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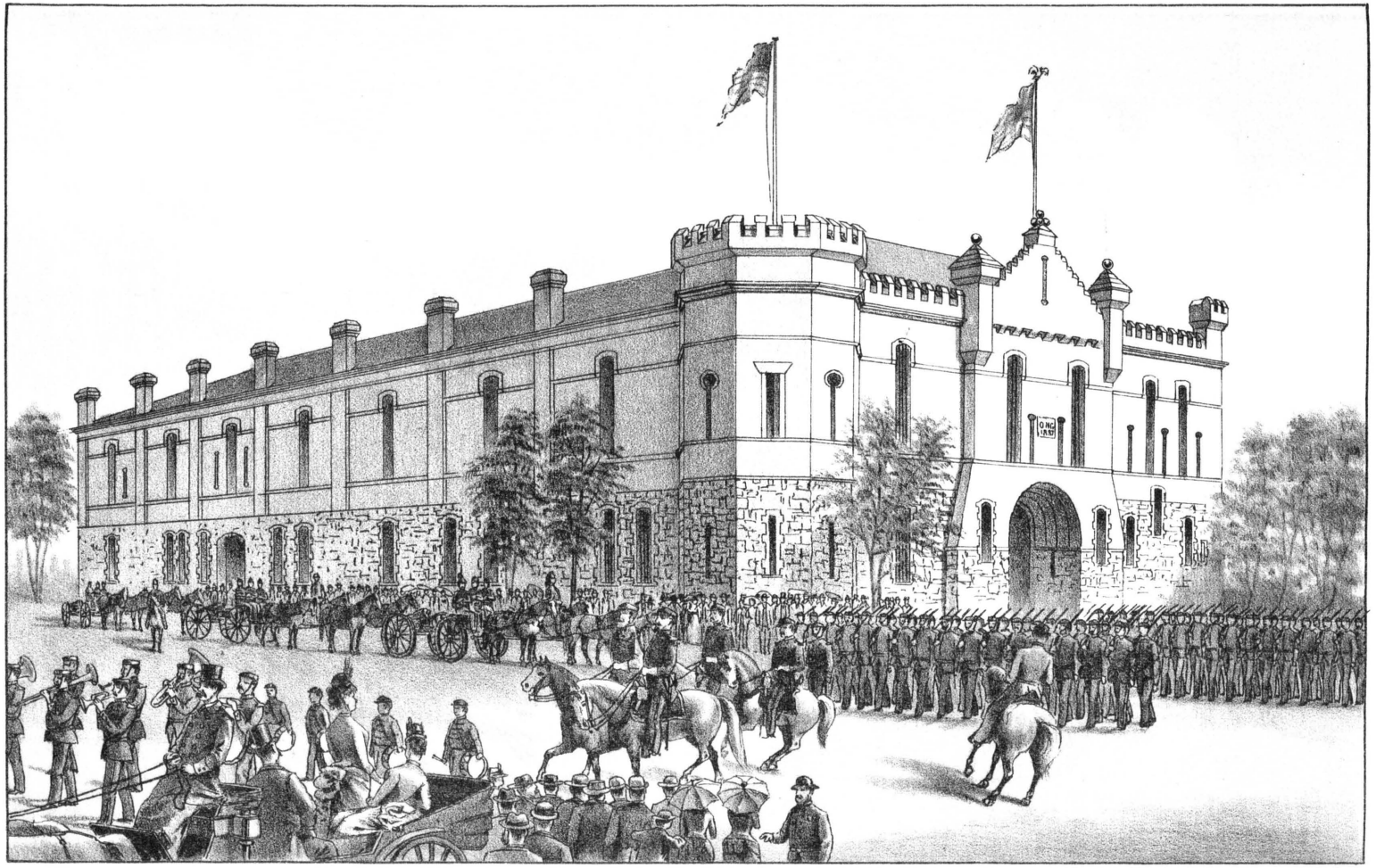
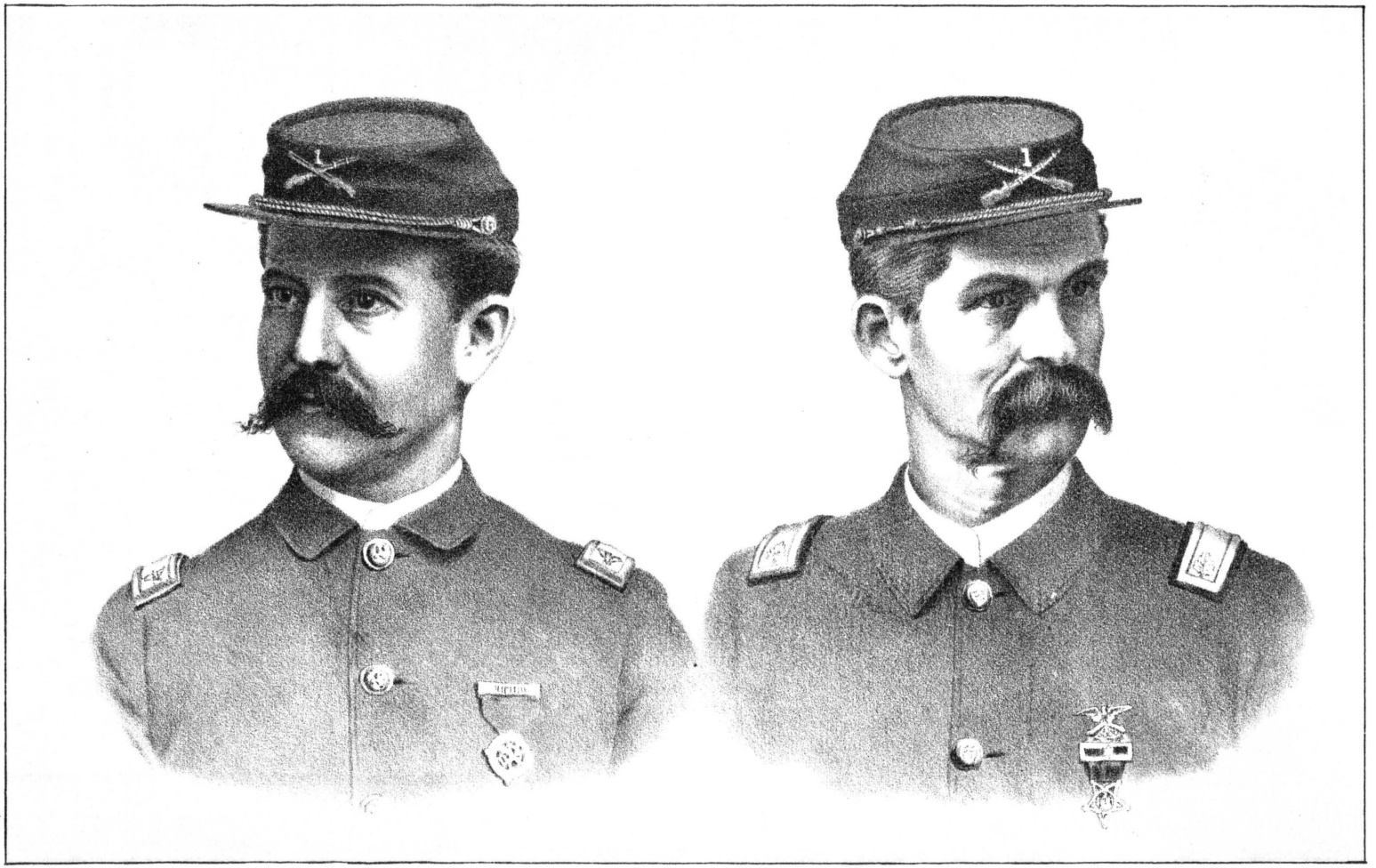


OREGON-THE NEW ARMORY AT PORTLAND.



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FIRST REGIMENT O. N. G

LIEUTENANT COLONEL O. SUMMERS.
FIRST REGIMENT O. N. G.

THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. DECEMBER, 1887. NUMBER 12.

CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

STHORTEST and thickest of all the Dorchs, was Heinrich, ruddy faced and brawny, and he was scarcely fifteen; and when you glanced at his axe, and then at his sinewy arms, bare to the elbow, you would not express surprise that he could wield such powerful blows. Whack, whack, whack! He was a true Dorsch. That was why he was cutting down the hemlock. In the old fatherland they had kept Christmas from time immemorial. Such Christmases, too! Henrich was too young to remember much of them, but dreams of a happy home gathered round a Christmas tree, a veritable hemlock, with toys and dolls, and cakes and blood pudding. But the little Dorsches, that had been born since the family came to America and settled in this mining camp up in the Rocky mountains, they knew nothing, and Henrich wanted to show them how Santa Claus came to them in the Old Country. This was their first Christmas festivity, too. Mining had been good the past year, and Gotlieb Dorsch had prospered. he had intended having a few presents this year, such as little sugar cakes, but they were struck dumb when Henrich proposed a tree.

"Vere you keep dot leetle tree already?" said Gotlieb, contemptuously.

"Up on the peak, beyond Marvin's," said Heinrich.

"Yah! Yah!" laughed his father. "Mine leetle poy, dot vas fife miles avay, und how vas you git him haul?"

"I will myself—Heinrich Dorsch," said Heinrich.

"Vell, you git 'im," and Gotlieb chuckled to himself at the thought of Heinrich carrying his tree five miles.

"You needn't laugh, father Dorsch," said Heinrich, "for I'll start early, and get back in good time."

And this is the reason Heinrich was chopping away among the hemlocks that raw December morning, with such a bright face and in such good spirits. His good Dutch mother had packed him his lunch, and he was feeling in excellent condition to tramp his five miles back, with his tree as a trophy of the expedition. But, to tell the truth, the tree was entirely too much for him to under-

take to haul so far, when the way was so rough. As it fell at his feet, and its glossy, dark boughs lay quivering like some living thing, it looked so very beautiful, that Heinrich felt he might carry it a hundred miles. How it stretched out as it lay there! Heinrich loved his home dearly, and as thoughts of how happy they would all be there when he came tramping up to the door with his prize, bringing sweet visions to his mother of her old home in the fatherland, he was inspired with new and fresh vigor. He fastened his axe securely in the branches, and merrily trudged his way around the mountain, as he must reach the other side before he could get home. This was finally accomplished, and he was down nearly to the canyon, and the three miles home he was pretty well acquainted with. But as he looked across, he more than ever before noticed how much more level it was. Several hills were on this side; on the other it was level and more easy to get home, were he once across. He knew there was no bridge, but then the canyon was only ten feet wide, and he might lay the tree across and go over on it. It looked almost close enough to jump across. At one time he had thought he *could* jump across, but had barely escaped falling to the bed below, a distance of several hundred feet.

He cleared away the snow from the edge, lay down on the ground, and cautiously drew himself toward the brink. My! How it made his head swim as he looked down into its innermost depths! And how dark it looked! But, perhaps, he said to himself, it is because I am tired, and probably it is not so very deep down after all, and his resolution, which for a moment was vascillating, by this later thought, was steadied.

"It will save an hour's walk," said Heinrich, aloud, "and I can almost jump across. Fudge! It is all right!"

He threw his axe over to the other side, dragged the hemlock to his crossing place, and lifting it with a Herculean effort, stood it almost straight up. It was not quite close enough. By a great pull, which sent the blood tingling to all parts of his frame, and puffed out his cheeks till he looked like a stuffed Dutchman, he managed to get it nearer without danger to himself, and let it drop—cautiously, however, measuring beforehand the distance and direction to let it fall. Crash! and it rested securely upon the opposite bank. He tugged at it, to be certain it was lodged well. It seemed so. Only a step or two now and he would be across.

What a splendid bridge! He took a step, then another, and still another. What need was there for fear? Yet, as he looked down into the awful abyss, and remembered how frail his structure was, he wished he were back and had gone the longer way. He stepped again. Horrors! Were the branches on the other side giving way? They had slipped just a little—enough to make color leave poor Heinrich's face, and to make him clutch desperately at the tree, as with the clutch of a last hope. Slipping still! and with a plunge, boy and tree went down in the darkness, a wail of distress rending the air of that silent dungeon. A sudden halt—they struck something. The tree was caught and wedged between the jutting banks half way down. Heinrich climbed to the upper side of the tree and lay among the soft boughs, trembling with fear, and almost senseless. He was safe from going farther now, as the tree was held fast, and he was too much exhausted to care what became of him. Minutes flew by in hours. The light above was leaving, and dusk was coming on, and Heinrich began, little by little, to collect himself. Was it probable that he should be compelled to stay all night in such a lonely place? Must

he find here a living grave: the hemlock to frame his coffin and resting place, with the canopy of heaven above as a shroud? "God can not be so cruel," thought he; yet, had he not been acting foolishly, in attempting to bridge the canyon with his tree, and knowing full well his heavy weight, to cross on it? The punishment did not seem unjust; he had richly deserved it. The miracle to him was how he had escaped being dashed to the rocks below, and at that moment being but a mass of quivering flesh. Perhaps he might get dizzy and fall yet; who could tell? His great, throbbing heart seemed to still and refuse to beat. And then thoughts of home flashed before his now thoroughly aroused imagination. How bright and joyous everything must be there! The supper must by this time be cleared away, and his father must be smoking in the chimney corner, now and then shifting uneasily in his chair, and saying to his wife: "I no can yust dell vot dot poy means. I fear him be lost already, and never back ccoms."

And he could see the anxious look of his mother, as she went back and forth to the door and watched for him, and imagined she heard her son's cry on every wail of the wind. They would surely go and search for him; but would it occur to them to look in the canyon? How could he make them hear? His trail in the snow—they could see that. But what if a storm should come up and cover his tracks? As he looked at the matter, he became more and more convinced that it would be at least twenty-four hours until they should find him.

Suddenly he heard a noise; afar off at first, so faint that it seemed he must have been asleep and dreaming, and had awakened with a start. Again he heard it, more loudly. This time he thought it the echo of the noise caused by the fall, reverberating from the depths beneath. But no; it came stronger and louder and fuller. Oh, could it be possible! The wolves had found his tracks and are coming pell mell up the mountain to where he lies buried alive. "Oh, God!" he moaned. "And to meet death in this awful place!" He trembled as the aspen trembles when kissed by the summer's breeze, and his cheek was white as the snow that covered him in his fall. Nearer and nearer they approached, and their baying was more and more distinct. Summoning all the strength that was in him, Heinrich gave a cry for help which fairly deafened him, and for a moment stopped the dreadful beasts above him. Again it was renewed. He lifted his eyes toward the opening. There, on the brink, were innumerable eyes, seemingly balls of fire, and the blood-thirsty animals snapped their teeth, as if in very delight, at their prospective meal. Now they seemed to be fighting each other, and could it be, one of them more bold, and perhaps more hungry, than the rest, had leaped downward, or perhaps had been pushed in by the now insane pack. Heinrich offered a prayer to heaven, and calmly awaited the death which seemed inevitable. But, with a heart-rending yell, the poor beast swept on past him and was mangled to death on the sharp edges of the rocks below him.

Then there was a lull in the noise above him. Apparently realizing the utter impossibility of reaching their prey, they seemed to be quietly discussing as to a mode of proceedure. Taking advantage of this, Heinrich halloed again for help. The tree shook beneath him and warned him to desist. But his cry was heard. Several gun shots reached his ear, two more dead wolves were hurled past him, and he heard the shouts of voices above. He was saved.

"Well, well, well!" came to him from above.

"Who are you down there, or what are you, anyhow?"

"Heinrich Dorsch," answered he, joyfully.

"Oh! the Dutchman's boy," said the hearty voice above, addressing his companions this time. "He's from down to the Thompson mine camp. We must get a rope and get him up."

In less than half an hour, poor Heinrich was on top, pale, weak and trembling, but alive and very happy, indeed. Indians had been disturbing the neighborhood, and these were a band of sturdy miners, who were after them, and hearing the wolves, had feared something was wrong. Heinrich related to them his experience, and the men expressed sorrow for him.

"Tomorrow is Christmas," said one of them, "and let us spend it in hunting for the Indians."

The men were of one mind. "But first," said one, "let us help the kid home. Here he has worked all day to get a Christmas tree, and old Gotlieb Dorsch is no doubt now up on the mountains looking for him."

"And must I lose my tree?" said poor Heinrich, aloud, for the first time realizing his loss. But he was only too glad to see a chance now to reach home.

"Just so, just so," said the good-natured miner, winking at his comrades, a brilliant idea striking him. "Jack Rabbitt, suppose you put the youngster on your horse and ride him 'long o' you. The rest of us have something else to do.

Jack Rabbitt did as he was bid, and, helping Heinrich on his horse, they rode home under the chill moonlight, for it was midnight, and the moon was rising. They arrived just in time to cut off a party who were starting on a search for him. There were a dozen or more, but they were glad enough to disband and yield the honor of finding him to their neighbors of the upper camp.

The pillow of Heinrich's bed never felt more downy than that night, and happy tears fell from the mother's face on that of her son.

"T'ank Got! T'ank Got!" she kept repeating o'er and o'er.

Heinrich was thankful to the Great Father who had so kindly watched over his life, and had snatched him, as it were, from the jaws of death; and, also, for teaching him a lesson, which he never forgot—a lesson of caution and prudence, which all must learn, soon or late; but not all, thank heaven, in so hard a way as poor Heinrich Dorsch.

"I'm sorry I lost the tree though, mother, after all," he said, just as she bade him a last long good-night. "The children will be disappointed when they awake."

"Better it is not tink about dot," said his mother. "It vas enough mine Heinrich vas safe und not eat up mit de volfes."

But such a clatter and stamping and grating as there was in the gray of the early Christmas morning, outside the cabin door of old Gotlieb Dorsch! What a noise it was! And who could sleep under it? Old Gotlieb sprang out of bed in dismay, and pulled his night-cap closer on than he had ever done before. All the little Dorsches lay shivering in fright, thinking Santa Claus was crazy, and intended carrying them off. Then there was a silence, and a chorus of miners sang these words, to the tune of "John Brown:"

Christmas joys return again,
Christmas pies are baked again,
Happy hearts will burst again,
In chorus Christmas morning.

"Three cheers and a tiger" were then given, and the sound of retreating footsteps reached the ears of those inside the cabin doors. Then Gotlieb Dorsch drew back the bolt from his cabin door, and peered into the morning twilight,

with the whole Dorsch family peering over his shoulders. They saw nobody, but just outside there lay a splendid Christmas tree, with great bunches of scarlet berries scattered all over it. What a bright Christmas morning!

Good old Gotlieb did not rest till he had followed the miners up the canyon to their home, where he thanked them for restoring his son, and also for the kindly gift. You may be sure he invited them to a grand party the next day, to which they all came; an orderly one, too, and joyous, for did not gentle and kind Mrs. Dorsch preside? And no party could be noisy or rough where she presided.

Heinrich entered into it all with a full realization of what a debt of gratitude he owed his preservers, and he did not feel just right when his father offered the toast of the day and they all stood up as if he was a hero. And how they laughed when old Gotlieb, the only German on the canyon, gave the toast in this language—

"Shentlemens, dis vas mine leetle Heinrich, as vas swallowed oop mit de volfes, already again, but is here; who dought him got some Grismus drees, und den he don't got 'em, as dey cooms valked in by his own self."

The Christmas tree shone and sparkled as though dressed in diamonds, and joined in the merriment of the evening—such a happy one, high up in the Rockies, that Christmas day!

WILL M. MCCONNELL.

THE DALLES AND WASCO COUNTY.

ONE of the most familiar names of the entire Columbia basin is The Dalles, one of the four leading cities of Oregon. It is situated on the south bank of the river, ninety miles from Portland, and just below that famous cascades of the same name, which forms that almost unsurmountable obstacle to continuons navigation of the great "River of the West."

From the earliest settlement of this country, the commercial importance of The Dalles was recognized; first, by the fur companies, and then by the pioneers. Owing to the obstructions to navigation, it was necessary that a portage of all goods going either up or down the river be made here, and the importance of the point was only a question of how much traffic the river had. Even before the advent of white men, this was a commercial point, the Indians of various tribes congregating here for trade and barter. Here was the chief village of the Wascos, who lived on the south side of the stream, and who were one of the most powerful tribes of Oregon. The name has been perpetuated in that of the county of which The Dalles is the seat of justice. Here congregated the tribes from the Willamette valley, the Klickitats, Yakimas, Walla Wallas, Spokanes, Cœur d'Alenes, and others of Washington and Idaho, and the Umatillas, Cayuses, and others of Eastern Oregon. The river was the great highway, and canoes the medium of conveyance.

One thing has been noticeable in the settlement of the West—that the centers of Indian traffic and population have become the trade centers of our own peo-

ple. Nothing is more natural, since the laws of commerce are natural laws, and do not depend upon race or individual peculiarities. The position of The Dalles, midway between the two geographical divisions of the region west of the Rockies, and at the lower end of the greatest natural obstruction to navigation of the only waterway connecting them, is that of a natural commercial point, recognized alike by the aborigine and his Caucasian successor.

The first commercial enterprise established here was that of a fur trading post, built by the great Hudson's Bay Company (then the Northwest Company), in 1820. In 1838, the Methodist missionaries, who had settled near the site of Salem four years before, founded a branch mission here, the outlines of the foundation of the original log structure being still traceable near the site of the Wasco academy. In 1846, Catholics, whose headquarters were at Vancouver, also founded a mission here, and this has always remained an important point for that denomination. The Methodist mission was sold to Dr. Whitman in 1847, and after the sad death of that energetic missionary and his wife a few months later, when they and twelve others were killed by the Cayuse Indians, it ceased to be used for that purpose. In the war which followed the massacre, The Dalles was used as a base of military operations by the volunteers from the Willamette.

In 1850, a military post was established here, garrisoned by three companies of troops, and a sutler's store was opened, by John C. Bell, near the barracks. Bn 1851, he sold to William Gibson. The same year, A. McKinlay & Co., represented by Perrin Whitman, built a frame structure in the present business portion of the city, and opened a store. In the spring of 1853, they sold to Sims & Humason, and the same year Mr. Gibson removed from the garrison to a better location near the river. In 1854, several settlers took up donation claims, and other stores were established. The Dalles was rapidly becoming a good business point, the trade with soldiers, Indians and immigrants being good. Several residences were built that year, and quite a town sprang up.

The first steamboat, the *Flint*, made her appearance in 1851. Until then, all goods, furs, etc., had been conveyed up and down the river in large, flat-bottomed bateaux, introduced by the fur companies, and it was several years after the appearance of steamers, before this means of transportation was entirely discontinued. With the discovery of gold in the Colville region, in 1855, and the large travel to and from the mines which followed, business in the new town increased rapidly. During the long Indian war which followed, The Dalles was the base of operations for both the regulars and the volunteers, a force, at times, of nearly two thousand men. Here were gathered all the quartermaster and commissary stores, which were brought up the river by boat, and forwarded, when needed, to the troops in the field, by wagons and pack animals. During this period, both business and population increased rapidly. Again in 1858–9, when thousands of men passed through this region to the mines of Fraser river, business received a great stimulus. It was not, however, until the mineral discoveries in Idaho, in 1861, followed quickly by others in Eastern Oregon, Southern Idaho and Montana, that The Dalles reaped the full measure of its advantages as a commercial point. Tens of thousands of people, and millions of pounds of freight, passed up and down the river in the next few years, every man and pound of which was unloaded from the steamer at The Dalles,

and transferred, by stage or wagon, to its final destination direct, or to other steamers above the obstructions. As the base of great freighting traffic, The Dalles became, next to Portland, the most important business point in Oregon. It was the center of trade. Long lines of freight wagons and pack animals left it daily for the interior. Every winter the city was thronged with miners, who freely spent the proceeds of their summer's toil. Money was plentiful, business brisk, and the city grew in size and population, rapidly assuming the substantial aspect lent by brick and mortar.

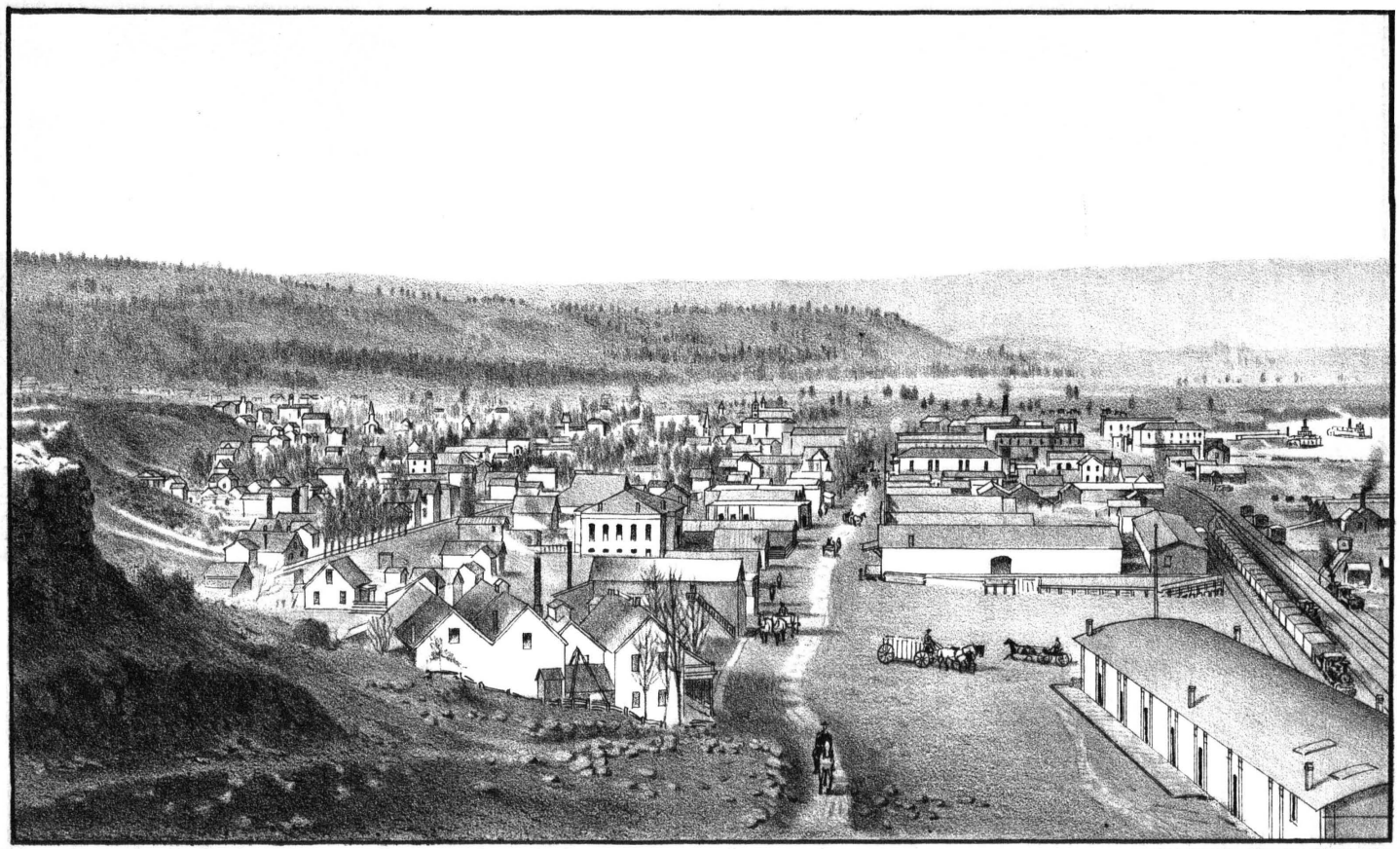
This period was followed by one of comparative quiet. Other routes of travel to the mines were opened up, and business at this point declined rapidly. But it was only a lull, for as soon as the grain producing qualities of the rolling, bunch grass hills of Eastern Oregon and Washington were discovered, that region began to be settled rapidly, and again an enormous traffic sprang up at The Dalles, increasing yearly, as wheat and flour became articles of export in ever enlarging quantities. Here, until the railroad was built, were hauled the thousands of tons of goods sent to the fast growing towns of the interior, and here, also, were handled the thousands of tons of wheat and flour sent out of the "Inland Empire" for shipment abroad.

The next business "boom" came in 1880, when the construction of the railroad along the south bank of the Columbia was begun by the O. R. & N. Co. For nearly three years this was the depot of supplies for this work, in which thousands of men were employed, and millions of dollars spent. Business became greatly inflated, so that the reaction which came upon the completion of the road, when the workmen were discharged and the great current of money ceased to flow in from the railroad, was a severe blow, though but a temporary one. During all this period, and continuing till the present time, the agricultural lands of Wasco county were being settled upon by an industrious class of people, who began cultivating them, as well as engaging in the sheep and cattle business. The center of trade is The Dalles, and this local traffic, increasing largely with each passing year, soon began again to supply the business, based on a permanent and substantial foundation, which was lost with the completion of the railroad. The population of the county increased rapidly, and with it the local trade of the stores, while the shipments of products, both by river and rail, has reached enormous proportions. During the first ten and one-half months of 1887, one hundred carloads of sheep and horses have been shipped to Chicago, and three hundred carloads of sheep and cattle have been shipped to Portland, Seattle and Victoria. Ninety thousand pounds of sheep pelts and hides have been shipped to Portland and San Francisco, four million five hundred thousand pounds of wool to Portland, San Francisco and Boston, and three million pounds (fifty thousand bushels) of wheat to Portland and San Francisco. Before the close of the year all these items, especially wool and wheat, will be largely increased, as the warehouses are filled almost to bursting with them. During the season, fifty thousand watermelons and cantaloupes were shipped. There were received about twenty-five thousand tons of merchandise, chiefly from Portland and San Francisco, though much of it came from the East direct, by the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific, both of which pass through The Dalles over the line of the O. R. & N. Co.

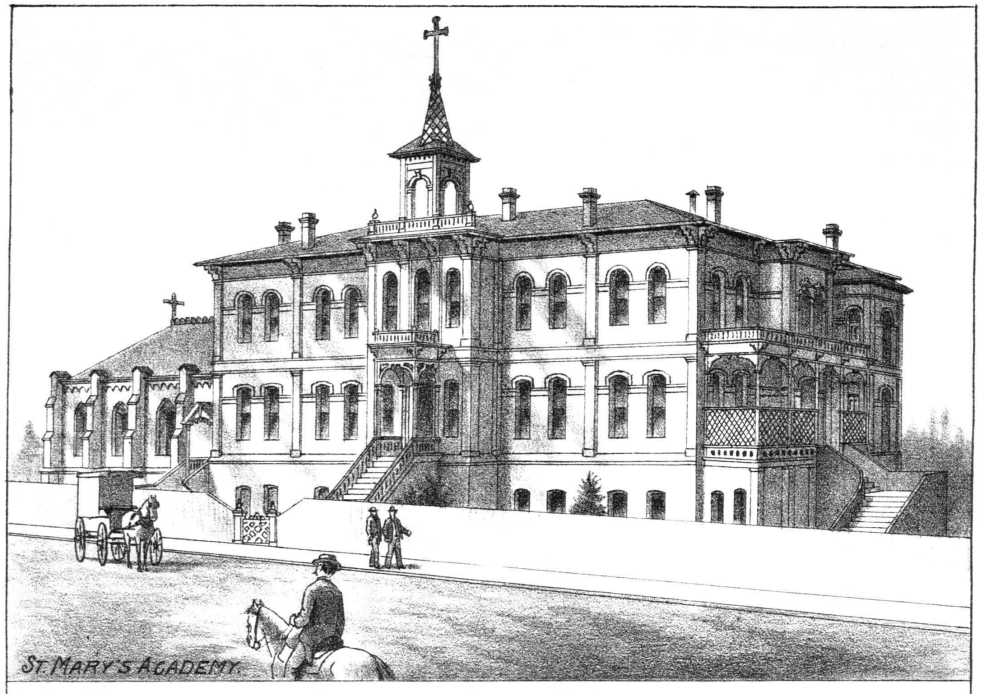
This traffic means much more to The Dalles than did the kind formerly en-

joyed—the mere handling of goods in transit. It means the sale of the produce here and the expenditure of a large portion of the money in the city, in the purchase of supplies of all kinds. It affords the basis of a trade which supports two national banks and one substantial private bank. The levee does not present as bustling a scene as it did in the old steamboat days, nor are the streets as full of freight wagons as then; but the actual business of the city has increased. Transient population, which livened up the streets and gave business to the saloons, cigar stands and restaurants, has given place to permanent population, which gives business to the dealer in groceries, furniture, dry goods and hardware. The "good old times" of effervescence are gone, and those whose lines of trade depended largely on the conditions then existing, lament the fact and think the city has retrograded; but more substantial merchants know better, and recognize the fact that the city's trade is founded now on a more solid and permanent foundation—one that is widening and deepening every year, as the county becomes more settled, and the productions increase in variety and quantity.

As an evidence of this improved condition of affairs, it is only necessary to enumerate the various industries and business enterprises. In the first place, there are three forwarding and commission merchants, Ex-Gov. Z. F. Moody, who has two large warehouses, J. C. Roberts, lessee of the large brick structure of the Wasco Warehouse Company, and J. H. Larsen. Gevernor Moody is exceeded by only one man in the world in the quantity of wool handled directly from the sheep's back. Among the buildings used for storage, is the solid stone structure built by the government for a mint, in 1865, work upon which was stopped before the roof was put on. It cost $100,000.00, and is, probably, the most solid, and, for its size, most costly, warehouse in the United States. The manufacturing interests are important. The car shops, machine shops and foundry of the O. R. & N. Co. are very extensive, and give employment to one hundred and fifty men. The Dalles Lumber Company has a planing mill and box factory. The City Mill and Water Company has a large flour and feed mill, and Snipes & Smith also have a flour and feed mill. A. Buchler owns and operates a large brewery, and there are a foundry, three carriage and wagon shops and five blacksmith shops. The mercantile lines are represented by two large general stores, one of which carries a stock of $75,000.00, and does a yearly business of $200,000.00, six grocery stores, three hardware, stove and tinware stores, four dry goods and clothing stores, one clothing and gent's furnishing store, two furniture stores, one paint, oil and sash store, one boot and shoe store, four jewelry stores, three drug stores, one of them a wholesale drug and liquor store, one wholesale liquor store, two book and stationery stores, two harness and saddlery stores, two variety stores, three cigar and tobacco stores, two large farm implement warehouses, two undertaking establishments, three markets, four general commission stores, two candy factories, three banks, four large hotels, four restaurants, one bakery, five livery stables, four barber shops, two photograph galleries, ten saloons, twelve attorneys, six physicians, three dentists, and two newspapers. This is the shipping point for the Tumwater fisheries, located across the river, thousands of pounds of fresh salmon being sent east every season. The United States land office for this district is located in The Dalles, and all settlers on public lands in Central Oregon make their filings here. Here, also,



OREGON – A GLIMPSE OF "THE DALLES."



THE DALLES, OREGON.

come the residents of the county to attend court and transact official business.

The Dalles is the most substantially built of all the cities of Oregon, except Portland. This is fully shown by the engraving of Second street, on page 851. It has twenty-five brick and stone business buildings and six brick residences. The court house is a handsome brick structure, erected in 1882, at a cost of $25,000.00. An engraving of the court house is given on page 842; also of the St. Mary's academy. The latter is a handsome brick building, with a chapel adjoining. Here the sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary maintain an excellent school for young ladies, which has an attendance of about one hundred. The buildings cost $25,000.00. On page 852 are given views of the Wasco Independent Academy, an educational institution of great merit, having four instructors and seventy pupils, and the public school. The latter occupies one brick and two wooden buildings. It is a thoroughly graded school, under the charge of a principal and eight assistants, and has an attendance of about five hundred pupils. The Young Men's Christian Association has a library and free reading room. There is also a good library for the employes of the O. R. & N. Co., the gift of Mr. Henry Villard when he was president of the company. Among the educational features may be classed the two most excellent newspapers, the *Times-Mountaineer* and the *Wasco County Sun.* They are recognized as among the leading papers of Oregon, closely following the metropolitan papers in influence. The Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Episcopal and Congregational denominations all have church edifices, those of the first three being quite ornamental, and the last is about to erect a new building. Of secret and benevolent societies, there are several, such as the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Workmen, Good Templars, Grand Army of the Republic, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and Knights of Labor.

The population of The Dalles is about four thousand, an increase of nearly twenty-five per cent. since the census of 1880. The city was originally incorporated in 1855, its last charter being granted in 1880. The corporate limits are nearly one mile square. Its location is most picturesque, being the apparent center of a vast amphitheatre, whose walls are mountain heights. On clear days, the white crest of Mt. Hood towers above the mountains to the southwest. The older portion of the city (see page 841) occupies a plateau, elevated above the river and gradually rising to the basaltic bluffs, which hem it in on three sides. During the past few years, the city's growth has carried it over the bluffs on the south, and many nice residences have been erected there. The streets are laid out at right angles, and are well lined with thrifty shade trees, while the greater number of residences have ample grounds, planted with fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and flowers.

The line of the O. R. & N. Co. passes along Front street, nearest the river. The company has no regular depot, but trains land passengers in front of the Umatilla House, in which its ticket office is located, and where meals are served. The business men have organized a board of trade, which does much to further the city's interests in all directions. It has taken a prominent part in the movement to open the Columbia to continuous navigation. Recognizing the fact that an open river would result in a material lowering of the rates of freight, and thus, by giving the producer greater returns for his products, greatly magnify the production and shipment

of wheat, wool, etc., the board has zealously worked to accomplish that end. When this is accomplished—as it will be some day—The Dalles will increase in size and commercial importance at a still greater rate than at present. At its last session, the legislature passed an act authorizing the city to issue bonds to the amount of $25,000.00, for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the Columbia, and designated a commission of its citizens, of whom Gov. Moody is president, to carry out the provisions of the act. The commissioners have investigated the matter, and learned that a bridge can be built within the sum authorized, at a point some four miles up the river, but that at no suitable point near the city can one be built for that amount of money. The matter remains in abeyance, the commissioners not having yet come to a decision in the matter.

Although Wasco county was much cut up a few years ago, by the formation of Crook and Gilliam counties, it is still one of the largest in the state. Within its limits are vast tracts of land withdrawn from settlement, pending the confirmation of grants to The Dalles Military Road and the Northern Pacific. Recently a wide strip held as lieu lands for the latter was thrown open for settlement, and a large number of filings have been made by settlers, who had gone upon the lands and taken their chances of having such an opportunity as this given them of obtaining a title. It can scarcely be doubted that the lands within the regular grant limits will also be restored to the public domain, as the time of the grant has long since expired, and no attempt has been made by the Northern Pacific to build a line down the Columbia. In the grant to the military road, sixty-six thousand acres of lieu lands are being reserved for the company to select therefrom only forty-one hundred acres. The remainder will undoubtedly be restored to the people. There is much of this supposed grant land yet unclaimed, which may be squatted upon by any one willing to wait for a little, and take his chances of never getting it without paying the company for it. There is, however, in the southern portion of the county, much desirable vacant land; also much on the lower slopes of the mountains. There are, also, many quarter sections claimed by persons who have not, and never can have, a legal title to them, which may be filed upon in the land office. These "smuggled" tracts are really public lands, and are open to the entry of any person who is legally entitled to enter lands under the government land laws.

The fertility of the lands of Wasco county may be judged from the figures, given on a previous page, of the shipment of products. On the uplands back from the river, where the soil is rich and deep, wheat is a good crop, averaging from twenty to thirty bushels per acre. Corn, of a most superior quality, grows to perfection, uninjured by frost. In fact, there is less frost on the ridges than on the low lands near the river. When winter sets in it is colder up there, but until then, it is exempt from injurious frosts. Thousands upon thousands of sheep and cattle are raised in Wasco and adjoining counties tributary to The Dalles, the sheep finding excellent summer pasturage in the mountain valleys, to which they are driven in the spring. Taken all together, Wasco offers many inducements to the agriculturist seeking a home in a new country, and The Dalles affords the business man who desires to settle in a thriving town, situated in the midst of a rapidly developing region, a good opening for the investment of his means.

AHEAD O' TIME.

IN a far, western, Pacific-washed state, lies the low, fertile Grande Ronde valley. Around it, jealously guarding it from the outside, busy world, circle the picturesque Blue mountains, whose sides are so softly dimpled by nature's tender touch, and over which lingers ever a soft, purplish haze.

Once, in years long dead, this was the Indians' summer home. Here, in the clear streams that, leaping down through the narrow canyons, from the mountain fastnesses, wind and glide away through the valley, they caught the speckled salmon-trout. In the deep, rank rye grass, growing there, waist-high, they chased to death the deer and antelope; and in the long, fragrant, summer evenings, the blue smoke from a hundred camp fires curled upward to the blue vault above.

One by one, the crickets sent out their shrill chirrup, and the frogs began their noisy croaking. The last red gleam died out of the western sky; the howls of a hungry wolf came down from some mountain recess; a night-hawk darted downward with its lonely, plaintive cry; and night closed over the "Happy valley."

Now, as then, the speckled trout leap and flash through the clear steams that glide away through the valley. But fields of waving grain have taken the place of the deep, rank grass, and towns are built where once the Indian wigwams stood. And over the mountains, and down through the canyons, and away over the fertile fields, like a shining serpent, climbs and falls, and winds the railroad. With it, came the stir and business and discontent of the outer world, and vanished the idle, dreamy, happy days of the past.

In one short year everything was changed. In the shadow of the Blue mountains, just where the railroad entered the valley from the west, a new town sprang into life; a fast, noisy, jolly town, made up, chiefly, of railroad people—gay, good-hearted men, who worked hard all day, and treated their friends royally at night; men who had but one religion—their engines and their wives—and who would have shot a man dead for doubting the worth of the one, or the truth of the other. And merry, laughing women, who found life all sunshine, until, sometimes, a husband or lover was brought home dead, or crippled for life. Yet, even then, they found such tender sympathy, and so many strong arms ready to help, that they were still forced to see a little silver lining in their storm-clouds.

In a little hastily built, double-sided house two engineers lived all alone. One "run" to the West, the other to the East. When engineer Leavett came in late at night after a "hard run," he found a good, warm supper, prepared by engineer Haslyn, awaiting him. On the following evening he was the host, and his friend the guest; and many were the fancy dishes each tried to prepare for the surprise and pleasure of the other.

They had been firm friends for years Leavett, although the elder, had "fired for Haslyn, and had received many favors at his hands, so he said, in years gone by. They had been in wrecks and snow blockades together, and once Has-

lyn had saved his friend's life, thereby nearly losing his own; and Jack Leavett was one who could not soon forget such a proof of friendship.

Jim Haslyn was ten years younger than his companion, and lavishly spent his hard-earned money. Gay, light hearted, generous, he was a favorite on the road, and in both the towns where he had his "lay-overs," as railroad men say. "Handsome Haslyn" they called him, and he was, indeed, goodly to the eye. Tall, but slight, with clear-cut, regular features, and that natural, easy grace that makes one feel such a man has once had a refined home and a mother. Jack Leavett was also tall, but broad-shouldered and muscular, and his voice and manner lacked refinement and polish. He would never have thought to pick up a handkerchief that a lady had dropped, or offer to carry her shawl; but his rough voice softened if he spoke to a child, and his large hand sought his pocket at sight of poverty or distress. He was termed "close" by his brother engineers, because he saved his money and never spent a cent for cigars or drink. Sometimes, they "chaffed" him, not too kindly, but, though it cut him to the heart, he made no sign. Only, "for Lida's sake" he would mutter under his breath, as, with flushed brow, he turned away that he might not be led to resent the insult. Even Jim sometimes reproached him gently for not being more generous.

"If you were married, Jack, he would say, "or even goin' to be, there would be some excuse for you. But for an engineer—and especially a single one—to be stingy."

But, sometimes, a look would come from Leavett's deep-set eye that would stop the words on his friend's lips. Yet, even to Jim, he gave no excuse.

One sweet April evening, when the town and the railroad in Grande Ronde valley were not more than twelve months old, the two friends sat upon their doorstep in the dusky twilight that lingers long after the sun has dropped behind the Blue mountains.

The western sky was one flame of changing scarlet and amber, deepening and fading with every passing cloud. Downward darted the night-hawk, with its mournful cry, while the frogs croaked unceasingly in the little pond at the side of the house.

Glancing through the open door, one could see the rough interior of the cabin. The unpapered walls, now blackened with smoke; the table, covered with dingy oil-cloth that had once been white, "set," ready for breakfast; the tarnished and not over-clean pots and kettles hanging behind the unpolished stove; the unscrubbed floor. Jack Leavett glanced within, and sighed. How cheerless and unhomelike it all was. And the two little bedrooms behind were as bad. How sadly they needed the touch of a woman's hand, and—

"Jim," he said, suddenly and unsteadily; and, as he spoke, he half turned aside, and laid his large hand upon the head of his Newfoundland dog, lying beside him. "Jim, it's near to seven years we've pulled together, now, ain't it?"

"Why, about that, Jack," was the cherry reply, accompanied by a puff of cigar smoke.

There was silence for a moment, and then — "If anything should happen, Jim," said Leavett, huskily, "that would make it best for us to live apart"—

Don't speak of it, old fellow," interrupted Jim, heartily. "Time enough to talk of that evil day when it comes—if it ever does," he added lightly, but puffing hard at his cigar, as he always did when moved.

"But, tell me, would you care?" persisted Leavett, and he pulled old Tip's

ear so sharply that the dog felt half inclined to resent it.

"Care!" repeated Jim; and an odd, thoughtful expression stole over his face. "Why, Jack, I don't believe I *could* live without you." Lovers may have uttered the same words more ardently; but I doubt if they were ever spoken with such unconscious pathos.

There was silence again. A cricket chirped, boldly, under the doorstep, and Tip made a rush for it, only to find it gone. A brother engineer strolled past with his young wife and baby. Then, Leavett spoke.

"Jim" he said, in a voice his friend had never heard before, "I hate to tell you, but—I'm goin' to be married."

The white ashes dropped, unheeded, from Jim's cigar. A deep flush crossed his face, but that was the only sign he gave that he had heard.

"It does seem ungrateful," said Jack, gaining courage, but still with a tremble in his voice, "after all you've done for me, Jim, to throw off on you in this way. I've been engaged for a year, now, and I've saved till I was almost ashamed—all for Lida. If" — hesitatingly — "I thought she would'nt care to let everything go on as it has been"—

But Jim interrupted him. The flush had quite died out of his face now. His hand met Leavett's and pressed it warmly. "And so it's *that*, is it, old fellow?" he said, in his cheeriest way. "And you thought I would be jealous of your wife. Not I. I rejoice in your happiness. I must confess that it is a surprise to me, but, all the same, a pleasant one, even though I shall be lonely for a while without you."

Then, the ice broken, they talked it all over, and laid many plans for the future.

"You shall come of evenings" said Jack, with happy eyes, "and help us fix up the place a bit. Lida says she would rather find it just as we've lived in it, so we can fix it up together. And you must help her, Jim—You're so much handier than I am."

They sat there until the clock struck ten. Then Jim stood up. "You'll be wantin' to go to bed, Jack," he said. "You've had a rough run to day, doubling back from Umatilla. I'll just run down town and see the boys, before I go to bed. And Jack,"—for once he lost his easy grace of manner as he again wrung his friend's hand—"you may be asleep before I get back, so I'll just say now that I hope you'll never regret it, and that your wife will be as good as your engine—and old sixty-three's the best on the road, Jack—and as *true* as steel, and that all the boys in the 'brotherhood' will be proud of her because she's an engineer's wife."

"Regret it!" said Jack to himself, a few minutes later, as he put a red-fish to soak for breakfast. "*Regret* marryin' Lida!" And he smiled as he looked, through the open window, at the new moon, dropping toward the horizon.

* * *

A proud and happy man was Jack Leavett on the day he brought home his wife. Every engine in the "yard" was fancifully decorated with flowers, evergreens and flags. The boys knew now why Jack had been so "close," and were eager to make amends.

When he stepped down from his engine, and, walking back to one of the coaches, lifted down the slight girl-bride, and heard a subdued murmer of admiration, his heart swelled with pride and happiness.

Indeed, it was a wonder, not only to himself, but to all his friends, how so lovely and refined a girl ever came to marry bluff, unpolished Jack Leavett.

In the door of the little cabin stood Jim. He welcomed them in his graceful, hearty way, which put Mrs. Leavett

at her ease at once. And, presently, he led the way out into the back yard, and gave the bride a wedding-gift—a handsome chestnut horse, and saddle.

Tears of delight came to the girl's eyes; but she never knew how many little luxuries in the way of cigars, wine, etc., Jim had denied himself that he might give her a suitable present. Nor did she ever know how her husband reproached himself because it had never once entered his mind that it would be the correct thing to give her a wedding gift himself.

"Well," said Jim, after Mrs. Leavett had admired her horse and christened him "Zephyr," "well"—with a sigh—"I may as well say good bye, now, for a while. I will see you again tomorrow."

"Why, where are you going?" asked Mrs. Leavett, turning from the horse. "I thought you and Jack lived together."

"Why, so we did," returned Jim, dropping his eyes that she might not see the sudden, wild hope that leaped into them. "But, now, of course, that Jack's married, it's different."

"And so you think," said Mrs. Leavett, coming over to him, and slipping both her hands into his, "that I have not room in my house for Jack's friend?"

There was no more talk, after that, of his going away.

It was always Jim who assisted Lida in her household work, and in changing and decorating the little home. Not that Jack was not willing; but, simply, that he did not "know how." He was not envious because his friend anticipated Lida's every wish and whim. On the contrary, it pleased him very much. He would sit in his low, cane-seated rocker, and watch them with fond, trustful eyes, while they climbed up on all sorts of crazy chairs and ladders to hang their pictures on the walls, now covered with a soft, lavender paper. He thought Lida lovelier, and more charming than ever, when she stood across the room in her pale, pink house dress, with a soft flush in her cheeks and a wild flower at her fair bosom, and watched Jim, trying, shakily, to balance himself, and hang a landscape to please her.

"A little higher," she would say, putting her head, critically, on one side. "Now a little lower," just a *trifle* to one side—ah! *now* you have it." And so on, until all the pictures were hung, and the carpets were down, and snowy curtains fell over the windows that were once shaded by newspapers. Then, when it grew too dark to work longer, 'Lida would bring a low stool and sit at her husband's feet in the gloaming, with one bare, white arm lying across his knee. And he would lay his rough, but trembling, hand upon her dark hair, while a happiness, so deep and tender that it was like a prayer, would fill his heart, and stop the words he was trying to utter.

At such times as these Jim would go out and sit, all alone, on the doorstep—so quitely, that only the red spark of his cigar told that he was there.

"Poor Jim!" Jack would say, "he is lonely, and does not care to see our happiness."

But Lida, though she turned her face toward the silent figure outside, answered not.

Spring stole softly into summer. Blossoms burst, lingered and fell in the Grande Ronde valley. The fresh, mountain air swept perfume with it. The blue sky arched over, and met the mountains on either side; while on the azure sides of the latter the shadows of the clouds ever came and went.

There was always a bunch of wild flowers, now, for Jim to carry home to Lida; and Jack's eyes always thanked him for remembering what he had forgotten.

Summer waned and died. The leaves

crimsoned, faded and fell. The wild cherries ripened and withered on the trees. Light frosts whitened the ground. Winter comes late in the Grande Ronde valley. All through December the nights are cool, but the days soft and delightful.

"We shall have no winter this year," Lida said, joyfully, on New Year's day. But when she looked out the following morning she found that winter was there. At the close of the third day snow lay six feet deep over the level ground. It was piled up over the windows, and Lida did not dare to open the doors, so she sat all day, shivering, before the little fire place, with her hands idly clasped in her lap. Jack fancied she was not quite so gay and joyous of late. His great heart ached for her lonely, uneventful life, and he longed—for her dear sake—for the opening of spring.

She was sitting, as usual, one evening in her low rattan chair, idly rocking back and forth, when he came in, cold and tired. A violent, west wind was drifting the snow, and piling it to the tops of all the houses. She looked up with a little smile that only lingered a second on her sweet lips. As he stooped down to kiss her, the door opened and Jim entered. He cast one glance at the tableau in the rosy firelight, and passed through the room without a word. He came back presently, and ate his supper in silence. When they arose from the table, Jack walked to the hearth, and rested one muscular arm upon the rude shelf that his wife had hidden with pretty embroidery.

"Jim," he said, while his eyes rested with deep tenderness upon the slight form of Lida. "I have to go to Telocaset tonight to meet the freight. Will you stay with 'Lida? I cannot get back before morning, and I fear she is not well." As he spoke, the girl's eyes —wide open now—cast a quick glance at her husband, and she shivered a little beneath that tender, trustful gaze.

"No, no," she said, hurriedly, "I am quite well, *dear*."

An exacting lover might have questioned the hesitation over the last word; but to Jack it was sweetest music. She had never before used an endearing expression to him. That one little word gave him courage to face the terrible storm without, and he went, stumbling and fighting his way, through the drifted, drifting snow. When he reached the station he found that his orders had been changed, and he was not to take the snow plow out for an hour.

"You can go back if you like," said the dispatcher. "I will have the fireman whistle for you five minutes before starting-time, and if you hurry, you can get here. I 'spose," he added, with true railroad slang, "your wife 'kicks' terribly about your running the snow plow! They all do. It *is* dangerous work."

He went into the office and closed the door. Jack stood alone in the storm. He shivered. Was the wind colder, sharper? he asked himself. Or could it be that the man's careless words had sent that sudden, deep chill to his heart? Pshaw! how fanciful he was getting about her, all because she was growing more deeply into his heart every day. Had she not called him "*dear?*" Because she had not worried about the snow plow, was that any reason she did not love him? Besides, Lida was not one to borrow trouble.

So he argued with himself as he hastened home, caring nothing for the terrific storm, in his eager longing to have her call him by a tender name. When he came in sight of the house he was surprised to see a gleam of light across the snow. But, upon approaching nearer, he discovered that the latter had

been blown slightly away from one pane by the violent gale.

"I will surprise them," he said, softly and happily; and with a heart full of love and trust for his wife, and good will for his friend, he forced his way through the huge drift to the window.

His glance first took in the bright, home picture; the lavender walls, the pictures, the shaded lamp, the rosy glow of the firelight over all.

Lida was still sitting in her low chair, but her attitude was no longer listless. Before her stood her husband's friend. What he was saying could not be heard; but Jack Leavett did not need to hear. While he still looked, Jim bent suddenly, passionately, over the girl.

A terrible sound escaped the watcher's lips. His hands convulsively clenched; great veins stood out like iron ropes upon his forehead. He tried to reach his hip-pocket, but he was powerless to lift an arm. And in that moment Haslyn touched the girl's dark hair with passionate lips, and rushed from the room. As the door closed behind him, Lida slid down from her chair to the floor, and lay there, as quiet as any dead thing.

How long Jack Leavett stood there, looking in on what had once been his home, but would never be again, he never knew. He was suddenly aroused by four sharp, shrill whistles. The strong, stubborn sense of duty that had given him the reputation of being the best engineer on the road, pulled him through now. A sound, that was not a sigh, nor yet a groan, burst from him; and, tearing himself from the sight of all that was near to him on earth, he staggered forth into the blinding, freezing storm—a shipwrecked man.

Six hours later, at the top of the hill, near Telocaset, a snow plow jumped the track. The fireman happened to be looking out, and instantly jumped for life, with a wild cry of warning. But, even at that awful moment, he distinctly saw the engineer shake his head.

Down the mountain side, plunging, tearing, rolling over and over, went the noble engine, "Sixty-three;" and with it, crushed beneath its iron weight, went the man who loved it, after his wife, better than anything else on earth.

He was still alive, when, an hour later, they found him; but horribly crushed and dying. His mind was quite clear.

"Never to let them know," he kept repeating to himself.

They asked, with tears in their voices, if they should try to get him home.

An awful shiver shook his powerful form.

"Home!" he repeated with a sob. "Home!" Then, knowing that the end was near, and finding now no anger in his great heart against those two who had, all unintentionally—he felt sure of *that*, from what he had seen—wronged him, he spoke, slowly and falteringly, to the one among them he trusted most.

"Tell her," he said, "that I died content, because I never could have made her happy. Not but what she was all that a true and tender wife should be, John—you all know that; but that she was too delicate and refined for a rough fellow like me. I have seen the tears start to her sweet eyes, John, all because I spoke harshly, or because I forgot her birthday."

Once more he spoke.

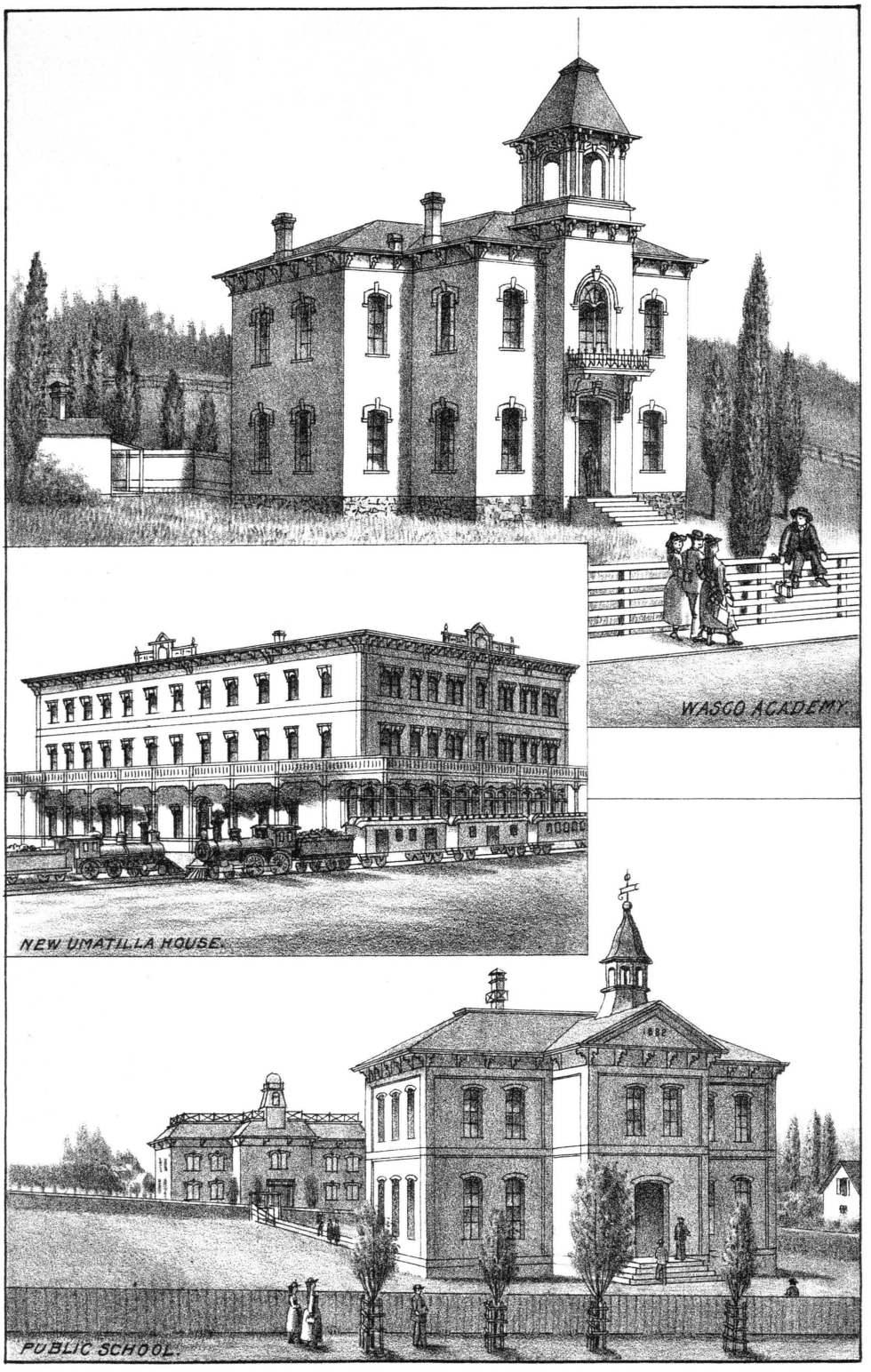
"Tell Jim"—he spoke the name with an effort, and as the memory of that long tried friendship rushed over him, he broke down entirely—"to take care o' Lida. I was his true friend always; but he was more, for he saved my life. Tell him *that* cancels *all*."

He fell back.

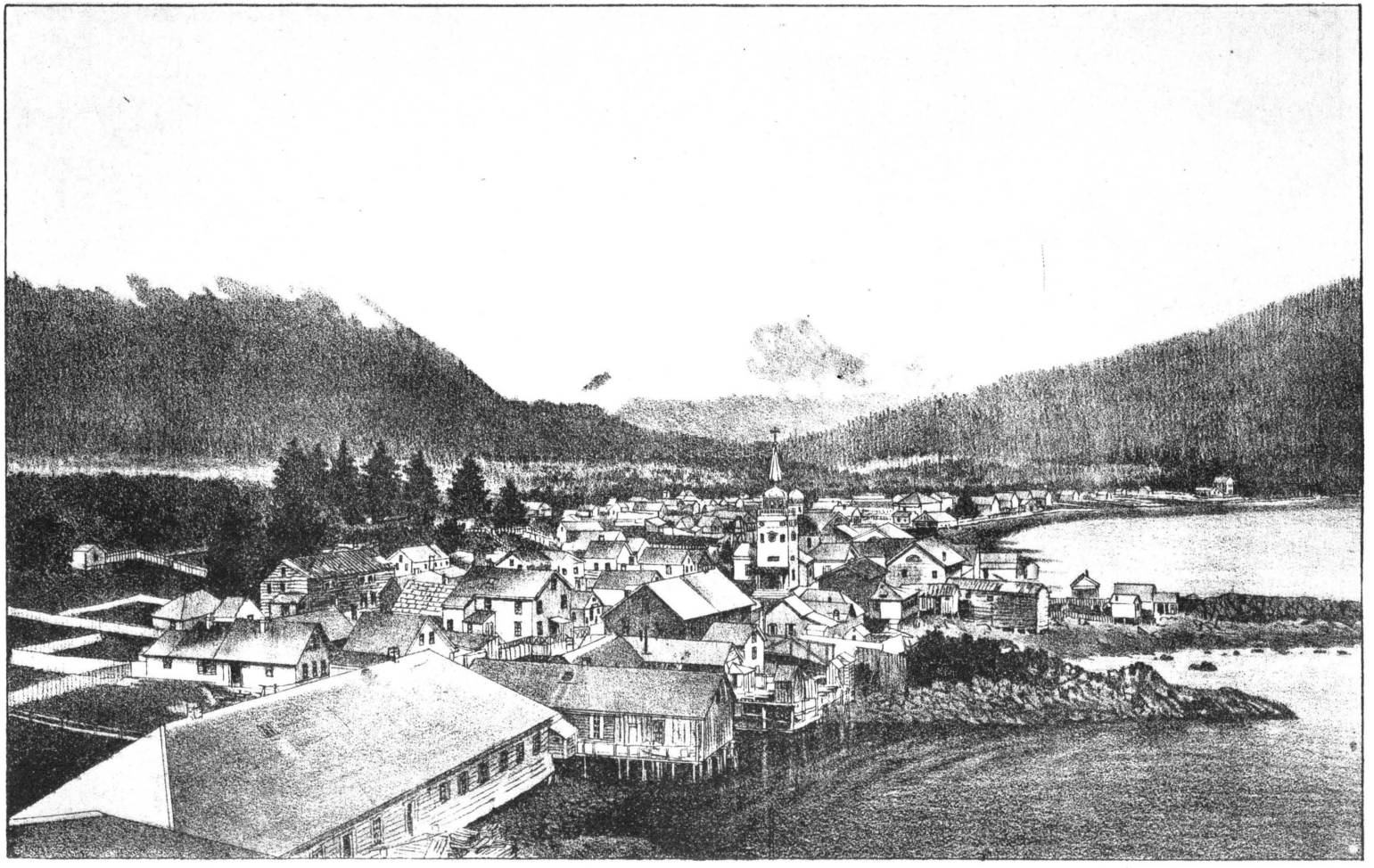
"I missed the way," he faltered, "but I'm comin' in ahead o' time!"

ELLA HIGGINSON.

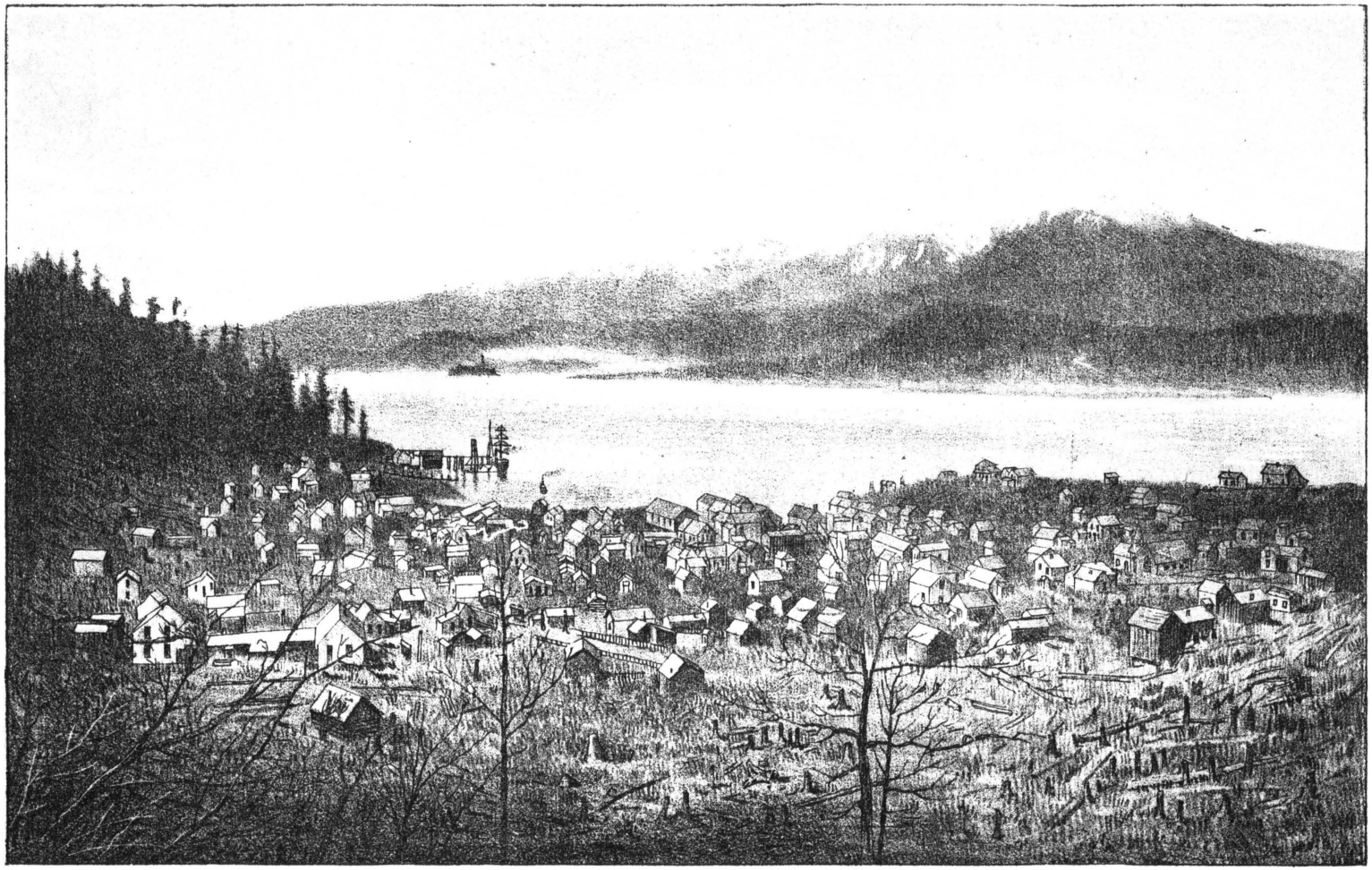
THE DALLES, OREGON.



THE DALLES, OREGON.



ALASKA — GENERAL VIEW OF SITKA.



ALASKA — GENERAL VIEW OF JUNEAU.

TWO CITIES OF ALASKA.

SITKA, the capital of Alaska, and Juneau, a mining town farther north, are the leading centers of white population in our far northern possessions. Fort Wrangell, on the extreme southern boundary, named in honor of a Russian governor of the province, is also a commercial point, but in a much less degree than the other two. The oldest of these two is Sitka, which has been given much prominence the past two years in connection with the seizure of vessels engaged in sealing in Behring's sea. Thither all the captured vessels were sent, though nearly two thousand miles from the scene of operations, because it was the nearest port where the courts of the United States held a sitting.

Sitka is the oldest settlement in Alaska—in fact, the oldest on the Pacific coast north of California—except a few stations previously established by Russian fur traders among the Aleutian islands and at Prince William's sound. In 1799, Baranoff, governor of the province for the Russian-American Trading Co., then in full possession of Alaska, built a fort on Baranoff, or Sitka, island and named it Fort Archangel Gabriel. This is one of the group lying off the coast in latitude fifty-seven degrees, and longitude one hundred and forty degrees west from Greenwich. It is a curious fact to one who has given the subject no thought, that the longitude of Sitka is the same as that of a point in the Pacific ocean twelve hundred miles west of San Francisco, and the longitude of the extreme western point of our Alaskan possessions is that of one hundred and eighty-seven degrees west, or one hundred and seventy-three degrees east. Taking this as the extreme western limit of the United States, and parallel sixty-seven degrees, on the coast of Maine, as the eastern, Point Barrow, seventy-two degrees, as the northern, and the extremity of Florida, twenty-five degrees, as the southern, and projecting lines from these points to form a square, we find that the actual geographical center of the United States is in longitude one hundred and twenty-seven degrees west, and latitude forty-eight and one-half degrees north, which is a point in the Pacific ocean about one hundred and fifty miles west of Cape Flattery and the Straits of Fuca. It is certainly a paradoxical statement, that the geographical center of the landed possessions of the United States is in the ocean and outside of the limits of the republic. These speculations are indulged in simply to arouse the reader to a realization of the immensity of the region of which Sitka is the seat of government, and its distance from the great centers of our population.

Indians captured the fort at Sitka, in 1803, and massacred the garrison. Baranoff rebuilt it, and named it "New Archangel." The place soon became of importance as a ship building point, where the company constructed vessels for the transaction of its business. In 1832, Baron Wrangell, then governor of Alaska, transferred to Sitka, the capital of Russian America, which had previously been at St. Paul, far to the north-west. In 1834, it was made the seat of a bishopric of the Greek church, the established religion of Russia, whose mis-

sionary priests had been working for years among the natives, the half breeds, and the full blood Russian servants of the Company. In 1837, a school was established for the children of the Company's servants, and in 1841, an ecclesiastical school was founded, which soon rose to the grade of a seminary. These were succeeded, after the American occupation, by schools established by our missionaries of several denominations.

Sitka was a thriving town under the Russian rule; but it lost much of its importance, trade and population, when the Company departed, after the sale of Alaska to the United States, in 1867. Much of its population has been drawn away by mining excitements; but since the establishment of a territorial government two years ago, it is regaining its prestige and acquiring new life. It now supports a good weekly paper, the *Alaskan*, and a number of business houses which handle quite a large volume of trade. Its general appearance is shown in the engraving on page 853. The most conspicuous structure is the Greek church, built in the form of a Greek cross. The fittings and appliances are very rich, and were presented to it by the empress, Catherine, many years ago. Rivaling the church in interest to the visitor, is the old castle on the hill, once the home of the Russian governor, who ruled with almost despotic power. Signs of dilapidation are observable, but its massive walls will probably stand for generations. These objects of interest are visited by the hundreds of tourists who now make the famous "Alaska trip" during the summer season.

The liveliest town in the territory is Juneau (see page 854), near which is located the richest quartz mine in the world. Juneau is situated on a bay of the same name, some distance north of Sitka. It occupies a plateau, which rises gradually from the water, and extends back to the base of precipitous mountains, which rise, almost perpendicularly, to the height of four thousand feet. The town is the headquarters for miners scattered over an extensive area, and enjoys a most thriving trade. Among other adjuncts, it possesses a weekly paper, the *Free Press*, published nearer the north pole than any other newspaper in America. The chief reliance of the town is the Treadwell mine, on Douglass island, opposite the harbor. For more than three years this famous mine has been turning out from $100,000.00 to $200,000.00 in gold every month, from the largest quartz mill in the world, whose one hundred and twenty stamps ar kept running constantly day and night. Another mill of one hundred and twenty stamps is now being erected on this mine, which will be in running order by spring, and will more than double the present output of the mine. Juneau has about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is well equipped with grocery and dry goods stores, drug stores, shops, etc. Other mines are being developed in that region, and this far northern city has as bright a prospect for growth and permanent prosperity as any other mining city in the United States. When the mining season opens next year, Juneau will be the scene of great activity, and will receive large accessions to its population.

THE SAWTOOTH CAVE.

THOSE who read "The Wild Man of Camas,"* in THE WEST SHORE for September, will remember that a cave was discovered in the Sawtooth mountains, containing bones of animals, bows and arrows, and immensely rich specimens of gold and silver ore. This discovery was made by an old prospector and adventurer, George Parody, a Frenchman, who had formerly spent many years trapping and hunting all through the Upper Columbia and Salmon river countries.

George was a thorough type of the rugged mountaineer—reckless and liked his toddy—but, for all, a man with a big heart, honest and industrious. His acquaintances admired his frankness, and credulous strangers would become deeply interested in his many strange stories of adventure, descriptions of the wilds of the forest, hunting yarns, and Indian fights. Those who knew his propensities for exaggerating truths and inventing stories of thrilling adventures, without a truth on which to found them, could not resist the inclination of listening to his narratives. After indulging in a few drinks, which brightened up his wits, and made more clear his vivid imagination, he could sit down and for hours entertain a company with stories that did not contain one spark of truth.

One evening at Galena, a little mining town near the head of Wood river, and only twenty or twenty-five miles from the Sawtooth cave, he related several thrilling adventures to the three or four "tenderfeet" who had just arrived from the far East, and actually frightened two of them into starting on their return the next day, by his big weather stories and prognostications. To rehearse those exaggerations would occupy too much space in a short story. I will only give a synopsis of one, which was the cause of the two men leaving on the next day's stage, and forever bidding farewell to the mountains.

It was in January, 1869. George was then mail carrier between Galena to Sawtooth City, and, as the snow was from three to four feet deep between the two points, which are fifteen miles apart, he made his trip on snow shoes, going to Sawtooth one day and returning the next. In the evening, when he thus entertained the "tenderfeet," he arrived, with the mail bag strapped over his shoulders, at about 7:00 o'clock, and went into the hotel, where he drank three or four whisky toddies. It did not take him long to ascertain that the four men listening to the varied conversations of the old prospectors were not Western men, and as the night was a gloomy one, with the wind whistling and the snow falling thick and fast, and the occasional rumbling of snow slides, as they came down the mountain sides, many of them tumbling into the deep canyon but a few hundred yards above town, George felt like talking. Parody's relation of his experiences on the Yankee fork of Salmon river were about as follows:

"Gentlemen, this stormy night reminds me of the winter I carried mail on snow shoes between Challis and Bonanza. That was two years ago, and

* Many of these incidents, in both "The Wild Man of Camas," and "The Sawtooth Cave," are founded on actual occurrances.

I tell you I had a rough time of it, too. I remember that one day I left Challis very early, so that I could reach the summit, which was just half way, by four or five o'clock the same afternoon. Well, I did not get to the station there till after 5:00 o'clock, but from there it was down a very steep mountain to Bonanza; and the first three miles was, in fact, so steep, that to run down it on shoes, almost made a man think he was going straight down to the infernal regions below. Why, several times I could feel that my speed was being impeded by the air. It appeared as if a regular hurricane was blowing up from below, when, in fact, the air was perfectly still, and the heavy snowflakes were falling straight down from the clouds to the earth. Well, on the evening I was going to tell you about, a terrific storm was raging and the air was dark, and the heavy black clouds hung way down onto the sides of the mountains. After warming myself at the station, putting on my fur gloves and warm coat, and fixing the mail sack firmly on my back, I struck out. I had to go two or three hundred yards to get to the summit, and got lost on the way, as was soon discovered in descending. Making a mistake in the darkness and going too far to the right, I found myself descending one of the very steepest parts of that mountain range; but it was no use to try to stop or check the speed. All I could do was to look straight ahead, so as to dodge the trees that were in my way. It was three miles to the foot of that steep mountain, and before reaching it, I had considerable trouble to stay on the shoes, as it appeared that, from some cause, it was harder than usual to keep them in their course. Well, at last, I reached a point where the mountain was more gradual in its descent, and finally got myself halted by tumbling over after getting the speed checked. I looked at my coat tail, and may I be hanged if it wasn't all in strings, caused by the friction on the air as I came down that mountain; and maybe you won't believe it, gentlemen, but the hind ends of my snow shoes were burned off to within a foot and a half of my feet, by the friction on the dry snow."

After relieving himself of this fabrication, George went on to say that he had been noticing weather signs, such as an unusual amount of moss on the trees for their protection, badgers not particular about burrowing very deep into the ground, and birds and squirrels stowing away an unusual amount of food for winter. He gave it as his candid opinion, that the snow would cover the ground to a depth of from fifteen to eighteen feet inside of four weeks, and perhaps sooner. The "tenderfeet" could not be induced to disbelieve Parody's weather prognostications, as all present admitted that he was a mountaineer of vast experience, and knew all the principal weather signs, and the outgoing stage next morning carried two of them.

One evening, in the fall of 1882, while Parody was sitting in Baxter's hotel, in Ketchum, on Wood river, the carrier of the *Ketchum Keystone* dropped a copy of that paper into the office, which he took up and scanned. In a moment his eye dropped upon a half-column local, headed "A Wonderful Discovery." This was enough to claim a few minutes of the old adventurer's time, and he read, with considerable interest, an account of the discovery of a cave in the Sawtooth mountains. Not having the files of that paper at hand, I can not give a copy of the article, but will state, in as few words as possible, the substance of what it contained.

A hunter, while ascending a very steep mountain, four or five miles above the town of Sawtooth, discovered a cave,

which he entered through a narrow and crooked passage, at the end of which was a large chamber, with smooth, dry walls and floor, brilliantly lighted by a flame which proceeded from the mouth of an image of a man in the center. This image was about three feet high, and the metal of which it was manufactured had the appearance of silver. On the head was a peculiarly shaped helmet, from which stood three imitation feathers, either made of copper or gold. It was the opinion of the discoverer, that the ancient, and, undoubtedly, very intelligent, race that had placed the image there, had discovered a natural gas jet, and that there was an opening through the leg and body of the image to the mouth, from which the flame proproceeded. Other relics of the unknown people who placed the image there, were found, among which were gold and silver ore, cross-bows and arrows, spears, one human skeleton, and a petrified human hand. The article further stated that there was an entrance which led farther back into the depths of the mountain, but that the discoverer, being somewhat of a timid nature, did not venture farther, but was satisfied that there was more to find, and expressed a desire to form a party and make a thorough exploration. The party never was formed, however, and the discoverer, in time, lost interest in his find, and never returned.

In 1883, Parody, Jesus Maximilian, a Mexican, and Cornelius Dunks, spent the spring months prospecting in Western Montana and the Cœur d'Alene district. Parody's new comrades were entire strangers to him when they commenced prospecting together, and were very attentive and credulous listeners to his many stories of adventure and narrow escape. He told, over and over again, of the capture of a wild man, who had occupied a cave in the Sawtooth mountains, and that the cave contained some immensely rich specimens of gold and silver ore. He told them of Danforth, whom the wild man proved to be, and that the captured man remembered nothing of gathering the specimens; that he had read an account, in a newspaper, of the discovery of a cave in the same neighborhood, the description of which did not correspond with the one occupied by Danforth. There was no doubt in his mind, when contemplating the account given by the newspaper, that the specimens were placed there at some very remote period—before the white man crossed the Rocky mountains in search of precious metals in the far distant West.

It is needless to say, that after many repetitions of the facts, and earnest solicitations for them to accompany him, they at last agreed, and began making preparations for the journey. As Maximilian was a good packer, being able to throw the "diamond hitch" to perfection, it was decided to go across the mountains to the south, strike Salmon river, and proceed up that, at places, very rugged stream, to the head, the location of the cave. Their destination, or the reason of their journey, they refused to inform inquirers, which caused some stir among old prospectors, believing that the party were possessed of information not generally known. Parody and his comrades, knowing that their movements were closely watched by others, succeeded, by several trips at night, in getting a large amount of supplies hid away in some timber, two or three miles from Eagle City. From this point they started, one dark night, on their hazardous trip, and it was not till the evening of the next day, that their absence from town was noticed by even those who were so intently watching their movements.

As soon as the departure of Parody and his two comrades became generally known, many old prospectors could be seen rushing around in groups of twos and threes, evidently making preparations to follow them. Stories of new discoveries of mines got into circulation. Some were that the mines were quartz, others that they were placer, and the location at every point of the compass. Whether the new mines were only a few miles, or hundreds, distant, no one knew. In two or three days, men, in parties of from two to half a dozen, could be seen leaving the town on foot and horseback, in every direction. It is just so with every mining excitement. There are always stories afloat of better mines being discovered at some other point, and I have seen men leave fortunes in search of the new El Dorado, only to return "broke," and ever afterward live poor men, and often in want of the necessaries of life. Men like excitement, and spend fortunes for it. Their better judgment turns to naught when the excitement is general, especially in strictly mining localities.

Some of the excited prospectors became more cool and sensible after a day or two of tiresome climbing among the rugged mountains of the Cœur d'Alene country, and returned home, cursing Parody and the country, and almost willing to butt their own brains out for being such fools as to start off on a chase, they knew not where nor why. Others were more persistent, and for the next two weeks men could be seen returning, all cursing Parody, and blaming him for their own foolishness. As usual when such reports gain circulation in a mining country, men lost their best opportunities for securing good ground, by going off on the "wild goose chase;" but as they have nothing to do with this story, other than a little annoyance to Parody and his party, and some help just in time, received from two of the fool-hardy followers, who saved their lives on the journey, I will not rehearse any of their subsequent fortunes or misfortunes.

Parody and comrades traveled only at night, for the first week after leaving Eagle City, knowing that they were sure to be followed by anxious gold seekers. The mountains through which they traveled were very rugged, and many difficulties were encountered before Salmon river was reached, six days after starting on the journey. When the first view of the river was gained, it could be seen winding its way through the deep canyon below, like a great serpent, in places foaming like a cauldron as it leaped from bowlder to bowlder. The descent of the mountain was a steep and dangerous one; but these were not men to turn back, so, selecting the best route they could find, they began winding their way down to the river, leading their pack mules and riding animals. Parody's horse lost his footing and rolled over a cliff, several hundred feet down to the river, where he was found dead on their reaching the bottom of the mountain. The unfortunate man was a hardy old mountaineer, and was not at all discouraged over the loss of the animal, saying that horses are of more trouble than service when traveling through a rough, mountainous country.

After toiling along ten days more, the mouth of the Middle Fork was reached, and they were attacked by a band of Indians, known as the "Sheep Eaters," which name was given them because of their subsisting almost entirely on the flesh of the mountain sheep, which are plentiful in the mountains of the Upper Salmon. The men who were on horseback escaped down the river, on the banks of which were bars two to three hundred yards wide, covered with

a thick growth of black pine. Parody, not being able to escape so easily, ran through some undergrowth and hid under the root of a fallen tree, in a good sized stream that emptied into the main river. Here he remained all that afternoon, and until after dark, up to his neck in the cold water. Indians passed back and forth, crossing the creek on the log above him, and at times, cold as he was, his cheeks would burn when the thought flashed through his mind that the object of their search was none other than himself, and that, should one of the blood-thirsty fiends think to look under the root, his scalp would in five minutes be dangling from the belt of a dusky savage, and his body ready to be devoured by wolves at night. He thought of his mother and sisters at their dear old home in Chicago, and, for the first time in many years, prayed earnestly to God for protection. He had been in many Indian fights, and had been driven through mountains by the savages, but never having before been so closely cornered, always gave vent to his feelings in strong oaths. But circumstances alter cases, and this was one instance.

It was some time after dark, and several hours after the savages had passed on down the river, before Parody summoned up sufficient courage to leave his hiding place; and when he did, was so cold and stiff, that to walk was a great effort; still, with his undaunted courage, he commenced to climb the high mountain in front, all the time thinking of his companions, and wondering whether the Indians had overtaken and murdered them. Before daylight, he had gained the summit, and commenced the descent into a canyon, which ended at the river below where the party had been attacked, but, at the time, he thought he was going straight ahead. The descent was very rugged, and the bottom of the canyon was not reached until daylight.

He passed cautiously down through the brush and rocks, sometimes starting bowlders down the hillside, or stepping on a small twig, causing a shudder to pass through his frame. It is astonishing how loud the breaking of a twig will sound, or the rumbling a small rock rolling down a hillside will make, under such circumstances. A man, when he thinks savages are skulking around hunting for him, imagines that his breathing could be heard a quarter of a mile. Parody had not traveled far, when he suddenly found himself in the camp of his companions, and was in high glee on seeing that the number was increased to six, by the addition of three old prospectors, and all armed with repeating rifles. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, the party resumed their journey up the Salmon, after ascertaining, by the tracks in the sand, that the Indians had passed on down the river, and seeing no signs of their return. They were another week in reaching the mouth of Valley creek, where they camped one night.

The journey of three weeks was an exceedingly rough one, as the party was continually passing over high and rugged mountains, or through deep and rocky canyons. But the scenery was grand, being varied by the foaming or tranquility of the river below, beautiful plateaus, covered with majestic pines and firs, in some places smooth mountains covered with evergreens of various shades, and in others perpendicular—or almost so—cliffs standing against the clear, blue sky, to the height of thousands of feet, with streaks of snow filling the ravines, or crevices, from which issue beautiful little creeks, clear as crystal. These were filled with speckled mountain trout, the most delicious food of the finny tribe.

Valley creek afforded a splendid place for a day's rest, fish and game being

plentiful, especially "fool chickens," a species of grouse, to which the name was given by prospectors, because of their stupidity in not making any effort to save themselves when hunted. Parody had often spoken of this species of grouse to his comrades, but they were not thoroughly convinced of the truthfulness of what he had told them, till he killed several of them with a willow pole, six or seven feet long. The "fool chicken" is brown in color, about the size of a pheasant, very plump, and splendid eating, The place of abode is among the willows and aspens of marshy places.

After a day's rest on Valley creek, the men felt in the best of spirits. The three men who had joined them on the Salmon, having been invited to unite fortunes, or misfortunes, as Providence might direct, in the search for the Sawtooth cave, were camped with the party. This just suited Parody, as they were strangers to him, and his credulous audience was increased by three. As usual, he told many unreasonable stories in the most earnest manner, at times impressing upon the minds of his hearers their truthfulness, by the strongest oaths in his vocabulary. Late in the evening, he sat for some time gazing up and down the raging Salmon, when Cornelius Dunks asked—

"Say, George, what makes you so quiet this evening? Are you contemplating the trip before us, or are you meditating over the fact that the cave is a mystical one?"

"No," said George, "I visited one cave myself, and it contained some rich gold and silver specimens. But," he continued, "I was just thinking of what happened right here, where we are, on the first wagon road we have seen for nearly three weeks."

The men were always ready to listen to George, and urged him to relate the circumstance, which he did, after remarking that he did not expect to be believed, but was not particular about that, as he knew it was a fact, and that was sufficient for his satisfaction.

"There is a town some twenty or twenty-five miles to the southeast of us, over that high mountain, called Bonanza. It is on the Yankee fork of the Salmon, which we passed day before yesterday. There was an old man lived there, who had a daughter—I forget her name—who was terribly in love with a friend of mine, named Phillips. Well, as I was going to say, the old man put his foot down on the marriage, and I concluded to help the two young ones out, and outwit the old man. So, one day there was a team leaving town with an amalgamating pan for the Vienna mill, which is about eighty miles above here, on Smiley creek. We hid the couple in the pan, by covering it over with wheelbarrows and such truck, and the team started. Next day we reached this place, and right out there the wagon turned over. The traps on the pan fell off first and rolled down that mountain, into the river, but when the pan fell it turned upside down, with the lovers inside, and lodged against that big rock right yonder. Of course, the driver and I could not help Phillips and his girl, because the pan weighed a thousand pounds, and we didn't have any crowbars to turn it over with. So we struck out for Sawtooth, a town this side of Vienna, for help. We had to foot it, and did not get back till about 4:00 o'clock the next afternoon. When we started back, the relief party consisted of eight or ten men, and fearing that the girl's father might get onto the racket, we brought a justice of the peace with us to perform the marriage ceremony. Well, the most singular part of the whole affair was, that when we got back, the young fellow and his girl were sitting

by the side of the road, she leaning on his breast, and both looked just as contented as could be. The officer married them right there, and Phillips told me how they got out from under that pan. Cape Horn mosquitoes did it. Maybe you never saw a Cape Horn mosquito ? Well, they are birds ! While they were in the pan, they heard something commence boring through the iron. Pretty soon the bills of the mosquitoes protruded, and Phillips kept clinching them with a claw hammer. When he had a large number of them clinched, he tapped on the pan, and they rose with it, flew a little ways and had to come down, as the load was too much for them to carry away. When they fell, pan and mosquitoes went rolling into the river. Phillips ever afterward maintained that the 'birds' had been made by the All Wise Being for use, and when one would commence boring into his hand or face, would not cruelly slap it, but gently rub it away, saying that it may be useful to some poor fellow in time yet to come."

The mosquito story caused the men to doubt Parody's veracity to some extent, but it did not interfere with the continuance of the journey to the Sawtooth mountains, as there was a wagon road a portion of the way from Valley creek, and the rest was through a timbered valley to the foot of those bare and picturesque granite peaks. Even should the caves be a myth, it was a good country to prospect in for the precious metals. The trip up the valley consumed two days' time, but nothing of consequence happened on that part of the journey. After remaining one night at the foot of the rugged mountain on which "The Wild Man of Camas" was captured, the men staked out their horses in the valley and proceeded up the cold and almost obliterated trail over the slide rock to the cave. Several times the trail was lost and much difficulty was experienced in reaching the cave, which would have been impossible had it not been for Parody's mountain experience and good judgment. He was also assisted a great deal by remembrances of his former visit. When the mouth of the cave was reached, all turned to view the beautiful scenery. The sun had risen just high enough to shine brightly on the valley, hundreds of feet below, with its tall, wild hay waving, as it yielded gently to the refreshing breeze that passed across it and up the mountain side, fanning the tired and overheated men, and reducing their boiling blood to a normal condition. About one-third of the way up, the Sawtooth range is covered with a heavy growth of pines, above which, from iron and other minerals, the majestic granite peaks present many rich hues. Several hundred feet below, and to the left of them, was a beautiful lake in a deep gorge. This lake is about three miles long and a half a mile across. In the valley below the atmosphere was hot, the heat running from eighty to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, while on the crags, two or three thousand feet above, there was perpetual snow. The contrast was magnificent, and the varied scenes of the range and valley made up a great panorama that can only be appreciated when seen. I do not think there is a descriptive writer in existence who could portray clearly the beauties of that section, or the imagination of the most fertile mind invent a more beautiful and fascinating scene.

After remaining half an hour outside for a rest, and viewing the beauties of nature, so finely devised by the Great Being who rules over all things, the men entered the cave. Everything was just as left by Parody in the year 1870. The bed of wild hay, bones of animals,

bows and arrows, specimens of very rich gold and silver ore—all were, as near as he could remember, in the same places. There was nothing found to indicate the place from which the specimens had been taken, or by whom they had been collected. Parody had had several conversations with Danforth on the subject and the latter, who could not recall the slightest recollection of ever gathering any specimens, could not be induced to believe that they were the product of his labors. His opinion was that they had been placed there by some one who had previously occupied the cave. They searched the apartment thoroughly, but could find nothing which would be likely to lead to any further discoveries, and became a little discouraged. Maximilian, being a practical underground miner from boyhood, could be seen tapping the walls and floor of the cave with his pick. At last, he stopped at the back wall, tapped three or four times and listened. The tapping and listening were several times repeated, when he remarked—

"Gentlemen, there is another cave ahead of us." As he tapped again, he called their attention to the hollow sound saying, "That sound tells me that the wall is not over two feet thick. We will drill a hole in about a foot, put in one of those sticks of giant we brought up and make a connection."

The men went to work, the Mexican turning drill, the others striking it with a heavy hammer; and, after two or three hours of hard work, the hole was drilled to the desired depth into the tough, blue granite; the giant was inserted, and the fuse lighted. The men retired to a safe place outside, and in a few seconds the explosion took place, with a heavy, dull sound, which was reëchoed from mountain top to valley. After waiting a few minutes for the unhealthful smoke of the giant to clear away, the men reëntered, and to their joy, discerned that the Mexican was right. A good sized opening was made by the blast into another cave, the extent of which every man was eager to ascertain as soon as possible. Procuring a torch from the slivers of a pitch pine log which lay on a crag near the mouth of the cave, the men lighted it and entered. They found themselves, after winding through a short, crooked passage, in the one found and described by the hunter in the *Keystone*.

The image from which the flame proceeded was removed to the apartment first entered, as they thought it to be constructed of silver, which was afterwards proved, by an assay, to be the case. A match was touched to a small hole in the granite, on which one foot of the strange image had stood, and a beautiful clear flame relighted the apartment, which it is not necessary to describe, the hunter's account being correct in every detail. The petrified human hand was found and given to Maximilian, as the men owed the success of the search to his skill as a miner, and judge of formation by sound. Parody and the other men took the cross-bows, arrow-heads, spears, etc., as relics for themselves.

At this point a little light was thrown upon the mysteries of the cave, when it was discovered that the spear heads and a hammer were not made of stone, but copper, and in a neat and workmanlike manner. There now remained no doubts but that the cave had been occupied by either the lost American mound builders, of whom so many relics have been found througout the Middle and Eastern States, or the Aztecs, of Mexico and the Pacific slope. This discovery was not very encouraging, as the remoteness of the occupancy would serve to make the mystery of the ore specimens still greater. There was no doubt but that all traces of the locality of the mines had been ages ago obliterated.

The preservation of the bows and arrows and all other articles of wood, was only through the extreme dryness of the cave, probably assisted by gasses, escaping up through the minute crevices in the granite floor.

The men were bewildered, and all except Maximilian sat down, filled their pipes, smoked and speculated on the probable result of their labors in trying to discover the mines, which they were satisfied would be an immense fortune for all. Maximilian, however, simply rolled a cigarette and went prowling around the walls of this cavern, as he had at the first one, striking the walls with his pick, each time listening to the sound made with great interest. Not a slight change in the color or grain of the granite escaped his observation. He was evidently in hopes of finding still another apartment, and, instead of sitting down as the others did and speculating, worked steadily and with great interest, only stopping once to remark that he believed the Aztecs had at some very remote period occupied the place, basing his opinion on the fact that the walls contained hyeroglyphics exactly like some he had seen on a cliff in Northern Mexico.

The labors of Maximilian were again rewarded, as his ear was greeted with a hollow sound as he tapped the wall to the right of the entrance formed by the blast, and opposite the entrance discovered by the hunter in 1882, the year previous. On close examination, it was discovered that the wall had been cut through by the ancient inhabitants. From the small crack between the slab that had been inserted and the solid granite, it was discovered that by removing the slab, a door two and a half by six feet would afford an entrance into another apartment, no doubt.

The labor of removing the slab was light, as it was easily worked forward after drilling two sloping holes into it, and forming a handle by tying a rope onto the drills. The slab was only about three inches thick, but being of blue granite was very heavy, and when pulled out of the position it had undoubtedly occupied for centuries, fell to the rock floor with a thud, breaking in two pieces by falling across the hammer, which had been carelessly left in front of it.

The apartment revealed was dark, but the torches were soon brought again into use, and the men, growing more and more anxious to unravel the mysteries, hastily entered. Three stone mortars with pestles lying by their sides, were found near the center of the room, also a small pile of exceedingly rich gold ore, and a piece of silver glance, which was afterwards found to weigh between nine and ten ounces. In their search the men now became extremely anxious ; in fact, so much so, that every one shook with nervousness. A mummy was discovered in a sitting posture in one corner of the apartment, which was found to be a very rugged cave, and, on close examination, from twenty to thirty feet wide. Its height could not be ascertained, as the ceiling could only be indistinctly seen by the dim light of the torch, but guessed at from twenty to thirty feet. The first two apartments being uniform in shape, and having regular, smooth walls, must have been hewn out of the granite by the prehistoric race, while the third was a natural cave. The men examined the mummy closely, but it threw no new light on the mystery. It was of a man about the usual height—five feet, eight inches, as nearly as could be judged. With the exception of a few copper hammers and wedges, nothing more was found. While the men were examining these, Maximilian kept himself busy examining the walls, and at last called to them. On going to him he showed them an image

of a man carved on a projecting point of the wall. This image faced the back part of the cave, to which one hand was pointing. Maximilian, calling particular attention to the hand, said—

"Gentlemen, that is the ancient Aztec manner of directing each other courses to take in travels, and that man was undoubtedly carved to direct some of their race to go ahead. Come on and we will see where this thing ends yet."

Pushing ahead, the men were soon stopped in their progress by a crack some ten or twelve feet, which ran cross wise of the cave. No top or bottom could be seen. Becoming somewhat curious to learn the depth of the crack, Dunks and Parody went outside of the cave, and soon returned with several large bowlders, which they hurled one by one, into it. As they descended, the sounds of their striking against the sides could be heard for two or three minutes, growing fainter and fainter till they died out. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon, and the men concluded to return to camp, and to make further investigations the next day.

After a sleepless night, with their nerves strung up to the highest pitch of curiosity and no little excitement, the men again went to the crevice in the cave, at seven o'clock A. M., with ropes and tools for a fair exploration. Parody, being the most venturesome, tied the rope firmly around his body under the arms, took a torch in his hands and said he was ready to be let down. Before descending, he told the men that a circular motion of the torch would be the signal for letting him down lower, and a quick movement sideways, to raise. When he held it still he was to be held in the position then occupied.

Sixty feet of rope was all they had, and the signals for letting out rope were continued till only enough to hold on to was left. After pecking away for some time at the wall, and swinging himself occasionally to the opposite one and making hasty observations, he signaled to be raised, and was soon again in the cave.

On throwing out the contents of a sack, which was swung under his right arm, they were found to be pieces of gold ore, just like that found in the chambers and cave. The mine was now found, and all were frantic with excitement, and resolved to go to Salmon City —where they were not known—for tools with which to procure the precious metal. As it had leaked out in the Cœur d'Alene that they were in possession of some knowledge of some rich mines, it would not do to go there for them, as they would be followed by many anxious prospectors, who might cause them some trouble, as excited men are apt to claim and contest in many a dishonorable way, another's just rights; and it too often happens that the rightful owners are cheated out of property they have worked long, at many times risked their lives, as in this instance, to obtain. The next day, the men left for Salmon City, where they arrived one week afterward, and purchased a good supply of tools, provisions, ammunition for fire arms, etc.

After leaving Salmon City, the men were not again seen until the December snows came, and they were obliged to seek winter quarters. They took a fancy to Salmon City, and returned there for the winter. What success they had is not known. All that was visible to the public eye was an arastra below the cave, on Lake creek, and an unlimited credit at the Salmon City bank.

Parody did not tarry long, but soon left for Chicago to visit his aged father and mother, the former of whom had driven him away from home on account his reckless ways and irreligious con-

duct forty years before. Parody was, at heart, one of the best men in the mountains, and his careless and reckless disposition was only a natural failing. It is too often the case that men are blamed for a disposition in which there is no particular harm or dishonor, and their virtues and better traits entirely lost sight of. When George took the stage for Blackfoot, a town on the Utah & Northern railroad, he was about the happiest man in Idaho. An old tin-type picture of his mother was often taken out of his pocket-book, on which he would gaze with the most intent interest. After bidding his partners good-bye and cautioning them to go to the "Cave"—as the mine was named—as soon as possible in the spring, and shaking hands with many acquaintances he had formed during the short stay in Salmon City, he departed.

One week from the day of the departure, George Parody arrived in Chicago, which place he left forty years before, for, to him, the great unknown West. He had left with a heavy heart and suppressed grief, but now he had passed through many vicissitudes and trials, and was fifty-six years of age, but he had a light heart and was quick and active. Chicago had grown wonderfully in the past forty years, but Parody was a man of perseverance, and was confident that by consulting the city directory—knowing that his father was an extensive pork dealer—the residence could be found. But before searching for them, he concluded to wander around the city a few hours, in order to get rid of a peculiar nervousness, which he could easily account for.

Noticing a large crowd in front of the court house door, he approached, that irresistible desire to know everything going on asserting itself. It was nothing more than a sheriff's sale, and when the deputy, who was to do the selling, went upon the stand and offered a fine residence, that had cost the bankrupt owner $50,000.00, Parody was determined to purchase it for his mother.

"How much am I offered?" called out the officer.

"Thirty thousand!" yelled Parody, at the top of his voice.

"Thirty-five!" called out another.

"Forty!" yelled Parody, in his loud voice.

After calling for some time for a higher bid, and not getting any, the officer asked: "Who is the gentleman who bid the forty thousand?"

"George Parody, of Idaho!" yelled George.

The officer, not knowing any man of that name, of course requested that the money be deposited before the sale of other property proceeded. George advanced to the stand and handed to the officer a draft on one of the strongest banks in the city, when the sale went on. A large number of hogs were next offered, and Parody, knowing that to be his father's business, bought them to offer his aged sire as a present. He was an excitable man, and, as the sale progressed, bought everything offered. His investments amounted to nearly $200,000.00, but his draft more than covered the amount.

When the deed to the property was completed, George was called into the sheriff's office to receive it. After receiving the document, his natural propensity for wanting to know everything again asserted itself, and he asked the officer who it was that had failed in business, how he came to fail, and where he lived.

Without looking up, the deputy gruffly replied: "All I know about him is that he was a pork dealer, named Paul Parody."

George's countenance changed to a sadness, but after meditating a moment, he rushed into a lawyer's office, and everything was deeded over from him to Paul Parody, and properly entered on the recorder's books, and the papers sent to the old, financially stricken man, with a small card, on which was written—

"Compliments of George Parody, your truant son, who left Chicago just forty years ago, under circumstances you will undoubtedly remember."

The next day was the happiest of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Parody, as George called very early in the forenoon, and jokingly sent in a card by the servant girl, asking if he might go in.

It was not until late in the following summer, that he returned to the "Cave" mine, but when he did, he found his partners hard at work, and glad to see him and listen to his narratives of the trip and winter in Chicago.

Since that time, George has always spent his winters with the old folks at home; and it is whispered by Cornelius Dunks, who made one trip with him, that he never recovered from that natural propensity for unwarranted exaggerations, and takes advantage of the credulity of his aged parents, entertaining them with thrilling descriptions of events that never happened.

E. W. JONES.

INDIANS OF ALASKA.

IN many respects, the native inhabitants of Alaska differ from the usual type of the American aborigine. Their physical appearance, and, to some extent, their customs, lend support to the theory that they are the mixed blood descendants of Mongolians, who, how many centuries ago no one can even form an opinion, reached the coast of America. Following the biblical theory of the the creation of man, which makes the whole human race spring from Adam, and locating the Garden of Eden in Western Asia, as seems to be the prevailing opinion of theological scientists, it has been for centuries taught that the continent of America was peopled by Asiatics, who crossed Behring's straits, either on the ice or by some crude vessel sufficiently strong to navigate the sea. This theory was adhered to in spite of the fact that the American Indian is classed by ethnologists as a distinct race from the Mongolian, which would naturally suggest a different origin.

We all remember reading, with closest attention, and with a feeling of introduction to a subject almost new to our thoughts, that carefully written work of Ignatius Donnelly, "Atlantis," in which the gifted author seeks to prove the actual existence and destruction of the wonderful island which Plato located in the Atlantic, peopled with a race highly civilized and skilled in the mechanical arts. In this volume a strong effort is made to prove that Atlantis was the birthplace of civilization, and that before it sank beneath the sea, it sent out colonies to Europe, Asia, Africa and America, founders of the high civilizations of which more authentic history speaks, such as the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Aztecs, Incas and others. In this

manner, he accounts for the tradition of a great flood, which seems to be common to nearly all of the older civilizations, by the complete submersion of their native land. He, also, thus accounts for the almost uniform custom among the ancients of these various peoples, of building pyramids; also for the many remarkable similarities in customs, religious belief and hieroglyphic signs. Even the Garden of Eden itself, he interprets to be the fruitful island of Atlantis, where he claims that agriculture was carried to a higher degree of scientific perfection than ever since attained, and where the happy people lived amid perennial flowers and fruits. It is a strong effort in opposition to the usually accepted theory of the manner in which America was peopled, but is equally inadequate to account for the American aborigine, who differs as radically from the Atlantean descendants of Donnelly as from their putative Mongolian ancestors. The land from which the American Indian came, if, indeed, he be not "indigenous to the soil," is a question for anthropologists yet to decide.

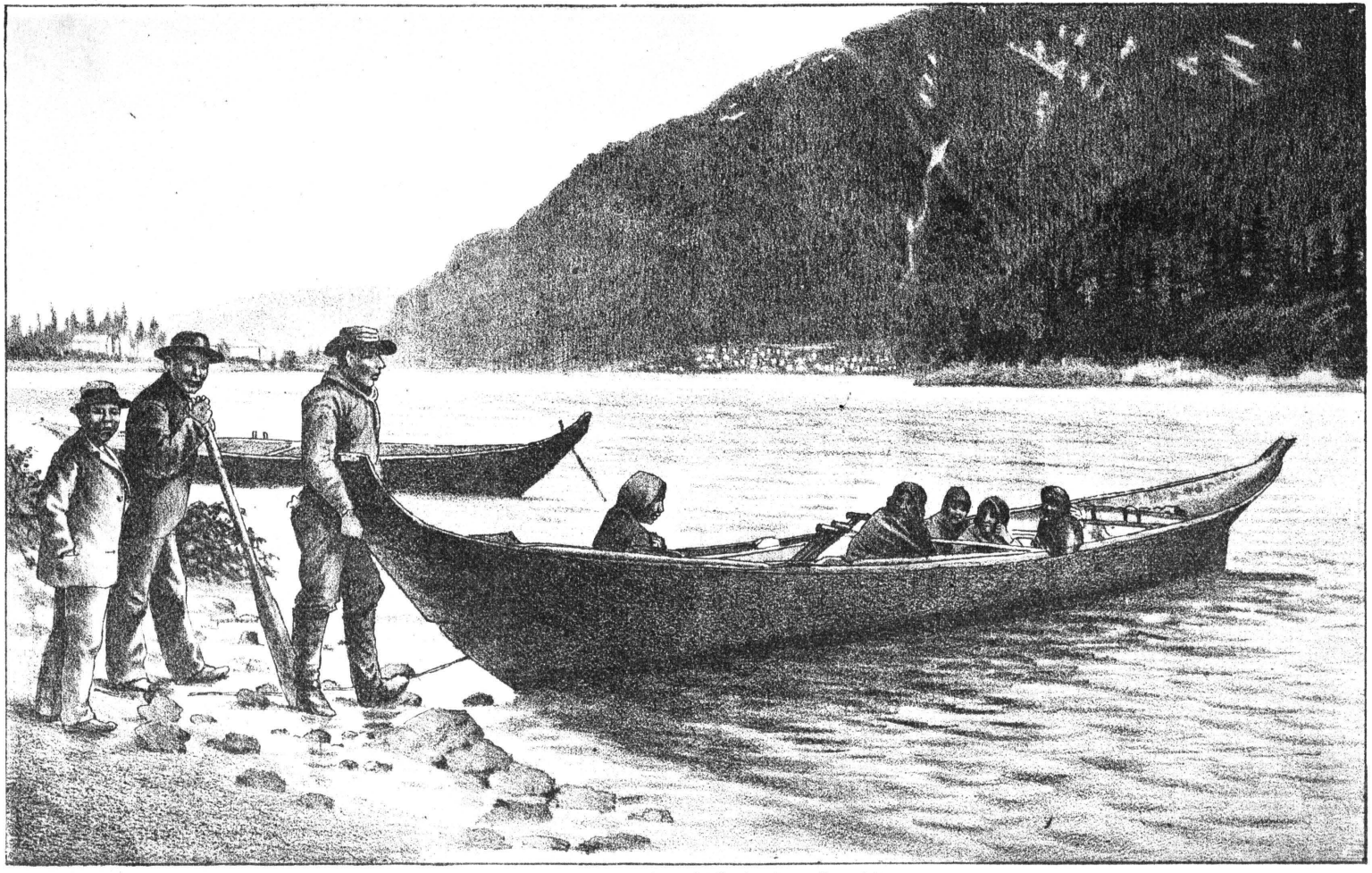
There seems little doubt that, whatever may have been the origin of the Aztecs and the Cliff-dwellers of Mexico, or the noble red man of Cooper, some of the Indians now living on the coast of Alaska and British Columbia, are of Mongolian descent, though probably not of pure blood. The Haidas of Queen Charlotte islands show these characteristics more distinctly than other tribes, both in their customs and lighter complexion, though they also have characteristics which seem to associate them with the Aztecs, and traditions much similar to the Algonquins and Iroquois of the Atlantic slope. The Indians of the Alaskan coast, though not so advanced in mechanics as the Haidas, are far ahead of the Indian tribes with which we have been acquainted for years. Especially in the manufacture of clothing, canoes and domestic and cooking utensils, they show a much higher stage of development. On pages 871 and 872 are represented two of these large canoes. Many of them are large enough to hold twenty warriors, and in them, like the Norsemen of old, these tribes used to make predatory excursions along the coast to the southward, terrorizing and plundering the natives of Puget sound.

One such invasion, which ended most disastrously to the marauders, occurred in November, 1856. A fleet of these war canoes entered the sound and penetrated as far as Steilacoom, where a battle occurred between the invaders and the reservation Indians, in which the former were defeated. They then retreated down the sound, pursued by a United States war vessel, under the command of Captain S. Swartwout, accompanied by the steamer *Traveler*. The pursuers found the northern Indians encamped in force at Port Gamble, who would not permit a party to land for a "peace talk." During the night the ship and steamer moved in shore, near the camp, where their howitzers and field pieces could rake the camp from two directions, and Lieutenants Semmes and Forest landed with twenty-nine men, wading waist deep in the water, and carrying a howitzer in their arms. In the morning, the Indians took shelter behind logs and trees, and fired upon the party on the beach. Instantly the guns of both vessels and the attacking party opened on them, and then the marines charged, driving the Indians into the woods, where the density of underbrush and fallen timber rendered pursuit impossible. The camp and property of the marauders, including their canoes, were destroyed, and a steady fire of cannon and musketry into the woods was maintained. The next day, the Indians begged for mercy. They said they had lost twenty-seven of their

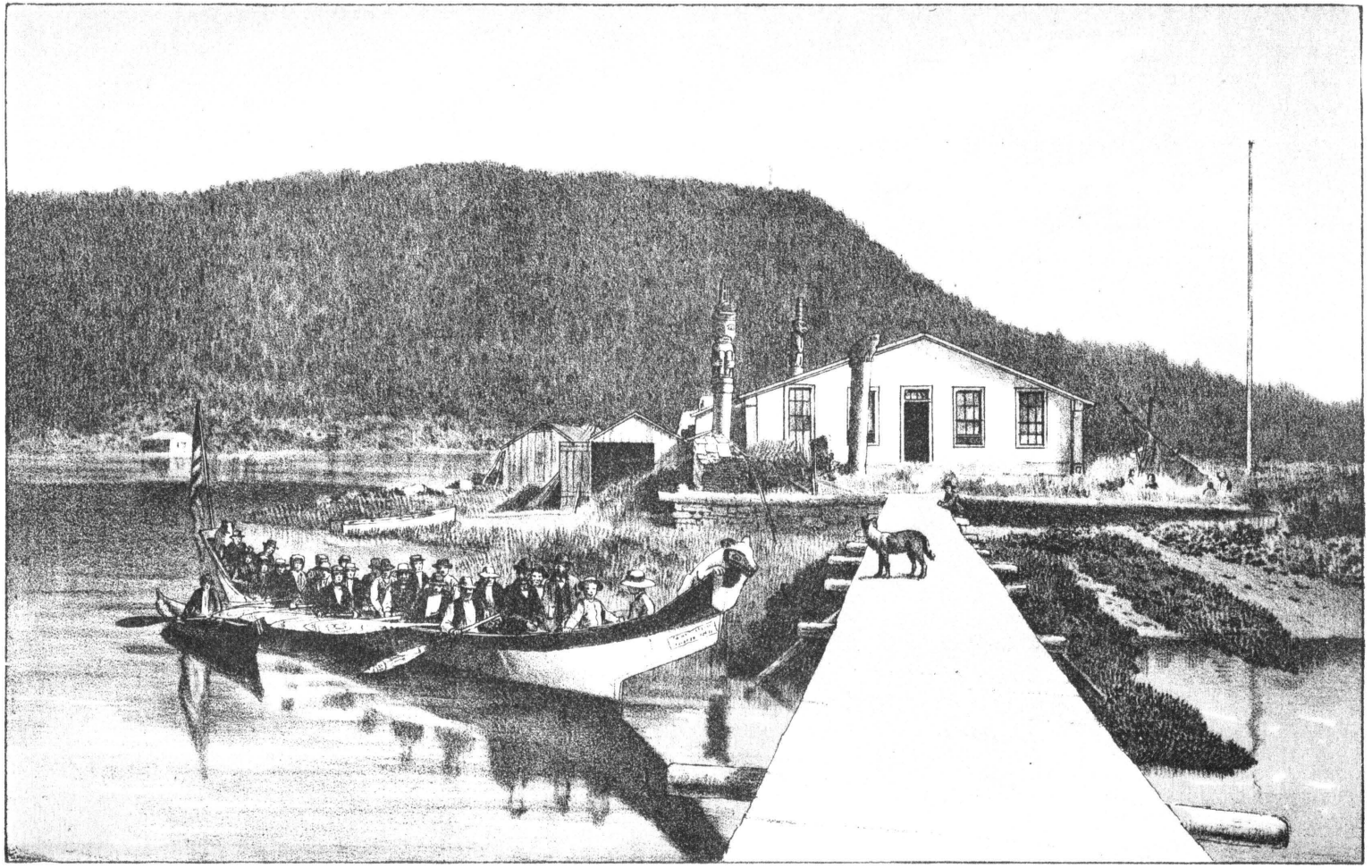
number, were without food and clothing, with no means to return to their country, and offered to surrender unconditionally. They were supplied with food, and conveyed in the vessels to Victoria, where they procured canoes and returned home, promising never to come back. Since then, the white settlements of the sound have never been molested by these marauders of the north, though the Indians have occasionally suffered from similar hostile incursions. Now everything is changed. Yearly, scores of these long war canoes enter the sound, but on a mission of peace, the tribes of British Columbia and Alaska gathering there to pick the hops of the Puyallup valley.

The skill of these tribes is also shown in the carving of numerous objects. For this purpose they generally use the handsome red cedar of those high latitudes. A multitude of utensils and appliances are fashioned by them, but their greatest work is the carving of heraldic columns, or totem sticks, which stand in front of their houses, as is shown in the engraving on page 872. The Haidas are the most advanced in this art, carving, also, in stone, silver, gold, copper and iron. These heraldic columns have great significance. The Alaskan tribes are divided into families, and each has a totem stick, erected in front of the habitation of the head of the family. The size of the stick and the amount of carving thereon indicate the wealth and importance of the possessor. They vary from two to five feet in thickness, and are often sixty feet high. Each family has its symbol, or crest, and when the families intermarry, these symbols are blended, or independently carved on the same stick, causing many curious combinations and interminglings of devices. These totem sticks often cost $2,000.00, and a chief who has asserted his importance by having one made, generally gives a "potlatch," in which blankets, arms, and valuables of all kinds are lavishly bestowed upon the assembled multitude, the donor not infrequently impoverishing himself by his liberality. Miniatures of these wooden totems are carved in stone by the Haidas, the work being most delicate and beautiful, and many Alaska tourists bring them, or the cheaper wooden carvings, away with them as curious and interesting souvenirs of their trip.

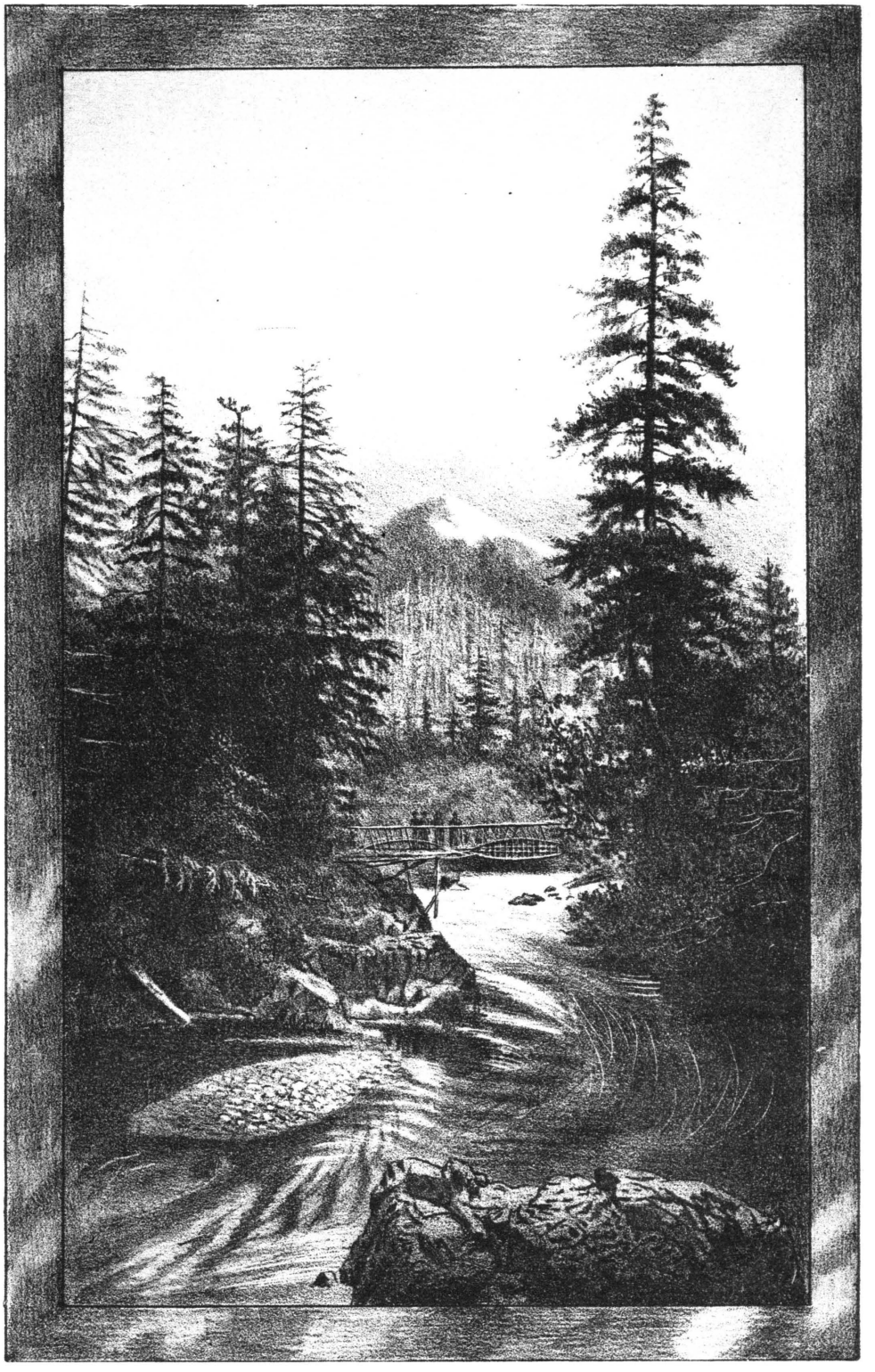
HENRY LAURENZ.



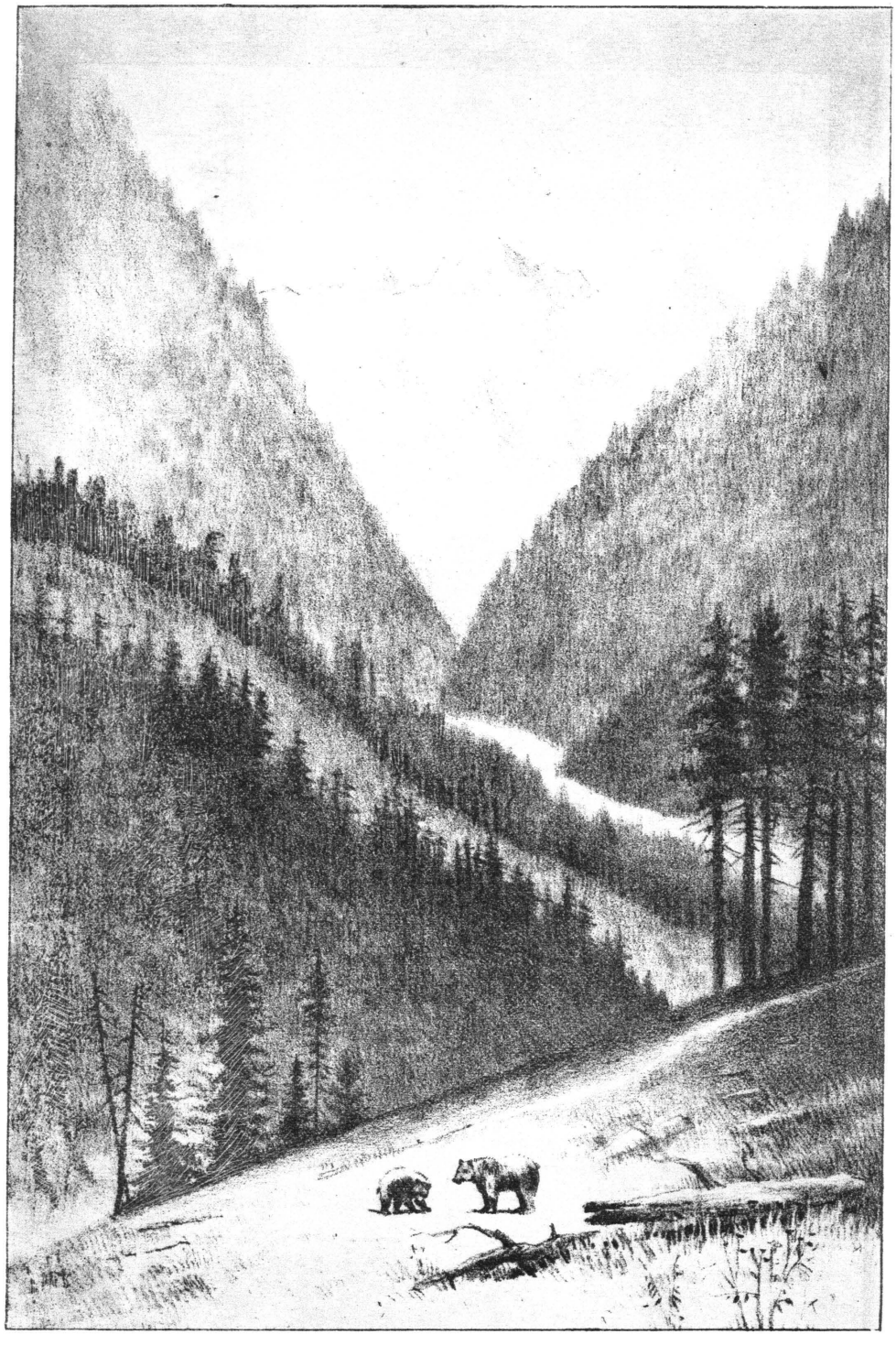
ALASKA INDIANS AND CANOE.



ALASKA—HOUSE OF CHEIF SHOKES AT FORT WRANGLE.



ALASKA— INDIAN RIVER, NEAR SITKA.



Where mountains pierce empyrean blue
Through gorge and vale of Siskiyou,
The Klamath pours its floods.

THE KLAMATH.

Where mountains pierce empyrean blue,
And valleys green enchant the view,
Where Autumn paints with richest hue
Mount Shasta's leafy woods,
Through gorge and vale of Siskiyou
The Klamath pours its floods.

In silvery Tlamat's* dual lakes,
Deep margined, green, with tule brakes,
Where cayote's howl the echo wakes
At earliest break of morn,
And feathers float in snowy flakes,
A quiet stream is born.

Scarce springs it from the lake's embrace,
With many a sweeping curve of grace,
'Till mountains high their masses place
Athwart its sluggish way,
And dashing now around their base
The singing waters play.

From valley wide and canyon deep,
From rivulet on mountain steep,
From rocky gorge where cataracts leap,
Its rushing tributes come;
The floods of many mountains keep
One pathway to their home.

Resistless now, it surges on,
And cleaves the mountain's heart of stone,
A mighty power, whose roars alone
The deepest silence break,
With thunder answering thunder tone
The voiceless echoes wake.

Such is the stream, a turgid tide,
Gathered from mountain summits wide,
And rushing on with mighty stride,
To seek the boundless sea,
Whose rolling billows ceaseless ride,
From granite fetters free.

When evening falls on Klamath's tide,
Through dark'ning shades the waters glide
Yet swiftly on; in valleys wide
The gathering gloam hangs low;
While on the mountain's terraced side,
The Indian camp fires glow.

Yet, far above the valley's gloam,
As if to 'scape the threatened doom
Of day, Mount Shasta's towers loom
With twice annointed head,†
And on his marble brows the bloom
Of sunset hues is shed.

Still, must Sierra's monarch bow
His lofty head and ice crowned brow
To Night's decree. Her mantle now
She gently spreads o'er all,
To thus all things alike endow
With universal pall.

Thus fades the day, and comes the night,
As flit anticipations bright
We form in the rose tinted light
Of youth's expectant days,
To fade from age's weakening sight
In death's obscuring haze.

H. L. WELLS.

* The original name, of which "Klamath" is a corruption.

† The two peaks of Shasta are clearly shown in the engraving on page 894.

FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY, O. N. G.

UNTIL recently, the National Guard organization was unknown in Oregon. There have always been a number of militia companies in Portland and other cities, supplied with arms by the state, but not sworn into the state service, and wearing independent uniforms, when uniformed at all. These companies had no organized connection with each other, though the militia law of the state provided for the formation of regiments and brigades. Every company regularly organized by authority of the county judge, received from the county in which it was located the sum of $50.00 per month for armory rent, and was supplied with muskets, belts, cartridge boxes and bayonet scabbards by the state. The members did not, however, take the oath of service to the state, and it was found, when their services were required two years ago, that they could not be compelled to render that service for which they had drawn the people's money for a series of years. This was during the anti-Chinese agitation, in February, 1886, when the state authorities required the companies to take the oath to support the constitutions of the United States and Oregon. At that time, one company, the Emmett Guard, refused to do so, though a few members signified their individual willingness to do their duty. Accordingly, the state took away their arms, the county withdrew their monthly allowance, and the company disbanded. All the other companies responded promptly to the call of duty.

The organization of the militia of Portland, and, practically, of Oregon, had its inception May 21, 1883, when the members of the Grand Army of the Republic organized the Veteran Guard, with the membership confined to comrades of the G. A. R. The company consisted of fifty-three men, commanded by Capt. N. S. Pierce, First Lieut. O. Summers, and Second Lieut. Scott Phillips. On the following Fourth of July, a grand encampment of the G. A. R. was held in Portland, and on that occasion the Veteran Guard acted as an escort to visiting posts, and participated in the sham battle, which was one of the features of the occasion.

There existed, at that time, two other companies in Portland, and one in Astoria. One of the Portland companies was the Emmett Guard, and the other the Washington Guard, the oldest military organization in the city, to which, during the years of its service, many of the best citizens of Portland had belonged. It was then, and had for a long time been, under the command of Captain Horatio Cook, who had devoted much time and money to it. In the fall of 1883, these companies met and organized a battalion, as contemplated by the militia law of the state, by the election of M. E. Freeman, Major, being the only field officer a battalion of only four companies is entitled to. It was known as the First Regiment, Second Brigade, Oregon State Militia, and was composed of Companies A (Washington Guard), B (Emmett Guard), E (Veteran Guard), and H (Astoria).

On the fifteenth of November, 1883, a number of the leading young men of the city, among them being some who

had seen militia service in other states, organized an independent company, which they called "G" company. The officers for the first two years were L. C. Farrar, Captain; A. J. Coffee, First Lieutenant, and H. C. Johnson, Second Lieutenant. Soon afterwards, Company F was organized in East Portland, and in the spring of 1884, these two companies joined the regiment. By the addition of F and G companies, the battalion became entitled to a Lieutenant Colonel, and J. K. Phillips, an old veteran of honorable service, who was then serving as a corporal in the Veteran Guard, was elected to that position. Lieutenant M. J. McMahan was appointed adjutant.

No radical change was made for two years, until the agitation against the Chinese became so alarming, in February, 1886, that the city, county and state authorities, began to investigate the condition of the militia, to see if it could be relied upon to quell the threatened riots. It was then that the oath of service was administered to all except Company B, which, as before stated, was disbanded. The other companies responded to the call of duty, and their conduct did much to reassure the citizens. Company G's armory was made the headquarters, and a strong guard was constantly maintained there, the men cheerfully rendering the service for which they had voluntarily obligated themselves. Few people are aware of the full measure of this service, extending to daily and nightly calls to duty over a period of many weeks. It was such as to entitle them to a warm place in the affections of our people.

The situation was so threatening that it was deemed necessary to increase the effective force of the militia, and a petition for the formation of several companies for ninety days' service, was circulated, and received the signatures of some three hundred young business men and employees of business houses. Out of these, two companies were organized, I and K. Company I failed to complete its organization, for various reasons, but Company K, composed of about one hundred of the best young men of the city, became a tangible organization, commanded by Captain E. H. Merrill, a graduate of West Point, First Lieutenant C. F. Beebe, a gentleman long connected with the militia of New York, and Second Lieutenant E. R. Adams. By frequent drills the company was soon placed in a condition for active service. E company reorganized by throwing its membership open to all suitable persons, and electing Captain C. E. Morgan, First Lieutenant D. C. Southworth and Second Lieutenant Jay C. Olds. Lieutenant McMahan was elected Captain of F Company, and Lieutenant Summers was appointed Adjutant. The commissions of Lieutenant Colonel Phillips and Major Freeman expired in July, 1886, and the battalion elected Captain E. H. Merrill, of K company, Lieutenant Colonel, and Lieutenant H. M. Taylor, of A company, Major. Lieutenant E. R. Adams, of K company, was appointed Adjutant; Lieutenant W. B. Ayer, Quartermaster, and Captain A. D. Bevan, Surgeon. Just prior to this election, K company veteranized, its ninety days' service having expired, and was mustered in for three years. C. F. Beebe was elected Captain; W. M. Ladd, First Lieutenant, and C. K. Cranston, Second Lieutenant.

It was during this period of the regiment's history that G Company, which had reached a high state of perfection in drill, and had won the first prize on the Fourth of July, 1885, competed with the Seattle Rifles, a splendidly drilled organization from Seattle, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, December 11, 1886, and won the prize by a score of seventy-six

points in a possible ninety. The company was commanded by Captain L. C. Farrar, First Lieutenant A. J. Coffee, and Second Lieutenant E. W. Moore. The competing companies were entertained after the contest by K Company, in a most hospitable manner, the eatables, cigars and good fellowship of the occasion, doing much to remove the sting of defeat from the feelings of the visitors. Much interest was taken in this contest, and it had a most beneficial effect upon the entire regiment. Company G won the first prize in the drill at Tacoma on the fifth of July, 1887.

The crudities of the militia law had been rendered quite apparent by the attempt at regimental organization under it, and a strong effort was made in the legislature last winter to have it amended. A militia bill was prepared by Colonel Summers, then a member of the house, with the advice and assistance of others, who had a deep interest in the welfare of the organization, and by his persistent effort, was passed. This bill went into effect July 1, 1887, and provides for the organization of the Oregon National Guard, composed, at present, of one brigade of three regiments, of which the Portland regiment is the first. It also provides for a Military Board for the administration of military affairs, levies a tax for the equipment and maintenance of the militia, and provides for an annual encampment. The governor appointed J. C. Schofner, a graduate of West Point, Adjutant General, and J. M. Siglin, Brigadier General.

Two new companies were organized in the spring before the new law went into effect. Company D was mustered in at Albina, with its present officers, and Company I, composed of pupils of the Portland High School, with Prof. R. K. Warren, Captain; Adam S. Collins, First Lieutenant, and Frank Drake, Second Lieutenant. In June, all the companies elected officers under the new law, resulting in a few changes. A Company was completely reorganized, Frank G. Abell being elected Captain, A. B. McAlpin, First Lieutenant, and H. R. Alden, Second Lieutenant. In E, F and H companies the present officers were elected. In G company, W. F. Kean was chosen Second Lieutenant. I and D companies elected the officers named above, and in K company H. L. Wells was elected Second Lieutenant.

Being now composed of eight companies, the regiment held an election in July for a full field of officers, resulting in the choice of Captain C. F. Beebe, Colonel; Lieutenant O. Summers, Lieutenant Colonel, and Lieutenant E. R. Adams, Major. Colonel Beebe constituted his staff as shown in the accompanying roster, with the exception of Quartermaster. Lieutenant W. B. Ayer was appointed to that position, but resigned, being succeeded by Lieutenant W. N. Dimmick. The promotion of Captain Beebe from K company, was followed by the election of the officers named in the accompanying roster. In November, the officers of I company resigned, and its present officers were elected. To fill vacancies caused by the promotion of Lieutenant Coffee and the removal from the city of Lieutenant Kean, the present lieutenants of G Company were elected. In September, Company B was mustered in at Hillsboro, making the ninth company in the regiment, which is now composed as shown in the appended roster. Having special quarters in the new armory, though not attached to the regiment, is Battery A, Portland Light Artillery. This battery was organized September 24, 1881, and reorganized June 8, 1887, under the new law. The men carry side arms and sabres, and the battery has two brass twelve pounders, of an obsolete pattern.

It should be provided with modern guns, or gatlings, and the authorities owe it to the people and the members of the battery, to properly equip them for the service they may be called upon to render.

To the added interest in military affairs at the time of the organization of K Company is due the present high state of efficiency of the regiment. To this company belongs the credit of securing the splendid armory building illustrated on page 831. In the summer of 1886, seven members of the company, Captain Beebe, Lieutenant Ladd, John C. Lewis, W. B. Ayer, H. J. Corbett, F. R. Strong and F. K. Arnold were appointed a committee on armory. The committee prepared a petition to the county court, which was presented by Messrs. Strong and Arnold, and supported by Mr. Strong in a brief argument, showing that it was cheaper for the county to build an armory than to pay monthly allowances, besides placing the militia in a better condition for service. Judge Catlin held that the county had no authority to purchase property and build an armory. A bill to accomplish this end was drawn up, and passed the legislature early in 1887, authorizing counties to build armories in towns of more than ten thousand people. Under this law, the county commissioners, Judge John Catlin, Hon. H. W. Corbett and J. A. Newell purchased the half block on C street, between Ninth and Tenth, and let the contract for the present building at $30,000. The work of the committee in securing this result was indefatigable, overcoming the most formidable obstacles and discouraging delays, the final arrangements with the court being perfected by Captain Beebe, Captain Farrar, Lieutenant Arnold and Mr. H. J. Corbett.

The armory is a compactly built brick structure, with a solid foundation of stone. It is two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, with bastions on opposite corners. The roof is supported from the sides by heavy cross beams and iron rods, giving a drill room on the second floor the entire size of the building, free from posts or other obstructions. The lower floor is divided into two sections by a wide assembly hall, running two-thirds of the way back from the entrance on Ninth street. The remaining third is partitioned off for the Portland Light Battery, with a large entrance on C street. On the left of the assembly hall are a large room for the Board of Officers, and five company rooms, occupied respectively by A, E, G, I and K companies. On the right are the library, headquarters room, non-commissioned staff room, two company rooms, band room and a large drill room for squads. In the center of the building is the magazine for storing ammunition. The rooms are all suitably furnished, at the expense of the regiment, some of the companies having gone to considerable expense in furnishing and decorating their quarters, which present an appearance of elegance and comfort which is extremely inviting to the visitor. The citizens expect much from a regiment so elaborately provided for, and they will not be disappointed, as it is composed of as fine a body of men as can be found in the National Guard of any state. It is in most excellent hands, its field officers (see portraits on page 832) being men of large and varied experience.

The commandant, Colonel Charles F. Beebe, is a native of New York City, where he was born in 1849, and where he entered into business upon completing his education. In February, 1871, he enlisted in the famous Seventh Regiment, National Guard, State of New York, from which he was honorably discharged in August, 1878, after nearly eight years of service. November 25, 1878, he was appointed Aide de Camp,

with rank of First Lieutenant, on the staff of Brigadier General J. M. Varian, Third Brigade, N. G., S. N. Y., and was promoted to Commissary of Subsistence, with rank of Captain, October 11, 1880, and Quartermaster, March 16, 1881. January 16, 1882, he was appointed Aide de Camp, rank of Captain, on the staff of the Second Brigade, and was promoted to inspector of Rifle Practice, rank of Major, May 26, 1882. He resigned in May, 1883, and June 12, 1883, was appointed assistant in the Department of Rifle Practice, State of New York, having the rank of Major. In the following December he resigned, and came to this city to engage in business. When K company was organized, April 5, 1886, Major Beebe enlisted for ninety days, and was elected First Lieutenant. Upon the promotion of Colonel Merrill, he was unanimously elected Captain, in August, 1886, and during the year he commanded the company, he brought it to a high state of efficiency as a military organization. In July, 1887, the commissioned officers of the regiment elected Captain Beebe to the position of Colonel, the first full rank commander the battalion ever had. Since then, he has devoted his energies to the unification of the battalion, and the creation of a regiment out of what has heretofore been, practically, but an association of independent companies. He has a task before him of great difficulty, but one which his zeal, long experience and intimate knowledge of military affairs eminently fit him to perform.

Lieutenant Colonel O. Summers has a record in the military service of the country, of which any man might justly be proud. He was born in Brockville, Canada, June 13, 1850, and two years later moved to Chicago, where both of his parents died, leaving him to his own resources at the tender age of seven years. Three times during the course of the civil war he attempted to enlist, but was declined because too young. Finally, though but fourteen years of age, he succeeded, and enlisted in the Third Illinois Cavalry, at Dixon, February 21, 1865. He was assigned to Company H, and within a week had been sent to the front, and was in the saddle in active service, the youngest trooper, no doubt, in Uncle Sam's service. That summer was one of almost daily conflict with the guerrillas in Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky. In the fall of 1865, the regiment was sent to Dakota, and made a campaign against the Sioux Indians. They then went to Fort Snelling, Minn., and finally to Springfield, Ill., where they were mustered out, in December, 1865. Colonel Summers, still a lad of fifteen, then started out to make his way in the world. In 1875 he came to California and Oregon, and returned to Chicago. In 1879, he again came to Portland and founded the extensive crockery and glassware business now carried on by Olds & Summers. In 1883 Colonel Summers was instrumental in organizing the Veteran Guard, thus laying the foundation of the regiment of which he is now the second in command. He was elected First Lieutenant of the company, was subsequently appointed Adjutant of the battalion, and in July, 1887, was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, which is now profiting by his zealous efforts and military experience. Colonel Summers was elected one of the representatives of Multnomah county in the Oregon legislature, in June, 1886. He was an active member of that body, and to him is chiefly due the passage of the militia law. He has been a prominent member and officer of the Grand Army of the Republic since 1880, and at present represents Oregon in the National Council of Administration of that organization, composed of one member from each state.

ROSTER OF FIRST REGIMENT, FIRST BRIGADE, OREGON NATIONAL GUARD.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel,	Charles F. Beebe.	Adjutant,	E. W. Moore, First Lieut.
Lieut. Colonel,	O. Summers.	Quar. Master,	W. N. Dimmick, First Lieut.
Major,	E. R. Adams.	Commissary,	F. K. Arnold, First Lieut.
Surgeon,	A. D. Bevan, Captain.	Asst. Surgeon,	J. A. Fulton, First Lieut.
Chaplain,	G. W. Foote, Captain.	Signal Officer,	F. B. Eaton, First Lieut.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major,	J. H. Loyd.	Hospital Steward,	L. G. Clarke.
Quarter Master Sergeant,	C. C. Fisher.	Color Sergeant,	W. A. Wilcox.
Commissary Sergeant,	G. F. Telfer.	Right General Guide,	Ed. Bernheim.
Ordnance Sergeant,	F. N. Pendleton.	Left General Guide,	C. H. McIsaac.
Signal Sergeant,	K. J. L. Ross.		

COMPANY A.

Captain,	Frank G. Abell.	Second Lieutenant,	John A. Ahlstedt.
First Lieutenant,	A. B. McAlpin.	First Sergeant,	Chas. H. Williamson.

SERGEANTS.

Geo. A. Wolfe, Q. M. Ed. Goldsmith. Chas. A. Powell. H. F. McKay. B. E. Smith.

CORPORALS.

Chas. E. Rumelin. M. A. M. Ashley. H. H. Menges. Wm. Lussier. J. Hertzman. E. Caywood.

PRIVATES.

Bronson, Geo. C.	Graves, James L.	Isaacson, I.	Pilger, G. C.
Bowles, C. D.	Hansen, Geo.	Kane, T. F.	Rogers, J.
Brown, S. D.	Hutchins, Ray.	Litherland, F.	Spear, H.
Coleman, C. D.	Hayes, Joe.	Mills, E.	Sutherland, C. J.
Casey, T. F.	Hutchins, D. S.	Marye, W. B.	Taylor, S.
Friedenthal, J.	Hunsaker, E.	McGrew, J. W.	Tibbetts, J. E.
Gloss, F.	Happersett, C. E.	Newman, Geo.	West, W.
Gowanlock, J. A.	Hill, C. E.	Powell, A.	

COMPANY B. (HILLSBORO).

Captain,	A. M. Collins.	Second Lieutenant,	M. Collins.
First Lieutenant,	P. M. Dennis.	First Sergeant,	W. L. Weathered.

SERGEANTS.

F. J. Bailey, Q. M. J. C. Lamkins. Max Crandall. S. T. Linklater. E. J. Lyons.

CORPORALS.

E. L. McEldowney. Chas. Crocker. J. J. Morgan. John Magruder.

PRIVATES.

Adams, C. A.	Ennis, J. R.	Malone, M. H.	Prosser, W. E.
Butler, C. A.	Flippin, W. L.	Moore, R. A.	Pointer, S. V.
Blaser, C.	Gosney, L. J.	Moore, John.	Patterson, G. W.
Boscow, W.	Garrison, W.	Morgan, J. W.	Ransome, C. W.
Brown, J. N.	Gibson, J. W.	Mead, V. R.	Reed, J. A.
Billings, Geo.	Gordon, W. S.	Mitchell, John.	Sigler, A.
Clow, W. C.	Humphreys, Thos.	McEldowney, F. E.	Shute, L. E.
Crandall, R.	Handley, C. B.	McKinney, J. N.	Wehrung, G. A.
Crandall, A. B.	Hay, B. S.	Mintor, J. A.	Wehrung, W. H.
Emrick, William.	Jobe, L. A.	Northup, J.	Williams, Frank.
Ennis, Isaac.	Jobe, M. E.	Newport, James.	Wilson, T. J.
Ennis, Louis.	Kindt, C. E.	Nelson, Wm.	

COMPANY D. (ALBINA).

Captain, - - - - - - - L. T. Vinnigerholz. | Second Lieutenant, - - - - - C. Hallowell.
First Lieutenant, - - - L. E. Simmons. | First Sergeant, - - - - - - Geo. H. Ennis.

SERGEANTS.

J. M. Pittenger, Q. M. A. C. Kraeft. A. B. Manley. P. Hill.

CORPORALS.

E. O. Magoon. J. A. Deeds. Lee Strauss. W. Anderson. T. B. Masters.
E. H. Hyrestay. C. W. Oliver.

PRIVATES.

Allen, C.	Chambers, Frank.	Keniston, F. P.	Rogers, J. H.
Allen, L. G.	Cole, Oscar.	Lowrie, F. A.	Schreiber, Peter.
Anderson, J. H.	Donivan, B. F.	Lowrie, E.	Scott, J. H.
Armbrecht, Jacob.	Francis, W. C.	Ladd, Wm.	White, F. S.
Bacon, Frank.	Fraser, J. A.	Mallory, R. F.	Wilhelm, J.
Behrens, J.	Hill, E.	McKenzie, T.	Wilson, Joe.
Bigelow, Frank.	Hill, C.	Orton, J.	Winans, A.
Brill, John.	Hillier, G.	Patterson, W. W.	Winans, E.
Burkhardt, Daniel.	Jensen, O. A.	Pittenger, J.	Winans, L.

MUSICIANS.

Ross, L. Wilson, H.

COMPANY E.

Captain, - - - - - - - D. C. Southworth. | Second Lieutenant, - - - - - H. A. Moser.
First Lieutenant, - - - - J. C. Olds. | First Sergeant, - - - - - - - A. C. Mack.

SERGEANTS.

H. Schade, Q. M. C. W. Richie. J. W. Wray. G. A. Beavis.

CORPORALS.

R. Martin. H. Sawyer. W. D. Porter. J. H. McKay. J. T. Moore.
W. A. Gould. R. A. Hirsch. C. Sheidow.

PRIVATES.

Butler, L. A.	Evans, P. H.	Kelley, J. W.	Park, Ed.
Byrd, W. M.	Friese, F. A.	Lauritzen, L. J.	Rooke, W. C.
Bryant, C. C.	Fitzsimmons, J.	Lurvey, R. S.	Summers, J.
Brown, W. J.	Godley, F. C.	Moser, W. R.	Turner, W. B.
Black, Geo.	Haddock, Wm.	McGrath, J.	Turner, J. G.
Dodge, L. O.	Krupke, F. C. S.	Parrish, L. C.	Wetzler, G. P.
Daly, F. A.	Kruse, L. O.	Protzman, L.	White, F. E.

COMPANY F. (EAST PORTLAND).

Captain, - - - - - - - M. J. McMahan. | Second Lieutenant, - - - - T. H. Dupuy.
First Lieutenant, - - - - J. O'Brion. | First Sergeant, - - - - - - J. A. Dryden.

SERGEANTS.

J. F. Kennydy, Q. M, W. Campbell. W. H. McMonies. A. L. Austin.

CORPORALS.

G. E. Howell. T. Campbell. T. P. Randall. W. K. Benvie.

PRIVATES.

Arnspeiger, E.	Day, J. C.	King, P.	Rooke, W. C.
Austin, E. L.	Diel, W. L.	Lang, E.	Smetzer, A. H.
Aylsworth, C. R.	George, M. D.	Lang, J.	Stansberry, E.
Beers, W. H.	Hembree, H.	Linville, R.	Thronson, T.
Busby, J.	Howe, R.	Pangburn, W.	Underhill, W. F.
Cahill, J.	Johnson, G. F.	Radovitch, T.	West, T.
Campbell, L.	Kellogg, C.	Rathburn, J.	
Cothrell, G.	King, B.	Rhodes, W. F.	

COMPANY G.

Captain, - - - - - - - - - L. C. Farrar. | Second Lieutenant, - - - - G. F. Willett.
First Lieutenant, - - - - - - R. E. Davis. | First Sergeant, - - - - - - - B. F. Jones.

SERGEANTS.

P. VanFridagh, Q. M. C. D. Lownsdale. B. C. Towne.

CORPORALS.

D. L. Williams. A. S. Heintz. E. Kemera. J. W. Newkirk.
F. A. Newton. F. F. Pittock. G. F. Himmers.

PRIVATES.

Beechy, H.	Holcomb, C.	McLean, C. F.	Wallace, R. H.
Burkhardt, C. A.	Harris, J. C.	Potter, W. E.	Wallace, M.
Cake, H. M.	Idleman, C. M.	Panton, J. J.	Weston, S. P.
Cookingham, A.	Johnson, H. C.	Prael, R. F.	Webber, G. W.
Davision, H. W.	Lee, W. A.	Rosenberger, E. B.	Wheat, P.
Dudley, W. L.	Miller, B. E.	Sears, J. F.	Wagner, H.
Dunbar, T. N.	McFall, O. P.	Sheldon, R. W.	Wagner, A.
Dosch, E. P.	Mulhollen, W. E.	Story, H.	Walker, S. W.
Gorman, M. H.	Manning, E. R.	Sanford, H. D.	Watson, B. P.
Hogue, H. W.	Monell, C. A.	Taylor, G. M.	

MUSICIANS.

Hoyt, R. W. Hoyt, G. W.

COMPANY H. (ASTORIA).

Captain, - - - - - - - - - A. E. Shaw. | Second Lieutenant, - - - G. H. Tarbell.
First Lieutenant, - - - - - - F. E. Shute. | First Sergeant, - - - - - Harry J. Wherity.

SERGEANTS.

F. S. Jewett, Q. M. F. I. Dunbar. W. C. Logan. F. A. Cook. F. H. Supernant.

CORPORALS.

A. Dunbar. O. Heilborn. Edward Hallick. W. A. Sherman.

PRIVATES.

Bain, C. E.	Goodell, Geo. T.	Meany, A. W.	Thing, Horace.
Bailey, L. N.	Gibbs, C. W.	McCormick, John.	Tallant, W. E.
Cooper, C. H.	Hartwig, F. L.	McKean, W. H.	Trullinger, J. H.
Collier, Robert.	Higgins, C. K.	Prael, Fred.	Trullinger, P. A.
Davis, Chas.	Johansen, J. H.	Ross, J. C.	Wherry, W. W.
Fox, C. W.	Levings, L. L.	Stokes, W. S.	Warren, W. E.
Grant, Peter.	Middlebrook, Harry.	Thompson, H. C.	Young, F. P.

COMPANY I.

Captain, - - - - - - - - - A. J. Coffee. | Second Lieutenant, - - F. B. Sommerville.
First Lieutenant, - - - - - Oscar Thayer. | First Sergeant, - - - - A. S. Collins.

SERGEANTS.

F. Drake, Q. M. R. E. Sewell. O. J. West. H. Denlinger. F. A. Wells.

CORPORALS.

F. Cooper. J. Mendenhall. R. Wilson. W. Holman.

PRIVATES.

Albright, E.	Dudley, A.	Little, C.	Reisacher, J.
Bronaugh, J.	Francis, I. J.	Lewis, F.	Smith, J.
Bennett, J.	Farrell, B.	Lewis, E.	Stowell, F.
Biles, W.	Gardner, H.	McDonald, C.	Scoggin, E.
Bohlman, W.	Henrichsen, O.	Munger, E.	Weidler, C.
Burckhardt, O.	Jubitz, J.	Morse, R.	Wallace, W.
Ball, B.	Koshland, F.	Milliard, A.	Wells, F. M.
Cronne, E.	Koshland, J.	Peeples, B.	Wells, J.
Dickson, R.	Kapus, W.	Pomeroy, W.	
Daly, E.	Lawrence, W.	Rosenberg, F.	

MUSICIANS.

Misner, E. Morgan, C.

COMPANY K.

Captain, - - - - - - - - - W. M. Ladd. | Second Lieutenant, - - - W. E. Thomas.
First Lieutenant, - - - - - H. L. Wells. | First Sergeant, - - - - - W. L. Garretson.

SERGEANTS.

F. C. Savage, Q. M. W. R.Wygant. J. P. Carson. C. J. Wheeler. N. C. Strong.

CORPORALS.

S. R. Stott. D. W. Burnside. C. F. Drake. John Effinger.
H. C. Stratton. L. A. Llewellyn. A. L. Lewis.

PRIVATES.

Arthur, E. M.	Emmons, R. W.	McEwan, A. H.	Werlein, Albert.
Atwood, J. R.	Espey, W. G.	Mercer, C. D.	Werlein, Edward.
Birmingham, J. M.	Frazer, A. L.	Moore, D. J.	Webber, H. C.
Boise, W. L.	Guerin, J. H.	Phelan, J. J.	Wetzel, W. A.
Boyd, H. C.	Hall, J. H.	Seal, C. F.	Winter, E. J.
Corbett, H. J.	Harris, Aaron.	Strong, F. R.	Wolfe, E. M.
Cranston, C. K.	Harrison, Randolph.	Strong, T. N.	Woodward, B. S.
Crocker, A. M.	Hill, C. E.	Thompson, R. W.	Woodward, W. F.
Culver, P. D.	Jones, H. D.	Trevett, T. B.	Woolsey, Frank.
Durham, R. L.	King, S. L.	Wallace, W. M.	
Emmons, H. H.	Lewis, J. C.	Warren, W. H.	

PORTLAND LIGHT BATTERY, A. (UNATTACHED).

Captain, - - - - - - - - - W. J. Riley. | Second Lieutenant, - - - - - E. Mosher.
First Lieutenant, - - - - - - J. Williams. | First Sergeant, - - - - - - - R. Leslies.

SERGEANTS.

J. B. Halliwell, Q. M. W. C. Cloyes. D. H. Rickerts. J. H. Hyzer. A. Edgar.

CORPORALS.

P. Neimes. B. Cloyes. C. Neimes. A. Allen.

PRIVATES.

Adams, T.	Gorsline, M. W.	Nauratil, A.	Saltzman, E.
Allison, E.	Grant, W. M.	Nauratil, J. E.	Salzer, G.
Baldwin, J.	Howe, D.	Otis, E.	Stuart, E. J.
Behrens, H.	Jones, F. D.	Obert, C.	Tallman, W. A.
Bowman, S.	Judkins, Elmer.	Pennington, J. T.	Salisbury, C. T.
Cox, J. A.	Keith, M.	Rutherford, G.	Unrath, E.
Dodson, M. S.	Luhrs, H. W.	Russler, H.	Uhlman, T. J.
Donnerberg, H.	Love, J.	Rath, J.	Worley, J. W.
Gans, M. E.	Morony, M.	Riley, J. E.	York, H. C.
Grauf, M.	Neimes, Nic.	Storey, W. A.	

PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA.

WHEN Philip Deidescheimer, the celebrated expert of the Comstock, and the first superintendent of the Hope Mining Company, inspected the great mineral ledges of the Flint creek mining district, in Deer Lodge county, Montana, he was so favorably impressed with their extent and value, that he unhesitatingly predicted, that, with the growth and development of the territory, a prominent and powerful factor in her prosperity would be found in the exploitation of ores out of the silver and copper fissures in the lime and granite country of the Flint creek section.

In honor of this gentleman, the cluster of little, dirt-roofed log cabins, that lined either side of Camp creek, below the present mill site of the Hope Mining Company, was, in the fall of 1866, dignifiedly, enthusiastically, christened Philipsburg. The large and thriving city of today, whose substantial structures of brick and stone have replaced the crude and primitive efforts of the earlier pioneers, has grown into wealth and importance through the productions of mines, whose permanency and fruitfulness were predicted by its namesake twenty-one years ago.

Philipsburg is situated in a gentle depression of the foothills, that form the base of the massive range constituting the eastern watershed of the beautiful and productive valley of Flint creek. It has a population of nearly two thousand, with constant accessions being made thereto. It has many large and well established business houses; a well conducted and patronized weekly newspaper, the *Philipsburg Mail*, a well appointed opera house, churches, schools, in fact, all of the accessories of advanced civilization. As a business center, it also controls a valuable and extensive trade with the adjoining towns of Granite, Tower, Hasmark and Black Pine. It also has that of the surrounding country, and largely controls the marketable productions of the large and fertile valley from which the district takes its name.

The history of Philipsburg, for the past four years, has been a constant succession of agreeable surprises. During that time, her career has been one of continuous advancement and develop-

ment. Her mines, in both formations, are producing grandly. The bullion productions of the Granite alone have justified the payment of dividends to an amount the aggregate of which is greater than that paid out for like purposes by all of the paying mines of the territory, the Drum Lummon, alone, excepted. It may be truthfully said, that the development and mill production of this mine has raised the most important industry of this district from absolute insignificance, and comparative obscurity, into national importance and distinction. Perched airily upon the rugged and precipitous mountain that overlooks the charming and diversified scenery encompassed within a circuit of sixty-five miles, the extensive works of the Granite company send trailing columns of mineral-tinted smoke loftily up into the pure, clear atmosphere, where, reaching some of the currents ever moving in high altitudes, it drifts slowly away.

It has been the privilege of the writer to make himself familiar with the past history of the Granite mine, its discovery, its successful and marvelous development; and while it is not possible, within the limits of the present article, to more than briefly refer to its present, it would be an act of unpardonable ingratitude on the part of the writer of today, or the historian of the future, if the name of Eli D. Holland was omitted from the list of those to whom the world is indebted for this magnificent property. To him, alone, is due the honor of its discovery. Through long years, he toilingly climbed to the crest of the towering mountain, and, alone and unaided, performed the annual representation required by law. The Granite Mountain and San Francisco Consolidated mining companies, have paid the veteran prospector well for the troubles he has undergone, and now past the meridian of life, he enjoys its afternoon in ease and comfort, never caring that others are seeking to wear honors that belong to him alone. The residents of this section congratulate themselves that one of the most honorable, kind hearted and generous men that ever came into the district, has acquired deserved competence, the actual and practical result of his own energy and industry.

The Flint creek mining district is comprised within a parallelogram containing about ten square miles. Its mineral resources are varied and extensive. Gold, silver and copper may be considered the dominant metals. The district is divided, the mineral veins lying in the lime and granite formations. The strike of the fissures being at right angles to the line of contact, are of the class known as cross country veins, have a general northeast by southwest strike, with a variable dip to the south.

The ores of the district are worked by crushing and pan amalgamation. As the proportion of base metals varies in the gangue of the quartz exploited out of the different formations, the treatment is governed accordingly; that is to say, by the wet or fire process. As the older formation of this district is now attracting widespread attention, it is proper that it should take precedence, and form the subject matter of this paper.

The fissures of the granite country are wide and strong. As a rule, the surface ores are low grade, with their precious contents well leached out. This financial defect is remedied, however, by deep working, for while with depth there is no noticeable change in the structural conditions of the ledges, as exposed at the surface, there is a marvelous transformation in the texture and mineral bearing values of the ores taken out below water level. These, from an unproductive state at the surface, have filled; in fact, in many instances have become so saturated with precious and base min-

erals, that the gangue is hardly discernable. Notably is this the case in the metaliferous deposits of the Granite Mountain Extension claim, of the Granite Company; the James G. Blaine lode claim, of the Bi-Metalic Company; and the E. D. Holland claim, of the San Francisco Consolidated Company. The ores of the granite country are altogether base, and require treatment by fire chlorinization. They are extremely difficult to work, the Howell and White process being the most feasible method of reduction in modern machinery, although not saving as high a percentage as could be obtained by intelligent and systematic handling in a reverberatory furnace. As base ores, the associated metals are antimony, zinc, arsenic, and the various irons. Lead occurs, but not in sufficient quantities to justify treatment by smelting. The granite ores also carry a small percentage of gold, and abound in beautiful specimens of native and ruby silver.

The Granite Mountain Mining Company is a corporation of St. Louis capitalists. No means are at hand, or available, to determine the bullion production to date, but the following brief review will give the interested reader some idea of the magnitude of the mining and milling operations. The principal mineral claims of this corporation are the Granite Mountain and Granite Mountain Extension, both of which were located by Eli D. Holland and others, in the fall of 1872. No work of importance was performed on either of the lodes, other than yearly representations, in the years intervening between 1872 and 1880. In the latter year, it went into the hands of the present company, who expended, that and the year ensuing, about $50,000.00 in development work. Since then, its bullion productions have exceeded the sum of $4,000,000.00. Of this immense sum, $2,700,000.00 have been paid out in dividends. The reduction works of the company consist of two dry-crushing chloridizing mills, of thirty and forty stamps each, respectively fitted with all the appliances and paraphernalia of the best modern machinery. The capitalization of the company is $10,000,000.00, divided into shares of the par value of $25.00 each. The stock is held very stiff, recent quotations going as high as $69.00 to the share. The Montana management of this company is all that could be desired. The resident officer and general manager, John W. Plummer, is one of the most expert mine and mill men in the Western territories. He is also preëminently a disciplinarian, is possessed of great executive ability, and has brought the financial and business affairs of his trust up to a high standard of excellence.

On the west, and adjoining the possessions of the Granite Company, is the Fraction claim, of the West Granite Mining Company. To the south and west of the Fraction, is the famous Rattlesnake claim, also the property of the same company. As either of these two claims lies conveniently near the strike of the great Bonanza ledge to suggest the possibility of its penetrating them, it has caused the West Granite to be heartily supported by the mining element at home and abroad. Particularly have the capitalists of Helena and Butte interested themselves in the development of these properties. All of the means necessary for systematic and thorough exploration have been furnished when needed, and today no incorporation in the territory is more cordially assisted by the investing masses than the West Granite. The work of development has been largely placed upon the Rattlesnake claim. The ledge in this ground has been explored by a tunnel to the Fraction line. The ores found in this working, although limited as to

quantity, was most excellent as to quality, assaying from one hundred and fifty to one thousand ounces. While the indications were extremely favorable that the great ledge, in its southwesterly sweep, was in the West Granite ground (this supposition being predicated upon the marked similarity of ores, vein matter, etc.), it was evident to the management that deeper development must be resorted to, if the mine was ever to be made an ore producer. With this idea in view, there was no unnecessary delay in preparing to sink a three-department shaft. This work was started in 1886, on the line of the ledge and immediately south of the tunnel. A very complete hoisting work was erected and supplied with machinery adequate to sink to a depth of one thousand feet. At the two hundred-foot station of this shaft, a cross cut was started and driven north one hundred and twenty-five feet, at this point intersecting the ledge one hundred feet below the floor of the tunnel. In the progress of the levels, driven east and west in the vein, there was a noticeable and gratifying change for the better in the character and quantity of the ores exposed. The fissure was found to have expanded, being fully seven feet in width, the cleavage was perfectly defined, the vein filling had changed from the porphyritic matter altogether to an admixture of broken quartz, manganese and porphyry. A ribbon of good milling rock, from one to two feet in thickness, lay to the foot wall casing. As a whole, the developments on the two hundred foot level gave additional strength to the very generally expressed opinion of competent mining men, that deep working would eventually place the mine on a paying basis. Such satisfactory results decided the management to continue sinking. Contracts were at once let to sink to the five hundred foot station, the shaft being carried down in two compartments, with the timbers suitably arranged for the third, if it should ever be found necessary to use it. From the five hundred-foot station, a cross cut is now in seventy-four feet, and will probably catch the vein on its dip, within the next thirty feet. It is to be hoped that such persistent endeavor to find a good paying mine may reward the efforts of all concerned in the past and present of this promising property, by the exposure of pay rock, in milling quantities, in the levels to be opened out by the five hundred-foot cross cut.

Immediately west, and adjoining the Rattlesnake, is the Alameda. To the south and north, adjoining this claim, lie the Butte and Elizabeth, respectively. These properties are also included in the mining plant of the West Granite, and occupy a most strategic position as in reference to the demonstrated strike of the Granite ledge in its westerly sweep. The Elizabeth squarely adjoins the James G. Blaine lode claim, of the Bi-Metalic Company, on the west. As the Blaine is in ore, and as it is asserted by the management, that in the Blaine ground the great ledge has been uncovered, then in the natural order of developments, and events, the Elizabeth will receive the ledge as it passes through the end lines of the Blaine. The Elizabeth is now undergoing development through a tunnel driven directly on the vein. This adit is now in seven hundred feet, and will shortly reach a point near the Blaine's end line, where, two hundred feet under cover, it will await connection with the cross cut to the north, now being driven through the Butte and Alameda claims. A shaft sunk at the mouth of the tunnel penetrated the Elizabeth vein to a depth of fifty feet, ore of excellent quality being found all the way down.

The Elizabeth ledge is of the same general order found in the Granite and

Blaine claims on the east. It is as perfectly defined, carries the same width, has precisely the character of low grade ores near the surface, and is saturated with water. But what is better than all, it is known to be on an ore producing vein, and within a short distance of stopes filled with high grade rock. It is conceded by every one familiar with the position of the Granite ledge, that it must penetrate northerly property of the West Granite. The cross cut tunnel, previously referred to, is a work of utmost importance. This adit will traverse, in its northerly course, twelve hundred feet of pronouncedly mineral ground. A section of country will be explored, that will cut the strike of the numerous veins known to exist in the Granite and Blaine, and it is within the limits of probability, that important and valuable deposits of mineral will be uncovered in this working before connection is made with the Elizabeth tunnel.

The West Granite is excellently officered throughout. In its directory are to be found names eminent in the various business channels of the territory. The resident officer and general manager, James K. Pardee, is an astute, capable business man, and an expert underground quartz miner. Under his supervision, the exploratory work of his company has been, and is being, well and faithfully conducted ; and it is pleasant to believe that if the expectations of the stockholders are ever realized, it will be owing to, and largely the result of, the meritorious services and well directed labors of this gentleman.

It is proper to state that the support of the West Granite has come, principally, from the most reputable and wealthy business men in the capital city of Montana, such as Gov. S. T. Hauser, Hon. Samuel Word, E. I. Zimmerman, Henry Klein, R. M. Holter, C. K. Wells and others.

The Bi-Metalic Mining Company is the name of the corporation operating the James G. Blaine, and other mines on Granite hill. The Blaine is worked through a vertical, three-compartment shaft, five hundred feet deep. Over the shaft have been built superbly-equipped hoisting works, with capacity to sink to the one thousand-foot station. Out of the two hundred-foot level of this mine, somewhere between three hundred and four hundred tons of shipping ore have been extracted, and transported for treatment outside of the territory. A large amount of low grade rock is piled upon the dump, awaiting reduction in the contemplated works of the company, to be erected at some point convenient to Philipsburg during the ensuing year. As the management of this company is practically the same as that of the Granite Mountain, personal reference of the directory will be omitted. The general manager, J. B. Risque, is accredited with being a good miner, and is held is high esteem by his superiors. Personally, he is a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, enjoying the confidence and respect of all with whom he comes in contact, either in business or social life.

The Belle group of mines, now under development by a syndicate of St. Louis capitalists, lies immediately north of the Granite. The Fraction claim, the most important of the group, is now undergoing the process of development through a vertical shaft, with a present depth of two hundred feet. The hoisting works are supplied with suitable machinery to sink one thousand feet. This ground is held under a bond of $50,000.00, the owners and locators, Messrs. Alex. Porter and James Vallelly, also coming in for a large share of stock, provided the property is purchased by the present holders.

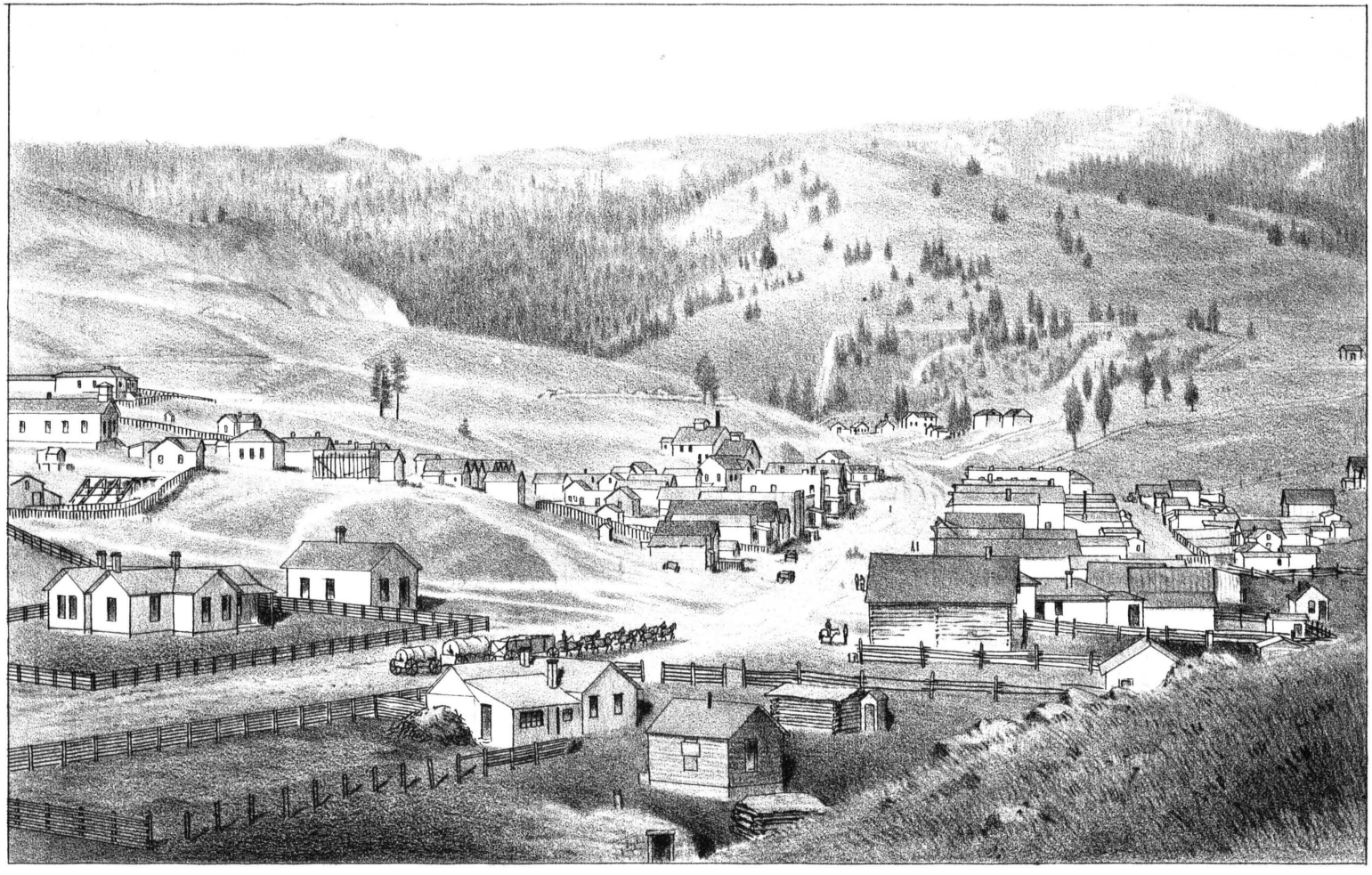
The North Granite Mining Company is the name of a syndicate operating the

Katy and Old Chief lodes, mineral claims lying about one mile northwest of the Belle. The development consists of a tunnel run in, directly on the vein, a distance of eight hundred feet. The ledge exposed by this working has the same general appearance noted in the large, well-defined fissure veins in the Granite country of this district. The ores, as a rule, have a general average width of twenty inches, are uniformly low grade, and lay to the casing of either wall, the vein filling being the usual porphyritic matter interspersed with broken quartz, heavily stained with manganese. Occasional chutes of good ore were met with in driving the tunnel. This, together with other indications of a favorable nature, has led the syndicate to entertain proposals for purchasing the property at once. If this is done, a heavy hoist will be at once constructed, and a three-compartment shaft on the Katy driven to a depth of five hundred feet. This property will unquestionably develop well, as in many respects it bears the same marked structural conditions noticeable in the lower workings of its distinguished neighbor adjoining, the Granite Mountain. Richard Penny is the resident officer in charge of the mining plant. As an underground miner, competent and faithful employe, he enjoys the fullest confidence of his superiors.

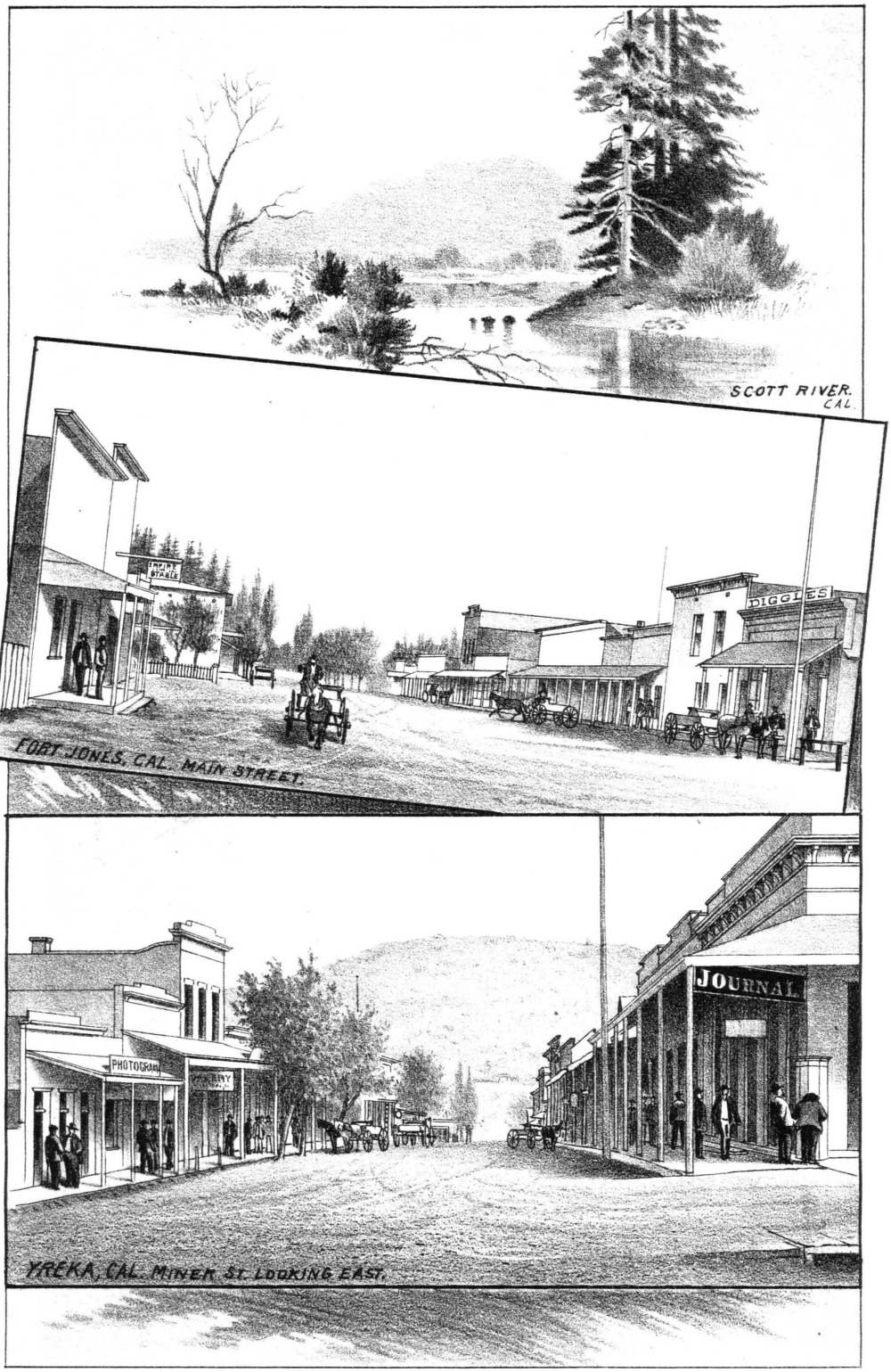
The E. D. Holland and Little Tom lode claims are the property of the San Francisco Consolidated Mining Company. The capitalization of this company is $5,000,000.00, divided into five hundred thousand shares, of the par value of $10.00 each. The market value of the stock is not quotable, for the reason that the board of directors, by a full vote, determined not to place any of the treasury stock upon the market. It may be said of this corporation, that its promoters, like those of the Granite and Bi-Metalic, are St. Louis capitalists. The purchase price of the property was $40,000.00 cash and twenty thousand shares of the treasury stock of the company.

The location of this mining property is on the line of contact, one-fourth of a mile northeast of the town of Tower, where are situated the dismantled works of the Northwest Mining Company, and within easy reaching distance of Philipsburg, one mile distant. The E. D. Holland claim extends from the lime contact fifteen hundred feet to the west end line of the adjoining, or Little Tom, claim. The ledge traverses the claim centrally. No development has been done at the point of contact to determine whether the fissure enters the lime; it is fair to assume, however, that it does not, as there is no instance on record in this district of the fissures of the lime and granite connecting.

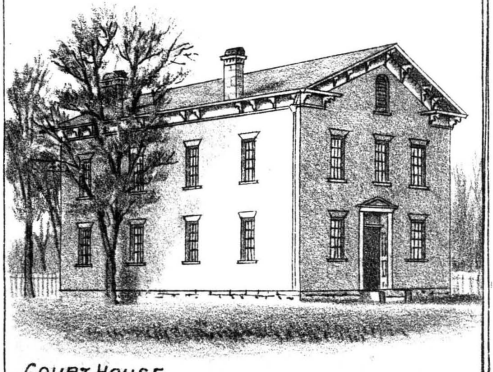
The Frisco ledge, as it is generally designated, is a perfect fissure vein, of the ore producing type. The walls stand well apart and are compactly filled with quartz assaying from fifteen to five hundred ounces. Here and there along the line of the tunnel, chutes of extremely rich ore are encountered, several of which are sufficiently large to justify stoping. The developments upon the property consist of a tunnel, driven in directly on the vein, and a two-compartment shaft, following the vein on an incline, sunk to the depth of two hundred and twenty-five feet. A station was placed at two hundred feet, and levels run east and west, seventy and eighty-five feet respectively. Both of these workings are in ore better in every respect than any found in the upper, or tunnel level. The tunnel is now in one thousand feet. Eight hundred feet of this distance are in the Holland and two hundred feet in the Little Tom. The face of this adit stands four hundred and fifty feet under cover, and one hun-



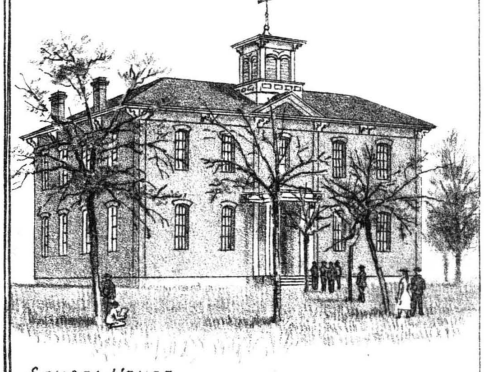
MONTANA—GENERAL VIEW OF PHILLIPSBURG.


SCOTT RIVER. CAL.
EMPIRE STABLE
DIGGLES
FORT JONES, CAL. MAIN STREET.
PHOTOGRAPH
JOURNAL
YREKA, CAL. MINER ST. LOOKING EAST.

MINER STREET, LOOKING WEST.

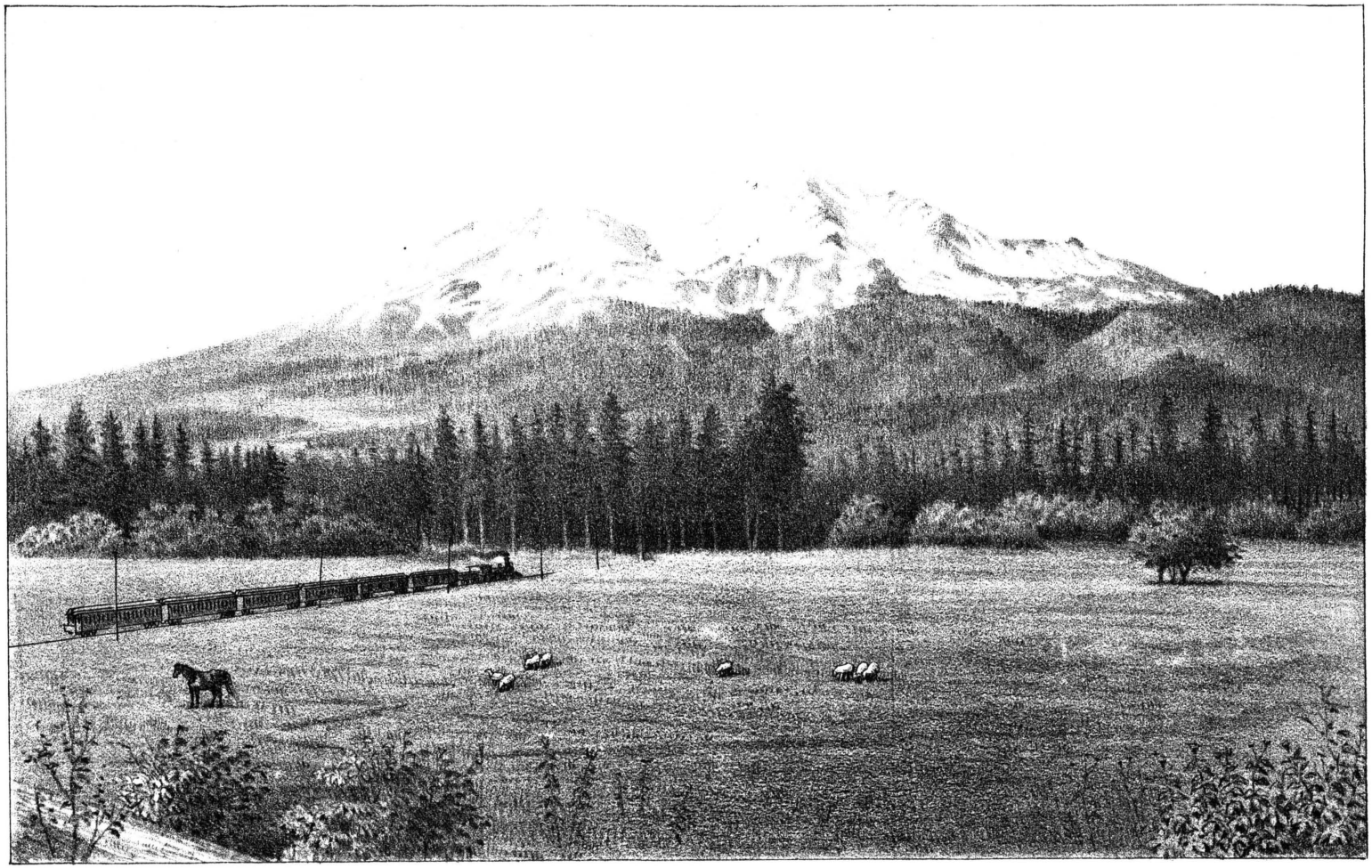


COURT HOUSE.



SCHOOL HOUSE.

YREKA, CALIFORNIA.



MT. SHASTA, FROM THE WEST.

dred and thirty feet from a vertical position under the discovery shaft of the latter claim. There is a fine body of lead ore in the face of this heading, lying against twenty inches of medium grade quartz, to the hanging wall side. Since the purchase of the mine, in September last, the company has ordered heavy hoisting machinery to replace that at present in use on the property. When the new works are in position, development will be pushed in shaft and levels, and the tunnel driven ahead to thoroughly explore the Little Tom ground. The management has wisely concluded to leave the ore reserves untouched until such time as development may determine it necessary to establish reduction works, or make continuous shipments of ore to those already established. This determination not only shows the excellent business sense of the executive officers, but will perpetuate the confidence, always expressed, that the mine would never be gutted to influence and promote stock sales. It may, therefore, be safely considered that the era of extraction will date from the time when the various stopes and levels can produce graded ores in sufficient quantities to insure uninterrupted shipment and exploitation.

Philip M. Saunders occupies the dual position of general manager and vice-president of the company. His selection for either position would have met the approval of the mining element generally. The tender, and his acceptance, of both is but an assurance that the interest of every stockholder will be observed and protected. Mr. Saunders is one of the old-timers in the camp, in whose early history was erected the corporations, now nearly forgotten, known as the Imperial Gold and Silver Mining Company, the Northwest, and Northwestern Company, with all of which this gentleman held responsible official positions. He has also supervised many other extensive plants devoted to the extraction and reduction of base and free milling ores situated elsewhere in the territory. It is proper here to state that he is not only an accurate and reliable expert in the treatment of gold and silver ores, but is accredited with being particularly exact in determining the status of undeveloped mining properties. To this officer may be placed the credit of bringing the properties of the San Francisco Consolidated and the North Granite to the attention of the moneyed interests now controlling them. In the person of Eugene Smith, the resident officer and superintendent, the Frisco company have an underground officer of unquestioned ability and superior intelligence. He has had varied and extensive experience in deep mining, is an expert timberman, mining engineer and accountant.

Leaving the interesting field of practical mining, and the possibilities and probabilities which attend the future of a mine, that, in its almost undeveloped condition, divides the honors of the Granite, the writer enters the domain of romance, and introduces to the countless readers of THE WEST SHORE the "Mascot of the Frisco."

Over the buried treasures of the great ledge, daily trips the lovely, merry little girl, so generally known under the above caption. Rain or shine, the sunlight of her smile greets the miner as he hurries away to hours of toil in the wet and dripping depths. Hither and thither now on the dumps gathering glittering specimens of ruby and native silver, or peering into the darksome places, whose gruesome monotony is never broken, save by the ceaseless drip of falling waters, then hurrying away to some convenient crag, from whose rugged peak, amidst the profound silence of undisturbed nature, her dark robed form will

soon stand out, a silhouette whose lines are drawn against a background of timber line and cloudless sky. Whatever may be the mysterious influences which surround and protect the unlocked future of the San Francisco Consolidated, the rugged miners will lovingly ascribe much of its present good fortune to the constant presence of this gentle child, and every one, from the millionaire president down to the humblest laborer, exhibits a tender and solicitous interest in her welfare.

As the extensive developments of twenty-one years in the lime formation of this district should not be overlooked, an interesting review of the exploratory work performed by the Hope, Northwest, Northwestern, Imperial and Algonquin mining companies must be reserved as the subject matter of some future letter from this district to THE WEST SHORE. It may be stated, incidentally, that the secondary formation has been a constant ore producer since the discovery of the camp, and there is no more inviting field to the prospector and capitalist in the territory today, than the lime country of the Flint creek valley.

In conclusion, it has not been the object of the writer to pass by, unnoticed any deserving mining ventures in the granite country of the district. There are others deserving of especial mention; but the intention of this paper was to cover the domain occupied by the more important mines, through whose instrumentality the Flint creek mining district has been lifted from obscurity into the proud position it at present occupies. Among the pioneers who, surviving its earlier struggles and adversities, are now reaping the reward of patience and industry, are the names of Henry Imkamp, William Weinstein, M. Kaiser, F. I. Wilson, Charles Kroger, A. A. McDonald, W. C. Bradshaw, and G. V. Sherman.

With this incomplete review of Philipsburg and the fissure veins at present undergoing development in the granite country of the Flint creek mining district, the generous reader must be satisfied, and out of his abundant generosity bestow charitable thoughts upon the crude efforts of the writer, for he has done his "level best."

EASTERN COMANCHE.

ROMANCE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

WE were to have a lady boarder at Mrs. Tasselton's, and our bachelor circle was in a state of expectancy. Our landlady had swept and garnished her pleasantest chamber, and informed us, at the supper table, that the new "school ma'am" would arrive on the stage the next day and take up her abode with us. An enthusiastic and persistent fusilade of questions from the six of us developed the facts that she was an orphan, poor, pretty, twenty-one years of age, and that her name was Rachel Elinor Lynn. Mrs. Tasselton gave this information authoritatively, having been the young lady's nurse at her christening, and having kept an eye on her ever since, until coming to Washington Territory four years before.

The advent of a young lady in our midst was an event of no small importance, and each of the boys expressed himself characteristically thereupon.

"Speak a good word to her for me, won't you, Mrs. Tasselton?" said that vain, good-natured idiot, Tony Maxwell, head salesman in the general merchandise store of Messrs. Shrink & Shortweight. "Haven't made a mash for two months, and I'm getting all rusty," and he craned his neck to peer in the glass opposite, and curled his moustache.

"Introduce me first!" "Tell her about Sallie Robinson!" "That'll cook Tony's goose!" cried his fellow clerks in a chorus.

"Is she very pious? Will I have to go into the woodshed to swear?" asked old Joe Jeffrey, the proprietor of the stage line, who sometimes exploded into profanity at the table when excited.

I remarked, loftily, that she would probably see enough of little boys in the school room, and would naturally prefer the society of men elsewhere; members of the medical fraternity, for instance.

Tony shied a cracker at me, while Mrs. Tasselton's back was turned, and said, "Pretty good, old stick-in-the-mud, I'll bet you don't find out she has come until she has been here a month," and so on, with more chaff of the same kind.

Being called to attend a patient a long distance out in the country the next day, I was late at supper time, and having forgotten all about our expected guest, I was surprised, as I entered the hall, at the unusual decorum prevailing in the dining room, but discovered the cause when I entered and was presented to Miss Lynn.

She was rather above medium height, with a clear, dark face, brown eyes, and abundant hair of the glossiest black. Her hands, though brown, were soft and beautiful. Her dress, both then and always, was simple, plain and perfect, and reminded me, somehow, of the plumage of a robin redbreast. She had nearly finished eating when I entered, and soon after left the table, with a slight bow to us all. Something in her decorous and ladylike manner restrained even young Maxwell from making a remark after she was gone, and Mrs. Tasselton observed that if she had known what an effect a young lady would have upon our manners, she would have introduced one long ago.

Time passed on, as it has a habit of doing, and Miss Lynn had been an inmate of Mrs. Tasselton's family for over

two months. To be candid, I think all of us were more or less in love with her before she had been there a week. Had she been ever so ugly and forbidding, her womanly presence would have been a benediction to us, in the dearth of feminine society, which Eagleville, at that time, shared in common with most towns in a mining region. But this girl, with her sweet, intelligent face, her genuine refinement of manner, her ready wit, and unobtrusive self-reliance, was one whom not to have worshiped would have seemed to me utter stupidity. She encouraged none of us, however, or rather, all of us impartially. If she played or sang for Tony in the parlor of an evening, she allowed Old Joe to beat her at backgammon afterward, and she always accepted the bunches of wild flowers which I gathered for her in my rides, and which were all I dared to offer her. If she showed any partiality, it was toward homely, tow-headed little George Maxwell, Tony's sixteen-year-old brother, who was sometimes allowed to post a letter for her, or do an errand about town. She simply came and went about the drudgery of her school, with always a pleasant word for every one, and spent most of her evenings in her own cozy room, where I often heard the three little Tasseltons romping, while their overworked mother toiled and sang in the kitchen and pantry below. I knew she was a pious girl, for on Sundays I sometimes heard her teaching the catechism and commandments, and reading bible stories to the three luckless children, whose wardrobes were seldom presentable at Sunday school; yet she always seemed totally oblivious, else on the brink of a laugh, when Old Joe smothered an oath over a fly in his coffee, or some startling news in his daily paper. Thus it was until Harry Winstead returned.

Harry was a young lawyer, having wealthy parents in San Francisco, who had lavishly educated him at some Eastern school, and then, as he showed no inclination to settle down to anything but sport, had set him adrift for a while to try his mettle. Harry was really bright, and had some good stuff in him, had he been allowed to develop it. I had reason, however, to know that his fond mother kept him secretly supplied with funds. He had now been on a visit to his parents, and the boys welcomed him back uproarously.

It fell to me to present him to Miss Lynn. That they had ever met before, seemed impossible, as neither showed any sign of recognition, yet at the mention of his name, a look almost of hatred flamed into her face. It lasted but an instant, and he did not even see it, but I lay awake until midnight trying to analyze that look.

After that, a change seemed to have come over Miss Lynn. She spent more of her evenings in the parlor, sang for every body, and especially for Harry, was more talkative and bright at the table, and every way less distant than before he came. Harry, flattered and elated by her preference, followed her everywhere, brought her music, read poems to her, called at the little school house with his umbrella for her when it rained; and, so far as she would permit it, was openly and avowedly devoted to her. Even little George Maxwell was supplanted, while Tony dressed and sang and curled his moustache in vain. I ceased to bring her wild flowers—they were dying now, anyway—and withdrew myself from the house as much as possible, with a secret, dreary sense of disappointment, that she could be content in the society of the aimless Harry.

I came home late one dismal December evening, tired, drenched by a long ride on horseback through a pouring rain, and feeling chilled, hungry and

miserable. Entering Mrs. Tasselton's back gate, which was nearest the stable where I left my horse, I was passing around to the front entrance, when I found myself in a broad stream of light from the parlor lamp. The thick curtain of vines which heretofore covered this side window had been swept away by the storm, and every movement of the two occupants of the room was plainly visible to me. They were Miss Lynn and Harry Winstead. Without a thought that I was playing the spy, I stood there in the driving rain and watched them, feeling a kind of savage pleasure in my own misery. They were sitting in rather close proximity, Harry leaning upon the arm of her chair. In her hand she held a photograph of him, which he had evidently just given her. I could not hear their voices, but I saw her blush and smile at something he said. He tried to take her hand, but she smilingly evaded him, and when he rose to go, she, whether purposely or not, kept the width of the table between them. Harry passed out of the door, ducked his head to the storm, and ran briskly down the street to his office, where he slept. Still I stood and watched her, rooted to the spot by the sudden change in her demeanor. Her last look at him had been one of angelic sweetness that stabbed me to the heart, but the door had no sooner closed upon his dainty figure, than she clinched her pretty fist and shook it after him, with a fierceness of which I had never thought her capable. She picked up his photograph from where it had fallen, and mimicked the languishing expression which it wore, then sent it spinning to the floor with a snap of her thumb and finger, and spurned it daintily with her foot. Then, unlocking a little cabinet of her own, which stood on the whatnot, she took therefrom a picture of a lovely young girl, and placing the two side by side on the table, sat down and hid her face in her hands.

My heart had grown strangely light as I watched her. My lovely saint was suddenly transformed into a wingless, and charmingly wicked little mortal, yet I need hardly say that I was depraved enough to worship her a thousand times more in the new guise.

My first impulse was to steal quitely up to my room. My second, which I obeyed, was to walk boldly into her presence, and deliberately turn and pull down the blind of the window through which I had been peeping. How I dared to do it is more than I can tell, but the fact remains. She started wildly to her feet at my entrance, tried to collect herself, but as she realized the full significance of my action, she flushed scarlet, and sinking back into her chair, again buried her face in her hands. For two whole minutes I stood there, speechless, and feeling that hanging would be a punishment quite inadequate to the enormity of my offense. At last, I could endure it no longer, and blurted out awkwardly, "Don't cry, Miss Lynn—don't mind me."

"I'm not crying," she said, taking her hands from her crimson face, "but," putting them up again, "Oh! Dr Merritt, what must you think of me?"

If she had been her composed, dignified self, I should never have had courage to do what I did, but her confusion, and the blissful certainty that she did not care for Harry Winstead, inspired me. I flung away my wet garments, took the chair Harry had vacated, took both of her hands from her face, and said, "Miss Lynn—Rachael—may I tell you what I think of you?" Her manner did not discourage me, and I *did* tell her; but the precise language of my confession, and of her reply, reader, I hope you will not persist in my telling you. Suffice it is to say that I forgot I had been chilled, hungry and

miserable, and it was a full half hour before it occurred to my beatified senses to ask for an explanation of the strange scene I had witnessed, and this was the story she told me.

When Harry had been a student in college he became engaged to Rachel's young cousin, Grace Garland, the original of the photograph she had taken from the cabinet. Grace being still a school girl, her parents had thought best to defer the wedding and even the public announcement of the engagement, until after her graduation. Harry had returned to the West and seemed deliberately to have deserted her. Grace's eighteenth birthday, the day agreed upon between them as their wedding day, had gone by without a word from him, and the poor, fond girl had nearly wept her heart out with grief and mortification. Having never seen Rachel, of course Harry never suspected her connection with Grace, and she had deliberately undertaken to punish him for his treatment of her cousin, never letting that infatuated girl know of her plan, or even the whereabouts of her fickle lover.

"The conceited little flirt," cried Rachel, in conclusion, "I can't help liking him a little, yet I despise him, and myself, too. I wish I had left him alone. If I had suspected you could care for me, Mark"—but here I beg to draw the curtain again. The clock struck eleven, before Rachel remembered that I had had no supper, and that she had promised Mrs. T. to make me a cup of tea, on my return, that lady having retired early with a headache.

We had agreed not to announce our engagement immediately, I having too much sympathy for Harry to mortify him by my triumph, but before another night, fortune had interfered in his behalf. The arrival of the stage brought no less a personage upon the scene than Miss Grace Garland herself.

It transpired that romantic little George Maxwell, smitten by the pretty name upon the envelopes he sometimes posted for Miss Lynn had opened a correspondence with the equally romantic Grace, "for mutual improvement, etc.," and when the inevitable change of photographs took place, he, by some mysterious prank of the fates—had enclosed, not his own ugly, honest physiognomy, but the handsome, *insonciant* face of Harry Winstead, with the card of a local artist underneath. The devoted girl, certain of finding her cousin and Mrs. Tasselton in Eagleville, had left her home on pretense of visiting a school mate in Colorado, and here she was. All this the sweet, voluble butterfly had confessed to her cousin before she had been with her an hour.

Rachel managed to steal away while her cousin was taking a nap in her room (being Saturday, it was a holiday with Rachel), and had a long conference with Harry at his office before he met Grace. I always said there was some manhood about the young man, and he proved it by greeting Grace with a display of affection, which I believe was two-thirds genuine, his apparent desertion of her having been caused, in part, by a mysterious interception of their letters, upon which I think his mother could have enlightened them. At all events, his manner, when he led the pretty creature into the dining room that evening, and introduced her as his affianced wife, was fond and proud enough to have satisfied the most exacting of women. They were married in the parlor the very next day, Tony Maxwell acting as best man, and going nearly distracted over the radiant beauty and becoming toilet of the bride. To this day, the boys all believe the wedding to have been the result of a long concerted arrangement.

The parents of both Harry and Grace were highly offended at the unconven-

tional marriage, and left the young couple to their own resources for a time. This fact, together with the devotion of his pretty wife, aroused Harry to his best exertions, and he developed an amount of capability for which I had never given him credit. Doting Mamma Winstead, however, could not hold out against her boy, especially as his bride was of an aristocratic family, which, to her mind, was better than wealth; and at the expiration of a year she paid them a visit, and went home in raptures with her pretty daughter.

Rachel and I were married at Eastertide. Her engagement with the school officials had been for a year, but the old bachelor principal, understanding the case, took a prearranged trip to Oregon during the Christmas holidays, and brought back a lady assistant, whom he laughingly declared he had placed under bonds never to desert him, and Rachel was released from her engagement, the professor's stately bride taking her position.

I can say, without fear of successful contradiction, that I have the cosiest home and most adoroble wife in the territory, or, in fact, in the world.

Good Mrs. Tasselton has married a wealthy mine owner, lives in the finest house in our now flourishing town, and sends her little daughters to Sunday school clad in satins and laces. She, with old Joe Jeffrey, the Maxwell brothers, and our other old friends, often spend an evening at our fireside; and it is plain to be seen that they are as much in love with my wife as ever, and for my part, I do not see how they can help it.

E. BARNARD FOOTE.

SISKIYOU COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

EXTENDING from the mountain ridge between the Salmon and Trinity rivers on the west, to the famous Modoc lava beds on the east, and from the Sacramento divide on the south, to the Siskiyou mountains, which form the Oregon line, on the north, the county has an average length of one hundred and twenty miles and a width of fifty-seven miles, the superficial area being about seven thousand square miles. This is essentially a region of mountains and valleys. The entire western end is mountainous, while the southern and northern borders are mountain ridges, occupying, on the south, considerable of the county's area, and embracing Mt. Shasta, the great snow peak of the Sierra Nevadas. Northerly, almost through the center of the county, runs a mountain ridge, on either side of which lies a broad and fertile valley, through each of which flows a considerable river. Across the eastern end stretch the Butte Creek mountains, beyond which, for a number of miles, the county breaks in gentle hills to the lava beds, through which runs the line separating it from Modoc county. Through that section it has easy communication with the great interior basin between the Cascades and the Blue mountains, extending clear to Walla Walla and Snake river, in Washington Territory. It is by this route that the Southern Pacific proposes to reach the famous grain fields of Walla Walla.

This region has a system of water courses distinct from the remainder of

California, as well as from that portion of Oregon immediately adjoining it on the north. The great Klamath river rises in the larger of the two lakes bearing the same name, and in its windings through the mountains, takes a generally western course, until it pours into the ocean, near Crescent City, the combined waters of the lakes and the Shasta, Scott, Salmon and Trinity rivers, besides a multitude of smaller tributaries. The volume of water which surges through its rocky gorges and precipitous canyons in the winter season, is enormous, and the stream is kept a rushing torrent until late in the summer, by the melting snows of the mountain summits. This great river, as well as its first important tributary, the Shasta, was well known to the early trappers and pioneers of the Pacific coast, who made frequent journeys between the Willamette and Sacramento valleys. The Shasta has for its fountain heads the glaciers and snows of the great mountain peak, and flows northerly, through the valley of the same name, uniting with the Klamath a few miles below the point where the Oregon & California railroad crosses that stream. Scott river, the next large tributary, rises in Scott mountain and the giant ridge which lies between Shasta and Scott valleys, and flows northerly through the latter till it pierces the mountains which hedge the Klamath, and empties into that turbulent stream. Beyond the summit of the mountains which form the western boundary of Scott valley, flows Salmon river, in forks, which unite just before joining the Klamath. This stream, unlike the other two, traverses no large valley, but flows through an unbroken series of mountains. The next, and greatest, tributary of the Klamath is Trinity river, lying wholly within the limits of Humboldt and Trinity counties. The Klamath river drains a large area, and carries a volume of water truly wonderful for so narrow a stream. Between its precipitous banks (see page 874), the waters, augmented by the rains of winter, or the melting snows of spring and early summer, which flow down from the mountain summits, rush and tumble and foam, falling, in places, ten feet to the mile. At times, so much water comes down from the mountains, that the flats and lower levels of the valleys are flooded until the water can force itself through the Klamath's canyons. This suggests the manner in which the fertile alluvial soil of the valleys was formed.

The rainfall in Scott and Shasta valleys is not as great as on the foothills of the mountains enclosing the Sacrameto valley. In the mountains, the snow falls to the depth of from five to twenty feet, and, on the higher summits, remains until late in the summer, constantly feeding the streams and keeping them supplied with an abundance of clear, cold water. To the miners, this constant supply of water is a necessity, and the more snow in the mountains in winter, the better the mining season the following summer. The rainfall is ample for all the purposes of agriculture, ranging from thirteen to forty inches, the average for twenty-one consecutive years being twenty-two inches. The rains are light in June, July August and September, and heavy in November, December, January, February and March. The ground is thus thoroughly moistened in winter, and crops receive ample rain in the spring, while the summer and early fall offer ample opportunity for leisure harvesting under cloudless skies. But little snow falls in the valleys, and it is seldom that sleighing lasts more than a week. The temperature is slightly lower than in either the Sacramento or Willamette valley, though seldom falling to ten degrees above zero. In the summer it ascends, at times, as high as ninety-

six degrees, though it rarely exceeds ninety degrees. For a region having an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, the climate of these valleys is remarkably mild and equable. It has the most salubrious and invigorating climate in California, one calculated to encourage and sustain the greatest amount of physical activity.

In times past, and even to the present day, the leading resource of the county was its auriferous deposits, both quartz and placer. Gold was found on both the Salmon and Scott rivers, by prospecting parties, in 1850, and the following year a great crowd of miners flocked into this region and began work on the bars, flats and gulches from Salmon to Shasta rivers. Mining was the sole industry for years, with the exception of such agriculture as was developed to supply the home market. It was confined to placer diggings almost exclusively, until recent years, when quartz began to assume prominence. Placer mining is carried on in four distinct ways. The first is surface working, by means of sluices, in shallow diggings on flats and in gulches, where water is brought to the claim in ditches, or flows in the channels of adjacent streams. Next to these are the drift claims, where the pay dirt near the bed rock is taken out by means of tunnels, or shafts, connecting with drifts, and then washed by means of sluices. In a number of places, the hydraulic process is extensively used, and along the Klamath expensive wing-dams are built, to lay bare the bed of the stream.

The following detailed summary of the mining interests of the county is gleaned from the columns of that reliable paper, the *Yreka Journal:*

Commencing at our northern boundary, are the mining districts bordering on the southern base of Siskiyou mountain, known as the Hungry creek, Beaver creek and Cottonwood creek districts, on the north side of the Klamath river, all of which contain rich quartz, placer and river gold mines ; also cinnabar and silver, together with finest quarries of sandstone. The largest piece of gold ever found on the coast, which contained very little quartz, was taken out at Cottonwood district several years ago, and weighed nineteen pounds. The Klamath river, from Cottonwood southward, contains rich bar and channel diggings, now being worked by wing-damming and water-wheel power.

Next south come the Virginia bar and Honolulu districts, along the Klamath river, where more extensive wing-damming is required, on account of the larger stream, by the addition of several tributaries. These claims are worked day and night, when the river is low enough, or between the middle of May and the first of December, working at night by all sorts of lighting apparatus, including electric lights. The pits of the several claims vary in depth from thirty to fifty feet to bed rock. As high as four hundred ounces in a single week have been taken out of some of the claims. In this district good quartz mines have been found ; also fine leads of limestone and coal. Farther down the river, and all the way to the lower corner of the county, joining Del Norte and Humboldt counties, are the Oak bar, Hamburg bar, Sciad valley and Happy Camp districts, containing numerous rich river, hydraulic, quartz and placer claims, while the Scott river district, near the junction of the Scott and Klamath rivers, is one of the camps where gold was first discovered, and still retains its reputation of being about the richest mining district in the county, in quartz, placer and hydraulic mining. From Happy Camp southward there are many good claims and mining grounds, along Klamath river, still dormant from

lack of wagon road communication, or even a safe trail to reach them.

On the south side of the Klamath river, are the Humbug creek, Yreka creek, Greenhorn creek and Willow creek districts, all containing rich quartz, hydraulic, drift and placer claims. Humbug creek contains many good ledges of quartz, which prospect exceedingly well. At Willow creek and the mouth of the Shasta river, good placer diggings have lately been discovered. Good coal mines also exist on Willow creek. The Yreka basin, in which Yreka is located, extending from Shasta river to Greenhorn, is a vast placer mining field, six miles in length, by two or three miles wide, and would pay well if drained by a bed rock flume of large carrying capacity. The Humbug range, on the west side of Yreka basin, also contains numerous quartz ledges. Greenhorn district, along Greenhorn creek, has paid immensely in years past, with gold of the purest quality, while the quartz mines now being developed are of similar richness, a couple of miners having lately pounded out some $400.00 from a piece of quartz weighing about one hundred pounds. Good limestone has also been found on Greenhorn, and good sandstone exists just north of Yreka.

In the Scott valley neighborhood are the famous Deadwood, McAdams creek, Indian creek, Rattlesnake creek, Kidder creek, Patterson creek, French creek, Shackleford creek, Oro Fino, Mugginsville, Pinery, Quartz valley, South Fork of Scott river, and other mining districts. At Deadwood creek, some rich quartz mines are now being worked with good success; also placer and gulch claims, while lower down along McAdams creek, deep drifting is carried on by means of pumping machinery, to afford drainage. At Indian creek, good success in hydraulic placer and quartz mining is accomplished, some of the best paying quartz in the county having been found on this stream. Excellent quartz and placer mines have also been found on Patterson, Rattlesnake, Kidder and Shackleford creeks. At Oro Fino and Quartz valley, hydraulic mining is carried on more extensively than elsewhere in the county, the annual yield being over $100,000.00, from hydraulic mining alone, with a season of about six or seven months of sufficient water, in which district several good paying quartz ledges are also worked. Some good placer mines exist at Pinery, and at French creek, south of Etna, quartz ledges and placer claims also prospect well. At South Fork of Scott river, and its tributaries, river, creek and quartz claims are being worked with the greatest success, and new discoveries are constantly being made.

In the Salmon river section are the Black Bear, Klamath, Liberty, South Fork of Salmon, Methodist creek, Plummer creek, Know Nothing creek, Yocumville, Summerville, Dillon and other mining districts, a vast mining field but little prospected, yet containing several rich paying quartz, placer, river and hydraulic mines. The noted Black Bear quartz mine is one of the historical mines of California, having been continuously worked since its discovery in 1860, producing $3,000,000.00, returning $1,000,000.00 in dividends, besides paying for its extensive plant of thirty-two-stamp water and steam mill combined, chlorine works, hoisting works, wagon roads, etc., which cost about a quarter of a million more. The Klamath quartz mine has yielded $650,000.00, with its thirty-two-stamp mill, the Live Yankee over $50,000.00, the Evening Star $65,000.00, and the Uncle Sam and others, considerable more. These latter mines are clustered in the head of Eddy's gulch, a stream credited with a product of $2,000,000.00, with paying claims still

operated upon it. Eddy's gulch is a tributary of the north fork of Salmon river, which latter stream has yielded between $8,000,000.00 and $10,000,000.00, according to well posted authorities, with several good bank and river claims still left. The south fork of Salmon river was once a good field for the miner, and has a number of good hydraulic claims still in operation, including the Spooner, Campbell & Smith claim at Summerville, Messrs. Bennett & Co's. claims at Niggerville and Oliver's flat, the McNeal claim at Crappo creek, besides a large scope of ground awaiting development. Know Nothing creek is a newly discovered quartz field, in the ridge of mountains between the Salmon river section on southern border of this county, and the New river quartz mines of Trinity county, which created so much excitement two years ago. Loftus and Morrison are deriving good profit from their claim on this creek, and Radelfinger & Funk's Gold Run, and other localities, show good ore. All the streams and gulches leading from the Salmon and New river mountains into the Salmon river, in the above named districts, pay well wherever prospected, and only time and capital are needed to prove their great value. A large extent of this country is yet unexplored, especially at the head of Independence creek, south of Marble mountain, where elk trails only are visible through the thick brush. This is a good place, no doubt, for finding rich gold deposits, or by clearing off brush and timber, to make good dairy ranches.

In the Salmon range of mountains between Scott valley and Salmon river, is the noted Marble mountain, which furnishes superior marble in endless quantity, or for use in making good lime.

In the Mount Shasta neighborhood quartz ledges have been found, and at Soda creek and other creeks near the Shasta county boundary, where the railroad reaches us from the south, the placer claims have been worked with good success. It is believed that good ledges will yet be found in the mountain ranges dividing Shasta and Scott valleys, in which good prospects of both gold and silver have been found at various times. On McCloud river good marble abounds, capable of a high polish, and fine specimens of onyx have been discovered in the vicinity of Mount Shasta. Rich gold ledges have lately been discovered in Squaw valley, south of McCloud river, and considerable prospecting has been carried on in hunting for silver along the Shasta and Siskiyou boundary line in the same vicinity.

From the preceding review, it will be seen that the mining interests of the county are quite extensive. There are, however, large tracts of good placer ground which have remained unworked, because capital is necessary to provide the means of working them profitably, and on a large scale. The same is true of the quartz lodes. Of the hundreds of locations, but a few have been developed into mines, owing to a lack of the necessary means by the owners, and the difficulty of interesting capital in a region so isolated from railroad communication as this has been until recently. Now, however, things wear a different aspect. A railroad has been constructed through the heart of the county, connecting it with both San Francisco and Portland, the two financial centers of the Pacific coast, and uniting it with the great railroad system of the United States. A more rapid development of its valuable ledges of quartz and placer deposits may now be reasonably expected. In fact, this county offers the most inducements of any in the gold region of California, since it has hundreds of located claims of undoubted value, as well as vast areas whose mineral bear-

ing character is well known, but which are, practically, unprospected.

To the agriculturist, also, Siskiyou county has much to offer. The two large valleys, Scott and Shasta, lying in the center of the county, contain many as fine farms as are to be found in the state. The demand for food products created by the mining industry, early led to the development of these fertile valleys. Scott valley is about twenty-five miles long and from three to five wide. Through its length winds Scott river, whose waters are used in some portions of the valley for irrigating purposes, and in other places as an adjunct of mining operations. Grain, fruit and vegetables produce most prolifically, as do, also, the native and cultivated grasses, including clover and alfalfa. Apples and potatoes, two products which are of an inferior quality in the Sacramento valley, are here grown in their highest perfection. The cost of transportation has prevented them from reaching outside markets, but now the potatoes and apples of Siskiyou must soon become well known in the markets of San Francisco. Shasta valley is the largest in the county, and is used chiefly as a stock range. Little Shasta valley is one of the most fruitful agricultural sections of the state, and has many splendid farms. Across the Butte creek mountains is Butte creek valley, a splendid dairying country. Beyond this, towards the lava beds, is a stock region, where thousands of cattle have been grazed for years, but which is now being rapidly settled upon by agriculturists, who are demonstrating its great productive capacity. Willow creek and Cottonwood creek, near the Klamath, have many good farms and orchards, and good vineyards are being reared in the gulches and on the hill sides. Strawberry valley lies about the base of Mount Shasta, and is a splendid dairying region, as is, also, Squaw valley, on McCloud river, further to the southeast. Along the entire course of the Klamath are frequent flats, where are many fine farms, gardens and orchards. In the Salmon river region are many agricultural spots along the course of the streams, while Quartz valley, Crystal creek, and other smaller outlying valleys, add their quota to the arable area of the county.

The county seat and chief business point is Yreka, lying in an arm of Shasta valley, approximately near the center of the county. Gold was discovered on the extensive flats along Yreka creek early in 1851, and in four months a town of more than two thousand people was built, which became, and has always continued to be, the financial and business center of the entire Klamath region. It has always been the most important point on the California and Oregon stage line, and is the repeating station on the telegraph line from San Francisco to Portland. Yreka supports half a dozen large general stores, besides a a score of other stores, shops, etc. The city is lighted by gas, and has a good water supply brought in by a large ditch. It has three churches, a fine, public school building, (see engraving on page 893), Masonic Hall, Red Men's hall, Odd Fellows' hall, two breweries, a court house and jail (see page 893), in the center of a block well provided with shade trees, a bank, a school for girls maintained by the Sisters of Mercy, dentists, physicians, attorneys and two newspapers. The *Journal* is published semi-weekly, by Robert Nixon, who began, in 1861, to publish what has continued to be the leading republican paper of Northern California. The *Union*, published by R. Beers Loos, is a bright, newsy weekly, of the democratic faith, and is the lineal descendant of the first paper published in the county.

An engraving of Miner street, looking

west, is given on page 893, and on page 892 is given a view of the same street looking east, the two embracing a total of three blocks. This is the chief thoroughfare, and it is safe to say that the business which has been transacted there aggregates many millions of dollars. Good wagon roads radiate from Yreka to every portion of the county, offering facilities for the people to visit the county seat for purposes of business and trade, or to attend the fair, which is annually held there. The line of the California & Oregon railroad passes through Shasta valley, at a distance of six miles from Yreka, and a project is on foot to build a branch line from the town. The number of Chinese living in a town is a good index of its business importance. Yreka is the headquarters for the Chinese of Northern California, many of whom are engaged in mining, and their stores and habitations (see page 893) form a little town by themselves. Yreka has a population of nearly fifteen hundred, exclusive of Chinese.

The leading town of Scott valley is Fort Jones, which has a population of about eight hundred. It has one good business street (see page 892), on which are a number of stores, several of them carrying large stocks of goods. It derives much support from the mines along McAdams, Indian and other creeks. It has a good roller process, flouring mill (see page 912), a church, a commodious brick school house (see page 912), a bank, and all the other adjuncts of a thriving town. A good newspaper, the *Scott Valley News*, is published by L. D. Clark. Fort Jones was originally a military post established in 1852, at which were stationed a number of officers who subsequently won distinction in the Union and Confederate armies. It is a good business point, and will thrive under the increase of business, mining, agriculture and population the new railroad will bring to the county.

In Scott valley are, also, the towns of Etna, with a population of six hundred, Callahan's, connected with the railroad by a good wagon road, and Oro Fino, a mining town near Fort Jones. Near the mouth of Scott river is the old mining town of Scott Bar, and down the Klamath are Happy Camp, a town of considerable size, Sciad and Hamburg. Above the mouth of Scott river is Oak Bar, where the Klamath is being mined by wing dams, and where a number of good ranches help to support a prosperous town and a large saw mill. Farther up the Klamath are Honolulu, Virginia Bar and Henley, or Cottonwood. On the line of the railroad are the towns of Hornbrook, Willow Creek, Montague, the point where connection is made for Yreka, Gazelle, Edgewood, Sisson, Mott, Soda Springs and Dunsmuir. Of these, the most important are Montague, Edgewood and Sisson, the last two being business points of long standing. To the east of the railroad lies the town of Little Shasta, where a good flowering mill is located.

The advent of the railroad is changing the conditions of business and removing the causes which have retarded the growth of Siskiyou county. Goods and machinery can now be imported at a reasonable expense, and many products of the soil and the magnificent forests be sent to outside markets. Immigrants may now come conveniently and cheaply, from either the northern or southern trans-continental routes. Hundreds of families can find homes on fertile lands, where they can surround themselves with comforts and live upon the products of the field, garden, tree and vine. The next ten years will see great accessions to the agricultural population of this region. In its mining interests, also, Siskiyou is destined to make great

advancement. Its ledges of gold bearing quartz will now attract more attention and receive greater development, while its vast areas of placer ground, yet practically untouched, will pass into the hands of men with the necessary capital to introduce the hydraulic system of mining, which has, as yet, but little foot-hold. The swift current of the Klamath and tributary streams carries away the detritus, which the sluggish streams of the Sacramento valley are unable to remove, and for this reason, capital need never fear the opposition from farmers which has interfered with the hydraulic industry in the Sierra.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA UNITED.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago the first through stage line was established between the cities of Portland and Sacramento, by the California Stage Co., which then had a monopoly of all the important stage lines on the coast. Passengers for San Francisco reached that city by steamer from Sacramento. For ten years these two seaports had been connected by a line of ocean steamers, yet the new stage line, being a daily one, had much through traffic, while its local travel was very large. It was the longest stage line ever operated, except the celebrated overland line put on by Ben Holladay, about a year later. It is doubtful if a more pleasant, or rather, less disagreeable, stage route ever existed. Staging, at its best, is far from agreeable, when continued day after day, even during pleasant weather, and during stormy days it becomes a positive mortification of the flesh. Yet, on this route, the evils were more subdued than on many others. Much of it was among beautiful mountain scenery, where cool breezes and dense forests contributed to the comfort of passengers, and the noble Shasta, the turbid Klamath, the rugged Siskiyou and frowning Umpqua canyon appealed to the poetic and artistic instincts.

All this has now passed away forever. Gradually, for fifteen years, the railroads extending north from San Francisco and south from Portland, have been creeping closer and closer together, shortening the stage route at every step, but leaving the mountain region undisturbed until the very last. Finally, on the seventeenth of December, 1887, the last spike uniting the two roads was driven on the north slope of the Siskiyou mountains, and the stage disappeared from the scene forever. This was the last stronghold of the Concord, the only remaining stage line of consequence in the West, and with its overthrow the old era may be declared at an end, and the new triumphantly established. In commemoration of this most important event, THE WEST SHORE issues with this number a large supplemental picture, representing the old and the new, the alpha and omega of the familiar overland route from Portland to San Francisco, In it the "old timers" will find much to remind them of those days, now gone forever, when the Concord, with its six galloping horses, was the greatest center of attraction, and the only dependence for conveyance of persons and intelligence from one community to another. It will find its place on

the walls in thousands of places, because of the memories of the past and the promises for the future.

The superb scenery of this route, once but a partial alleviation of the ills of staging, will now become a resistless attraction, drawing thousands of tourists annually, and making this the most noted scenic route to be found among the railroads of the United States. Nowhere else can the traveler, comfortably seated in his warm, softly-cushioned Pullman, be carried to the very base of such a mountain as the noble Shasta, the cooling breezes from its snowy sides stealing into the window and filling his lungs with the pure air of the high altitude from which they come.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTLAND.

THERE never was a more complete verification of the old adage, "It never rains but it pours," than in the building of bridges across the Willamette. For years the citizens of Portland have tried to span that navigable stream with a bridge, but injunctions have defeated them in the courts, and lobbies blocked them in the legislature. At last, a year ago, the Morrison street bridge was thrown across the stream, followed by one at Salem and Albany; now a fourth is under construction, and the plans for a fifth are in the hands of its projectors, at Oregon City. Four bridges in one year, with a fifth in embryo, are enough to convince the most doubting of Oregon Thomases, that Stephen Maybell was gifted with a prophetic tongue, when, in tuneful cadence, he sang that well-known couplet:

> They're going to build, I feel it, yet,
> A bridge across the Willamette.

The bridge now under construction, an engraving of which is given on page 911, is being erected by the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., and will answer the triple purpose of a railroad, wagon road and foot bridge. The view taken by the artist shows the bridge as seen from the east side of the river a few hundred feet down the stream. In the distance may be seen the eastern end of the Morrison street bridge, the western end being hidden by the bend in the river between the two structures. Its solid framework of iron and steel, as well as its ample proportions, are plainly shown in the engraving, from which it will be easy to understand the detailed description of its constituent parts which follows.

In total length, the bridge proper is six hundred and sixty feet, and consists of two spans, one fixed and the other a draw. The draw span is three hundred and forty feet long, and begins on the west bank, extending to a pier near the center of the stream. It rests on a pivotal pier, and when open, swings over a protection of piling built at right angles to the bridge, and extending one hundred and ninety feet each way from the center, or twenty feet beyond either end of the bridge. The pier upon which the draw rests, was made by driving a solid body of piles into the bed of the stream, which were sawed off evenly at a depth of forty feet below low water mark. Upon this was laid a grillage of twelve by twelve timbers, alternately crossing at

right angles, to a height of twenty-four feet, upon which was erected a pier of solid masonry to the top, which forms a rest for the turn table. This pier is thirty-one feet in diameter at the top, and has upon it a track, upon which the steel wheels of the bridge, fifty-six in number, move. The draw will be operated by a small steam engine, located on one side of the draw span.

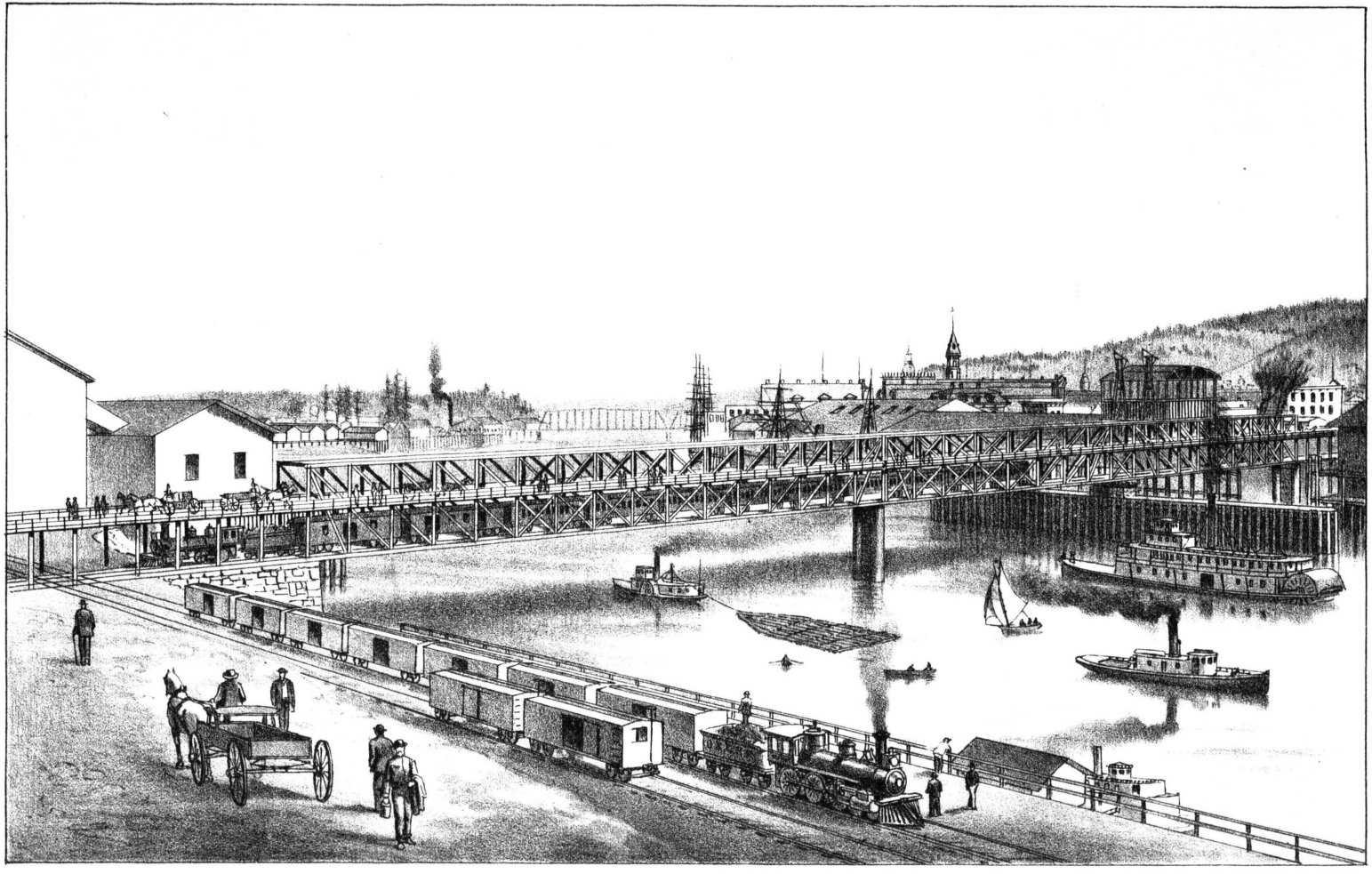
The pier upon which the connecting ends of the two spans rest, was made by driving two clusters of piles, fourteen feet in diameter, side by side, around each of which was sunk a heavy iron cylinder, the spaces inside being solidly filled with concrete. The cylinders are ninety-six feet high, and extend seventy feet below low water mark. The fixed span, extending from the cylinder pier to the east bank of the river, is three hundred and twenty feet long. The bottom of this span is thirty feet above low water mark, a distance sufficient to permit tugs and small steamers to pass under at all stages of the water, except the highest.

As before stated, the bridge is designed for the triple use of trains, wagons and foot passengers, and for this purpose is divided into four compartments. Upon the bottom of the bridge, which is twenty feet wide between the trusses, will be laid a single railroad track, twenty feet in the clear, above the track, being allowed to the solid plank floor of the wagon roadway above. The upper half is the same width as the lower, giving ample room for trains to pass. The space in the clear above the planks is fourteen feet, the remainder of the forty feet of total height of the structure being filled with angle-iron braces. On a level with the roadway, outside the trusses, on each side, is a foot-way six feet wide, protected by ample railings and guards.

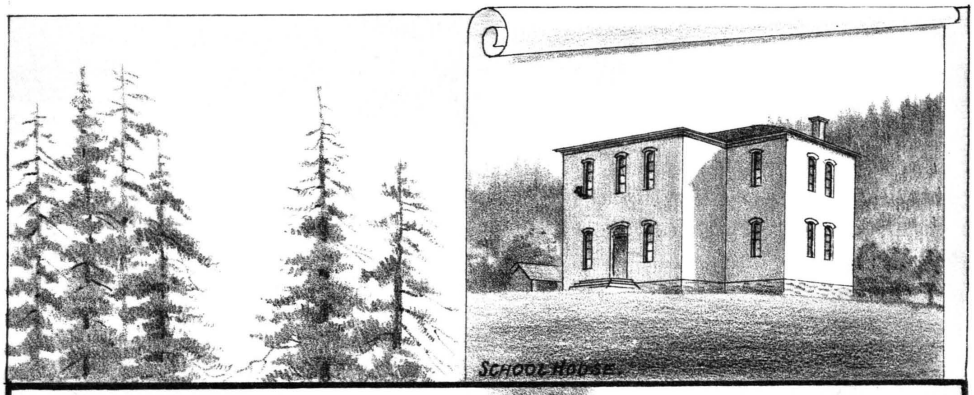
The structure is being erected by the O. R. & N. Co., on its own account, and not by contract, so that its exact cost is yet unknown. It will approximate $350,000.00. The frame is of solid iron and steel, chiefly the latter, the draw span weighing five hundred tons, and the fixed span three hundred and eighty tons. The bridge is being made by the Union Bridge Co., of Athens, Penn., and will arrive in perfectly matched parts, ready to be joined and placed in position. The best of material is being used, and every effort will be made to secure the best structure possible. The chief engineer is George S. Morison, of New York City, who is represented here by George A. Lederle, the engineer in immediate charge of the work.

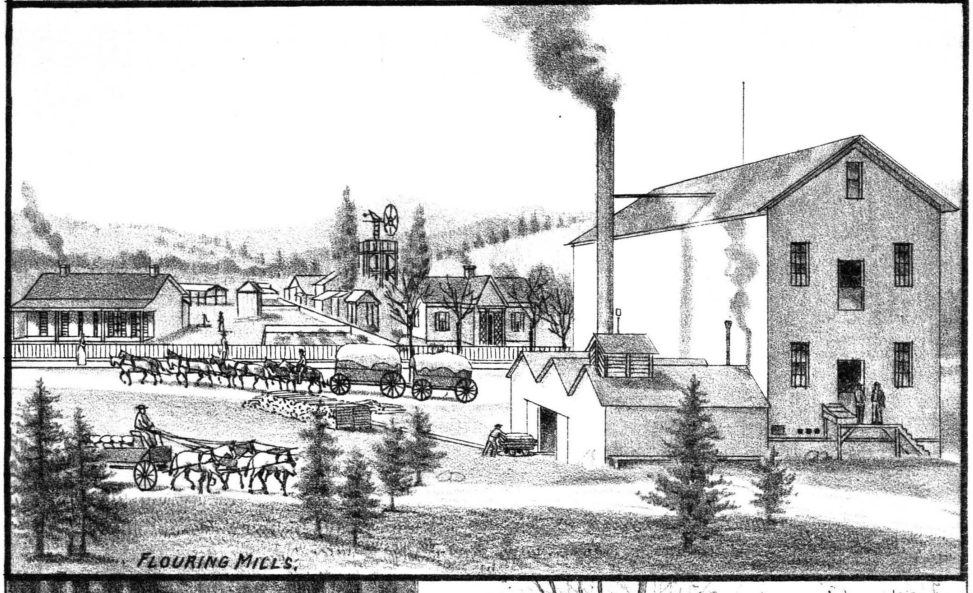
On the west side the approach to the wagon-way is seven hundred feet long, beginning at the corner of Third and G streets, and forming a viaduct over the tracks of the Northern Pacific and the Oregon and California roads. The railroad track from the bridge will connect immediately with tracks now on Front street. On the east side, the roadway connects with Holladay avenue by an approach of one hundred and fifty feet, and the track joins the tracks of the O. & C. through a deep cut being made in the high bank south of the bridge.

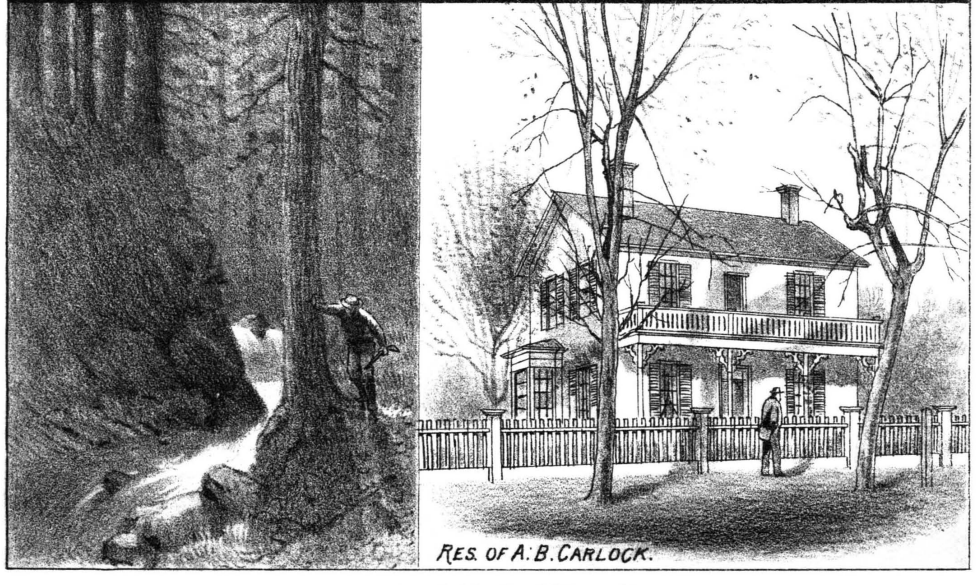
The structure will be completed about the first of April, when trains from the East may come across the river. What plans are being matured for terminal facilities on this side of the river, it is impossible to ascertain; nor can it be learned what temporary conveniences will be provided until the expected grand union depot will be completed. It is probable that these details have not yet been arranged by the officers of the several roads interested, and will not be until the bridge is ready for use.



OREGON–THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTLAND.







FORT JONES, CALIFORNIA.

Northwestern News and Information.

THE BELL MINE SOLD. The final payment of $55,000,00 for the Bell mine was made by the Chambers syndicate a few days ago, a previous one of $20,000.00 having been made. The Bell is one of the earliest and best known properties in Butte, and has had a somewhat checkered career. It is thought that it will soon join the group of regular dividend payers.

SEATTLE & WEST COAST R. R.—Contract has been let to Messrs. Sinclair & Co., heavy contractors on the Canadian Pacific, for the completion of the entire line of the Seattle & West Coast, from Seattle to the international boundary. The grade is finished as far as Snohomish, and the new contractors lay the rails to that point and do the entire work beyond. Sinclair & Co. own the franchise for the branch from the Canadian Pacific to connect with this line, and the placing of the entire work in their hands guarantees the completion of a line from Seattle to the Canadian Pacific by the end of 1888. Seattle will then become the American terminus of that great overland road, with all the advantages of such a commanding position.

WATERVILLE, W. T. — Waterville, the new county seat of Douglas county, W. T. is making a rapid growth. A few months ago it contained not to exceed six houses and now it has upwards of thirty, and six or eight others in contemplation, to be put up this winter. The original site contained forty acres, and was a government town site, so called because every person who desired to do so, could go and select his lot and build on it, and the ground, to the extent of one lot was his. Thus the lots cost nothing and no one can get a corner on the forty acres. As the town grows, the owners of the ground contiguous will be called on to make additions to this nucleus, around which a flourishing village will soon cluster. A new paper, the *Big Bend Empire*, will soon be issued there by L. E. Kellogg, formerly of the Colfax *Gazette*.

MEN, PLACES AND THINGS.—Under this title, that gifted writer, Professor William Matthews, L. L. D., has published a collection of charming and instructive essays on subjects of much interest, including short biographical reviews. The manner in which Professor Matthews has handled other topics is sufficient to convince the thousands who have read his "Getting on in the World," "Hours with Men and Books," and other volumes, of the pleasure to be derived from perusing his latest work. A few of the titles, such as "Character of Napoleon," "Bulwer," "The Weaknesses of Great Men" "Courage," "Illusions About the Past," suggest the wide range and the valuable and interesting nature of its contents. A topical index, without which no book intended to be used at any time as a work of reference is complete, enables the reader to find at once any particular portion of any essay. Price $1.50; neatly bound in cloth. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, and for sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland, Oregon.

THE WALLOWA MINES.—A good showing has been made on the mineral ledges of the Wallowa mountains this season. In fact, more work has been done since last July than has been done all together before. But the development work is only just begun, and next season will witness increased activity. Let our prospectors here, and those who contemplate coming here, remember that only a fractional part of the accessible ground has yet been "scratched" by the miner's pick, and that in all probability the best properties remain undiscovered. There is scarcely a canyon in the Wallowa mountains where float can not be found, and, as a rule, the ledges have prominent outcroppings, so that there is comparatively little trouble to the experienced prospector in making locations. The necessities of life are very reasonable here, and the climate is such that Wallowa county offers every inducement to miners who care to spend their summer in the mountains searching for mineral. We want to see thorough prospecting and legitimate development work done here next summer.—*Wallowa Chieftain.*

NEW FOUNDLANDERS TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.—J. H. Whitely, who was sent to the Pacific coast in July last, by fishermen and smack owners of New Foundland, to examine

the possible advantage that might ensue to people whom he represented, by migrating from their homes in New Foundland and Labrador to the Pacific coast, has completed his examination and makes the following statement: "I visited Victoria, Vancouver island, and thence went to every point of advantage by steamer and sailing craft. The points which I have selected for the location of future villages are the Queen Charlotte islands. The group consists of Graham, Moresby and Provost islands. Their coast line has numerous inlets which afford abundant shelter, and I consider the group a splendid place for our men. The main point which engaged my attention was the fishing prospects, and I was fairly astonished at the quantity of fish; the waters fairly teem with them, and although my investigations were confined to the east side of Queen Charlotte islands, I am informed that on their west coast the fish are just as abundant."

NEW GEYSERS IN THE NATIONAL PARK.—Stopping to eat a lunch and feed our horses at a point about midway between the canyon and the lower geyser basin, our party started, lunch in hand, to visit a place seldom seen by tourists. It has been named Glen Africa on account of the intense heat felt in passing through the glen on a hot summer day. Mrs. Smith thought the glen looked like a rift in a great cloud with a clear sky beyond, the cloud being a range of hills through which a multitude of active geysers had gnawed their way to an open valley, leaving the ragged rocks half consumed on each side of the narrow valley. The creek that flows through Glen Africa is boiling hot, and in many places the falls and cascades are surprisingly beautiful, the walls and bottom being colored with those superb yellow and brown tints that accompany geyser action. There are numerous small creeks flowing into the main one from either side. At the head of each one of these there is an active geyser at work widening and deepening the glen with a persistence and vigor that is truly amazing. One named Bomb Shell geyser is well worth a paragraph or two. It is situated on the west side of African creek and at the north end of the glen and is at work in the heart of a huge, bowlder-like mass of black, basaltic rock, that presents the appearance of a mammoth exploded shell. A portion of the circle of rock with ragged edges overhangs the basin in which two fierce torrid waves dash against each other like wild beasts leaping and tearing and gnashing their teeth with demoniac fury. The crater is over fifteen feet in diameter and is circular, very much resembling the Brimstone Bowl at Sulphur mountain in all but the color, which in this one is jet black, with ragged edges, while the Brimstone Bowl has a polished golden wall of crystalized sulphur.—G. L. Henderson in *Bozeman Chronicle.*

MONTANA ASSESSMENT ROLL.—The property assessment in Montana approximates $60,000,000.00, an increase during the year of about $5,000,000.00. In view of the fact that the loss on cattle during the year amounted to $4,000,000.00, the increased assessment is a most creditable showing of the growing wealth of the territory. The heaviest loss in cattle was in Custer county, the returns showing the number of cattle assessed this year to be ninety thousand six hundred and seventy-one, with a valuation of $1,815,440.05, a decrease from last year of ninety-seven thousand twenty-four head, with a valuation of $1,101,486.00. Dawson county comes next, the returns this year showing twenty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-seven head of cattle, having a value of $569,000.00, the decrease from last year being thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-sight head, having a value of $534,003.00. In Choteau county there are ten thousand nine hundred and twenty-two fewer cattle than last year, worth $542,011.00, or at least the assessment is that much less. The total number of cattle in the territory is four hundred and seventy-one thousand one hundred and seventy-eight, worth $9,491,807.00, the decrease from last year being one hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight, valued at $3,846,008.00. The sheep in the territory, on the contrary, have increased, the number at present being one million sixty-two thousand one hundred and forty-one, with a valuation of $2,148,551.00, the increase over last year being ninety-three thousand eight hundred and forty-three, worth $195,823.00.

IDAHO'S RESOURCES.—The following extract is from Gov. Stevenson's exhaustive report on the condition of Idaho:—The great natural resources of Idaho are today practically undeveloped. Within her boundaries are large amounts of good agricultural and grazing lands belonging to the government that are now open to settlement, and particularly in the counties of Alturas, Ada, Washington, Bingham, Boise, Idaho and Cassia, besides more or less in all the other counties. The great mineral belt of Idaho is hardly prospected, and our mining enterprises

are yet in their infancy. Thousand of good and valuable quartz mines of gold, silver, copper and lead are yet unoccupied and unlocated. The finest water powers in the world, capable of running all kinds of machinery, are open to location and are unused and unappropriated. Splendid locations for grazing, and manufacturing butter and cheese on a large scale, can be had in almost any county, and the products would find a ready sale in our mining counties; good, fresh butter by reliable makers, sells here for from thirty to forty cents per pound. No better place in the world could be found for erecting mills, quartz mills, factories, tanneries, and woolen mills than our water powers, now unappropriated and adapted for such industries. Building irrigation ditches to supply farmers with water on the desert lands, is one of the most safe and certain investments for capitalists. Immense forests of pine and fir timber are yet held by the government, but are allowed to be used honestly for domestic purposes.

Montana Stock Shipments.—The widely circulated reports of the loss of cattle in Montana last winter were such as to convey the idea that there would be a heavy falling off in the live stock traffic this fall. The conclusion, however, is not warranted by the facts, as the figures will show. The Northern Pacific has hauled east from Montana and Western Dakota this season, seventy-two thousand four hundred and fifty head of beef cattle, against eighty thousand nine hundred and thirty in 1886, a decrease of only eight thousand five hundred head. Last year two thousand two hundred and eighty head of cattle were shipped east from Washington Territory, but on account of the coast demand being greater this year, none were shipped, so that the shortage from Montana and Western Dakota is only six thousand two hundred and twenty head. The number of sheep sent to market this year by the Northern Pacific road was ninety-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-three head, against one hundred and ten thousand five hundred and twenty-five head last year, a decrease of ten thousand eight hundred and ninety-five. These figures show a decrease in the stock movement of only ten per cent., whereas conservative judges had estimated at least fifty per cent., as whole flocks of sheep were literally wiped out last winter. In spite of the losses of last winter, and the decline in the market stock, men are now planning to replenish their ranges, and next year will see large numbers of cattle driven into Montana and Western Dakota.

Quartz in Snohomish County.—Mr. T. B. Lockwood, an old and experienced miner, arrived in Seattle on Friday from a summer's cruise in the Cascade mountains, where he has been at work since last July. Mr. Lockwood, some five years ago, while prospecting in the Cascade mountains, found some very rich float silver ore, and every summer since that time has been prospecting for the ledge. Last July he succeded in finding it, and has put in several months developing his find. The ledge is well defined, and has been tapped from the top for a distance of three thousand feet. It is forty-two inches wide. He has sunk a shaft eight feet down on the ledge, and driven a tunnel in fifteen feet. He brought a sack of the ore to this city, and will send it off for assay. Several tests were made by parties in this city, who understand working up ores, and they declare that it will go from $500.00 to $700.00 per ton. This is one of the richest finds yet made in the Cascades. This ledge is located on a branch of the Skikomish river, about fifty miles northeast of Seattle, and can be made easily accessible by a good road. This is probably only a forerunner of rich discoveries soon to be made in the Cascade mountains. Mr. Lockwood took up a claim on his ledge, had it recorded in the county auditor's office at Snohomish City, and did the necessary work to hold his claim for a year. He states that the rains drove him out, and that he will return in the early spring to still further open up his mine.—*Post-Intelligencer.*

Crops in Gallatin Valley, M. T.—Twenty-seven steam threshers have been at work, averaging sixty thousand bushels each, making a total of say one million six hundred thousand bushels. Of this, probably three-fourths are oats, one-fourth wheat and barley. The value of this crop is about as follows:

One million, two hundred thousand bushels (machine measure) oats; fifty million pounds at one cent per pound, $500,000; four hundred thousand bushels wheat at sixty-two and one-half cents per bushel, $250,000; total, $750,000; add to this amount the value of the hay, potatoes, and dairy products, and we find that the farm products of Gallatin valley are this year worth, in round numbers, $1,000,000. And yet, this is only a beginning. Look at the following figures: One million two hundred thousand bushels oats, sixty bushels per acre, twenty thousand acres—thirty sections; four hundred thousand bushels wheat at forty bushels per acre, ten thousand acres—fifteen sections. Altogether then, only thirty thousand acres, or

forty-five sections, or one and one-quarter townships, have been under cultivation this year to produce the above stated amount of grain. The area in the valley fit for cultivation, is, at a low estimate, eight townships. If half of that area, or four townships, were cultivated each year, it would be three times the area in crops this year, and if the market will justify it a very few years will see such an increased average. By utilizing the waters of the West Gallatin, every acre in the valley may be irrigated, and, except a small gravelly section in the middle of the valley, it will nearly all produce as big crops as the lands now cultivated.

I have no comments to make on the above statement. The figures are far more eloquent than any words from my pen.—P. Koch in *Helena Independent.*

Snow Sheds on the Canadian Pacific.—The snow sheds in the Selkirk mountains have been completed, seven miles and a half of sheds having been built. The qustion of snow sheds is a very interesting one, and presents one of the difficulties of the transcontinental lines. Snow sheds to cover the railroad track have been built at points on the Cental Pacific road, where it crosses the Sierra Nevada mountains. As the trains bound east leave Emigrant Gap, they run through one continuous snow shed for thirty-five miles. They secure their end, but are themselves the occasion of great inconveniences, such as the noise, the loss of view and the confining of the smoke to the train. There is nothing peculiar in the construction of these sheds, which have to support only the burden of the snow. But on the line of the Canadian Pacific, where the road crosses the mountains, sheds of a different construction are needed. Before the road was completed observations in the mountains showed that avalanches must be provided against. A single avalanche covered the track for a distance of thirteen hundred feet, and to the depth of fifty feet. The results of these observations were that the company built four and one-half miles of snow sheds at an enormous expense. The sheds are constructed as follows: On the high side of the mountain slope a crib filled with stones is constructed. Along the entire length of the shed and on the opposite side of the track a timber trestle is erected; strong timber beams are laid from the top of the crib work to the top of the trestle, four feet apart, and at an angle representing the slope of the mountain as nearly as possible. These are covered with four-inch planking, and the beams are braced on either side from the trestle and from the crib. The covering is placed at such a height as to give twenty-one feet headway from the other side of the beam to the center of the track. The longest of these sheds is thirty-seven hundred feet.

Mines about Missoula. The branch railroad extending south from Missoula, up the beautiful, fertile Bitter Root valley, has track laid as far south as Corvallis, forty-five miles from Missoula. The rich Sweat House mineral district, in the high Bitter Root range of mountains, on the west of the valley, will be tapped at a point about thirty-five miles south of the city. On the opposite side of the valley is the Welcome district, where are several good placer claims and a number of good gold quartz showings. Surveys are being made up the south fork of the Bitter Root river, with the intention of pushing the line on southwest eighty miles further, through the Bitter Root mountains, to the recently discovered huge veins of lead and silver in the Mineral Hill district. Down the Missoula river, off to the west of the city, are the many cultivated farms in Grass valley, and further on, fifteen miles from town, is the claimed oldest town in the territory—Frenchtown. Further on down the Missoula, to the St. Regis river, are more recently discovered good mineral finds; in the two new districts there are established the towns of Salomon and Superior. The district at Superior City, just below the confluence of the St. Regis with the Missoula river, on the south side of the last named, is an immense surface showing of high grade silver and lead ores. About forty miles northwest of this district again, just four miles north of the Northern Pacific railroad, are the rich Bell and Mattie Stow mines, which have been under development for the last two years. West of this is the Vermilion district, where has recently been done a large amount of development work on very promising veins of gold quartz and silver, lead and copper ores. Forty miles north of Vermilion are the old and new Libby creek placer diggings, where much placer washing has been going on all summer with very favorable results. At Wallace, on the Northern Pacific, fifteen miles east of Missoula, are a number of very good silver and copper locations, on which no small amount of wook has been done in the last three years.

A Dining Car Line to the Pacific Ocean.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, the only one of the transcontinental lines running dining cars through to the Pacific coast, announced a new

time schedule taking effect Nov. 20, 1887. The principal features of the new schedule are:

First. Twelve hours quicker time from St. Paul to Helena and Butte, Montana, and twenty four-hours shorter time to Portland, Or., Tacoma, W. T., and all North Pacific coast points, by the limited express leaving St. Paul at 4 p. m. daily. The time of No. 2, the corresponding train east bound, will be shortened seventeen hours.

Second. An additional through express train, to which will be attached Pullman sleepers, dining cars and emigrant sleepers, leaving St. Paul at 8 a. m. daily, for Helena, Butte, Missoula, Spokane Falls and Eastern Washington points; this train making the through time five hours quicker than the former Pacific coast express, giving the intended Pacific coast settler fourteen hours quicker than heretofore.

Third. Three express trains daily from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Moorhead, Minn., Fargo and Jamestown, D. T., through Pullman sleepers to Grand Forks, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton and principal points in North Dakota.

The Northern Pacific not only offers to the traveling public the best train service, including its famous dining cars, Pullman palace drawing room and sleeping cars, emigrant sleepers and splendid day coaches, but from Chicago and all eastern cities to Portland, Or., as quick time as by any other route, while to Butte and Helena, Mont., it is the shortest line by one hundred and seventy-six and three hundred and sixty-six miles respectively, actually saving the traveler to Butte six hours, and to Helena, eighteen hours, as against any other line.

The great reduction in time will be of particular interest to all classes of travel, especially Yellowstone Park and Pacific coast excursionists contemplating a return trip by the all-rail line—the "Mt. Shasta" Route—between San Francisco and Portland, and a trip along the Columbia River or over the famous Cascade mountains via the Northern Pacific.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

If I were asked what I considered to be the greatest needs of humanity at present, my answer would certainly be, greater depth of heart for man and greater breadth of mind for women. If it be true, as we have been taught in the past, that man represents the head and woman the heart of the human family, then it must be true that they have not influenced or developed each other as they should have done for their mutual best good, since there should be a balancing of intellect and heart. But ask man's opinion as to what he considers to be the *summum bonum* to mankind and he will answer you without hesitation, the possession of reason. Let him speak of the attributes of the Diety, and he graduates them upward, with reason crowning all. As a result, cold calculation is, with many men, their ideal method of making decisions. How often does this go so far as to exclude all sympathy for others and to center in the peculiar business of the individual, and its interests, even though the best welfare of his family and the community may not be so served. Ask woman what she considers the *summum bonum* to humanity, and she will probably answer you, that she supposes to be able to use the reasoning powers perfectly is the highest good. She has always been taught so, and has received it among the truths which have been handed her. But watch her actions, and she will live this answer to you:

> "Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
> In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness,
> It's second life; it grows into the soul;
> Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse."

As a result, we often find her contracted to the simple size of her own family. Her affections bound her interests and endeavors. And in making her decisions all must revolve about the polar star of her affections. Ask her to take part in some effort for the public welfare, and she will stop to consider, will it effect my family; if my family are not standing in need of it I think I don't care to do anything. So often is this found to be the case that one is almost tempted to lose faith in woman, herself. Yet, the reason why we find her so deciding, is not of an evil motive, nor is it a cool calculation to a certain end, but it is want of thought, want of outlook and mental breadth. She has sim-

ply allowed herself to be narrowed by circumstances. However, the result proves quite as bad for all concerned as though it were otherwise. The world will be bettered when she takes on more breadth of mind—yes, and the world will be bettered when man takes on more depth of heart; each taking of the other they shall dwarf not, but develop a perfect human being.

The following is a paper prepared by Mrs. W. W. Parker, of Astoria, Or., and read before the district convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in that city, Nov. 15, 16, 17, 1887. It is upon the subject, "What course shall a woman pursue to remain the equal of her husband after marriage?" It is bristling with points, and contains much that may be made practical, with profit in increased happiness and a larger development of women and their families.

This question, given me to consider on this occasion, presupposes that the husband and wife are equal at the time of marriage, which I believe to be measurably true. That a large number of women, after ten, fifteen or twenty years of married life, instead of intellectual improvement, show positive deterioration, is a fact supported by daily observation, though, by reason of the increasing opportunities offered for the development of the talents of women, and the decreasing apprehension honestly felt by many as to the result of so much freedom of action upon them, that number is, happily, lessening day by day. Still, many women are today painfully conscious of their own lack of power to understand subjects with which their husbands are familiar, such as the national, state and county finance, the attitude and policy of the several governments of the world toward each other, the various phases of the labor question, and other living issues, which exercise the minds of men.

To be sure, they know something of these subjects—everybody must, nowadays, at least have heard their names—but not enough to discuss them with their husbands so sensibly as to command respect from them, which is far more precious to the true woman than all the admiration mere personal beauty can procure; and they sometimes say to themselves: "If I only had time, I would read the papers and keep up with John, but the children and the house take all my attention." So they go on, letting the consciousness of their waning attractiveness, and the hopelessness of any change for the better eat into their hearts, fortunate if they have not the pang of seeing the intelligent comprehensiveness of some bright, earnest woman, winning, perhaps unconsciously, the reverent regard which in their souls they can not blame their husbands for bestowing, but for the want of which they themselves are slowly starving. Such suffering sisters need our sympathy and help, if help is to be had, and their cases seem to me not always incurable. Especially in the beginning of wedded life it should be comparatively easy to start rightly, and if, as the proverb says, "Well begun is half done," a good commencement is of the very gravest importance. Young wives too often think of themselves, their looks, their position, their clothes, how they should be treated, instead of studying, for his highest good, the disposition of the husband. To the wife who studies her husband's nature—as, I blush to say, some do—that she may learn to manage him so as to gain her own selfish wishes, nothing need be said here. She deserves the contempt she so often earns.

But to the sincere wife who would do better if she but knew how, very much may be spoken, and let her remember that it is "never too late to mend," while life lasts. True, there is almost endless difference in men, but some rules can be made of almost universal application, notwithstanding. Presuming, then, that the wife is sincerely anxious to do her best toward being a worthy mate for her husband, and is willing to make some effort to continue capable of being his intelligent companion, one of the first things she should know is that she must read a good newspaper. The time required for this need not discourage her, for both our daily and weekly journals are now so concisely and uniformly arranged, that but little time is needed to get the gist of all the important thought and action of the day. This, however, will not be found in the part of the paper which women generally read, which is, for the purpose in hand, the least valuable portion, but in the very part women usually neglect. I mean the editorial columns, in which, in a standard newspaper, is constantly to be found the completest statement of the present situation of public affairs in the smallest possible space. If women would be able to talk interestingly to their husbands, they must read what their husbands read. Men read the editorial columns, the prices current, judicial decisions, and the dispatches; especially those relating to political actions and business doings. Women read stories, poetry and fashion notes. This is not saying that men would not be the better for read-

ing stories and poetry, or that women should read none, but simply that a woman should read what men read, and learn to be interested in it, too, if she does not wish to be shut out from the circle of her husband's interest. Let her also cultivate her sense of humor, if it be not already keen. If it is, she has at least one attraction, which, if amiably used, will never grow stale. Most men love a joke, and enjoy it far more for sharing it. If a man's wife can sympathize with him, and particularly if she encourages his own efforts at being funny, it will form a strong bond between them. I know a wife of more than twenty years standing, who, in all that time, has never once failed to laugh heartily at her husband's least attempt at a witticism, until, from being a very serious person, rather lacking in humor, he has become quite a joker, and a really genial man. His wife pursued this course intentionally, and with the end she has so well accomplished in view from the beginning, and is now doubly rewarded in the fact that her husband considers her one of the wittiest and wisest of women.

It is better to read one article thoroghly, and learn all there is to be known on that subject, than to skim superficially over many. Men are usually exact in what they know, and they feel a profound contempt for indefiniteness in a man, while they tolerate it in a woman as something to be expected. When they find a woman exact in her information, and able to express her ideas clearly and succinctly, it appears to them more admirable than the same capacity in one of their own sex, partly because it is more rare, but more because she does not lose her womanly charm while gaining intellectually. The true womanly woman delights to honor a worthy man. She rejoices more in it than in herself receiving honor, and is always pleased to learn from him; no matter how well informed she may be, she never shows that she feels herself competent to teach him. Indeed, she knows that there are few from whom she can not learn something. Should the husband be interested in any special scientific pursuit in which the wife is unable to join, she can show her intelligent sympathy in his work, and recollect that to be able to appreciate the value of any work is next to being able to do the work.

It is not necessary that a woman shall always know exactly the same things her husband does, in order to be his equal. She needs, rather, to be connected and clear and sure in what she does know, and, above all, to be perfectly honorable and truthful in even the smallest things. Anything like deceit in a wife destroys this respect of her husband, and most deservedly, too. Better endure anything rather than employ it.

Society may not be entirely neglected by her who would not sink below her husband's level. By society, I do not mean that fashionably so called, but the moderate mingling with friends outside one's own family circle. To the true wife, the happiness of her own home is, and should be, her first and far dearest object. But she may destroy her power to bless that home by shutting herself too much inside its doors. No person can remain mentally healthy who does not come in contact with a variety of people, and one can not learn one's true value so as to maintain due self respect, except by measuring powers with others. The recluse will surely think either too much or too little of himself. I have observed that travel always takes the conceit out of a vain person, and gives more confidence to the over modest; therefore, I conclude that every one is the better for some travel. Even if it is a great undertaking, which it always is to the busy wife and mother, let her take a trip somewhere once in the year, if but for a short time. She will be vastly benefited in every way by it, and will be more highly valued on her return by those who had not fully realized her worth until her absence. The habit of attending church regularly, and lectures and other public meetings occasionally, is not so difficult to maintain as many suppose, if adhered to firmly in the first years of married life. One can not go everywhere, it is true, but it is almost as bad to take the opposite extreme and go nowhere. The husband goes out among people, and is freshened and stirred by it. The wife would gain similarly by the same means, which she must use in some degree if she would be an intelligent companion for her husband and sons. A woman deprived of the blessed air of heaven by any means whatever, be it by furnace, air-tight stove, or close-drawn corset, can not be the equal of her husband, who breathes, as God meant we should, plenty of pure air with the whole of his lungs. Out of door exercise and fresh air are absolutely necessary, since the atmosphere in most dwellings is not pure enough to sustain healthy human life, and every woman ought to get out at least fifteen minutes each day; an hour would be none too much. After taking it a few times, this daily airing will not be easily relinquished. It will save many a dollar that would otherwise have gone for drugs or to the doctor.

I have so far aimed to mention only what the average wife can do if she be determined. It

is no more than I have seen mothers of large families do, who had no hired help, and whose husbands were by no means models. Much more might be recommended to women of easy circumstances who have time for more. But enough has been said to furnish food for reflection. If, in carrying out these suggestions, any wife shall find herself getting beyond the mark and leaving the good man behind, there is little danger that she will not eventually draw him after her with the persistent force of her own courage, faith, hope and love.

In conclusion, I will say that my own experience has been such as to convince me that human strength, unsupported by the divine, is not sufficient for these things; and I solemnly believe, that only in reliance upon Almighty God can any wife and mother hope to so live, that "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed; husband also; and he praiseth her."

Fraulein Sohr gives an interesting account of Irene Astrom, a Finnish woman of distinction, who has received the first diploma as Doctor of Philosophy ever given to her sex in her country. When a girl, she tended her father's cattle in that "land of a thousand lakes," and dreamed of the pleasures which attend a knowledge of the truth. But her parents were very poor, and it all seemed so far away and impossible to her, that she despaired of ever attaining any of these, in comparison with which all other delights dwindled into insignificance. So disheartened was she, that she prayed to die, for she thought that after death she might reach a sphere where her longings might be realized. Her secret was learned by a humane pastor, who sent her to a good school. While there, she worked very hard, often using the whole night for study, while her companions slept about her, and sometimes during the day, when a day pupil and depending upon herself for the preparation of her meals, she would eat nothing but the fresh snow which fell by the wayside. As a result, despite the self help she was obliged to give herself, she stood fourth in her class of forty-six. But she found herself obliged to teach, and assist her father, who was utterly ruined financially. This she did, until, by dint of hard work and self sacrifice, she had saved $20.00. With this she again started to school, with the purpose of gaining her long coveted goal—matriculation. Having reached this, she still went on perfecting herself, until she now lives, honored and appreciated, a proof of what may be accomplished by woman when she is determined to succeed.

It is with more of curiosity than of sincere interest, that we pass the little Chinese ladies on the streets of our Western cities. It is said that there but fourteen of them in New York. Our eyes, however, are accustomed to seeing them, for in Portland alone there are three hundred, and almost any day they may be passed upon the street, as they go quietly about their own affairs. It is seldom that the wealthier ones are seen. They retain more of their Chinese customs, and have less liberty than their poorer sisters, and, consequently, are less affected by American ways. I wonder, as our American ladies pass these Chinese women with the feeling that

> "The heathen, in his blindness,
> Bows down to wood and stone,"

and that there is no bond between us and them, if it often occurs to those ladies that

> "The Christian in his wisdom,
> Bows down to gold alone,"

and that their condition might be vastly improved if the expense of some of our needless vanity were used for that purpose. There is much of intense interest about these women. They are patient and loving beyond the comprehension of the daughters of liberty in America, when their treatment and circumstances are considered. The moment she marries, the Mongolian damsel becomes the property of her husband, although she may never have seen him before, and he may be the personification of ugliness to her. She expects to be punished, and rates the love of her lord in proportion to the chastisement he inflicts, which may be anything from a scolding and a bread and water diet to killing, in case of a grave offense. If, in any case, the wife should be so far unfortunate as to be relieved from corporal punishment, she at once considers it a sure evidence of the loss of her husband's affections. What an incitement to cruelty is this to the husband and lord. The size of the world of the wife of a wealthy Chinaman varies from one to three rooms, according to the amount of wealth possessed. She practically never goes from these rooms, receives but few callers, and none from the other sex, except in rare cases, when her husband presents an intimate friend. On such an occasion, the visitor bows repeatedly, shakes his own hand vigorously for a minute or two, asks after herself and relatives, and departs without once looking upon her face. With what indignation would an American woman receive such a call as that; yet the Chinese woman is resigned and apparently happy. The shop

windows have no attractions for her. Servants do all her buying. But she can keep her house tidy, can cook wonderfully, and is generally an adept at anything that pertains to the inside of a house. Here are a couple of her prepared dishes. She will take a dozen eggs, pierce them at either end, blow out the contents, refill them with rari-colored and rari-flavored custards and jellies, seal the apertures, and then, when cooked, paint the shells till they are a confusion of dragoons, flying griffins and impossible trees and men. She will open and steam a fish until the skin can be removed without losing a scale, and the bones without breaking the flesh. It is is stuffed with a fragrant and pungent mixture of meats and spices, then the skin is put back, the eyes retouched and the head brightened until it is half natural, half grotesque. Withal, the Chinese woman has energies and capabilities as well as women more favored. These she uses as her circumstances will allow, much as do her sisters everywhere.

The mothers' meetings, which are being held in many places by wide-awake women, are of great assistance to mothers in training their children. Many an earnest, conscientious woman feels that the greatest impediment between her and her ideal mother lies in want of thought and the right kind of stimulus to such an end. It is in this as in any other pursuit of man or woman, "want of thought more than want of heart," causes error and misdeeds. To meet this evident need of women, mothers' meetings have arisen. They are usually held once a month, in some central place for the women interested in them. A very good plan is to hold them in the homes of women who may invite them. Of course, in these meetings, there must not be permitted even a hint of a distinction between the women because of social caste, but everything must be lost in the one purpose, the better preparation of mothers for their work. A good programme for the meeting is the following, which is frequently used:

1. Prayer.

2. Reading, by the presiding officer, of some timely and interesting article on the general care and management of children.

3. Questions from the mothers.

4. Reading, by the presiding officer, of a second article on the general management of children.

5. Question box, the contents of which are to be handed by the presiding officer to the ladies present, to be answered at the next meeting.

6. Adjournment.

There is nothing that will create a love for home and a pride in its results, as does a mothers' meeting if successfully conducted. One thing that the presiding officer should be very watchful about, is that the meetings should open and close promptly, as mothers have usually to be punctual in going and coming, that they may fulfill their promises to the little folks at home, and perhaps older ones, also, who have them in charge.

The holiday season is upon us again, with its many festivities. To those who have been in the midst of the care and hurried work of active life, how brief has been the lapse of time since the last holidays! But to childhood it has been a long year since Santa Claus made his appearance with his budget of presents. At this time, more than any other of the year, is care generally thrown off and recreation thoroughly enjoyed. This is one of the reasons why careful pains-taking should accompany preparations for its festivities. As Christmas commemorates the coming of the Savior, who brought peace and happiness to mankind, let our celebrations partake of the same spirit, and as at this season of the year Old Sol returns to begin anew his unceasing revolutions, and as nature's life bounds upward in new birth, so let each family renew together its youth for a new year of usefulness. Every household should pay some attention to Christmas celebrations, no matter how poor it may be. There is always some way in which ingenuity may manufacture little surprises which will brighten hearts and faces. And who does not know that a gift, however common and homely in itself, if it represent thought and pains-taking by those we love, gives more real pleasure than a costly gift, requiring but little thought, which has been purchased from one of the shops. It is the sacrifice made for love's sake, which lies back of the gift, which pleases. Home decorations always add gayety to the holiday season and their novelty is restful and pleasing. These, too, may be suited to the circumstances of the family, but should never be overlooked. If to "eat and be merry" is an injunction to be obeyed at any time during the year, it certainly is during the holiday season. Whether elegant or simple the meals, be sure of one thing—that they please the eye—and the greatest end is gained. One of the secrets of success in this is originality; especially if you have ever cultivated your artistic inclinations. Give to everything an air of novelty and freshness, and you will be sure to please the eye. Then, if you outdo all former

efforts to please the palate, you may well consider your effort a success.

A beautiful hand is one of the most attractive features of an admirable person. No other part of the body more certainly bespeaks good breeding than it. Whatever may be the tint of the hands, whether they be delicate, pinkish white, a creamy white, or that tint which is beautiful because useful, thep can be well kept. They need not be uselessly exposed to hardships which will make them unsightly, simply because they are useful. It is true that many kinds of work are not beautifying, yet it is also true that neglect to take proper care of the hands has more to do with their appearance than work. Almost any stain may be removed by using freely of lemon juice and salt. Buttermilk is an old and well-tried remedy. Sweet milk, also, if used instead of water, keeps the hands smooth, and is said to prevent wrinkles. A simple application, to be used upon retiring at night, is one part camphor and two parts glycerine. Many persons who can not use the pure glycerine, can use the glycerine and camphor with satisfactory results. An oat meal wash is good, or even dry meal powdered on the hands immediately after bathing. But let the hands be ever so soft, smooth, and white, and the finger nails neglected, and they lose their chief beauty. The ideal finger nail is rounded at the top, extending slightly beyond the finger, of a pinkish color, with a well developed onyx at the base. To keep the nails in this condition, daily care must be given them. A brush, pumice stone and knife are the assistants, which must be carefully used as often as the nails become soiled. Thoughtful care for the hands is the secret of their beauty in nine cases out of ten. Let the skeptic follow carefully the above directions, and prove for herself.

The best way to cure the ills of woman's education, is to begin with the girls, by giving them an education devoid of defects. If they be started rightly, womanhood will realize that "well begun is half done." Miss Louisa Alcott gives the following advice to girls. It is a whole volume. She says: "Girls, don't be in haste to wed. Build up healthy bodies by good food, plenty of exercise and sleep. Learn all the useful household arts before you attempt to make a home. Cultivate your minds with the best books, that you may be able to teach your children much that school training alone will never give you. Choose your amusements wisely, for youth must have pleasure, but need not waste itself in harmful frivolity. Above all, select your friends with care. Avoid girls who live only for fashion, flirtation and enjoyment, and use the privilege, which all women may claim, to decline the acquaintance of young men whose lives will not bear inspection by the innocent eyes of women. Let no delusion of wealth, rank, comeliness or love tempt you to trust your happiness to such an one. Watch and wait till the true lover comes, even if it be all your life, for single blessedness is far better than double misery and wrong. Spinsters are a very useful, happy, independent race, never more so than when all professions are open to them; and honor, fame and fortune are bravely won by many gifted members of the sisterhood. Set your standard high and live up to it, sure that the reward will come here or hereafter, and in the form best suited to your real needs."

Perhaps there is some mother who finds it difficult to teach her ten year old daughter the art of dish washing; for there are many burdened women who find it necessary to require such assistance. Every wise mother finds it most conducive to good results, in such a case, to attract attention to the beautiful part of the work, instead of the drudgery, so winning a child to delight in a proper amount of labor that must otherwise be forced upon it. Sparkling glasses, shining china and bright silver are pleasing to any one, and especially so to a child. If the mother take proper care in the teaching, the means may be forgotten in the delight of a beautifying result. Here are some simple directions set to verse which may be pasted up before the sink where the dishes are cleansed:

"First a pan of boiling water,
With a foamy, soapy top,
Then the glasses one by one
Being careful not to drop;
Then the teaspoons and the knives,
With a tablespoon or two;
Then the china and the tins;
Nothing now is left to do."

Of course, the mother's presence is necessary to do the "picking up" and "setting to rights" which follow a full meal. The kettles and skillets, too, are too heavy for young wrists, and the work too hard to be given over to a child. The best time to clean these is immediately after they are emptied of their contents. A scrub brush and dish mop easily and quickly do the work then, which would take twice as long afterward.

ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

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FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN!

Saw Mill in Olympia City,

THE CAPITAL OF THE TERRITORY.

A FIRST CLASS OPPORTUNITY FOR A MILL MAN

Who desires to purchase a Small Mill,

Admirably Situated for the Local Trade.

A saw mill man will be interested in reading the following particulars:

The mill is located upon one acre of ground, about a mile below Olympia, on the edge of the sound. The acre has three hundred and twenty feet fronting on the water, and is bounded and described in the deed by metes and bounds. From the wharf at the mill to deep water is about three hundred feet. The tide rises at the mill wharf, at high tide, to eighteen feet.

The mill wharf is 60x60 feet in size, substantially built and in good condition. The wharf alone cost $1500. The main building of the mill is 40x104 feet in size, two stories high, and the foundation rests on cedar sleepers; the structure is of the most solid and substantial character and the mill building alone cost over $2500 and is in as good condition as when erected.

The engine was made by Lister & Co., of Tacoma. It is a 40-horse power engine in good condition. With only six men, the mill capacity is 5000 feet per day; with eight men it will average 8000 or 10,000 feet per day. In the mill there is one circular saw, one 24 inch surfacer, a sticker for moulding, rustic, etc., and other miscellaneous machinery, with belting, shafting, etc.

The boiler and engine in this mill cost $2075; shafting cost $3000; the saw mill portion of the plant cost $1000. It was designed for local trade in Olympia.

It is admirably arranged for the manufacture of shingles. Adjoining the mill is a small house suitable for office. Boiler is set in brick and mortar on stone foundation. Owners of the mill possess the riparian right to deep water. By extending the wharf two hundred feet further out, vessels could be loaded at any stage of the tide. A first-class road from the city of Olympia extends down directly past this property.

Water can be obtained from a reservoir adjoining the mill. Water for running the mill is guaranteed.

The property is within the corporate limits of the city of Olympia. Last year the taxes were $130, on an assessed valuation of $5000, the assessment being about one-third the valuation of the property. The title to the mill is perfect. Warranty deed to the property, free and clear of any and all incumbrance, will be given in case of sale. $500 dollars expended upon the mill would put it in good running order.

Satisfactory reasons for selling can be given. For particulars call on or address

ALLEN C. MASON,

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