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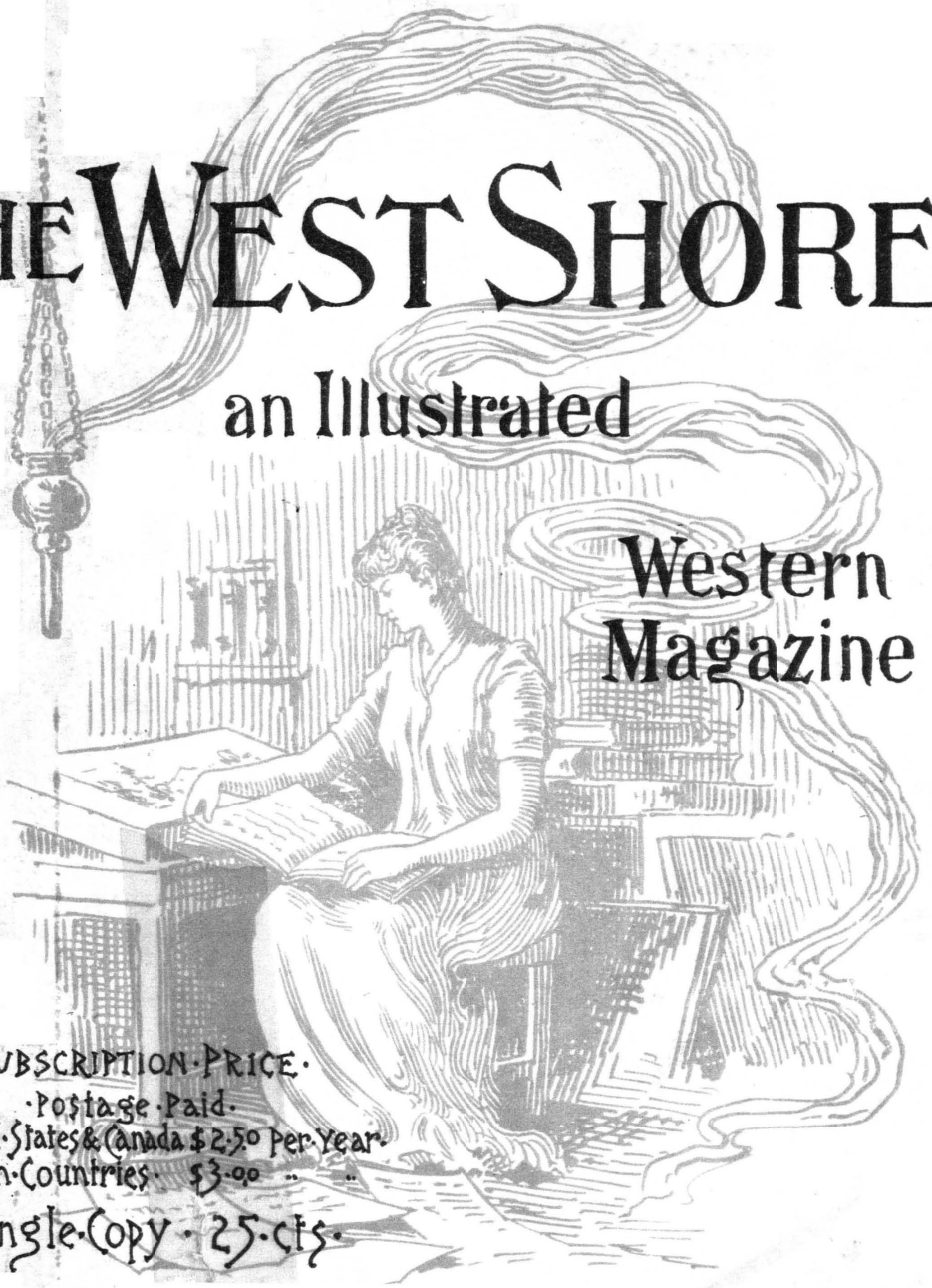
THE WEST SHORE

an Illustrated Western Magazine



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JULY, 1887.

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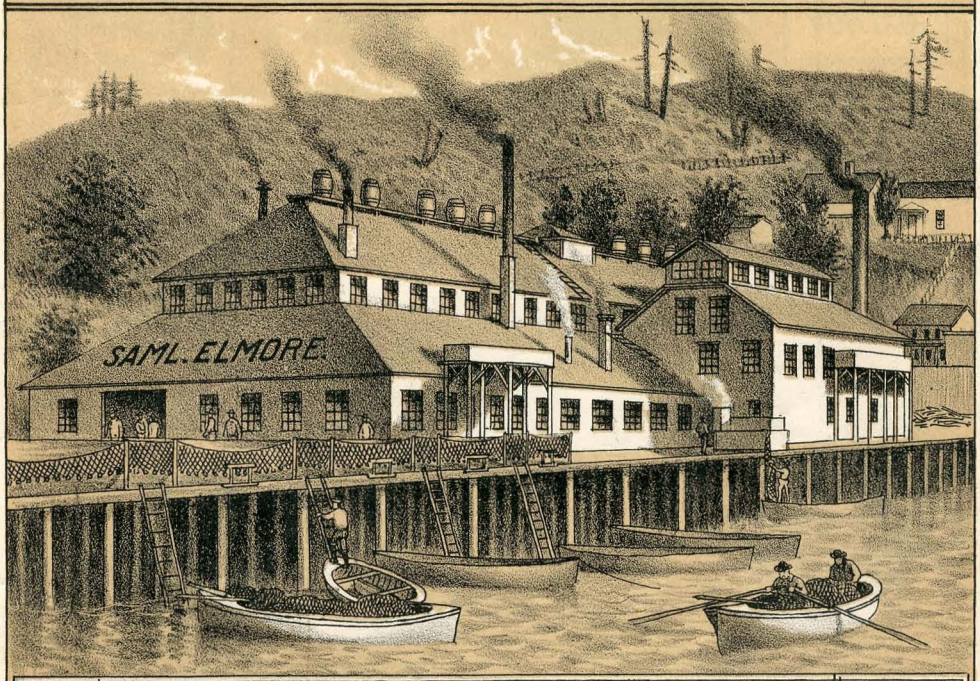

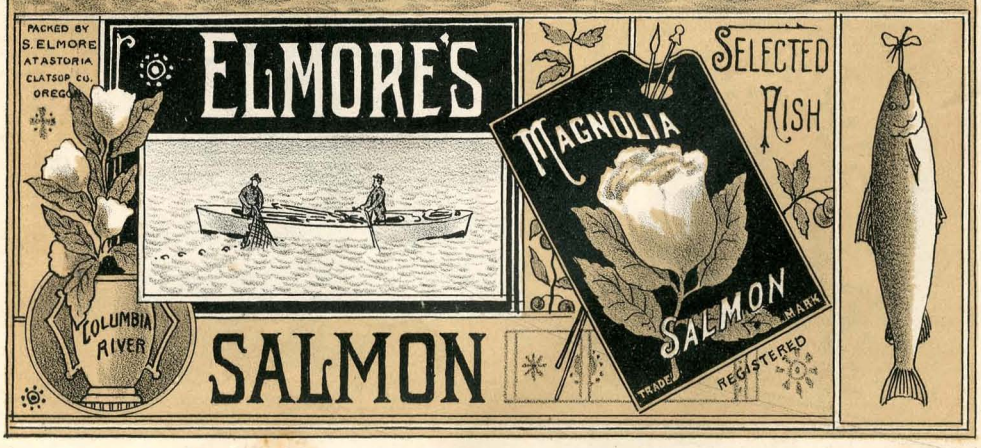

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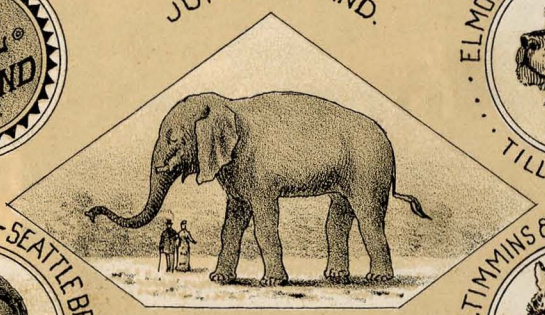

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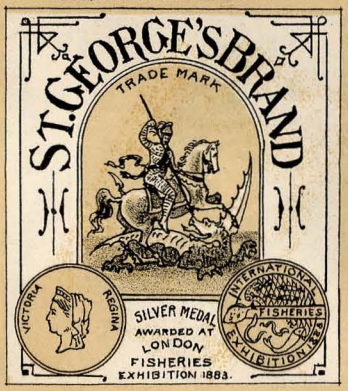

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Receiving this copy of THE WEST SHORE will please consider it an invitation to become a regular subscriber. It is the only magazine published on the Pacific coast which makes a specialty of Western literature, the illustration of Western scenery and industries, and the description of Western resources, cities and towns. It devotes its attention to Oregon, Washington, California, Utah, Montana, Idaho, British Columbia and Alaska. Aside from its literary features, its object is to convey information, by both pen and pencil, of the great resources of this region, and the progress of their development. Special illustrated articles appear each month; also several pages of notes of the progress being made in every section. The subscription price is $2.50; when sent beyond the limits of the United States and Canada, fifty cents extra must be remitted for foreign postage.

Respectfully,

L. SAMUEL, Publisher of The West Shore,

PORTLAND, OREGON, U. S. A.

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_____ 188

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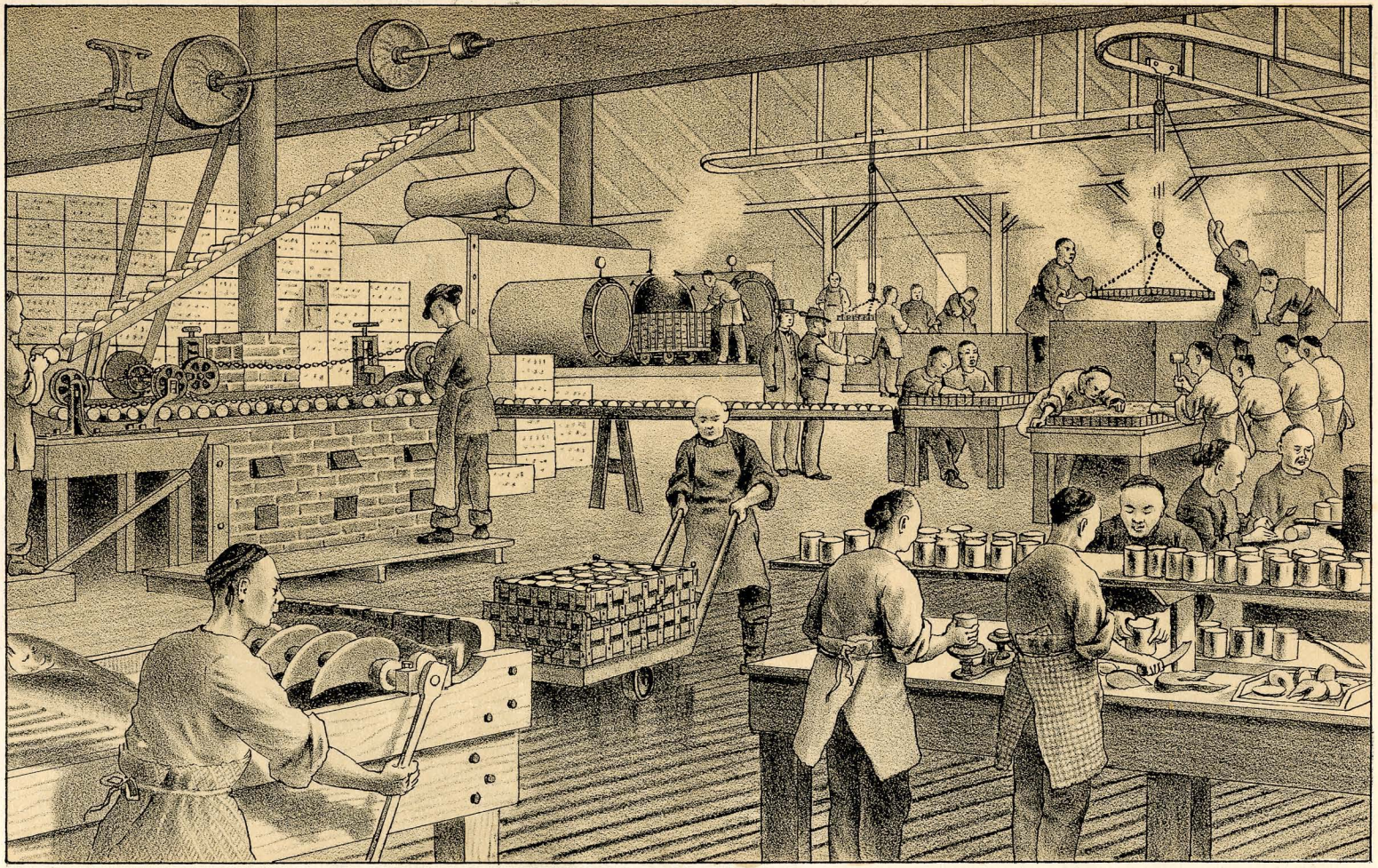
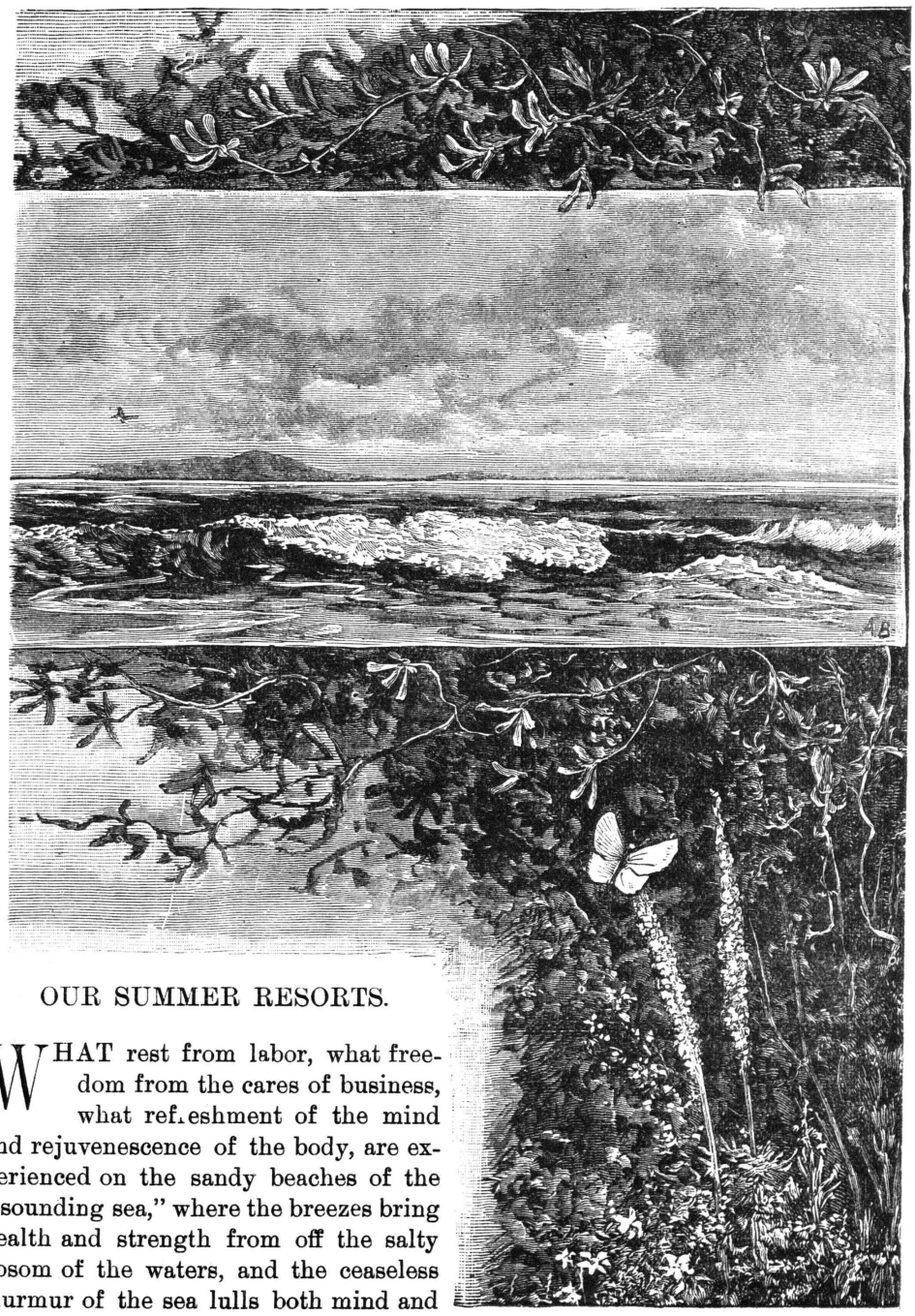


"A CAN OF SALMON"–CANNERY OF M. J. KINNEY, ASTORIA, OR.

"OUR SUMMER RESORTS"-SEASIDE, OREGON.

THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. JULY, 1887. NUMBER 7.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

WHAT rest from labor, what freedom from the cares of business, what refreshment of the mind and rejuvenescence of the body, are experienced on the sandy beaches of the "sounding sea," where the breezes bring health and strength from off the salty bosom of the waters, and the ceaseless murmur of the sea lulls both mind and

body to repose! Not in the crowded hotels of some fashionable resort, where the cares of society and the exactions of fashion are little, if any, less than in the city, does one experience the benefits of seaside life, but in those more quiet retreats, where old clothes are at a premium and conventionalities at a discount, where one may feel a delightful sense of freedom from the tyranical rule of society, and court his peace of mind and strength of body after the manner of Dame Nature herself. Such are the ways of life at the summer resorts of this region, and such they will remain until the encroachments of social etiquette shall terminate the "ancient, solitary reign" of the flannel shirt, and usher in the era of dress.

There are, at present, two localities where it is customary for a large number of people to enjoy seaside life during the months of July, August and September. One of these is the mouth of the Columbia, both north and south, and the other is the region about Yaquina bay. These resorts are annually visited by thousands of people, who remain from one day to three months. Although the greater number go from Portland, the movement seaward is not confined to this city, for the cities and towns of the Willamette valley, and even the farms, send their quota, chiefly to Yaquina bay and other points on the coast south of the Columbia. This summer migration seaward is becoming more and more extensive yearly, as better facilities for going and returning are offered, and better accommodations at the beach provided. Our seaside colonies, which, a few years ago, counted their numbers by the dozen, now reckon them by the hundred. Formerly the few sojourners at the beach were compelled to camp out in tents, bringing with them all their provisions and groceries. Now stores are at hand, where provisions, fresh vegetables, groceries, etc., may be purchased, butchers provide fresh meat, and hotels offer excellent accommodations to such as prefer not to be bothered with the inconveniences of camp life or the labor of housekeeping. A great many cottages have been built in the various seaside towns, some of them quite large and of pleasing appearance. These are occupied by families the entire season. Many large tents, with the ground carpeted, furnished with comfortable beds and chairs, and having a kitchen tent adjoining, are used by families. Others have small tents and no furniture, cooking by an ordinary camp fire, and living in the regulation camp style, while still others, occupying well furnished tents, omit the kitchen feature, and take their meals at the hotels.

Life at the beach, though pleasant in many respects, is far from exciting. Excitement is not what is desired. Rest from fatigue and care, exemption from smoke, heat, dust and malarial atmospheres, and an opportunity to fill the lungs with the healthful salt air of the sea and bathe in the invigorating water, are the objects sought. Twice a day, at the proper stage of the tide, crowds assemble on the beach to watch the bathers, and this is the one exciting event of the day. Other forms of amusement consist of strolling upon the sand, digging clams, visiting from house to house, exploring the adjacent forest for flowers, ferns, walking sticks, etc., whipping the neighboring streams for trout, or hunting for deer in the mountains. Beach life is a lazy one, but as a respite from mental and physical labor is one of the chief ends sought, even the most energetic find it far from monotonous.

Of the resorts about the mouth of the Columbia there are several. The most prominent is the city of Astoria, which is the final starting point for the various

beaches. Here one finds excellent hotels or good boarding houses, where he can have all the comforts of home life while living as fully in the atmosphere of the seas as though at the beach. From the higher portions of the city (see page 515) a splendid view of the bar, cape, lighthouse and open ocean is obtained. From Astoria the beaches both north and south of the river are easily reached. A great many people make Astoria their headquarters and visit from beach to beach.

The favorite resort south of the river, and the one which came first into prominence, is the Seaside (see page 495) or Clatsop beach. This is nine miles south of the river, and is reached by steamer from Astoria to Young's bay, and thence by stage. It is very probable that a railroad will soon be built. The hotel accommodations are ample and of a satisfactory character. This is the favorite resort of the wealthy and society people of Portland, and here is to be seen what little there is of fashionable seaside life in this region. The scenery is beautiful. The long, curving beach terminates on the south in the rocky headland of Tillamook, which thrusts itself far out into the ocean.

North of the river, separated from the bar by an island of sand and protected from the sea by Cape Hancock, is Baker's bay, on which lies the fishing town of Ilwaco. This is the landing place of all visitors to the beach north of the cape. Many people live in the hotels and cottages of the town during the summer, making daily visits to the beach, which is but a mile distant across the neck of land connecting the cape with the mainland. The outer beach extends in a long sandy stretch to Shoalwater bay, twenty miles north, and terminates on the south in the rocky walls of Cape Hancock, curving gracefully outward. Near the southern end of the beach is Seaview (see page 505), formerly known as Stout's. The property was originally owned by J. L. Stout, who laid it off in blocks, and has sold a great deal of it. A number of both large and small cottages have been built, making quite a town, which is well populated in the summer season. Mr. Stout keeps a large hotel, with cottages adjacent, and accommodates in this manner a great number of transient visitors to the beach, as well as many more permanent boarders. The beach is an excellent one, and is always crowded during the bathing hours. There is a large dancing pavilion near the hotel, and a splendid camping ground has been prepared by Mr. Stout, where all who desire may camp free of charge.

Two miles above Seaview is Long Beach (see page 506), sometimes called Tinker's, or the East Portland camp. Here has sprung up quite a town of cottages, on ground laid out by H. H. Tinker. Stores, a hotel and dancing hall are located here, and many large tents are spread during the season. From Seaview to Shoalwater bay there is a beautiful drive of twenty miles on the hard sand of the beach, at the very edge of the water. About midway on this drive is located Ocean Park, where the Methodists hold their annual campmeeting, and where many of them camp during the season. Oysterville, on Shoalwater bay, is visited each year by a great many people. The bathing in the bay is excellent.

The method of reaching these resorts from Portland is by steamer down the Columbia. The O. R. & N. Co. runs a daily mail boat to Astoria, taking nearly all day for the trip. Excursion boats (see page 555) run during the summer season, making the trip in about seven hours. The O. R. & N. Co's elegant steamer *Alaskan*, a sister ship of the *Olympian*, which ran on the route last

year, makes three round trips weekly, between Portland and Ilwaco, touching at Astoria both ways. Tickets are sold for the round trip, good during the season. The most popular excursion boat is the *Telephone*, Capt. U. B. Scott, the fastest boat on the river. This beautiful steamer makes four round trips a week, the fare being $2.50, and the return ticket good until September 30th. Tickets for immediate return are $2.00. She leaves Portland at 6:00 o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, reaching Astoria at 1:00 p. m. the first two days, and at 12:00 on the third. She returns Saturday afternoon and makes another trip down the river on Sunday, leaving at 9:00 a. m. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday she leaves Astoria for return trips at 6:00 a. m. Captain Scott is one of the oldest and best known commanders on the river, and both he and his elegant vessel are deservedly popular. The Ilwaco Steam Navigation Co. has two small, swift steamers, the *General Miles* and the *General Canby*, one of which makes two daily trips between Astoria, Fort Stevens, Fort Canby and Ilwaco, connecting with the boats from Portland. This boat offers easy access to both beaches to people living in Astoria and those who arrive on the steamers. It is always crowded during the summer season. The company also has a boat on the ocean route between Astoria and Oysterville, on Shoalwater bay.

Yaquina bay is gaining yearly in popularity as a summer resort, since the completion of the Oregon Pacific railroad from Corvallis to Yaquina, thus affording easy access from Portland and the towns of the Willamette valley. The extension of the road to Albany, thus connecting with the through line to California, has increased these facilities, and no doubt Yaquina will receive a far greater number of visitors than ever before. There are numerous places along the bay where pleasure seekers camp, though the greater number take up their residence in Newport and vicinity. The hotel accommodations at Newport are good; the bathing is in a safe, sheltered place in the bay, on a beautiful beach; fresh fish, oysters and clams are to be had in abundance. South of the bay, there is a magnificent beach drive of ten miles, reached by ferry from Newport. This drive leads to Seal rock, a huge rock nearly an acre in extent, rising out of the water near the shore, where thousands of seals, or sea lions, may be seen at any time, basking in the sun or sporting about in the water. At this point, a town, called Seal Rock, has been laid out, by J. W. Brasfield, of Newport, which will no doubt become the favorite resort of the Pacific coast. It possesses all the attractions of other places, to which it adds its great natural aquarium of seals. Purchasers of lots at Newport will have a chance in the drawing of a number of cottages, which will be erected by Mr. Brasfield and distributed by lot among purchasers.

There are many other summer resorts along the coast, where a few people spend the season. Coos bay, Tillamook bay and Gray's harbor require but a railroad to render them favorite resorts, as they possess splendid attractions. Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle and other places on Puget sound offer attractions to one seeking a brief residence by the water, though they have no beach and can not offer the pleasure of surf bathing. They can, however, offer splendid hotels, good boating and beautiful scenery, with fishing and hunting easily reached.

There are, also, a number of mountain resorts, both in Oregon and Washington, where many seek both health and pleasure, not the least of which are the bases of the snow-crowned mon-

archs, Hood and Rainier, whose summits the more strong and venturesome essay to reach. Taken all together, on the coast and in the mountains, thousands of the citizens of Oregon and Washington court health, comfort and pleasure during the summer months.

H. L. WELLS.

GATEWAY OF THE COLUMBIA.

ASTORIA stands at the gateway of the great natural channel of commerce of Oregon and the entire region of the Columbia river. Every vessel which crosses the bar, either inward or outward, passes the docks of that city, at which the great majority of them stop. Many never proceed up the river, receiving their cargoes from the huge warehouses of that busy city. Nearly a hundred years have passed since the first ship cast anchor in the broad estuary of the Columbia, opposite the site of Astoria, and three-quarters of a century have rolled away since the city itself had its beginning. About it cling the earliest traditions of American history on the Pacific coast. Here first waved the American flag, and here was planted the first American settlement, by means of which the whole Columbia region was saved to the United States.

In 1792, Capt. Robert Gray, in command of the ship *Columbia*, one of the few American vessels then engaged in the trade of the Pacific, discovered the mouth of a great river, which he entered and named in honor of his craft. In 1805, Meriweather Lewis and William Clarke, two captains in the United States army, crossed the continent at the head of a government exploring party, and wintered at the mouth of the Columbia, at Fort Clatsop, so named in honor of the Indian tribe then living along the coast south of the river. The name is perpetuated in the name of the county of which Astoria is the county seat, and the names of the daring explorers have been bestowed on objects and localities in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana. In 1810, the Pacific Fur Company, chiefly owned and controlled by John Jacob Astor, the New York merchant prince, founded the town of Astoria, as a headquarters for an extensive trading and trapping business, and this was the first American settlement on the Pacific coast. During the war between England and the United States, which began in 1812, Astoria and the interior posts which had been established, were sold to the Northwest Company, a Canadian fur company, and fell into the hands of the great Hudson's Bay Company, in 1821, when it absorbed its rival. After the treaty of 1846, confirming the title of the United States to Oregon and Washington, and especially after the establishment of the custom house, in 1849, Astoria rapidly became a place of much commercial importance, and has increased in this regard with the gradual settlement of the region tributary to the Columbia and expansion of its commerce. The first

settlement on the town site by American immigrants was in 1845, and the first store was opened in 1848, by A. Van-Dusen, whose customers were the few settlers and the many Clatsops who lived in that region. With the settlement of California, by the gold seekers, in 1849 and 1850, sprang up a coasting trade between San Francisco and the Columbia river, all tending to build up Astoria, where a number of new stores and a saw mill were built. The increase of population was slow for a number of years, there being not more than five hundred in 1870, as nearly all ships ascended the river to Portland. A new element of growth was then introduced, which has had a marked effect upon the city. The canning of salmon was begun on the Columbia farther up the stream, in 1867, and in a few years this became quite an extensive industry. It soon became apparent that Astoria was the most suitable place for the location of canneries, since it offered splendid shipping facilities, was better located for the transaction of business and the receipt of supplies, and was contiguous to the best fishing grounds, just above the bar. Since that time, nearly all the new canneries have been erected at Astoria, and several previously erected in other localities have been removed to this place, until it now contains two-thirds of the canneries on the river. In this business are invested nearly $2,000,000.00, in the form of buildings, machinery and equipments, and nearly as much more is required annually for material and running expenses. Five thousand hands are given employment during the fishing season, and the annual product reaches $3,000,000.00 in value. This industry is specially treated in an article on page 548, to which the reader is referred for particulars. This industry is the center of a great volume of business, to a large degree dependent upon it. Boats have to be made, five hundred thousand wooden cases are required annually, machinery has to be made and repaired, and the refuse of the fish is manufactured into a fine quality of machine oil. The great number of workmen have to be housed, clothed, fed and amused, and this represents an enormous volume of business. The retail trade of the city exceeds $1,000,000.00 annually. There are thirty stores carrying stocks upwards of $5,000.00 in value, some of them reaching $40,000.00, and numerous smaller establishments. The wholesale trade of the larger stores is quite a feature, and this will increase largely with the construction of a railroad up the river. Two wholesale establishments, dealing in general supplies, do a large business. The stocks of goods carried by the merchants are large and well selected, and ladies can find there almost anything to be had in a city store. The commerce of the city consists of foreign shipments of salmon, lumber, wheat and flour, domestic shipments of salmon, lumber, leather, oil and fish, and the importation of merchandise, machinery, supplies and canning material. During the year 1886, there were imported from foreign ports, tin plate to the value of $153,975.00, and other articles to the value of $15,725.00, while the domestic freight received aggregated thirty-eight thousand four hundred and forty-five tons. Of this, twenty-seven thousand two hundred and fifty tons were wheat and flour sent down from Portland, to be loaded on vessels at this point. Wheat and flour to the value of $8,500,000.00 went to foreign ports via Astoria, shipped from Portland, while the shipments of the same products from this city direct reached $710,050.00. Foreign shipments of salmon were $776,-325.00, of lumber $24,865.00, and sundries $14,020.00. Salmon to the amount of twelve thousand tons was shipped to

the East. These figures represent a great volume of business, but are insignificant when compared with the commerce which will develop here when a railroad is built and the Columbia river is opened to the interior. The city has a chamber of commerce, which is energetic in its work for the good of the community. It has done much to forward the work on the improvement of the river, both at the bar and in the interior, and is laboring to secure railroad connection with the great lines now terminating in Portland.

The opening of the Columbia river and the construction of a railroad are both vital questions with Astoria. Upon their successful solution depends much of her future growth. The work on the bar at the mouth of the river has so far progressed that it is practically no longer an obstruction to shipping. What is most necessary is to open the river to continuous, uninterrupted navigation from its mouth to the line of British Columbia, on the main stream, and to Lewiston, on Snake river. (See article on Cascade Locks, on page 544 for details of this question). When this is done the varied products of the interior, especially the wheat and flour, can be taken direct to Astoria almost as cheaply as to Portland, and can be shipped from here much cheaper than from there, since the expense of towing the vessel up and down the river will be saved.

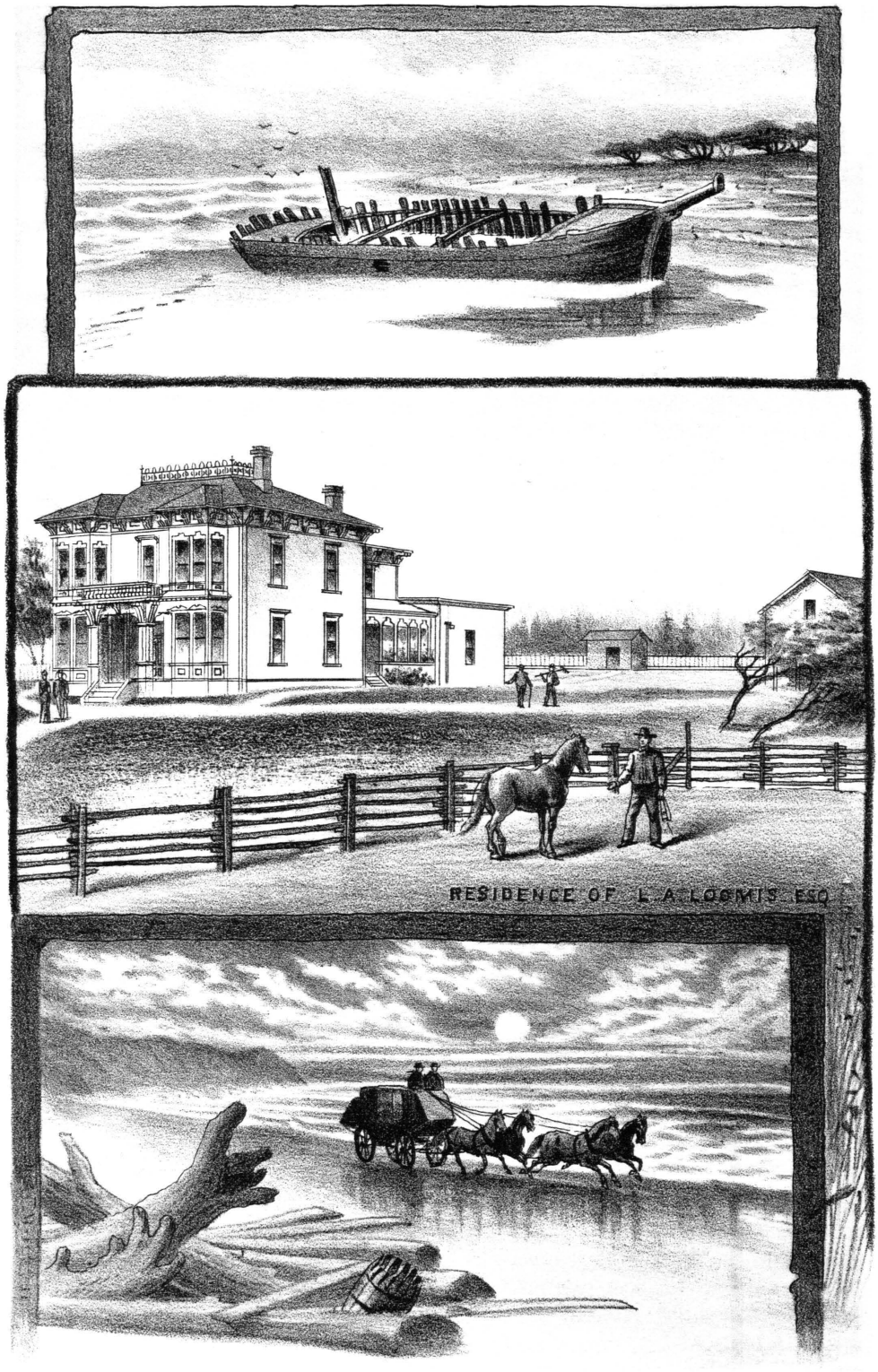
A railroad to Portland and the Willamette valley would be of vast benefit to Astoria, and, happily, the prospect of one is very bright. Until recently the Oregon & California road held a grant of land to aid construction of a line from Forest Grove to this city. The company did not feel able to build it, although the route was carefully surveyed and the resources examined. The grant has been forfeited, and the route is open to any company which may see fit to build. The Oregon & California has been sold to the Southern Pacific, a company with ample capital, and the prospects of an early construction of a line to this city from Forest Grove are now good. The wheat crop of the Willamette valley can be carried to this point over such a road almost as cheaply as to Portland, while the expense of shipment will be less. The amount saved in shipping will so far exceed the added railroad charges, if, indeed, there be any, that the great bulk of grain and flour shipped to foreign countries from the Willamette valley will be loaded at this port. Along the route have been discovered deposits of good coal, and large areas of the finest fir, spruce and cedar timber on the coast would be penetrated, making Astoria the most favorably situated milling and lumber shipping point on the river. The bringing here of the wheat crop would naturally lead to the establishment of large mills for the conversion of a portion of it into flour. After such a line has been built by the Southern Pacific, there is little doubt that the Northern Pacific will feel the necessity of a line down the river from its present point of crossing, opposite Kalama. There are other railroad possibilities. A road will be built from a point on the north bank of the river to Shoalwater bay and Gray's harbor, to connect with a line now partially constructed through the rich Chehalis region, from Puget sound to Gray's harbor. A road down the coast to Seaside, Nehalem river and Tillamook bay is one of the projects of this nature under consideration. This road would do a large passenger business in the summer season, and at all times would have a paying freight traffic in logs, materials for construction of jetties at the mouth of the river, and products and merchandise. A company has been organized

to build such a line, and that portion of it between Astoria and Seaside will, no doubt, be built at an early day.

Centering in Astoria, is a large lumbering industry. There are three mills in the city, and a number at points on both sides of the river, which are tributary to this place, such as Knappton, Westport and Skamokawa. The supply of logs is abundant and of the best quality. Besides receiving logs cut along the river and brought down in rafts, the mills have the opportunity of tapping the huge forests to the south and southeast. On the Nehalem are many square miles of the choicest timber, which would be opened up by the proposed road from Forest Grove, and by the line down the coast. There is already a logging railway constructed into the timber by J. C. Trullinger, proprietor of the West Shore mills. The road is standard gauge, two miles in length, and penetrates a magnificent body of timber. The mills are turning out fifty thousand feet per day, and are now engaged on a cargo for Rio, consisting of nine hundred thousand feet. The mills are provided with electric lights for night work. The capacity of the road is two hundred thousand feet of logs daily. In the camp are ox teams and a steam logger. The mills have large wharfing facilities, and can dock a vessel drawing twenty-two feet of water. Mr. Trullinger has a steamer for towing logs and delivering lumber. Attached to the mill is a large box factory, with a daily capacity of four thousand salmon cases or six thousand box shoaks. He also makes thousands of pickets and laths. This is one of the best equipped mills on the coast. There are two other mills and a planing mill and sash factory in the city, besides the outside mills previously mentioned. Closely connected with the lumbering industry, is that of ship building. Astoria has a singularly favorable location for that industry. With an abundance of the best material at hand, with splendid locations for ship yards, and with complete exemption from the voracious toredo, which creates such havoc with wooden piling on Puget sound, her advantages are great. A large number of river steamers, tug boats, schooners and barges have been constructed here, and from two hundred to three hundred fishing boats are constructed annually. When the American merchant marine begins again to be seen on the ocean, this city will contribute her share in the work of construction.

Astoria is built partly on a foundation of piling, partly on a narrow bench near the water, and partly on the hills rising up to the southward. It is divided into two towns by a high ridge which comes down to the edge of the water, the two divisions being connected by a long plank roadway built on piling. The chief business houses, public buildings and residences are located in the lower town, but Upper Astoria is expanding rapidly along the river, and back upon the hill, a number of the largest canneries being located in that portion of the city. The population of the two towns was given by the census of 1880 as five thousand eight hundred and forty, including two thousand Chinese. It approximates ten thousand now during the fishing season. Many of the fishermen depart for other places at the end of the season, while a large number of them have families and are permanent residents and property owners. The city has a complete system of water works, costing nearly $100,000.00. The reservoir has a capacity of three million gallons, and gives a pressure of two hundred and forty feet at tidewater, through a large iron pipe eleven miles in length. Gas works, costing $75,000, and having a capacity of twenty thousand cubic feet, were built a few years

"OUR SUMMER RESORTS."—SEAVIEW, W. T.



"OUR SUMMER RESORTS"- LONG BEACH, W.T.

ago. The city is lighted by electricity supplied from the plant of J. C. Trullinger, at the West Shore mills.

The business portion of the city (see page 515) contains a number of substantial brick structures, some of which are large and ornamental in their architecture, especially the Odd Fellows' temple, which cost $45,000.00. Owing to the fact that the business portion rests on piling, not many brick buildings have been erected. To lay a foundation for one it is necessary to drive piles into the mud, saw off the tops even with the surface, cap them with heavy cross beams, and lay on this a solid foundation of brick. In the future, no doubt, the majority of new business houses will be of brick. The post office and custom house is a large and handsome stone building, two stories high, standing in the center of a block.

Much attention has been paid to educational matters, and the public schools are of a high order. The building seen in the engraving on page 537 was erected four years ago, at a cost of $25,000.00. The city is divided into three districts, each of which maintains excellent graded schools. There are about four hundred children of school age in the three districts. Various religious denominations hold regular services, and the Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational have church edifices. The private residences are neat and have tasteful yards. Many new ones are constantly being erected, the city spreading out along the hill. There are a number of large and handsome residences, notably that of Capt. Flavel (see page 537), and in this respect the city presents quite a metropolitan air.

The city is incorporated, and has a mayor, city council, treasurer, recorder, judge, attorney, and chief of police. It is the county seat of Clatsop county, and has a court house and jail. The best volunteer fire department in the state is maintained, consisting of two steamers, hose carts, a hook and ladder truck and other appliances. This department has won prizes in all engine and hose contests for a number of years. A large number of fire hydrants, connected with the reservoir on Bear river, give a high pressure and throw a strong stream through a hose. The drainage is excellent, the grade carrying everything into the water, and the tide purifying the water front twice daily. Astoria is the outpost of American journalism. Except the papers in Alaska, the two in this city are the farthest west in the United States. The *Astorian* is the most western daily in America, and is well worthy to occupy its advanced position. It is published by J. F. Halloran, a journalist of energy and ability, and battles manfully for the interests of the city. A large weekly edition is also issued. The *Transcript* is a good weekly, published by Snyder Bros., and now in its fifth year.

Clatsop county has an area of one thousand four hundred square miles, chiefly mountainous. It has resources of fish, agriculture, timber, coal and iron, the first of which is the only one largely developed. Along the streams are quite extensive tracts of bottom land, and even on the hills, almost everywhere, the soil is excellent and well adapted to cultivation when cleared. The largest area of arable land is Clatsop plains, a strip of fine land lying along the sea shore, which has been settled and cultivated for nearly forty years. The chief crops are hay, oats and barley. Much cheese and butter are made, and the soil is well adapted to hops. Other sections are the valley lands of the Nehalem, Lewis & Clarke's, Young's, Walluski, and other streams. All of these are tributary to this city, as, also, are other sections farther away, in both Ore-

gon and Washington. Between them and the city there exists a brisk trade, which increases yearly. There are as fine opportunities here for securing a homestead as can be found in any of the forest-covered portions of Oregon or Washington. On the streams mentioned, and on the dozens of smaller ones, are large areas of vacant land, covered with timber, still open to settlement. It requires persistent effort and hard work to clear the land and reduce it to cultivation, but when it is accomplished, the settler has a good home and a productive farm. An industrious man can always find work to aid him in supporting his family while he is clearing his land and perfecting the title to his homestead. There is a sure market, at good prices, for vegetables, hay, oats, fruit and poultry. Many settlers are so situated that they can sell logs from their claims, and many derive quite an income from cordwood and charcoal.

Reference has been made to coal and iron. Coal of a superior qualily has been discovered in the southern portion of the county, and it is more easily accessible from Astoria than any other point. Iron ore, also, has been found, though its extent has not been ascer tained. Both of these will be developed upon the completion of a railroad, aiding to build up the business of the city. North of the river there is quite an extensive area tributary to Astoria, whose trade becomes larger every year. But it is not upon this increasing local trade, nor upon her great fishing industry, that Astoria is to depend to make of her a great commercial city, but upon her unrivaled position at the mouth of the great Columbia river, when it shall be opened to navigation. Seven hundred and sixteen vessels crossed the bar during 1886, according to the returns of the custom house, to and from this port. This does not include coastwise v‹ ssels in the lumber trade or vessels passing directly to and from other ports. With the river open to navigation, and one or more railroads terminating here, the commerce of the city will expand, and Astoria will grow rapidly in wealth and population. A newspaper, daily and weekly, called the *Pioneer*, will be issued on August 1st, by D. C. Ireland, the pioneer journalist of Astoria.

For beauty and healthfulness of location, Astoria has no superior on the Pacific coast. It is located on the south bank of the Columbia, about twelve miles above the bar. In front of it flows the majestic Columbia, here widened out into a broad estuary, having the appearance of a large and peaceful bay. Situated on the margin of the river, and extending up the sloping hill, with a forest-crowned ridge rising cool and beautiful above, never suffering from the overpowering heat of the sun, but constantly fanned by cool and healthful breezes from the open sea, this is a delightful place of residence. The rainfall is large in the winter season, but this is amply compensated for by an entire exemption from snow and excessively cold weather.

From the heights back of Astoria, a view can be obtained any summer evening, that is worth miles of travel to any one having an eye for the beautiful. Looking in either direction (see pages 515 to 520), the immediate foreground is the city itself. On the east, four miles above, Tongue point thrusts its mass of green pines far out into the stream, forming one side of the graceful bay in which the city lies. Though hidden from view, the course of the river can be plainly discerned by the contour of the hills, whose fading blue melts into the horizon many miles beyond. Immediately at our feet lies the broad estuary of the Columbia, frecked with little caps of white and dotted with the

spread sails of hundreds of fishing boats. Some are standing across the river, others spreading their nets, many beating out toward the bar, while still others are coming home, under full sale, with a load of the royal salmon. It is no uncommon sight to see five hundred of these little boats darting about, as well as several large ocean steamers and deep water vessels, and a whole fleet of river craft. As far as the eye can distinguish their sails, these little boats are seen, until they disappear amid the white breakers of the bar. Across the bar, Cape Disappointment juts far out into the ocean, thrown into bold relief by the sun just setting at its back, and the waste of water around and beyond it, while the low line of Point Adams lies opposite, on the left. As the twilight deepens, the cape gradually fades from view, but its position remains firmly fixed by the brilliant star that gleams from the lighthouse on the point.

The healthfulness and beauty of its location, the excellence of its hotels, the opportunities to secure agreeable homes with private families, and the ease with which the various beaches may be reached at any time, render Astoria a favorite resort in summer. Many who do not enjoy constant living on the beach, make this their home, and visit the other resorts frequently, enjoying the bathing as much as they desire, while having more home comforts and a greater variety of amusement. The position of Astoria, in this regard, is fully stated in the article entitled "Our Summer Resorts," on page 497. With a railroad to Portland, and another to Seaside, these advantages will be still greater, since they will offer quicker and more comfortable means of communication both ways.

Few people who visit Astoria depart without being impressed with its business air, the importance and advantages of its position, as regards the trade of the Columbia river, and the steady progress being made, as well as the growth and prosperity which all augur for it in the future.

H. L. WELLS.

MYTHS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER INDIANS.

PART FOURTH.

THERE is a noticeable similarity between the myths of the Indians, and of those of the ancient Grecians and Romans. They lack that polish and refinement that characterized the myths of those nations, in their enlightened stage, but in many instances the ideas are the same. We may reasonably suppose, that, had the Indians advanced in civilization and culture, until the dreamers, prophets and "tamanawash men" among them could have committed their legends to writing, they would have gradually refined and polished them, to keep pace with the advancing enlightenment.

The process of evolution of mythological thought is so gradual, that it is difficult to tell exactly when or where changes were made from the old origi-

nal folk lore traditions. Each generation accepts what is handed down from the generation before, as being original, exactly as it came from "the fathers." Each adds some modification, and transmits the modified myth to the succeeding generation. So gradually do these changes occur, that the people of any particular period are not conscious of the transition. The evolution of thought, or mind, from darkness to the light of knowledge, is like the gradual dawn of day.

Every savage or barbarous nation has considered itself as specially favored of the gods. "We," "our tribe," are heaven's favored people. The work of creation, the great acts of the gods and demigods, all have special reference to "our people," according to each particular tribe. The Sioux or Comanche would speak contemptuously of the Crows. The Lower Columbia river and coast Indians regarded themselves as superior to the Indians east of the Cascades, while these roving tribes of Eastern Oregon and Washington regarded the fish and clam eating people below, as fat, stupid fellows, and they themselves were the blood and chivalry of the earth. It will be an advanced stage of civilization when race hatred and race prejudice cease to exist. The "color line" fades faster on the statute books than in society. The time is yet in the future when different sects will not be ready to condemn to purgatory those who do not believe their peculiar tenets. "Our church" is "the church," and "our people" "the people." Thus we find, among all men, the same innate tendencies that exist in the breasts of the veriest savages on earth.

The Wisham Indians, above The Dalles, Oregon, have a tradition to the effect that, ages ago, there was a large, white, luminous stone at Tumwater. It shone at night, and made it light all around. This wonderful stone was a guardian over the destinies of the Wishams. By its protection and light, they prospered, and had plenty of fish, and always lived comfortably and happy. The surrounding tribes were very envious of their prosperity and good fortune, and knew it was attributed to this white stone god, or genius. They, therefore, made war upon the Wishams, with the purpose of destroying their urim and thummim stone. A great many of the tribes collected, and overpowering the Wishams, they gathered about the stone and rolled it into the river. Afterward, when night came, it was very dark, and the poor Wishams were in great trouble. They finally found the stone in the water, and succeeded, by means of ropes and other appliances, in getting it out, when it shone again as brightly as ever. The jealousy of the surrounding tribes caused them, finally, to make common cause against the Wishams and their wonderful stone, and it was entirely destroyed.

Ignorant and barbarous peoples have always held superstions in regard to caves, lonely lakes, or any spot in nature, where silence or darkness reigns. In the mountains, about the snow-capped peaks of Adams and Rainier, there are numerous small lakes. Between these two peaks, there is a range of lower ground, called by the Indians, "Sheep mountain," because of the great number of the mountain sheep found there. In this range are small lakes, some of which are very beautiful and picturesque. Some, though small, are deep, and are surrounded by tall pines, or other coniferous trees. Connected with these bodies of water, are numerous superstitions. Of some, it is generally believed, that if they be disturbed in any way, as by throwing stones, driving in stock, or bathing in the water, rain is sure to follow. Certain spirits live in the lakes,

and are displeased at having the waters troubled, and in consequence, cause the rain to pour down upon the troublers. This belief was formerly general, so that they often were deterred from getting water for cooking purposes, or for their ponies, from the lakes, while camping in the mountains.

They have a fabled "snow plant" and "rain plant," both of which grow in the mountains, in lonely, secluded places, so they say, and whoever, by accident or intentionally, plucks up or breaks off one of these plants, will surely cause rain or snow to fall.

An intelligent, educated half-breed Indian assured me that he believed the myth connected with the lakes, and related his experience, which he regarded as conclusive. Being up in the mountains with a crowd of Indians, after huckleberries, he one day became warm, and wanted to cool and refresh himself by taking a bath. The weather was fine and clear. He, accordingly, stripped himself, and plunged into a little lake and had a swim. Very soon, the sky was darkened with clouds, and the rain poured down violently. This was in the afternoon. When the company were gathered at camp in the evening, inquiry was made if any one had been disturbing the lake. The young man acknowledged the misdemeanor and was charged not to repeat his indiscretion. The next morning the sun rose bright and splendid, with a clear sky, giving promise of a beautiful day. Having his curiosity aroused, he went out to the lake again, and finding a large stone on the hillside above the water, he detached it and sent it crashing down through the brush, when it plumped into a deep, dark hole in the water, which bubbled and boiled for a long time, and, as it seemed to him, very strangely. In a short time the heavens were black, and the rain poured down in torrents again. In consequence of this second warning, the party broke up and left the mountains, feeling sure that if they remained longer, some misfortune would befall them.

The Indians relate marvelous stories about strange animals, that live in these lakes. The animals, they say, come out at night and feed on the banks. Some of the lakes are believed to be the abodes of the spirits of monsters, or strange beings, that existed on earth in ages past. In some of the lakes dwell the souls of little children, who lived in the long, long ago. They tell of hearing their cries in the night, and finding the prints of their little naked feet in the mud and wet sand about the margin of the water. Deep in the solitudes of the mountain forests, gathered about their camp fires, beneath the shadows of lofty pines or firs, while the cool mountain winds made soft and mournful music in the swaying branches, the wild, untutored savages, spell bound, listened to the stories of the wonderful events that took place amid these scenes in the wat-tee-tash times.

The majestic rocks along the Columbia were no less objects of wonder to the Indians than to the whites, who today glide up the river in commodious steamers, or go whirling along in the shadow of the lofty mountains, in the railway cars. Between the White Salmon and Little White Salmon rivers, something like two miles apart, on the Columbia, there is a large ridge, or body of rock, lying endwise to the river, and reaching out into it. This the Indians have called, from time immemorial, "baby on the board." In the wat-tee-tash times, when Speelyai, the Indian god, was traveling over the country, subduing giants, putting down monsters, and introducing laws and new customs to the people, this rock was a huge, living baby, which was suspended by cords, high

in the air, across the river. There this prodigious infant, on the pappoose board, hung for ages. Speelyai was coming up the river, in the "long time ago," and finding the giant pappoose swinging over his way, was not pleased with the arrangement. He, therefore, took his stone knife and cut the cord that held up the titanian infant, when it came down, with a splash, and was drowned. The feet being still held by a cord, it swung over to the Washington side, only the head part falling into the water. It was transformed to rock, and is called, to this day, "baby on the board."

What is now called "Eagle rock," was anciently a goddess, the daughter of Speelyai. She was rather slim and bony, and neither handsome nor attractive, and in consequence, lived to be an old maid. Owing to a grave lapse in morals, she was very much humiliated, and turned into stone, as a warning to future generations. A short distance below Eagle rock, or Speelyai's daughter, old Speelyai anciently built a dam across the Columbia, intending to make rapids there, to form a fishing place for the Indians, who were soon to be made. Changing his mind, he went on down, and made the rapids at the Cascades. Having made good fishing places for the coming race, he threw huckleberries away off into the mountains, and scattered the edible roots, and other articles of Indian food, in different places, saying, "It will not be good for the people to get their food too easy; they will become lazy, or get rich and independent. It is better that they should work hard for these things."

Somewhere, not far from Mosier's landing, the steamboat traveler will observe a ledge, or wall of rocks, on the shore. This the Indians call "Speelyai's wall." At this point, god though he was, while nearly dying from hunger, he one time committed a low and degrading crime Immediately, he was filled with remorse and shame. He felt that, somehow, his crime would be found out, and set about building a great wall, to stop the news of his sin going up the river. In spite of him, the news, or knowledge of the crime, broke over the wall and spread. As fast as he repaired one breach, the rocks tumbled down in another, and kept the poor guilt-stricken god flying from place to place to keep up his wall. Finding his efforts useless, he abandoned the project, and, sorrowful and ashamed, he journeyed on up the river to the Klikitat country. Nearing a house, the first thing he overheard was the inmates, talking about his sin. Weary, and filled with remorse, he moved on toward Tumwater, or the home of the Wishams. Everywhere he went, he overheard the story of his sin and shame. This myth contains a fine picture of that sense of guilt and consciousness of a criminal, that his sin is known by every one. It might well have the moral appended, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

With the other improvements introduced by Speelyai among the people, was the use of fire and the art of cooking. The legends of the Indians say that their ancestors, anciently, were very ignorant and helpless. They had nothing in which to cook, and were even unacquainted with the use of fire.

A few miles above the old steamboat landing at the upper cascades, on the Columbia, there is a large, round-bottomed hole in the rock on the shore. This hole, the Indians say, was anciently Speelyai's pot for cooking salmon. The people long had been eating their food raw, or drying it in the sun. In this way, they baked their bread of roots and dried their berries and salmon. Speelyai taught the people how to cook, at this pot hole on the river. Having caught a quantity of salmon, he put

them in, and then poured water over them. He then made a fire, and heated bowlders and dropped them in, which caused the water to boil and cook the fish. When the salmon were done, he called all the people up and gave them a feast. This, the Indians say, was the origin of the salmon feast held by them every spring. Speelyai commanded them to keep that feast ever afterward. He also taught them how to cook salmon, by broiling it on sticks stuck into the ground before the fire. It is a well known fact, that when this country was first discovered by the whites, the Indians cooked their soups in tightly woven baskets, by heating stones and putting them into the food, and when the stones were cooled, other hot ones were thrown in to take their places.

In the Tiatan valley, not far from Kittitass, is a large rock, which the Indians throughout the country call Mee-áh-wa—that is chieftain. Speelyai anciently had a son, whom he called Mee-áh-wa. This young prince god had a bride of a few months, of whom he had grown tired, and was anxious to get another woman. While he and his young wife were camping in the Tiatan valley, Mee-áh-wa went into his sweat house, near the creek, to bathe. On coming out, he found that young women from all the tribes in the surrounding country had come to try to gain his affections, each hoping to be chosen as "wife number two." They were there from Palouse, Spokane, Yakima, Walla Walla, and all other parts of the country. When he came out from the sudatory, he knew the damsels were standing about looking at him, and so kept his back toward them. When he looked back over his shoulder, he saw them standing all around the edge of the valley looking at him, each hoping to be the favored one, who should be chosen as his wife. He, however, gave them no sign of recognition or approval. About that time, Speelyai, who was standing off toward the Yakima river, began to dance about, and said: "Oh, my son is going to get him a wife now!" All at once, Mee-áh-wa and the young women who were standing around, together with his wife, were all turned to stone and have stood there ever since.

The different groups of stones are pointed out as the young women of the different tribes. The five rocks nearest Mee-áh-wa were the five young women from Tumwater, on the Columbia. Mee-áh-wa's wife had a child there, and it and the mother are represented by certain stones, as is his sweat house, also. The little valley abounds with such roots and plants as are eaten by the Indians. They say that when these young women from the different tribes came to woo the young chieftain, they each brought along a supply of such food as was used by their tribes, and when they were transformed into stone they dropped the different kinds of roots, seeds and berries, and they grew, and have continued to come every year since, to supply the races of Indians who have come on subsequently.

On the road between The Dalles and Goldendale, in Klickitat county, W. T., just at the foot of the mountain, where the road comes out into the valley, there is a small tule lake, or pond. This, the Indians say, was, ages ago, an extensive deep lake, and abounded in large, fine fish; they even tell of salmon and sturgeon being caught there. Connected with this lake there is a legend. In the "long, long ago," its waters had wonderful qualities; whoever dared to bathe in it or drink of the water, was sure of long life, health and happiness. The lake was presided over by a giant swan, who was goddess of its waters. When any one came near, she caused the water to flow out, and surrounding him, carry

him to this goddess, who swallowed him. This swan deity was not pleased to have too many fish taken from the water, nor to have roots dug from the banks of the lake. When she caught persons fishing, or digging roots, she caused the water to chase them, and unless they dropped whatever they had, they were engulfed. If they dropped the fish or roots they had taken, the water returned to the swan carrying the articles back, leaving the trespasser unharmed. Ages ago, a beautiful young maid of the Wisham tribe, hoping to enjoy the benefits of the magical waters of this wonderful lake, ventured into them to bathe, and while doing so got into the antlers of an elk, that, coming down from the mountains to drink, had lain down in the water. He immediately sprang up and bore her away to the mountains toward Mount Adams, but she succeeded in escaping by cutting off his horn and falling to the ground. Returning to her home at Tumwater, she afterward bore a child which was half elk and half human, like the fabled centaur of old. Being both angry and ashamed she destroyed the young prodigy, which mortally offended the elk tribe and they refused afterward to come to the lake for water, and since have staid away off in the mountains, and the Indians have had hard work hunting them.

For a part of this myth there may be some foundation. The little lake at one time was undoubtedly much larger. If it be true that back in the remote ages of the past the Columbia river valley was a lake, whose waters were barred from the ocean by the Cascade range of mountains, and that the great gorge through the mountains, which forms the bed of that river, was gradually worn by its waters, there must have been a period when the bed of the channel was very high, and that part of the country about The Dalles was still deeply submerged in water. It is possible that at that time the Klickitat valley may have been, wholly or in part, covered with water, though it hardly seems possible that a tradition could be handed down from so remote a period. That elk once abounded in the mountains around is a fact.

Most of the legends and myths of antiquity have some shadow of foundation, if we could only follow the stories back through the mazy labyrinths through which they have traveled down the generations. If we could follow all these windings, and see the changes, additions and deviations made from time to time, we would not so much wonder that these myths come down laden with so many extravagances and absurdities. Even in our own times, the fact of a man's having vomited something very dark, grows into the story of his having thrown up "three black crows." By some such process, perhaps, the myths of barbarous nations have come into existence and grown to such absurd proportions. Some actual occurrence, of a seemingly unusual or mysterious character, takes place. The fact of there being a substantial truth for the foundation of the story gives it a permanency. If there be a stone, mountain, or other natural object, standing to attest the accuracy of the story, it is taken by the savage mind as a verity. The untaught mind of the barbarian mistakes the permanency of the stone or mountain for that of the myth connected with it. A large part of the history of antiquity is wrapped in a web of mystic uncertainty. There is, somewhere, a kernel of truth, but it is concealed in a mass of error, and the key for unraveling the mythical rebus is, perhaps, lost forever.

G. B. KUYKENDALL, M.D.

To be Continued.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

IT was the autumn of '75, and there had already been a light fall of snow. We—Reub. and I—had met three years before, on our way to the mines of Virginia City; and now he was foreman of the "Gould & Curry," and I held a sub-office under him. We had taken a strange liking to each other from the first. This was owing chiefly, I think, to our utter dissimilarity in almost every respect.

He was the personification of strength —massive and solidly built throughout. His hair and beard were black, and thickly streaked with gray; his eyes were of the same hue, and could shoot lurid lightnings or melt into liquid softness. I was stoop shouldered and narrow chested, with pulmonary tendencies, and inclined toward the blonde type. He was the bravest man I ever knew; I was naturally, from a child, very timid. He was gentle as a woman; I, soured with ill health, was often, I fear, rude and gruff. He saved nothing, but spent his surplus earnings on those who had small wages and large families. That he was a man universally beloved, was a natural sequence.

I was standing in the door of the little office, waiting for him to lock up for the night. He was very punctilious in the methods of his work, and never let to-day's tasks infringe upon those of tomorrow. I watched him in silence for a few moments, then suddenly put into words the thought that had been in my mind all day—

"Reub, how has it happened, that with all your knockings about the world, you are free from the vices which are common to most men?"

He turned toward me, a flush mantling his dark cheek: "I have always tried, Dick, to keep myself pure and worthy of her."

"Her?" I repeated. There was a woman in it then. I was all interest at once, and as persistent as an over-indulged child. In all my knowledge of Reuben Day, he had never been known to show more than a passing civility to any lady of our acquaintance. He referred to his mother, of course—he's just the kind of a man to idolize a good mother. I thought this within myself, but looking straight into his eyes, I said—

"Your mother? Tell me of her."

He came out and locked the door. The gravity of his face deepened almost into a scowl. "We'll go home by way of the old mines, lad," he said. "It will be a longer road, but the exercise will do you good."

His manner toward me was always that of a watchful mother over a delicate child. He drew my arm in his and strode along the circuitous route we had chosen, seemingly, for the time, oblivious of my presence. I was panting and breathless, and had the uncomfortable feeling of having trespassed on forbidden ground. As we reached one of the many abandoned works, he sat down on one of the timbers.

"We'll rest here a bit, lad." Then, with grave solemnity: "I've a mind to tell you now, what I've often thought of doing, in case anything should happen, you know."

After a minute's silence, while the flush again crept to his cheek, he continued—

"Ruth Martin and I grew up together in D——, a West Virginia village, close to the Pennsylvania line. I think we loved each other even before we knew the meaning of the word; and when she was fifteen, and I several years older, we had plighted our troth, and only waited the sanction of her father. He was proud of her beauty, and she was an only child. It was but natural that he should want her to make an eligible match, after the manner of the world. There had been a feud of long standing between our fathers, and although he had no objections to me, personally, he declared he would rather see her in her coffin than the wife of John Day's son. My father had the proud, old, Virginia spirit, and retaliated in the same manner, although I knew he loved Ruth, and would gladly have welcomed her as a daughter. This state of affairs did not look very promising, but we were young and hopeful that time would bring about our wishes. I went to a distant town to learn the tinner's trade. Although I wrote regularly to Ruth, I never received but one letter from her. I knew her proud old father was at the bottom of it. With the acute discernment of a lover, I had fathomed his purpose. Her beauty should win for her wealth and position, and I knew that he would stop at no measure to accomplish his desire. At the end of six months I came home, ostensibly on a visit; but in reality, I was so hungry for a sight of Ruth's face I could bear it no longer. Well, she had been for two months the wife of George Rathburn, a rich neighbor's son."

Here he paused, and bared his head to the cool night wind; he flung back the heavy mass of grayish hair from his forehead, where the sweat drops stood in beads. There was such a look of suffering in his eyes, that I said, quickly—

"Fair and false; forget her, Reub. She wasn't worthy of you."

He turned on me so fiercely that I cowered away from him. He reached out his hand and drew me, gently enough, toward him—

"Not even you, Dick, must speak of her, save with the utmost reverence. False to me! Never in those dreadful, first days of my agony, did I, for one moment, doubt the sincerity of her love for me."

He was walking back and forth now, like a caged lion.

"False! For my sake she bore humiliation, threats, persecution, imprisonment—angel that she was! And when, at last, nothing would move her, they forged a letter. Ah! I sifted the whole dark treachery to the bottom. She had never seen a scrap of my handwriting —all my letters had been intercepted. They forged a letter over my signature —a lying, infamous letter—in which I, who scorned to do a mean act, I, Reuben Day, derided and jeered at her innocent trust—scorned and trampled her love under foot. Good God! If there is not a hell, I could doubt the justice of the Almighty. She gave up then, for her heart broke. They did with her as they would."

He stretched his arms out wildly, in the gathering dusk, and the cry rang up from his suffering heart: "Ruth! Ruth! My poor lamb!"

When he had grown calmer, he continued—

"My father said to me that first night, 'Bear it like a man, Reub.; if it's any comfort to know she wasn't a willing bride, I can tell you that.' I knew that was true, yet I determined to verify it with my own eyes. Fortune favored me. I was roaming the woods that skirted the road; they rode by—my Ruth and her husband. I could plainly see them with-

out being observed myself. That white, set face did not tell me she was a happy wife. I could not restrain the feeling of exultation that swelled within me; and yet, had it been otherwise, I might perhaps have learned, in time, to forget. I fled to the wilds of the Northwest territories, and for seven years I lived a wandering, aimless life, always seeking danger, but never finding death or forgetfulness. At last, a longing came to me to see the old home again—my mother's face. No desire of seeing Ruth led me to this step. I had accepted our separation as final, and determined never to look upon her face again. I reached home only in time to receive my mother's dying blessing; then she left us. In our last interview, mother—dear, tender heart—told me that George Rathburn, two years after his marriage, had gone to California to seek gold. Ruth had received two letters with the California postmark, then nothing farther was ever heard from him, though five years had passed. His family and Ruth believed him dead, and had only a short time before gone out of mourning. On the morning of the funeral, I slipped in alone to take a last look of my dead. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I walked straight to the head of the coffin; then, for the first time, I observed that I was not the only occupant of the room. On the other side of the bier, not over three feet away, stood a lady with a shawl and bonnet on, arranging some flowers on a stand. She had her back to me. Hearing a step so near, she turned, and we stood face to face—Ruth and I. Our eyes met, and each read the other's soul. She put out her hands in the old, confiding way, with a little, glad cry—

"'Reub.! Reub.!'

"I caught them, drew her toward me, and across my mother's coffin our hungry hearts met in a long, passionate kiss. Was she not my very own? Had I not waited seven years for my Rachel? Over my mother's bier—our mother now—we swore our second betrothal, that nothing on earth should separate us again. A few days after, late in the afternoon, we met, by appointment, outside the village, and swiftly drove across the line, to a little Pennsylvania burg, and inquired for a squire. That official soon came bustling in, and in less than three minutes pronounced us husband and wife. We drove as rapidly back, fearing Ruth might be missed. She was now of age, and her own mistress; but to avoid any unpleasant scenes with her father, we decided that it was best for her to go back to her father's and keep our marriage strictly secret, until we had perfected our arrangements for going west. We would not even run the risk of driving into the village. Instead, I walked with her home in the deepening dusk. As we approached the house—it sat well back from the street—we noticed that the 'best room' was brilliantly lighted. In those days, such a thing betokened either some festive occasion or an unexpected arrival. I felt myself the happiest man on earth that moment, and whispered, gaily, 'Perhaps they've found out, after all, and are going to give us a reception.' Good God! How I remember every little detail! We had reached the porch now, with its fragrant honeysuckle, and had a full view of the room. 'My bonnie, sweet wife!' I was saying, caressing her cheek; and as she nestled against my breast, with her face toward the window a figure emerged from the shadow, and stood, fully outlined, in the glowing firelight. It was George Rathburn."

He dropped his face in his hands, and the strong frame shook with the torrent of emotion that swept over him. When he lifted his head, after the storm had passed, his face was pallid and his eyes

bloodshot. In his eyes, was the dumb apathy of a long-known and ever-abiding sorrow. He spoke with rapid, explosive utterance, as though the words were forced from him, like a bullet from the muzzle of a gun.

"We bounded apart as if a bomb had exploded between us, and stood gazing into each other's horror-stricken faces, as two well might between whom an impassable chasm had suddenly yawned. I think the demons of hell possessed me in that first moment. Had he come out then, I should have clutched his throat and strangled him. The demons hissed in my ears, 'Fly with her! Fly with her!' I fled out among the trees to fight the battle alone. At last, reason came back and told me there was only one thing to do—Ruth must go back to her husband. I found her standing where I had left her. The moonlight was drifting over the tops of the trees and falling softly on her still, white face. 'Ruth!' I said, 'there is but one thing for both of us now to do—our duty.' She slowly turned her face to mine and shivered. It touched me more than any word she could have uttered. 'Dear girl, go in out of the night chill; I must not leave you till you are safe inside.' She shivered again, but seemed unable to move. I knew the chill was in her heat. I took her hand, to lead her to the door. The thrill maddened me. I snatched her to my heart and kissed her cold face again and again, then softly opened the door and pushed her in. And now, for ten years I have drifted—a homeless exile—hither and thither, but with one thought constantly uppermost, to keep myself pure and worthy of her."

He ended. There was a reverent silence as we both stood with bared heads under the quiet stars.

I must say here, that all my life I have been subject to presentiments, which an extremely sensitive, delicate organization only served to deepen and strengthen. And in nine cases out of ten, those impressions, which came to me with such realistic force, were literally fulfilled sooner or later. I gradually came to expect that as a part of the visitation. As we descended through the narrow, busy streets, to our lodging house, suddenly, and with the force of a ringing blow, there came to me an overwhelming sense of brooding calamity. It might be near or remote; it might be for me or for him, or for both of us; that I could not tell. But I knew, beyond all doubting, that it was coming, surely coming to one of us.

Exhausted both in mind and body, I crept into bed, and dozed off into the wildest fantasies. Now I was plunging headlong down an awful precipice, and now flying through space on the tail of a comet. Now I was gagged and bound, hand and foot, across a down-grade track, with a locomotive rounding the curve, and now shot along an aerial telegraph wire from planet to planet, making a geographical survey of the stars. I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes in utter weariness. What was it that drew my gaze to that patch of moonlight on the floor? A black coffin, long enough and wide enough for either of us. A sickening horror seized me. Impelled by a power outside of myself, I crept out of bed—softly, that I might not waken Reub.—crept nearer and nearer, as a bird hops into the jaws of the reptile that charms it, till I looked down upon the face of a man—a man I had never seen. Even now, I distinctly remember the dizzy faintness of the reaction, as I reeled backward against the bed. But again I was impelled forward. This time I stooped and read the inscription on the coffin-plate—

GEORGE RATHBURN,
1832–1873.

I remember, too, thinking in a vague, incoherent way, what connection this man's death could possibly have with that other invisible horror that was drawing closer and closer—it might be just at hand. Then, while I gazed, the coffin vanished from sight, and in its place stood a tablet, whereon was written—

Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left; what thou doest, do quickly.

As I read, the mists slowly lifted from my brain. Like a flash of light, the truth intuitively possessed me. I saw, as in a mirror; the hidden was made plain. I turned, with a passionate pain, to where Reub. lay, sleeping peacefully as a child, and cried under my breath—

"Alas! Alas! My brother!"

I hurriedly dressed myself and slipped out of the house, the words, "What thou doest, do quickly" ringing in my ears as audibly as though uttered by a human voice. I roused up the astonished operator, and sent the following dispatch:

Mrs. Ruth Rathburn:

Reuben Day needs you. Come at once.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Then I awaited, with what feelings one may well imagine, the inscrutible shaping of events.

It was the morning of the eighth day. Reub. always went to the mine at 4:00 o'clock. I was not required to report on duty until 6:00. This was one of the many ways he had of shielding me. I was vaguely conscious of his going away as usual, and that a heavy sea of wind was breaking over the city, but dozed off again into a heavy slumber. When next I awoke, I thought the judgment day had come, and that the world was on fire. The crackling flames were already creeping in at windows and door. The room was seething in smoke. Escape seemed impossible. Without, I could hear the roar of the hurricane and see the vast, billowy flood of fire. I tried to rise, but a heavy weight lay on my chest and held me down. An awful sense of suffocation was stealing over me. Suddenly the door was burst open, some one threw a wet blanket around me, and I knew nothing more.

When I came to myself, I was lying on a lounge in a strange room. I tried to collect my dazed senses, and then I heard dreadful shouting, and a mighty roar and swash, like the ocean at high tide beating against the rocks. I staggered to the window and looked out. Will I ever forget the terrible magnificence, the sublime grandeur of the sight? Two great walls of flame rolled toward each other in majestic wrath—crashed into each other with the sound of mighty thunders. Then the red flood was caught up in the tremendous clutch of the hurricane and flung, like a child's toy, hither and thither, eastward and westward and southward, till nothing could be seen but a vast ocean of fire, a mile in extent, whose red billows were hurled to the very heavens; then fell back, hissing and roaring, into the foaming, seething cauldron. I could only think of that lake of fire, of which it is written, "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever."

I was aroused from the amazed torpor, which had held me, by a low moan. It seemed to come from an inner room. For the first time, I thought "Where's Reub.?" Almost with the thought, my name was uttered in a faint, feeble voice, with the old, familiar ring gone out of it. My heart beat fast. I crossed the room in an agony of doubt and fear, and stood by a figure on the bed. It was almost beyond recognition.

"Reub.!" I cried. "Was it you that saved me?"

"Yes, lad; but never mind me. Send

this message to her; tell her I was faithful to the end."

I longed, unutterably, to tell him what I had done; to tell him I was certain, as certain as I ever could be without ocular proof, that Ruth was, even now, on her way to him; would be with him very soon. But I dared not—dared not raise a hope, that might possibly, after all, only prove a bitter disappointment, and perhaps a fatal shock to him. There were so many contingencies. She might possibly not reach him in time. I held my hand across my mouth and forced back the words that burned in my throat, my inner conviction was so strong and real. But I waited and watched, with feverish impatience, the slipping away of the hours—for what?

It was late in the afternoon. The slanting sun dipped lower and lower, with a lingering, soft effulgence, and flung a gorgeous shroud across the gray and blackened ruins. The doctor had said that Reub. could not live beyond the turn of the night. Every few moments my eyes turned, expectantly, toward the entrance. Suddenly a figure darkened the doorway—the figure of a woman, middle aged, gray haired and white faced, with great, shadowy, gray eyes.

"I knew you would come," I started to say, but checked myself and silently made way for her as she came swiftly to the bed.

"Reub.," she whispered, with a sobbing cadence.

"Who speaks?" sharply.

"Ruth—your little Ruth."

"And he—your— "

She caught the drift of the question and drew herself erect: "Reub.! Reub.! Would I be here?"

Then remembering his helplessness, with a heart-breaking sob, she cried: "Alone in the world, I have come to you at last—at last."

She sank down by the bed and nestled her face close to his on the pillow.

"My brave Ruth! My bonnie girl! you find me done for—utterly done for," with a heavy sigh. It was hard to slip out of life with this treasure just within his grasp.

"My hero of heroes!" she answered, proudly, and slipped one arm about his neck.

I stole from the room, but kept within hearing of his voice. After a time, he called me, in clear, strong tones.

"Dick; Ruth and I must be married over again. Bring the parson, and tell him this time to make it fast, and tight fast—and—tigh— "

The sudden thickness in his speech alarmed me. I rushed away. When I returned, a few moments later, with the "parson," I met the doctor on the steps. We entered together. They were just as I had left them, and seemed to be asleep. After one searching glance, the doctor turned to me with a tender sympathy in his eyes, and said, gently—

"Too late; both are dead."

"Too late?" I said. "Who will doubt that the marriage is made 'fast and tight,' with the angels for witnesses."

MEM LINTON.

THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
  In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
  The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet, not the landscape to mine eye
  Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
  Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With pensive look along the plain,
  I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And sadly mark the holy fane
  Of Lindisfarne's ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
  The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were?
  Or is the dreary change in me?

THERE was little sleep for us the night before leaving Ayr. The boisterous street revellers, most of them "unco fou," kept up the excitement of ushering in the new year till into the small hours, and commenced again by daylight, one custom, among other curious ones, being that of burning all the old almanacs in town before the door of the principal hotel.

On our way to the station next morning, every other man we met was, with either ale or whisky,

Glorious,
O'er all the ills o' life victorious,

and as the holidays of the Scottish New Year last from one week to two, one may imagine the state of things before they close. On the route to Coatbridge, we passed through Paisley and surrounding country, crossing the Clyde at Glasgow, and of course not failing to visit its renowned cathedral, in the crypt of which Scott lays the scene of Rob Roy's mysterious warning to Francis Osbaldistone. This church, the only metropolitan one in Scotland, with a single exception, that remained uninjured at the reformation, produces a great effect upon the mind, in its impressive majesty, and Andrew Fairservice thus accounts for its preservation in Rob Roy. "Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' your whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open steek hems about it—a' solid, weel jointed mason wark, that will stand as long as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther off it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the reformation, when they pu'd down the kirks o' St. Andrews and Perth, and there awa', to cleanse them o' Papery and idolatry and image worship and surplices and sic like, sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and a' about, they behooved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand at purging the High Kirk o' Papish nick-nackets. Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of saints (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by scripture warrant, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed off her, and a' bady was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the reform wad hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair christian-like kirks."

The narrow strip of country around Paisley has produced about one-half the number of Scottish poets, was the devoutest region of the covenant, and still

earlier, the spot whence came forth such patriotism as that of Wallace, Bruce and the Douglasses. Near it, in the pastoral border, the ballad had its origin—Scott's most distinctive land of story. And hence, too, John Wilson, the Christopher North of the "Nactes Ambrosianae," born at Paisley, drew the Elysian charm of his stories of human life, witness the touching simplicity and pastoral beauty of his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." How we wished it were summer, that we might wander over his beloved "mearns," as he thus describes them:

"O, wild moorland, sylvan and pastoral parish! How rich in streams and rivulets and rills, each with its own peculiar murmur, art thou with thy bold, bleak exposure, sloping upward in ever lustrous undulations to the portals of the east! How endless the interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells and broomy nooks without number among thy banks and braes. The old farmer and hearty dame of 'our parish,' who did not ask us children which we would hae, hinney or jam, but 'which will ye hae first;' and the daughter, the sweet, but early failing, Mary Morrison, who alone of all singers in hut and hall, that ever drew tears and left nothing for the heart or imagination to desire in any one of Scotland's ancient melodies."

When in Edinboro' I found my way, one quiet Sabbath morning, to the Dean cemetery, a mile or so out of town, romantically situated, and beautifully wooded, above the Leith river, for the express purpose of looking for Professor Wilson's grave. After searching in vain for more than an hour, I succeeded, at length, in finding the gardener of the enclosure, who constituted himself my guide. He had the high cheek bones and athletic form said to be peculiar to his country, together with the national intonation and slow, pedantic mode of expression, and although the native shrewdness and caution were apparent in the observations he made, and the answers he returned at first, his frigidity melted, and he became genuinely warm and communicative on seeing my undisguised admiration for his illustrious countryman. He gathered for me some snowdrops, and dug with his pocket knife about the grave to secure some small roots of wild daisy and Scotch rose, and handing them with a bow, said, "Take care o' them, and ye may mak some puir we bitte tak root in yere ain country."

The monument is a shaft of polished Aberdeen granite, inscribed—

JOHN WILSON,
Professor of Moral Philosophy.
Born 18th May, 1785,
Died 3d April, 1854.

Nothing more—no epitaph—no scriptural selection. Simple as he would have wished, and, perhaps, requested.

The gardener's courtesy did not end here, but he took pleasure in pointing out to me the monuments erected to many celebrated dead throughout the cemetery. In the burial ground of the old Parish church, at Edinboro', lies Wilson's cotemporary and friend, Thomas de Quincy, author of "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater."

But to return to Coatbridge, from which we have widely strayed. Its immediate neighborhood is the scene where stirring deeds have been done—Bothwellhaugh and the battle of Bothwell.

Now farewell father and farewell mother,
And fare ye well my sisters three,
And fare ye well my Earlestown,
For thee again I'll never see.

Along the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony a brave man lies cauld and still,
But long we'll mind and sair we'll rue
The bloody battle of Bothwell hill.

At Bothwellhaugh lived the Hamilton who shot, in the streets of Linlithgon, the Regent Murray. The Regent had

given to one of his favorites, Hamilton's estate of Bothwellhaugh, who took possession of it with such brutality, that he turned Hamilton's wife, scantily clothed, on a cold night, out into the open fields, where, before morning, she became furiously insane. Hamilton, inflamed with the spirit of vengeance, followed the Regent about from place to place, endeavoring to find an opportunity to kill him. Having, at length, to pass through Linlithgon, on his way from Stirling to Edinboro', the opportunity was afforded Hamilton, who placed himself in a house of his uncle, the archbishop of St. Andrews, and shot the regent dead from a window, as he rode slowly along, owing to the pressure of the crowd. The author of Waverly, who adds the bright color of romance to the historic realities of the time and place, alludes to this event in his ballad of "Cadyow Castle," of which I quote a few lines:

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's gothic tow'rs,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?

What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske thro' woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh, is it she, the pallid rose?

The wilder'd trav'ler sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
"Revenge!" she cries, "on Murray's pride,
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"

In the same vicinity lies Bothwell manse, the home of Joanna Baillie in her childhood—she who afterward became the intimate friend, guest and correspondent of Walter Scott, who also delighted to make himself her guest. She died and was buried at Hampstead heath at the age of eighty-nine, in 1851, though there was no spot in Scotland she loved like the home of her childhood. I regret that I did not know this when I was in London, as I could so easily have visited her home and tomb, only an hour's walk from where we were, at the same time I found out Coleridge's and George Eliot's graves. This interest in sacred localities, where the honored dead repose, is looked upon, by the average Englishman, as an American weakness and misplaced enthusiasm, which calls forth a condescending smile and readily expressed ignorance as to such spots, when questioned.

The minister of Bothwell was Joanna Baillie's father, and Bothwell manse looks down from its elevation upon the scene of the battle at Bothwell brig, upon the park of Hamilton, where the covenanters were encamped, and upon Bothwellhaugh. We passed through the churchyard to the manse, with its "countless multitudes o' grass graves a' touchin' ane anither — a' roun the kirkyard wa's marble and freestane monuments without end, o' a' shapes and sizes and ages—some quaint, some queer, some simple, some ornate; for genius likes to work upon grief — and these tombs partakin not o' the noise o' a city, but stannin aloof from the stir o' life aneath the sombre shadow o' the hill."

The following is one among the curious inscriptions on tombs and headstones:

Erected by Margaret Scott, in memory of her husband, Robert Stobo, late Smith and Farrier o' Gowkthrapple, who died 7th May, 1834, in the 70th year of his age.

My sledge's hammer lies declined,
My bellows' pipes have lost its wind;
My forge's extinct, my fires decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid--
My coal is spent, my iron is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

It is customary to put the occupation in the inscription on a grave stone, throughout Scotland, whether it be tinker, tailor or cobbler. We saw more of the

shady side of Scottish life than we ever wish to see again, on arriving at Coatbridge, and while searching for lodgings, through its narrow closes and dark passages, in every respectable and nonrespectable portion of the city. Owing to the New Year, every hotel, inn or lodging house was full and running over, and we were forced, at last, weary and footsore, to be glad of a roof to cover us, with rooms secured in contiguous tenement houses in a coöperative building, with a herring bone flight of stone steps. My tenement consisted of a but and ben (bane), and the only access to my room was through mine host's, where mother, father, two children and "a puir wee mon" of eight days, lived, slept, cooked and ate, but with a scrupulous regard to cleanliness, nevertheless. The keeping room, the only other one, was given up to me, where, with carpet and gas and a good illustrated history of Scotland, I was very comfortable, although with a chair for wash-stand, and a sort of soup tureen for basin or bath, as the English call bathing tub. From the sensible head of the house, I gathered much information on Scottish ways and means, and his "gude auld mither," who visited me occasionally, seemed to consider that her broad Scotch would reach my comprehension through the sense of hearing if she only raised her voice high enough, and enforced it by sundry strong, but amicable, pats of the shoulder.

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons;
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Berwick (pronounced Berrick), on Tweed, dates back, indistinctly, to the Saxon period, but in the year 1020, the Saxo-Danish era, the Tweed became the boundary of England and Scotland, and Berwick assumed the important position of a border town, and, perhaps, is the spot on which more blood has been shed than any other on the whole island. It has the air of antiquity and melancholy, that accords well with what has passed in and around it. Its castle, too, in a rude form, on the bold heights where is now the North British railway station, stood, for many centuries, a tower of strength and a hotly contested stronghold between the two rival nations, England and Scotland. The old masses of the castle that remain, show by their solid masonry, their former stupendous strength, the archway under the tower, by the river, being fifteen yards through. An inner circle of more modern walls than the ancient ones, which encircled the whole town, are yet perfect with their moats, fortifications and draw bridges, covered with ramparts of earth and green turf, and called "Queen Elizabeth's walls." In 1547, a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots and Edward VI, of England, had been spoken of, and serious disturbances occurred on the borders in Elizabeth's time, encouraged by her, because Queen Mary had thwarted her on her marriage with Darnley. Mary came in sight of Berwick in 1566, to view the ancient town, so full of interest for so many reigns; and twenty years later, Sir Richard Carey arrived in Berwick with the melancholy commission to proceed to Edinboro' to apprise James of his mother's beheading, by order of Elizabeth, but was advised not to risk his life with such a message.

When the North British railway purchased the ground on which the castle stood, a considerable portion of the keep was yet standing. The whole was then razed to the ground, except the foundations of the towers—one round and the other octagonal—and some of its walls. As we passed under the five very com-

plete arches of this once impregnable fortress, we could not help mourning over the iconoclastic spirit of the age, which, in its forward march of improvement, necessitated the destruction of the grand old structure, with its antique record of yet grander deeds.

The town is entered by five gates and the railway bridge, a daring structure, which spans the Tweed and presents a most graceful appearance from its numerous arches and great heights. Near it is the old bridge, which, until the new was built, was regarded with wonder as a piece of splendid workmanship, and is, in its almost zigzag parapets, a curiosity, for no two arches run in a straight line, owing, it is said, to the piece-meal plan of building, and the great length of time it was in being finished. Some one writes of it: "What an interesting old relic it is, with its inconveniences in regard to modern traffic, well designed for defense in the days when it was constructed." We can never walk along it, nor hang over its parapets without peopling it with steel-clad horsemen, and buff-jerkined pikemen, who were the figures that crowded it during its youth. How whimsical it is to think of the astonishment of these men if they could be brought to life and have a peep at the new Royal Border railway bridge, whose arches are now hanging close at hand, half way between the Tweed and the clouds!

The names of the streets of the town are all old. Ravensdowne is traced to the thirteenth century, and from these one concludes that there has been very little change in the position of it for the last six hundred years. The curfew (*couvre feu*) continues to be rung at eight o'clock, for fifteen minutes, every evening; and with a greater adherence to old customs, the town is now, as then, astir by five in the morning, when an *ouvre feu*, as I style it, an open fire, also peals forth. At the foot of High street, on which is our temperance hotel, the Lorne, stands, in the very middle of it, and seriously impeding traffic, the tower, a handsome gothic building, with a spire one hundred and fifty feet high. Near the entrance steps, the old stocks are still to be seen. From its belfry, a peal of bells rings out on all public occasions, in especial the queen's birth and coronation days; and in accordance with another ancient custom, the bell not only tolls a death, but rings in a lively way for the funeral, as in Erlangen, Bavaria. When I first heard it there, I inquired what jubilee was being ushered in. This morning, Jan. 8, 1885, the bells proclaim that Victor, the eldest son of the prince of Wales, attains his majority, and wherever there is a peal of bells throughout the British Isles, this joyous acclaim will be sounded, not once, but many times during the day.

A few hours later, and the bell from the same tower announces two deaths, which occurred last night, under most tragic circumstances. A fire broke out in a confectioner's shop, but a few doors from our hotel, and before assistance could be gained, mother and son perished, suffocated by the smoke. The father died a year since, and he, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," had remained unmarried, the sole support and prop of his aged parent. Again, as I write, the merry chimes follow hard upon the mournful death knell, and so, close upon each other, succeed joy and woe, life and death, mortality and immortality.

To-day our kind-hearted and obliging landlady brings us the visitors' book, with a protest against asking any lodger to write in it, but with the modest request that she might leave it with us, to while away half an hour or so, if we had it at command. We could not resist the silent suggestion, nor fail to glorify her

hotel with our contribution to the doggerel already there, and so, beneath the couplet—

> Well off at the Lorne, and glad we are here,
> In spite of the absence of wine or of beer,

we inserted our appreciation of the home comfort we had found under her provident care:

> Who'd think of beer in this old border town,
> With its glorious past, and historic renown?
> Its walls and its bridge, with its castle in ruin,
> Its forays and feuds forever a brewin'—
> Why, wine, to the spirit of old border foray,
> Is a "Public"* to "Lorne"—dishonor to glory.

In the county of Selkirk, a short distance to the southwest of Berwick, James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born, and there, among the streams of Ettrick and Yarrow, he lived, wrote and died, "one of the most extraordinary among the many remarkable men which the humble walks of life in Scotland have furnished." There have been Allan Ramsey, the barber; Robert Burns, the ploughman; Allan Cunningham, the stone-cutter; Tannahill and Thom, the weavers. Had there been no Burns, Hogg would have been regarded as a miracle for a rural poet, and his "Queen's Wake" stamped him, after Burns, as the greatest poet that had ever sprung from the bosom of the common people, "but his surest passport to immortality is his embalmment in 'Noctes Ambrosianae.'"

The dialect of the shepherd is peculiar. It is thoroughly Scottish, and could not be Anglicized without losing its raciness. Prof. Fusier thus writes of it: "Let it not be supposed that it is provincial, or that it is a departure from English speech, in the sense in which the dialects of Cockneydom, and of certain English counties, are violations of the language of England. It is a dialect consecrated by the genius of Burns and by the usage of Scott, and now confirmed as classical by its last, and in some respects its greatest, master."

As the last specimen, then, on a large scale, of the national language of Scotland, which the world is ever likely to see, I must, even at the risk of prolixity, introduce here two specimens of "copiousness, flexibility and splendor," as the author of "Noctes Ambrosianae" wields it.

Take the following word picture, after Salvator Rosa or Claude Lorraine: "I'm just as original in paintin' as in poetry, and follow nae master. I'm partial to close scenes—a bit neuk, wi' a big, mossy stane, aiblins a birk tree, a burnie maist dried up, a' but ae deep pool, into which slides a thread o' water down a rock—a shepherd reading—nae ither leevin thing—for the flocks are ayont the knowes and up amang the green hills; ay, anither leevin thing, and just ane—his collie, rowed up half-asleep, wi' a pair o' lugs (ears) that still seem listenin', and his closin' een towards his maister; or perhaps a bit bonnie butterfly is restin' wi' folded wings on a gowan (daisy), no a yard frae your cheek; and noo, waukening out o' a summer dream, floats awa' in its wavering beauty, but, as if unwilling to leave its place of midday sleep, comin' back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and on that side, and ettlin (attempting) in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some bright floweret, till the same breath o' wund that lifts your hair sae refreshingly, catches the airy voyager, and wafts her awa' into some ither neuk of her ephemeral paradise." Or this, after Hogarth, on the Jaundice: "Wearied and worn wi' lyin' in the bed, I got up wi' some sma' assistance frae wee Jamie—God bless him!—and telt them to open the shutters. What a sicht! A' faces as yellow's yellow lilies, like the parchment o' an auld drumhead! I ca'd for the glass, and my ain face was the warst o' the haill set. Whites o' een!

* Small inn where liquor is sold.

They were the color o' dandelions, or yellow-yoldrins (yellow-hammer). I was feared to wash my face, lest the water grew ochre. That the jaundice was in the house, was plain, but whether it was me, only, that had it, or a' the rest likewise, was mair than I could tell. That the yellow I saw was na' in them, but in me, was hard to believe, when I luckit on them, yet I thocht on green specks, and the stained wundows in Windermere station, and reasoned wi' mysel' that the discoloration must be in my lens, or pupil, or optic nerve, or apple, or ba' o' the ee, and that I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was the jaundice. The sun, the michty sun himsel', wha' lends the rainbow its hues, and is never the poorer, looked at me wi' a disconsolate aspeck, as much as to say, 'James, James, is it thou or I that has the jaundice?'"

Hogg died near St. Mary's Loch, in 1835, and the sight of Prof. Wilson, his life-long friend and companion, at the funeral, standing at the head of his grave, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, was said to have been a most moving one. It is related of the Ettrick Shepherd, that when his physician pronounced his disease to be "water upon the chest," he declared it to be impossible, as he had "never drunk a glass of water in his life."

It required some resolution to start out alone on a day's excursion from Berwick, to visit parts unknown, but which excursion was, nevertheless, well and happily accomplished, between the hours of eleven and four. My purpose was to see Twizel castle and the old bridge over the Till, by which the English troops were led, by Surrey, to the battle of Flodden; also St. Helen's well, where, according to tradition, St. Cuthbert, the holy saint of Lindisfarne, is said to have granted the wishes of those who drank its waters with due devotion, and of which the English army drank on their way.

Twi-zel! Thy rocks deep echo rang,
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Sweet Helen, at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorne glade, which now we see
In springtide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

I plunged into this "hawthorne glade," following the course of the "sullen Till," for a short distance, but did not find it, nor St. Cuthbert's chapel, to which the bones of that saint were floated down the Tweed, in a stone coffin, from Melrose abbey, in his miraculous journey before his very unsettled condition was finally set at rest by a permanent lodgment in Durham cathedral.

In his stone coffin, forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tillmouth cell.

In the train, I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of a Scotchman, a Mr. Elliott, the architect of the elegant new mansion of Tilmouth, which is to be built of the stone from the modern portion of old Twizel castle, leaving the original ruins to stand on the height facing the new residence. Mr. Elliott was going out to superintend his workmen, and learning my quest, with a ready courtesy and kindness, conducted me over most of the localities I was in search of, covering an area of two miles or more, and finally left me at the very top of Tilmouth castle, first pointing out a glorious view of the Cheviot hills, the Dunse, the Eildon, and below them, in the near view, the old mill, the Till and the bridge. I had always wished to roam at will over a fine English or Scottish castle; and here was my chance, with no occupants to hinder, and only a few servants on the place, who offered me, at Mr. Elliott's recommendation, all

necessary information. Many of the higher apartments, commanding far-reaching views, were of glass on the greater part of two sides, and the basement included kitchen, butler's, groom's and house-keeper's rooms, with servants' hall, a large general apartment, also gun and billiard rooms. The first floor, with its grand staircase and entrance hall, comprise library, boudoir, morning room (two sides glass), drawing, dining and service room, rose and daisy room. On the balcony floor above, are bridge room, eagle room and dressing room, with a magnificent view, center and dressing room and white room, all opening upon a railed, open square, commanding entrance hall. Fourth story, a very grand room for valet, east and blue room, and housemaid's room. Fifth story, footman's, cook's and house-keeper's bed rooms: Cheviot room, overlooking the hills, the Till and the grounds; mill room, commanding the picturesque old mill on the Till, and other small rooms, numbering, in all, from forty to fifty, supplied with bathing rooms, grates and electric bells on every story, even to the servants' bed rooms. The house is reached through a fine park. The Till courses along the grounds, and by the house, in many a graceful curve. The hills and slopes dip to the river and valley in symmetrical undulations; the old castle stands out boldly and prominently, far above, opposite, while the old stone bridge, with its single, handsome and massive arch, connecting the grounds of the two mansions, looks as strong and reliable now, as when Surrey's troops crossed it, nearly four hundred years ago. The young heir of both estates was not, at the time I was there, "ready to marry and settle down," said Mr. Elliott, so the place was to stand a while without its rightful occupant. If the owner be as good and beautiful as his home, Tilmouth castle is a bonnie place to bring a bride to.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates, where captives weep,
The flansing walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone—

As it shone on the ruins of this solemn, time-worn pile, when we first beheld it, toward the close of a mild winter's day, having reached it within an hour, by train from Berwick. The opening canto of Marmion commences with the above description of Norham castle, as we all know; and as we stood before it, with the setting sun lighting up the walls, some of which have stood the storms of nearly eight hundred years, we thought of the numberless sieges this tower of strength had sustained, from the time of its foundation, in 1121, through all the Bruce and Baliol controversies, down to the time it capitulated, in 1513, when James IV. laid siege to it a few days before the battle of Flodden. We could yet, in imagination, see

The warriors on the turret high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,

as they present themselves to Lord Marmion, when "along the bridge he rode."

About twenty miles to the north, on a high rock projecting into the German ocean, are the ruins of Tantallon castle, the Douglas stronghold, where Marmion dared

To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hold.

And much nearer, still, to the north, between St. Abb's head and the village of Eyemouth, is another historic castle, Wolf's crag, or Fast castle, to which the master of Ravenswood betook himself, when compelled to part with the ancient family seat of Ravenswood, a lonely, sea-beaten tower, on the bleak shore, overlooking the German ocean. "A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling," says Scott, in his mournful story of the

"Bride of Lammermoor," "it was, perhaps, difficult to conceive, where the sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach, at a profound distance beneath, was, to the ear, what the landscape was to the eye," but of which Caleb Balderstone, with his ingenius make-shifts and multitudinous "lees (lies) tauld for the honor of the family," who was able, always, "to invent a wee figment," declares that, "for its antiquity, maist folk think that the outside dwelling, notwithstanding, the faithful of Wolf's crag is worthy of a large perusal."

C. L. HENDERSON.

KETTLE FALLS OF THE COLUMBIA.

THESE falls, called "Chaudière" by the early Canadian voyagers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and "Sometkun" by the Indians of the Upper Columbia, are situated on the Columbia river, about forty-one miles south of the British line, and four miles above the mouth of the Colville river. The pool formed at one point, by the falling waters, has the appearance of a boiling cauldron. Hence, the Chaudière falls have been changed into their English synonym, Kettle falls. They form a very serious obstruction—or rather, one of the many—to the navigation of the Upper Columbia, by reason of the contracted channel at this point, which, in places, is not much more than two hundred feet wide. The first fall does not exceed twenty feet in drop at low water, and the second, which is a few hundred feet distant from the first, is still lower. An island and rugged peninsula, both of rock, the former lying in the channel, and the latter projecting half way across the river, form a stubborn barrier; and a railroad portage at this point will become necessary whenever a serious start is made in navigating the waters of the Upper Columbia. The writer made the accompanying sketch (page 574) on an August day, opposite the falls, from the west bank. It was an interesting sight to see the wily salmon leaping the falls, in their ascent of the river.

Upon the shores of the river, for a mile or two below the falls, had assembled a large number of Indians, who, having secured their winter's supply of salmon, mostly by spearing them from the rocks, were now busily drying them in the sun, to be cachèd and hoarded for winter consumption. There were probably not less than thirty tepees scattered along the stream, on the west bank, and they appeared to be more numerous on the opposite shore. I was told by our guide, a half-breed, that these falls are the rendezvous, during the fishing season, of Indians from all parts of the surrounding country. Here were to be found the Colvilles, San Puelles, Okanagans, and Indians from the Spokane and Moses tribes, all meeting at one happy hunting ground, in pursuit of the sportive salmon. They were a motley crew to behold. The squaws were all more or less busy in the operation of drying the fish, and preparing them by removin the head and entrails, opening them

until perfectly flat, and placing them in rows upon a temporary framework, where the hot August sun completed the drying process. The male portion of the camp were, for the most part, taking things easy, by basking upon the sand by the shore; others were playing cards or fixing their salmon spears. Spearing is generally done at a very early hour. At one portion of the rocks a fish trap had been constructed, and appeared to be quite a success. The atmosphere along the shore was redolent with the perfume of smoked and dried fish, and we were not sorry when we came to the Sin-pail-hu, a small affluent of the Columbia, abounding in mountain trout, of which a number were caught and partaken before sunset.

ALFRED DOWNING.

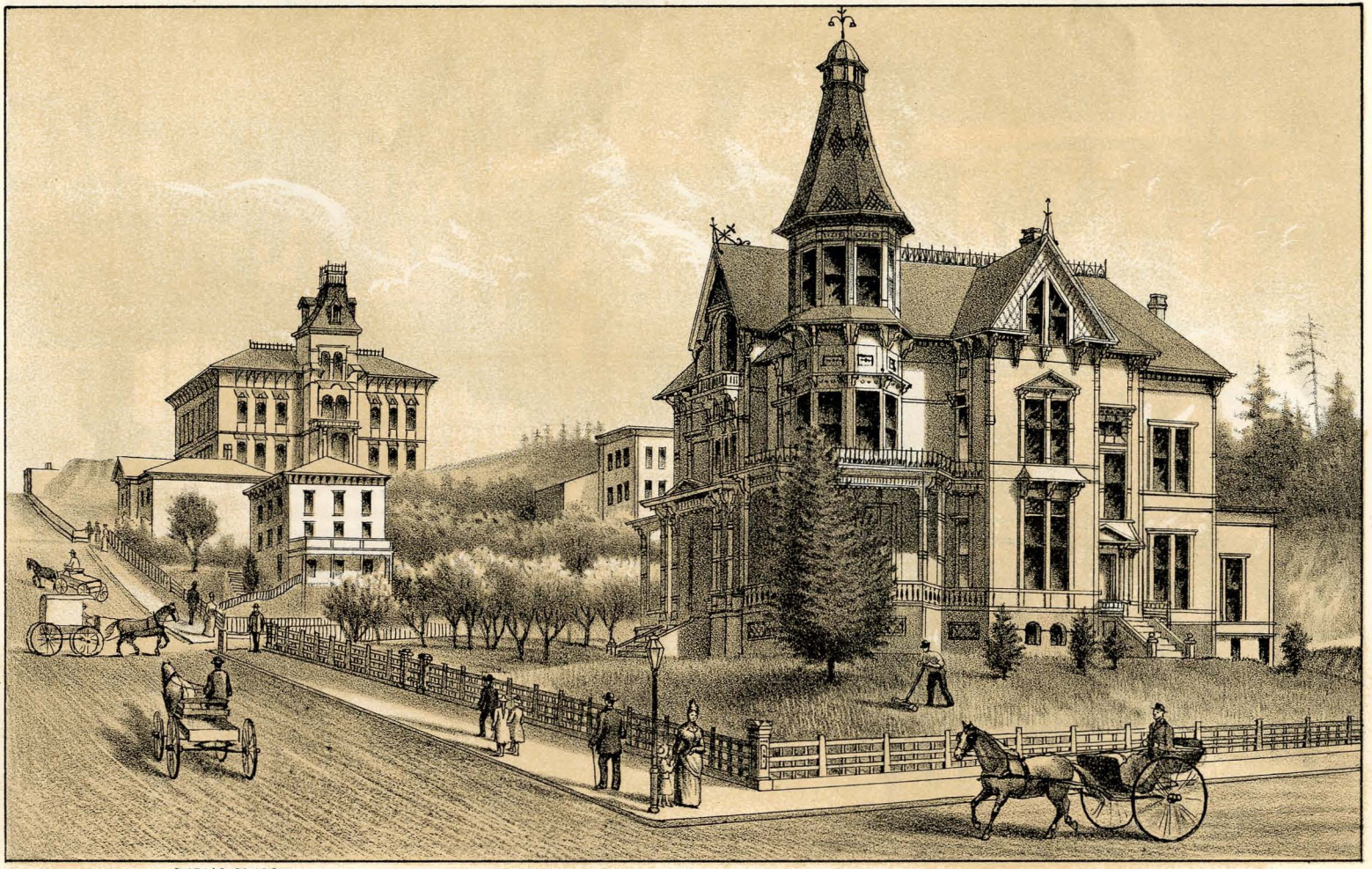
PASSION AND SPRING.

These primroses and purple violets,
Wallflowers and daffodils, that God doth fling
Broadcast on earth to usher in his spring,
Bloom on the grave of my most drear regrets;
And as their fragrance meets my senses keen,
Such a sweet anguish fills my yearning heart,
As if the soul's birthday to life should start
From buried æons to remembrance green;
So full of pain and joy, as deep-drawn sobs
That break the frost of death, that waking throbs
Of resurrection life in souls asleep:
So do these blossoms strongly speak of thee,
And as I smell them, strike mysteriously
An answering chord of passion overdeep.

LILY HAYNES.

ODD FELLOWS TEMPLE.

OREGON-A STREET VIEW IN ASTORIA.



OREGON-A STREET VIEW IN ASTORIA.

HER FIRST CASE.

CLARA Willis stood in the door, and surveyed the charming scene before her, with unmixed pleasure. It was not new to her; in fact, she had seen it every day for the past ten years, but it never grew old nor monotonous. It seemed to vary with every change of weather and season, and it scarcely seemed the same more than an hour at a time. She had got supper ready, and was waiting for her father, brother and the hired man to come in. She slowly put down her sleeves, mechanically smoothing the ruffles at her prim, shapely wrists, as she gazed at the picture she knew and loved so well.

In front of the house, a green meadow lawn sloped gently to the river side, where the sunset rays lingered and reflected a rosy glow on the musical, dancing ripples, that chimed so readily with the twittering of the birds, as they said good-night to each other in the swaying willows on the bank. Across the river, stretched a grassy valley, which gradually rose to the foothills, and they, in turn, climbed to the mountains, with rocky, fir-lined gulches, where a line of snow caps towered, grandly, back of all, up to meet the sky, and seemed the limit of earth, as it was of vision. The sunset light was over all, glorifying it with the subdued splendor now slowly dying away.

Clara heard the men on the back porch, and turned from the door with a sigh of regret; as her father called—

"Ready, Callie!"

She stepped into the neat sitting room, which opened upon a piazza in front and at the back. The men were already seated at the table, and Clara, quickly bringing in hot dishes of "warmed-up" potatoes and cream toast, with the tea, took her own seat, and bent her head reverently as her father asked the accustomed blessing—a custom too well learned in the East to be given up, even in the proverbially Godless West. The mother's place was vacant, for she and the younger daughter had gone East to make a long-deferred visit, while Clara kept house, and tried her best to rival mother. Clara finished her meal first, and excusing herself, went to the door again.

"There's a man coming across the railroad bridge," she said.

"A tramp?" briefly responded her father.

"Probably," replied Clara, as she watched the man advance. "He's coming here," she added, "as all the tramps do."

"Well, it's little enough we have a chance to do for our fellows here; we needn't grudge 'em a bite now and then."

"I don't, father," said Clara, "and we shall have a chance to do a little for our fellow mortals at once," as the little gate clicked and a man walked rapidly up the path.

"Don't walk like a tramp," murmured Tom.

The man paused at the foot of the piazza steps. "Could I get my supper here to-night?" he began, in a frank, straightforward manner, addressing Clara.

"We have plenty of bread and milk, if that will do," replied Clara, as she usually answered such requests.

"I don't know," said the man, "being out all night, as I'm obleeged to be—"

Here, to Clara's astonishment, her father appeared, with outstretched hand and cordial welcome. "Why, Mr. Benton, how do you do?"

"Quite well, sir; hope you're the same," replied the new-comer, while Clara, mortified beyond measure at her blunder, endeavored to escape.

"Come here, Callie," said Mr. Willis. "My daughter Clara, Mr. Benton. You must excuse her for her answer to your request for supper; we have so many tramp visitors, and we never refuse them bread and milk. Clara didn't know you, you see, and—"

"No more apologies," interrupted Mr. Benton, good-naturedly, "I look enough like a tramp, I am sure."

"But what brought you here just now?" asked Mr. Willis, as he led his guest to a seat on the piazza.

"We were sent to guard the bridge to-night," said Mr. Benton.

"Employed by the railroad company?" queried Mr. Willis. "I supposed the bridge was considered safe, but 'tis pretty high water."

"Oh no, that isn't it," replied Mr. Benton, in bewildered surprise. "Don't you know—hadn't you heard of the murder up at Juniper gulch?"

"Murder!" shrieked Clara, as she stopped in the doorway, with a plate of bread in one hand and a dish of fruit in the other.

"Yes," answered Mr. Benton, turning to Clara as he spoke. "Fred Farnsworth; stage driver, you know, from the station up the gulch."

"Fred Farnsworth! Oh yes; but was he killed, or did he—"

"He was killed. You see, it was this way: It was—let me see, this is Wednesday—well, that was Saturday night, an' Fred was driving the stage, as usual; had got along there, you remember, where that little willow run crosses the road, an' there's a big gate there; well, just there, some one sprang out of the willows, an' called out, 'Halt!' but before Fred could sense the words, the man fired, and Fred was shot in the head—killed instantly. He fell over, an' the passenger sitting on the seat with him ketched him an' held him. The horses began to run, soon's Fred dropped the reins, an' then they drove like mad, up the gulch, into camp. Everybody that heard 'em comin' knew something was up. Well, that's all, except that the hull camp turned out to help the sheriff, an' the murderer ain't found yet. There is every reason to believe two of 'em was there, intendin' to rob the stage. Reckon the murder was sort o' unpremeditated. The company's cash was expected that night, but it didn't come. We're quite sure the rascals are over there in that basin; they've been tracked there and lost their horses, an' we expect 'em to try to cross the river to-night; that's why we are to guard the bridge. Every bridge anywhere around is guarded."

"You say we; who is with you?" inquired Mr. Willis, as Clara went to the table to deposit her dishes.

"Ike Grant," replied Mr. Benton. "He's on the other side. I was to let him know if we could get supper here. If I'd known this was your place, I'd a' fetched him right along."

"Wish you had," said Mr. Willis, "but the next best thing is to call him now. I'll send Tom over."

Tom soon crossed the bridge, and reappeared with a stranger. Each carried a gun, and they were conversing eagerly. Indeed, while the men ate of the bountiful meal Clara had provided, they all talked of the exciting event, without intermission. About dark, the two men, shouldering their guns, prepared to camp for the night, at the bridge. Clara thought of nothing but the murder,

while she mechanically did up her work, and of course she dreamed of it that night. No shots were heard, and the guards, coming in for breakfast, reported all quiet.

As they were preparing to go away, Clara said: "What if those men should come here? What should I do? I should dreadfully hate to let them go."

"Send for somebody, and hold 'em up till somebody gets here," promptly replied Mr. Grant.

"How do they look? Does anybody know?" asked Clara.

"Yes, as near as I can make out, one is short, an' about middle-aged, an' rather dark; an' the other is taller an' some younger, an' light—rather good lookin'," said Mr. Benton.

"Both dressed in dark coats, overall pants and soft felt hats," added Mr. Grant.

Soon afterward, the men left, and Clara went about her work, while the men folks went to the fields. After dinner, Clara was again left alone, and when her dinner work was finished, she smoothed her hair, exchanged her gingham apron for a dainty white affair, all ruffles and ribbon bows, and sat down on the piazza with her mending basket. As was natural, her thoughts were busy with the horrible death of young Fred Farnsworth, whom she had often seen. She wondered if his family were all east, and imagined the terrible news brought to loving mother and sisters. She held a sock over her mending ball and gazed, with a far-away look in her big, brown eyes, across the river. Suddenly her reverie was broken. She sat up, alert and watchful. What was that in the bushes across the river? Ah! It was as she thought. There were two figures—two men—she could see them plainly now. Both wore dark coats and soft felt hats. One was short and dark; the other taller, younger, and fair. They crept cautiously, stealthily along, under the low, bending willows. They stopped and conferred together, and seemed to decide upon some mode of action, for they then stood erect, walked briskly, and started across the bridge.

"Ah!" thought Clara, "they have satisfied themselves there is no man at the house, and they are coming over. How I wish I could get them. Ah!"

A daring plan darted into Clara's clever little head, and she clapped her hands softly, as she sat quietly and saw the men approach. Some girls would have been nervous and frightened at the idea of meeting desperate characters. Not so with our heroine. She argued that they were desperately hungry, and had ventured out to get food, and would not dare to do anything out of the way, for fear of being tracked easier. The men came steadily on, and soon reached the little gate opening into the house yard. Clara lifted her eyes from her work, as if she had just observed them, and considered them in an ordinary light. The older man carried a curiously-shaped tin box and a sort of small garden trowel, and the other had a sack slung carelessly over his shoulder, and carried a stout walking stick. They paused at the steps, and both removed their hats politely, as Clara rose. The act seemed, somehow, incongruous with the rough characters Clara had naturally ascribed to the murderer and his accomplice, and she wondered which man really did the deed, as she glanced from one face to the other.

"Good afternoon, Miss," said the older man. "We are a little late, but would it be possible for us to get dinner here? We have tramped a good distance since we ate."

"Very likely," said Clara to herself; but aloud she said: "I think so. We are not accustomed to send people away hungry. Come up and sit on the piaz-

za, and I'll get you a lunch out here." The men threw down their baggage and wearily threw themselves into the rustic chairs Clara indicated, while she quickly cleared away the little table of her sewing implements, and covered it with a red cloth. She placed the dishes on it, and then said to the younger man—

"I do not happen to have any cooked meat in the house this afternoon, but there are some canned meats on a high shelf in the outside cellar, and if you will reach one can down, you can have it for lunch."

"Certainly," replied the young man, promptly rising to follow Clara. She led the way around the house. The outside door was open; they descended the steps, and she opened the door, saying—

"There, on that shelf in the farther corner, please."

The young man crossed the room to do her bidding, and Clara quickly shut and locked the door, flew up the steps, and shut and barred the outside door. After pausing to recover her breath and collect herself, she went around to the piazza.

"Well," she said, "if you will kindly hand down a jar of fruit from the closet shelf, in here, your lunch will be ready. I usually have father or Tom get things for me; it is quite inconvenient to be small," she added.

The man, without a thought of his companion, rose and followed his *petite* hostess. She opened a door leading from the dining room.

"There, please," she said, pointing to a tempting row of jars of home-canned fruit.

As he stepped in to reach the jar of peaches Clara pointed out, she hurriedly drew the door to, which fastened with a spring. As Clara hastened away, she heard her prisoner call—

"Wait a minute, Miss, I'm locked in."

"I guess you are," chuckled Clara to herself, as she ran swiftly down the lane, to the field, arriving there breathless, but triumphant.

"Father! Quick!" she gasped. "Send Tom up to Juniper gulch; I've got—they're here; locked up. Send for the sheriff, or somebody."

Mr. Willis stopped his work, and let the water flow copiously in the wrong direction, as he leaned on his shovel and stared, in helpless bewilderment, at his pretty daughter, who, bare headed, flushed and panting, suggested an escaped lunatic, while her incomprehensible utterances confirmed the impression that "Clara had gone daft." Tom, who was working at a ditch a short distance away, was quicker of comprehension. He hurriedly placed a shovelful of dirt at the outlet, and jumped over two or three ditches, shouting—

"Do you mean the murderer, Cal?"

"Yes," she cried, "both of the men are here—came to get something to eat. I knew them in a minute, from Mr. Benton's description. One is in the cellar, and the other in the dining room closet."

"Tom," said Mr. Willis, beginning to comprehend, "saddle Firefly, and go up to camp as fast as he'll take you."

Tom threw his shovel over his shoulder and started on a run for the stable. Mr. Willis stopped to call to his man—

"Jake, get the water on that further spot there, and then come up to the house. We may need you."

Then Clara and her father walked quickly up to the house, arriving there just as Tom dashed by at break-neck speed. As they entered the house, a knock was heard on the closet door, and a voice cried—

"You've come at last: do let me out; it's stifling in here."

"It's hotter where you're going, I reckon," retorted Mr. Willis, grimly, as he sat down, prepared to watch that door until somebody came from the gulch.

"I can't imagine how you know which way I am bound, my friend," responded the prisoner, with a sort of mild sarcasm.

"I know more about you than you think," answered Mr. Willis. "There now; better save your breath to defend yourself where you will have need," he added.

"I don't know what you mean," came in slow, horrified tones from the closet.

"I presume not, but you'll find out," rejoined Mr. Willis.

The prisoner said no more, and Clara and her father conversed in subdued tones, as they watched and waited. Meanwhile, Tom galloped in mad haste over the road, and brought up, in grand style, before the door of the hotel in the narrow street, where a knot of men, who were talking together, turned to see the meaning of the uncommon hurry.

"Where's Jim Meade?" shouted Tom, as he neared the group.

"The sheriff, you mean? Well, he's gone over to Drayton; he—"

"The murderer is caught," shouted Tom again, as he slipped to the ground and fastened his saddle more securely.

"Reckon we knowed that, when we seed Jim a leadin' him, an' him a wearin' his new braclets he'd jest had a present of," drawled a tall, lank Missourian, sending a mouthful of tobacco juice critically in a diagonal direction.

Tom stared stupidly for an instant, then faltered out, "Did—did he say Meade has got the murderer?"

"That's about it, youngster," replied a good-natured Maine man, shutting one eye quizzically.

"Well, if that's true, who in the nation has Cal got?" exclaimed Tom, helplessly. Then he rapidly repeated the story of how Clara had captured two men who answered the description given of the murderer and his accomplice. Before he had finished, his words were lost in a roar of laughter, as the men threw back their heads and shouted—

"Pretty good!" "Plucky girl!" "She'll do!" etc.

"But what are we to do?" asked Tom, divided between his desire to laugh and to cry; for he was young enough to feel disgraced by an exhibition of the ridiculous.

"Do! Why, ride home as fast as you came, and loosen your prisoners, an' treat 'em to the best the ranch affords," called out an Ohio man, giving Tom a slap on the shoulder, as he burst into a hearty laugh, adding: "That girl deserves the best husband in the Rockies, I vum!"

Tom immediately acted on the suggestion, and Firefly made good time home. Clara sprang to her feet in excitement, expecting to see a string of horsemen; but only Tom appeared. He hastily dismounted and tied his horse to the gate-post, and ran up the walk

"Let 'em loose, quick!" he shouted. "You've made a blunder. The sheriff's got the criminal."

Clara sank on the top step in an agony of shame and mortification. "Is that true?" she murmured, faintly.

"True! Of course it is! Better make a spread that'll make 'em forget the jailer in the cook," added Tom, enough recovered to joke his thoroughly humiliated sister.

Mr. Willis, almost as bewildered as before, at last understanding affairs, hastened to the closet, sending Tom to the cellar.

The stranger emerged from the tiny closet in a state of perspiration rarely witnessed, and as he energetically wiped his red face, Mr. Willis poured forth most profuse apologies.

"Enough!" cried the stranger, with astonishing good humor. "I heard enough of your conversation to gather that your daughter believed my nephew

and myself were two murderers we heard of as we passed through Drayton."

"Oh, I did!" cried Clara, pathetically. "I surely thought you were the men; two of you, and dressed as they were said to be, and—and you came so cautiously through the bushes over there."

"No wonder we looked suspicious," laughed the man. "Let me introduce myself as Professor Woodard—wait, here is my card. My companion is my nephew, Mr. Norris, a lawyer in Buffalo. This is a scientific trip, on my part, and Bert came along for fun. Eh, Bert?" he added, as that young man and Tom came up the steps, with faces full of fun. Mr. Norris was introduced, and explanations followed.

"We were looking for a duck's nest, when you observed our mysterious movements," said Bert.

Well, the long deferred lunch was made a most hospitable "spread," and the travelers remained over night, and left next day, with a cordial invitation to "come again." The young lawyer did come again, and finally took his jailer back to Buffalo with him, to keep him straight. He often calls his energetic little wife his detective, and jokes her about her first case; and when he goes too far, she sings—

"I'll lock you up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well."

F. A. Reynolds.

THE CASCADE LOCKS.

THE Columbia river is unique among the streams of the United States. Draining an area of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, greater than that drained by the Penobscott, Kennebec, Connecticut, Hudson, Susquehanna, Delaware and Potomac combined, fed by the rains of a vast region in winter, and the melting snows of seven great mountain ranges in summer, and carrying at all times an enormous volume of water, its channel is so seriously obstructed, in many places, as to render its continuous navigation utterly impossible without the expenditure of much money upon its improvement. This stream is the natural commercial highway for a large and fertile region, whose products of cereals, cattle, lumber, coal and the precious metals, reach annually many millions of dollars in value. One item alone—that of fifteen million bushels of wheat, with but a small percentage of the land under actual cultivation—shows of what it is capable when rates of transportation shall be offered which will not eat up the profits of the producers.

Between the Cascade mountains, on the west, and the Blue, Bitter Root and Cœur d'Alene mountains, on the east, lies an agricultural area of vast extent, which has, during the past ten years, been converted, in a large measure, from a pastoral to an agricultural region. Cities, towns, villages, farms, mills and factories have sprung up, and in spite of the almost prohibitive rates of trans-

portation, the country has prospered and developed in a marvelous manner. Through the center of this region, run the Columbia river and its chief navigable tributary, the Snake, offering a free highway for commerce, were the serious obstructions in the channel of the Columbia removed or overcome. Railroads have penetrated this region, and offer to much of it quick transportation to market in Portland, or on Puget sound, but at rates which are little less than prohibitive. With a free water way open to the people, transportation charges would be brought to a level which would stimulate production in a wonderful degree. Not many miles from the stream, on either side, lie great masses of coal and iron, and rich ledges of gold, silver, copper and lead, whose development would be wonderfully stimulated by free navigation of the Columbia. Short lines of railroad would be built to the river, from interior points, and the metal, cereal and other products would be thus offered a cheap outlet to market. This would naturally result in a cheapening of railroad charges throughout the entire Northwest.

This is by no means a local question. It vitally affects a vast area of our common country, and should be considered of national importance. It is of national moment, that this extreme northwestern portion of our country should become strong, populous and wealthy. It is an outpost, a picket line of the nation. In times of trouble, if weak, we must defend it, but if strong, we may lean upon it for protection. Whatever is of vital import, then, to the prosperity of this region, is a question of national interest. The government has for years pursued the policy of improving the harbors and navigable streams of the country. Millions of dollars have been expended in this way, but no work yet accomplished, or undertaken, is so far reaching in its effect, and so vital in its necessity, as that of opening the Columbia to continuous navigation from the ocean to the grain fields and mineral deposits of the interior.

From the mouth of the Columbia to the mouth of the Willamette, and up the latter stream to Portland, is free navigation for ocean steamers and sailing vessels of the largest kind, and Portland is the commercial port of the entire Columbia river region. From that city, steamers might ascend the Columbia to the Canadian line, were it not for obstructions in the channel at various points. The two most serious ones, both lying between Portland and the great fertile area of the Columbia basin, are the cascades and the dalles. The river cuts through the Cascade mountains, running in a deep channel through what is known as the "gorge of the Columbia." At one point the channel contracts, for a distance of four and one-half miles, to such an extent that the water rushes through with a velocity which renders the stream unnavigable, while the bed of the river is covered with huge masses of rock. The Indians have a tradition that an archway once spanned the river at this point, but that it was overthrown in a battle of the gods, and fell into the river, choking up the channel with the rocky debris. However this may be, it is certain that the channel here is very narrow, and filled with masses of rock, worn smooth and rounding by the constant action of the current. The water is held back until it reaches a sufficient height to give it enough velocity to carry it through the narrow channel, down which it rushes with resistless speed, foaming and dashing against the rocks. The greatest slope produced by the damming up of the water is at the head, known as the "Upper Cascades." The lower three and one-half miles of the contracted

channel are known as the "Lower Cascades," and present less obstacles to navigation.

Prior to the construction of a railroad along the south bank of the river, by the O. R. & N. Co., in 1882, all freight and passengers carried between points east and west of the mountains, were transported by steamer. One vessel plied between Portland and the Lower Cascades, from which point a portage railroad on the north bank connected with another steamer on the Middle river, as the clear stretch between the cascades and the dalles is called. Another railroad portage, thirteen miles long, on the south bank, circumvented the long rapids known as "the dalles," above which other steamers plied on the Columbia and the Snake as far as Lewiston. Thus three steamers and two railroads were required to make the complete transportation line, while all freight was handled four times while in transit. The construction of a continuous line of railroad along the river suddenly terminated river transportation, though the O. R. & N. Co. continues to operate daily steamers between Portland and The Dalles, using the portage road at the cascades. The traffic, however, is purely local. Under such disadvantages, river transportation can not compete with rail, but with an unobstructed channel, permitting boats to ply between the shipping ports of Portland and Astoria and the great producing region of the interior, without a second handling of cargo, would produce such a condition of affairs, that extremely low tariff rates would be given. This is what those interested in the development of this region are striving to accomplish.

The first appropriation made by congress was in 1876, when $90,000.00 was voted to begin the great task. Nearly every year money has been voted for this purpose, the total amount to date being $1,142,500.00. The plan of improvement adopted by the engineers was to flank the upper cascades with a canal, three thousand feet in length, and to render the remainder of the channel navigable by clearing out the islands, bowlders, rocky points and submerged reefs, by blasting, thus increasing and smoothing the waterway. Because of the uncertainty of the effect which the clearing of the lower channel would have upon the water level at the foot of the canal, that portion of the work was pushed more rapidly, and now the channel is free and navigable as far as the lower end of the canal. Work on the canal has progressed slowly, but steadily, being much retarded, the past five years, by the failure of congress to make the necessary appropriations to continue the work vigorously, or even economically. The canal under construction (see engraving on page 556) is three thousand feet long and ninety feet wide, and the work is so far progressed, that, with an ample appropriation, it could be speedily brought to a conclusion. Maj. W. A. Jones, in his last official report, estimates the amount required for completion of the work at $1,100,000.00, of which $800,000.00 could be profitably used in one year. This would put the canal in a condition for use, though the remainder of the estimated amount would be required to fully complete the work.

Concurrent with this great work, should have been begun some system of overcoming the obstructions at the dalles, since, unless this be done, even with the canal finished, steamers can not ascend the river beyond the dalles, and the present work becomes of comparatively little benefit. Of this second obstruction, Maj. Jones says, in his report for the year ending June 30, 1885:

"For a distance of about thirteen miles, commencing a little above the

city of The Dalles, Oregon, the Columbia river is obstructed in a gigantic manner, that is perfectly unique in the history of river improvements. The whole water way is choked, apparently by an intrusion of lava, through which the river has, with difficulty, cut a passage. At one point, over a distance of eight thousand feet, the passage is so narrow that the river is polarized, as it were, and set on edge. The chasm has, in places, such widths as one hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and forty-seven, and one hundred and fifty feet, and its average width is about two hundred and fifty feet. Except at high water stages, the whole volume of this great river, whose discharge varies between seventy-seven thousand cubic feet per second at low water, and two hundred and fifty-seven thousand cubic feet per second at high water, approximately, is forced through this narrow, precipitous gorge. In order that it shall get through, the waters are dammed up at the head, until the slope becomes such as to produce an enormous velocity. Throughout the entire distance of thirteen miles, the water way of the river is very much contracted. At two places, Ten-Mile rapids and Three-Mile rapids, the minimum widths at low water are two hundred and ten feet and three hundred and ninety feet, respectively. The serious obstructions to navigation, over the whole reach, occur in order, commencing at Celilo at the head, at Celilo falls, Ten-Mile rapids, the dalles and Three-Mile rapids. At Celilo falls, there is a considerable fall at low water, which, however, becomes nearly obliterated at high water, by the waters dammed back of the dalles. At this point a portage of four thousand five hundred feet will carry from good water above the falls to the same below. Thence down to Ten-Mile rapids, the river is suitable for navigation. At this point, the channel can be widened sufficiently by removing about two hundred and seventy thousand cubic yards of rock. Thence to the dalles, the river becomes suitable for navigation. At the dalles, the river might be widened to three hundred feet by the removal of about seven hundred thousand cubic yards of rock. The portage here is about nine thousand feet between good water above and below. At Three-Mile rapids, the channel can be sufficiently widened by rock removal, and thence no further serious obstructions exist.

" The obvious mode of improving navgation here, is to dodge these mighty obstacles by means of canals and locks; but when one considers the extensive excavations in solid basalt rock, and walls and gates of unprecedented heights that will be required to accommodate the extraordinary variations in the level of the water, the element of uncertainty combines with that of extraordinary cost and length of time required for construction, and demands a pause. Estimates have been made and submitted to build a canal to flank Celilo falls, with blasting operations for making the river good at Ten-Mile rapids, the dalles, and at Three-Mile rapids. This project is estimated to cost, in round numbers, $11,000,000.00. If we apply to this enormous sum the rate at which funds have been provided for the Cascades canal, it will appear that over one hundred years would be required before navigation could be opened through these obstructions. Now there is but little doubt, in my mind, that ultimately the solution of this problem will be by means of these operations, but I am very strongly impressed with the conviction that the day of their construction ought to be postponed until a system of making appropriations has been adopted which will permit of their construction within a reasonable length of time, and when the resources of the country will justify the expendi-

ture. In the meantime, if the plan I shall now propose should prove to be a sufficient solution, there will result a great saving to the public treasury. I propose to flank the dalles and Celilo falls with railway inclines, over which laden boats and river craft may be hauled by means of stationary engines at the summits, and to blast open the contracted water ways at Ten-Mile and Three-Mile rapids to a width of three hundred feet, which will be sufficient to reduce the velocities to a navigable status."

The report gives, at length, facts and figures to establish the entire practicability of the scheme, the entire cost of which is estimated at $1,373,000.00. An earnest effort was made at the last session of congress to secure an appropriation for the commencement of this important work. This was so far successful as to have a specific sum set apart for this purpose, in the river and harbor bill, but the bill failed to become a law, and the appropriation was not made. A strong effort will be made at the next session, and if a bill of that character passes, it will, no doubt, contain a liberal appropriation for continuance of the work at the cascades, and the commencement of the equally necessary improvements at the dalles. This is a vital question—one above party and politics—and the people of the coast and the interior are united in their demand that the government give them an open river as speedily as possible; that the Columbia shall run "unfretted to the sea," save by the vessels which plow its waters.

HENRY LAURENZ.

A CAN OF SALMON.

ONE of the leading industries of the Pacific coast is the preparation of food fishes for market, especially the canning of salmon. Salmon, in countless numbers, enter the streams every summer, for the purpose of propagating, and make their way inland as far as obstacles in the river may permit, ascending every tributary to lay their spawn in the shallow, sun-warmed waters. In this inland passage, they swim rapids and leap up the watery walls of cascades, which would be an insurmountable barrier to any fish less suple, strong and persevering than the salmon. In the Columbia, they ascend inland more than a thousand miles, until further progress is stopped by falls too high to be scaled by even these agile leapers, though they try again and again, until their bruised bodies are cast upon the shore. The banks of the streams are lined with the decaying carcasses of fish, battered and torn in their encounter with rocks, and those who finally reach their destination are thin, lacerated and deprived of nearly all that energy and strength which enabled them to success-

fully overcome the obstacles encountered in their journey. The millions of young fry produced find their way down the streams to the ocean, whence they return, when full grown, to the place of their birth. In this way, the species is propagated and the annual influx from the sea offers fishermen a certain harvest.

From time immemorial, the Indians living along the banks of the Sacramento, Columbia, Fraser and other rivers flowing into the Pacific, have depended upon salmon as their chief article of food. During the summer season they assembled along the streams in great numbers, and speared the fish or caught them in nets, and it is still customary for the survivors of the once powerful tribes, to thus gather a supply of food for winter use. The spot usually chosen is some cascade or rapids, offering an advantageous position for spearing the fish as they attempt to leap over the obstacle. A little staging is built out over the water, in favorable places, upon which an Indian perches himself and weilds a net, with a long handle, which he passes rapidly through the water, time after time, until his patience is rewarded with the capture of a fish. Thousands of salmon are thus yearly caught by the Indians, and dried in the sun for winter use.

The Columbia river leads all other streams, both in the size and quality of its fish, and in the quantity packed. The Sacramento, in California, and the Fraser, in British Columbia, are also important salmon streams. There are canneries located on various other streams of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska. The unusual size and quantity of salmon in the Columbia was remarked early in the present century, by traders whose vessels occasionally entered the river, and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. Indeed, as early as 1832, more than half a century ago, an effort was made by a Boston firm to turn them to account. Nathaniel J. Wyeth came across the continent with eleven followers, but returned again the next spring. In 1834, he again came out as the manager of the Columbia River Fishing & Trading Co., and built Fort Williams, on Sauvie's island, at the mouth of the Willamette. His enterprise proved a failure, and he sold out to the Hudson's Bay Co. in 1836. The pioneers of Oregon used salmon freely, both fresh and salted, and it is still a favorite dish. Much salmon was salted for winter use, and many families still salt a quantity every year for private use. The first cannery was built in 1867, by William, George and R. D. Hume and A. S. Hapgood, at Eagle cliff, where they packed four thousand cases that year. Since that time, the business of canning salmon has increased yearly on the Columbia, until it now reaches an average annual value of $3,000,000.00, and gives employment to more than four thousand fishermen and a large number of hands in the canneries.

The great seat of this industry is Astoria, where three-fourths of the canneries are located, and where nearly all the pack finds shipment to market. The season begins, according to legal restriction, on the first of April, and closes the last of July, this limitation being placed by the legislature to prevent the complete extermination of the fish. During that period, the fish which succeed in safely passing the cordon of nets, traps, seines and fish wheels, have good reason to congratulate themselves. Two thousand boats, each with a net three hundred fathoms long, lie in wait to catch them as they come in over the bar at the turn of the tide. Such as safely run the gauntlet of the nets at the mouth of the stream, encounter other nets, seines and

traps farther up, and when they have ascended still farther, the tireless fish wheel lies in wait to scoop them up.

The fishermen are chiefly Swedes, Norwegians, Danes and Italians, while the factory hands are chiefly Chinamen and girls, the latter being employed in the label room. A fishing outfit consists of a boat, manned by two men, valued at $250.00, and a net costing $400.00. The boats last eight or ten years, but the nets are good for only one season, provided they meet with no accident earlier, such as getting in the way of a passing steamer. Some of these outfits belong to the canneries and some to the fishermen, and the price of fish is regulated accordingly, the prices varying each season. When fish are worth a dollar each, those who run cannery boats receive about sixty cents. Fish are sold to the canneries by the head, and not by weight, nothing under ten pounds being received. The average weight of the Columbia chinook salmon is twenty to thirty pounds, though they are often caught weighing fifty or sixty pounds. A case of salmon contains forty-eight one-pound cans, representing from $2.00 to $2.50 in value of fish, and nearly an equal quantity in other material and labor.

The process of canning is very interesting, and more intricate than one would suppose, beginning with the manufacture of the cans and ending with the packing in cases. A representative cannery is that of M. J. Kinney, at Astoria, where the many interesting features were observed by the writer. (See engraving on page 496.) For making cans, there are several machines in use. The tops and bottoms are cut with great rapidity by dies, and the sides by a knife cutter. The sides are then rolled, six at a time, on a machine somewhat resembling a clothes wringer. They are then taken to the men who solder the seam, and from them to others who put on the bottoms with great dexterity and rapidity. A little piece of solder, called a "float," is dropped into the can and a hot iron is run around the inside, melting it and fastening on the bottom. There is also in use a soldering furnace and rimmer for fastening bottoms, similar to the one used for the covers, described later. The cans are now ready for use, after being carefully examined to see that they are perfect. We now go to where the canning work begins.

The boats discharge their loads of salmon on the dock, the fish being piled up near the butcher. A stalwart Chinaman then lays out about a dozen on the table in front of him and speedily severs the head, tail and fins from the body, opens the fish and removes the entrails, each act being accomplished by a single dexterous stroke of the knife. The refuse falls through a chute into a receptacle, from which it goes to the oil factory. This man can thus dispose of from fifteen hundred to two thousand per day. The fish is then dropped into a tank of water, from which it is taken by another man, who removes the scales and further cleans the salmon. It then goes into another tank, through the hands of a second cleaner and into a third tank of water. They are taken from there to a gang slicer, a machine that with one stroke cuts a whole fish into lengths just the height of a can. The chunks are then taken to a number of choppers, who slice them lengthwise into several small pieces, when they are carried on trays to the fillers. These press the pieces into the cans, filling them as compactly as possible. A Chinaman will fill one thousand cans in a day. The filled cans are then taken to the washing machine, where they are rapidly revolved under the spray of warm water, being rubbed with a sponge at the same time, and are afterward dried with pieces of old netting.

They then pass through the hands of boys who set the tops on, and are taken to the crimper and soldering furnace. In this machine the edge of the cover is crimped, and the cans then roll across a brick furnace, the ends passing through a trough of melted solder, and continue down a wire tramway to the hands of the testers. The capacity of this machine and furnace is from twenty thousand to twenty-two thousand per day. The cans are then tested for imperfections, by examination and immersion in hot water, and all not air tight are taken to the solderers. They are then immersed for an hour and twenty minutes in a cauldron of boiling water, after which they are again tested by being tapped on the top with a small wooden mallet, imperfection being indicated by the sound. The good ones are then punctured to let the hot air escape, and are immediately sealed up again. Being now placed on little iron cars, they are rolled on a track into an iron retort, and are cooked by steam for an hour and fifteen minutes. From the retort, they are plunged into a vat of hot lye, to remove every particle of grease, and are then immersed in a tank of cold water until perfectly cool. They again pass through the hands of two testers, who tap them on the cover with a large, steel nail, their trained ears catching the least inequality of sound. When passed by these experts as good, they are put upon frames and lowered into a bath of lacquer, composed generally of varnish and turpentine, and are then raised and left suspended over the vat to drip. Any excess of the lacquer that collects on the lower edge in dripping, is removed with a brush, and the cans, having now a saffron tint, are taken to a group of little girls, who speedily and neatly place labels upon them, handling from two thousand to four thousand each per day. Nothing now remains to be done but to pack them in cases ready for shipment.

The capital invested in this business is very large. The two thousand boats represent $1,300,000.00, in the value of the boats, nets, etc., and half of this sum has to be supplied yearly, in the form of new nets. The buildings in which canning is done are not elaborate structures. They are erected over the water, on a foundation of piling, and closely resemble the warehouses at the shipping wharves. Near them are long rows of drying racks, where the fishermen spread out their nets to dry. The warehouses, which line the water front, are filled with cases of salmon during the season, waiting for shipment. Much of it is sent direct to England by sailing vessels, while thousands of cases are taken to San Francisco by the ocean steamers, or sent up to Portland by river steamers, to be shipped overland to eastern markets. More than half the shipments last year went east. The pack of 1886 was four hundred and sixty thousand cases, being somewhat less than that of the few previous years. Taking as an average of two and one-half fish to the case, this would indicate that one million one hundred and fifty thousand salmon, of an average weight of twenty pounds each, were taken out of the water near the mouth of the Columbia. To this must be added the many thousands of fish caught by the wheels farther up the stream, and sent to Portland and other local markets fresh, or shipped on ice to the East. A number of firms engaged in canning are operating on an extensive scale. The firm of Elmore, Sanborn & Co., besides packing some of the best known brands on the river, handle large quantities of the pack of other canneries. They are sole agents for the Magnolia, White Star, Union Packing Co., Veteran, Royal Seal and Jumbo, brands of the Columbia river salmon, and Lion Head, Seattle and

Queen brands, of Tillamook bay, Puget sound and Siuslaw river, respectively. They are also selling agents for the St. George's brand, of J. G. Megler & Co., and the Fishermen's brand, of the Fishermen's Packing Co.

Much has been said of the great loss of life among the fishermen. The business is not necessarily a dangerous one, but the competition between them at the mouth of the Columbia induces them to take needless risks. In their efforts to secure as many fish as possible, they follow the tide to the very verge of the huge breakers that roll in over the bar, and not infrequently their boats drift too far, and are capsized in the seething water. Very few who meet with such an accident ever return to tell how it happened. Occasionally they cling to their boats until they are rescued by the life-boat crew, and several have even been picked up at sea by vessels, but the majority of them are quickly overwhelmed by the breakers, and find a grave beneath the shifting sand of the bar. The fate of their comrades seems to have no effect upon the others, for they still continue to fish along the edge of the breakers, apparently willing to assume the risk for the sake of the better fishing.

W. L. HENRY.

A HOME ENTERPRISE.

IT is, happily, a growing tendency among our business men to rely upon home enterprises more than formerly, and to provide those facilities for the transaction of business that were formerly supplied by organizations from other cities. This is noticeable in the national banks which some of our wealthiest and most enterprising business men have recently organized. In the matter of insurance, also, this tendency is manifested. The volume of insurance business transacted in Portland, the headquarters for agencies in Oregon and Washington, is enormous, and the bulk of it is done through local agents of companies whose headquarters are in other cities of the United States and Europe. There exists no good reason why this great sum of money should be annually taken out from our business channels and sent to distant cities, when there is at hand ample capital to afford insurance, and at the same time keep the money paid for premiums at home. With this purpose in view, a number of the foremost men in our commercial circles have incorporated the Columbia Fire & Marine Insurance Company. In the board of directors appear such familiar names as D. P. Thompson, Frank Dekum, W. K. Smith, E. S. Kearney, Jacob Wortman, R. M. Wade, John Donnerberg, John B. David, W. B. Honeyman, John A. Honeyman, A. H. Breyman, H. W. Monnastes, Geo. H. Williams, C. C. Beekman, F. Opitz, Walter F. Burrell, Samuel P. Sturges, F. L. Charman, J. A. Child, James F. Watson, W. H. Walker, Asahel Bush, H. Theilsen, Geo. B. Markle and W. T. Wright. The officers of the company are Frank Dekum, president; W. K. Smith, vice president, and John A. Child, secretary, three of the most successful men of Portland. These gentlemen, whose portraits are given on

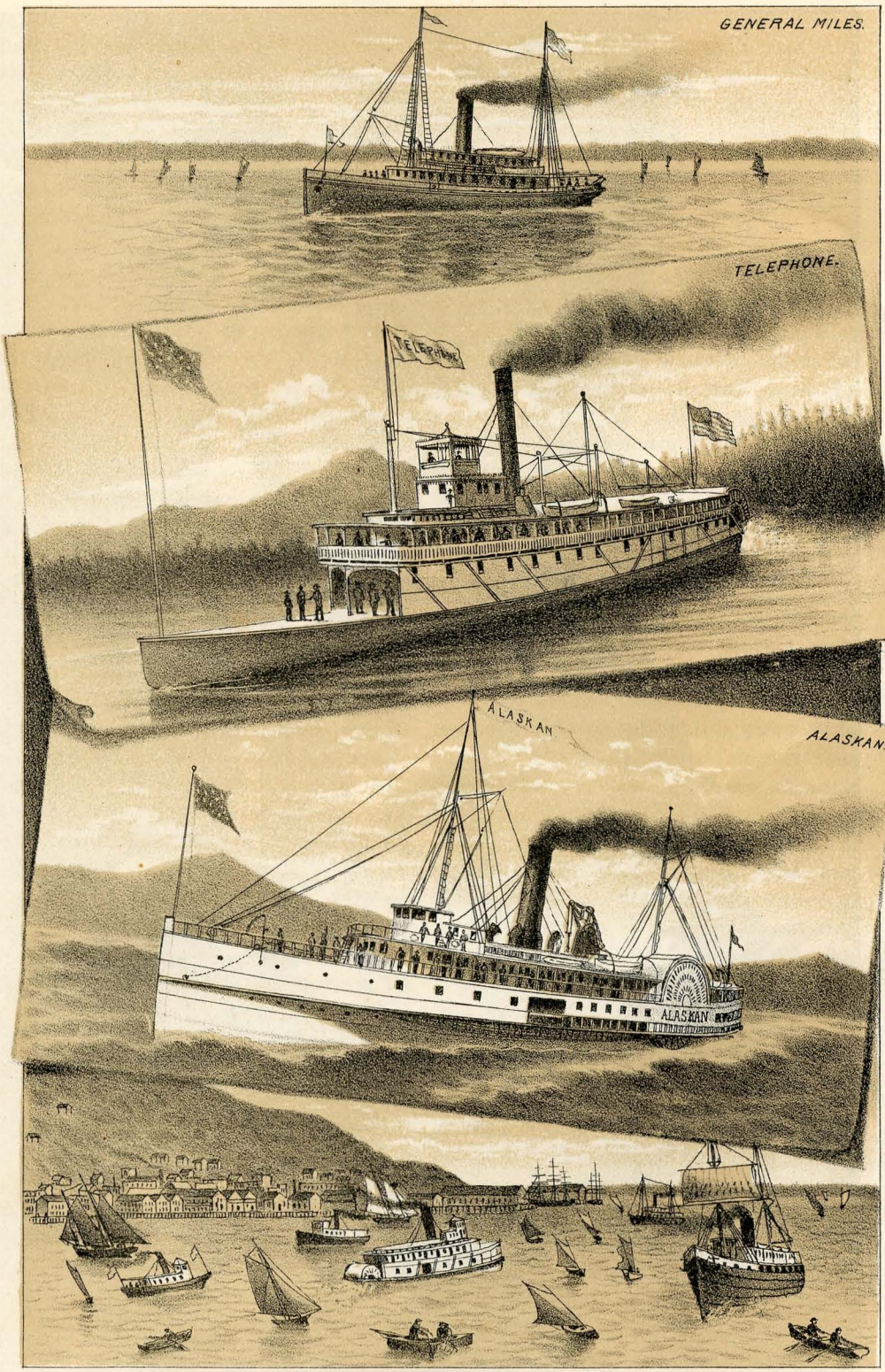
page 573, will have the direct management of the company; and in this connection a brief sketch of their business careers will be of interest.

The president, Mr. Frank Dekum, is personally known to nearly every old resident of Oregon. He was born in Bavaria, Germany, November 29, 1829, the youngest of a family of seven children. In 1837, he came to the United States with his parents, and for a number of years lived near Belleville, St. Clair county, Ill. In 1845, he was apprenticed to the confectioners' trade in St. Louis, where he worked several years after serving his apprenticeship. In 1852, he started westward, going to San Francisco by the Panama route. The fall and winter were spent in the California mines, and in the spring he came to Oregon, arriving in Portland in April, 1853. Mr. Dekum at once embarked in the confectionery business, which he pursued successfully for more than twenty years. He finally disposed of it, and in March, 1880, helped to organize the Portland Savings Bank, of which he has always been a director, and for the past two years its president. This is one of the most solid and conservative banking institutions of the Northwest, and under his management it is doing a steadily increasing business. Mr. Dekum is identified with a number of prominent and substantial enterprises, and is regarded as one of our most careful and reliable business men. He is a director of the Commercial National Bank, is president of The Dalles Mill & Water Co., and president of the Astoria Water Co., all corporations of prominence in the commercial circles of Oregon. He was one of the leading organizers of the Portland Mechanics' Fair, and it was under his management, as president, that it became such an extensive and popular institution. Mr. Dekum is treasurer of the German Aid Society, the largest benevolent organization of Portland, and is a leading spirit in many movements for the public welfare.

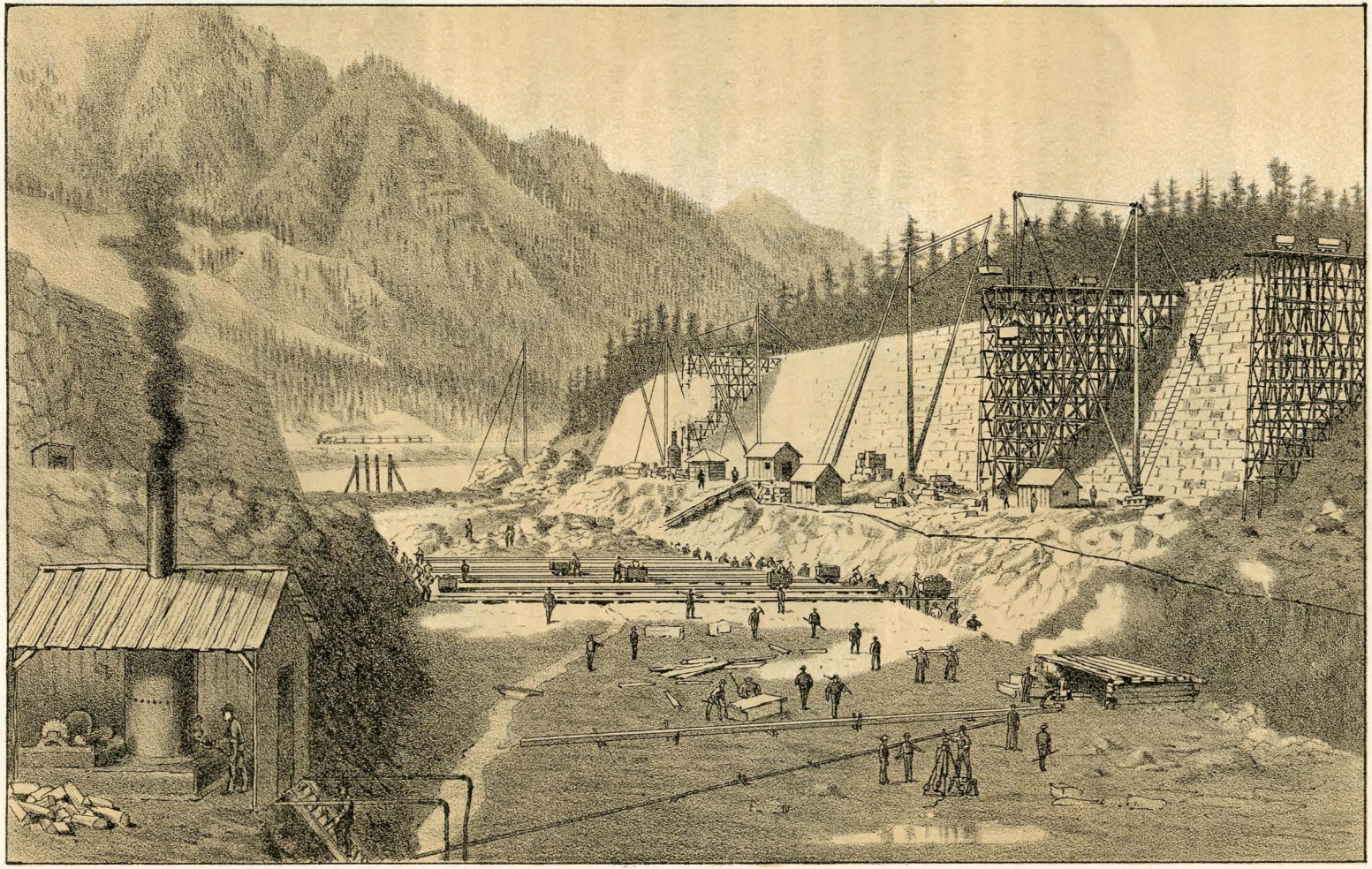
The vice president, Mr. W. K. Smith, is another of the well known business men and capitalists of Portland. He was born in Brownsville, Pa., August 3, 1826, and lived as a youth, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Texas. In 1846 he began the study of medicine with his uncle, in Uniontown, Ala., and in 1850 went to Texas and practiced his profession. In 1851 he located in St. Louis, and two years later crossed the plains to California. After a year of mining, he came north and settled in Salem, Oregon, where he opened a drug and book store. With others, he secured a controling interest in the Willamette Woolen Mill Co., and brought in water to South Salem. The company also built the large flouring mills, now the celebrated City of Salem mills, and had an extensive store. Mr. Smith was secretary and treasurer of the company for a number of years. He finally disposed of his interest in Salem and purchased a flouring mill in McMinnville, and later opened a store at Dayton, and became the owner of a farm of one thousand acres. About twenty years ago Mr. Smith removed to Portland, and has ever since been closely identified with the business interests of this city. He has been interested in three saw mills here. The first one was burned in the great fire of 1873, and the ground on which it stood has been sold for depot purposes, to the narrow gauge railroad, for $70,000.00. The second one was burned in the spring of 1886. He now owns a large interest in the former Multnomah mills. He is vice president of the Portland Savings Bank, also of the Ainsworth National Bank, of which he was one of the organizers. He helped to organize the Commercial National Bank and is one of its directors. He owns much real estate in the city

and a number of our best business blocks, especially the two on which stood the first store and the first residence on the original town site of Portland. Mr. Smith's hand has been felt in commercial affairs in Portland in many ways, especially in the construction of many hundred feet of wharfing, the erection of business buildings, and the maintenance of important manufacturing industries. He was the founder of the direct trade between Portland and China. He purchased the *Hattie C. Bessie*, and after chartering her for one voyage, to a Chinese firm, for $20,000.00, he shipped lumber in her to China, San Francisco and other ports for a number of years. He is essentially a self-made man. Early in his business career he received a legacy from his grandfather, but transferred it to his sister, and continued to carve out his own fortune as before. His success is the result of business capacity, associated with habits of industry and careful attention to details. These sterling qualifications he brings to the service of this new company, as he has done to the other prosperous organizations in whose management he participates.

Mr. John A. Child, the secretary, is a gentleman of much experience in the insurance business. He is fifty-one years of age, and has been a successful druggist for thirty-seven years. Mr. Child was born in London in 1836, and came to the United States five years later. He was educated at St. John college, Cincinnati. Before coming to the Pacific coast, Mr. Child occupied a prominent place in insurance circles in the East. He was district and local agent at Madison, Indiana, for the old Phœnix, of Hartford, then secretary of the Fire & Marine Insurance Company, of the same place. He afterward moved to Indianapolis, and became secretary and manager of the Franklin Fire Insurance Co., of that city, and for five years was remarkably successful with agencies from Maine to California. In 1876, Mr. Child came to Portland and opened a drug store in the Centennial block. He organized the Franklin Building & Loan Association in 1883, with a capital stock of $1,000,000.00, and in May, 1887, after a most successful career of four years, under the continuous management of Mr. Child, as president, the association filed supplemental articles for the increase of the capital stock to $1,600,000.00. Mr. Child was elected grand master of the A. O. U. W. of Oregon in 1882, and has represented that body in the supreme lodge in all its meetings in Canada and elsewhere ever since. He is now one of the officers of the supreme lodge, as well as one of its most active members. When the Columbia Fire & Marine Insurance Company was organized, Mr. Child was elected one of its directors, and was unanimously selected by his fellow directors for the important position of secretary and manager. His selection gives the company, from the first, the services of a manager whose age and long experience in the business is an assurance that its affairs will be carefully and judiciously managed. Parties intrusting their insurance to him will have the satisfaction of knowing that they will be justly dealt with.



"OUR SUMMER RESORTS"—COLUMBIA RIVER EXCURSION STEAMERS.



OREGON—CONSTRUCTING LOCKS AT THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA.

A WILD HORSE HUNT.

IT was in the fall of the second year I had been on the range, and I got to know the country pretty well by that time."

So spoke Frank Evans, an old college chum of mine, as he sat comfortably smoking a cigar, after a dinner at which we had lingered several hours, recalling old times, and he had been telling me some of his experiences "out West," on the great cattle ranges east of the Rocky mountains, where, when he should have fully mastered the business, his father, a wealthy farmer of Ohio, had promised to buy a ranch and stock it for him.

"Yes," he continued, "it was on the Sweetwater range, in Wyoming, or, to be more precise, in the hills at the headwaters of Bitter creek. I had been hunting horses all the morning, six of our band having strayed away from our night herder the evening before. It was about 2:00 o'clock, and the sun beat down on the sagebrush covered hills with an almost deadening intensity, the wind coming in fitful gusts, carrying the white alkali dust in clouds. I was heading for camp, some fifteen miles away, and my horse, a wiry little buckskin colored broncho, was comparatively fresh, in spite of the heat, although anyone looking at him jogging along at a little dog trot, head down, eyes half closed, ears flapping up and down, and an altogether dejected look about him, would have supposed him to have been completely tuckered out.

"I expected to find our six missing animals with a band of wild horses, of which there were two or three known to run among the hills, and I had been reserving my buckskin for a run.

"As I got to the head of a long canyon I saw a band of horses off to the left. Dismounting, I looked at my cinch, pulled it up a little tighter, and being assured that my saddle was firm, I took another look at the band. There were about fifty horses scattered over a little "dry lake," standing with heads down, with flanks heaving, evidently distressed by the intense heat. Carefully looking them over I found they were all mares and colts, and our horses were not among them. There was one exception, a small blue stallion; I knew him in a moment as being the nervy little captain of a band of wild horses that had never yet been run down, though we had all bad a trial with him.

"Not caring to waste my horse's energies on them, I mounted and was about to move on, when my attention was attracted to a mare and colt that were evidently out of favor with the captain, for they were several hundred feet away from the main band. The mare was a large, clean-limbed animal, of beautiful proportions, and remarkable color—she was jet black, curiously marked with white, looking as if snow had fallen on her back and besprinkled both sides. The colt was a little runt, dwarfed and stunted to a degree, and with his long, ungainly body and short legs, formed a striking contrast to his handsome thoroughbred mother. On the instant I thought that there was a chance to get that mare, and away I went.

" For the first half mile I had comparatively good ground, and I succeeded in getting them separated from the band and headed down another long canyon, which I knew led directly to camp. I was confident that if I could keep the pace up that I could keep the mare from taking to the hills, and make her keep the canyon, and so on to camp, where I could get a fresh horse and some boys to help me run her down. On we went at a 'quarter gait,' and just as my buckskin began to blow we came in sight of camp, and pushing him for a final spurt I crowded the mare right through camp, which was on the bank of the creek. She never stopped, but took the water and was off down the bottom on the other side.

" Sam, euphoneously called 'Broncho Sam,' a negro 'broncho buster,' had just mounted a powerful young horse he was breaking, and taking in the situation at a glance, without a word took after the mare. It did not take me many minutes to catch and saddle a fresh horse and I was off after them again.

"The stream just below the camp made a sharp turn and doubled back on itself. Feeling sure Sam could crowd the mare so that she would keep to the bottom, I struck out across the hills to head them off, if possible, as they came below the bend. When I got to the creek again, I saw them away off up the bottom, heading straight for me. To keep out of sight, I got off my horse and stood in a small draw, waiting for them. On they came, at a thundering pace, and in a moment more had swept by me.

" The mare, with proudly arched neck, and long, silken tail flying in the wind, was ever throwing her head to one side, to see how the colt kept up. He, poor little fellow, was all fagged out, and several hundred yards behind her. Sam's horse, though a young and powerful animal, was puffing great clouds of steam from his blood-red nostrils, while his heaving flanks showed plainly that he, too, was about done for.

"Leaving Sam to take the colt, I pushed on after the mare. Her glossy sides were flecked with froth, but her action was as graceful and supple as ever. She was evidently distressed at the failure of her colt to keep up, but seeing me in hot pursuit, she straightened herself and struck off down in the bottom again.

" On and on we went, the mare apparently as fresh as at the start. My horse, too, was well in hand; I was saving him for the final spurt, which I knew would come, when we came in sight of a ranch about seven miles farther down the creek.

"As we neared the ranch, I saw a couple of men driving some horses toward the corral, and I knew I should have more help.

The corral, fortunately, was on our side of the creek, and in an angle formed by another little stream, about fifteen feet wide, running into the main creek. Seeing us coming, the two men waited in readiness to lend me any help they could. The mare, no doubt, made up her mind to jump the first stream, and take the creek, and so escape. The rose in one mighty effort and cleared the first water grandly, but the loose earth on the far bank gave way and she fell back into the water. Before she could recover herself, one of the men, on a big, strong, sorrel horse, had his lariat down and caught her just as she regained the bank. The second the mare felt the rawhide settle on her neck, she bolted, and taking the man unawares, by the suddenness of her run, pulled both the horse and the rider to the ground.

" The horse, a trained rope animal, quickly recovered himself, and without waiting for his master, took a little run forward, and then throwing himself back onto his haunches, he brought the mare

up short and flat on her back. She never moved; her back had been broken by the fall.

"So ended my first and only wild horse hunt. We had run those horses down and the mare was dead. The colt soon became a great favorite with every man about the ranch, and in spite of his looks, was the pet of all.

J. B. AVERY.

Northwestern News and Information.

MONTANA DIVIDENDS.—The dividends paid by six mines in Montana, during the first five months of the current year, aggregate $1,043,500.00. This is nearly one-fourth the mining dividends paid in the entire United States, and larger than that in any single state or territory. It is twice as large as Utah's, three times as great as California's, and four times Colorado's. Montana leads the union in her mineral resources.

BANK CAPITAL OF HELENA.—Helena is the financial center of Montana, as is evident from the resources of the four national banks doing business in the city, one of which ranks among the leading banks of the country. The figures, by the last official report, are as follows: First National, $4,019,569.00; Montana National, $1,652,665.00; Merchants National, $1,313,869.00; Second National, $273,496.00; total, $7,259,595.00.

STERLING MINE.—An English company has purchased the Sterling mine, situated four and one-half miles from Marysville, Montana, for $100,000.00. The property is situated not far from the Penobscot. The shaft on the Sterling is two hundred feet down. There is a ten-stamp mill on the property, through which about ten thousand tons of ore have been run. The ore is gold bearing and free milling. The company will proceed at once to the erection of a mill, with a capacity of thirty stamps.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—An artesian well, flowing twenty-five hundred gallons per minute, under a pressure of sixty-five pounds to the inch, has recently been opened at Yankton, Dakota. This is the largest in the United States. At Jamestown, and other points in that territory, good wells have been secured. This should be an encouragement to the owners of bench lands in Montana to give this method of securing water a fair trial. Its success would greatly aid the settlement and cultivation of Northern Montana.

SMELTER AT TACOMA.—The smelter project at Tacoma fell through last spring, because the man who was managing it could not fulfill his promises. There is now another one on foot, headed by Mr. Ryan, the great hotel man of St. Paul. He has purchased twenty-three acres of land near Point Defiance, where he will erect a smelter of one hundred tons capacity. Mr. Ryan has invested $90,000.00 in Cœur d' Alene mining property. Ores from these and other mines will be reduced at the works.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.—Since the great Hudson's Bay Co. retired from the United States, and especially since it ceased to exercise governmental jurisdiction in Canada, and became a purely mercantile and trading company, it has occupied but little public attention. It continues to be still one of the leading companies of England, and its stock is held as a choice investment. At the recent annual meeting in London, the report rendered showed the net earnings for the year to be $425,000.00. A dividend of nearly $4.00 per share, on the total of one hundred thousand shares, was declared.

THE MANITOBA.—The advance graders of the Manitoba are within a few miles of Fort Benton, and the site of the depot in that city has been selected. Tracklaying is progressing at an average rate of four miles per day, and has

been completed about one-third of the distance from Fort Buford, on the eastern edge of Montana, to Fort Benton. At this rate it will take less than three months to carry the track to Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri river. An army of nearly ten thousand men are engaged in this unparalleled work of construction.

SMELTER IN MINNEAPOLIS.—A company has been formed in Minneapolis, with a paid up capital of $100,000.00, to erect and operate a smelter, using the new Potter patent, for reducing ores. The incorporators are such men as A. J. Boardman, W. S. King, R. G. Langdon, John S. Pillsbury, Emerson Cole and E. J. Davenport, all prominent capitalists of Minneapolis. The company designs to obtain its ores from Montana and Northern Idaho. The Potter process has for its principal feature the collection of the precious burden of the smelter ores by means of a lead bath flowing through the molten mass. It is said to have stood the test of practical operation with entire success.

KETTLE RIVER, W. T., QUARTZ.—A letter received from Kettle river states that rich quartz has been discovered at the forks of Rock creek, in the direction of what is known as Bald mountain. The surface rock is stated as being very rich, containing free gold. The ledges are wide, and the appearance of the country indicates a large quartz belt. The altitude at which the quartz is found is about four or five thousand feet above the sea level. The quartz is evidently a feeder of Rock creek, in which stream desultory mining has been carried on for years, and where, at one time, there was a great placer excitement. Several locations have been made.

R. R. FROM SEATTLE TO B. C.—Work is progressing on the road bed of thirty miles of the Seattle & West Coast road, which will take it to Snohomish, and the contractors are under bonds to complete it by the fifteenth of September, by which time the rails are expected. As yet, no compromise has been effected between this new company and that at the head of which is Hon. Eugene Canfield, which has secured the right of way from congress, with authority to bridge navigable streams. Mr. Canfield is energetically working to secure the necessary capital to push his project. Whichever company finally completes a line from Seattle to the Canadian Pacific will confer a great favor upon that city and the entire Puget sound region, and it is to be hoped that, in some manner, these two rival projects may be consolidated.

NATURAL BRIDGE OF OREGON.—It is reported that a natural bridge, rivaling the famous bridge of Virginia, has been discovered sixteen and one-half miles west of Oakland, on a spur of the Coast range. The bridge proper is situated in a kind of canyon, at the base of a beautiful and lofty mountain, a short distance from the Umpqua river. It is quite a powerful structure and will resist a strain of twenty thousand pounds to the square inch. The composition is mineral granite, carrying sulphurets of iron, which enters largely into that portion called the arc, or arch. The other parts are of carbonaceous earth and hard-pan. The dimensions of the bridge are, length, nineteen and one-fourth feet; breadth, fifteen and three-eighths feet; height, sixty-eight and three-fourths feet; span of arch, twelve and five-eighths feet.

PORTLAND INDUSTRY.—The cordage works of the Molson Cordage Company were destroyed by fire nearly a year ago. The old machinery has been purchased by a new company, the Portland Cordage Company, which has been incorporated with a capital stock of $100,000.00. The stock holders are such well known business men as W. S. Ladd, C. H. Lewis, H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, Donald Macleay and W. B. Ayer. New machinery has been ordered. A block of land in the northern portion of the city has been secured, and the work of construction will be commenced immediately. The company will erect a factory fifty by one hundred feet, three stories high, and a warehouse thirty by one hundred feet, two stories high. The capacity of the new works will be about one-third larger than the Molson Cordage Company.

A DURABLE MONUMENT.—White bronze, or refined zinc, is rapidly coming into favor, throughout the United States, for monuments, fountains, statuary and other out-door works of art, because of its durability and power to resist the disintegrating action of the elements. This material is pure zinc, refined until it is free from any contaminating substance whatever. The *Scientific American* says that, in all the great advance during the past century, there has been no greater advancement than the substitution of white bronze for stone, for monuments and statuary. The cost of this material is about the same as good marble, but its value, when considered either in the light of beauty or dura-

bility, is many times greater. Several monuments of this material have been erected in River View cemetery, near Portland, where they are attracting much attention and receiving many favorable comments.

A GRAIN PASTURE.—One of the greatest drawbacks to the farmer on the highlands of Eastern Oregon, is the lack of suitable grass for pasturage. Bunch grass will not answer every purpose for pasture, though the best in the world for that use in certain cases, and in sufficient quantities. A plan has recently occurred to us which may, in a measure, obviate that difficulty, and furnish better feed than stock, as a rule, now get. It has never been tried here, that we are aware of, and as it is comparatively inexpensive, we suggest that some of our farmer friends try it and report to us the result. The plan is to sow rye, at different seasons of the year, and pasture it down, or cut it for hay, before it gets to heading out. Rye will spring up again, when cut or eaten back, before the plant commences to head out, and by having two or three fields of it, stock may be changed from one to the other for some time without exhausting the crop, which will spring up again if only a small portion of the stalk is left. Try the plan, by way of experiment.—*The Dalles Sun.*

PORTLAND RAILROAD BRIDGE.—Work will soon be commenced on the new railroad bridge across the Willamette, at Portland. The width of draw has been determined according to the charter, and nothing now remains but to arrange the preliminary details. The contract for piling has been let. The width of the draw has been fixed at one hundred and fifty feet. The bridge will be six hundred and sixty feet long, and the draw span three hundred and forty feet. The west end of the draw will be at the wharf line. There will be but two piers in the stream. The structure will be almost entirely of steel, and manufactured by the Union Bridge Company, of Utica, N. Y. The overhead road, for teams, will be twenty-two feet above the track, and on either side will be walks for foot passengers. The west end of the bridge will be between H and I streets, and the floor of the bridge is to be but little above high water mark. The cost of construction is estimated at from $350,000.00 to $400,000.00,and time to complete, about eight months.

GOLD SAVING MACHINE.—Those interested in the black sand mines on the ocean beach are on the alert for every new invention for the better saving of flour gold in sand mines. A new machine has been introduced on Snake river, which is spoken of by the *Range and Valley* as follows: "The machines of the Cook Manufacturing Company, now being put in operation at Lucky bar, are giving better satisfaction than even was supposed. This is the first test ever made with these machines on the flour gold of Snake river, but with the few days' trial already made, it has been demonstrated, beyond a peradventure, that they are a success. Not a color can be found in the tailings, while above machines, a pan of dirt will show thousands. The plates are well covered, and the silver in the succession of vats is thickening very fast. It is impossible to lose the amalgam in these machines, as all that is carried over the plates is collected in a pan, where it can not escape. A clean-up will be made tomorrow. It requires one inch and a half of water to operate the machine, and two men can put through an average of fifty tons of sand per day."

FURNESS, MONTANA.—The little town of Furness, formerly known as Toston, is at present the scene of some activity, and the outlook for the future prosperity of the place is very encouraging. W. R. Lawrence and the Northern Pacific railroad, the patentees of the land on which the town is situated, have located a town site of sixty acres, and parceled it off into lots, and now there is an opportunity for the present inhabitants and all new comers to secure good lots at reasonable figures. At the smelting works, recently leased by the Helena Mining & Reduction Company, work is progressing rapidly. The works are undergoing a complete change, and new machinery of the most approved type is in course of construction. When completed, the works will not only be one of the best smelting works in the country, but will have a larger capacity than any smelter in the West. The daily capacity will be seventy-five tons and upwards. The smelting works have a contract with both the Blacker and the Keating mines, which calls from each of them twenty-five tons of ore per day. Other neighboring mines will also contribute their share. In addition to this, a great deal of ore from the Cœur d'Alene and other points west will be shipped in.

NEW OREGON MINES.—Mr. A. Weber called at the *Democrat* office yesterday and left samples of as fine looking gold and silver bearing ore as we have seen, coming from any district in the county. Some of these samples came

from Mr. Weber's new discovery, called the Forest City. This ledge is about twenty miles northwest of Baker City, in the Blue mountains, between Rock creek and Killimaloo creek, and about six miles to the northwest of Cable's cove. The vein is thirty feet wide, and assays three hundred and forty-one ounces silver, and $182.00 in gold, or $526.41 per ton. Some of the richest of this ore has threads of silver running through it that look exactly like wire, and whittle up the same as will a silver coin. Mr. Weber has some fifteen men employed, making developments on the Forest City and building a road up to it from the east side, toward Powder river valley. A town has already been laid out, and cabins are going up under the supervision of the different mine locators in that vicinity. Some one hundred locations have been made, and many prospectors are coming in every day. There are now forty men in the camp. Six miles from the Forest City, the Forest King and other properties, on Muddy creek, are being developed as rapidly as possible, and with every foot of excavating the prospects are improving. Mr. Weber certainly has some first-rate properties, and we think he is justified in the opinion that one of the greatest mineral belts in the northwest exists within twenty miles of this city.—*Baker City Democrat.*

National Park.—The season opened in the national park of the Yellowstone on the fifteenth of June, and the former complications appear to have all disappeared. The Yellowstone Association, which now controls the hotels and transportation in the park, seems to be honestly endeavoring to provide suitable accommodations for visitors. In addition to the main hotel, located at the Mammoth hot springs, which has been remodeled, a new hotel has been opened at Norris geyser basin. New cottages have been completed at the lower and upper geyser basins, and all the lumber for a large hotel, to be erected at Grand canyon, is on the ground. The temporary hotel now located at that point will, on the completion of the new hotel, be removed to Yellowstone lake. The new road between Norris geyser basin and Grand canyon has been completed, thus shortening the ride in the park some thirty miles. The geyser action at the upper basin has slightly changed. The Grand, Castle and Splendid give daily displays. The Giant is seldom seen, but the Giantess shows up every ten or twelve days. The Fan, Turban, Grotto, Lion, Lioness and Cubs are as true as Old Faithful in their action. The latter is called the "Tourist's Friend," by reason of its hourly eruptions. The Bee Hive is fickle, going off sometimes twice a day, and then remaining inactive for weeks. The outlook for a large travel to the park this season is excellent. With the railroad fare reduced, and the accommodations improved, no tourist through the West should omit a visit to the national park.

Hops in Nooksack Valley.—Recent experiments made in the Nooksack valley have shown most conclusively that hops will be a pronounced success; the yield is excellent and the quality superior. All the prevailing conditions of soil and climate are entirely favorable to the production of this highly profitable crop. Indeed, it is the candid opinion of some men of large experience and intelligent observation that the valley of the Nooksack is destined to equal, or even excel, the far-famed Puyallup valley in the production of hops. The marvelously fertile lands of the valley in connection with the mild, moist climate, seem to furnish just the conditions essential to the production of a superior article, both as to quantity and quality. It seems to be the general opinion that the peat lands will yield the most largely, while the river bottom lands will produce a superior quality. However, this may simply be a theory, unsupported by the results of experience. Certain it is that any of the lands in the valley are admirably and especially adapted to hops, although there may be a slight difference in their producing qualities. There is quite an amount of land in the valley already clear, and which can be planted to hops at a small outlay of time, labor and money. There is a large acreage of other lands equally well adapted to hop culture, only they require a greater expenditure of labor and money to put them in cultivation. With a corresponding reduction in the price per acre, however, it is an investment from which the investor is assured with almost absolute certainty a rich return. Our farmers seem to appreciate the fact that they have, in the production of this crop, a means of great, and almost certain, profit.—*Whatcom Reveille.*

Gold Discovery on Rock Creek, B. C.—Late arrivals from Rock creek bring with them very rich samples of quartz. It is spotted all through with gold, and must run many thousands of dollars to the ton. The discovery was made by four men, Rice, Burnham, Lefevre and another, who prospected through the Colville country, in Washington, and camped on the ledge, the snow being on the ground at the

time. One of them casually knocked a piece of rock off, and found free gold in it. Several other pieces were taken off, all filled with the yellow metal. The party went back to Spokane Falls for supplies, and returned with a $2,000.00 prospecting outfit. Work on the ledge has developed the fact that it is of wonderful richness. At the blowout, it is about one hundred feet in width, but the ledge proper is about six feet. A large quantity of rock has been blasted out, and there is no piece picked up out of the heap but what contains free gold, some nuggets of considerable size. There have been several locations taken up, two of which are being prospected. The find is looked upon as being the richest ever made in gold quartz in this country. The ledge is situated about seven miles from Rock creek crossing, at an altitude of between four and five thousand feet, in the Gold range of mountains. Quite a number of men have gone into the section to prospect, and also to work on Rock creek placer ground. Two claims on this creek are paying an ounce per day to the man, while others are looking well. It will be remembered that this section was mined in 1861, when the Cariboo excitement caused its desertion to the Chinese. However, the latter have not got it all yet, and good claims are to be had on the creek, while pay has been struck in the benches. While it would be premature to give an opinion upon the possibilities of the district until further information is secured, yet there is evidence to show that the discovery is *bona fide*, and an enterprising trader has already arranged for a stock of supplies to go into the camp from this city via the Northern Pacific.—*Victoria Colonist.*

Butte & Ruby Valley R. R.—There have been filed, in the office of the secretary of Montana, articles of incorporation for the Butte & Ruby Valley Railroad Company, the corporation which is formed to build a railroad from Butte to Madison county and Bozeman, via the Pipestone pass. The capital stock is placed at $1,000,000.00, and the incorporators are Henry Elling, Wm. W. Morris, A. J. Davis, Hiram Knowles, David McCranor, Samuel Word and Wm. A. Clark. The instrument declares the object of the company to be, to construct a railroad according to the following route: Commencing at or near the city of Butte, and running thence, via the Pipestone pass, along the most practicable route to the Jefferson river; thence up the Jefferson valley to a point at or near Twin bridges; thence, by the most eligible route, up the Ruby valley to, or near, the source of the Ruby river; thence, by the most eligible route, via Henry's lake, to the national park. Also a branch from Twin bridges, up the Beaverhead valley, to Dillon. Also a branch from the crossing of Mill creek, in Ruby valley, by the main line via Sheridan, to the Wisconsin, Mill creek and Ramshorn mining districts, in Madison county. Also a branch from the crossing of the old bed of Alder creek, by the main line, to Virginia City. Also a branch from a point on the main line where it reaches the Jefferson valley, to or near the mouth of the South Boulder, in Madison county, and thence, via Pony and Red Bluff, to Bozeman. This project is said to be backed by the Union Pacific, and intended by them to compete with the system of railroads which the Northern Pacific now has in contemplation, in the operations of the Hauser syndicate. The plan covers the same ground which the Northern Pacific is now showing its desire to occupy, by pushing the preliminary surveys. The Union Pacific already has its surveyors in the field, looking out favorable lines along the route indicated.

Scenery of the Siskiyous.—The route of the California & Oregon railroad across the Siskiyou mountains, which form the boundary between these two Pacific states, will offer as grand scenery as any railroad yet constructed. Says the Ashland *Tidings:* "After laboriously climbing the southern slope of these mountains, leaving behind the superb view of Mt. Shasta, and the setting of dark, clustered mountains from which it rises, the train will plunge into the tunnel of thirty-one hundred feet at the summit; and when it emerges from the northern end, will afford the first glimpses of the Rogue river valley, the most southern and the most beautiful valley in Oregon. Winding around the latteral ridges, along and near the summit of one of the main arms of the Siskiyous, the track reaches the second tunnel at an altitude but little lower than that at the summit. Here it enters the mountain side for an underground passage of twelve hundred feet, and turning upon a heavy curve, brings the train out upon a point, where will burst upon the delighted vision of the traveler, a full and unobstructed view of the valley beneath. Imagine a train speeding along through the bowels of the earth, and rushing out upon a curve around the top of a vertical wall fifteen hundred feet high, at the foot of which lies a beautiful vale, with cultivated fields and cozy homes, nestled close to sheltered orchards, which seem but patches of garden shrubbery, so far below; the spreading

fields of golden and verdant forage reaching up a little way upon the bordering foothills, behind which rise the mountain walls that encircle the valley with projecting arms—a few white walls and glistening spires of Ashland visible out from behind the jutting point which hides the town from view—and, to heighten the effect, the Oregon charm of vernal freshness investing all the landscape—something sadly missed in the trip through the interior of California—let the imagination picture this, and you will still fail to realize the grandeur and beauty of the scene, until you have reached the height and gazed down upon it, as did the writer last Monday."

LAND IN STEVENS CO., W. T.—We frequently receive a large number of letters of inquiry, from people in the Eastern and Western states, regarding the quality, quantity, etc., of the agricultural lands embraced within the boundary limits of Stevens county. The average prospective emigrant seems to desire a homestead in a country where he can surround himself with all the natural facilities required to make home happy, and his occupation, as a farmer, a profitable one. With this general view of the wants and wishes of our interrogators, we are amply prepared to answer that dairy and small farming, including the rearing of fine stock, can be carried on to a decided success in this particular portion of the territory. The surface of the country is inclined, instead of being very hilly, to be somewhat mountainous, and cut up by numerous mountain streams, abounding in delicious trout, bordered by banks of deep, rich, heavy loam, spreading away into wide, pleasant and grassy valleys, from two to five miles in width and twenty to sixty miles in length, finally sloping gently away through sparse, but magnificent, pine timber, to the summits in the azure distance—a veritable picnic ground for the man who is in search of an ideal home. Plenty of timber, plenty of water and plenty of range for stock. All this land is in bodies sufficiently large to accommodate dozens of families in an immediate neighborhood, thus facilitating school and church organizations. The great and growing mining interests here swell the demand for home produce of the farm, far in excess of the surplus products, thus providing a ready market, favored by the highest cash prices. Some very fine unclaimed lands, suitable for farming, abound along Deep creek and along the Columbia river above the little dalles. Heretofore, that section of country has been considered too far from the hub of civilization to ever amount to any great sight, but the recent development of rich mines thereabouts, and the fact that that is the head of navigation, leading south from the Canadian Pacific railway, of the Columbia river, the attraction on the immigrant for a sure thing is intense.—*Colville Miner.*

Editorial Comment.

ON the third of August, there will be a meeting of the Columbia Waterway Convention, at Astoria, consisting of delegates from the boards af trade of the various cities interested in the improvement of the Columbia river. Astoria, Portland, Vancouver, The Dalles, Walla Walla, and probably several other cities, will be represented. This convention will deal with a question which is paramount to all others, so far as transportation is concerned. The absolute necessity of opening the Columbia to unobstructed navigation, can not be too strongly urged. The question is so vital to the prosperity of this region, that it should constantly occupy the first place in the thoughts of our business men and property owners. On another page, the nature of the government work at the cascades is dealt with. It is so palpably evident that the government can not be depended upon to give us relief in this matter for many years to come, that the action of this convention should take a new direction from that pursued by former bodies of a like nature. Memorials to congress have been of little weight. Our representatives at Washington may be relied upon to do all that can possibly be done in securing aid for the

government works. It is now time that the people of the Northwest took the matter into their own hands, and this convention should begin the work on this new line of operations. Let them inaugurate some movement which promises a practical result, and they will have accomplished the ends for which they are delegated. There is no such thing as rivalry in this matter. Every city represented in the convention will receive vast benefit from the perfection of some means of using this great natural route of transportation for the products of the Columbia basin, and there ought to be no reason why all should not join zealously in some general plan of action. To Astoria and Portland, especially, this is an all important question, and its solution means growth and prosperity for both, beyond anything experienced in their past history.

ALL the signs indicate that the managers of the Oregon Pacific have secured sufficient backing to push the work of construction. Track laying on the graded portion between Albany and the Santiam has been commenced, and the contract for forty miles, between the Santiam and the summit of the Cascades, has been let to Nelson Bennett, the well known contractor on the Northern Pacific. This road is prospected to Boise City, where, it is generally believed, it will connect with the Chicago & Northwestern, which is building westward from Fort Fetterman. The latter company says little about its intentions, but the fact that its surveyors have examined the route, is sufficient evidence. Intelligence has been received that this company has surveyed a route into the head of the Sacramento valley, crossing southeastern Oregon, and through the Sierras in the northeastern corner of California, the highest point on the line being but two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. From remarks made by officers of the company, and from the nature of surveys in progress, it would seem that the Northwestern proposes to speedily acquire a through line, and to have two terminal points on the Pacific—one at San Francisco and one at Yaquina bay. That this great road would enter the Willamette valley, and not construct a line to Portland, making it, also, a terminal point, is a patent absurdity, and we may look for another great transcontinental line terminating in Portland before many months.

THE citizens of Seattle are going ahead with their old-time enterprise and faith in the future of the Queen City. During the first six months of 1887, there were erected, or in course of construction, one hundred and thirty-two buildings, of the aggregate cost of $782,200.00. This is an average of $6,000.00 each, which is far beyond the average in many much larger cities. Says the *Post-Intelligencer:* "These figures give an approximate idea of the growth of this city. If to them could be added the hundreds of additions to old houses, their changes and renovations, the amount of money put into office and household furniture, stocks of goods in new stores, machinery in factories and workshops—aggregating considerably over a quarter of a million dollars—and the whole amount added to the wealth of personal property in the Queen City of the North Pacific coast will be found to be increased over $1,000,000.00 during the half year under review. This is truly a glorious showing. Glorious as it is, however, it will undoubtedly be exceeded when, six months hence, the story is told of the doings of the second half of the good year of 1887."

THE Canadian Pacific line of steamers, plying between Vancouver and the ports of Yokohama and Hong Kong, has become a fixed fact, and several passages have already been made. The steamers arriving from China bring a fair cargo of freight, but as yet, the passenger list is light. The company has offered to transport the royal mails to China and Japan, across the American continent free, and on the ocean for a subsidy of $50,000.00 per annum. The offer also includes the transportation of troops and government stores at cost price, and the construction of steamers under admiralty supervision, with a view to conversion into armed cruisers in case of need. The object sought is to make this the government highway from England to Japan and China. The development of this scheme will call for active steps by the great American roads, to protect their interests, and we may look for other trans-Pacific lines of steamers.

CONSTANTLY is the discovery being made, that large tracts of land in Eastern Oregon and Washington, which have for years been considered of no value for agricultural purposes, are capable of producing crops without irrigation. Four-fifths of the great wheat belt, which will produce fifteen millions of bushels this year, were deemed valueless for agriculture twenty years ago, and much of it as late as five years ago. A year since, a gentleman located on some "hill land" in the Powder river country, deemed valueless by "old-timers" and has now eighty acres of wheat and barley, as fine as any one could wish. This has been produced without irrigation, and there is a tract of land five miles square, of a similar nature, open to location. Hasty and unfounded condemnation of "dry lands" has retarded settlement in many localities, which will soon be converted into farms.

Useful, Entertaining and Instructive.

A Windmill Clock.—A new pattern of a fog bell is to be anchored off Nix's Mate, Boston harbor. The machinery is constructed on the principle of clockwork. The power for winding it up is furnished by a windmill arrangement, twelve feet square, consisting of a number of sails, so placed that they revolve at every breeze. A rod is attached to the middle wheel, driven by the pendulum, seven times a minute, upon a gong, the sound of which can be heard from five to seven miles. The machinery, when wound up, will run ninety hours without any other winding. The new fog bell is said to possess advantages over all other inventions of the kind, in its perfect regularity and in requiring no care.

Green or Dry.—"Which is the stronger—green or dry timber?" This question is now under discussion by many of the leading lumber journals, and has provoked a perfect avalanche of opinions from experts and others. This discussion, after all, seems rather bootless. Some kinds of timber are stronger when wet or green; but most hard woods, when wet, possess more tensile strength than when dry. Timber thoroughly seasoned is more brittle than when green, and with the necessary force, will break square off, while the same timber, green, would stand about the same pressure by bending without breaking. Take a hickory sapling that it is almost impossible to break in its greed state, although it may bend double, and after it is thoroughly dry one may break it almost "square off." So with almost any kind of timber. Dryness makes it stiffer, more unyielding, but in very few instances stronger. —*Dixie.*

Superstition and Ignorance.—As an instance of how far religious credence will carry a man, when, from boyhood, he has surrendered his right to think independently to church authorities, the following is in point: "A wealthy peasant of the village of Obodny, Russia, was recently visited by three venerable-looking men, dressed in garments of a somewhat clerical style, who informed him that they were Christ and the apostles Peter and Paul. The sham Christ said to him; 'I have given you great wealth, but you have omitted to exercise charity, so I have come to reckon with you. Give me your money.' The terrified peasant fell on his knees, begged for mercy, and gave over five hundred roubles, declaring that was all the money he had in the house. They were not satisfied, and he sent off his servant to collect money from neighbors, who were indebted to him. Finally, one of the neighbors found out that the men were impostors, and they were driven away."

A Wise Wasp.—While sitting, one summer day, at the side of the house, on a platform which served as a piazza, but was roofed only by the branches of two large trees, something dropped upon my head and rolled into my lap, when I saw a large white-bodied spider in the clutches of a small wasp. Hastily brushing my unceremonious visitors on to the floor, I watched to see if the wasp would succeed in flying away with his huge enemy. After a struggle the spider lay quiet, and the wasp ran around, seizing first one part, then another, but finally went away, as I supposed, for help In about a quarter of an hour he returned, still alone, and began trying again, as I thought, to find some place by which he could seize the round body and carry it away. Again he departed without his spider. This time I watched him and saw him disappear at the edge of the lawn, under a pear tree, and following, found him, after some searching, diligently at work, with another wasp, enlarging a hole in the ground, having already thrown out quite a little mound of earth. I was surprised, for I did not then know that any kind of wasp lived in the ground. I returned to the piazza, and soon, when the wasp came back, I was convinced, by more careful watching, that he was measuring each part of the spider's body instead of trying to get hold of it. The antennæ seemed to be the organs mostly employed in this operation. When he went home again I was before him and saw him meet his co-worker, put his head close to his, and evidently informed him that the door was not yet big enough, for they fell busily to

work enlarging it. Then more measuring, more digging, until after three long hours he returned, this time with his friend, and they carried off their prey and bestowed it in their underground home.—*The Owl.*

HEATING CARS BY STEAM.—The superintendent of motive power of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, Mr. John B. Henney, Jr., has devised a system of car heating, which, it is said, has given satisfactory results. The exhaust from the Westinghouse air pump is delivered into the ordinary radiating pipes of the Baker system. A recent trial of the system is thus described: "In order to ascertain how quickly four cars can be heated by the steam from a locomotive, orders had been given during the forenoon to extinguish whatever fire there might be in the stoves. Then the windows of the cars were raised, and the raw March wind had an unobstructed passage through the cars. When the locomotive was hitched to the train, connection was established between the exhaust steam pipe on the side of the locomotive and the steam pipes that extended through the several cars, the old pipes in the cars being used for the experiment. Despite the frigid atmosphere in the cars at the commencement of the experiment, caused by these open doors and windows, in thirty minutes from the time the windows were closed and steam let on, the cars were as warm as stoves could possibly have made them. The train made the run to New Haven in thirty-five minutes, and the last car was kept as warm as the first. It required no more steam, and, consequently, no more fuel, than was needed to run the engine, the steam used for heating having before been wasted. The pipes are so arranged that, in case of accident, the steam can be let out instantaneously from the outside of the car, thereby preventing any injury from scalding by steam."

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.—"Spiders! What can any one find interesting in those ugly little creatures?" is a question I often asked before I made the acquaintance of "my family." The interest which I felt in its members led me to examine more closely the life and habits of spiders, and I find that observation not only deepens my interest, but also increases my admiration for this wonderful animal, which was first awakened by the mother of "my family." I first saw her moving slowly over a stone. Something, I knew not what, gave her such a peculiar appearance, that, overcoming my natural aversion to spiders, I secured her in a box, in order that I might examine her to better advantage. The back of her abdomen was very rough, and its surface seemed to be in constant motion. The microscope showed that the abdomen was covered with young spiders. At first they were not very active, and seldom left their mother, but after a couple of hours they endeavored to escape whenever the cover was removed from the box in which they were confined. On attempting to pick up one of them, I found it had attached itself, by a minute thread, to its parent. Different trials showed that each little spider took the same precaution against any possible accident. Although the family was well supplied with flies and other insects, they seemed to prefer each other, and their number rapidly diminished, until one day the whole family met with a fatal accident. This I have always regretted, as it prevented my learning the name of this strange family, but from what I know of the tarantula, I think it may have been a relative.—*The Owl.*

BURNING OF THE MUSEUM OF CONFUCIUS.—A conflagration which took place lately in a remote village of China has destroyed one of the most remarkable literary and artistic museums in the world. The edifice in question was the ancestral home of the family of Confucius, built centuries ago, near Loo, in the province of Shan-Tung. In this building, generation after generation, the male heirs of the great Chinese teacher, have dwelt in an unbroken line for twenty-five hundred years, bearing the title of dukes. With every other family in China, a nobleman's rank must always be lower than that of his ancestor, for no true Confucian would presume to stand higher than his grandfather, father, or his elder brother. In the illustrious "House of Confucius," however, the lofty title of duke passes unchanged, except when emperor after emperor adds by royal decree some new phrase of honor to the name and line of the famous philosopher. The tomb of Confucius is a huge mound, overgrown with trees, on the bank of the River Sze, with carved animals on each corner, and groves of cypress trees ranged solemnly around. The relics of his age, and the rich tributes of worship paid to him by generation after generation since 600 B. C., have all been gathered into this "House of Confucius," lately destroyed. Here were accumulated precious texts on stone and marble and commentaries on his books, wonderful carvings in jade and alabaster, jars and vases of porcelain, beyond all price, to say nothing of jewels and gold and silver work sent from all

parts of the Celestial kingdom, and even by reverential "outer barbarians." All, or nearly all, of these treasures are forever lost by this deplorable event, which has fallen upon China as nothing short of a national calamity. No liberality on the part of emperor or people can replace the vanished memorials of that remarkable teacher.—*London Telegraph.*

THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.—In addition to the two large islands recently discovered in the Pacific ocean, a third has just been discovered lying less than one hundred miles from the northern coast of New Guinea. It has been named Allison island, is nearly three miles long, rises from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and has abundant timber. Several stretches of inhabited and fertile land, some of them much larger than Allison island, have been found within a few years, at a distance of two hundred or three hundred miles from the New Guinea coast, and similar discoveries are made once in a while in various parts of the Pacific. Although the maps of the Pacific ocean are studded with islands which appear to be lying close together, vessels may sail among these islands for weeks together without once coming in sight of land. So vast is the waste of waters that not long ago a crew which had been shipwrecked in the great island region of the Pacific, rowed north forty days before they reached Hawaii, the nearest land. Mr. A. R. Wallace, who has traveled widely in the Pacific, has expressed the opinion that there are still a good many islands which have never yet been seen by white men. Now and then a Pacific trader finds some new, or little known, island, and opens trade with its inhabitants. When the Woodlark islands were explored some time ago, it was found that an Australian firm had carefully charted the islands several years before, and had been quietly trading there, all unknown to the other Pacific merchants.

HURRY AND DISPATCH.—Among the many causes of poor and inefficient work, is the habit of hurry, which takes possession of some busy people. Having, or imagining they have, more to do in a given time than can be done properly, they grow confused, agitated and nervous; and under this pressure, they proceed with the work in hand without requisite deliberation and care, perhaps omitting parts of it—sometimes important parts—and producing, at last, an imperfect and inferior performance, which can neither be permanent nor satisfactory.

There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual labor to the most complex and difficult mental work, that does not suffer from this cause. The dwelling house in process of construction is to be finished at a certain time. With proper forethought and system, it would have been done, but the time approaches and the work is still incomplete. The future occupants are impatient, the contractor is anxious, the workmen are driven, the work is hurried through, and annoyance, discomfort, and sometimes danger, ensue, and repairs are soon found necessary. The business man undertakes more than he can manage, the days are not long enough for his needs, he is agitated by the constant pressure, driven by conflicting claims, his business suffers for the want of a clear and cool head, his health suffers from continual and unrelaxed exertion, his family suffers from his deterioration, and general disaster ensues. The physician, with many other calls to make, hurries through the visit, neglecting some important symptom, and his patient dies. The lawyer hurries through his plea, and loses his case. The preacher hurries through the preparation of his sermon, and fails to make an impression. The artist hurries on his picture to completion, and his best conception is not there. The teacher hurries through a prescribed course of instruction, and the class is left destitute of the more important elements of knowledge. It is not too much to say that a large proportion of the unhappiness, the ignorance, the loss of property, and even the loss of life, that is endured in the world, is to be directly traced to the hurry and drive which characterize so much of the labor performed.

Many persons not only drift into these hurried ways, but pride themselves upon them. They boast of their speed, and contrast it with the slower measures of their more deliberate neighbors. They flatter themselves upon their dispatch, and hold themselves of more value on that account. Slowness in work, lingering or loitering over what is to be done, is not to be recommended. On the contrary, energy and vigor will prompt the healthy and industrious man to labor steadily and rapidly, while neglecting nothing that is needed to perfect his work. But this is very different from the agitated and excited hurry which has been mentioned, and which is to be deprecated.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

There is an Arabic proverb which says "Men are four. He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—he is a fool, shun him. He who knows not, and knows he knows not—he is simple, teach him. He who knows, and knows not he knows—he is asleep, waken him. He who knows, and knows he knows—he is wise, follow him."

No one who is ambitious to be and do that which is worthy in this great world of activity and possibilities, will ever find an ideal in any one of the first three classes. But to be followed, to be influential, to move men by the magic of a word or deed, a desire to do this mingles in the aspiration of every undwarfed man or woman. Emerson says all men seek power, either to do well or ill. And it is right that they should; this aspiration is one of the God-given incentives to growth. Experience verifies to us every day, that it is those who know and know they know, who seem to be "always fortunate," who were "born lucky." The reason is that they possess the pluck which dares and the fortitude which endures, because they know they know. What, then, is the influence upon woman, of teaching the girls to be retiring upon intellectual subjects; to broach their ideas timidly, if perchance they may offer something bright and winning, whether they ever grasp the entire truth or not? What of the influence of that weakly sentiment which teaches them to "depend, lean," upon their future husbands? What of that remark which so often falls from mother's lips, who should know better, "She can do well because her husband will help her?" Oh, mothers, shield your daughters from such remarks, if you cherish true womanhood! Teach her, instead, that her soul—her mind and heart—is womanly, as well as her body; that its development only makes her the more a woman, as well as the development of her body makes her the more a woman. Teach her to expect to be an equal on life's voyage where but two can go together, and commend to her David Copperfield's Agnes, rather than his Dora. Then do expect something of other women; teach your daughter to respect woman's ability; picture for her a true ideal, and help her to attain it.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Every mother will testify to the truth of this, for the thousand little things which only mother thinks to look after, are ever returning, again and again, and they cement the home together just as truly as the mortar does the stones of the house. There is no more serious question for a family to consider, than "How much strength has mother on hand?" Not that she should be the family drudge, but that she, by being strong, may inspire others to be strong; that she need not become irritated and nervous, even though baby is teething and a bad cold makes a general attack upon the rest of her household, for "sleepless care" will make an inroad upon strength, however abundant, and the supply must, indeed, be well looked after, if she preserve her usual equanimity. Many mothers never think to do this. They wait upon five-year-old Jimmie or three-year-old Kate from the time they rise in the morning until their eyes close in sleep for the night; then, with a martyr-like air, too weary to enjoy book or paper, they seek their own couch to be renewed for the next day's onslaught. Did you ever see a blacksmith, with iron bar and hammer, try to break a lock, which was turned back by the first effort of the locksmith, with but slight tools and little strength? So many mothers use strength and time in vain, when a different method of procedure would accomplish the work with ease. As soon as a child can walk and understand what is said to it, it is time to begin teaching it habits of order and neatness. Jimmie can hang his own hat, shoes and dress as well as mamma, if the hooks be placed within reach. If provided with a little broom and dust pan, he can sweep up any crumbs which may scatter, or any other litter which may be made, and enjoy it as play, if he be asked in the right way to it. Many other things children can do and not realize that they

are working, while, at the same time, they are forming habits which will be a blessing to them in after life. Let mothers remember that although their life is made up of little things, yet through little things they may materially lighten both work and care. The first inclination toward disobedience, the first step in the wrong path, the germs of habit, these are the most significant and are the things with which a mother has to deal. Dealing with them is, as Chauncy Gills says, "like exerting a force upon the first of a thousand balls in contact, and one blow becomes a thousand."

The time is here for the summer's trip to the coast. Beautiful summer resorts are a characteristic of our coast, and the people of Oregon are fond—sensibly so, too—of taking advantage of these gracious gifts of nature. Our mountains are so close upon the ocean that one resort embraces both mountain and beach. And what is more exhilarating than to clamber up the mountain side after a brisk sea bath of ten or fifteen minutes? The novelty of running over the sand for sea shells, or hunting about the rocks for star-fish or mussels, as the tide is coming in and races after you with a splashing crash, drives away dull care and makes you feel as though you had been drinking of Ponce de Leon's fountain. To enjoy well this midsummer rest, there needs to be a good fitting out for such an occasion. A good tent, with bed furnishings and cooking utensils. These must be all well selected, with an eye to their utility, unless you choose to board at the hotels, which is not nearly so interesting, for you are surrounded by people the year round; but to be out in a retired nook, with only your selected company, nestled near a cool spring, whose waters, rippling about the stones in their way, lull to sleep even in midday—this it is to know the luxury of rest. Of course there is no need to speak of bathing suits as one of the necessities, but there is need to speak of a broad-brimmed hat, which many forget, and suffer the tortures of sun-burned face and neck in consequence. Have a bottle of glycerine along, and apply a portion of it upon hands, face and neck after bathing. A specimen basket and spade should also be in your outfit. Fish hooks and line, also, you need, that some may fish while others learn to "feather the oar." Think before you start, unless you care not for the contents of your purse, that fishing and climbing rocks are just the places to wear out a couple of old dresses. Now, being provided for your trip, before you start, see that everything at home is in such a condition that you need feel no anxiety as you hie away to the mountain and the foaming sea.

From an article in *Demorest's*. written by Mrs. E. G. Cook, we take the following: "We see constantly that nature can be remodeled, thereby producing superior objects of their kinds. Almost everything that grows is subject to amendment. Man adjusts the conditions and aids nature in her work, and she always repays him bountifully for his trouble. In the use of its own powers, humanity will find its own further development and pleasure. To do this work well, requires knowledge of nature's laws, which, though they may seem capricious, will be found as immutable as the great Law Giver himself. It is to the constant varying of conditions, and not laws, that we must attribute nature's caprices. If mothers can adjust the conditions in which to develop the immortal souls of human beings, are they not artists, on the highest pinnacle of art? Inasmuch as soul or spirit is superior to that which we call matter, so above all other artists they fill their holy place. They need, for this great work, the environments of sympathy and kindness and love. They need rest and freedom from too much care, although a wisely active life during gestation benefits the offspring. The power to grow fruit does not give it flavor and sweetness. Something beyond bringing children into the world is required of a mother. She must stand guard over the building of the temple wherein will dwell that new spirit. If she does not use her reason, she is no better than the brutes. The gate of gifts is closed at birth, and a mother's influence upon her unborn child, and so upon society, is immeasurably great." If mothers but made that which is possible to them real, if they but understood what is possible, and realized the weight of responsibility which rests upon them because of it, how soon would come the reign of "good will and peace," and mothers would feel that they were indeed blessed.

The Oregon State Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its annual meeting at The Dalles, May 17th to the 20th. There was a marked spirit of purpose and determination in work, as there ever is in a convention of women. Another notable feature was the combination of intellect and heart, which impressed one in every speech—pity for the erring and fallen, and womanly yearning to save the youth from temptation, prompting reason on to noble deeds. Mrs. Anna R. Riggs, who had been state presi-

dent for the past year, was unanimously re-elected.

There is a beautiful little fable of the angel and the rosebud, which nicely illustrates the simplicity often of the richest ornamentations. It is said that "The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rosebush. When he awoke, he said: 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask my favor, how willingly would I grant it!' 'Adorn me, then, with a new charm,' said the spirit of the rosebud, in a beseeching tone. So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in its modest attire, the moss rose, the most beautiful of its kind."

"Gentiles" sometimes get pretty badly mixed in family relationship, but I know of none to equal the following placard, which Jenny June found in a "Gentile" shop in Salt Lake City. Accompanying the placard, was the photograph of the family mentioned:

THIS IS ZION.

A MORMON FAMILY.

"Mr. D—'s second wife is the daughter of his first wife (by a former marriage), therefore the first wife is grandmother to her own husband's children by the second wife, and he is grandfather-in-law to his own children by the second wife. The first wife's children are uncles and aunts to their half-brothers and sisters. The first wife's children are half-brothers and sisters to the second wife."

The empress of Germany has chosen a very beautiful jubilee present for Queen Victoria. It consists of a magnificent dinner service of royal Saxe porcelain. The tint is a soft jonquin yellow. The whole service consists of five hundred pieces; two hundred and eighty-eight large plates, one hundred and twenty small ones, seventy-two dishes, twenty sauce boats, compotiers, etc. The centerpiece consists of a beautiful flower and fruit basket, surmounted by a blue and gold statuette of the queen; the basket is further ornamented with a number of small medallion portraits of the various members of the royal family. This it is to give royally. No less royal, but more noble, is the gift of a golden cross, which she gives to every servant in the empire, who has remained over forty years in her present situation, and whose character is high.

A Cheap and Pretty Footstool.—Take seven empty three-pound fruit cans, tie or solder them together, one in the middle, the other six around it, pad the top and cover with pretty carpet, plush, or even cretonne. The effect is very good, and the stool a comfortable addition to any room.

Portable Lemonade.—Rasp with a quarter of a pound of sugar, the rind of a very fine, juicy lemon, reduce it to powder and pour on the strained juice of the fruit. Press the mixture into a jar, and when wanted for use, dissolve a tablespoonful of it in a glass of water. It will keep for a considerable time.

Excellent Brown Bread.—One cup of corn meal, moistened thoroughly with warm water. Add to this one cup graham flour, one-half cup molasses or one cup sugar, one and one-half cupfuls sour milk and one teaspoonful saleratus, with a pinch of salt. Boil between three and four hours, and bake half an hour.

Owl and Crescent.—From a piece of pasteboard one foot square, cut a crescent and cover it neatly with garnet velvet. On one side, paint or embroider a spray of leaves and blossoms. From a bazaar, purchase an ornamental owl, which can be gotten for twenty-five cents. Fasten the owl upon one horn of the crescent, and hang the crescent by the other horn, where the owl may be at liberty to swing as much as he pleases.

Home-Made Smyrna Rugs.—Cut woolen rags of the same thickness three-fourths of an inch wide, a quantity of black and as many red and green, dark shades, short pieces, a quantity of canary and also of lavender-colored rags. Thread your needle with several yards of very strong thread, on which sew half your black rags, by running through the center of the strip and pushing it as compactly together as possible, making it look much like chenille. Lap the ends of the pieces when commencing a new piece. On another thread, sew half your red and green rags, hit or miss. Half the canary and all the lavender furnish rags for one-half the rug and past the center, the colors to be arranged as given. When all the rags are sewed, send them to the carpet weaver, and you will be surprised with the result. Finish with a simple binding, fringe or scallops, as you wish.

RASPBERRIES IN AMBUSH.—Make a pastry according to former directions and line a pie plate with it. Bake in a quick oven, and while warm spread these with red raspberries, and heap on these a meringue made of the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff, with half a cupful of powdered sugar. Mix a handful of raspberries through the meringue. Brown very lightly and eat soon afterward, when it is cool.

CAMPER'S CRAB.—Have the crab taken while yet alive, and prepared for boiling by removing shell and entrails, and thoroughly scraping and washing the legs and such parts of the body as remain. Drop it into sufficient boiling water to cover, into which has been put one-fourth teaspoonful of saleratus, salt enough to season well, and boil half an hour. Then lift from hot water, separate meat from shell and fry quickly in fresh butter, or pickle in vinegar. Prepared in this way the meat is free from the crabbish taste which so often accompanies it.

CHERRY DUMPLINGS.—Four cups flour, two tablespoonfuls lard, two cupfuls sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one saltspoonful salt, two cups cherries, one cup sugar. Sift the salt, soda and cream tartar with the flour, rub in the shortening and wet with the milk. Roll out about a quarter of an inch thick and cut into squares about three inches in diameter. Heap as many cherries as the dumpling will hold in the center of each; sprinkle thickly with sugar, and press the edges of the pastry together tightly. Lay them with the pinched edges downward, in a baking pan that has been well sprinkled with flour, and bake half an hour. Serve with hard sauce.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, yolks of three eggs and the white of one, two moderate teaspoonfuls of baking powder, nearly one-half cake of Baker's chocolate, melted over the tea-kettle, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vanilla; bake in four layers or in a loaf. If in layers, make an icing in the following way and put between the layers:

Icing.—Three-fourths of a pound of sugar and one-half cup of water, boil till it strings like candy. While boiling, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and when the sugar has boiled sufficiently, pour it slowly into the beaten eggs, stirring all the while. Flavor with vanilla and stir until cool enough to put between the layers and on top.

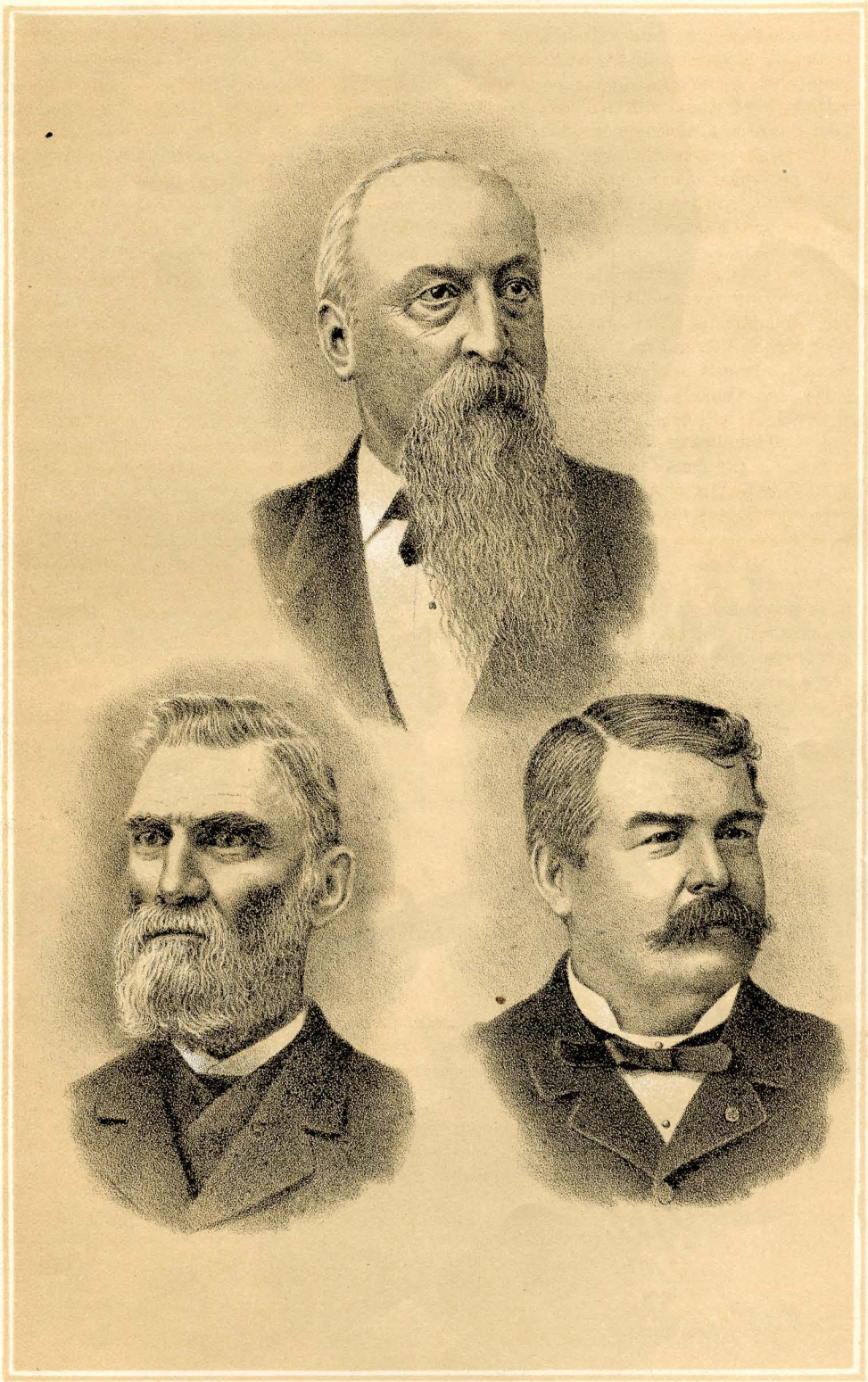
ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS.

I fancy Fancy never drew,
With all her splendid imagery,
So fair a picture as the view
Mine eye beholds in thee.

As blind as love, adown the steep
Ye leap in sudden bloom, and call
In laughter to the river deep—
Immortal in thy fall!

LEE FAIRCHILD.



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FRUIT & PRODUCE
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COMMISSION MERCHANT

122 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OR.

WM. BECK & SON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,

Boys' Wagons, Doll Carriages and Bird Cages.

Western Agents for A. G. SPALDING & BROTHERS' Base Ball Goods:—Uniforms, Balls and Bats, Athletic Goods, Boxing Gloves, Indian Clubs, Dumb Bells, Bicycles, Tricycles and Bicycle Lamps, Bells, Saddles, etc.

165-167 Second St., PORTLAND, OR.

PATENTS

THOS. P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No pay asked for patents until obtained. Write for Inventor's guide. vii-iii

Portland Steam Candy Manufactory,

ALISKY, BAUM & CO., Proprs.

MANUFACTURERS OF

French and American Candies and Confectionery.

Salesroom and office, 95 Front St., corner Stark. Factory, cor. E and Sixth, Portland, Or.

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Will please bear in mind that **The West Shore Lithographing and Engraving Company** has a complete outfit of the very latest improved steam machinery for manufacturing Checks and Drafts, Pass Books, and everything required in the Stationery line. We employ a large force of skillful artists, and can do anything in this line that can be done anywhere. Our work is equal to the very best Eastern, and so are our prices.

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C. H. MEUSSDORFFER

REMOVED TO 146 FIRST STREET.

TACOMA!

Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, at the Head of Navigation on Puget Sound.

Population, 1875	300
Population, 1880	760
Population, 1886	**8,000**
Assessed Value of Property, 1875	No city assessment
Assessed Value of Property, 1880	$517,227.00
Assessed Value of Property, 1886	**$2,912,535.00**
Miles of Sidewalks, 1875	0
Miles of Sidewalks, 1880	1
Miles of Sidewalks, 1886	**20**
Miles of Streets Graded, 1875	0
Miles of Streets Graded, 1880	0
Miles of Streets Graded, 1886	**25**
Public School Buildings, 1875	1
Public School Buildings, 1880	2
Public School Buildings, 1886	**7**

No City Indebtedness, Therefore Taxes are Light.

School Attendance, 1875	60
School Attendance, 1880	125
School Attendance, 1886	1321
Newspapers, 1875	1
Newspapers, 1880	1
Newspapers, 1886	5
Private School Buildings, 1875	0
Private School Buildings, 1880	0
Private School Buildings, 1886	3
Church Buildings, 1875	0
Church Buildings, 1880	3
Church Buildings, 1886	18
Brick Buildings, 1875	1
Brick Buildings, 1880	2
Brick Buildings, 1886	31

Water Works, Built 1884, Cost $300,000.00.

Eleven miles of mains, supplied by aqueduct ten miles long.

Tons of Coal Shipped, 1875	0
Tons of Coal Shipped, 1882	56,300
Tons of Coal Shipped in 1886	**231,250**
Hotels, 1875	3
Hotels, 1880	6
Hotels, 1886	14
Hop Shipments, 1875, bales	4,000
Hop Shipments, 1880, bales	7,000
Hop Shipments, 1886, bales	**17,000**
Miles of Railroad Tributary, 1875	105
Miles of Railroad Tributary, 1880	136
Miles of Railroad Tributary, 1886	**2,169**

Gas and Electric Light Works, Built '84, 2 Miles of Mains.

Regular Steamers, 1875	3
Regular Steamers, 1880	6
Regular Steamers, 1886	27
Besides ocean sailing vessels.	
Manufactories, 1875	1
Manufactories, 1880	3
Manufactories, 1886	**28**
Banks, 1875	0
Banks, 1880	0
Banks (all national), 1886	**3**
Money Spent in Building Improvements, 1886,	$763,500.00
Expended in Street Improvements, 1886	57,541.00
Mean Annual Temperature	50 deg.
Average Annual Rainfall, inches	40

The Only Steam Flouring Mill on Puget Sound.

Capacity, one hundred barrels per day; to be increased to two hundred barrels per day.

Street car franchise just passed by city council, to company that will have four miles of road in operation in city limits within fourteen months.

Two free reading rooms. The only city north of San Francisco whose chamber of commerce owns its own building. Cost $25,000.00.

Three daily newspapers. Board of trade just organized. Best possible location for perfect sewerage.

The lowest death rate of any portion of the United States.

The terminus now of over two thousand miles of rail road. Inside of five years will probably be the terminus of seven thousand five hundred miles of railroad.

Eight Hundred Miles Nearer Japan than San Francisco.

Oriental trade already established. Consignments of tea from Yokohama have reached New York via Tacoma and the Northern Pacific railroad six days quicker than by San Francisco and the Central Pacific.

The natural supply depot for Eastern Washington, Oregon and Idaho,

The port from which will be shipped the bulk of the wheat crop of the Columbia river basin, the surplus for which, in 1886, was ten million bushels, and for 1887 is reliably estimated to be twelve million bushels.

The only coke works north of San Francisco are located near Tacoma, and owned by Tacoma capitalists.

Located in the heart of a region abounding in coal, iron, lime, wood, water, lead and copper—all materials convenient and accessible—and therefore

The Best Point on the Coast for Manufacturing Purposes.

Shipping facilities perfect—by rail, over the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific, to the East, or by Puget sound, open three hundred and sixty-five days of the year without reef or rock, to the Pacific ocean, and thus to the world.

Sites for factories on the water front furnished to those who agree to establish industries proportionate in value to the realty donated.

Real estate is cheaper here than in cities without half the prospects that Tacoma enjoys.

Judicious investments made in Tacoma now will pay as well as investments made in Denver, Minneapolis or Chicago when those cities were no larger than this city is now.

Maps of Washington territory and the city of Tacoma, with full, illustrated, descriptive and statistical information of Western Washington, can be obtained by new-comers who apply at my office.

Eastern people visiting Tacoma are requested to call at my office and see specimens of grains and grasses produced on our valley and upland soils. Call on or write to

ALLEN C. MASON,

Real Estate and Loan Broker, TACOMA, W. T

Office over Gross Bros' Store.

PHYSICIANS,

MINISTERS, VOCALISTS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS, and the Professions generally, recommend SANTA ABIE as the best of all medicines for all diseases of the THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

See that the trade mark SANTA ABIE is on every bottle. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded by all Druggists.

The Only 

Guaranteed Cure.

HAVE YOU A COLD in the head which does not get better? Have you an excessive secretion of mucus or matter in the nasal passages? Are you troubled by hawking, spitting, weak and inflamed eyes, frequent soreness of the throat, ringing and roaring in the ears, more or less impairment of the hearing, loss of smell, memory impaired, dullness or dizziness of the head, dryness or heat of the nose? Have you lost all sense of smell? Is your breath foul? IF SO YOU HAVE THE CATARRH. Some have all these symptoms, others only a part.

CAPTAIN CHARLES L. DIMON, of New York City, formerly Special Agent of the Phœnix and Home Insurance Company, at San Francisco, Cal., says: I had been troubled with Chronic Catarrh for twenty years. A friend at Woodland, Cal.,

RECOMMENDED

Your California CAT-R CURE. I procured a jar, having but little faith in its curative properties; but I must say, after using three jars, I am cured of that disgusting disease. Inclosed find $5, for which send me some California CAT-R CURE for some friends who are sufferers.

Send for circular to ABIETINE MEDICAL COMPANY, Oroville, Cal.

Six months' treatment for $1.00. Sent by mail for $1.10. For sale by all druggists.

Oregon Pacific R. R.

225 miles shorter! 20 hours less time.

Accommodations Unsurpassed for Comfort and Safety. Fares and freights via Yaquina and the Oregon Development Co's Steamships, Much Less than by any other route between all points in the Willamette Valley and San Francisco.

DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS,

[Except Sundays]

Leave Yaquina....	7.00 a.m.	Leave Albany....	1.30 p.m.
Arrive Corvallis..	10.38 "	Arrive Corvallis..	2.02 "
Arrive Albany....	11.10 "	Arrive Yaquina...	5.40 "

Oregon & California trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

Fares—Between Corvallis and Albany and San Francisco, Rail and cabin, $14.00; Rail and Steerage, $9.00.

WM. M. HOAG, Gen. Manager.

C. C. HOGUE, Act. G. F. & P. Agt., Corvallis, Or.

Oregon Development Co.

First Class Steamship Line between Yaquina and San Francisco, connecting at Yaquina with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

SAILING DATES:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.		FROM YAQUINA.	
Will'te Valley..Sun, July	17	Will'te Valley..Sun. July	24
East'n Oregon.Sat.	23	East'n Oregon.Fri.	29
Will'te Valley..Sat.	30	Will'te Valley..Fri. Aug.	5
East'n Oregon.		East'n Oregon.	
Will'te Valley..		Will'te Valley..	
East'n Oregon.		East'n Oregon.	
Will'te Valley..		Will'te Valley..	
East'n Oregon.		East'n Oregon.	

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304 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Send 10 Cts.

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A live, energetic man or woman is wanted in every county to engage in a **permanent business paying Thirty Dollars a week and all expenses.** Experience or capital **not required.** No risk. No failure. Write at once. Full instructions and **A Dollar Sample** for 10 cts., to help pay postage and advertising. H. C. ROWELL & CO., Rutland, Vt.

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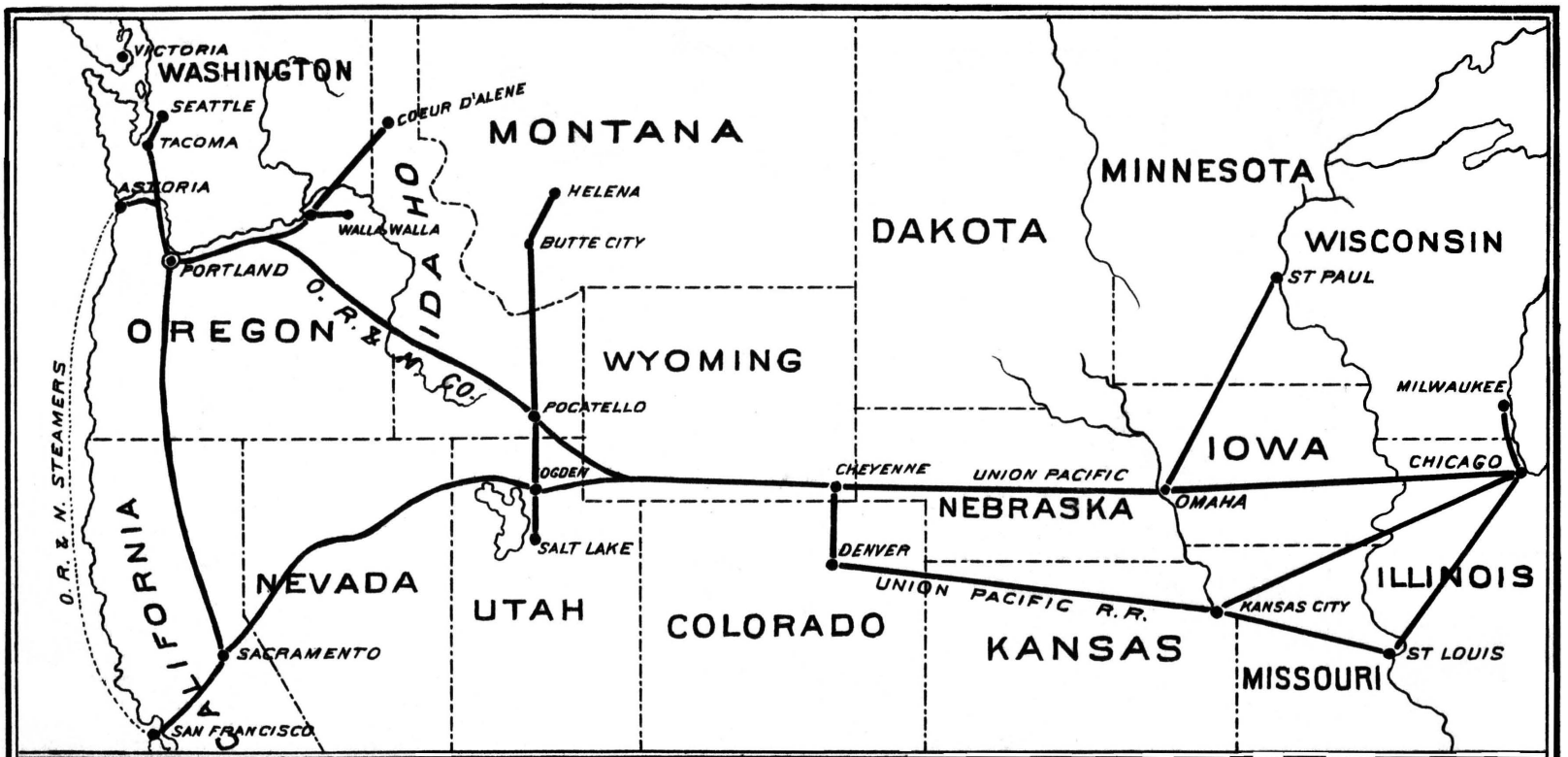

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