merely boastful or complimentary lies—lies for fun and lies for nothing—are more common in the South than in the North, lies for self interest are less common there. All Southerners of genteel nurture are trained in a sense of honor which leads them to regard as mean a lie for personal gain, and to shrink from it as far worse than gratuitous lying.

From colonial times those three great educators—the school, the press and the pulpit—have been inferior in the South to those in the North. For the first three generations there were almost no schools in Virginia. Free schools, in particular, were discouraged by the ruling classes as tending to efface valuable social distinctions, and to encourage political and ecclesiastical insubordination. When the English commissioners, in 1670, asked Sir William Berkeley about the condition of the country, he replied: "I thank God that there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years." This pious wish was not altogether gratified, for a printing press was set up in Virginia in 1729, just ninety years after Cambridge had been similarly provided. While colonial New England was teeming with theologians and historians, and Philadelphia was exhibiting a marked intellectual activity, the Southern states were almost destitute of a native literature. The pulpit in the South was correspondingly inferior. Parishes so extensive that the people were sometimes fifty miles away from their church, discouraged the religious observance of Sunday, and, in many ways, hindered the influence of pastors. This threefold inferiority of the Southern states was chiefly caused, like most of the differences between Northern and Southern society, by the complex influences of slavery. As early as 1620, slavery was introduced into Virginia, so that the first generation of Southern whites was reared under its influence. The freemen in a slave community have a contempt for labor, which makes them averse to any form of it more severe than overseeing the labor of others. But a mere overseer of labor can employ his time more profitably in working many hands than a few. Hence, there grew up in the South a demand for large farms and many slaves. The planters sought to become territorial lords, after the manner of the English aristocracy. Separated from each other by the extent of their estates, public tasks were neglected. The roads, as well as the schools and churches, suffered, and the press, which thrives best in stirring and compact communities, met small encouragement. As time passed on and slavery became more and more dissonant with the general tendencies of civilization, it served, in still another way, to repress the intellectual progress of the South. Modern thought, in many ways, clashed with an institution to which the Southern whites were wedded by habit and by interest, and as they would not reject the institution, they were compelled to reject the thought and the literature which opposed it. They thus, to use the language of Cable, walked "behind the rest of the intelligent world," and became, as the world moved on, "a comparatively illiterate people."

In one respect only did slavery confer on the South a conspicuous advantage—purchased, it is true, at a ruinous price, but still, obtained. The superior charm of Southern manners can only be explained by the leisure which slavery early afforded to Southern colonists and continued to their descendants. It has been remarked by an observant traveler, that "Manner gets regularly worse as you go from the East to the West; it is best in Asia, not so good in Europe, and altogether bad in the Western states of America." In other words, its dignity and charm diminish with the increase in the hurry and friction of life. But from this hurry and friction, slavery, with the leisure it afforded, has, in great measure, protected the whites. Only in the most favored circles in the North do we find the repose, the dignified deference, and the graceful vivacity of manner which are common among even the under classes of Southern society. The greatest charm of this enchanting manner is its kindliness—a genuine kindliness that has its root in the heart. It is said that Northern hearts, beneath their cold envelopes, are just as warm; but that is questionable. Hearts have only twenty-four hours a day to be warm or cold in, and the Southerner gives to his family, his friends, and to such strangers as are within his gates, a great many of the hours that the Northerner devotes to money-getting, to science, to art, to improvements in schools and bridges, and to cosmopolitan schemes of philanthropy. The Southerner is not migratory, like his Northern compatriot; he lives on his ancestral acres, and inherits his neighbors and his friends. What wonder, then, that the strength of his local attachments is proportionate to their duration; that he loves the people about him and those whom they love, and, by habit is kindly in all social relations! This kindliness of feeling expresses itself in gracious and abounding hospitality; yet the latter is not wholly unselfish, but arises, in part, from the ennui of a social and leisurely people, separated from each other on large farms, with few public entertainments and few books, who, in entertaining strangers, seek entertainment for themselves. In the North, public amusements are more frequent, and private entertaining, with poor servants, or none, costs the housekeeper a greater personal effort.

The sweet Southern voice, which so largely contributes to the Southern sweetness of manner, is not an accidental gift of nature, but the result of climate and general social conditions. The fact that the language of all Southern nations is more liquid, and the vocal tones are sweeter than among Northern nations, indicates some general cause, and this is found in the effect of climate. In his "Music of Nature," Gardiner points out the fact that in cold weather the natural tendency is to keep the mouth shut, in talking, to exclude the harsh and piercing air. It follows that in countries where it is always, or nearly always, cold, the people acquire a harsh and gutteral voice and language. On the other hand, in lands with a warm and balmy air, the mouth readily opens in speech, after the manner every music teacher knows is essential to melodious tones. To the influence of climate on the Southern voice must be added the influence of leisure. In the North there is more hard work, hurry and fatigue, and everybody knows how sharp are the tones of the hurried, and how, in fatigue, the voice becomes hoarse to harshness. Another charm of the Southern manner is its seeming frankness and independence. Instead of the tentative and restrained utterances so common in New England, one hears in the South the expression, at all times, of positive opinions with apparent indifference as to consequences. But he who would conclude from this unrestrained manner that toleration of intellectual differences is a characteristic of Southern society, would find himself greatly mistaken. While among no portion of our people is the manner so agreeably frank, among none is (or rather, was) the spirit so pitiably intolerent. This frankness and this intolerance have a common origin in the remarkable homogenity of a people reared under the narrow and isolating influences of slavery. Where there is generally but one opinion, all can be free to express it; but, on the other hand, where one opinion is overwhelmingly ascendant, intolerance is inevitable. The persecuting spirit of the Puritans is one of the proverbs of history, while of the persecuting spirit of the Cavaliers we hear but little. That they possessed it, however, is shown by their laws. In 1662 the Virginia assembly imposed a tax of two thousand pounds of tobacco on all who would not have their children baptized. There were fines for attending any other than the Episcopal church, the third offense being punishable by banishment. Marriage could only be solemnized in accordance with the form in the prayer book, and no one not a member of the Episcopal church, could become a professional teacher. Burke, the historian of Virginia, informs us of the burning of witches in that colony, and the banishment of Roger Williams from Salem and Plymouth is matched by the expulsion from Virginia, nine years later, of the Puritan, John Gookin. While the persecuting spirit was possessed alike by Puritans and Cavaliers, it was not so often manifested by the latter, for the want of a fitting opportunity. All New England was in an intellectual ferment, giving rise, continually, to intellectual differences which afforded a field for persecution. Not so in Virginia and the other Southern states. The lack of schools, the infrequency of public meetings, the intellectual superficiality incident to a free, rollicking, hospitable life, preserved the people from the errors, as they deprived them of the stimulation, of strange knowledge and new ideas. Heresies, and all those schools of thought which Southerners long continued to denounce as "isms," were not developed or adopted among them, and they had, consequently, until abolitionism became a power, but little occasion for the display of that intolerant spirit which they all the while possessed.

The independence of manner, to which I have referred, is particularly noticeable, as well as charming, in Southern women. While the South is bitterly and contemptuously opposed to most of the ideas fostered by

the woman's rights movement, while it is generally believed there that the home is, exclusively, the woman's sphere, there is no part of our country where women, in that sphere, are more independent. Customs descended from colonial times give to the wife the product of the dairy, and often of the orchard. All the poultry she raises is her own, to use or to sell, and the fleece, which represents the clothing of herself and children, is also hers, though the increase of the flock belongs to the man. The wife is expected to let her husband do pretty much as he pleases in matters directly concerning himself or his business, but within her own sphere she is mistress, and would not endure, without a passionate revolt, the petty domestic dictation and mean tyranny in expenditures to which her sisters in the North, and especially in New England, are often obliged to submit. The strength of the family tie in the South contributes to the independence of its women. Blood, not wealth, is the hinge of Southern society, and the blood of the mother counts, socially, for all it is worth, instead of being almost overlooked, as is the case in Northern society. The young wife is often referred to, among those who know her well, by her maiden name, and she continues to be ranked as a Calvert, a Breckenridge or a Bowie, whomsoever she may marry. If she be abused in her domestic life, her whole family is insulted, and the offending husband finds that he has to reckon, not merely with the helpless and inexperienced girl whom he has taken "to have and to hold," but with all her male relatives, armed, in the last resort, with the powerful persuasives of a "shot-gun civilization."

What has been said with respect to the aversion for labor, naturally developed in slave-holding communities, applies with far more force to the men than to the women. The superior industry of the women was manifested even in colonial times. In his journal of that period, William Byrd, of Virginia, "a man of princely fortune and princely ways," animadverts on "the Carolina felicity of having nothing to do," but observes that the drones are all men; "the women spin, weave and knit, all with their own hands, while their husbands are slothful in everything." This distinction, which has lasted, with some modification, even to the present day, is owing to the fact that Southern housekeepers have never been able to indulge in the indolent habits of the men. The latter delegated, to a great extent, the care of their estates to white overseers, while their wives were very rarely provided with white housekeepers, but attended themselves to a great variety of things. The care of the children, the servants, and the numerous guests, the oversight of the garden, the poultry and the dairy, the sewing for the family and the superintendence of the sewing for the slaves, all fell upon their shoulders, and demanded of them a high degree of energy and administrative skill. It is the women thus trained who have made the "New South" possible. With that "patient continuance in well doing" which is not only "eternal life," but all the best gifts of this, they persevered in habits of industry, and in teaching them to their children, while, too often, their husbands and fathers were seeking their lordly solace of whisky and tobacco, or cursing the Yankees for every briar in their neglected fields.

SUE HARRY CLAGETT.

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IN July there was a convention of glass blowers at Atlantic City, N. J., and during the session a resolution was adopted abolishing the apprentice system in glass factories. The matter, of itself, has, prehaps, small importance, but it is significant of the tendency of the labor movement, and it has interest beyond the narrow boundaries of the glass industry, because similar action has already been taken by other trades. The point involved is just this: Men who are earning their bread at skilled labor formally declare that no American boy shall be allowed to acquire the skill required to perform that labor. They turn their backs on the five or six million young men and boys in this country and deny their right to become expert mechanics. The purpose, of course, is to make skilled labor scarce and so to keep up wages. The result is to exclude the young from the chance to earn good wages, to force many of them into idleness, and to tempt others into crime. Against such a system the people of the country have a right to make vigorous protest. It is a matter that affects society at large. It touches directly every man who has children, and indirectly every human being, from the lowest to the highest. The right of a boy to learn any honest trade that he wants to learn is positively indisputable; and to this is joined the clear right of every employer to take a boy into his shop to help him to acquire knowledge and skill. The denial of these rights by a trade union is tyranny, and it ought to be resisted to the last extremity. We assert that the solitary chance of the success of the labor movement, so called, lies in its obedience to the requirements of justice. When it sets justice at defiance, it is doomed. The people of this country are not going to permit any body of men to trample the most ordinary human rights under their feet.—*Textile Record.*

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THE pecan tree is found in a wild state in the woods of the various sections of the South and West. It grows to a very large size, and bears yearly many bushels of finely-flavored nuts. Though little or no attention has been paid to these valuable trees, cultivation greatly improves them, the nuts growing much larger and improving in flavor. The pecan tree lives to a great age, and continues long in bearing. There is no good reason why it should not be grown extensively in all parts of the United States. It is adapted to almost any kind of soil, doing well on rocky hills and waste land. There is no nut or fruit tree more valuable and requiring so little attention. Every farmer should have his nut orchard, and cultivate especially the pecan for home use or sale. The nuts always find ready sale at fancy prices. In planting the trees, the only object is to obtain good fresh nuts, and of a good early variety, of large size, from which to grow the trees. If it is preferred to set out the plants, get healthy trees of a good variety one to two years old.

## AIDING HOME INDUSTRIES.

I HAVE been watching with the keenest interest the result of THE WEST SHORE'S efforts to induce our capitalists to take some steps toward helping the manufacturing interests of our state; but I am sorry to say that at this late hour there is little apparent in that direction. There must certainly be a reason, or reasons, for such a state of affairs, and I will try to note a few that occur to me.

With few exceptions, the men who have accumulated wealth in our state have done so by trading—merchandising, if you prefer it. Their training, their aspirations, have kept them in that channel, and they do not care to leave it for the uncertainty of ventures in enterprises in which they could not take the direction and management with the vigor and push that is inherent to all successful business men. This I might call the first cause. The next one is the unwillingness to take any risks whatever in a new undertaking whose ultimate success is in the least doubtful, and which is not backed by a sufficient amount of dormant wealth to make good the principal with its compound interest; for let us remember, we may all go to the wall in our attempts to create new and more wealth, but capital must come back intact and the better for the trip.

A third cause, and one which, to my mind, is the greatest obstacle to starting new enterprises, which must, necessarily, be on a limited scale in their beginnings, is the manner of disposing of the goods. The class of goods I refer to more particularly is general machinery. On this Northwest coast there is not a mowing machine, not a reaper, not a thresher and separator, not a portable engine, built, and no wood-working machinery manufactured; yet there are men in our midst who are fully competent to make all of those indispensable adjuncts to our civilization. Why do they not do so? Let us investigate the manner of selling such goods. I believe it is an open secret that the great bulk of all classes of machinery is sold on credit, and on long time, too. Any man who owns property can go to our merchants and get all his wants supplied without paying a dollar in cash. I do not wish to be understood as saying that such a course is wrong for either buyer or seller; all I wish is to convey the idea that herein lies the greatest obstacle to the starting of new enterprises in the direction spoken of. As an illustration: I know of a case where a large outfit of machinery for a mill was sold and freight paid by the seller, and the distance was several hundred miles, without the purchaser paying one dollar down. The men in these businesses can well afford to make such transactions—they have money and this is the best way they can use it, and surely I have no desire to find fault with them—but what kind of show has a small manufacturer, with limited means, to compete in pushing the sale of his goods against such opponents? If anything is to be done, it is very plain that it can be done only by a combination of the various interests at stake.

A few months ago I was called in a professional capacity to examine some property with a view of starting some form of manufacturing. During the trip, which was quite a pleasant one, the gentleman who had engaged my services told me he had been informed that several of our wealthy men were talking of forming a company with quite a large capital, to be employed in helping struggling manufacturing interests by loaning them money without, or only at nominal, interest, securing themselves by mortgages. Whether I was correctly informed or not I have no means of knowing; but be that as it may, the project seems to me to be wrong. A man, already possessed of a small capital, good head and willing hands, would not be disposed to accept a gift of money, even to help him in his business, for in after life, if unsuccessful, it would always be a cause to blush for a manly heart. Even in thought there is something degrading in such a proceeding. Yet there is one way by which capitalists can help manufacturing interests, with that same security which they always seek in their commercial dealings.

The plan that I would propose is this: Let a certain number of capitalists form a stock company, with a sufficiently large capital to carry on the business of commission merchants of Oregon products exclusively, and let that be any and all kinds of manufactured goods, from a baby shoe or a can of blackberries, to a threshing outfit, planing mill, flour mill or a Corliss engine, pumps and pumping machinery, wagons, and anything the market might call for. It would not be many years before we would see the greater part of our local wants supplied by our own mechanics. The *modus operandi* of such an organization would be to advance to the manufacturer the actual cost price of his goods, or such sum as would represent the price of the same article produced elsewhere, thus enabling him to keep at work on the same, or other, lines of goods, and increase the scope of his operations in various ways.

The variety of goods produced under such conditions would soon fill quite a large establishment, and show a stock in harmony with the demands of the country. The next thing would be to dispose of them. In doing this they would have to use the same methods employed by our merchants. Drummers would bring the goods to the attention of purchasers, and part of the capital should be employed in granting the same favors of credit and time as are now accorded to purchasers by our dealers in Eastern machinery. If such an organization were to be formed, the *sine qua non* of success would be the selection of men possessing the knowledge and qualifications necessary to carry the enterprise to a successful end. The quality of the goods admitted should in all cases be equal to the best imported of the same class, and the aim should be to establish such a reputation that the goods coming from that source would rank amongst the best.

It is probable that some one will protest against such a proceeding as being an interference with legitimate business by creating still sharper competition in fields

already well covered. Any reasonable man will admit that honest competition should be free to all enterprises, and that the intelligent fostering of home manufactures would bring us that era of prosperity which is the desire of all well wishers of Oregon. I am not inclined now, nor at any time, to moralize, yet it might not be out of place here to remark that if all the object there is in life is to amass wealth, pile dollars upon dollars, to already broad acres add more, without other aim than to pile on and enlarge one's possessions, and some day, when feeling one's grasp loosen slowly the hold upon them, to dispose of this wealth in such a manner as to leave it a standing monument of one's personal selfishness and unrestrained greed, then I say our rich men are wise, and should keep right on in the old path; but if, on the contrary, there are other aims in life, and if one view such line of conduct through the vistas of that intelligence whose expression is a reflection of that great universal first cause, then I may say without fear of contradiction, they are wrong.

While I do not wish, and if I did would not expect, to see the course of events changed, I hope that such enterprises as I have attempted to describe may have a trial, deeming that by some such mode capital is made secure, while at the same time it is aiding the struggling worker. J. A. L.

## MONTANA GRAZING INTERESTS.

The grazing interests of the territory have largely increased during the last year; quite extensive importations of improved breeds of cattle have been made into Montana, attracted by the unequaled advantages to be found here for stock owners in the extensive ranges, the nutritious grasses and the small amount of care required by the stock. Much of the grazing lands of Montana, though bountifully covered with rich grasses, can not be utilized at present for grazing purposes on account of the absence of water. It is believed, however, that this drawback can be largely, if not completely, remedied by the introduction of artesian water. In fact, where the experiment has been tried in Yellowstone and Custer counties, the result is most satisfactory, sufficient water having been obtained in this way to supply thousands of cattle, if necessary, besides affording sufficient irrigation to produce large quantities of hay and other crops, and perhaps tree plantations for the relief of stock from sun and wind. The importance of the question of obtaining water by artesian well process throughout the territory, where superficial streams are not sufficient to maintain stock, much less for agricultural purposes, is apparent.—*Helena Live Stock Journal.*

A DEPOSIT of blood red agate, very closely resembling Scotch bloodstone, and said to cover a country about three miles square, has recently been dicovered on the Grand river, near Cisco, Utah. The stones are large enough to saw into slabs, mantels, and table tops. The Salt Lake *Democrat* says: "This stone, when cut and polished, resembles the beautiful Scotch bloodstone, now out of the market, and is capitally adapted for all kinds of ornamental purposes and for jewelry. It lies on the surface ground, from the river back to the rising mesa, and covers a territory of some three square miles. In no other spot along the river or in the adjoining country has anything like it been found, nor in the country at large, except a small deposit, now exhausted, found in the state of Arkansas. Specimens have been exhibited in the city, and pronounced by jewelers as excellent for rings, pins, etc. The great value of the find lies in the enormous amount of the material, which is, in size, large enough to build mantels and other household adornments, and when placed upon the market it will, doubtless, meet with ready sale. A company is now incorporated to work this bonanza, and the gains will accrue to the benefit of several poor men, who found it."

WORK on the union stock yards at St. Paul is progressing rapidly and in a manner that promises to make the venture a success from the start. The Fowler Bros., who recently secured a location for a pork packing establishment, have now three hundred men at work on the construction of their buildings. The pork packing plant, which was originally intended for a capacity of three thousand hogs per day, has been enlarged to three thousand five hundred per day, and in addition the firm has concluded to erect a beef slaughtering establishment with a capacity of five hundred beeves per day. The abattoir will have in connection all the auxiliary establishments necessary to handle the offal and render it marketable. Although the Fowlers are the first on the ground, other establishments of equal reputation are seeking locations there, and there is no question but that the scheme for handling a portion of the Western beef, presented to the stock growers at their meeting last April, will receive practical demonstration next season. The four hundred miles' travel saved between St. Paul and Chicago, and the consequent better condition of the beef, is recognized as a valuable item in the business.

THE use of asphaltum in building is largely on the increase, principally employed as a prevention against damp cellar walls and mason work underground, also for watertight cellar floors, coating for rain water cisterns, covering for underground vaults, etc. The usual method of applying it is to reduce to a semi-liquid state, in a large iron pot, over a good fire, sufficient asphalt to about two-thirds fill it, care being taken that the flame does not rise over the top of the pot and ignite the asphalt. The wall is made as nearly dry as possible, and the joints somewhat rough, to admit of the asphalt penetrating the pores and securing a hold; the wall is then covered with asphalt, applied with a long-handled brush, while the material is hot, and brushed in well—a coating one-half an inch thick being as perfect a protective as a thicker one. A barrel of asphalt, as found in the market, heated and applied to vertical walls of brick, will ordinarily cover about two hundred and fifty square feet of surface, and produces most lasting results.

## MISADVENTURES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

MONDAY morning, August 23rd, I read in a Portland paper a dispatch from the Adirondacks, where President Cleveland and his wife had been spending their summer vacation, stating that they attended church on the previous afternoon, and giving an account of the misadventure of the clergyman who conducted the service, which brought to my recollection a misadventure of my own in the same place, one Saturday night more than a dozen years ago. This clergyman set out in a small boat Saturday evening to go to the Prospect House, and while making his way down the Saranac river, was capsized, losing his boat in the current, but was, fortunately, able to find refuge on a rock, where he was mistaken for a bear while asleep, and came very near being shot by a guide who was passing that way. The click of the rifle lock roused him in season to save his life, and at the same time save the president the loss of his sermon.

As this misadventure came "round the listening world," I was reminded of the time when two of us left Keeseville, N. Y., one bright September morning, early enough, as our driver assured us, to reach Bartlett's that evening. But we loitered by the way, and it was after five when we reached Martin's, some twelve miles by boat and one short carry from our point of destination. There was not a moment to lose if we would make the last stage of our journey by daylight; but many minutes were lost before we could make any arrangement for going on. Martin's guides were mostly out; the few that were in had other engagements. We wanted two men, and he could not furnish even one before morning. But it was Saturday, and our hearts were set on reaching Bartlett's that night if it were a possible thing. In the midst of the discussion a tall, strongly-built and not ill-looking young fellow stepped forward and offered his services, saying that if we hadn't much baggage, and didn't object to a light boat, he could pull us through easily enough in two hours and a half. After a word with Martin as to the trustworthiness of this stout volunteer, we engaged him, promising him four dollars if he put us through all right within three hours. Selecting the lightest boat he could find, in two minutes he was ready. The Lower Saranac at the moment was perfectly smooth, and everything looked auspicious enough, except an increasing cloudiness of the sky, and the prospect it betokened of an early and dark evening. After stowing our baggage, we took our seats, sinking the rail of the little craft almost to the water, and gaily started off.

Everything went well, in spite of the rapidly increasing darkness, till about the time when we should have made the mouth of the creek which connects the Lower Saranac with Round lake, distant from Martin's some six miles. Then we began to notice signs of uncertainty in the manner of our guide. Very soon it became evident that he had lost his way and was merely groping. He charged it to the darkness, and assured us that presently we would come out right. But between resting upon his oars and thinking, paddling back and forth, putting in and out, or feeling his way along the shore, in other fashions, more than an hour was lost. Sometimes he would be wading and towing the boat, pulling it over sand bars and shallows, or through swale; again he would be in the water up to his armpits. At last he left us, disappeared altogether, and only a fainter and fainter splash as he made a false step assured us that he hadn't gone under for good. At last we ceased to hear him.

"We are in a pretty fix," said my friend, "what if the fellow is drowned!" Halloo there, you guide, halloo-o-oo." First the echoes of his own voice came back, and then, as if from a greater distance, a faint, responsive "halloo—all right!" The voice seemed a mile way. We pulled lustily in the direction from which it came, and presently, meeting our amphibious pilot on his way back, were soon at the mouth of the creek.

By this time it had become very dark, and the wind was rising. Our progress was slow, and before we had made half the distance between the two lakes, some three miles, it was blowing hard with now and then a smart sprinkling of rain. Round lake, though one of the smallest of the Saranac series, is well known to be the roughest of all. Long before we reached it we could hear an ominous murmur, which gradually swelled and deepened into a grand roar; and when we at length came in sight of it, though we could see little but the white crests of the waves, the lake seemed as rough and turbulent as if the wind had been lashing it for hours. My friend said: "It is sheer madness to think of trying to cross that maelstrom to-night; we must camp here; we can't cross, it is out of the question." I agreed with him. Our guide said nothing, but began to cast about for a place to camp. The matter seemed settled; but then Bartlett's was only three miles, or such matter, away. A warm welcome awaited us there, bright fires, soft beds and a supper of venison and trout; there was only this little pond between; we were cold, wet, hungry and tired; there was no chance of making anything but a most wretched, sleepless, shivering night of it where we were. A momentary lull of the wind gave us a better heart, and our guide was appealed to.

"Did you ever cross this lake in as light a boat and with as much of a load when it was as rough as it is now?"

"Oh, yes; plenty of times."

"In the night?"

"Yes, any time, day or night, just as it might happen."

"Are there no rocks?"

"Yes, but I know every one of them, and just where they are, could keep clear of them with my eyes shut."

"You think you can put us across?"

"Not a doubt of it."

We found out afterwards that, for special reasons, he was, if possible, more anxious to get to Bartlett's that night than we were. The fellow's entire confidence reassured us, and we started. The wind, which was soon blowing more fiercely than ever, was at the moment

almost dead against us, but quickly veering about, it seemed to come in turn from every point of the compass. Every wave seemed to drench us, and bad matters were each moment growing worse. Suddenly, as at least a panful of water struck my comrade in the face, he cried out desperately as soon as he could get his breath, "Put back, guide! put back if you can get back! I swear I won't stand this any longer—it's madness—it's drowning!"

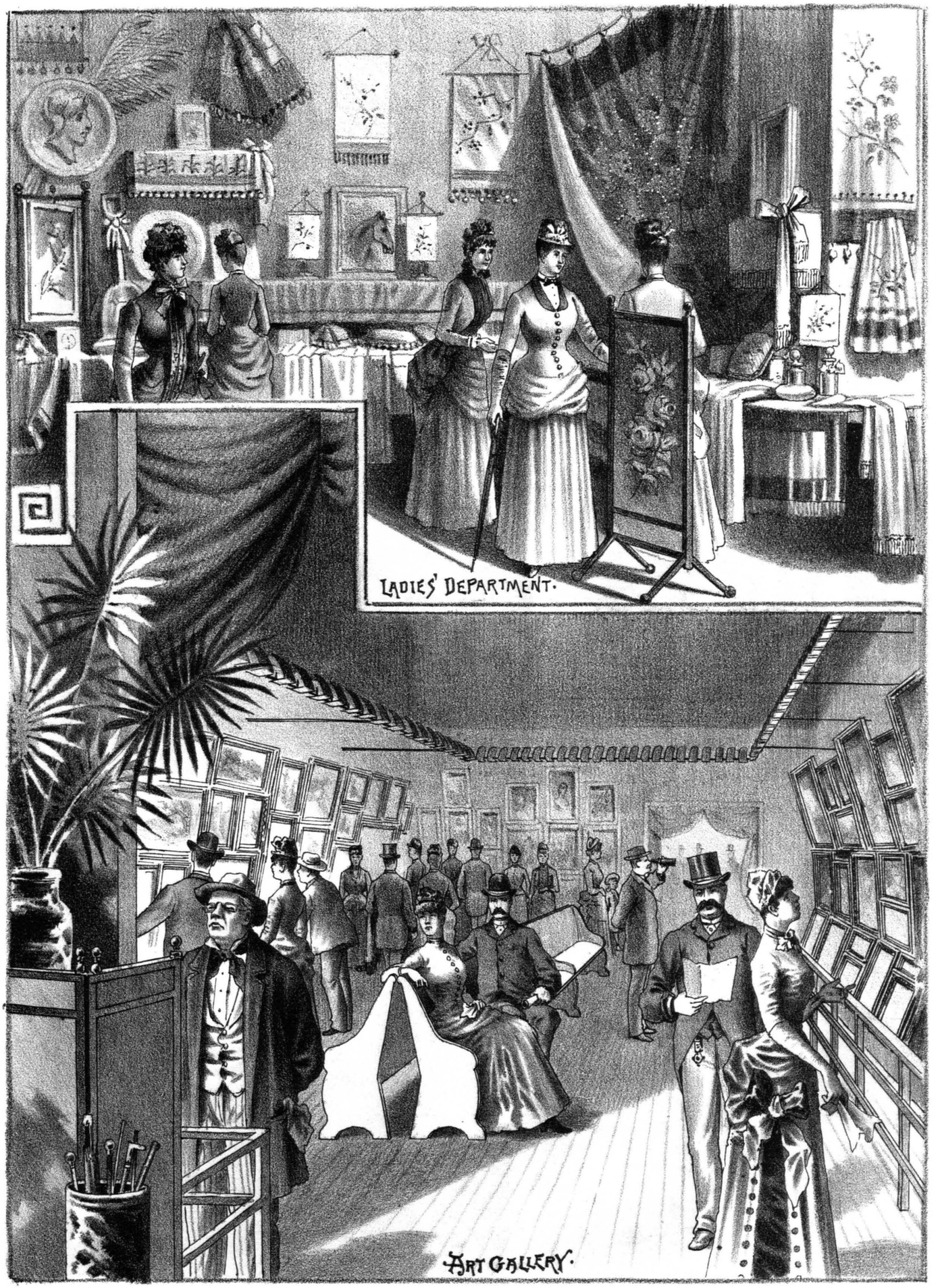
For answer there came a sharp cry from the guide, "Look out for yourselves!" and, with the quick accompaniment of a grating sound, the boat scraped up and partly over the oval top of a nearly submerged rock, and was apparently capsizing. How it escaped I don't know, but suppose the fellow had sufficient presence of mind to throw himself at the critical moment in such a way as to offset our involuntary motions. But he lost control of the boat,—it got turned; one great wave after another struck it broadside and we seemed on the point of being swamped. As soon as our pilot recovered himself he muttered something about an island a little to the left, taking his bearings, I suppose, from the rock, for we could see nothing. "Go for it!" we both shouted, my companion adding sharply, "and land us, if you can, without running on any more rocks." But between the almost utter darkness, the wind and waves, and, perhaps, a certain confusion incident to the mishaps of the night, he ran us violently upon a ledge, and again we narrowly escaped going overboard. We landed, wet to the skin, chilled through, but glad beyond expression to be once more on *terra firma*. The wind, with its gusts of rain or sleet, pierced us like knives. Our guide, after having pulled up and secured the boat, sought out the most sheltered spot there was, and gathering what scanty fuel he could lay his hands on near by, managed to start a fire, not so much, he remarked, for the purpose of warmth, as of cheer; and I think he spent most of the night in trying to keep it alive. What with our disappointment, the wind, the rain, the cold, and by this time, I may add, our hunger, we passed a sufficiently miserable night of it, neither of us getting, or thinking of getting, a wink of sleep, and finding our only solace in our pipes and some labored attempts to be "jolly." But after a little, the example of Mark Tapley went for nothing.

As the night wore away the wind kept up, and, with the first light of morning, the lake was rougher than ever. I never before or since saw such a "tempest in a tea-pot." I asked the guide if it would be possible to get anything in the shape of fish off the island. He thought not. I tried it, however, and caught half a dozen little creatures of about the size and appearance of sardines. They were dressed, spitted and broiled, so that each had—all he wanted of such a lunch—a mouthful.

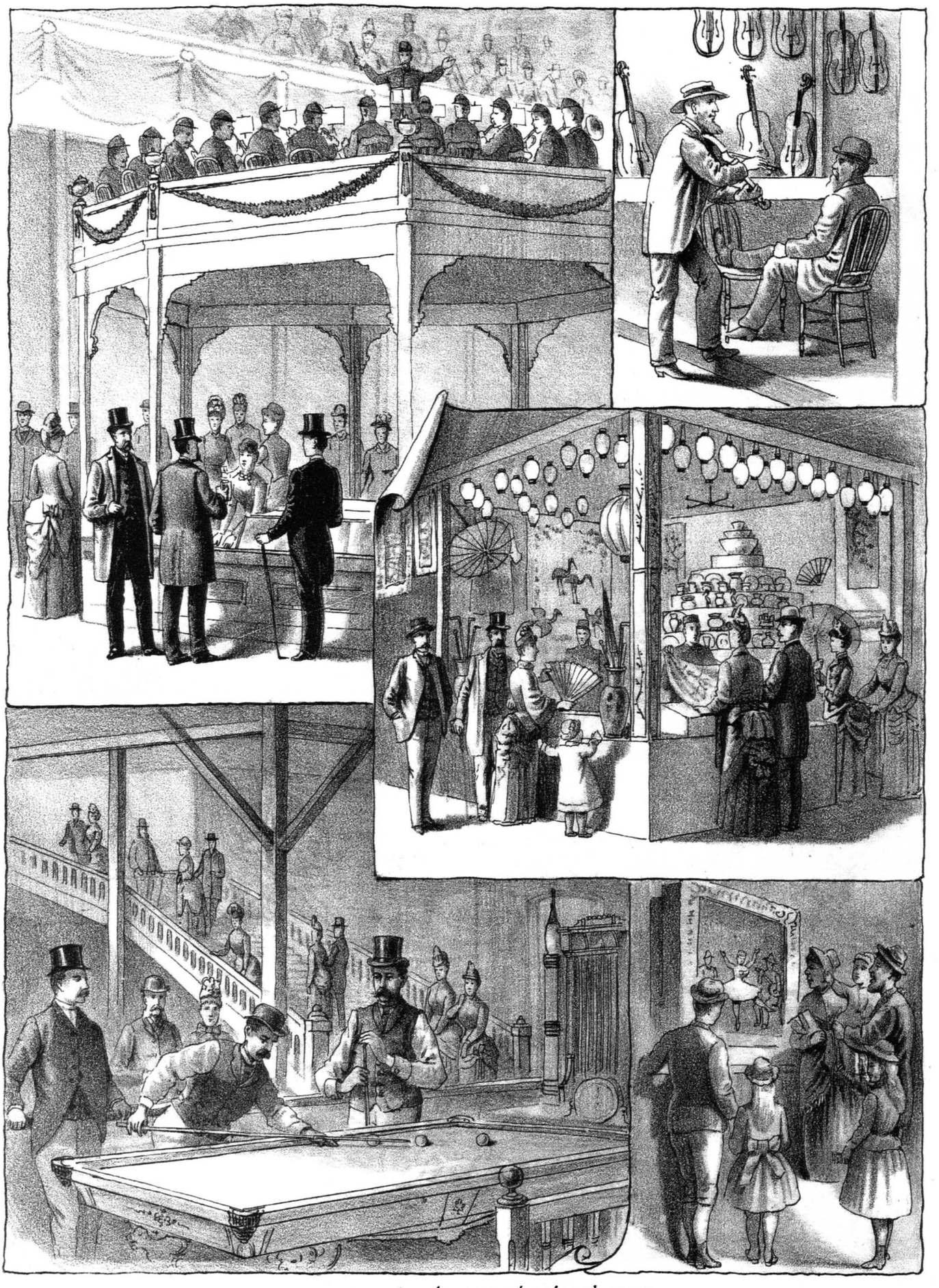
The day wore on until ten o'clock came. Though the wind had abated somewhat, the lake had been stirred so long that it was still exceedingly rough. I had been urging my friend for some time to consent to reembarking. At last, after stout resistance, he gave in, agreeing to start upon the condition that we should put back if he desired it. We had hardly got the distance of a fly line cast from the island before the order came to go back, and back we went. Then the proposition was made that our guide should row one of us over, and then come back for the other. But he would not hear to that. Something had to be done to reassure him, so I said, "If we are to spend the day here I am going to catch some fish if there are any to be had. Guide, can you put me under the lea of one of these islands or into some cove in shore where I can get a trout?" He gave me a knowing look, and answered, "Yes." In a moment we were off. Heading toward an island which lay a little out of the regular course, we were no sooner beyond the reach of argument or remonstrance, than he turned the prow toward Bartlett's, significantly saying, as he rested on his oar, "There are no trout to be had, except in the creek over yonder." "Go ahead!" said I. My friend observed the movement at the moment of its execution, but made no sign. The last glimpse I had of him before stretching myself in the bottom of the boat, he was standing upon a high rock, with head down and arms folded, making with the island and lake a mimic tableau, that, absurdly enough, at the moment, reminded me of Haydon's picture of Napoleon on St. Helena. He told me afterwards, that, never expecting to see either of us again, and not knowing how long he might have to stay there, he immediately set himself to hunting frogs as a provision for contingencies.

The distance across was about two miles. My guide, whatever other professional deficiencies he possessed, knew how to handle an oar. With only two, the proper load for his boat, there was not the slightest risk in the world, nor would there have been, by daylight, in the roughest water. Our progress was comparatively slow, but at last he pulled into the mouth of the creek, and landing me, with my rod and creel, high upon a large boulder that lay about a hundred feet from the shore, turned his boat and put back toward the island. Hardly remembering that it was Sunday, and by way of keeping faith with my friend, while at the same time occupying myself, I went to fishing, and had in a short time taken several small trout, when, though the wind had almost ceased blowing, it began to rain again. Laying my rod down on the rock, the line still in the water, I curled myself up animal fashion, so as to expose as little surface as possible to the weather, and, without intending it, soon fell asleep.

The next thing that I was sensible of was the sensation of falling, and before I had time to distinguish the reality from what might have been a dream, I was struggling to keep myself from drowning in the deep current that ran by the rock. I was benumbed with cold, and stiff in every muscle from the exposure of the night before taking this involuntary bath, and to say that the fall took my breath away would be expressing it mildly indeed. In the confusion I did not stop to look for the nearest shore, and, before I was aware of my actions, I had by desperate swimming gone some hundred feet or




OREGON;—PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR.



OREGON: PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR.

more further out into the lake. Then recovering self-posession, I turned about and tried to reach the shore. But the cramps seized me, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts I could not keep my head above water. What next occurred, I never had a distinct impression of, but only remember, as if mixed up with dreams of "lotus," that voices as if from an "alien shore" were calling me, and came to consciousness, with my companion and guide rubbing me with the greatest energy to restore me to life. It appeared that they had come within sight of the rock where I had been fishing, and seeing my rod and basket, they rightly divined that I had fallen asleep and somehow pitched into the water; hurrying to the spot they fortunately arrived while I was struggling to reach the shore, and caught me after they had seen me twice disappear, and as quickly as possible towed me to land.

There was nothing to be done but to get to Bartlett's as quickly as possible, where we should find a fire, dry clothes and something to eat. A row of about half a mile, brought us there at half past four in the afternoon. Since one o'clock of the previous day, when we dined at Franklin Falls, we had not eaten a morsel, except the mouthful of unseasoned fish in the early morning. That we did ample justice to the royal breakfast, dinner and supper, served all in one, that Mrs. Bartlett had in readiness for us, is not to be doubted. While waiting upon the table, that excellent and energetic lady had a talk with our guide. That he should run upon a well-known rock, under any circumstances whatever, was with her an unpardonable, inexcusable, almost criminal fault; and other guides, regarding the incident as a scandal in the profession, were disposed to give him the cold shoulder. We learned by way of explanation of his blundering that, while he had once been an excellent and trustworthy guide and never doubted himself that he was so still till the moment of trial, he had not rowed from Martin's to Bartlett's before in five years, having enlisted, like many other Adinrondack guides, towards the close of the war, then deserted, and only came back to his native wilderness a week or two before. We also learned that he had danced pretty much all of the two preceding nights. He had shown an excellent disposition, however, and I was sorry on his account, as well as our own, that something should have befallen him damaging to his reputation as a guide at the very outset of his resuming his old vocation. I never saw him afterward, but a year or two later when visiting that region, I was glad to hear him favorably spoken of as a guide.

At this time, also going in via Keeseville and Martin's, I crossed Round lake in the night—but it was a night to be remembered for its exceeding loveliness. There was neither cloud in the sky nor ripple on the water, and the only sounds that broke the deep silence of the wilderness were those of jocund voices and the soft dip of the boatman's oar.

S. B. PETTENGILL.

## A HEAVIER LOAD.

The romances of the day end with the marriage of the happy pair, who are supposed to have come to the end of their troubles. All care and tribulations and responsibilities slip from their sleek backs like Christian's burden. The idea is a pretty one, theoretically, but, like some of the models in the patent office, it doesn't work. Charles Henry does not go on sitting at Laura's feet and reading "Timothy Titcomb" forever; the rent of the cottage by the sea falls due with prosaic regularity; there are butchers and tax-collectors to be attended to. Wedded life is not one long amatory poem, with recurrent rhymes of "love" and "dove," and "kiss" and "bliss." Yet when the average sentimental novelist has supplied his hero and heroine with their bridal outfit, and attended to that little matter of the marriage certificate, he usually turns off the gas, puts up the shutters, and saunters off with his hands in his pockets, as if the the day's business was over. But we who are honest dealers in real life, and disdain to give short weight, know better. The business is by no means over, as we know; it is just begun. It is not Christian throwing off his pack for good and all, but Christian taking up a load heavier and more difficult than any he has carried.

## OIL, COAL AND GOLD IN THE TETONS.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Call*, writing from Lander, Wyoming, gives an interesting account of a region of which but little is known. Due allowance should be made for the eccentricities of speech common to "old trappers," and the well known failings of correspondents. The writer says:

A prospector, hunter and trapper, who has spent many moons in the great Rocky mountain chain, and who has lately visited the portion of the Snake river range about which so many dazzling reports are in circulation, has just been interviewed by the writer. The old prospector tells a notable tale. He says that the reports scarcely do justice, and that the oil fields, gold mines, copper veins and coal beds are exhaustless. The region is a spur of the Snake mountains proper, and lies between the waters of the Upper Snake river and those towering peaks, called on the map the Grand Tetons. This section comprises a number of mountains in detached groups, steep, high and rugged to look at and to ascend, but on whose summits are invariably round, rough plateaus, well timbered and of considerable area. These plateaus are the scene of the recent discoveries.

Everywhere over these rough tablelands breaks forth oil, in both springs and lakes. The latter aparently seeps from the ground and fills depressions and sprads over flat surfaces. The springs are of almost every variety. They bubble, spout, well and flow regularly. The characteristics of the oil fields are phenomenal. Every lake and every spring has an outlet, and these outlets flow various distances and are then suddenly swallowed up by the earth. There is no apparent cause

for these invariably startling disappearances. No cavity in the earth exists, not even a depression can be seen, but all at once the oil stream is lost to sight. There can be only one explanation, and that is that the whole region is underlaid by an immense oil lake, and that the oil flows on the surface have secret and hidden communication therewith.

The gold of the region comprises both quartz and placer deposits. The tablelands are seamed with huge rocky ledges, prolific of free milling quartz. At the bases of these ledges are pockets of loose earth, in which are found in abundance small nuggets, shot and flour gold. These placer deposits have all the characteristics, both in soil and product, of the famous pockets of the Miner's Delight, South pass, which in the palmy days of discovery, yielded hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The coal beds are wide and deep. The tablelands are the homes of innumerable streams, flowing through terrific mountain canyons and gorges, to mingle with the rushing waters of Snake river. Old prospectors know of routes by which the center of this region can be reached with a wagon road, and the development of these marvelous fields of gold, oil and coal can not long be delayed.

## SPEAR-FISHING ON SNAKE RIVER.

There are about forty Indians—including bucks, squaws and pappooses—on Snake river, opposite King hill, engaged in laying in a supply of fish for their winter's consumption. The tepees, or campoodies, can be seen from the track, as can the half naked pappooses playing in the sand, and the thirty-odd ponies of the band feeding near by.

These natives are Shoshones, and come from the Fort Hall reservation. They are supplied with individual permits, given by the Indian agent, which state their name, sex and age, and certify that they are good Indians out on leave. One of the biggest bucks showed his permit, and received with evident pleasure the information that he was Bull-necked Sam; while a fat, greasy squaw, who suddenly dropped her pappoose while she fished out her permit, was equally delighted to be called Big-mouth Sal. Another fat squaw clapped her hands and demonstrated her satisfaction in other ways when her name was correctly read as Fat Mary. Others were sprawling on the ground, their pappooses playfully crawling over them.

The bucks do the fishing early in the morning or at night, after sunset. They wade out into the stream on shallow bars, provided with strings tied to their belts, a club under their left arm, and a spear about twelve feet long, the iron toggle point of which fits loosely in its socket, and is secured to the shaft of the spear by a rope. When a large fish comes in reach, the Indian throws his spear with such force that it passes through the fish; a quick jerk loosens the toggle, which penetrates the side of the fish, and the captor pulls in his prey. The fish is then stunned or killed by a blow on the head with the club, and tied to one end of the string hanging from the fisherman's belt. The latter then goes to another part of the bar where the water has not been disturbed, dragging his catch after him. When another fish is caught the same process is repeated, until the fisherman has four or five strung to his belt, when he walks ashore and turns his catch over to his squaw, who cleans it and hangs it upon willows to dry in the sun. The Indians are quite skilled in this method of fishing, and last Sunday, in less than three minutes, and with only three lunges, a *Times* reporter saw an Indian spear and kill two huge fish, one a salmon weighing fully thirty pounds. The usual catch is about four or five, either in the morning or evening. When a buck has caught four salmon he considers his day's work done, as he can either sell them to the ranchers, placer miners, or station keepers on the railway for $1.00 to $2.00 apiece, or dry and carry them on horseback to the reservation, where they will be received in payment for anything quite as cheerfully as if they were so many dollars of our daddies.

The Indians who are permitted to go on these trips are usually absent from the reservation about sixty days. They are about two weeks on the road to and from the fishing grounds, remain at the grounds about four weeks, and spend the balance of their leave in hunting or visiting their pale-face acquaintances. They never carry provisions along as they can exchange their fish or venison for flour, or anything else they want. When anything in the provision line is needed, a squaw straps her pappoose to her back with willows or anything else that is handy, throws a sturgeon or salmon over her shoulder, and goes to make the exchange, while her buck lazily spreads himself in the sun, and smokes his pipe until her return.—*Wood River Times.*

## A DURABLE MONUMENT.

White bronze, or refined zinc, is rapidly coming into favor throughout the United States for monuments, fountains, statuary and other out door works of art, because of its durability and power to resist the disintegrating action of the elements. This material is pure zinc refined until it is free from any contaminating substance whatever. The *Scientific American* says that in all the great advance during the past century, there has been no greater improvement than the substitution of white bronze for stone for monuments and statuary. The cost of this material is about the same as good marble, but its value, when considered either in the light of beauty or durability, is many times greater. Several monuments of this material have been erected in River View cemetery, where they are attracting much attention and receiving many favorable comments.

## OKANAGAN AND SHUSWAP RAILWAY.

The people of this western province who are thoroughly alive to their interests, and awake to the necessity of keeping pace with the progress of the age, can not fail to see the impetus given to railway extension through the success of the Canadian Pacific. Among the many projected lines in this province, the Okanagan & Shuswap railway is most favorably situated, and offers the best guaranty of handsome returns to investors. The line begins at the Canadian Pacific station of Skamous, and continues up the valleys of Shuswap river and Spallumcheen to the head of Okanagan lake, a distance of about fifty miles. The line passes in its entire length, through the richest and best farming lands in the province, containing an area of fully three hundred thousand acres of arable land, besides a very large tract of magnificent grazing land. The valleys of Spallumcheen, East Salmon river, Round prairie, Pleasant valley, Okanagan, Swan lake, Priest's valley, Coldstream, Long lake and Mission, are tributary to this line. A glance at some magnificent specimens of wheat from the Spallumcheen district, on view at Messrs. Nicholles & Renouff, will more than satisfy the inquirer as to the agricultural possibilities of what may justly be called "the garden of British Columbia." On the completion of the Okanagan & Shuswap railway, the finest flour on the continent will find a ready sale in Vancouver and Victoria, and shipments of American to supply home demand will no longer be a necessity. It may be mentioned that this is only part of the interior where wheat in sufficient quantity to supply our sea coast market can be grown, and no irrigation required. Tourists and sportsmen will there find a never-ending field for pleasure and sport—cariboo, bear, deer, prairie chicken, different varieties of grouse. The streams teem with trout, and in the fall the stubble literally swarms with geese. The mining interests, at the head of Kettle river, Cherry creek, and various other gold bearing streams, are now being worked with fair success; altogether, the outlook is decidedly bright. The Okanagan & Shuswap railway scheme should commend itself to every one who has the true interests of the province at heart, or is desirous of its progress keeping pace with the requirements of the people and the necessities of the century.—*Victoria Colonist.*

## THE SIUSLAW COUNTRY.

In speaking of the land in the Siuslaw region, Lane county, Oregon, upon a portion of which an Iowa colony intended to locate last summer, but abandoned the idea when they learned that the particular tract selected for them was not as desirable as had been represented to them, a correspondent of the Marshfield *News* says:

Immigrants should be careful. Lands can not be bought here as in Illinois and Iowa, where the land is nearly all alike. Here one quarter of a section may be very valuable, while the ones adjoining may be set upon end, where the billy goat would indeed fear to caper. While these particular lands are worthless, it does not follow that all the lands on the river are the same. On the contrary, there are a large number of good places. The bottom lands are as rich as the richest lands in the United States. On the river and tributaries there are yet many good claims to be had for the taking. The bottom lands are not hard to clear. Many families will yet locate on the river, get good homes free, raise large families and die happy. One acre of the Siuslaw bottoms will produce as much vegetation as five acres of Iowa or Illinois land. The hills on the upper river and tributaries, when cleared, will produce good grass, and many of the tablelands will produce good crops of grain. All grow good fruit, apples, pears, plums, prunes, and fruits of this kind. The tributaries of the river are all heavily timbered, sufficiently so to sustain a large lumbering business, and not long hence this will be a great source of wealth to that section. The river itself is certainly one of the finest in Oregon; it holds its depth to the head of tide water, about twenty-five miles from its mouth, navigable for any vessel that can enter the bay. The entrance is not a direct course to the sea, but appears to be deflected southward; another peculiarity is, all the sand hills are south of the river, extending several several miles from its mouth, while the north side is covered with about the same growth as on the south side of Coos bay and the Coquille. In volume the river exceeds the Coquille or the Umpqua. The government has not yet surveyed the river, but an appropriation is made and the work will be done in the spring, and I have seen no harbor, which, in my opinion, could be more benefitted with a moderate appropriation.

Among the industries is a saltery, capable of salting about two thousand salmon per day; also, a small cannery, which is expected to develop into a large one within a year. The river is literally full of salmon, and the fishermen have been limited to a certain number per night, as fish were so plentiful they could not be taken care of. These fish weigh anywhere from fifteen to forty pounds apiece, and the fishermen get fifteen cents each for them. The fishing is done by settlers along the river, many thus earning money to pay for their claims.

AMERICAN wheat is now sent abroad packed in burlaps of Dundee manufacture. The Scotch manufacturers continue to supply us with the bulk of the burlaps used for floor oil cloth foundations, few of them being made in this country, and they control all the trade in burlaps for bags, excepting that portion of it which has been secured by the factories of India. The latter have developed of recent years into formidable competitors with the Scotch manufacturers, and it is possible that a few years from now most of the jute goods used in Europe will be made in the East Indian factories. For several years there has been held before the eyes of ambitious inventors an offer of $10,000 for ten bales of jute grown and prepared in the United States at a cost that will admit of successfnl competition with the Indian article, but the prize is still unearned.

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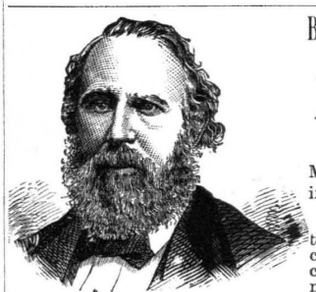

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TO

## SAN FRANCISCO.

## DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS

[Except Sundays]

Leave Corvallis at 2:00 p. m. Leave Yaquina at 7:10 a. m. Oregon and California West Side trains connect at Corvallis.

The Oregon Development Company's Fine

## A 1 Steamship "Yaquina City"

Sails from Yaquina City, Monday, Nov. 15; Saturday, Nov. 27.

Sails from San Francisco, Wednesday, Nov. 10; Monday, Nov. 22.

The Company reserves the right to change sailing days.

**Fares**—Between Corvallis and San Francisco, Rail and cabin, $14.00. Rail and Steerage, $9.88.

For information apply to

C. C. HOGUE,
A. G. F. & P. Agt., Corvallis.