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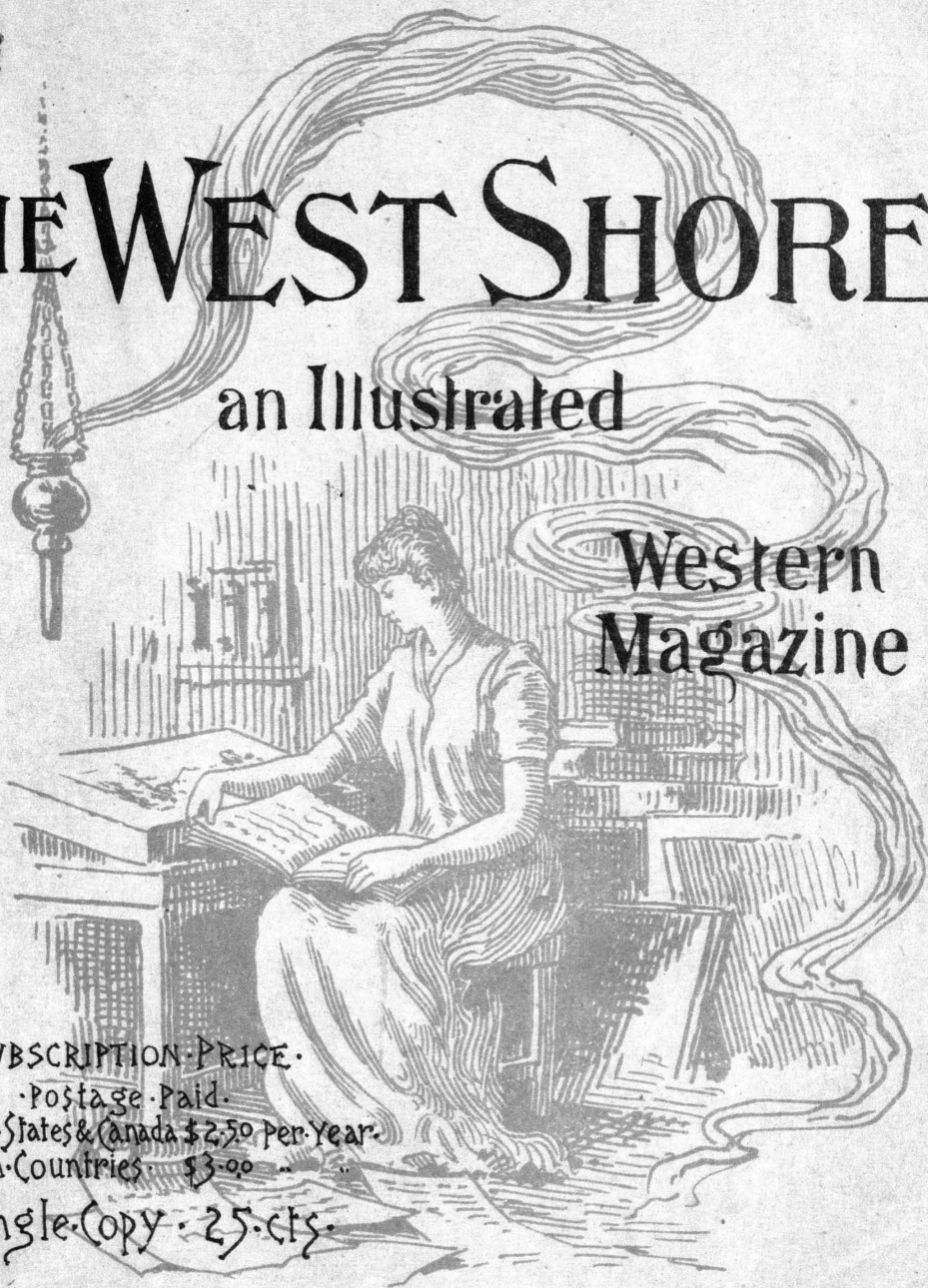
June 1887.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

THE WEST SHORE

an Illustrated

Western
Magazine



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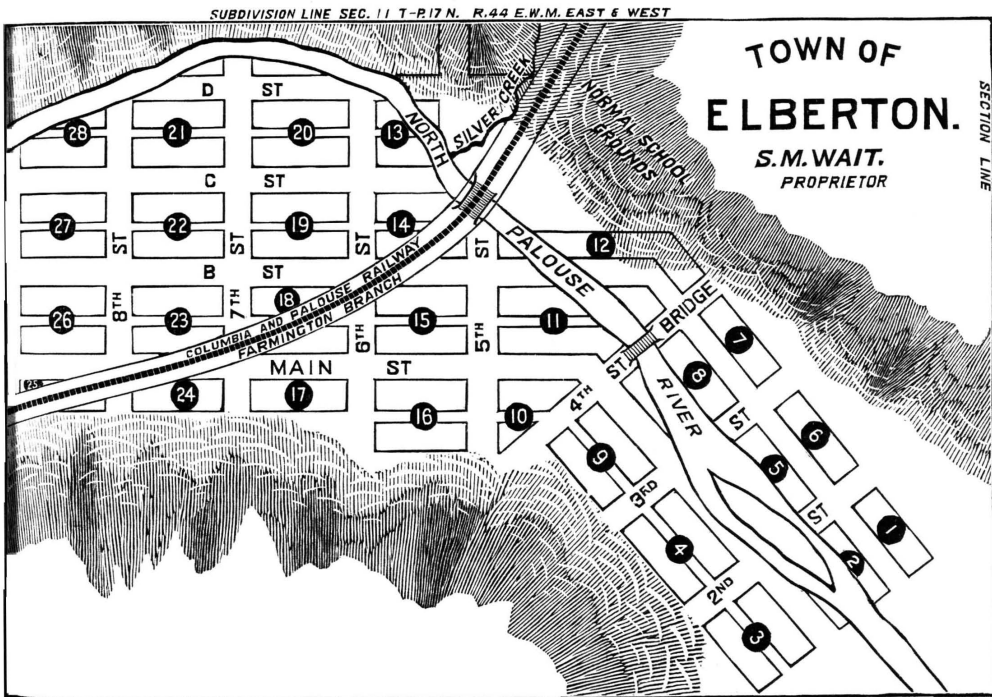
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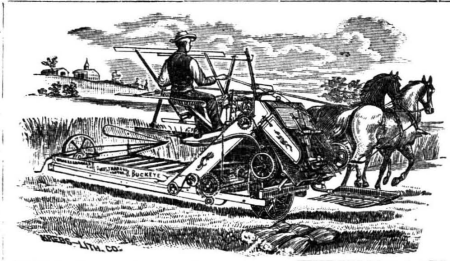
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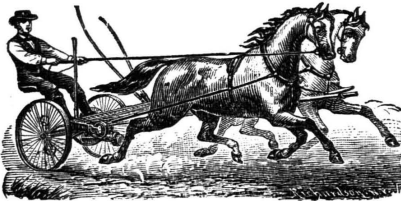
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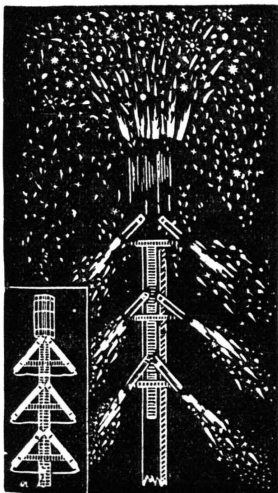
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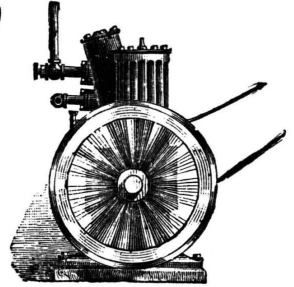
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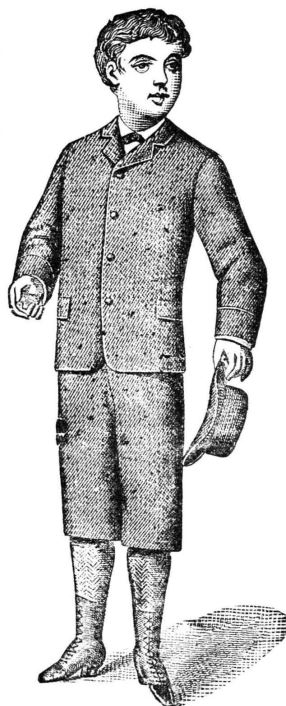
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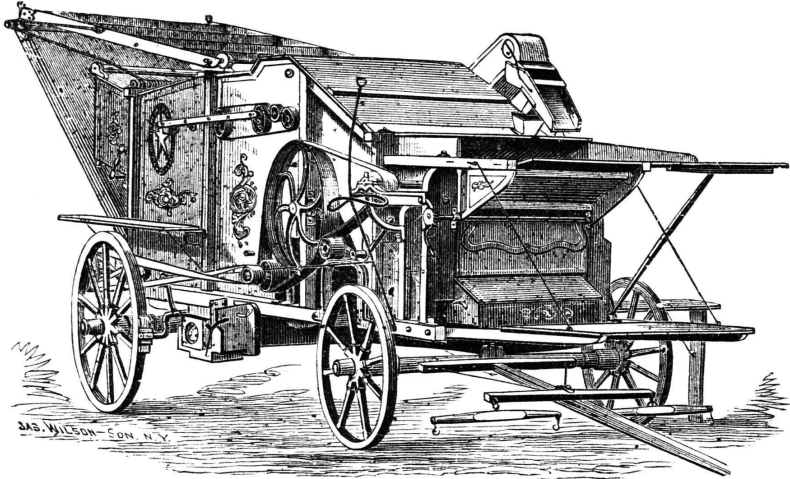
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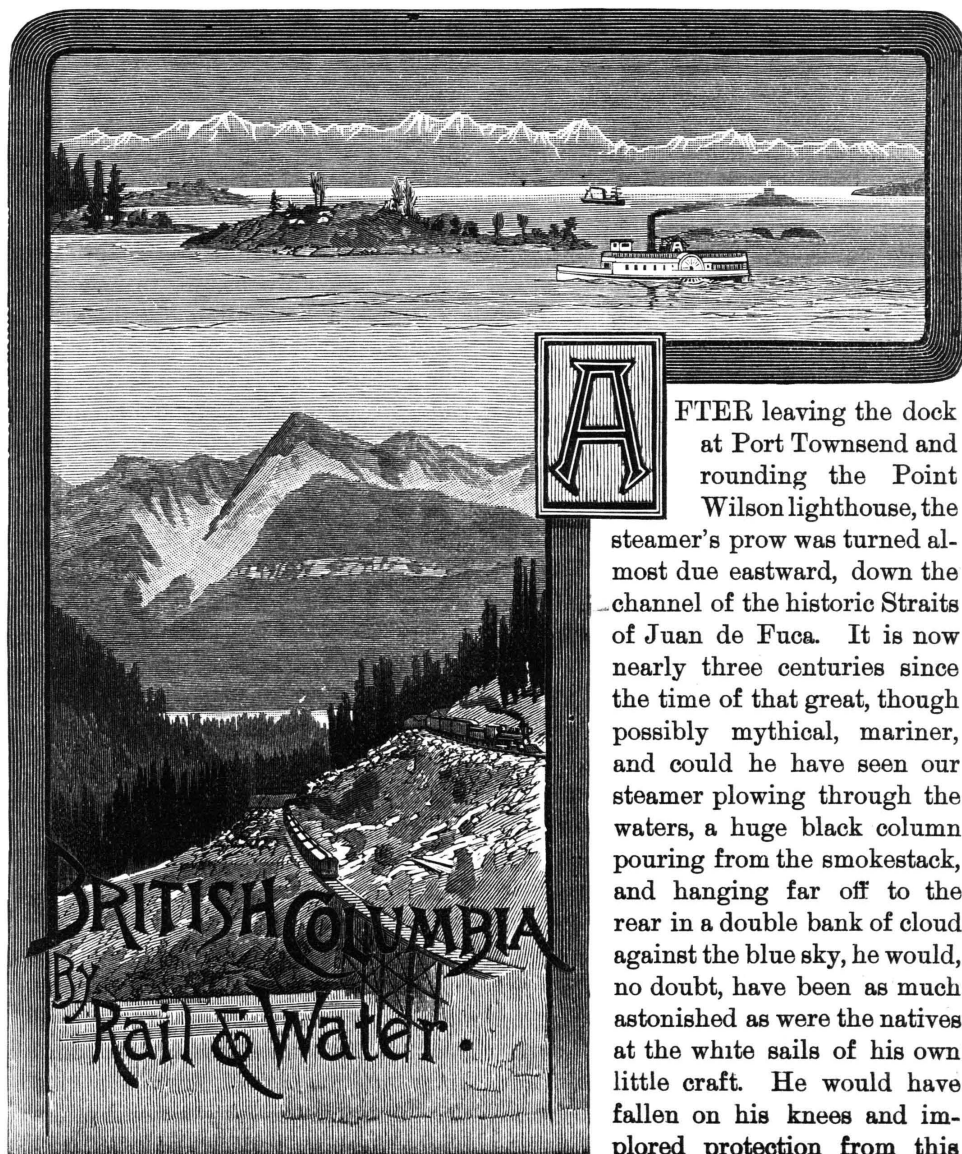
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THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

JUNE, 1887.

NUMBER 6.



A

FTER leaving the dock at Port Townsend and rounding the Point Wilson lighthouse, the

steamer's prow was turned almost due eastward, down the channel of the historic Straits of Juan de Fuca. It is now nearly three centuries since the time of that great, though possibly mythical, mariner, and could he have seen our steamer plowing through the waters, a huge black column pouring from the smokestack, and hanging far off to the rear in a double bank of cloud against the blue sky, he would, no doubt, have been as much astonished as were the natives at the white sails of his own little craft. He would have fallen on his knees and implored protection from this

evil one, even as the natives had fallen down and worshipped the great, white-winged god who swam on the waters.

The day was perfect. Not a cloud flecked the sky, save along the horizon, where, in light, fleecy drifts, they hung above the distant mountains. The water was as calm and unruffled as the bosom of a mountain tarn. Many logs floated aimlessly about, the sport of the tides, and winds when they blew, each one the headquarters of a colony of screaming gulls, which circled about it, now dipping into the water, and now resting for a moment on the log. Thousands of ducks were swimming about, the noise of their wings flapping on the water, as they skurried away from the path of the approaching steamer, constantly saluting the ear. On the body of a floating tree, which had, doubtless, stood for years on the margin of the water, until at last, undermined by the constant rise and fall of the tide, it had toppled over and plunged into the mirror which had so long reflected its image, and now floated about, its curling roots reaching high up into the air, four seals were basking in the sun. They seemed to be asleep, and the vessel had approached within a hundred feet before they raised their heads in alarm, and one by one, plunged into the glassy sea.

Around us, enclosing this mirroring center, was a cyclorama of wonderful beauty. On the left, rising abruptly, were the rugged Olympic mountains, their tops crowned with snow, which extended, in white streaks, far down their wooded sides, contrasting strongly with the dark shadows at their base, where dense forests and the haze of distance obscured the detail of hill and canyon. Far to the westward they stretched, gradually diminishing in height, until they faded away in the blue distance, where the bold headland of Flattery looks out upon the sea, and guards the entrance to

this "Mediterranean of the Pacific." Immediately in our front, though many miles distant, was the low, wooded range of the Sooke hills, which divides the lower end of Vancouver island into an outer and inner slope. To the right and rear, stretched, in apparently endless succession, the wooded and bluff lands which fill the lower end of Puget sound, and separate it from the Gulf of Georgia. Back of them, was the long Cascade range, a succession of snowy summits, as far as the eye could reach to the north or south, the great, white mass of Mt. Baker towering above them all, glittering in the glancing rays of the sun, like a pure crystal, save where a light cloud clung to its side like a gauzy veil. For four hours we steamed across that glassy sea, until, with the Royal roads just before us, we turned to the right, into the winding channel of Victoria harbor, and tied up to the dock, where the spell of enchantment was rudely broken by the clamorous voices of the ubiquitous hackmen and hotel runners.

Victoria, the capital and chief commercial city of British Columbia, is a beautiful city, and on every side are evidences of wealth and culture. Good hotels invite the tourist to remain for a few days and enjoy the surrounding beauties of nature. Without any abrupt hills, the townsite rises gradually from the water to a low plateau, upon which are situated the business streets and much of the residence portion. On the east, a branch of the harbor, known as James bay, penetrates some distance, that portion lying east of it containing the government buildings and many handsome residences, the two portions of the city being connected by a long bridge. Another branch of the harbor, known as "the arm," skirts the city on the south, and reaches several miles inland, stopping within a few hundred

feet of Esquimalt harbor, with which it will probably, some time, be connected by a canal. The arm is bordered by wooded banks, which shade it the greater portion of the day, and is a favorite and most delightful place for boating. At one place it narrows to less than half its usual width, and is hemmed in by rocky walls, between which the tide pours with a strong current. This is known as "the gorge," and is spanned by a bridge, across which no tourist neglects to drive. On either side of the arm, which is spanned by three bridges, a splendid road leads to Esquimalt, the route bordered on both sides by a light forest growth. At Esquimalt, which is the chief naval station of the Pacific coast, several huge ironclads lie constantly at anchor. At seasonable hours, visitors are permitted on board, and are courteously received by the officers. Here, also, is the huge stone dry-dock (see engraving on page 493), which the government is building.

Other roads lead out from the city into the interior, all of them splendidly improved at the public expense, making a system of excellent drives, unsurpassed on the coast. One of these leads past Carey castle the residence of the lieutenant governor, which fronts the waters of the straits. It is a charming spot, and the prospect from its terraced front is one of great beauty. In fact, from every high point in or near the city, the eye rests upon an enchanting landscape. Another road leads to Gold Stream creek and falls, a most charming spot. (See engraving on page 475.) Beacon hill park, which lies across James bay, is one of the most delightful natural parks imaginable. With the exception of improving the driveways, putting in a few rustic seats and clearing out the underbrush, little has been done to second the work of nature. The approach from the city is through a grove of large and leafy

oaks, which gradually disappear as the ascent is made to the large, central and barren hill. From the top, the view is enchanting. Around the base of the hill is a driveway, skirting the edge of the grove on either hand. In front, the gentle declivity leads to a stretch of meadow, terminating at the water's edge, a quarter of a mile away. Across this grassy plain, tinted with the white, blue and yellow of countless wild flowers, the eye passes over the waters of the Straits of Fuca, to the dark sides and snowy tops of the Olympic range, down whose sides run deep furrows of light and shade, caused by the succession of wooded ridges and snow-lined canyons. To the right, across the harbor and Royal roads, rise the wooded heights of Vancouver island, beyond which the high mountains south of the straits fade away in the distance toward Cape Flattery. Eastward, across the straits and the Canal de Haro, are seen the many wooded islands on the American side, above which rise the summits of the Cascade mountains, a continuous chain of snowy peaks, with Mount Baker for a central point, from which they stretch out to the north and south, until they blend with the distant horizon.

The trip from Victoria to Nanaimo and Wellington, the seat of coal mining operations, is made by the Island railway, a distance of seventy miles. The train leaves in the morning and returns in the evening. The route is a pleasant one, and leads through a region of low mountains and grassy valleys, passing through forests and much of the best agricultural country of Vancouver island. On the left are the mountains which form the backbone of the island, and on the right, the straits and islands of the Gulf of Georgia, beyond which rise the high and snowy mountains of the mainland. Two of the many beautiful scenes are the crossings of Nanaimo riv-

er and Arbutus canyon. (See engravings on pages 473, 474.) Nanaimo and Wellington possess much interest to visitors, who can view coal mining on a large scale, besides admiring the beauties of nature, by which they are surrounded. The return trip can be made by water if desired, and is a pleasant variation of the journey.

From Victoria to Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, on Burrard inlet, the journey is made by water. This is now, and will remain for a long time, the only mode of traveling between those two points. There is talk of putting on a huge ferry boat to convey trains across a narrow portion of the Gulf of Georgia, from which they may run down the Island railway, or a new track, to Victoria, thus making the capital city the actual terminus of that great transcontinental line. This, however, is a problem for the future. The trip consumes about three hours, and is full of pleasure to one alive to the beauties of nature, and who delights to fill his lungs with the fresh air of the sea, which comes to him laden with the incense of the forest. The *Princess Louise*, a large and comfortable steamer of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co., backed away from the dock just as day was breaking in the morning, and after threading its way through the harbor channel, and rounding the point which marks the extreme southwestern limit of the island and the province, headed almost due north, and entered the Canal de Haro. In a short time we were among the islands, which almost fill this portion of the great inland sea, and followed carefully the tortuous channels they formed. For two hours we wound in and out, now crossing a brief open space, and now passing between the bluff and wooded banks of adjacent islands, which were distant but a stone's throw on either side. So narrow are some of these chan-

nels, that the tide makes a strong current in passing through. Many of them are not visible until just as they are entered, and the steamer often appears to be headed directly toward an unbroken shore. The traveler wonders if the vessel is going to make a landing, and although he can see no wharf or other evidence of a port, he naturally supposes that such is the purpose of the pilot, until, suddenly, one of these narrow channels opens into view, and the steamer glides quickly through it into another stretch of open water beyond.

Great masses of barren rocks are noticeable on these islands, into which run many little bays and inlets. There are, also, numerous little valleys, where the cabin of the settler and fisherman may be seen, surrounded by a small tract of cleared and cultivated land, his cattle grazing on the adjacent slopes. The water was as smooth as glass, and the light floating clouds above the bluffs and firs on the islands, as well as the long trail of smoke we left behind us, were perfectly mirrored on its surface. At another time, I passed through these islands just as the sun had sunk behind the western horizon. The dark hills and forest were set in a frame of gold and crimson, a tall tree here and there shooting far up into the tinted back-ground, and all this mass of shade and color was reproduced in the water, even to the faintest detail.

We at length emerged from this island maze, and entered the open sea of the Gulf of Georgia, beyond which towered up the great mass of the mainland mountains, their dark sides capped with a ridge of white. A strong breeze was blowing from the north, and the surface of the water was ruffled by miniature waves. While yet we were within the shadow of the islands, the little caps of white sparkled in the rays of the sun. There was not, however, enough motion

in the water to have the least effect upon the vessel, and she plowed along as steadily as when in the island channels. Protected by the hills and mountains, the waters of the gulf defy the strongest winds to pile them up in huge waves, such as the traveler encounters on the open sea, and the passage is never a dangerous, and seldom an unpleasant, one. The crossing of the gulf occupied about two hours, the islands gradually receding, and the rugged coast of the mainland as steadily advancing. On the right were passed the famous Eddystone lighthouse, the mouth of Fraser river and the entrance to the north arm of the same stream. At last Point Grey was rounded, and crossing the entrance of English bay we passed through the first narrows of Burrard inlet, and entering the inner bay of Coal harbor, tied up to the new dock at Vancouver.

The new city of Vancouver occupies a peninsula, which forms the southern bank, enclosing the deep channel of Burrard inlet. On the north is the harbor, and on the south and southwest are English bay and False creek. The town site slopes toward each of its two water fronts, giving a perfect drainage, and admitting of a fine prospect in either direction. (See engravings on pages 433 to 436.) On the highest ground, the Canadian Pacific is erecting a handsome brick hotel, now nearly completed, which will cost \$250,000.00. From the large observatory on top of this high edifice, a beautiful view is obtained. Northward is the harbor, bounded by a ridge of high mountains, which are covered with snow nearly the entire summer. One peak breaks into two summits, almost exact duplicates of each other. The resemblance to two crouching lions, executed in white marble, is so striking that the peak has been named Lion mountain. Westward, across English bay and the Gulf of Georgia, are the islands and

the mountains of Vancouver island. To the southwest, south and southeast, are plainly to be seen, though many miles distant, the white peaks of the Olympic and Cascade mountains, Mt. Baker towering above them all. Eastward, the view is abruptly terminated by the high mountains along the coast.

From Vancouver, the journey across British Columbia is made by the Canadian Pacific railway. By a short branch, the city of New Westminster, situated on Fraser river, fifteen miles above its mouth, is connected with the main line, and many travelers reach the road by that route. A steamer runs to New Westminster from Victoria, following nearly the same route as the one to Vancouver. It enters the mouth of Fraser river, where the salmon fishing interests are quite extensive, and where the many fishing boats are quite an interesting sight. It passes the famous Eddystone lighthouse, which rises out of the water a long distance from the nearest land, being supported by iron piles driven into the bed of the sea. This splendid piece of engineering work cost \$43,000.00. Along the banks of the Fraser are to be seen the numerous highly cultivated farms—for this is the most highly developed agricultural region in the province. New Westminster occupies a beautiful site on the north bank of the river, the ground sloping toward the stream, and the surrounding hills and mountains presenting landscapes of great beauty. Here are located the penitentiary and insane asylum, and here the many interesting features of the canning industry may be witnessed.

The journey across the mainland, by the Canadian Pacific railway, is one which will ever linger in my memory. One great canyon, miles in extent, and three ranges of mountains, are the leading features of the topography, which embraces an endless detail of precipices,

gorges, lakes, rivers, snow-capped peaks, suspension bridges, trestles and tunnels, exciting emotions of highest pleasure by their beauty, or by their grandeur arousing the deepest feelings of admiration and awe. No other railroad in the world passes through a region of magnificent scenery for so long a distance at one time. Others have great canyons, beautiful rivers and waterfalls, charming lakes and grand mountains; but none of them can present such a continuous panorama of nature's handiwork, for a distance of six hundred miles, as lies along the route of the Canadian Pacific in British Columbia.

From Vancouver, the road runs along the south bank of Burrard inlet, to Port Moody, until recently the operating terminus, and thence it strikes southeastward until it reaches the north bank of Fraser river, some miles above New Westminster. From this point the scenery is beautiful, and calls for constant admiration; but beauty gives way to grandeur, and the admiration to awe, when the train enters the great Fraser river canyon, above Yale, extending for nearly sixty miles to Lytton. The river has cleft a passage through the mountains and flows as an impetuous torrent, thousands of feet below their summits. Mountain spurs of granite rock, with perpendicular faces hundreds of feet in height, project into the stream at short intervals along the canyon, while numerous gorges run transversely. The railroad follows the western bank for a long distance, high up on the canyon's side, being carried across gorges on trestles and bridges, and passing rocky barriers by means of tunnels, or running around the face of the precipice on a bed blasted from the solid rock. Seven thousand men were engaged three years in building this sixty miles of road. The roar of enormous discharges of giant powder reverberated continually among the moun-

tains, and millions of tons of rock were rolled, with the noise of an avalanche, down the precipice into the rushing waters of the Fraser. In some places, the workmen were suspended by ropes from the tops of precipices, to blast a foothold in their perpendicular sides hundreds of feet below, preparatory to carving a road bed out of the face of the solid rock. Supplies were packed in on the backs of horses and mules, over trails where the Indians had been accustomed to use ladders, and immense quantities of building material were brought, at great expense, to the opposite side of the river, and were transported across the swift stream in Indian canoes. Some portions of this work cost \$300,000.00 per mile.

A characteristic scene of the route through Fraser river canyon, is that on page 454. About midway of the canyon, the road crosses to the right bank of the river, on an iron cantilever bridge, which is five hundred and twenty feet long, and cost \$280,000.00. As the river was approachable from one side only, owing to the precipitous nature of its banks, one-half the material was sent across on a steel cable. Yet, notwithstanding this difficulty, the entire structure was completed in seventy-three days.

The view from the bridge is awe-inspiring. The train seems to be suspended in air, far above the turgid waters, while above and below, rise the great, rocky walls of the canyon. The railroad and the great wagon road from Yale to the Cariboo mines, are now on the same side of the river, the latter having crossed the stream fifteen miles above Yale on a suspension bridge. This road is four hundred miles long, and was built by the provincial government, in 1862, at an expense of \$2,500,000.00.

After leaving the Fraser river canyon, the road turns eastward, up the canyon of Thompson river, second only to that

of Fraser in the grandeur of its scenery, and passes along Kamloops lake, Upper Thompson river and Shuswap lakes, and enters the Gold mountains at Eagle pass, where the "last spike" ceremonies were celebrated on the 7th of November, 1885. This range is densely wooded, and the pass was discovered with much difficulty, by following the flight of an eagle. The road descends the eastern slope of the mountains and crosses the Columbia river. (See page 455.) It seemed strange, indeed, to encounter this great river in the mountains of British Columbia, fully one thousand miles distant from where I had last seen it, in Oregon, and to learn that it is here navigable by steamboats. The river runs far to the north, and then bends sharply to the south again, around the head of the Selkirk mountains, finding its source in a system of lakes in the extreme southeastern portion of the province. The Indians never crossed the rugged Selkirks, but followed the course of the river, and when the well known engineer, Maj. A. B. Rogers, undertook to find a route for the road, they asserted that there was no pass. After two years of toil and hardship, he discovered the Rogers pass, the only practicable route across the mountains, and into it we plunged after crossing the river. Huge mountains, their sides densely timbered and their peaks covered with snow, rise up on every hand and seem to present an insurmountable barrier to further progress. Mt. Donald, the highest peak, and Mt. Glacier, are seen from the railroad, and present views of great magnificence. An ascent of six hundred

feet is made at one point within a distance of two miles, by what is known as "the loop" (see page 456), the lineal distance covered being nearly six miles. At the summit of the pass, the view is grand. Below, looking like a thread of green, flows Beaver river, while far above, rise the summit peaks. A commanding view is obtained from Stony creek trestle, an iron structure two hundred and ninety-six feet high, the highest railroad trestle in the world.

We descended Beaver river and Bear creek, to the second crossing of the Columbia, eighty miles by rail, and two hundred by river, from the former point of crossing. Before us, rose up in grandeur the main ridge of the Rocky mountains, the great back-bone of the American continent, with Mt. Stephen (see page 424) towering far above the lesser summits. This great mountain range is crossed by the Kicking Horse pass, at an altitude of five thousand feet, being nearly three thousand feet lower than the highest altitude on the Central Pacific. The scenery of this range differs widely from that of the Gold and Selkirk mountains. Instead of the forests of huge trees and dense underbrush, huge rocky precipices appear. Great masses of stratified rock stand out in bold relief, their varying forms lending interest to every mile of the route, while snowy peaks and deep canyons call for constant admiration. Amid such scenes as these, the traveler bids adieu to British Columbia, as the train descends the valley of Bow river, to the great plains that lie to the eastward.

H. L. WELLS.

CLIMATE AND TOPOGRAPHY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NOWHERE more than on the Pacific coast of America, is the fact that climatic conditions depend largely upon the topography of the country, made apparent to the casual observer. A brief study of the map of British Columbia will suffice to render the following statement of its climate and topography of the country clearly understood. The province covers a superficial area of three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, extending from the forty-ninth parallel to the sixtieth parallel, a distance of seven hundred and sixty miles; and from the Pacific ocean to the Rocky mountains, an almost uniform distance of five hundred miles, with the exception of an arm of the United States territory of Alaska, which projects southward along the coast, at a nearly uniform width of ten miles, to the fifty-fifth parallel. The coast line is unequaled in the world for the number of its bays and inlets, as well as for the succession of islands which fringe it, offering sheltered and safe navigation on waveless seas between them and the mainland. Such a profusion of safe harbors, and such stretches of inland seas, do not exist elsewhere. Navigation of its coast is robbed of the dangers and discomforts usually attendant upon ocean travel.

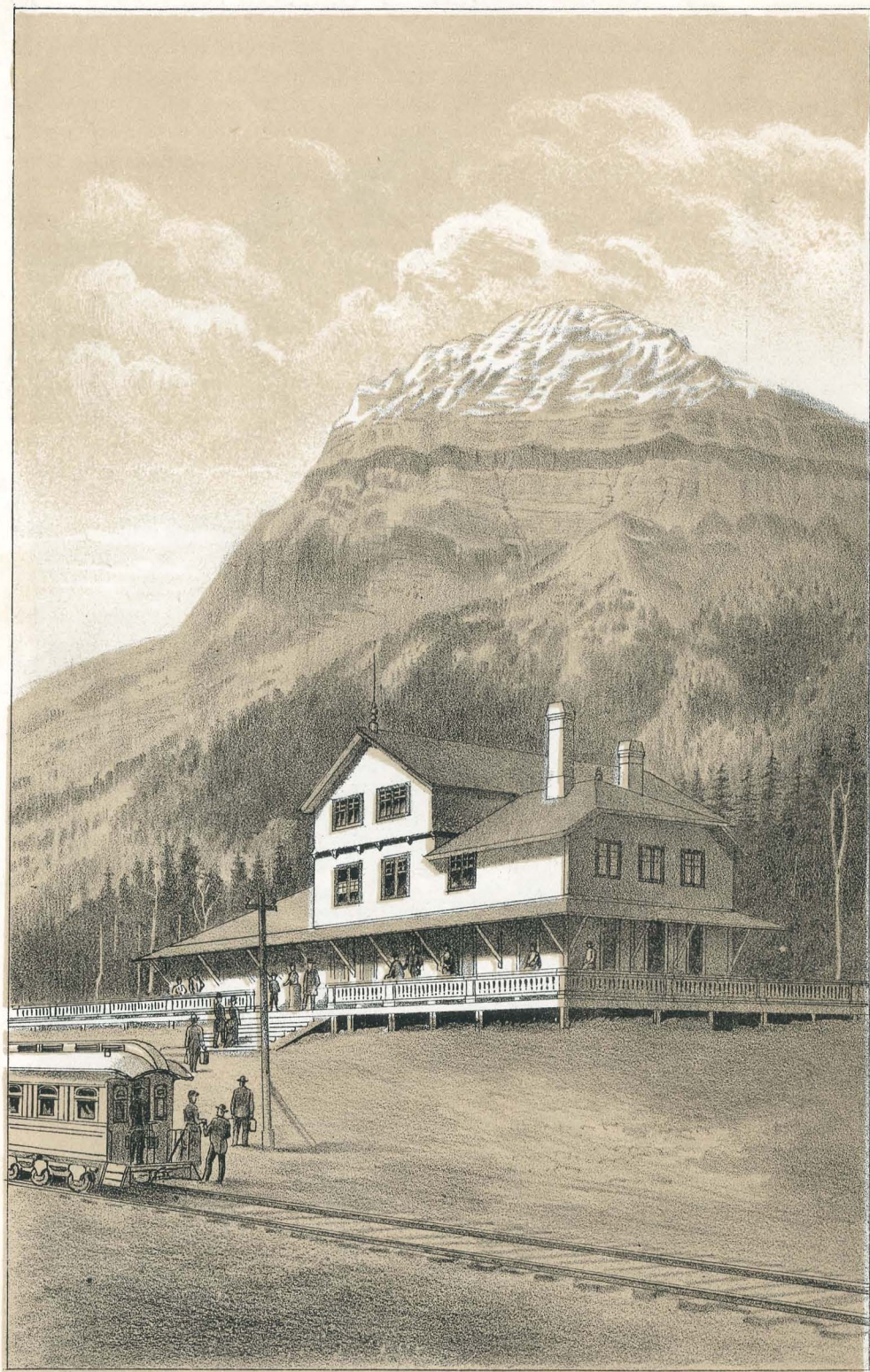
The surface is divided, by nature, into four distinct districts: First, the islands; Second, the mountains of the mainland coast; Third, the high interior plateau; Fourth, the mountain ranges that lie along the eastern border. The one great climatic influence is the great river of warm water, which flows in the Pacific

ocean, and is known as the *Kuro Siwo*, or Japan current. It flows northward from the torrid zone, along the coast of Japan, turns eastward and southward along the Aleutian islands, and flows down the Pacific coast of America, exerting its genial influence from Alaska to Mexico. Wherever its warm, moisture-laden winds find their way, there are winter and drouth unknown. From this great river of warm water, an almost constant wind blows landward.

The great island of Vancouver lies parallel with the coast for a distance of three hundred miles, and has a central ridge of mountains reaching a height of three thousand feet. In passing these mountains, the warm air suffers its first chill, and copious showers fall upon the island, the outer coast receiving more than the inner. The wind then sweeps inward, across the Gulf of Georgia, until it strikes the still higher mountains along the mainland coast, where a still greater precipitation of rain is the result. Robbed, now, of the greater portion of their warmth and moisture, they sweep across the high plateau of the interior, shedding upon it but little of their store of life-giving water. Finally, they encounter the Gold and Selkirk mountains, and another precipitation of rain follows, leaving but little to be taken from them by the rugged peaks of the Rockies. The average rainfall on the island, at Victoria, is about twenty-five inches, falling almost exclusively during the six months from October to March. At New Westminster, on the mainland coast, the mean annual rainfall during a period of seven years, was fifty-nine and



B.C.-BATH CASCADES, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, C.P.R.Y.



B.C.-MT. STEPHENS, (HIGHT 10523 FEET) C.P.R.Y.

one-half inches. At Spence's bridge, on Thompson river, in the center of the inland plateau, the rainfall is about ten inches. The climate of Vancouver island is delightful and invigorating. Snow seldom falls, and lies on the ground but a few hours. For a period of three years, the lowest temperature was eight degrees above zero, and the highest was eighty-three and nine-tenths degrees, the summer heat being tempered by the cool breezes from the Olympic mountains. The mercury has never fallen below zero since observations have been taken. On the mainland coast, in the vicinity of the mouth of Fraser river, the thermometer ranges slightly higher in summer, and lower in winter, than at Victoria. As a general thing, ice forms on the river for a short period, and from January to March, snow falls at intervals, reaching an average total precipitation of fifty inches. Because of its extremely light rainfall, the climate of the interior plateau differs widely from that of the coast, being subject to a greater range of temperature. The thermometer occasionally indicates twenty-five degrees below zero in winter, and rises to ninety-eight above in summer. Snow lies on the ground longer than near the coast, though the snowfall is not heavy. As the mountains on the east are approached, the fall of snow increases in proportion with the rainfall. In the mountains, the winters are severe and the quantity of snow heavy. The climate of the interior varies with the lati-

tude. In the southern portion it is milder in winter than farther north. Though the heat is sometimes great in the daytime, sunstrokes are unknown, and a cool breeze from the mountains renders the nights comfortable. Snow seldom exceeds two and one-half feet in depth, and is frequently removed in short order by the chinook, as the warm ocean wind is called. To the northward, the general surface of the country is higher, and is broken by irregular masses and spurs of mountains. The summers are short and warm, and the winters are longer and colder than farther south, with a heavier fall of snow. In the valley of Fraser river, throughout its entire length, the climate is milder than on the adjacent uplands. Even in the extreme north, the islands along the coast, and that portion of the mainland between the mountains and the sea, have the same mild, moist climate as Vancouver island; and this condition continues far to the north, in Alaska.

Taken as a whole, the climate, differing widely as it does in places, is salubrious and invigorating. No miasmatic infection from ague-breeding marshes taints the atmosphere. Whatever locality one may select for a residence, whether the one of moist air and equable temperature along the coast, or the dryer and more varying one of the interior, he will find the climate healthful, invigorating, and calculated to inspire activity, comparing more than favorably with the same latitude on the Atlantic slope.

FORESTS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

OWING to the heavy rainfall of the islands, mainland coast and interior mountains of British Columbia, those regions are covered with a dense forest growth. The prevailing timber is the Douglas fir (*abies Douglasii*), which first became known in the lumber markets of the coast as "Oregon pine." This tree covers the coasts and islands in dense forests as far north as the Skeena river, almost to Alaska. It extends into the interior as far as the Rocky mountains, being the prevailing variety wherever there is any forest whatever. In the warm and humid atmosphere of the coast and islands, it attains gigantic proportions, usually varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, and from ten to twenty feet in circumference, though much larger and taller specimens are frequently found. A section of one of these trees, cut at a distance of twenty feet from the ground, from a tree three hundred and five feet high, stands on the grounds of the Dominion parliament, at Ottawa, and is eight feet four inches in diameter. Trees are straight and without lower limbs, affording a large quantity of clear lumber. The grain is coarse, but exceedingly tough and tenacious. It will bear more weight than oak. A piece one foot long and one inch square, supported at the ends, requires a weight of six hundred and thirty-eight pounds to break it; oak requiring but five hundred and fifty, and maple five hundred and eighty. Its mean crushing load, endwise, is seven thousand pounds to the square inch, and sidewise, seventeen hundred and fifty pounds. This timber has come into favor with railroads west of the great lakes and the Mississippi, for ties and bridge timbers, because of its strength and durability. Masts have been shipped which were one hundred and thirty feet long and forty-two inches in diameter, hewn octagonally. It is a peculiarity of this timber that it can be used green, fresh from the saw, without danger of shrinking or swelling. The city of Vancouver is an instance of this, the buildings being constructed of lumber which was hauled from the mill as fast as sawed. In the morning the log was hauled out of the water, and in the afternoon the lumber was nailed to its place in the structure. This is almost the only timber cut in the mills of the province.

The red cedar (*tsuga gigantea*) grows in abundance along the lower coast, and extends, in more limited quantities, inland as far as the Rocky mountains. This is also used for railroad ties, and is very durable. The Indians use it for canoes. They also weave the fibre into blankets, and roof their houses with the bark. This is the favorite finishing lumber of the coast, taking the place of the white pine of the Atlantic slope. Its grain is about as dense as that of the white cedar of Michigan, but the wood is more beautiful, and when finished up in the natural color, is not inferior, in appearance, to cherry or mahogany. For doors, windows, blinds, ceilings, wainscotings, etc., it is unequalled. It takes paint well, but the natural finish is so fine that paint is seldom used. There is a beautiful yellow cedar, or juniper, which grows in small tracts on the up-

per end of Vancouver island, and along the lakes of the interior, which takes a splendid finish, and is very desirable for use with the red cedar, mahogany or cherry, as an ornamental panel. It sells for \$60.00 per thousand in the market. There is another yellow cedar, or cypress (*cupressus thyoides*), which is more abundant, being found along the coast from Puget sound to Alaska. Owing to its strong odor, the voracious toredo will not attack it, and for this reason, as well as for its toughness, it is in demand for piling and submarine works. In the extreme north is found the white, or Alaska, cedar, a splendid finishing wood, of which but little has ever been cut. The Indians use it for making their elaborately carved heraldic columns, or totem sticks. South of this, and north of the fifty-second parallel, the spruce (*abies menziesii*) predominates in the coast forests, but has not yet been cut for lumber. Another spruce (*picca Engelmannii*) is also found, but not in extensive tracts. On the Lower Fraser, the Weymouth, or white, pine (*pinus strobus*) is found, though not in great quantities. It attains great size and beauty. Balsam pine, also, obtains a vigorous growth, but is not present in quantity, nor valuable for timber. Yellow pine (*pinus ponderosa*) flourishes in the interior. The wood is heavy, closely grained and very durable. Hemlock (*abies Canadensis*) is found along the lower coast and islands. It grows to large proportions, and its bark is valuable for tanning. In the bottoms along the international line, the western larch (*larix occidentalis*) attains great size. Scotch fir (*pinus Banksiana*) grows in the interior, and a smaller growth is found on Vancouver island.

Of hard woods, there are several varieties. The yew (*taxus brevifolia*) grows along the coast and extends up Fraser river as far as Yale. It is of smaller

size than the yew of England, and was used by the natives for bows. Oak (*quercus Garryana*) abounds on Vancouver island, and is a tough and serviceable wood. Along the streams of the coast alder is found in quantity, and is used for furniture, as, also, is maple, which abounds on the lowlands of the islands and coast as far north as the fifty-fifth parallel. A variety of maple, the vine maple, is confined to the coast, and has a strong, white wood. Crabapple, white thorn, arbutus and dogwood are found on the islands and coast, and mountain ash in the interior. Four varieties of aspen and poplar are found along the water courses of the coast and interior, all known as "cottonwood." This wood is in good demand for barrel staves.

The extent of merchantable timber in the province is enormous, and any estimate must be largely guess work. Mill men of the province reckon a total of from seven to ten billion feet of such timber as is now being cut—the choice trees of the forest. An experienced lumberman from Michigan recently investigated the question, and decided that of timber which is suitable for milling, there are between forty and fifty billion feet, of which eighty per cent. is fir, ten to fifteen per cent. red cedar, and the remainder of the other varieties enumerated above. He found a tract of fifty-five thousand acres of white pine, averaging one hundred thousand feet to the acre, and another large tract of red cedar, densely covered with trees varying from ten to twelve feet in diameter, with trunks one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet to the first limb. He made a careful estimate of timber standing on one acre, which reached nearly six hundred thousand feet.

Though there are several large mills in the province, the forests may be said to be yet untouched, so small is the im-

pression made upon them. These forests will be a source of wealth for many years to come, both in the cheap lumber they will supply for home improvements and the money brought by it from foreign exports. The seat of the greatest lumbering industry is Burrard inlet, on which is located the city of Vancouver, terminus of the Canadian Pacific. At that point, is located the Hastings mill, which cuts upwards of fifteen million feet of lumber annually. This mill has shipped a timber twenty-eight inches square and one hundred and ten feet long. Last year it sent to the Colonial and Indian exhibition, in London, a board four feet wide in the clear, three inches thick and twenty-four feet in length. Across the inlet is the Moodyville mill, which cuts about twenty million feet annually. Logs measuring seven feet and six inches in diameter at the butt, and five feet at a distance of one hundred and thirty feet from the butt, have been worked up at this mill. Such large sizes are not desirable, as they require blasting before the saw can work them. These large timbers are all fir. Leamy & Kyle have a new mill on False creek, having a capacity of forty thousand feet.

On English bay, just outside the inlet, the Royal City mill has recently been built. This company also has a mill at New Westminster, on Fraser river, where large quantities of lumber, lath, shingles, sash, doors and blinds are manufactured. The same articles are produced at the Dominion mills, at New Westminster. Red cedar is used for this purpose, which, as was stated above, grows in quantity and of large size, in the vicinity of Fraser river. Spruce is also used. The Brunette saw mill Co. has a mill of forty thousand capacity, on Fraser river. At Victoria is located the Rock Bay mill, with a capacity of forty thousand feet per day; and at Nanaimo

is another mill of about half that capacity. There are several saw mills in the interior, cutting for home markets.

The larger of these mills ship much of their product to foreign markets. The Pacific coast ports of Central and South America, Sandwich Islands, Australia and China are the chief markets, and the product of the provincial mills is preferred, in those markets, to that of the Puget sound mills, because the latter reserve their best lumber for home demand, while the former only cut the best quality of timber. Deck plank and spars have been shipped to England, but not in large quantities. Vessels come for cargoes from all over the world. About thirty days are consumed in loading, cargoes varying from four hundred thousand to a million feet. Boards and light timbers are sawed for the general market, but many orders for special sizes and heavy bridge timbers are filled. The mills are now looking to the great prairies east of the Rocky mountains for a market. Those vast stretches of agricultural and grazing lands are rapidly filling up with settlers, and the demand for lumber is increasing. Much depends upon the railroad, as the rates given will determine whether the mills of this region can enter there in competition with eastern mills. The lumber trade of the Pacific coast is in better condition now than for several years. Mills are all working to their full capacity and prices are high and firm. The enormous amount of railroad work now in progress and projected gives assurance of a continuance of prosperity for this industry, which will, no doubt, lead to the building of new mills.

Logging is done at several points along the east coast of Vancouver island, and along the mainland coast. The greatest number of camps is located north of Burrard inlet, where there are nine of them, employing about twenty-five men

each. It is not yet necessary to go far back from the water, consequently logging railroads are not required. Logs are hauled by ox teams, on skid roads, to the head of a log chute, down which they slide to the water. They are then made up into rafts and towed to the mills. Owing to the great extent of water front along the bays and inlets, there is an enormous quantity of timber standing close to the water, which will render logging comparatively easy and inexpensive for many years. There is a field here which mill men from the more crowded lumbering districts of the East would do well to examine.

MARINE RESOURCES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MULTITUDES of fish, valuable for food and oil, swarm in the bays, inlets and rivers of the province, and in the waters of the adjacent ocean. Here is a source of wealth which may be drawn upon for an indefinite period, and which will yearly yield employment to an increasing number of men, and add to the revenue of the province. Several branches of the fishing industry have already obtained a foothold, but they are overshadowed by the enormous possibilities of the future. Nowhere else in the world are such quantities and so many varieties of valuable fish to be found, in waters where the dangers of navigation are so slight and the climate so mild and agreeable. The want of a sufficiently extensive market, and popular ignorance of the extent and character of the fisheries, have, in the past, operated to retard the growth of this industry; but both of these causes are now disappearing. The Canadian Pacific railway offers a route to eastern markets, and the fishermen of Nova Scotia and New Foundland are beginning to realize the immeasurable superiority of the waters of British Columbia for the prosecution of their business. The outlook is now favorable for the immigration to this coast of large numbers of fishermen, who will soon give the cod banks of the Pacific as wide a notoriety as that now possessed by those of the Atlantic.

The most extensive industry is that of canning and salting salmon. Salmon of several varieties crowd into the inlets and streams of the province, ascending as far inland as possible, to deposit their spawn in the shallow, fresh waters of the interior. Those entering Fraser river ascend the main stream and branches to their very sources, some of them reaching a point nearly eight hundred miles from the sea. With powerful leaps they scale the rapids, falls, and whatever obstructions they encounter, bruising themselves against the rocks in their frantic efforts, until the banks are lined with their dead carcasses. The survivors of their progeny, only a small per cent. of the billions of eggs that are deposited, descend the streams to the sea, whence, at the proper time, they in turn ascend again to the place of their birth, to exercise the procreative power. It is while thus making their annual pilgrimage from the sea, that they are caught, usually near the entrance to the streams, though often many miles inland, and prepared for market. The salmon has

always been one of the most important of the various forms of food used by the Indians of the Pacific coast, who annually gather along the streams and catch thousands of them, drying them in the sun for winter use. Years ago, the Hudson's Bay Company began salting them for its own use, and of late years, many canning factories have been established at various points, where thousands of cases are prepared for market annually. There are many good locations yet to be found, where salmon are abundant, and these will, no doubt, be occupied as soon as the rapidly increasing demand for the product assures it a reliable market. In this branch of the fishing industry about five thousand hands are employed, in about thirty canneries. The annual pack averages some two hundred thousand cases, valued at about \$5.00 per case.

The scene of the greatest activity is on Fraser river. Five distinct varieties enter the river during the season, each seeking different spawning grounds. The run of the silver salmon begins about the first of April, and continues till the end of June. These fish are often caught weighing seventy pounds, though the average weight is from ten to twenty-five pounds. Beginning in June, and continuing till August, is a fish of five or six pounds weight. In August, a most excellent salmon, weighing generally about seven pounds, enters the river. The fourth species is the humpback, a fish weighing from six to fifteen pounds, which is caught from August till winter, every second year. The last to appear is the hookbill, a salmon weighing from twelve to forty-five pounds, which arrives in September and remains till winter. For fifteen miles above its mouth, the Fraser is dotted with boats of the salmon fleet during the season, and the river and canneries present a busy scene. North of this point, establishments are located on Burrard inlet, Alert bay, Riv-

ers inlet, Skeena river, Metlakahla and Nass rivers. Large quantities of salmon are also salted and packed in barrels. The majority of fishermen, especially in the northern canneries, are Indians, who are expert and reliable, and are preferred to any other kind of labor. On steamers, they are employed almost exclusively for roustabouts, and are paid higher wages than white men, because they can do more work and are more reliable and steady. In 1883, the provincial government established a salmon hatchery on the south bank of Fraser river, four miles above New Westminster. The undoubted success of this effort of the government to foster one of the most important industries, will enable the canning establishments to make improvements and invest additional capital, with the assurance of a permanent and liberal supply of fish. One establishment is a floating cannery and oil factory combined, which can be moved about from place to place, and is known as "Spratt's Ark." On board, are complete canning appliances, machinery for manufacturing oil from the offal of the fish caught, and accommodations for the hands. The vessel and its adjuncts cost \$60,000.00. The shipment of fresh salmon to the East, in refrigerator cars, has become an important feature of this industry.

The next most important fish, so far as present utility is concerned, is the oolachan, or candle fish. This is a small fish, about the size of a sardine, and is so oily that, when dried, it will burn like a candle, especially those caught in Nass river. They enter the Fraser in millions about the first of May. They are delicious when fresh, smoked or salted, and their oil is considered superior to cod liver oil, or any other fish oil known. It is of a whitish tint, and about the consistency of thin lard, and is a staple food among the natives, and an article of barter between the Indians of the coast and

the interior tribes. These fish begin running in the Nass about the last of March, and enter the stream by the million for several weeks. The various Indian tribes of that region assemble on its banks, and catch them in immense numbers. The fish are taken in purse nets, frequently a canoe load at a single haul, and are piled in bins on the shore. They are then placed in bins made of plank, and having sheet iron bottoms, holding from three to five barrels, and are boiled in water about four hours. The concoction is then strained through baskets, made from willow roots, and the oil is then run into red cedar boxes of about fifteen gallons capacity each. When the run of fish is good, each tribe will put up about twenty boxes of oil. Before the introduction of sheet iron bottoms for their tanks, the Indians boiled the fish by throwing heated stones into the tank. There is no doubt that this undeniably valuable article will soon become one of the regular products of the province, for exportation in quantity, as it is even now, to a limited extent.

Herring swarm in the waters of the bays and inlets during the spawning season in the spring. They are not, at that time, of as good quality as when taken in nets from their permanent banks and feeding grounds. They are somewhat smaller than the herring of Europe, although fully equal in quality when taken in their prime. There is a factory on Burrard inlet, where herring oil is extracted, and fertilizers made of the dried scraps. Halibut are found in great numbers, especially off the west coast of the Queen Charlotte islands, where they are frequently taken upwards of one hundred pounds in weight, and often twice that size. Though a great many are caught, and sent to market fresh or dried, halibut fishing has not yet become one of the regular industries. The Indians of that region catch and dry them for

food. The same may be said of cod fish, which abounds in the waters of the coast of British Columbia. There are a number of banks on the Alaska coast where cod fishing is carried on by fishermen from San Francisco, who salt two thousand tons annually. Similar banks have been located, in the waters of the province, farther south. Deep sea fishing has not yet been inaugurated on a large scale, though its practicability has been demonstrated. The black cod, formerly called "coal fish," abounds in the waters off Graham island, where the Indians catch them in great numbers, by the use of an ingeniously contrived spring hook. The fish is also known to frequent the waters off the west coast of Vancouver island, and as far south as Cape Flattery. The fish is highly spoken of, and is considered far superior to the cod of New Foundland, the flesh being richer and of finer fibre.

The Skidegate Oil Co. is engaged in extracting oil from the livers of dog fish. The works are located at Skidegate, at the southern end of Graham island, and give employment to about ten white men and a large number of Indians. About four hundred thousand fish are caught annually, which yield a total of forty thousand gallons, or an average of one gallon of refined oil from the livers of ten fish. This oil is admitted to be superior to any other kind, as a lubricant, and is chiefly shipped to the United States, though small quantities are consumed in the province, or sent to Honolulu and China. Whale oil is another product, though whale fishing is not carried on extensively. Whales of the largest description are found on the outer coast; and in the waters of the archipelago, humpback whales are quite numerous, and yield from thirty to fifty barrels of oil each. Porpoise, also, yield a large amount of oil.

Sturgeon are caught in great numbers

and marketed fresh; also such table fish as anchovy, haddock, rock cod, flounder and whiting, crab, prawn, cockles, mussels, etc. Lobster is not a native to these waters, but is being introduced, and will soon be plentiful. Oyster beds are found in numerous places, but the bivalves are small, and inferior to those on the Atlantic coast. Several beds have been planted with large oysters from Boston, and probably will, ere long, supply the market with a superior quality. The inland streams and lakes abound in salmon trout and the delicious mountain trout, which are the delight of sportsmen, and the famous lake white fish. The holothura, a small mollusk, generally known as the "sea cucumber," inhabits the waters about the islands. These, when cured and dried, make the article of commerce known as "beche de la mer," and highly prized in China for food, where it is called "trepang." A valuable industry might be built up by preparing this commodity for market.

Seals and sea otters are annually caught in great numbers off the Straits of Fuca and the west coast of Vancouver island. From ten to fifteen schooners are engaged in sealing, employing about fifty sailors and some three hundred hunters, the latter chiefly Indians. The annual catch is about ten thousand fur seals, valued at \$10.00 each, and three thousand hairy seals, valued at fifty cents. Sea otters are not so numerous, and are very wary, requiring much patience and skill in their capture. They are generally shot with a rifle, and at such long range that only the best marksmen succeed in killing them. About one hundred are taken annually, valued at fifty dollars each.

One can not read the above brief statement without being struck with the great possibilities of the province. In the waters lies an uncounted and exhaustless mine of wealth, which will amply reward those who work it in the proper way.

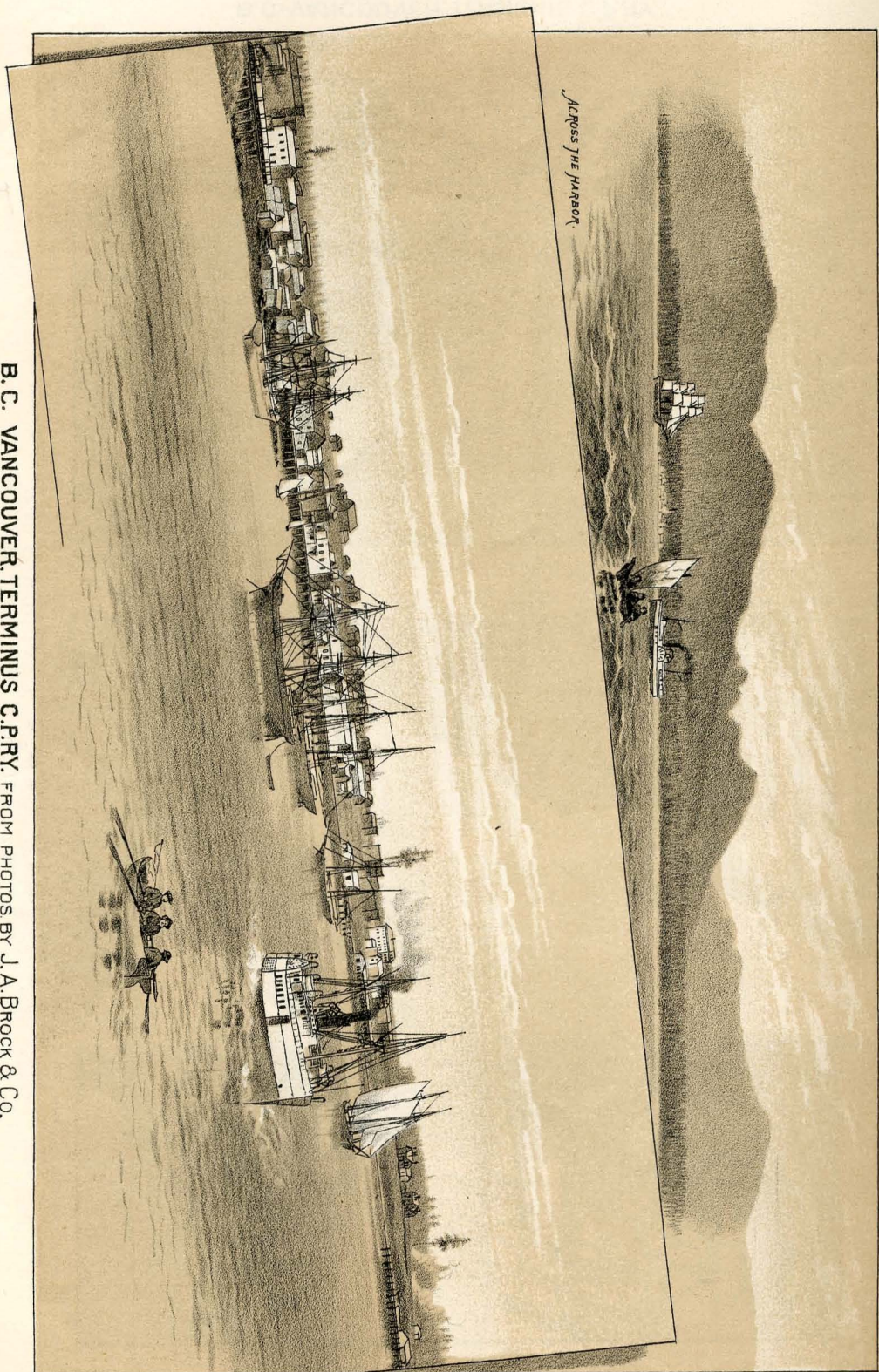
CITIES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

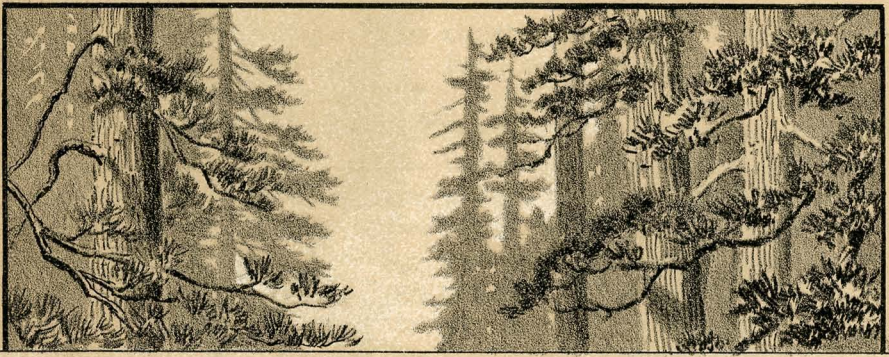
LYING on the extreme western verge of Canada, and being the gateway of the dominion for the commerce of the Orient, and, to a certain extent, to England, herself, under the new conditions introduced by the Canadian Pacific railway, the cities of British Columbia possess more than a local or transitory interest. Especially do they attract the attention of all those who are considering the question of seeking a home in that province, or who have relatives or friends already there. They are not many in number, but for enterprise, thrift and probable growth, they are not surpassed in the dominion.

The oldest, the largest, and the most metropolitan, is Victoria, the capital of the province, lying on the extreme south-eastern coast of Vancouver island, facing the Straits of Fuca and the territory of the United States on the south and east. It was named in honor of the queen, whose jubilee year the loyal citizens are about to celebrate; and from the time the Hudson's Bay Company first established a trading post there, nearly half a century ago, it has been the metropolis and general supply point of that entire region. It first became of commercial importance in 1858, when thousands of miners flocked into the country, after

ACROSS THE HARBOR.

B. C. VANCOUVER, TERMINUS C.P.R.Y. FROM PHOTOS BY J. A. BROCK & CO.





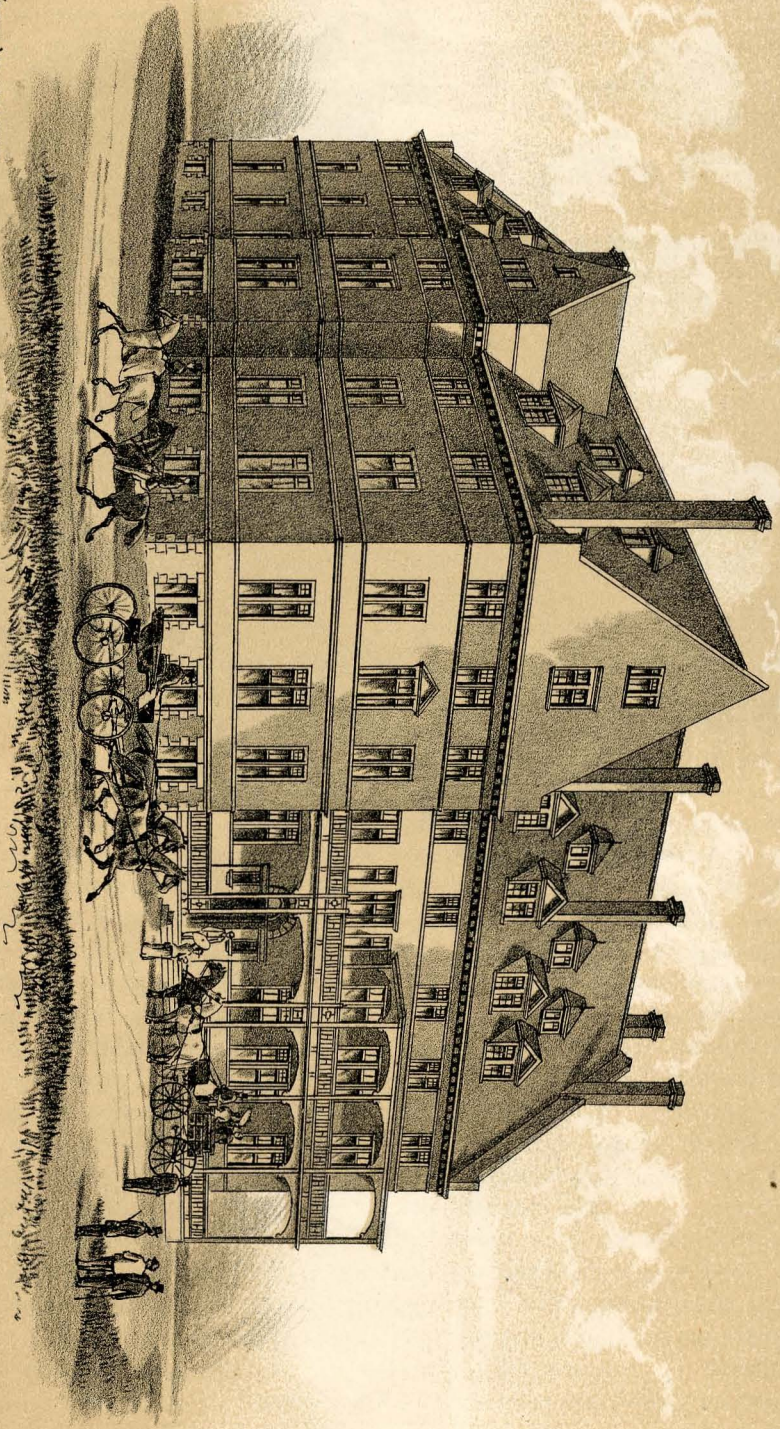
CORDOVA STREET, SPRING, 1887.



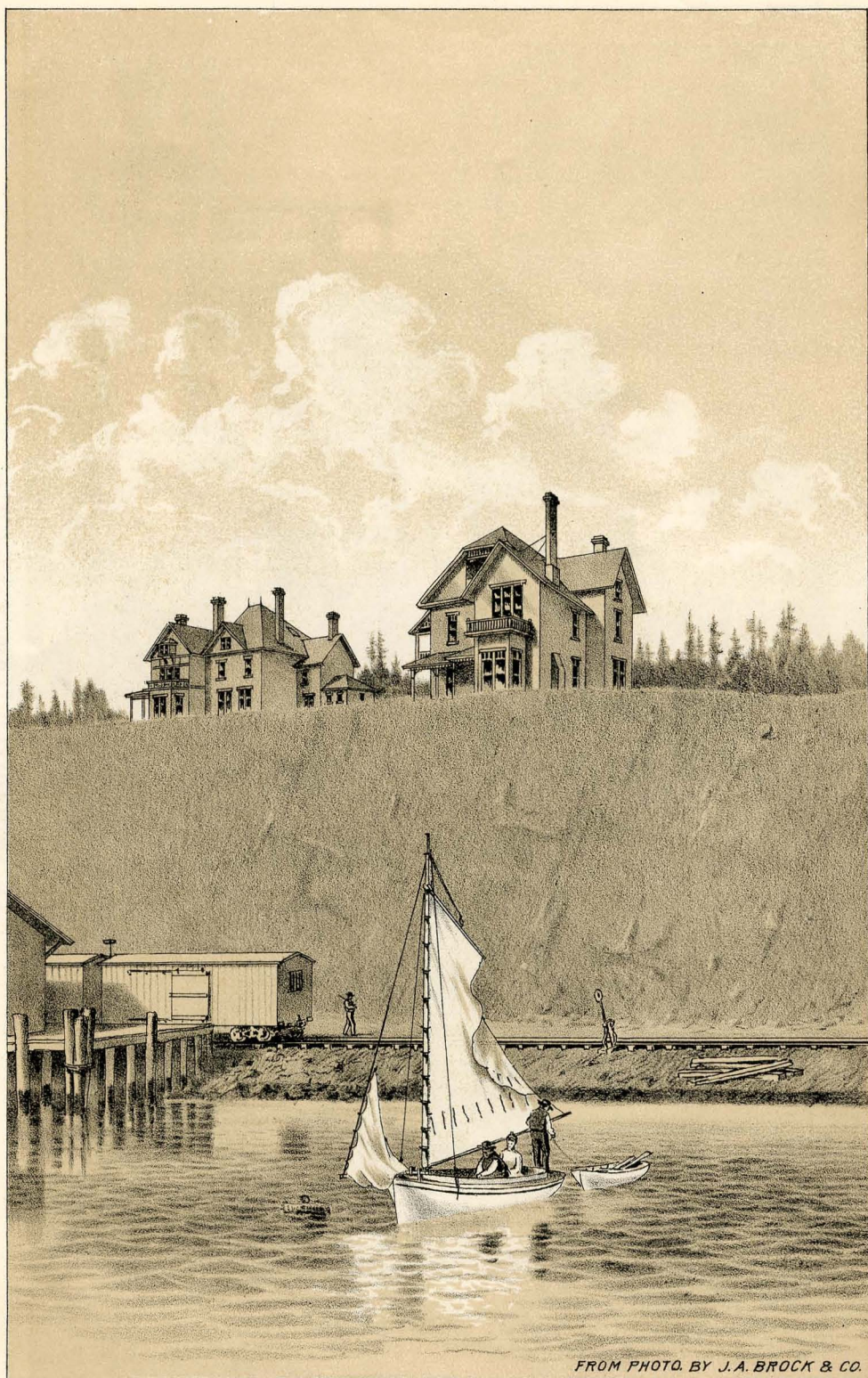
CORDOVA STREET, SPRING, 1886.

B.C.-VANCOUVER, TERMINUS C.P.RY.

HOTEL VANCOUVER.



B.C. VANCOUVER, TERMINUS C.P.RY.



FROM PHOTO. BY J.A. BROCK & CO.

B.C.-RESIDENCES AT VANCOUVER.

MR. ABBOTT'S.

MR. FERGUSONS.

the discovery of gold on Fraser river. From that time, its history has been one of steady progress. Population has increased, business has expanded, and values of property have steadily ascended. The steamer lines of the province all center in Victoria, whence they reach all the coast ports where sufficient settlements have been made, and penetrate far into the interior by ascending the Fraser river. The trade of all this extended region centers in the metropolis, and increases annually as the tributary settlements and industries expand.

The business portion of the city is, in the main, well built of stone and brick (see page 494), numerous substantial edifices testifying to the solid character of its commercial enterprises. The numerous public buildings are also of a superior character, some of them displaying much taste and architectural skill. The government buildings, on James bay, are five in number, and are constructed of red brick, in the Swiss style of architecture. They are reached by a substantial bridge across the bay. The buildings belonging to the dominion, comprising the custom house, postoffice and marine hospital, are solid, serviceable structures. The school buildings and churches are also attractive edifices. The public school, which is under the general supervision of a board of trustees, and has an efficient corps of instructors, occupies a two story brick building, commanding a fine view of the harbor. The school is maintained free of expense to the parents of children attending. A high school, where all the advanced grades are taught, occupies a large and handsome brick edifice. The sisterhood of St. Ann have an excellent institution for the education of girls, occupying a large and attractive structure in the southern purlieus of the city. Eleven religious congregations, representing various denominations, are reg-

ularly organized, nearly all of them having good houses of worship. They are divided as follows: Two Anglican, one Reformed Episcopalian, two Roman Catholic, two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Baptist and one Jewish synagogue. The general air of the city is one of neatness, cleanliness and quiet taste. The residences—notably that of the lieutenant governor—are attractive and often elegant, both as regards the buildings and their surroundings. Lawns are well kept, flowers abound on every side, and shade and fruit trees exist in profusion. Great building activity is now being displayed, both in the matter of business structures and residences. Buildings are now in process of erection, or in the hands of architects, which will cost a total of \$573,800.00, including a new court house, to cost \$45,000.00. The various hotels occupy large, brick buildings, and afford superior accommodations. An imposing opera house, the largest and finest on the Pacific coast, north of San Francisco, was completed three years ago. The Union club occupies commodious quarters, and is noted for its hospitality.

Victoria is well served with newspapers, the various journals being large, well conducted and enterprising, furnishing complete local and telegraphic news. The *Colonist*, daily and weekly, is the most complete establishment in the Northwest. The *Standard* is a well-established daily and weekly journal, and the *Post* is an evening daily, well conducted. The *Times*, daily and weekly, exhibits enterprise, neatness and good business ability in its management.

The city enjoys the fullest mail, telegraph and telephone facilities, is connected with San Francisco by a regular line of steamers, and with Portland by the way of Puget sound and the Northern Pacific railroad, and has direct communication with the eastern provinces

of the dominion over the Canadian Pacific railway, and with the Nanaimo coal fields by the Island railway. A splendid system of water supply has been obtained, at an expense of \$200,000.00, water being brought from Elk lake, seven miles distant. An efficient fire brigade is thus enabled to furnish the fullest protection from extensive conflagrations. Coal and wood for fuel are both plentiful and cheap. Gas works supply light for both public and private uses, and several powerful electric lights are suspended upon high masts in different portions of the city. The Mechanics' Institute has a valuable library and spacious reading room, and there are a number of fraternal and benevolent associations. Iron works, saw mill, brass works, rice mill, planing mill, soap works, boot and shoe factory, match factory, cigar factory, glove factory and a number of other manufacturing industries are in full operation. Four banks and two express companies are of great assistance in the transaction of business. The population has already reached ten thousand. The universal impression of all visitors is that there will grow up a large city, combining commercial importance with beauty of location and elegance of appointments.

An adjunct to Victoria is the town of Esquimalt, where are located the naval station and the huge, stone dry dock. This great work was undertaken eleven years ago, by the provincial government, and has been completed by the dominion government, at a total expense of \$900,000.00. The contractors for the work of the past three years were Messrs. Larkin, Connolly & Co., of Quebec. The length of the dock (see page 493) is four hundred and thirty feet, the width increasing from forty-one feet at the bottom, to ninety at the top, with a depth of thirty-six and one-half and thirty-five and one-half feet. The entrance is six-

ty-five feet wide. The whole is constructed of iron, and of granite from Salt Spring island. The harbor was once the only one for the city for large vessels, but now the harbor of Victoria proper has been so improved that Esquimalt has lost its former importance in that respect. Just outside the harbor are the Royal roads, where ships may lie at anchor in security. The proposed further improvements will give Victoria a harbor such as her commercial importance requires.

Another city of more than local fame, already the second in size in the province, though but one year old, is Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway. One year ago, the town site was a dense forest, and now (see page 434) a large portion of it is covered with buildings, some of them of brick, and many streets are laid out, and planked, while the sound of the saw and hammer, the ring of the mason's trowel, and the loud reports of blasts, constantly salute the ear, impressing one with a sense of restless energy. Indeed, the present improvements have risen on the ashes of their predecessors, for, on the thirteenth of June, 1886, the city, then a few months old, was almost totally destroyed by fire, only two or three small buildings being saved. Since then, upwards of a million dollars have been expended in improvements, and a city of five thousand people has sprung into being, and is growing daily in population and structures. The greater number are for business purposes, but many cottages and a number of excellent residences (see page 436) have been erected. Several brick blocks have been completed, or are under way, one of which is being fitted up for two banks, the Bank of British Columbia and the Bank of Montreal. The improvements under way and projected, including the street improvements, gas works, water

works and railroad buildings, approximate \$2,000,000.00 in value.

The city occupies a peninsula, bounded by Burrard inlet on the north, and English bay and False creek on the south. The harbor proper, known as Coal harbor (see page 433), lies on the inlet, just east of the first narrows, and is a body of deep water, perfectly sheltered on all sides, three miles wide, and nearly as long at the town site. It practically extends up the inlet a distance of twelve miles, affording ample accommodation for the commerce of the largest city in the world. On the opposite, or outer, side, is English bay, a roadstead in which vessels may lie at anchor, secure from all but the severest storms. An arm of the inlet cuts through the lower end of the peninsula, to within a few yards of the bay, through which a navigable passage can be made, by which vessels can quickly pass from one to the other. The railway company's terminal works are being constructed along the bay, where huge round-houses and shops are in progress of erection. Immense warehouses, a large depot, etc., are being constructed on the inner harbor, which is the terminus proper, and will be the point for receipt and shipment of merchandise. One huge warehouse is already completed, being hastened for the reception of the first cargo of tea for this season. Last year seven cargoes were handled, representing a value of \$2,000,000.00, and a much larger quantity is expected.

The town site occupies high ground, but has no extremely steep hills. From the center of the peninsula it slopes toward both water fronts. On this central ridge, the railway company is erecting a hotel, which is to cost \$250,000.00, when completed according to the plans. A portion of it has been hastened to completion (see page 435) for immediate use, costing \$125,000.00, and making a

large and imposing edifice. This will, no doubt, become a favorite stopping place for tourists, who desire to enjoy the scenery, hunting and fishing of the surrounding country, or to rest from the fatigue of a long journey.

The city will be provided with the best mountain water, which is being brought in from the mountain lakes a few miles distant. This will be conducted to the city in iron pipes, at an expense, including mains, etc., of about \$250,000.00. A system of gas works and pipes will be put in at once, costing about \$150,000.00. The electric light will also be a feature of the city, and telegraph and telephone facilities of the most complete kind will be provided.

Commercially, Vancouver will speedily assume a commanding position. The Canadian Pacific is already hauling a large share of the through freight from Pacific coast ports to eastern cities. It has control of routes by which it can enter Chicago, New York and Boston, and can compete with American roads for through business between those cities and Puget sound, Portland and San Francisco. Arrangements have been made for a line of steamers to ply between Vancouver and Hong Kong. Three first-class iron steamers have been purchased for this route, being the *Parthia*, *Abyssinia* and *Batavia*, well known to travelers on the Atlantic. The route from Yokohama to Coal harbor is one hundred miles shorter than to San Francisco, and from Coal harbor to New York it is one hundred and fifty miles shorter than from San Francisco. From Yokohama to Liverpool, via Vancouver, it is nine hundred miles less than via San Francisco. These advantages, in connection with the independent position of the Canadian Pacific, must have a great effect upon commerce and travel. The British government has already recognized this by granting a subsidy for

the conveyance of the royal mails to Australia, China and Japan by this route, which saves ten, four and twelve days respectively, over the contract time now in force over the Suez route. Steamers to Japan and China, to the Sandwich islands, New Zealand and Australia, and to Puget sound ports and San Francisco, will run regularly, in connection with the road. Vancouver will become the great port of entry and shipping for the province, and the bonded port for all goods destined to the eastern portion of Canada and the United States and England.

Not within the recorded history of mankind, has a new city sprung from the wilderness with the rapidity and vigor of growth displayed by this terminal city; and nowhere, to-day, does there exist a young city with such brilliant prospects before it, with a location unsurpassed, a harbor almost unequaled, a business community of great enterprise and energy, the terminus of the greatest railway in the world, and capital flowing into it from home and abroad.

The chief city of Fraser river is New Westminster, situated on the north bank of the stream, fifteen miles above its mouth. In the early days, this was the capital of the province, and it now contains two of its most important public institutions. The site of New Westminster is happily chosen on ground rising gradually from the river, affording splendid drainage and pleasant building sites for residences. The business portion of the city occupies its natural position, near the river, the great highway of traffic to the interior. There are a number of quite imposing structures, belonging to the dominion and provincial governments, which add much to the general appearance of the city. The large building occupied by the postoffice and other federal offices is constructed of brick, with stone facings, and is three

stories high, surmounted by a mansard roof. The penitentiary stands on an eminence in the northeastern portion of the city, and is a substantial stone structure of pleasing architecture. The insane asylum is a brick and stone building, commanding a fine view of the river. About these two, are quite extensive grounds, well laid out and neatly kept. The district court house is a substantial structure. There are many handsome residences, surrounded by tasteful flower gardens and neatly-kept lawns, and many shade and fruit trees.

The church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopal) is a handsome and costly stone edifice, possessing a large chime of bells, presented to the parish by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Good wooden edifices are occupied by the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist denominations. The Roman Catholic Indians have a church built exclusively by their own contributions. The Episcopal and Catholic bishops of the diocese reside here. An excellent public school is maintained, occupying a large, two story building, centrally located, and having ample playgrounds. There is also a high school for instruction in the more advanced studies. The St. Louis college, an institution for boys, sustained by the Roman Catholics, and the St. Ann convent, in which a girls' school is kept, are both handsome brick edifices, with cement facing. A school for girls is conducted under the auspices of the Episcopal church, and the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations jointly support a collegiate institution. These most excellent schools draw to the city pupils from throughout the entire province.

Several systems of water works supply the city with an abundance of pure water. The reservoirs being on elevated ground, the lower, or business, portions of the city enjoy ample protection from fire, by possessing a liberal supply of

hose. A more extensive system of water works is now in contemplation. The industries of New Westminster are considerable. Salmon canneries in or near the city give employment to twelve hundred men during the fishing season. Two saw and planing mills employ two hundred and fifty men. Besides these, there are two breweries, a shipyard, a tannery, a soda and syrup factory, a foundry, and several bakeries. The city's permanent population exceeds three thousand, exclusive of Indians. Two excellent papers, the *British Columbian* and the *Mainland Guardian*, are published here, the former daily and the latter semi-weekly. They are ably edited, and give much attention to news from the entire province. The hotel accommodations are excellent and ample, and for this reason, as well as because of the great beauty of the surrounding scenery and the splendid fishing and hunting in the immediate vicinity, it is a favorite place of resort for those seeking a few weeks of pleasure.

Surrounding New Westminster is the largest area of agricultural land in the province now contiguous to market. Besides its river facilities for transportation, it is practically a terminal point on the Canadian Pacific, with which it is connected by a short branch line. It will also, no doubt, be connected, by rail, with the great railroad systems of the United States, by way of a line along the east shore of Puget sound, to Seattle. The situation of New Westminster is such that it must always be a thriving commercial point, growing with the development of the country about it.

The other important city of the mainland coast is Port Moody, at the head of Burrard inlet, until recently the terminus of the railway. Yale, on the Fraser river, at the head of navigation, is quite an important point as a base of supplies for the mines and settlements to the south

and east. Kamloops, on Thompson river, at the upper end of Lake Kamloops, is a prosperous commercial point, enjoying both rail and water communication with the country east, west and south. It has a weekly paper, the *Inland Sentinel*, and is a thriving town. Barkerville is the chief business point in the Cariboo mining region, and is the terminus of the great wagon road from Yale.

Besides Victoria, there is another city of importance on the island. This is Nanaimo, the northern terminus of the Island railway, and chief seat of the coal mining industry. The town was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1852, as a mining village and trading post; but with the growth of the mining industry, a town has sprung up possessing considerable commercial importance. The harbor has accommodations for a large amount of shipping, and a number of vessels may always be seen loading with coal or waiting for cargoes. There are a number of wharves at Nanaimo, belonging to the Vancouver Coal Company, to the Nanaimo saw mill, and to several private individuals. The business portion of the town lies on a rocky peninsula, separated from the residence part by a deep ravine, spanned by two substantial wooden bridges. As is usually the case in mining towns, but few buildings of an ornamental character have been erected, though the indications are that the future will see a change in that respect. The court house and a handsome stone postoffice are the buildings of an official character. There are four church edifices—Episcopalian, Methodist, Presbyterian and the Roman Catholic, the last named forming, with the parsonage and convent school of the sisterhood of St. Ann, the most striking group of structures in Nanaimo. Two excellent schools—one for boys and one for girls are supported at the public expense. The Literary Institute is a large,

two story building, containing a public hall and reading room. Aside from the extensive coal interests, there are a saw mill, a shipyard, a brewery, soda water factory, tannery, and the usual number of commercial and industrial enterprises. A volunteer fire company is ever ready for duty. An institution of the city is the *Free Press*, a weekly journal devoted to the interests of Nanaimo and its great coal industry. The population somewhat exceeds two thousand, and is steadily increasing.

The towns of North and South Wellington lie near Departure bay, opposite the Nanaimo harbor, and are less than a mile distant from each other. These are at the seat of mining operations, and consist chiefly of the works and residences of the miners.

MINERALS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THERE exist, within the limits of British Columbia, large deposits of the precious and useful metals, many of which have been systematically and profitably mined for years, while others are only awaiting the development of which they are capable, to become a source of great wealth to the province. The list is a long one, embracing gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, lead, cinnabar, platinum, antimony, bismuth, plumbago, limestone, marble and salt. Of these, the most extensively worked and valuable are gold and coal.

Gold mining first began on the Fraser river, about 1856. The gold on the river bars and benches is very fine, and requires the use of quicksilver. From Hope to above Alexandria, the river is bordered by a series of benches, one rising above another, throughout which this fine gold is found. The first miners took out large quantities of dust, and the Fraser still yields its annual supply of gold. The mining along the stream, at present, is carried on chiefly by Chinamen and by the white settlers, who engage in it at favorable opportunities, at

times when their labor is not required on their farms. The gold farther up the stream is coarser. The Quesnel mines were discovered in 1859, and the rich gold fields of Cariboo in 1860. Cariboo has remained, to this day, the great placer mining region of British Columbia. The Omineca mines, still farther north than Cariboo, have also added their quota to the gold product, but the amount of land travel necessary to reach them, and the consequent high price of everything, have served to keep back their development. Rich diggings were discovered about ten years ago on Dease and Thibert creeks, in the Cassiar region, in the extreme northwestern corner of the province. These have since been worked with good results, being more accessible than Omineca.

In the southern end of the province, are the Similkameen and Kootenay regions. The former lies along the international line, west of Osooyos lake, and has, of late, developed rich placer diggings. Exceedingly rich quartz ledges have been found, and capital from both sides of the line is being invested for

their development. The same is true of the ledges of Kootenay. Silver ore, yielding high assays, has been found near Hope and Yale, on Fraser river, at Cherry creek, a tributary of the Shuswap, at Omineca, Kootenay, Upper Columbia and Similkameen. These prospects give every promise of development into rich silver mines in the future. Mining laws are very liberal, and strictly enforced. Peace and order prevail in the mines, and the rights of all are fully protected by law. The era of quartz mining is just beginning to dawn in British Columbia, following the appearance of cheaper and quicker methods of transportation.

Coal mining is an industry which, of late years, has undergone a wonderful development. Coal has been found in places over a wide area of both the mainland and islands. At Nanaimo, on Vancouver island, is found the best quality; and there the industry has reached great proportions. The quality varies in different localities, from the common lignite to anthracite, the latter being on the Queen Charlotte islands, and the only vein of anthracite yet discovered on the Pacific coast. No effort has yet been made to work it. The coal at Nanaimo is the best quality of bituminous coal to be found on the coast, and is shipped in quantities to all points, San Francisco being the best market, notwithstanding the high tariff. The quality of this coal especially adapts it for steamers, and the large steamers placed on the China route, to connect with the Canadian Pacific, will draw their supplies from this source.

From 1860 to 1875, inclusive, there were shipped to San Francisco three hundred and twenty thousand tons. The shipments then began to increase rapidly, and during the past five years, the average has been one hundred and fifty-three thousand tons per annum. Car-

goes are also sent to the Sandwich islands and China. The mines producing this coal are those of the Vancouver Coal Mining and Coke Company and the Wellington collieries. The former are five in number, and are situated in Nanaimo and vicinity. The operations of this company are very extensive, giving employment to about eight hundred men. The Wellington collieries are situated at Wellington, a few miles from Nanaimo, and are connected with their shipping wharves, on Departure bay, by a narrow gauge railway nearly five miles long. About a mile distant are the South Wellington mines. This company employs about nine hundred men. All of these mines are connected with shipping wharves at Nanaimo and Departure bay by lines of narrow gauge railway. The coal beds at that point cover a wide area. At Comox, still farther north, it is estimated that they occupy three hundred square miles. They are also found at other points on the island. Large fields of lignite exist near New Westminster, in the Nicola valley, and along the North Thompson and Skeena rivers.

On Texada island, situated in the Gulf of Georgia, and only twenty miles from the Comox coal fields and consequently not far from the mines at Nanaimo and Wellington, are great masses of rich magnetic iron ore, assaying sixty-eight and four-tenths of iron, and having a low percentage of phosphorus and other impurities. This ore is now being used by the smelting works at Irondale, just across the line in Washington Territory, where it is mixed with the brown hematite found in that vicinity. The existence of great bodies of superior coal and iron in such close proximity, suggests the springing up, ere long, of large smelting and iron works. Such industries are certain to come; but how soon, none can tell. Copper has been found in a number of places, the most promis-

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

ON the twentieth of June, the queen of England (see portrait on page 413) will have completed a full half century upon the throne of the most wealthy and powerful nation in the world, covering a period of peace, prosperity and advancement in the arts and sciences previously unequaled in the history of the world. Victoria Alexandrina, of the house of Hanover, is the only daughter of Edward, duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. She was born at Kensington palace, London, May 24, 1819, and before she was a year old her father died. Upon the accession of her uncle, William IV., to the throne, in 1830, he being the only male preceding her in the direct line, she became heiress-presumptive to the crown of Great Britain and Ireland, and upon his death, June 20, 1837, assumed the throne. She was formally crowned at Westminster abbey, June 28, 1838, and in 1876, also assumed the title of empress of India. On the tenth of February, 1840, she married Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Their domestic life was a most happy and beautiful one, until it was terminated by the death of the prince consort, December 14, 1861. Nine children were the fruit of this union, the oldest of whom, Albert Edward, the prince of Wales, is heir-presumptive to the throne.

The reign of Queen Victoria has been

marked by some of the most important reforms in the annals of the English nation. Prominent among these are the repeal of the corn laws, the reform bill of 1866, and the introduction of the ballot and gradual extension of the elective franchise to the masses. The creation, growth and organization of the colonies of Australia and New Zealand, the extension of British authority in India and the federation, under parliamentary control, of the disconnected provinces of British America, thus creating the powerful Dominion of Canada, are three of the most important events, or gradual achievements, in the history of the nation. Though, in the main, this was an era of peace, war's rude alarms have not been entirely unknown. British valor has shed lustre upon the nation's arms, and British blood has freely flowed at the behest of duty, on the fields of the Crimea, in the jungles of India, in the mountains of Afghanistan, in Abyssinia, Zululand, the Dutch colonies of Africa, and in the desert wastes of Egypt.

In the list of eminent men whom she has called to her aid in administering the affairs of government appear the names of Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Earl Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Benj. Disraeli, Mr. W. E. Gladstone and Earl Salisbury. It is but seldom in the history of the world that a ruler occupies

the throne of a great nation a full half century. This is, of itself, sufficient cause for congratulation; but when, as in this instance, the sovereign has constantly displayed a marked consideration for the welfare of her subjects, has aided the cause of humanity, has won the love and respect of her people, at home and abroad, then it is fit that the event be celebrated with unusual demonstrations. Throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, and, in fact, wherever the royal standard of England waves, her loyal subjects will celebrate this semi-centennial with great ceremonies and fervid jubilee demonstrations. Nor will these expressions of joy and congratulation be confined to Her Majesty's dominions, but in every city of the United States, and in every portion of the world where her loyal subjects may be found, voices will be raised in praise and benediction.

THE GOVERNMENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FORTUNATELY for the welfare of British Columbia, the affairs of the province are conducted by men of ability, honor and intelligent enterprise. Under their management, that part of the dominion is becoming widely and favorably known throughout the English speaking world, and immigrants and capital are pouring in to develop its resources and occupy its fertile soil. On page 414 are given the portraits of four of the most prominent officials, in connection with which the following brief sketches of their lives will possess peculiar interest:

The chief executive and representative of the crown is the lieutenant governor, Hon. Hugh Nelson, one of the oldest and most respected pioneers of the province. He was born May 25, 1830, in the town of Lurne, county of Antrim, Ireland, where he obtained his education. In the early years of the province, he cast his lot in this far portion of Her Majesty's dominions, and has resided on Burrard inlet for many years. He was made a senator on the 12th of December, 1879, and on the 29th of March last, took the oath of office as lieutenant governor of British Columbia, by appointment of the queen. He is a strong liberal-conservative, and his elevation to the executive chair is one of the strongest acts of Sir John A. Macdonald's administration of dominion affairs in the province, as he holds the affection and admiration of the people. Mr. Nelson and his charming lady reside at the castle, the beautiful executive mansion in the suburbs of Victoria.

Attorney-general and premier, Hon. Alexander Edmund Bastion Davie, was born in Somersetshire, England, in November, 1846. He was educated in Silcoate's school, near Wakefield, Yorkshire. December 3, 1874, he married Constance Longford, third daughter of T. S. Skinner, Esq., of Farleigh, near Maple bay, Vancouver island. He was admitted as an attorney of British Columbia in 1868, and was called to the bar in 1873. Mr. Davie is one of the

benchers of the Law Society, was law clerk to the British Columbia assembly from 1872 to 1874, was appointed member of the executive council and provincial secretary in 1877, and became attorney-general in the administration of the Hon. Wm. Smithe, January 26, 1883. He was first returned to parliament, for Cariboo, in 1875, and was defeated for reelection on his appointment to office in 1877. He was not a candidate at the election of 1878, but was reelected for the present seat in 1882, also on his appointment to office, and again at the general election last year. On the demise of the much lamented premier, Hon. Wm. Smithe, on the 28th of March last, his honor, the lieutenant governor, called upon the Hon. Mr. Davie to form a ministry, which he succeeded in doing, and announced to the house on the 2nd of April the *personnel* of the government. He also stated that it was the intention of the executive, at an early day, to fill the vacant fourth portfolio, and to have a president of the council, these latter being selected from island constituencies. Mr. Davie represents Lillooet district, and resides at James bay, Victoria.

The Hon. John Robson, provincial secretary, minister of mines and minister of finance and agriculture, was born at Perth, Ontario, of Scotch parents, who emigrated to Canada early in the present century. He was educated there, and married Susan, daughter of the late Captain Longworth, of Goderich. He engaged in commercial pursuits until 1853, when he came to British Columbia, attracted by the gold discoveries. A vigorous writer and forcible public speaker, he soon came to the front and took a leading part in the struggles of the then crown colony, for representative government. He was editor and proprietor of the *British Columbian*, the pioneer and leading newspaper on the mainland,

established at New Westminster in the beginning of 1861. Mr. Robson was elected mayor of New Westminster in 1866, is a justice of the peace for the province, and holds a lieutenant's commission in the militia. He represented the important district of New Westminster in the legislative council of the united colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver island from 1867 to 1870, inclusive, and took a prominent part in bringing about confederation with Canada, the terms of which were formulated and adopted by the legislature of which he was a member. He removed to Victoria in 1869, and was editor of the *British Colonist* for nearly six years. He was elected to represent Nanaimo in the provincial legislature in 1871, and sat for that constituency till the spring of 1875, when he accepted the federal appointment of paymaster and commissary of the Canadian Pacific railway surveys west of the Rocky mountains, which position he continued to hold until it was abolished in 1879. Mr. Robson removed to New Westminster and resumed publication of the *British Columbian* in 1880, and at the general election of 1882 was elected to represent the district of New Westminster in the provincial legislature. Upon the defeat of the Beaven administration, on the 26th of January, 1883, and the formation of the Smithe administration, was appointed provincial secretary and minister of mines and minister of finance and agriculture, which offices he still holds. Mr. Robson is a prominent and uncompromising advocate of temperance and moral reform. His views on all public questions are liberal, progressive and statesmanlike, and his name stands prominently associated with the history of British Columbia. His residence is at Birdcage walk, James bay, Victoria.

Hon. Forbes George Vernon, chief commissioner of lands and works, is de-

scended from a family which assumed its surname from the town of Vernon, in Normandy, and was established in England by one of the companions in arms of the Conqueror. Many members of the family have occupied high positions under different sovereigns. The chief commissioner was educated in England for the royal engineers, receiving a commission from Her Majesty's government in 1863, which, however, he shortly afterward resigned, and, accompanied by his brother, who had been some time in the service, went the same year to British Columbia. Col. Houghton, now deputy adjutant general of Winnipeg (then a captain in the twentieth) formed one of the party. For several years the firm carried on commercial and other pursuits in the province, with more or less success, experiencing all the difficulties peculiar to isolated and uncivilized places. In due course, Mr. Vernon purchased the interests of his partners, and now owns one of the finest and most extensive ranches in the province. In 1875, he offered himself as a candidate to represent the important district of Yale in the local legislature, and was returned by a large majority. In February, 1876, he was offered the position, by the Elliott cabinet, of commissioner of government lands, which he accepted, and was again re-

elected by an overwhelming majority. This position he retained till the general election of 1878, when he was once more elected, and represented the same district for the succeeding four years. At the next general election, Mr. Vernon did not present himself, and removed out of the political field until the general election of 1886, when he again came forward and was returned by a heavy vote. In March of this year, upon the death of the late lamented Mr. Smithe, premier and chief commissioner of lands and works, he accepted the vacant post, and returning for reëlection, he was once more successful, his opponent not receiving twenty-three per cent. of the vote cast. Mr. Vernon married, in 1877, Miss Branks, sister of Mrs. Col. Powell, of Victoria. Mrs. Vernon died in 1885, leaving two children. The chief commissioner's father is the owner of a large estate at Cloutarf, which has been in possession of the family for generations. The castle itself was founded by the Knights Templar of the twelfth century, and rebuilt by its present owner. The battle of Cloutarf, fought in 1014, is historical. Hon. Mr. Vernon has a brother residing in Victoria, and two others still in Her Majesty's service—Col. E. Vernon, of Dublin, and Maj. G. Vernon, now in India.

A FAVORITE RESORT.

AMONG the many beautiful summer resorts and sanitariums of the Pacific coast, none possesses greater attractions or offers better opportunities for the recuperation of health, than the Harrison hot springs, of British Columbia. They lie on Harrison lake, in the mountains of the Coast range, just north of the line of the Canadian Pacific. A tramway, four miles in length is being constructed from Agassiz station, which will render them easily accessible. The virtue of these waters has long been known, and people have bathed in them

for the past twenty years, but this is the first season that accommodations have been offered the public. Improvements to the value of \$40,000.00 are being made. A large hotel (see page 454) stands on the margin of the lake, a beautiful body of water, forty-five miles long and averaging ten in width. Good fishing can be had in the lake, which is a favorite spawning ground for salmon, and trout abound in the numerous clear mountain streams. The hunter will find excellent sport, as the mountains abound with deer, mountain sheep, goats, rabbits, grouse, etc. The scenery is beautiful, the mountain air and water fresh and invigorating, and there is present everything necessary to render a sojourn of a few weeks one of great enjoyment and benefit. Excursion tickets from Victoria are sold at \$9.00 for the round trip. The boat leaves at 2:00 o'clock in the morning, for Vancouver, where connection is made with the train, the traveler reaching the springs at 5:00 in the evening. There will be an increasing amount of tourist travel through the province every year, and the attractions of this beautiful region must draw thither hundreds who desire to rest, for a few days, from the fatigues of travel. It is already a favorite resort of the people of the province, who desire a short respite from the cares of business, and seek the beneficial effect of the springs, or the sport of the mountains and streams.



AGRICULTURE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ALTHOUGH the general surface of British Columbia is rugged and mountainous, there are thousands of acres of valley land, as fertile and productive as any the sun shines upon in its daily round. This land is of three classes—the alluvial bottoms lying along the water courses; the more level portions of the uplands of the islands and coast, and the mountain districts of the interior, now covered with timber, but possessing excellent soil and yielding largely when cleared and cultivated; the treeless benches and tablelands of the interior, which are highly productive when watered by irrigation. These embrace a total of not less than ten thousand square miles of arable soil, so diverse in character, climatic conditions and location, as to be suitable for the production of every fruit, cereal, vegetable, tree, plant and flower known to the temperate zone.

The mind must be primarily relieved of the idea, so common and so natural, that this region lies too far north for the success of general agriculture. The conditions are entirely distinct from those which exist on the Atlantic slope of America, as will be understood by reading the remarks on climate in these pages. The difficulty encountered in the agricultural development of British Columbia has never been a climatic one, but has been the result of the extremely rugged and mountainous character of the country, rendering the agricultural areas comparatively small, far removed from each other, and difficult of access. There are, in the province, thousands of acres

of good, fertile soil, to cultivate which has been impossible, because of the absence of either a local market or facilities for shipping produce to any point where it is in demand. These conditions are now rapidly changing. New transportation routes are constantly being opened. Especially has a revolution been created by the Canadian Pacific railway, whose route passes from end to end through the very heart of the province. Branch lines have been chartered, which will soon be constructed, and will penetrate a number of the largest outlying farming and stock grazing regions, giving them an easy and permanent outlet to market. There does not exist in the world a better opportunity to secure a good home, than is offered by this most western province of Canada; and especially will the young and industrious farmers of England find here an opportunity to build for themselves a happy home, in a new and progressive country, beneath the shadow of their nation's flag.

The government holds out most tempting inducements for settlers upon the public lands, requiring only good faith and compliance with the very liberal land laws on the part of the settlers. There are two classes of land—that belonging to the province, and that donated to the dominion government in consideration of railway improvement. The latter consists of a belt forty miles wide, twenty each side of the Canadian Pacific railway. Outside of this, the province owns all land not now the property of private individuals or corporations, and

all is open for settlement, except mineral lands and certain tracts reserved to aid enterprises for the public benefit. The naturalization laws are very liberal. All that is necessary to become a citizen, possessed of all political and other rights, is a declaration of intention to become such, supplemented by three years' residence and the oath of allegiance. An alien can transact business and hold real estate. The land laws are extremely liberal, and render it easy for any one to secure a home for almost nothing. The provincial government maintains a general immigration office at Victoria, at which strangers should apply for information, and to which letters of inquiry should be addressed. The government has guides and agents, who not only supply needed information, but assist immigrants in selecting locations.

On Vancouver island are to be found splendid locations for hundreds of families, and the opening of the railway reserve will supply hundreds more. It is estimated that there are three hundred and ninety thousand acres of arable land on the island, of which three hundred thousand are well suited for agriculture, the greater portion, however, being heavily timbered. This mammoth island, and the numerous smaller ones along the coast, will, in a few years, be settled upon by thousands. The chief arable tracts are found in the extreme southeastern portion, where a margin of low and tillable land, varying from two to ten miles in width, lies between the mountains and the water. This embraces the Colwood, Metchosin, Sooke and Highland districts. Along the eastern coast lie the Cowichan, Saanich, Che-mainus and Sominoes districts, through which runs the Island railway, from Esquimalt to Nanaimo. Farther north, are the Comox, Alberni and Salmon river regions, where much valuable agri-

cultural land exists. The extreme northern end of the island has an extensive area of comparatively level land, lying in the vicinity of Fort Rupert, an old post of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the west side, but few settlements have been made, though along the multitude of bays and inlets there are many acres of valuable land, besides which, lumber, fish and coal are there in abundance. During the next decade, Vancouver island will settle up rapidly, and the close of that period will see a continuous line of flourishing settlements encircling the island, with extended railway and steam-er transportation routes linking them together.

The soil of the cultivable lands on the island consists, in the main, of drift deposits of clay and sand, over which, for the most part, there lies a brownish-black surface soil, varying from two to four feet in thickness, and containing a large proportion of vegetable matter. In many localities, very rich loams appear. When properly cultivated, the average yield per acre, of cereals, is twenty-five bushels of wheat, fifty of oats, forty of Chevalier barley, and fifty of rough barley. Rye, buckwheat, corn, hops (in certain places), beans, peas, potatoes, melons and garden vegetables produce abundantly. All fruits of the temperate zone thrive and bear prolifically. Cattle, in small bands, do well and support themselves the year round by grazing upon the edible plants and grass of the more thinly wooded districts, and browsing on the tender brush and the nutritious lichens which hang from the tree branches. Little care is required, except to provide shelter, where a dry bed may be found by the animals during the rainy weather.

Lying along the Fraser river, as far up as the town of Hope, are numerous tracts of arable land. The delta lands about the mouth of the river, are not ex-

ceeded in fertility on the Pacific coast. A ready market is found for all products, at good prices. Hay and dairy and poultry products pay the best. The delta, as well as the alder, cedar and pine bottom, land of that region, is all taken up; but much of it is held for sale, and purchasers can procure either wild or improved land at fair prices. A charter has been granted for a railway south of Fraser river, running from Ladner's landing, seventy miles inland. In this region there are two hundred and fifty thousand acres of good land, either open prairie or lightly wooded. Such of this as is unoccupied, belongs to the Canadian government, being railway lands. Many locations are being made there, and all settlers will, no doubt, be justly dealt with by the dominion government.

The greatest abundance of land open to settlers is in the interior, which has been settled slowly because of its isolation from market. This state of affairs has been changed by the completion of the great railway, whose route, happily, is an intermediate one, affording an outlet to the greatest number of districts. It is estimated, by competent persons, that there are one thousand square miles of land east of Fraser river, in the southern portion of the province, which may be easily utilized. In the Nicola, Spallumcheen, Salmon, Okanagan, Kootenay and Columbia regions, there are thousands upon thousands of acres of arable land yet to be claimed. In these valleys may be found some of the largest and most productive farms in the province. Some of this land is so situated as to require irrigation, but the greater portion yields abundant crops without artificial watering of the soil. A railway has been chartered, with a subsidy of 4,000.00 per mile, to run south from the Canadian Pacific, through the Okanagan region, thus opening up the greatest extent of arable land.

There are quite extensive bench lands, where the soil is fertile, but the rainfall too light, and the land too high for successful irrigation. What can be done with such lands by means of artesian wells, has yet to be ascertained. They are, however, covered with the nutritious bunch grass peculiar to this portion of the American continent, and make unexcelled ranges for cattle. The bunch grass cures on the roots, as it stands, and remains as hay until it is renewed in the spring; cattle grazing upon it all winter. They do not require other food, except in occasional seasons, when the snow may, for a short time, be too deep for them, or have a crust upon it. With a little food on hand for such emergencies, the stockman is prepared for the hardest winter. The grass is so nourishing that cattle are fat and in condition for market early in the spring.

There is a large agricultural section, an extensive area of low land, lying west of Fraser river, and chiefly north of the fifty-first parallel, estimated at twelve hundred square miles. The soil is almost uniformly good, but, to a great extent, is covered with trees. It lies off the route of the railways, and is not likely to be opened up for some time. It is a region which there is every reason to believe will be occupied, eventually, by an agricultural population. There are, on Peace river, at an average elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea, twenty-three thousand square miles of good arable land, of which six thousand lie within the limits of British Columbia, in the northeastern portion of the province. Wherever wheat, oats and barley have been tried in that region, they have produced excellent crops. Potatoes grow to great size and perfection. There is no doubt that the whole area will eventually be cultivated. Professor Macoun, botanist of the Canadian Pacific Railway Survey, says of this region: "I

consider nearly all of the Peace river section, including the portion in British Columbia, to be well suited for raising cereals of all kinds, and two-thirds of it fit for wheat. The soil is as good as any part of Manitoba, and the climate, if anything, milder."

Fruits of the temperate zone grow to perfection on Vancouver island, along the Lower Fraser river and in the mountain valleys of the interior. The province is capable of supplying the dominion with the choicest of apples, pears,

plums, peaches, grapes, cherries, etc., and though no effort has been made to raise these for export, the market opened by the railway will, no doubt, stimulate the fruit industry, and cause the planting of many extensive orchards. The settler who possesses a bearing orchard will find that he has a source of income of which his neighbors are deprived. There is much in this brief summary of agricultural resources for the earnest consideration of every industrious man seeking a home in a new country.

A PRUDENT COWARD.

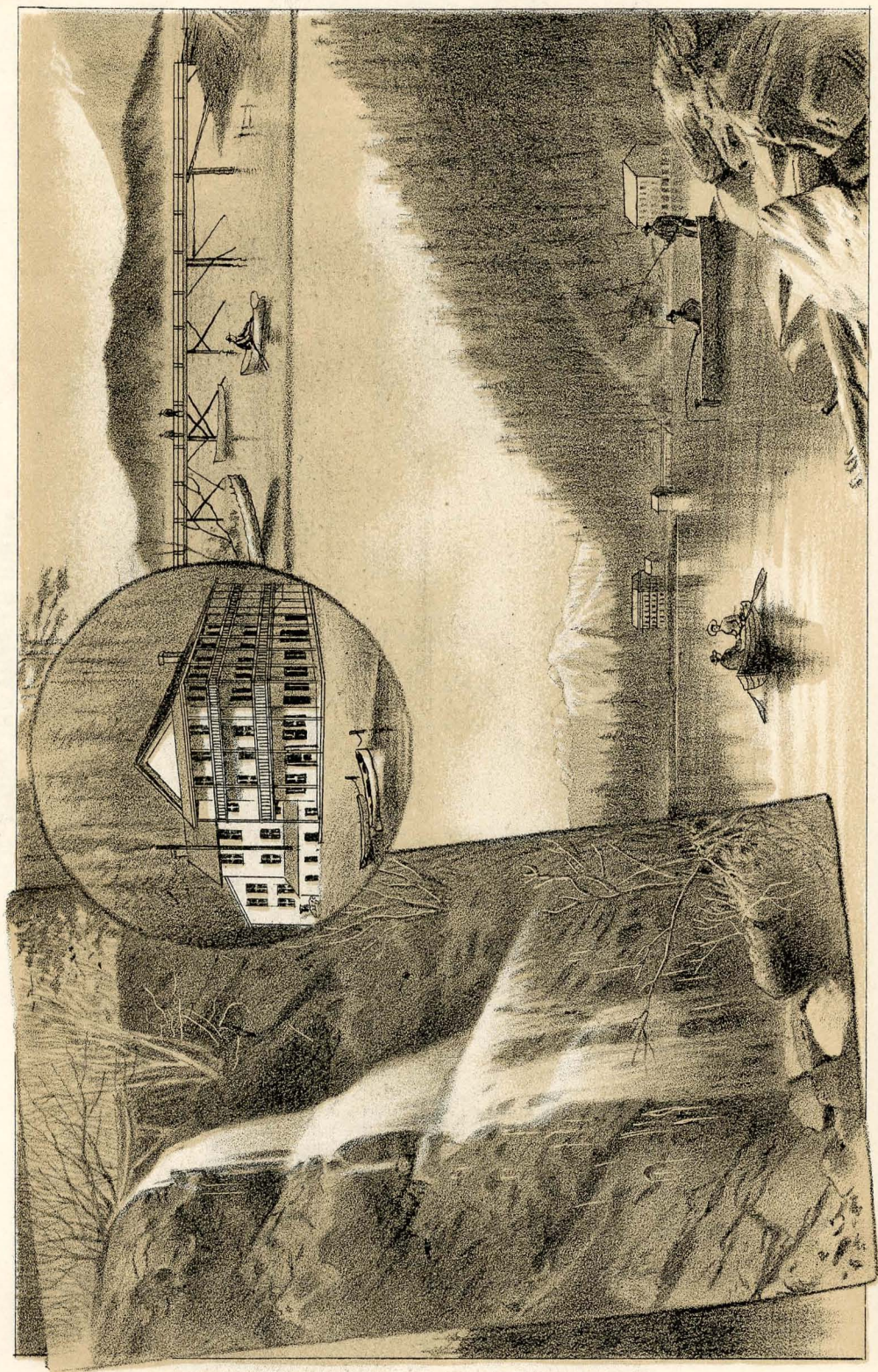
I am too frail a ship for such a sea
 As rolls its billows o'er the liquid waste,
 And stormy highway, where the tempests
 haste,
 And drown the thunders in their revelry;
 Though round the shore the deep brood tran-
 quilly,
 I will not venture forth where storms have
 raced,
 And played with ships as if they were but
 placed
 On sea as spoils of its tempestuous glee.

I rather linger near this tranquil beach
 And have the braggart write upon my breast,
 "A coward never leaves his native strand,"
 Than wander forth where I should, sinking,
 teach
 My fathomed fate where hence a wreck should
 rest,
 Unknown upon the deep's unsunned land.

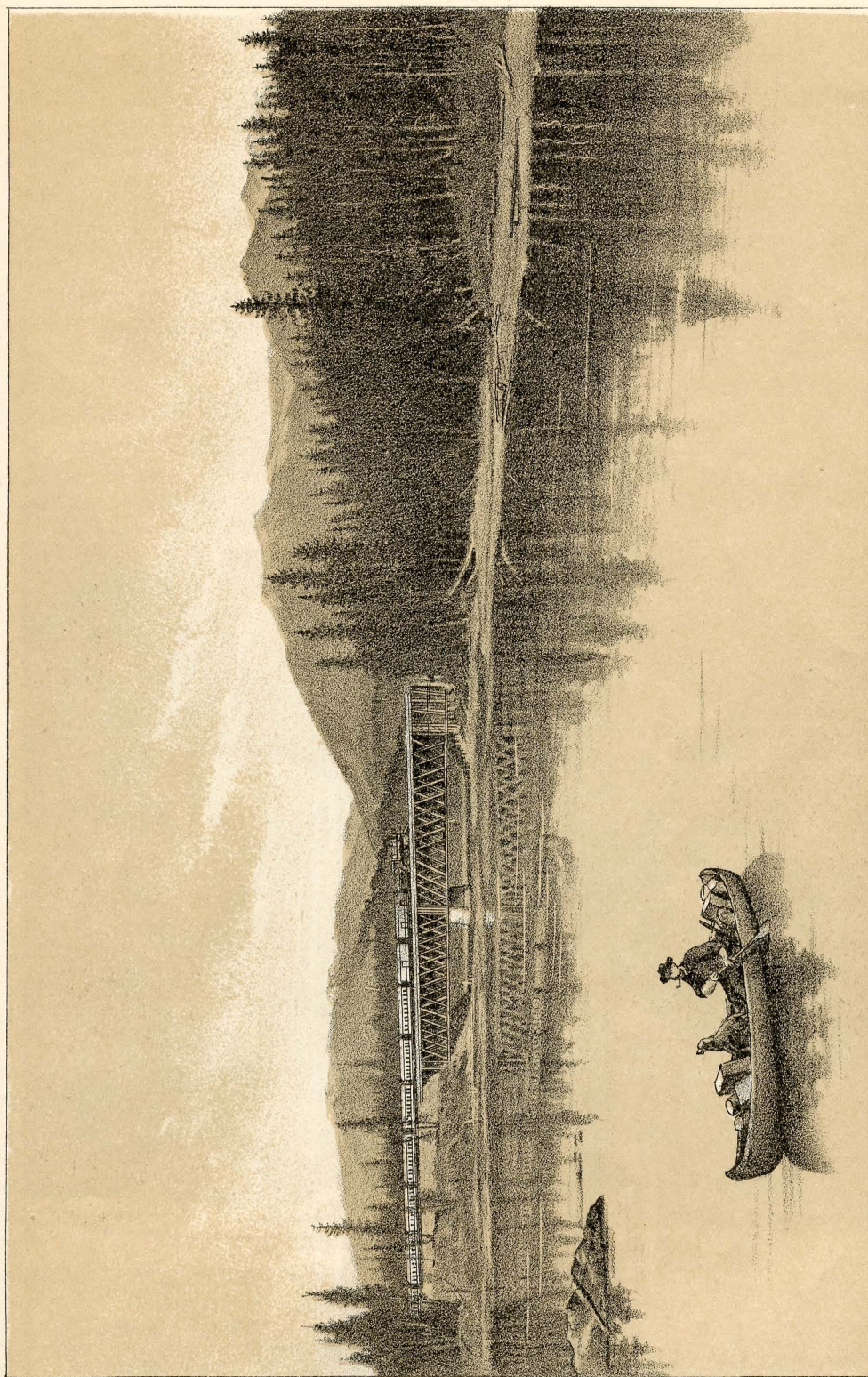
LEE FAIRCHILD.



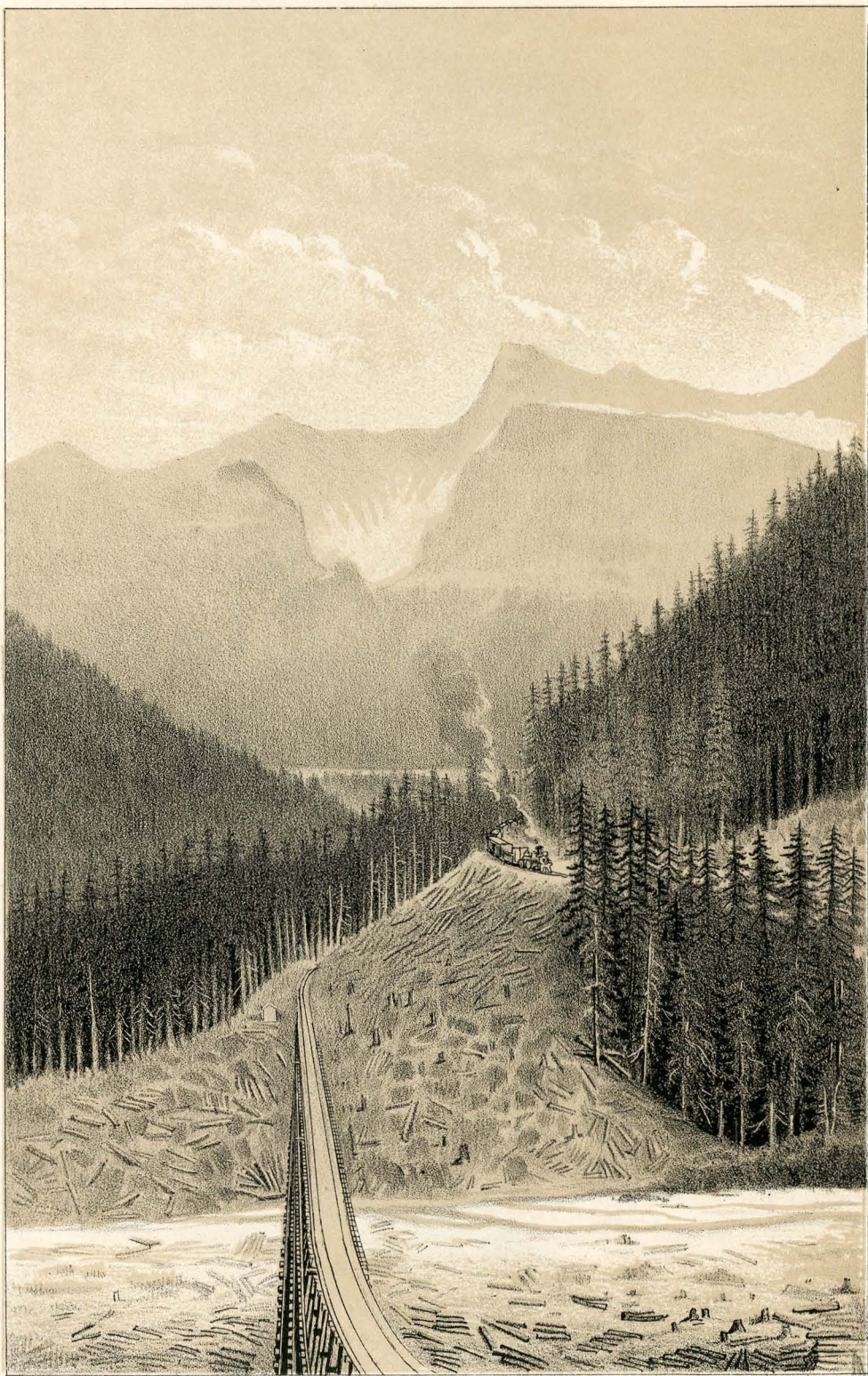
B.C.-ALONG THE FRASER RIVER.



B.C.-HARRISON LAKE HOT SPRINGS.



B.C.-THE C.P. RY. CROSSING THE COLUMBIA RIVER.



B.C.-ASCENDING THE SELKIRKS BY THE DOUBLE LOOP, C.P.R.Y.

AN IDYL OF DEVIL'S GULCH.

PART SECOND.

HEPWORTH'S first feeling was one of intense relief, that he was rid of an ugly customer. Then, as he walked back up the street, he busied himself trying to fathom the purpose of the man, who had tracked him with such evident design. He could reach but one plausible conclusion. The free-booter's object was certainly robbery. He had, doubtless, in some way, found out that he was fresh from the mines and possessed of gold. Yet, why had he pursued him into Madam Brown's drawing room, then mysteriously disappear, and finally leave the city?

When he reached the hotel, he walked into the office and sat down to rest. He dismissed the whole thing from his mind and read the morning papers until time for lunch. He spent the afternoon selecting and dispatching to Madam Brown's, for Keith's rooms, some articles of vertu, which he fancied she would like, and a large Turkish lounging chair. When night came, he was very weary and tired; but for some cause, he was restless and very wakeful. After midnight he dropped to sleep, and had a strange dream. He was walking down the main street of a large town. He took out his watch and looked at the time. It was 12:00 o'clock. He concluded to step into a restaurant for dinner, and sat down by a table overlooking the street. While waiting for the taking of his order, his attention was attracted across the street, in front of an office, a justice of the peace's office (he saw the sign above the door), where a

monkey was chained to a tree, and begged the passers-by for apples or candy, which he devoured with a relish. When any one refused him, he would clamber up into the tree and pour out his vials of wrath in a gibberish harangue. While he was watching the maneuvers of the monkey, a close carriage dashed up and stopped in front of the office. A gentleman alighted, and lifting out a lady, half supported her up the steps. Scarcely five minutes passed, when they came out again. He could not see their faces. The lady was closely veiled, and the portly figure of the justice walked in front of the gentleman. When they had entered the carriage, a face looked out of the window for one brief second, recognized him, and actually lifted its hat to him, with a mocking, malicious smile. Hepworth sprang to his feet. It was the man with the iron-gray hair and side-burns. The carriage vanished from sight. A waiter touched his elbow and ran off the bill of fare in a rapid monotone.

"Yes," said Hepworth, mechanically reseating himself.

The man stared, then with a slight gesture of impatience, again doled out his tune.

"Go to thunder with your bill of fare! Bring me a good dinner; you know what that is as well as I do; I'll take your judgment on it."

The waiter retreated with a luminous smile, and presently returned, loaded with smoking viands, to which Hepworth did ample justice. After paying

his bill, he went across the street, gave the monkey an apple and watched him munch it; then turning suddenly, mounted the steps and entered the office. It was an impulse born of the moment. A vague sort of an idea had come to him, that this was his chance to find some clue to the man who was shadowing him. The justice was at his desk.

"Did you marry the couple that came here in that carriage a while ago?" he abruptly asked.

"I did, sir," looking suspiciously at the intruder.

"Do you know the man?"

"No, sir!" with dignity. "My official capacity does not require that I shall have personal knowledge of parties making application to be married, only that they shall present a certificate, duly certified and signed by the proper authorities. This they have done."

"May I see it? I have private reasons for wishing to know who the man is."

"Presume it is no secret, as the document will have to be recorded," said the justice, handing the paper to him.

As Hepworth took it, a strange, unaccountable feeling of impending ill possessed him. He dropped into a chair and looked at the page before him; rubbed his eyes and looked again. What was the matter? The letters were all blurred together in a confused mass; then, just as they seemed to be growing more distinct, and to be taking the proper outlines, he suddenly awoke to find himself sitting up in bed, with the cold beads of perspiration standing on his brow, while a voice shouted at his door:

"Boat leaves in half an hour!"

The fear of being too late chased every experience of the the night completely out of his mind. Nor would he probably have thought of it again, had he not, without any warning, stumbled upon

certain tangible facts, which his dream foreshadowed, that brought it home to him in its minutest details, with terrible distinctness. In ten minutes, he had dressed himself and swallowed a cup of coffee; and jumped into a hack, drawn by a long, lean span of grays.

"It's a mile to the wharf. If you get me there inside of ten minutes, that is yours," he said to the driver, tossing into his hand two silver dollars.

"Begorra! an' I'll mak' it," quoth Pat, springing to his seat with a crack of his whip.

The grays shot away like an arrow. Houses and trees along the street grew indistinct and seemed to be running after them. People flew to windows and doors. They whirled into the main thoroughfare with the off wheels spinning in the air. Hepworth leaned forward to the opening back of the driver's seat, and shouted:

"Hold, there! Hold, there! No need to drive like this."

"I'll mak' it," roared Pat, with another crack of his whip.

The accelerated motion took off the Irishman's hat and landed it on an awning across the street. He was standing up now, gesticulating wildly and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Howly Mary and the s'int's preserve yer sows, if yees don't clear the track!"

Hepworth was quite convinced, now, that he was at the mercy of a madman. A feeling of utter helplessness crept over him. This wild ride, through a crowded thoroughfare, with flying horses and a mad driver, was full of sickening horror. Some dreadful calamity must inevitably happen. He leaned back and closed his eyes. On they flew, and the surging streams of pedestrians, carriages and market wagons betook themselves to cross streets, or packed themselves in a dense mass along the

sidewalks. The street car line held the center of the street, and there was an up and down car on the track. There was ample space on either side, if the driver could manage to keep his horses straight ahead. They flew past the down car, so close that Hepworth could have touched it with his hand. Evidently, Pat thought that a miss was as good as a mile. The switch curve was just ahead. The horses dashed across the main line to the other side, displaying, as a by-stander remarked to a friend, marked intelligence for a pair of runaways. A fat, middle-aged woman, with a heavy market basket, had just stepped into the street to board the up car. The horses were almost upon her before she saw them. She jumped back, fell, and in her terror, rolled over and over into the gutter. She still clung to her basket, although its contents were scattered in every direction. Once Hepworth ventured to look out. He heard Pat's shout and a child's scream. A little girl of five or six years stood directly in the way. She seemed petrified with terror and unable to move. Hepworth shut his eyes, with a groan, to the awful tragedy, which he was powerless to avert. But some one had already sprung to the rescue; yet the flying horses, with quicker movement, again displaying marked intelligence, had swerved to the right and the carriage wheels barely grazed the child's dress. Would this terrible suspense never cease? This was the thought which was constantly uppermost in his mind. But surely that was the bay to the right; and now and then he could see the black hulls of the ships lying at anchor. All at once, the carriage stopped so suddenly that he was thrown forward upon the next seat. As he recovered himself, Pat was holding open the door.

"Och, shure! an' didn't I mak' it?" he asked, with a broad grin.

The mile had been made in just four minutes. A light dawned upon Hepworth's mind. This mad, headlong speed was only a ruse to clear the street, that he might not forfeit the extra bit of coin he had given him. It was an abominably selfish piece of business, and he felt inclined to give him a good trouncing; but Pat's face glowed with such serene satisfaction and good humor, that he bottled up his indignation, and contented himself with saying, in his severest tone of voice:

"Don't repeat that, my friend, or you will get into trouble."

At that moment, a mounted police officer dashed up, his horse flecked with foam.

"Zounds, Pat! You must control those brutes better than that. Such running in a crowded street is dangerous business."

"Och, your riverence! Isn't it mesilf that's intirely spent thryin' to howld the b'asts? I couldn't do it at all, at all; they would mak' it," with a sly look at Hepworth.

"Put Mexican bits on them, and I'll guarantee you can hold them," said the officer, as he rode away.

When Hepworth reached the boat, there was plenty of time to spare. Indeed, he might have taken it leisurely all the way through, for a large amount of freight had been sent down that morning for shipment; and when the boat finally backed out of her pier, it was fully half an hour after her appointed time of leaving. She had not gone far, however, when it became evident that she was overloaded. The river was low and she was drawing heavily. Before the distance was half completed, the keel ploughed into a sand-bar and stuck fast, the stern slightly swaying with the motion of the water. Hepworth paced the deck in a fever of impatience. He could brook no delay. He was hungry

for a sight of the face that was so dear to him. Yet, his first thought was for Keith. She was so timid; and in that strange public thoroughfare, how could she endure the long waiting?

At last, he threw off his coat and worked with the men till he was dripping with perspiration. About the middle of the afternoon, the pilot succeeded in backing her off, and when she steamed into her mooring at the Sacramento wharf, dusk was already settling down upon river and town. He hurried into the waiting room. It was empty. He stepped to the office and found it locked. He could not have told why a chilling disappointment swept over him. There was no cause for uneasiness, he told himself. The agent, with whom he was quite well acquainted, had taken pity on Keith's loneliness, and carried her home with him for supper. He knew where the agent lived—it was only a brisk walk of a few minutes, and he needed the exercise to quiet his nerves. They would all walk back together, and he and Keith could take the night boat for the city.

He struck off, whistling as he went, and soon turned into Main street. As he hurried along in the waning light, a heathenish jabber caught his ear, and a monkey swung himself down from a limb overhead and held out his paw. The apparition was so unexpected, that Hepworth recoiled a step, then, as a sudden remembrance flashed across his mind, his eyes swiftly sought the open doorway at his left, over which was placed, in large letters, "Steven Burbank, Justice of the Peace."

Across the street, opposite, a restaurant was ablaze with light, and the noisy babble was at its height.

"My dream! My dream!" he cried, with wonder and dismay.

Then, as the rest of it, in rapid detail, bowled across his memory, he, for the

first time, took in the awful significance of it. He had been warned in a dream, that his darling was in deadly peril, and he had been so blind—so blind! And now he felt sure she was in the clutches of that villain, who had so persistently dogged his steps to such a successful issue. He saw it all now, plain as day. While he had built his day dreams in fancied security, the wolf in sheep's clothing had carried off his one ewe lamb.

It had not been a scheme of robbery, at all; but a deep-laid plot of revenge, to strike him in the most vital spot. But who was he—this pitiless enemy, masked under the sacred semblance of gray hairs? He ground his heel in the dust and uttered a terrible oath, as a name leaped to his thought. His face grew ashen, and his eyes had a deadly look in them. He would rather have laid her away in her coffin, than know she was the wife of such as he. He staggered up the steps, and met the portly justice coming out.

"Show me your authority for executing that marriage to-day at noon."

The justice saw that there was "death brewing in the pot," and without a word, stepped back to his desk and handed the license to Hepworth. The latter had dropped into a chair, and was shaking like one with a chill. He ran his eye slowly down the quivering page, then fell, senseless, to the floor. The names inserted in the blanks, were Wilson Edwards and Keith Conway.

Five years rolled by. In all that time, Hepworth had lived with but one thought—to find and rescue poor Keith. There had been foul play used, and the blackest treachery. He was certain of that. He knew the girl well enough to be sure that she would never have married Edwards of her own free-will. His bonanza was valuable to him only as it fur-

nished the means to carry on the search. He would work night and day at his mine for a few weeks, then be off for as many months. He came and went like a flitting shadow. He kept skilled detectives employed, regardless of cost, till, wearied with fruitless endeavor, they declined to serve any longer at any price. They stoutly affirmed that the girl was either dead or had emigrated to foreign parts.

Hepworth had answered: "Gentlemen, my mine, which you all know is a rich one, is consecrated to this work; but if you will not aid me further, then I shall continue the search alone. The girl is *not* dead, and I shall yet find her. My life and my gold are set apart for that purpose."

And now for almost a year, he had been following the search, with only the aid of a faithful Chinese coolie. Though difficulties, seemingly insurmountable, beset him on every side, he was never dismayed. When the chances were ninety-nine in a hundred against him, he never, for one moment, lost his grip on hope—that intuitive mental conviction, which, from the first, had set his heart at rest, so far as the final result was concerned. By the merest chance, he stumbled upon the clue, which had baffled him so long. It was mid-summer. A faint rumor had led him to the dense pine forests of Shasta county, in the north. But he had followed it seemingly to as little purpose as he had done many another. Yet he would leave no stone unturned; and now, at the close of another day of fruitless toil, dusk was settling down upon the mountains: long, black shadows were creeping down the valley. They had halted under the shelter of a huge pine, where the old stage road wound around a bold spur. Eastward, others rose higher, and still higher, like an immense stairway. In the west, beyond a seemingly narrow valley,

rose from its pedestal of dark green, the lofty white dome of Shasta—lovely as a dream. At its very foot, a slender coil of blue smoke curled against the darkening back-ground of pale pink sky. Later, a light gleamed from the dark green foliage, like a lone star. When they had picketed their mules and rolled themselves in their blankets for the night, Hepworth was wakeful, and lay watching the moon rise over the tops of the pines. Suddenly, a figure emerged from the western edge of the pines, looked cautiously about, then crept out, stealthily, toward the mules. In passing the, presumably, sleeping men, it stooped and looked into Hepworth's wide-open eyes, which had been watching it from the first.

"Stir, and I'll shoot you!" he cried, springing to his feet and seizing the figure by the collar. It proved to be a "heathen Chinee."

"What are you prowling around here for? Out with it, I say!"

"Melican man heap damnee foolee—whip me like hellee—me no likee," with the tone and look of murderous hate. "Me ridee mulee way off hellee camp—bringe Melican man, Ben."

A strange, eager light leaped to Hepworth's face—a tremulous eagerness shook his voice. "Tell this countryman of yours the whole truth; without any lies, mind you, or I'll send a bullet through your heart." The Mongolian peered into the muzzle, with a reckless indifference, then said—

"Me no damnee care—damnee foolee Melican man cut off cue," showing his badge of disgrace. "No more go China—me no damnee care."

Hepworth tightened his grip, lifted him off his feet and shook him as a cat shakes a mouse. "Now will you tell the truth, you moon-eyed devil?" he thundered.

The Chinaman's yellow face grew a

trifle paler, and he burst forth in rapid, sing-song gutturals, which the coolie as rapidly interpreted to his master; and this is the story, in brief—

Wong Kee, by name, had been for six years the servant of Wilson Edwards. The last five years, in Edwards' frequent, and sometimes prolonged, absences, he had been entrusted with the entire care of Keith, with the understanding, that, if he let her escape, he should pay the penalty with his own life. Three times, in the desperation of her misery, Keith had tried to escape, and each time had been brought back by Wong Kee and reported to his master. For these attempts, she was shamefully abused and maltreated. Finally, the calmness of despair settled upon her, as she realized how fully she was at the mercy of the two demons. His latest device of human cruelty had occurred several weeks before. Looking about for amusement one day, the notion seized him to teach their little three-year-old daughter to curse, and call her mother all the vile names he could think of. Keith implored him to desist, saying she could not hear it and live. The child, loving her mother passionately, and seeing her pain, shut her rosy lips tightly together and turned her great, dark eyes upon her father's face with a brave refusal. This so enraged him that he snatched her up and strode to the door, swearing he would either tame or kill her. Keith sprang after him, caught his arm and clung there—

"Wilson! You will not harm her? Do anything with me, but don't hurt the child!"

He tried to shake her off, but she clung the tighter. He flung her on a chair and tied her fast with a cord, which he drew from his pocket, then left the house. In a few moments, a pitiful cry was borne to the mother's ears, followed by an ominous silence. Then she

saw Edwards striding toward the forest with a gun slung across his shoulder. With the strength born of a frantic fear, she writhed and struggled till the cords cut into her flesh. A long, sharp knife lay on the table near by. She edged her chair toward it till she could reach it with her teeth. She drew it slowly and carefully across the cords that bound her body—back and forth, in see-saw fashion—for she could not give force enough to cut them. The steady friction soon wore them half through. With a desperate effort of strength, they parted—she was free. Holding the knife in her right hand, she bounded toward an out-shed, whence the cry had come. Wong Kee was on guard. She fought him with the frenzy of madness. There was that in her face which told him it would be death to stay in her path, and he wisely retreated. She rushed into the shed. The child stood clutching two pieces of lathing which were nailed to a post. Between these, her tongue had been pulled and a sharp nail driven through. She looked into her mother's face with a dumb entreaty for help. Keith had fully expected to find her dead. To see her alive was a moment's relief to her agony. Then, as she took in the fiendish device, a woeful cry escaped her—

"My baby! Oh, my baby!"

However, the great mother-love steadied heart and brain for instant action. She knelt and lifted the child to her knee; and with infinite tenderness, she gently worked the nail till she could draw it out. Then she carried the little sufferer to the house and wrapped the bruised, swollen tongue in a soft, cold bandage. She rocked and crooned to it with a face white and still and set with a desperate purpose. She would rescue this child from its fiendish father, even if murder lay between her and its fulfillment. After a time, it fell into a

sound, natural sleep. When Edwards returned and learned what had occurred, a legion of devils seemed to possess him. He flogged the Chinaman unmercifully and cut off his cue. Then he ordered Keith to strip almost to a state of nudity, kneel down and beg for her life, calling her the vilest names his vile lips could frame. For herself, death would have been preferable to such an existence as this, but she must live to rescue her child. She obeyed him, repeating what he ordered her to say, and bided her time. Then Wong Kee was ordered to bring a bucket of cold, mountain water, which Edwards proceeded to pour on Keith in a steady stream till she fell in convulsions.

I am well aware that many who read this story, will doubt that such an inhuman monster as Wilson Edwards ever existed in this civilized and christian country. For their benefit, the writer states, here, that there are living witnesses to-day, who will attest that he not only existed, but is living to-day, in the neighborhood of a large town in central Ohio; that the act of fiendish cruelty toward his child, recorded above, was a veritable fact; and that toward his wife was only one of the many acts of inhuman brutality of which she was the innocent victim. I will state, further, that through some of these same witnesses, he was brought to trial for his cruelty toward his child, and at this trial, his fiendish brutality to his wife, some of which was too horrible for any printed page, was disclosed to an indignant public. But through the corruption of court and jury, a compromise was effected, and he was allowed to go free, though the verdict of the people was, that lynching was too good for such a wretch. Retribution, however, in a measure, followed him. He married, for his second wife, a high-stepping creature, who took the reins in her own hands and scarcely per-

mitted him to have a soul of his own. In short, the spider was caught in his own web.

The question may also be raised, why he married Keith, when his only object was revenge. That is best known to himself. It is surmised, that, having guessed Hepworth's secret love, and also knowing that he would leave no means untried to find her, Edwards had married her, hoping the law would protect him in keeping possession of her as his wife. I have thought this digression necessary. We will now go back to Wong Kee's narrative.

From the day of the outrage, Keith had been ailing, and was now failing fast. And from that day, too, Edwards seemed to be in constant fear, both of his wife and the Chinaman. He had tasted the sweets of revenge, and if he read the signs rightly, his forest home was not the safest place for him just then. Besides, supplies were getting low, and he made that a pretext for going to the settlements the morning of the day they encountered Wong Kee. The latter instantly proposed to Keith to aid her in making her escape. She at first doubted his sincerity, but he finally convinced her that he was in earnest, and together, they formed a plan, which the Chinaman straightway proceeded to put into execution, by starting, that night, for Devil's gulch, "hellee camp," as he styled it, to find "Melican man Ben."

During the entire narration, Hepworth had stood like a rugged statue in bronze, every muscle rigid and set. Only his eyes glowed like living furnaces, and told of volcanic fires within. Now his words whizzed through the air like bullets—

"By the mother of G—, you moon-eyed devil! We'll square accounts shortly, and you'll 'pass in your checks.' Now climb on behind my coolie and ride like h—l, I say."

They dashed down the mountain trail at a break-neck speed, and fast as they would go, Hepworth still shouted "faster!" When they had crossed the valley and were climbing the ascent on the other side, the dome of Shasta rose to its stupendous height just in front of them, and at its base glimmered the lone star. With a wild, guttural yell, that awoke slumbering echoes, the celestial renegade now leaped from the mule's back and disappeared in the depths of the forest, followed by a volley of oaths and the contents of Hepworth's six-shooter. Whether he was hit or not will never be revealed till the judgment day, for he never saw the face again. He understood enough of mining parlance to grasp the meaning of Hepworth's threat, and made a dash for his life.

Leaving the coolie in charge of the mules, Hepworth walked swiftly to the door of the rude cabin, and rapping gently, said—

"Keith; don't be frightened; it's Ben."

She flew to the door and let him in—his Keith, left alone in the wilderness of solitude—then crept to the safe shelter of his faithful breast and lay there like a tired child, pent with long play. All a father's protecting love, a mother's infinite tenderness, a lover's mighty passion were concentrated in the gaze that rested on the thin, colorless face and sunken eyes, that read, with unerring intuition, the terrible abuses, the long heart-break. At length, very gently, he laid his hand, in the old way, on her head, and his voice vibrated with passionate pain, as he said—

"My pure, mountain rose! For five years at the mercy of fiends, and I've searched for you night and day."

She looked up at him now with a quick, deprecating glance: "You know?"

"All!" he said, and forestalled further questions by telling, in a few words,

of his meeting with Wong Kee, his forcing the truth from him, and his final escape.

"And you didn't believe I deserted you of my own free will?" By the tone of her voice, he knew how she feared answer and entreated his forbearance. He looked at her with eyes full of reproach—

"Never, Keith! I knew there was vile treachery somewhere."

She glanced up at him, gravely sweet, gravely glad, in the old way he remembered so well. "Dear old Ben!" she said, with tremulous lips, then broke down and sobbed out her heart-break.

"He made me believe that he was a friend, whom you had sent to take charge of me, as you were detained by business; that his mother lived in the town, and that he would take me there, and the next morning we would go down to the city. He ordered a close carriage, and after we had entered it, he gave me something which partly took away both consciousness and will power. I have a dim remembrance of going into an office, of hearing the marriage service read and my own name connected with it, but I had no power to resist. Then I knew nothing more till I awoke in this place."

Hepworth shuddered as this second verification of his dream came home to him. She looked at him wonderingly. "The night air is chilly at this altitude," he said, evasively. Then, with vehement passion, cried: "By the holy Mary! That villain shall die like a dog, by this right hand."

Keith started up with a cry and caught his hand: "Ben! Dear Ben! Promise me that you will shed no blood for my sake. It is a last request—a dying request," she said, solemnly, pressing her hand to her heart. "I feel that I have not long to live. I wanted to see the old home again, to tell you the truth

and give you my child; then lie down to rest—a long rest, for I'm so tired."

The chill of a great fear fell on him as he remembered those two mounds, lying side by side, in the "Horseshoe." He gathered and held her close to his heart, that for five years had kept constant vigils for her—that for five years had had no other thought but of this hour.

"You will promise?" she whispered.

In all her life, he had never denied her anything within his power to give. He could not now refuse to grant this, her last request. Yet he could not trust himself to speak. For answer, he stooped and laid his first kiss upon her brow.

"Dear Ben!" she said, softly stroking his cheek. Then, suddenly remembering her babe, she would have led him to see it.

"Not now," he whispered, hoarsely, while his breath came and went in quick pants. Even the child should not come between them yet.

They were again climbing the Sierras, in the same old, lumbering coach that had brought Keith down from the happy mountain home five years before. She had borne the journey bravely, but was looking wan and feeble.

"Lie down, child; you look weary."

"Yes, I'm tired—so tired. I want to be rested when I get home," smiling faintly.

He folded a shawl under her head and spread his greatcoat over her, for even in mid-afternoon, the air was chilly in the mountains. Then he sat down opposite her, with the child in his arms—her child; and he gnashed his teeth above the rosy face on his breast, as he thought of the unnatural father.

The afternoon wore on. They had been winding up the gulch, and would soon be at home. How soundly they both slept, through the rattling and lurching of the old coach! The last rays of the sun were gilding the Sierras with a radiance seen nowhere else. He wanted Keith to see it; he remembered how she used to love these mountain sunsets. She was lying with her cheek on her hand, in the old, childish way he could never forget.

"Keith!" he called, softly. She did not answer. He leaned across and tenderly touched her hand, then threw back her veil—

"Keith! Keith!" he cried.

The child awoke in sudden alarm and clung to him, but the mother did not stir—the tired mother, who wanted to be rested when she got home. She would never be tired any more.

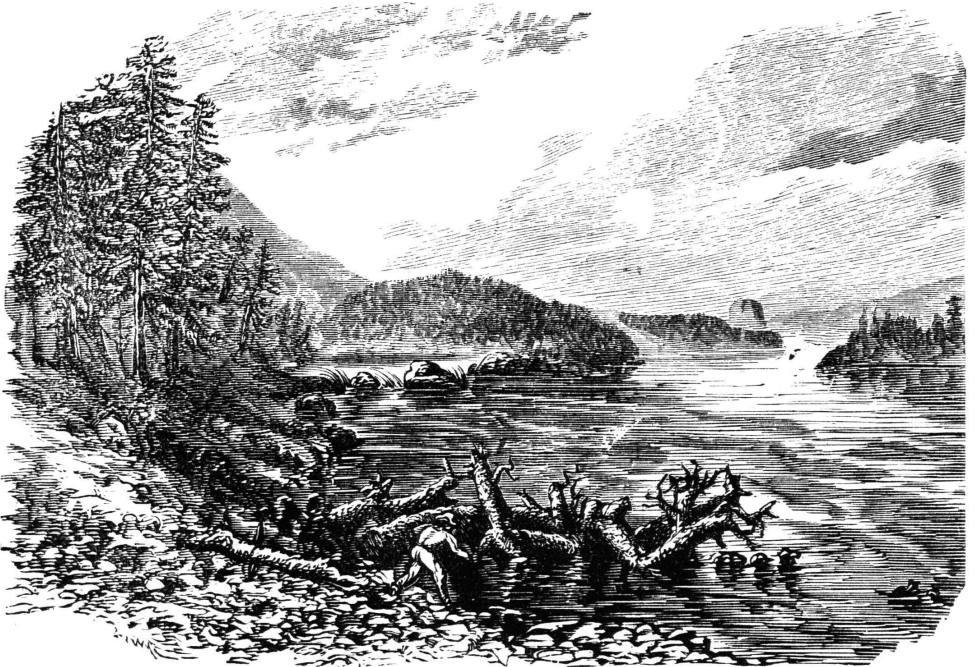
* * * * *

To-day, in San Francisco, there is no name that is a synonym for greater wealth, or that heads a larger list of public and private benefactions, than that of Ben Hepworth, the quondam miner of Devil's gulch. He is a great railroad magnate and lives in a palace on Nob hill. Once every year, he makes a pilgrimage to the "Horseshoe" and lays a wreath of blue forget-me-nots on one of the three graves under the shadow of the pines. The white shaft bears the one word, "Keith."

In one of the best private boarding schools in the city, is another Keith Conway, with the glorious eyes and gentle nature of the mother, who is known as Ben Hepworth's adopted daughter, and who will one day preside over his home.

MEM LINTON.

THE ISLE OF THE DEAD.



“ AND ISLES ARE SEEN AMID THE RIVER WIDE.”

Where proud Columbia's lordly, sullen tide
Seethes and toils, between its rock-ribbed
shores,

And isles are seen amid the river wide,
That hold the graves of warriors gone before,
There, near those lonely islands of the dead,
Upon the black, basaltic, wind-swept shore,
For unknown years, his name and deeds unread,
The Wisham lived and learned wat-tee-tash*
lore.

No ancient bard had writ, nor muse had sung
His legends weird, nor his traditions traced,
But when his boat was pulled ashore, his bow
unstrung,
And round the fire, his children crouched in
place,
Then he, with meaning gesture, would relate
The wond'rous stories that his fathers told,

About a far off island, strange and great,
Which all the dead of earth immortal holds.

And there they dance and sing and feast all
night,

In splendors that no mortal soul can know,
And then, with dawn of morning's glimmering
light,

To torpid death and nothingness they go;
All silent and insensate, thus they sleep,
In graves, with dank and mouldering bones,
And when night's shadows o'er the island creep,
They spring to life again, those sleeping ones.

He told them how that spirits roam the earth,
And round the Indian graveyard lingering
stay,

Or children, demon-like, they watch from birth,
Intent to snatch their little souls away,
And swiftly bear them to the other shore,
And leave the friends to mourn away their
souls,

* Pertaining to the ancient world, or ancient times.

For they come back on earth to stay no more,
But live among the silent ghosts and ghouls.

There, listening to the myths he told so well,
While moan of winds and splash of waves that
rolled,

And dismal howl of gaunt cayotes fell
Upon the solemn air, in cadence bold,
The tim'rous little Indian lass and lad
Crept closer to their dusky father's side,
From dread Ta-ma-na-wash, the spirit bad,
The spell of superstition bade them hide.

—

Long ago, not far from here, the Indians say,
A maid of rare and magic beauty dwelt;
Her face, though tawny, yet was fair, and gay
Her laugh, her step was light, her heart had
felt

The gentle thrill of love's seductive power;
A young and gentle chieftain sought her hand,
His heart, his very soul, he held in dower
For her, the rarest flower of all the land.

For him, the beaded moccasin she made,
Of colors bright and threads her hands had
wrought,

With gayest Indian costume him arrayed,
With gaudy trinkets that her labor bought;
She helped him mend his salmon spear,
For her he deftly drove the light canoe
Through rapids strong and laughing waters
clear—

No toil too great for loving hands to do.

Before the coming autumn's leaves turn red,
While in the mountains, berries still abound,
The happy Indian lovers were to wed,
With banquet, dance, and music's festive
sound;

How witching seem the bright, enchanted days,
As loitering o'er green Wascoe's plain they
roam,

On breezy hills of Klikitat they stray,
Or, love-dazed, watch Celilo's dashing foam.

And thus, in love's sweet, mystic mazes lost,
The bright and sunny weeks went flitting by;
No thought had they of scowling winter's frost,
Or that their witching day dreams e'er should
fly;

As by a black, untimely frost is killed
The promised fruit, so sable death was soon,
Before the measure of their cup was filled,
To blight his day of life, e'er yet 'twas noon.

By accident, with poison arrow keen,
He pierced himself, and sent the shaft amiss;
'Twas Indian summer, when no breeze was seen
The glassy water's mirrored sheen to kiss,

The languid leaves hung still upon the boughs,
And pensive birds sat drooping in the bowers;
The river's purling murmur, only, roused
The drowsy stillness of the lazy hours.

The smoky air the mountains tinged with blue,
And while the feeble sun, with struggling ray,
The landscape lit with lurid, sombre hue,
There in his lodge, the dying chieftain lay.
In vain, they tried their witching rites and
charms,

To break Ta-ma-na-wash's evil power—
No art could save him to his loved one's arms,
Or from the dark, impending, fatal hour.

There, tearful, sat the girl beside his bed,
And sadly watched life's feeble, ebbing tide—
His spirit soon would be among the dead.
And she would mourn, who would have been
his bride.

The sun went down, and weary midnight came;
A dusky group their mournful vigils kept—
The young man feebly spoke the maiden's
name.

She raised his head, and soothed his brow,
and wept.

"Though dying now," he feebly said,
"With all the burning passion of my soul
I love you, and will love when I am dead—
The grave can never be my spirit's goal.
If ever, from the land where spirits dwell,
A messenger to those of earth may come,
Then I will send to you, and he shall tell,
How still I love in that Elysian home."

His breath grows short, and low his husky
voice,

His palsied lips a parting word essay,
With death's cold drops his algid face is moist,
A gurgling gasp, then dead the lover lay;
Now sad the death wails mournful start,
The piteous cadence grieves the sighing air,
No plaint could touch the dull, cold heart
Of him who silent lay, unconscious there.

In wild and frantic grief the maiden cried,
"Come back! Come back to me! I do im-
plore!"

The wail was wafted o'er the river wide,
Then came the echo back, "No more! No
more!"

The weirdly dance and mournful death song
end,

His corpse they slowly carry to the grave,
His obsequies with mystic rites they tend,
And there they leave the gentle chieftain
brave.

And now the scenes where oft in bliss they
roamed,

'Mid dewy flowers, and sparkling streamlets
 cool,
 Are lonely as some gloomy catacomb,
 The dismal haunts of bats and horrid ghouls ;
 As sweet as tones of soft Æolian harp,
 The river's murmurings oft had seemed to
 them,
 But now, its plashings, to her wounded heart,
 Became a sad and mournful requiem.
 Enchanted oft in evening's gloomy gray,
 They'd breathed the incense born of dewy
 bloom,

And thus her bruised and bleeding heart was
 kept
 In anguish, such as breaking hearts do feel ;
 When all her throbbing nerves exhausted were,
 She lay, at last, in slumber's quiet spell—
 An angel came, and softly talked to her
 About the mystic land, where spirits dwell.

—

He told her of the Indians' future home,
 Beyond the silent river, deep and wide,
 And that her lover sent for her to come
 And be forever, there, his spirit bride ;



“ THE MOUNTAINS REARING TO THE VAULTED SKIES.”

But now, with dark'ning shade of closing day,
 She seemed to hear sad wailings from the
 tomb ;
 In midnight's fitful, dreamy slumbers bound,
 Her troubled thoughts were running, running
 fast,
 And weaving light and mystic webs around
 The bright and happy days forever past.

She often dreamed, then woke and wept,
 To find her sleeping fancies all unreal,

The tidings strange, she trembling heard him
 tell—
 How could she, but with creeping horrors,
 hear
 Of leaving friends, and all she loved so well,
 To make her home among the dead so drear ?
 With soothing tones, he calmed her troubled
 soul,
 And said, that even all the bliss of heav'n
 Her lover's longings fond could not console,

But still his plaintive grief for her was given;
The seeming myth she pondered in dismay,
Believed in part, but doubted still his word.
Her answer was, "The dead alone do stay
In that lone place of which my ears have
heard;"

"And who of earth could cross the gulf so wide,
Which parts the living from the silent ghosts?
Where is the light, the wandering to guide
Across the inky waves of those dark waters
lost?"

This world I see; I know I live and feel;
The mountains rearing to the vaulted skies,
The plains, the lakes, the rocks I know are real,
But deathland—who can know before he
dies?"

The spirit vanished, then she, troubled, woke,
And of the vision and the message thought;
When morning came, she to her mother spoke
About the dream which so her soul distraught;
Through all the camp is noised the strange
event,
The maiden's story, mute the listeners hear,
And wonder if the omen be of good portent,
Or if misfortunes, dire, will soon appear.

The spirits thrice to her the message brought,
The lover, still, her coming did implore;
Less timorous grew her heart, the more she
thought,

And she resolved to see the spirit shore;
Her friends, to aid the girl, their efforts lent,
For they, with dark and troubled bodings,
dread

To spurn the message that the lover sent,
And disobey the warnings of the dead.

The lonely voyage they prepare to make,
Across the unexplored and silent sea,
A few loved friends the girl, in sorrow, take,
To bear her to the land where spirits be;
Their boat, in silence, skims the inky tide,
No hov'ring sea bird circles o'er their way,
No fish in all the charnel waters glide,
Nor pearl its caverns light with gleaming ray.

A strange and horrid sense pervades the air,
A weird and ghastly gloaming fills the sky;
While on, and on, for deathland, still they bear,
No landmark greets the lonely wand'rer's eye;
The wings of night and death o'erspread the
deep,

Beneath their hov'ring pinions, darkness falls,
Black, still, and spirit-like, the waters sleep,
And all is mournful as a funeral.

With horrid dread, they fear that they are lost
To aimless, hopeless drift upon the sea,

As like some ever fleeing, outcast ghost,
Who, mist-like, wanders through eternity;
Then came a light, as from a distant shore,
And softly did its bright, resplendent ray
Lay silver paths, the gloomy waters o'er,
To light the soul-sick boatmen on their way.

Sounds of music's soft pulsations sweet
Came floating over, lightly, on the sea;
They heard the drums of Indian heaven beat
To dancing feet, a spirit reveille;
The changing waters now are crystal clear,
Ten thousand gems its sparkling bed display,
More soft and balmy grown, the atmosphere
Comes, sweet as heaven's incense, o'er the
way.

They met—such bliss before was never known—
The beat of heart with heart, there by the sea,
Was like the blend of rich and sensuous tones,
In one voluptuous, swelling symphony;
The lovers haste to meet the joyous throng,
Where none are old, deformed, or sick or sad,
But all are beautiful and gay and strong,
Where sorrow never comes, but all are glad.

Enrapt, she sees the splendors of the place,
A thousand dazzling lights with radiance
gleam,

And gild, with joy, each beauteous face,
While every sparkling eye with pleasure
beams;

Each beautiful and fairy form is clad
In splendors bright, of which she never
dreamed,

Such gorgeous dress, no princess ever had,
However bright her gems and jewels gleamed.

In lustre bright, is blent carnation's flame,
And emerald green, or deep ethereal blue,
And gorgeous tints that only spirits name,
With pearls which in the sea of heaven grew;
About their necks and waists are chains of gold,
While bracelets bright and jeweled rings or-
nate

Their soft and fairy arms and hands enfold,
And round their throats bright wreaths of
pearls are laid.

There, softly, met the happy lovers' eyes,
Sweet love they looked into each other's souls,
In mazy bliss, she heaves her breast and sighs,
As gently round her form his arms he folds;
All night they dance and sing, or talk and
laugh,

And feast on viands rich, of luscious taste,
Or sweet, ambrosial perfumes joyous quaff,
While swelling tones of music fill the place.

When gleams the dewy dawn of breaking day,

And as the birds of heaven begin to sing,
 Then, one by one, to sleep they go away,
 As fainter on the air the music rings;
 The lovers lightly to their couch repair,
 And, locked in love's embrace, the mystic
 spell
 Of spirit sleep creeps sweetly o'er them there,
 As soft as murmurings of an ocean shell.

They slept; to him it was a dreamless sleep,
 But hers was not as other spirits slept—
 Of earth she was, her slumber was not deep—
 She woke ere high the shining sun had crept.
 O, horrors dread! In what strange place is she!
 She fell asleep midst splendors bright,
 But wakes where nought but fearful terrors be,
 With loathsome smells and ghastly, horrid
 sights.

Around, she sees but skulls and rotting bones,
 And shriveled corpses lying everywhere,
 While, to her fancy, come the dying groans
 Of those poor souls who lie in silence there;
 Her handsome lover by her side there lies,
 A skeleton, who, to her, turns his face,
 With horrid, grinning teeth, and hollow eyes;
 His bony arms are clasped about her waist.

In terrors wild, she leaped and screamed,
 And fled as if by horrid ghosis pursued,
 Till open air and light upon her streamed,
 And scarcely turned the wretched place to
 view;
 She swiftly hurried to the river shore,
 And then, alone, she started o'er the tide,
 And safely found her friends of earth once more,
 That she had left, to be a spirit bride.

—

She told what she had seen among the dead,
 And blamed her friends for selling her away,
 A horrid, mouldering skeleton to wed,
 With bones and dust and crawling worms to
 stay;
 They told her that the spirits sleep all day,
 Among the dead, and then come forth at
 night,
 To life renewed, and pleasures bright and gay,
 No horrid dreams their slumbers ever fright.

"If you," said they, "till evening's shades had
 slept,
 And only waked to music's swelling tones,
 Your holy marriage vow you would have kept,
 And never seen your lover's mouldering
 bones."

That night, three spirits came and made de-
 mand
 That they send back the mourning husband's
 bride,

The girl should come with haste, was their com-
 mand,
 And with her spouse among the dead abide.

They went; the spirits met them on the shore,
 And in the lover's arms they gave the girl,
 And back they sent the friends, the waters o'er,
 And kept the maid to live in spirit world.
 Again the lovers danced and sang all night,
 With joy and feasting, till the morning call,
 And then they slept through all the sunny light,
 The bride wakes not till dark'ning shadows
 fall.

And ever after that, she dreamless slept,
 To wake and find herself in heav'n—
 Forgot the tears of woe she oft had wept,
 And all the anguish that her soul had riv'n;
 He now no longer mourned an absent bride,
 And heaven no more could lonely seem to be;
 'Twas bliss to him when she was by his side,
 With her and heaven, he was supremely
 blest.

—

Their time, unreckoned, sped in bliss away,
 Softer than the filmy splendors of a dream,
 A year or more flits by, and then one day,
 A new-born child in spirit land is seen;
 No snowy marble from the Ægean sea
 Was ever cut in cherub form so fair,
 No Houris' orbs, of Orient dreams, could be
 Seraphic as the babe's that nestled there.

Ah, who can tell the depth of mother's love,
 As fond she gazed upon her treasure fair?
 No lily that in garland e'er was wove,
 Nor asphodel, with it could half compare;
 A thousand Kohinoors with sparkling glow,
 With all the brightest pearls beneath the sea,
 And yellow, gleaming gold of Idaho,
 Compared to it, would dross and nothing be.

How sweetly tender was the gentle swell
 Of first deep father's love and yearning pride,
 When helpless innocence he first beheld,
 There, softly sleeping, by its mother's side;
 And as he fondly watched the infant's smile,
 There came a mem'ry of his mother's face,
 He longed that she might see the baby's wiles,
 Its little, cherub form, and angel grace.

"Go, swiftly, spirit messenger," said he,
 "Go, speed thee, to the land where mortals
 stay,
 A message carry o'er the lethean sea,
 And bid our friends to come without delay;
 Go tell my mother she may take our child,
 And, with its mother, bear it to her home,
 Then all the spirits of the dead, erewhile,
 Again, to live with men on earth, shall come."

As swift as morning wind, the spirit flew,
 And to their friends of earth the tidings bore.
 They started ere the fade of morning's dew,
 To see the cherub on the spirit shore ;
 And as the evening shadows softly fell
 Upon the island of the sleeping sea,
 The lonely travellers felt a mystic spell,
 And knew they neared the land they longed
 to see.

Full happy were their greetings when they met,
 And many were their tears of welling joy—
 Ah, never could their hearts the scene forget—
 And yet, their bliss was not without alloy ;
 For when the granddame asked to see the child,
 That sleeping lay, upon its cushioned bed,

The granddame hourly longed to see the child,
 Forbid to look, her longings grew the more,
 Her curious mind could not be reconciled,
 Unless she see the babe, and it adore.
 As one bewitched, she, longing, lingers near,
 And oft is tempted with her eyes to sin—
 “ What harm to lift a little corner here,
 And just a moment, only, peer within ? ”
 Her curiosity prevails, at last,
 She lifts the veil, and sees the baby fair,
 Then drops the cloth, and trembling, hurries
 past,
 But soon, her soul is frozen with despair.
 That stolen look, with sorrow heaven filled,
 For soon the sleeping lily gasped and died ;



“ AND KNEW THEY NEARED THE LAND THEY LONGED TO SEE.”

“ Thou must not look upon it yet a while,”
 Its father, to the wond’ring granddame, said.

“ A babe so wonderful and pure as this,
 Was never seen in earth or heav’n before ;
 No incense-laden breeze will ever kiss
 An infant born of flesh and spirit pure ;
 The angels all, with you, would celebrate
 The day when it is seen by mortal eyes ;
 Their preparations ye must patient wait,
 And this event great joy shall sequelize.

“ For ten full days, ye friends of earth must
 wait,
 And none must lift the veil, the babe to see,
 And heaven’s will, no one should violate,
 For who can tell what might the sequence
 be ? ”

Though sad, ’twas thus that fate had willed,
 To punish those who dared her laws deride ;
 The babe in dath’s dumb, icy slumbers slept,
 Serene and beautiful its placid smile,
 While, o’er its form, the angels wept,
 That heav’n should lose a life so free from guile.

Thus died the only babe of heavenly birth ;
 The spirits, in their anger, made ordain
 That for the woman’s sin, the dead of earth
 Should ne’er come back to live with men
 again ;

The lovers’ friends returned in grief and shame,
 Nor tidings from the lovers ever heard ;
 The Indians’ dead, from deathland never came,
 For heaven’s unchanging laws have never
 erred.

G. B. KUYKENDALL.

A SUPERSTITION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

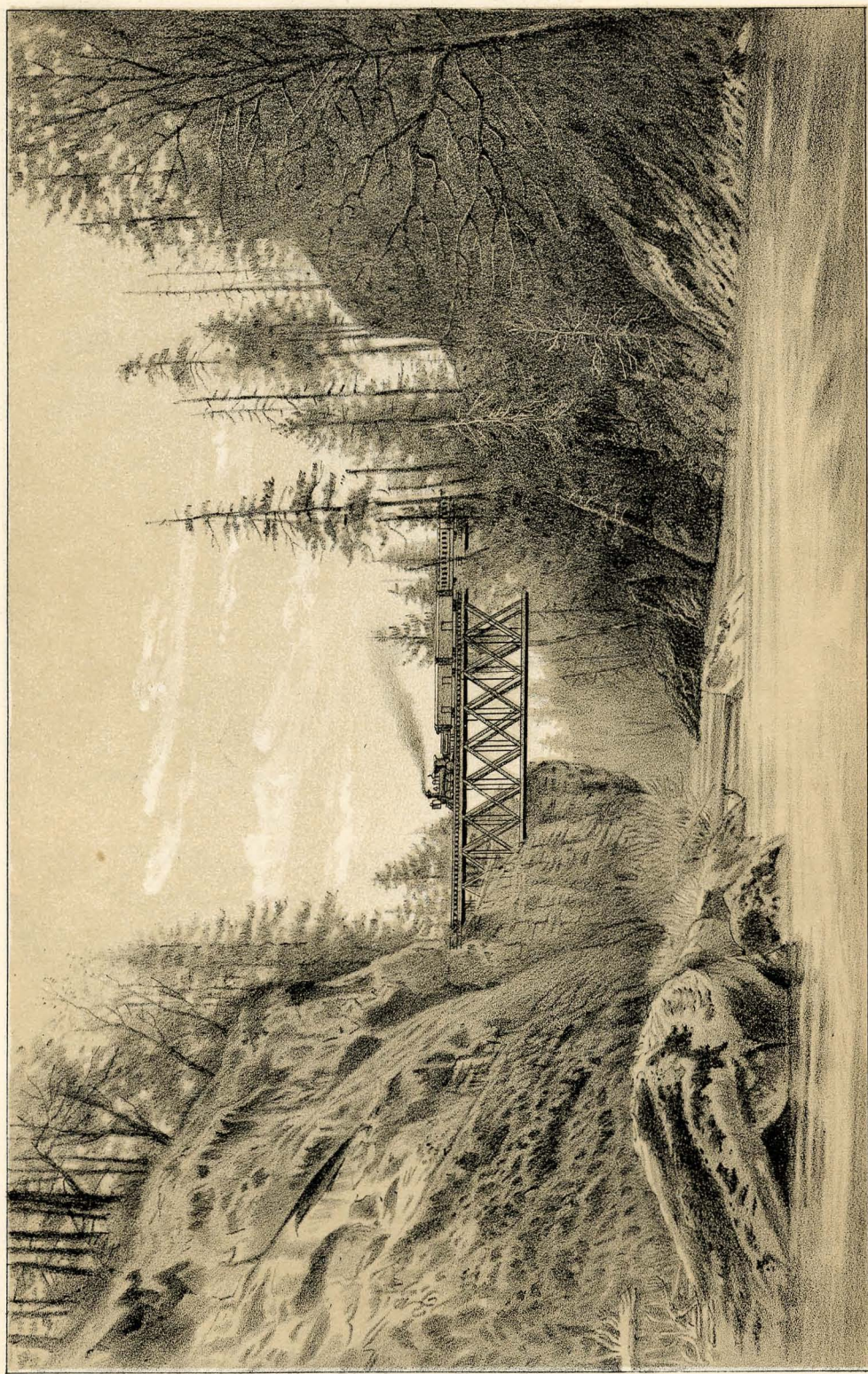
IT was in the early days of 1857, when Brandy City, a hydraulic mining camp, located on a ridge twenty miles west of Downieville, Sierra county, California, was a superlatively thriving town. The population did not exceed six hundred souls, most of whom were engaged in the then remunerative pursuit of wresting the precious metal from the hearts of the surrounding mountains. Brandy City, like all mining camps of that epoch, was graced, as well as disgraced, by the most elevated and degenerate types of manhood. Every third or fourth house on the main thoroughfare of the camp was occupied as a gambling or "hurdy-gurdy" (dance) house.

In those days, respectable women were rare, indeed, in the small mining camps of California, and as money was easily obtained, a miner readily gave a "hurdy-gurdy" girl five dollars for a "barn-door" dance, and in many instances ten dollars, if she proved pleasant of speech and fascinated the greedy eye. The saloon keepers and conductors of the gambling and dance houses contrived to gather in the greater portion of the miners' earnings; yet the camp failed not in prosperity, and there were few who could not, at any time, jingle several double eagles in their pockets.

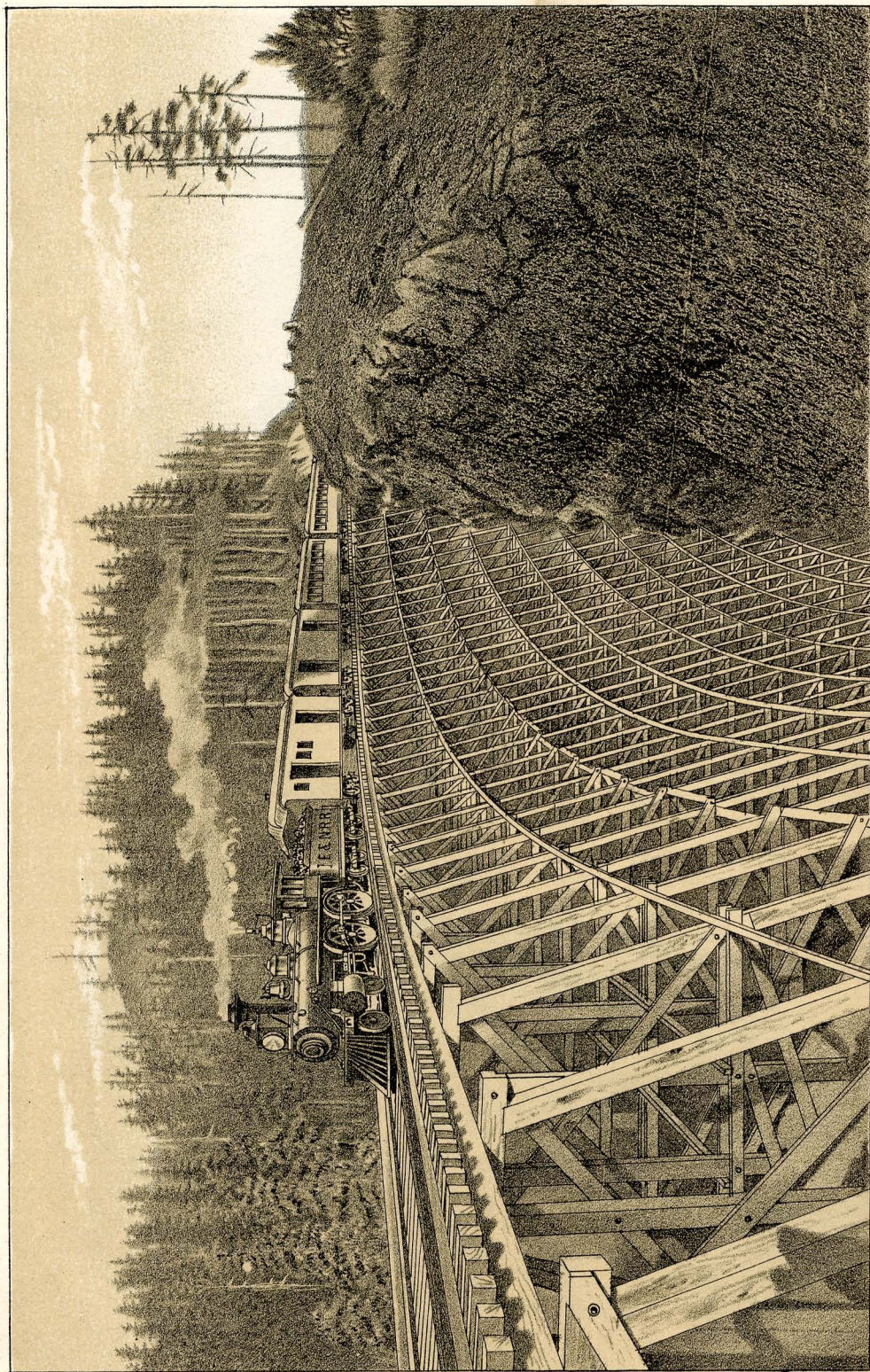
Among the gamblers living in Brandy City then, was one George Wilson, an intelligent, still a superlatively superstitious, man. He was possessed of the hallucination that there were some men in that small community acting as "coppers" on the camp. Wilson had preached this doctrine so long and so

earnestly, and pointed out so many imaginary proofs of its reliability, that not only all the gamblers, but many miners, were converted to his insane belief.

One instance will illustrate how unreasonably superstitious this man was. His headquarters were established in a saloon owned by one Bill Hill (yet living), where, of course, gambling of every conceivable nature was the order of the day, and the night. This place was frequented, also, by one Peter Simpson, an honest miner. This person had never been known to risk a dollar on a card, but amused himself with seeing others win or lose, and often annoyed the players by dropping unasked-for advice. Wilson had long regarded Simpson as a "copper," because, whenever he played at a table, and the latter was present, he invariably lost his money. Once, he incurred an uncommonly great loss under this circumstance, and he communicated his suspicion to others who had been inoculated with his superstitious fancies, resulting in an indignant uprising against unsuspecting Simpson. The gamblers forbade him entering Hill's saloon; but as he was a man of undaunted courage, he declined to obey the behest, and continued his visits. A few nights later, he was waited upon by a deputation of miners and gamblers, in his cabin, and ordered to leave the camp without delay, under penalty of serious personal injury. It may, perhaps, be needless to add that unfortunate Simpson vacated his premises the following day, sacrificing his mining claim and all else, and moved to Downieville, where he remained up to the hour of his death.



BRITISH COLUMBIA -THE ISLAND RAILWAY CROSSING NANAIMO RIVER.



BRITISH COLUMBIA—THE ISLAND RAILWAY CROSSING ARBUTUS CANYON.
HEIGHT 162 FEET.



BRITISH COLUMBIA—GOLDSTREAM, A FAMOUS HOME OF TROUT.



B.C.-SURPRISE CREEK.CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

This episode caused a trifling commotion among the more enlightened people of the camp, but it proved a one-day wonder only, and soon vanished from the memory of man.

The hallucination that certain men and women could cause misfortune to pursue one, by a simple word or glance, became so deeply imbued in the minds of the ignorant masses of Brandy City, that no few worthy people were placed in trying and uncomfortable positions by reason of this silly belief. When a stranger visited the camp, on business or otherwise, he was closely watched, to ascertain whether he was possessed of the "evil eye." This state of affairs suggested the days of witchcraft, rather than the declining years of the nineteenth century—the age of reason, progression and enlightenment.

One who had been as thoroughly inoculated with the "copper" theory as any of the disciples of this disgraceful superstition, was a superannuated Yankee tavern-keeper, Joe Jones by name. Had his belief in the doctrine ever been shaken, the subjoined circumstance would have strengthened it for all time:

On the southwestern edge of the camp, lived one Michael Bauer and his son, a seventeen-year-old lad, both engaged in cutting wood, as a means of obtaining a livelihood. The father and son bore pronounced facial traces of gypsy origin, and were no pleasant objects for the fastidious eye to gaze upon. They had long been suspected of being "coppers," but as they visited the camp at rare intervals, only, they escaped molestation. One day, Jones, in driving a cow home, passed Bauer's cabin. Just as the animal reached the latter spot, *pere* Bauer stepped out of the door, and, simultaneously with that, the cow fell down in a fit. Jones, being cognizant of Bauer's reputation, began swearing at the unsuspecting old man in a blood-curdling

manner, and accused him of "coppering" his cow. Bauer, being peaceably disposed, and wishing to avoid trouble, paid no heed to the maledictions heaped upon him, and returned to the interior of his cabin. The door had scarcely closed when the cow arose, seemingly in as good health as ever. That was enough for Jones; he was now convinced, in a measure admitting no degree of doubt, that the Bauers, father and son, were exercising an evil influence over the camp. That night, the episode was related to three scores of the disciples of the "copper" doctrine, and it was resolved that the Bauers must leave that vicinity forthwith, though no immediate violent measures were then adopted. In the meanwhile, the few friends of the old man informed him that a movement was on foot to expatriate him and his son; and while assuring him of the moral support of the intelligent element of the small community, yet he was cautioned to be prepared for any unpleasant emergency.

The Bauers were strangers to fear, and dating from the hour of the threat to drive them from their humble home, they appeared in the heart of Brandy City with more frequency than in the past. They were subjected to great annoyances, however. When they came in close proximity to the followers of Wilson and Jones, the latter would ignite Chinese fire-crackers; or, if these were not within convenient reach, the fanatics would snatch revolvers from their belts (a weapon carried by almost every one at that period of California's history), and discharge them into space, so as to exorcise the ill-luck, which a close proximity to "coppers" was supposed to attach to others. It was also observed, that after Jones' cow had that fit, no equestrian would remain in his saddle when necessitated to pass the Bauers' cabin. When within several

hundred yards of the cabin, he would dismount and lead his animal a considerable distance beyond it. The alleged reason is obvious.

It is barely requisite to add that the lives of all stigmatized as "coppers," were rendered miserable by those superstitious fanatics; but the venom of that class was especially directed against the Bauers, they being credited with possessing the most potent power for evil.

On December 14th, 1854, a bitter, cold and stormy day, Bauer, *filis*, delivered a load of wood at one of the hydraulic mines, remaining upon the spot a short time, intently absorbed in the work of the miners. Just as he was about returning home, by a fatal coincidence, a disastrous cave occurred in that mine, killing three and seriously injuring five men. The latter were ignorant believers in the "copper" superstition, and they attributed the accident to supernatural manipulations on the part of young Bauer during his visit. This episode re-kindled the flame of hostility against Bauer and his son, and they were notified to leave the camp within twenty-four hours. The prevailing excitement was so intense that the friends of the persecuted father and son counselled them to absent themselves for a while, at least, as there was no predicting what outrage the infuriated fanatics were not capable of committing. This was at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon, and the Bauers agreed to exile themselves the following day.

Early the succeeding morning, as a peddler was driving from Camptonville, *en route* for Brandy City, he observed a man lying, stock and stiff in death, across the threshold of Bauer's cabin. He hastened to the camp, without making an investigation, and gave an alarm. The intelligence he communicated gave birth to wilder excitement than was occasioned

by the accident of the preceding day, and one hundred and fifty men at once repaired to the scene, which proved to be one of a bloody tragedy. The dead man, frozen almost as hard as granite, was lying on his face, with a bullet hole in his right temple. When turned over, he was recognized as having been a "check guerrilla," bearing the euphonymous *soubriquette* of "Poker Flat Pete." Then there was a crowding into the cabin, where all was lying about and heaped up in a topsy-turvy style. Upon a bed in a back room, was lying another gambler, "Spanish Joe," shot through the breast, and quite weak from the loss of blood. It was apparent that his sands of life were fast running down, so he was comfortably propped up and exhorted to reveal the circumstances attending the existing situation. The substance of his revelation was to this purport: He, the dead man, and four others, all known in the camp as exceedingly bad characters, were aware that it was the desire of all the gamblers, and many miners, to rid the camp of the Bauers, and as they (the six men) attributed the ill-luck, that had many months pursued them, to the "coppering" influence of the father and son, determined, on the preceding night, to take the matter into their own hands. With that fixed purpose, they visited the cabin at midnight, and demanded to be admitted. After interrogating their nocturnal visitors as to the object of their mission, and receiving no satisfactory response, the Bauers began shooting at the late comers, through a small window. The first volley brought Poker Flat Pete to his last accounting, and the second pierced the dying man's breast. At this juncture, the four others forced the cabin door, and after a fierce struggle, the father and son were gagged and spirited away. Now the dying man lost his power of speech, and soon after died.

The excited mob—for it was nothing else—at once inaugurated a search for the Bauers and their kidnappers. Considerable snow had fallen the evening before, and the morning being yet young, and the road not much traveled, the footprints of the assassins and their victims were easily traced to an abandoned mining shaft, twenty-five feet deep, and located midway between Brandy City and a point known to all residents of Sierra county, at that period, as the Dutchman's ranch, then the property of, and occupied by, Hon. George Tuffy, the present treasurer of the state of Nevada. As the shaft was approached, a low, wailing moan was discernable, and upon a closer investigation, a feeble cry of "Help!" struck the ears of those nearest the orifice of the shaft. Two mounted men were hurriedly dispatched to procure appliances necessary to rescue what living being might be at the bottom of the hole. It was fully an hour before the horsemen returned, and by that time the cries and moans had been hushed, perhaps in death.

Three powerful miners were successively lowered into the shaft, and they brought forth two inanimate forms, which were identified as having been Bauer and his son. The father had a bullet hole behind his left ear, and the junior had three balls in his breast. The remains were conveyed to Brandy City, and inhumed the succeeding day. All business was suspended, and even the superstitious fanatics followed the victims of their ignorance to their resting spot.

Of the four surviving men, who so das-

tardly murdered two hard-working, persecuted persons, nothing more was seen or heard of in Northern California.

The day after the funeral, the respectable element of the camp organized a "protective society," signifying that further appearance upon the surface of Wilson's and Jones' fanaticisms would be checked by harsh measures. However, while the belief that there were others "coppering" the camp continued to prevail, no more open threats to expatriate them were uttered.

A wonderful sequel to this crime, born of superstition, yet remains to be added. The three miners who entered the shaft, into which the Bauers had been thrown, made a valuable discovery when removing the bodies. In raising the corpse of the elder Bauer, the earth on one side of the shaft crumbled away, disclosing a very rich gold nugget to sight, a discovery that was kept profoundly quiet. A few days subsequent to the foregoing, the trio returned to the shaft, and working the breast several hours, they were rewarded by finding an immense deposit of nuggets, weighing from five to twenty ounces each. They located the abandoned mine, and in less than two years when the resources of the claim proved exhausted, they retired with a joint capital of almost \$2,000,000.00. One of them is now a prominent banker in New York city. The other was a famous officer in the Union army during the war of the rebellion, and is now luxuriantly living in Dresden, Germany, but what became of the third man, has for years been shrouded in mystery.

OTTO GREENHOOD.

Northwestern News and Information.

ROSEBURG SCHOOLHOUSE.—The trustees of the school district at Roseburg, Oregon, have decided to build a new school house, to cost about \$14,000.00. Plans have been submitted by architects, and are being examined by the board.

A MINING SALE.—The Harris tunnel, at Butte, Montana, consisting of the Pennsylvania, Johnstown and Little Ida claims, has been sold for \$150,000.00. The tunnel is eleven hundred and forty-five feet long, and cuts several rich veins of mineral. The ores are free milling, consisting of chlorides of silver, with a small percentage of gold.

VIPOND MINING DISTRICT.—Not far from Lyon City, Montana, a new quartz district is being prospected. Many specimens have been sent to Salt Lake City for assaying. Some of the ores carry a high percentage of copper and about sixty ounces of silver. Others show seventeen ounces of silver and seventy per cent. lead. Many locations are being made.

SKAGIT R. & L. Co.—Ball & Barlow have sold six thousand acres of timber land, their complete logging outfit, and a store whose annual sales approximate \$100,000.00, to the Skagit Railway & Lumber Co., a corporation having close connection with the Pacific Navigation Co., which is building a steamer, to cost \$25,000.00, for the navigation of Skagit river.

EAST PORTLAND ROADS.—Two companies have been organized to build street railways in East Portland, and it is highly probable that one, or both, of them will do so. Their schemes embrace, in addition to lines in the city proper, extensions to Sellwood, Mt. Tabor and Vancouver. One company uses the Stark street ferry as a starting point, and the other the Morrison street bridge.

EMPIRE AND WHIPPOORWILL.—These two mines are situated near Helena, and are being developed by a tunnel one thousand feet long, besides shafts. The present company has been operating less than a year, and has paid a dividend of fifteen per cent. on a capital stock of

\$500,000.00. A new forty-stamp mill is being erected, and the mine will be worked on a larger scale in future.

NEW COAL COMPANY.—A new coal company has been organized at Tacoma, styled the Northern Pacific Mountain Coal Company, and the incorporators are Messrs. Adna Anderson, J. M. Buckley, James McNaught, Sam. Wilkeson, Jr. and Herman Kline. The capital stock was placed at \$1,000,000.00. The object of the company is to secure coal lands and mine coal in Western Washington.

COAST SURVEY.—Work will be prosecuted all summer, on the coast of Oregon and Washington, by the U. S. coast survey. Tillamook bay, Nehalem river, Nestucca bay and Shoalwater bay, the coast from Gray's harbor to Cape Flattery, the islands of Puget sound adjacent to Rosario straits, and the coast of Oregon from Tillamook bay to Yaquina, Siuslaw and Umpqua, will be embraced in the season's work.

BOISE TO MONTANA.—It is stated that a party will start from Boise City, about the first of June, to make a thorough reconnoissance of the timber and mineral resources of Ada, Alturas, Custer and Lemhi counties, Idaho, with a view of ascertaining the practicability of a narrow gauge railroad from Boise to the Montana line. It is stated the necessary capital is ready and will push the work if the report is favorable.

A NEW WOOLEN MILL.—The Walla Walla Woolen Manufacturing Company has been organized by the business men of Walla Walla, for the purpose of manufacturing woolen cloth and clothing in that city. The company has a capital stock of \$100,000.00, and as the incorporators are all active business men of means, there is little doubt that the mill will be quickly built and successfully operated. The mill will be under the management of F. G. Frary, who was the principal owner and manager of the mill at Dayton before it was burned.

SPOKANE PAPER MILL.—An effort is being made at Spokane Falls to organize a stock com-

pany for the purpose of erecting a paper mill in that city. The citizens are subscribing to the capital stock with their proverbial liberality. Manila and straw paper and board will be manufactured, also paper pails, etc., etc. The ample water power, the near supply of straw, and the ease with which cottonwood pulp may be obtained, unite to make Spokane Falls an almost unrivaled site for an enterprise of this character.

OREGON MARBLE.—The Oregon Lime Company has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$50,000.00, for the purpose of working the marble quarries near Huntington. It is the intention of the company to saw the marble into slabs for monuments, mantels and other merchantable articles, and to reduce the chips and refuse to lime, for which there is a ready market. Prof. J. E. Clayton has pronounced the marble the finest yet found on the coast. It takes a beautiful polish, and makes an unsurpassed quality of lime.

YAQUINA HARBOR.—During the six months ending April 30th, the Yaquina bar was crossed by steam vessels sixty-six times, the net registered tonnage being thirty thousand tons. No accidents have occurred, and there is no reason to associate any especial danger with the entrance to Yaquina bay. In a short time, three staunch iron steamers will be plying regularly on the route between Yaquina and San Francisco, leaving each port every three days. This will certainly become a favorite route for freight and passengers to and from the Willamette valley.

WATER POWER FREE.—Mr. Aaron Rose, of Roseburg, Oregon, offers the free perpetual use of his water power at that place, to any party who will erect and operate a woolen mill at that place. The only expense attached to it is the dam, in connection with a flouring mill now there. The wools of the Umpqua rank first in the Oregon market, and a million pounds can be annually grown in that region. The market for woolen goods is large and increasing. This is a most generous and advantageous offer, and some woolen factor should improve the opportunity.

PENDLETON TO WALLULA.—The Oregon & Washington R. R. Co., organized to build a railroad from Pendleton to the Northern Pacific at Wallula, has let the contract for complete construction of the line, and work is now in

progress. The farmers along the line have given the right of way, and have joined freely with the business men of Pendleton in subscribing \$30,000.00 for the road. The stock is owned chiefly in Pendleton. It is expected that the road will be opened for traffic about the first of November. The main line will be thirty miles in length, with a branch, of fifteen miles, to Centreville. The only bridge required will be one across Walla Walla river.

MANITOBA EXTENSION.—Track laying on the western extension of the Manitoba system is progressing at the rate of seven miles in twenty-four hours. Two thousand four hundred teams are employed in grading. It is expected that trains will be running into Fort Benton by the first of September. The location from Great Falls to Benton will soon be completed, and the work of grading eastward from Great Falls will then be commenced. Before the year is out, the trains of the Manitoba system will be running into Helena. It is the common opinion that the road will be quickly extended to some sea-port in Oregon or Washington.

PAPER PULP MILL.—The proprietors of a paper mill at Carlitos, Cal., have leased Young's river falls, near Astoria, for a period of ten years. They will at once erect a mill for reducing spruce timber to pulp, for the manufacture of paper. Cottonwood has been in common use for this purpose, but it is found that spruce yields twice as large a percentage of pulp, and as this timber grows in exhaustless quantities in the vicinity of the falls, this has been selected as a suitable location for the mill. The falls will supply four hundred horse power, as employed by the company. The pulp will be shipped to the California mill, and, possibly, other mills will be supplied. It is expected that the new industry will be in operation in July.

A BIG LUMBER CUT.—The Port Blakeley saw mill recently cut three hundred and three thousand feet of lumber in a run of ten hours. This exceeded anything previously accomplished on Puget sound. A few days later, the Tacoma Mill Co. made a ten-hour run, cutting a total of four hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-four feet. The lumber was of ordinary sizes, such as is cut daily, and had but little large stuff in it. This was by far the largest cut ever made on the Pacific coast, and had only been exceeded by one mill—at Chippewa Falls,

Wis. The latter sawed soft white pine, while the Tacoma mill sawed on heavy and tough fir, which constitutes our principal lumber. The Port Blakely mill responded to this with a cut of five hundred and seventeen thousand feet, and thus stands at the head of the list on this coast.

KNAPPA, OREGON.—One of the busiest points on the Lower Columbia is Knappa. It has large timber interests, and is a splendid location for saw and planing mills. Eleven logging camps, representing many thousand dollars of annual expenditure, make that their headquarters. Fine farms are being developed in that vicinity. The timber lands, when cleared, make splendid ranges for stock, grass growing luxuriantly wherever seed is scattered. The soil is fertile and yields well under cultivation. Much fine stock is being introduced. The tide lands skirting the river are being improved by the fishermen. One enterprising man has undertaken the culture of cranberries. He has imported several barrels of plants from Boston, and set them out in the marsh lands along the river. If his enterprise is a success, it will lead to the improvement of other marshes, since there are thousands of acres adapted to the business. Knappa has a commodious hotel, and will erect a Presbyterian church this summer.

MULLAN, IDAHO.—The new mining camp of Mullan is situated on the south fork of the Cœur d' Alene river, about twenty-two miles from Wardner, and at about six hundred and fifty feet greater elevation. The town is situated on a beautiful level tract of some two hundred and fifty acres, about one hundred and fifty of which have been already cleared off, and the remainder is being cleared as fast as possible. There are five canyons putting into the Mullan prairie, the streams coming out of which combine to form the South fork, which flows through one edge of the prairie. In all of these canyons are rich leads of galena silver. So far, only two ledges have been thoroughly prospected. The Central is in about one hundred feet, and the Hunter about four hundred feet, with very satisfactory results. The population of Mullan is something over five hundred, and people are going in rapidly. The prospects of the place are very favorable and the population will be greatly increased in a short time. Should a railroad be built to Wardner, it will doubtless be extended to Mullan in a short time.

FISH HATCHERIES.—The last Oregon legisla-

ture appropriated \$10,000.00 for the establishment of a fish commission, whose duties should include the maintenance of a salmon hatchery on some tributary of the Columbia, and one on Rogue river. On the latter stream there is one already in operation, which will receive assistance from the commission. The major portion of the appropriation will, of course, be spent along the Columbia, whose importance in the fishing interests of the state overshadows all others. A few years ago, a hatchery was established on the Clackamas, but was abandoned. This spot has been selected, by the commission, for the site of the main hatchery, and the old buildings are being repaired and new ones erected. The work of spawning will probably not be commenced until about the first of August. It will require more money than the amount of the appropriation to maintain this for two years, until the legislature can again be appealed to, but the cannery and fishermen will, no doubt, cheerfully contribute all the means required, since it is acknowledged by all that such an institution is of vital importance to the fishing industry of the Columbia.

OREGON LANDS FOR SALE.—A compilation of the numerous tracts of land for sale at the rooms of the state board of immigration, shows the following totals, by counties:

Multnomah, -	8,828	Polk, -	3,280
Tillamook, -	1,890	Umatilla, -	9,826
Lane, -	27,800	Marion, -	39,650
Morrow, -	1,050	Yamhill, -	33,260
Douglas, -	109,780	Josephine, -	10,230
Jackson, -	12,300	Grant, -	1,250
Klamath, -	6,800	Linn, -	36,200
Baker, -	6,800	Benton, -	56,800
Clackamas, -	48,500	Coos, -	1,500
Columbia, -	8,780	Crook, -	860
Clatsop, -	3,286	Gilliam, -	1,300
Union, -	3,780	Wasco, -	32,890
Washington, -	31,260	Total, -	467,900

With the exception of about thirty-six thousand acres, all this is arable farming land; a large proportion of it in cultivation at this time, and fairly well improved. Very few of the farms in this list are occupied by the person offering to sell. Many of them are parts of donation claims, farms taken for debt, a second or third place that has come into the possession of the present owner, in one way or another. It is safe to say, that, in point of fertility of soil, character of improvements, convenience to market and transportation, the lands embraced in this list will average with the great proportion of farms in this state. Many of those on record

are among the finest in Oregon. In going over this list, it is apparent that the average price of improved farm land in the valley, and close to the railroad, is less than \$30.00, while the average for fairly improved farms in the western and southern portions of the state, but a little farther from the railway and towns, is less than \$18.00 per acre. Good farms in these localities are offered for less than \$12.00 an acre. These are rare opportunities for new-comers.

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FLATHEAD VALLEY.—In Missoula county, in the northwestern corner of Montana, lie Flathead lake and valley, the latter being at the north end of the lake. The valley is reached by wagon, across the reservation, from the Northern Pacific, and by steamer on the lake. The following is the substance of an interview, in the *Butte Miner*, with Mr. Charles Nelson, a resident of that city, who had just returned from the valley: "Mr. Nelson is in ecstasies with the beauty of the country, and is a competent judge, having seen the garden spots of the West, the Boise and Salt Lake valleys, which he says are unworthy of comparison. He would not have believed it possible for a Northern country, like Montana, to produce such a paradise. He bought his ranch there last year, and put up a house and barn then. It is situated on the Stillwater. Nearly a dozen people are going in every day on a boat. The boat leaves the foot of the lake and lands passengers at Ashley, about fifteen miles up the river, at the head of the lake. The boat makes a trip only one way each day. It goes up on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and returns on the alternate days, lying up on Sunday. The captain told him that he had to let out about sixty feet of line when he casts anchor in the river, at its entrance to the lake.

"The gold excitement on Wolf creek, about twenty miles above the valley, will undoubtedly attract many people to the place this year. He was shown a vein of coal on Wolf creek which looked promising. The surveying party from the Manitoba is expected to reach there this spring, as soon as the snow can get off the range. In speaking of the products of the soil, Mr. Nelson said all kinds of garden truck were raised there last year. A neighbor on a ranch next to his raised a turnip weighing thirty-seven and one-half pounds. Last year the season was comparatively dry. As a rule, there is not much rainfall there.

"The Flathead country is low, two thousand feet above snow level. Last summer, the thermometer rose to one hundred and twenty de-

grees in the sun, but at no time was the heat sweltering, as there is always a breeze, which relieves the temperature. There was no frost in the ground last winter, and but sixteen inches of snow. The soil is loamy, from a foot to two feet and a half deep all over the valley. A flouring mill is going to be built on the Stillwater, and a force is at work on it now. A saw mill is one of the near certainties. It is expected that both will be in operation this summer. About seven hundred people are residents of the valley now. Stock is all looking well, and came through the winter unimpaired. It is eighteen years since the region was surveyed, but no claims were taken up until about four years ago. For those who like agricultural pursuits, Mr. Nelson knows of no section in Montana to compare with the Flathead country."

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MASON COUNTY, W. T.—One of the thriving towns of recent development in Washington Territory, is Shelton, in Mason county. The town of Shelton was established and laid out a year ago. It is located at the mouth of Gouldsboro creek, where it empties into Big Skookum bay. It is distant about thirty miles from Tacoma, and is reached by boats from this city, Olympia and Seattle. During the past winter, and to the present time, twenty-four houses have been built and are occupied. There are now seven other houses in process of construction. The range of values for some of these buildings is from \$3,000.00 to \$6,000.00. Some of the business houses cost over \$5,000.00. There are now in the town, two hotels, two boarding houses, four saloons, one boot and shoe shop, two stores, two blacksmith shops and one newspaper. The Masons are clearing ground for a new Masonic hall, 30x60 feet. There is already a town hall for public use. There is also a post-office at Shelton, besides the offices of the county auditor, treasurer and probate judge. Mason county never has had a permanently established county seat, but measures will be taken at the next legislature, to have Shelton appointed as such. The Satsop railroad is now being built to connect Puget sound with Gray's harbor. Seven miles of the road are now in operation, on which are two locomotives engaged in hauling two hundred thousand feet of logs daily, besides doing general freighting for the settlers. There are six logging camps along the line of the road. There are seven miles of the road graded, and waiting for the rails, which were shipped from England and are expected to arrive within a week or so. The road will

be completed to Gray's harbor, and will be thirty-eight miles long from Shelton. When this new road is completed, the town of Shelton will expand rapidly, and will become a place of considerable commercial importance. The country round about has farming valleys and prairies, besides extensive logging interests. The population of Mason county is three times greater than it was a year ago, and is increasing steadily.—*Tacoma News*.

SAND COULEE COAL AND IRON.—Recently, a number of gentlemen interested in the Montana Central, the town of Great Falls and the great Manitoba road, visited the coal mines of Sand Coulee, near Great Falls, to investigate their value and extent. The party included Col. Broadwater, Messrs. Paris Gibson, Toole, Bratnower, Vaughn, Fanning, Napier, Gen. Green and Major Ronan. The visitors made a careful examination of the tunnels which have been constructed to mine the Sand Coulee coal. As they proceeded along those subterranean chambers, they observed, with admiration, the immense masses of coal, in layers from six to fifteen feet thick. In some places, there were layers, six to seven feet thick, of clear coal, without any intervening earth. The works, as yet, are on a moderate scale. There are no vast caverns or almost interminable tunnels, such as are common in Pennsylvania, but enough progress has been made to supply the Great Falls market, and to demonstrate what seems to be an inexhaustible supply of good coal, in a locality which can be reached by railroad in about fifteen minutes from Great Falls. The coal and the coal deposits were examined closely by Mr. Bratnower, Mr. Fanning, and others who visited the field for the first time. The mines were found to yield coking, household, blacksmith and steam coal. The coking coal serves for the manufacture of coke, which is of such absolute importance in all smelting operations which require fuel that is entirely free from sulphur and other impurities. In Montana, there will be large consumption for this coke, which will be produced in accordance with the most approved methods. The house coal is well known in this city and locality, where it is now in steady demand, and serves for cooking purposes as well as for general use. It makes a very good fire. It is not stony nor sulphurous, and readily flares up. When it is picked, like Pennsylvania coal, it will be without a single drawback for household use. The blacksmith coal which Sand Coulee produces is clean and bright and free from sulphur.

Sand Coulee also yields, in abundance, coal which is adapted for the production of steam. This makes a clear, white ash, and does not clinker. There is no sulphur in it to form cakes with other substances on the bars. It produces a large volume of heat at a moderate cost, and is thus well calculated to provide the factories that will spring up here, and elsewhere in Montana, with cheap fuel, which will enable them to successfully compete with like establishments in the eastern and western states. The visitors were also greatly interested in the valuable vein of iron which lies underneath the coal vein. Below this iron deposit is limestone, so that in the Sand Coulee fields, all the elements for the production of iron on economical basis are at hand. The combination of coal, iron and limestone is as remarkable as that in the southern states, where like materials exist in proximity to each other, resulting in the great prosperity of such favored places as Birmingham, Alabama. On the way, Mr. Gibson showed the visitors the fine ledges of building stone which abound in the Sand Coulee district, yielding material of great beauty and durability. Mention was also made of the lime kilns in the neighborhood, which are in operation.—*Great Falls Tribune*.

CAMAS PRAIRIE, IDAHO.—The tender light of an afternoon sun bathed the landscape in mellow tints as we obtained our first view of Camas prairie, from the summit of the Cottonwood hill. The scene spread before us was one of entrancing beauty. At our feet lay the broad and beautiful prairie, with its undulations and gently swelling slopes, softened, by distance, into the appearance of a great, tranquil, inland sea. Stretching away to the eastward, the dense greenness of its vegetation merges away into the dull gray of the foothills, which, in its turn, vanishes into the blackness of the timber-clad mountains in the background. The eye, at first, rests with feelings of refreshment, upon the luxuriant hue of the vegetation with which the prairie is decked, until the very intensity of its verdure becomes painful, and we naturally turn, for relief, to the grand old mountain ranges, which form such an appropriate setting for this gem of the Pacific slope.

Looking to the southward, the snow-capped peaks of the Salmon river mountains loom grandly up, their serrated summits rising, tier above tier, till they are themselves overtopped by the weird and fantastic forms of the Seven Devils, whose majestic heights, sharply penciled on the horizon, and clad in all the chaste

grandeur of glittering snow, lend to this enchanting scene an appearance of awe-inspiring severity, that contrasts strangely with the peaceful landscape reposing at our feet. The rugged vertebræ of the Bitter Roots rise sharply heavenward, and form the far-off eastern boundary of the prairie, while spurs of this mighty range stretch far away to the northward, and form the rocky-ribbed Cœur d' Alene mountains, behind whose towering crests rise the pinnacles of the mother range, priest-robed with the snows of eternal age.

But the eye soon tires of the stern grandeur and unutterable solitudes of these primeval hills, and seeks harmony in contemplation of the green pastures below. The stage road, running the full length of the valley, and by its dense blackness attesting the unexcelled fecundity of the soil, an occasional cabin, the remnants of a stockade fort erected in the dark and bloody days of 1877, the villages of Grangeville, Mt. Idaho and Camp Howard glittering in the

sun and nestling snugly in their respective locations at the far end of the valley, with the limited area in cultivation hidden from view—from our elevated standpoint these are the only evidences of civilization visible on Camas prairie—the land of Indian romance and historical tragedy, the most beautiful country in the world.

Nothing in nature is more enchanting than a view of this romantic spot, obtained at a time when the green of the prairie is suffused with the golden glow of the setting sun; and but for the fact that, like Dædalus of old, our wings are of wax and liable to melt if we soar too near the sun, we would love to linger upon the beauties of the landscape, to which, however, no pencil and no brush can do adequate justice. As we descended the hill to Cottonwood, and traversed the thousands of acres of fertile soil, untilled and crying to heaven for the plow, our determination to advertise to the world the wondrous wealth of Northern Idaho became like cast iron in its rigidity.—*Nez Perce News*.



Useful, Entertaining and Instructive.

A NEW METAL INDUSTRY.—*Kuhlows* says that in Germany, gold, platina and silver strips are welded, after the mosaic style, upon a metal ground, prepared by the incandescent process, then compressed by means of powerful presses, and finally elongated by rolling into long sheets which are now of all colors—yellow, red, green, white, gray and black—are made into scarfs and neckties, which, being indestructible, are considered to be of some practical worth. This novelty, it appears, has found great acceptance abroad, numerous orders for export having been received by the manufacturers, who are chiefly in the Pforzheim and Baden districts.

WINDOW GARDENING HINTS.—A very common error in window gardening is that of attempting too much. Too many plants are crowded into the little space at command, so that it is impossible to give each the air and light it should have. Again, plants of two diverse characters are brought together. It is no uncommon thing to see tropical plants and plants from the temperate zone, if not even Alpine plants, all crowded into the same window and subject to the same temperature and treatment. Better far to have one healthy, well-grown plant, that will yield its flowers to perfection, than a dozen sickly, feeble, wretched plants, that have no beauty either of leaf or blossom.

ARTESIAN WELLS IN THE DESERT.—Respecting the plan of Colonel Landas, for fertilizing the African desert by means of wells, Sir R. Lambert Playfair, in the course of a consular tour in Tunis, has visited the ground where the first well was sunk, and reports most favorably as to the success of the project. A space of three hundred and seventy-five acres has been cleared and sown with cereals and lucerne, a vegetable garden made, and a nursery of young trees planted. Two other wells are being sunk, which, on completion, will irrigate eight thousand acres of land. The Bey of Tunis has conceded to the company twenty-five thousand acres of land, which they can select themselves from districts which are at present of no value.

A CURIOUS CLOCK.—A correspondent in the

New Church Messenger describes a clock recently patented in France, in imitation of a tambourine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding to the hour figures of ordinary dials. On examination, two bees, one large and the other small, are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one flower to another, completing the circle in an hour, while the large one takes twelve hours to finish the circuit. The parchment surface is unbroken, and the bees simply laid upon it, but two magnets, connected with the clock work inside the tambourine, move just under the membrane, and the insects, which are of iron, follow the magnets.

METHOD OF THAWING EARTH.—It is often necessary to make excavations for pipes in very cold weather, under which conditions the operation is difficult. The trouble, due to frost, can only be remedied by thawing out the surface. The *Elettricità* says that quick-lime has been tried with success. The surface where the excavation is to begin is covered with alternate layers of lime and snow. The lime becomes slaked, and heats the soil so effectually that, after ten or fifteen hours, it can be dug up with the greatest ease, even where the cold is excessive. It goes without saying, that where there is no snow, water can be used. This makes the process a little more complicated, but is just as efficacious. As, in the generality of cases, urgency exists, the digging up of pipes being necessitated by some case of repairs, this method is restricted, in its application, to those cases in which the delay of a day or a night is not inadmissible.

DON'T WAIT FOR DEATH.—“Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my

friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over me when I am silent in death, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin, without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy."

HINTS TO EMPLOYEES.—There is only one spirit that achieves a great success. The man who seeks only how to make himself most useful, whose aim is to render himself indispensable to his employer, whose whole being is animated with the purpose to fill the largest possible place in the wall assigned to him, has, in the exhibition of that spirit, the guaranty of success. He commands the situation, and shall walk in the light of prosperity all his days. On the other hand, the man who accepts the unwholesome advice of the demagogue, and seeks only how little he may do, and how easy he may render his place and not lose his employment altogether, is unfit for service. As soon as there is a supernumerary on the list, he becomes disengaged as least valuable to his employer. The man who is afraid of doing too much is near of kin to him who seeks to do nothing, and was begot in the same family. They are neither of them, in the remotest degree, a relation of the man whose willingness to do everything possible to his touch places him at the head of the active list.

ELECTRIC CARBONS.—The manufacture of carbons for electric lights has become an important business. At a trial in Cleveland, for alleged infringement of patent, a witness testified that out of one hundred and fifty thousand carbons burned daily in the United States, one hundred thousand are manufactured in Cleveland, where there are twenty furnaces. The carbons are made chiefly of the residuum of oil after it has been refined, but the deposit about natural gas wells is also coming into use. The material is ground to powder, a little pitch is added, and the substance is then placed in moulds. These are packed in boxes and the

latter placed in a furnace, where they are subjected to the most intense heat. The capacity of an ordinary furnace is forty-five thousand carbons. Through the use of a movable furnace roof, the patent on which forms the subject of contention, two furnaces are constructed side by side, and while the carbons in one are being burned, the other is loaded with boxes and moulds. Under this system, two men load a furnace in one day, the carbons are thoroughly burned in five days, and the cooling process continues only twenty-four hours.

BELLITE.—This explosive is inexpensive, easily made, and not liable to spontaneous explosion, but it develops, when intentionally fired by a spark, a force thirty-five times as great as gunpowder, and fifteen per cent. greater than that of guncotton. To make bellite, benzine is treated with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids. The sulphuric acid should be of the fuming kind, which is nearly free from water; and the proportion of nitric acid should be somewhat larger than that of the other. By keeping the mixed acids in contact with the benzine for some time, at a temperature rather above that of boiling water, the benzine is converted into trinitrobenzine, which is washed, so as to clear away all traces of free nitric acid, and then it is mixed with nitrate of ammonia, which is the common substance used for producing nitrous oxide gas. The mixture, if the free acid is thoroughly washed away, is very stable. Unlike dynamite, which explodes so readily from concussion that in heavy charges only every tenth cartridge is fired directly, the others being all exploded with certainty by sympathy, a charge of bellite can not be ignited by a blow or by friction. A shell charged with it strikes its object without exploding, unless a fulminating fuse is attached to it, and a magazine filled with it may be struck by projectiles without danger. When applied to use, however, its force is enormous. A charge of less than half an ounce, placed in a mortar behind a shell weighing ninety pounds, projected the shell to a distance of nearly four hundred feet; and its efficacy in detaching rock in a quarry, proves greater than that of any nitroglycerine compound.

Editorial Comment.

Now that there is a marked movement of capital toward our mines, a word of advice to the owners of "prospects" will not be out of place. The time has gone by when claims can be sold upon the strength of assays from surface crop-pings. A mine can be sold, but mere prospects are not in demand. Sensible business men—and they are the ones who are now making these investments,—want to see what they are buying. They will pay fifty or a hundred thousand dollars for a mine so developed as to actually show the quantity and quality of the ore it contains, when they would not invest a thousand in a prospect, no matter how rich the surface rock may be. Capital is going into our mining districts in abundance, but the careful observer will see that it is being invested in mines, and not in prospect holes. In every quartz district in the West, are to be found scores of men who have made locations, and are only doing enough work on their claims to fulfill legal requirements. Their assays show figures far greater than those of neighboring mines, which are being worked on a large scale and are paying dividends; and they are waiting for the "coming man" to buy them out. All they have to exhibit is a location, a set of assayer's certificates, and the fact that their neighbors are doing well upon poorer prospects. Practical men are too wise to place their money upon such an uncertainty, when there are other good claims for sale, in which the ore has been exposed to such an extent as to demonstrate its value and permanence. Occasionally, to be sure, a prospect of this kind is sold, yet it brings but a trifle, compared with prices paid for developed mines, and the locator receives \$1,000.00 for his claim, when a little development work would have made it worth ten or twenty times as much. There are, of course, many who are not able to do this development work, but that is their misfortune, for which intending purchasers are not responsible. They have no more just cause for complaint than has the owner of a peanut stand because his sales are not as large as the grocery store on the corner. What they ought to do, is to stop complaining, and devote to their claims some of the time and money expended at the saloons. In this way,

they may be able, gradually, to place their property in a condition for sale. One thing is certain, and the sooner it is realized the better it will be for claim owners, that there is a large amount of capital looking for mines, and but little in search of prospect holes.

If the prosperity of a section can be judged by the amount of railroad building in progress—and experience proves that they are closely allied—then must the Northwest be entering upon a season of great prosperity. A brief enumeration of the various railroad enterprises upon which actual work of construction is progressing, will suffice to show the condition of affairs. The greatest activity is exhibited in Montana, where the Northern Pacific and the Manitoba systems are building rival lines. The latter, in its westward march, has just reached the Montana line, and is pushing construction night and day, at a rate previously unequaled in railroad building. It will reach Fort Benton by September, and Great Falls by December. By that time, work on the Montana Central will be completed from Helena to Great Falls, giving the Manitoba an entrance to the chief city of the territory. Work is also progressing on the line of the same road from Helena to Butte. Two branches of the Northern Pacific, one from Drummond to Phillipsburg, and one up the Bitter Root valley from Missoula, are under construction. The gauge of the Utah & Northern is being changed from narrow to standard width. Engineering parties are in the field for half a dozen other lines, but actual construction has not yet begun. In Idaho, the branch line from Nampa to Boise City is now in progress. In Washington, the southern extension of the Spokane & Palouse, the final work in the Cascades on the line of the Northern Pacific, the work on eighty miles of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, thirty miles of the Seattle & West Coast, and on the Puget Sound & Gray's Harbor road are progressing rapidly. Railroad construction in Oregon is represented by the line being built from Pendleton to Wallula, by the eastward extension of the Oregon Pacific from Albany, by the completion of the narrow gauge line from Elk Rock to Portland, and by

the Northern extension of the California & Oregon, which has crossed the state line and entered Oregon. On all of these lines, a small army of laborers, nearly all of whom are white men, is employed, while on the Manitoba main line is the largest construction force ever employed on a railroad. Many other railroad projects are in various stages of advancement, many of which will probably begin actual construction this season. Under the impetus of these new transportation lines, the country must develop rapidly, increasing in wealth and population. Each one opens up new fields for capital and enterprise. This region has never before offered such opportunities for investment as are now open to those who have the capital, energy and foresight to improve them.

NEVER in the history of this country, has there been so much money invested in legitimate mining industries as at the present time. Mining stock excitements have, in times past, bled the gullible public of millions of dollars, but no one of ordinary intelligence will maintain that the purchase of mining stocks, on a stock board, is an investment in mines. One might as well contend that speculation in wheat futures is money invested in agriculture. Stock boards are but a leach upon the mining industry, and speculation in stocks is the worst enemy legitimate mining has to contend with. Mines have been operated, not for the metal they produced, but for their effect upon the stock market. Millions of dollars have been bandied about on the stock exchange, or taken from the pockets of a multitude of people, to swell the wealth of "bonanza kings," while hundreds of valuable ledges have remained undeveloped for want of capital, which they might otherwise have secured. Not only this, but mining, as an industry, has had to bear the onus of popular distrust, and even condemnation, which properly belongs to stock dealing alone. Because thousands have been ruined by dealing in stocks, the indiscriminating public forms the opinion that mining is an organized system of robbery, or, at least, but a lottery, in which the prizes, however rich, are

overshadowed by the multitude of blanks. This idea is radically wrong. There is no industry more legitimate than mining, and none in which success may be counted upon with more certainty, provided that the same business sagacity, industry and careful attention to details be employed, as are required for the successful conduct of any other business. The number of mines being worked for the metal they produce, and which are yielding a fair revenue to their owners, is legion. We hear little about them, for their stock is not for sale and there is no more reason why they should receive notoriety, than should every machine shop or flouring mill. On the other hand, a few scores of mines are listed on the stock boards for speculative purposes, and their worthless stock is beaten about from pillar to post, to enable the manipulators to work upon the cupidity and ignorance of the people. Sharpers, also, have taken advantage of those same failings of humanity, to float "wild-cat" mining schemes, by the sale of stock in companies organized for that purpose only. This, also, is not in any sense to be charged to the account of legitimate mining, any more than the sharp practices indulged in by confidence men in other directions; yet, because of this, much capital which might have been invested in mines, has become alarmed, and sought other fields. It is gratifying to observe that there is a general awakening to the true situation; that, whereas mining stocks are at a low ebb, actual investments in mines are greater than ever before; that the "wild-cat" schemes of unscrupulous men are more difficult than formerly of consummation; and that purchasers are looking carefully into the actual condition of the property offered them, before investing their money. Every true friend of mining, and every miner who has a good property for sale, will rejoice at this condition of affairs, for it means the rapid development of our mineral resources throughout the entire West, attending which must, of a necessity, come a development of all other resources and industries. It means farms, factories, mills, railroads, and all other accessories of populous and industrious communities.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

Close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women, blowzed with health and wind and rain
And labor. Each was like a Druid rock,
Or like a spire of land that stands apart,
Cleft from the main and walled about with mews.

I believe that it is because of the sentiment expressed in these lines, and others like unto them, that women became admirers of fragile bodies, and thought uselessness an all-essential to ladyhood. To be a huge mass, like unto a Druid rock, or a spire of land walled in with mews, is, indeed, the most repellant ideal that could be presented to woman, refined and sensitive as we know her to be. But this figure is not well taken, and is misleading. The combined intellectuality, spirituality and physique of woman, be her hugeness ever so great, can nowhere, within the range of comparison, be likened to the rock or land. And hugeness is no more necessary to a strong, healthy physique in one sex than in the other. True, there are women with strong, healthy bodies, who are repulsive; but it is not the fault of the body so much as of the mind and heart. Let these be strong and healthy, as well as the body, as God intended they should, and the possessor becomes a power to do good and an ornament to society. And tardy, though she be, to recognize the fact, woman is beginning to understand, through practical experience, that the little, delicate women are going out of fashion, and that the world, through its shops, its sales-rooms, its school-rooms, and over its platforms, is ushering in the reign of a larger, stronger woman—one able to contend with hard realities and succeed. The shop-keeper tells us that "a commanding and fine looking woman will sell a sealskin cloak in five cases out of six where a little woman will fail. You little women may be refined gold, but there is nothing impressive about you." "A small woman is out of place in a show room," said Mme. Demorest, when one of her friends sought a situation for a worthy, but undersized lady. "I have no use for her there. She can not sell even a pattern. People will not go to her; they will pass her by and go to a saleswoman more stylish and commanding." Upon the platform

or the stage, it is the woman of physical magnetism, as well as specially cultivated powers, that thrills an audience and carries off the laurels. Is it any wonder that women are opening their eyes to the fact of needed physical strength? Usefulness shall solve this problem for them—that usefulness which requires physical strength, not the overdone fancy work, time spent with which some one has so suggestively called "busy idleness." Strength comes through strength, and "To him that hath, shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly."

One of the last, best outgrowths of civilization is the respect shown to woman. American women take it as a matter of course, which indeed it is, with them, and should be everywhere. But all are not so well favored, even in so-called civilized countries. Visit Cuba, and behold the treatment which ladies there expect, because it is that which they are accustomed to receive. There is a marked absence of ladies on the streets or highways—society does not allow it. If ladies desire to make any purchase, which is absolutely necessary, they drive to the store and the clerk displays the goods at the carriage door. Our American sense of freedom could not abide such a custom. Our evening strolls—how delightful and refreshing they prove to taxed muscles! In Cuba, such a treat is seldom allowed to our sex. To be a lady in America, is to receive the best seat, if entering a car filled with gentlemen; is to have the cigar cast aside, out of deference, and to be treated courteously by all present. To be a lady in Cuba, is to be prohibited from going alone, and if attended by a lady, only to receive the impudent and ill bred remarks from strangers of the best society, and insults from the vulgar and uneducated. The French philosopher, DeTocqueville, considered that the chief cause of American prosperity was the superiority of its women; and we would add, that the chief cause of the superiority of American women is the freedom to come and go and be, which they enjoy to so high a degree.

Lucy M. Hall, associate professor of physiology at Vassar college, speaking of the effects of

a collegiate course upon the health of young ladies, says: "Seeing daily, as I do, young women in college in far better health than young women in society, or living in pampered idleness at home; seeing them healthier as seniors than they were as freshmen; knowing that my records tell me that they average a smaller number of excuses because of illness than do those of the men's colleges with which I am able to compare data; and knowing, from statistical evidence, that woman college graduates enjoy a sum total of twenty per cent. better health than the average woman, how can I conclude otherwise than that the college work, *per se*, is not injurious to health, nor incompatible with the best good of the sex and the race?"

It is not for every joy, every sorrow, every trial, every victory or defeat to be revealed. Especially is this true of the wife or husband. What act is more despicable than to reveal petty family troubles, little occurrences that can interest no one who is inclined to keep on the "even tenor of his way?" Such a revelation usually results in adding and multiplying little things, until they seem formidable, indeed, and loom up into a barrier, which is never surmounted. It is pitiable that so many firesides have this barrier set up between husband and wife. The "bear and forbear" of married life are too sacred for other tongues to name. Think not that these are found in one family only, or in two or three, for, until the seal of perfection is stamped upon humanity, there will ever be found trifles in every family, which may be made very troublesome, if so desired. The true wife resents any thrust at her husband's character quite as quickly as though it were her own, and the one who would be a friend to her will not make a second such attempt. It is a pernicious habit to allow even the children of the family to complain to one parent of the other. It lessens not the burdens, and is sure to augment ill feeling, while in the child it creates suspicion and hatred. In many families, if half the effort were made to build up affection through clever deeds and kind words, that is being made to tear it down through unclever deeds and unkind words, harmony and peace would prevail.

How to entertain the babies under five years of age, is a practical question with every mother who has any of these wide-awake little busybodies to take care of. I remember of hearing a middle-aged man say to a lady who had three of these nurslings to see to, that a hen would

spend as much time with one chick as with a whole brood, and he took women to be very much the same way. There is much truth in his remark. Mothers with two children seem about as busy as mothers with half a dozen, while the larger family is usually the healthier and better bred of the two. One of the causes of this, is, that the mother of the larger family must exercise her ingenuity to secure such entertainment for her babies as will help them to amuse themselves and each other, without calling upon mamma too often. One thing such a mother learns, is that babies like to do just what mamma or some one else older does. If mamma sews, nothing amuses the babies half so much as needle—a darning-needle is best—and some buttons or little scraps of cloth to sew onto their thread. If mamma reads, babies want their papers or books, and the more like mamma's they are, the better they are pleased. If mamma prepares dinner, give babies the coffee mill and the egg beater. In this way, they are better pleased than with boughten toys. There are some standard toys which children should have, such as wagons, wooden spades, etc., but these please quite as well if they are home-made, for the child may then think of something better, and play its "make believes." The entertainment of children is quite as wide a field for study as the entertainment of adults, for every faculty of the man is in the child, and it is ever grasping for that which is beyond.

Dish-washing is the bug-bear of every kitchen. Usually three times a day, from thirty minutes to one hour must be consumed in cleansing the chinaware. It would be a relief to house-keepers if inventive genius were a little more profuse in this direction. Yet, every one who cares to economize time, has her ways of expediting even the dish-washing. We append one woman's way, which is certainly worth trying:

"After each meal, the knives and silver are washed in a quart pail of warm suds and wiped, which is a minute's work; then the dishes are neatly scraped and piled in a tub of cold water with a little potash in it; the cups have all grounds rinsed out and are snugly piled with the rest. All stoneware is filled with water as soon as the contents are taken up, and it is brief work to wash them with a chain-cloth, fastened to the wooden handle of an old dish-mop; rinse and set to drain in the sun. Pans are washed and whisked through clear water, and set to drain. I never take time to wipe

such things when the sun will do it so much better. Outside the window is a broad bracket shelf, five feet long, which serves handy uses for cooling baked food and sunning ware. It does not take ten minutes to clear table and wash everything that needs it. The next meal's dishes are added to those in soak, the table and pantry are neat, sweeping and dusting done, and the only thing out of the way in the whole economy is that inoffensive tub of china. Next morning, with a fresh pan of warm suds and white mop, the dishes for perhaps four meals are washed, rinsed and put to drain on the outdoor shelf in five minutes. When the sweeping is done, they are dry and are put away."

QUEEN'S TOAST.—Fry rounds of stale bread, from which you have trimmed the crust, to a light brown, in boiling lard. Free each piece from grease by laying it on soft paper in a hot colander. Sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar and pile on a heated platter.

NEW POTATOES.—Put into a stew-pan a piece of butter rolled in flour, a gill of cream, pepper, salt, a very little nutmeg, also the juice of half a lemon; stir these over the fire until boiling. Then add slices of freshly-boiled new potatoes. warm quickly and serve while very hot.

MOCK PUMPKIN PIE.—Take dried apples, stewed as for the table, and press them through a sieve. Beat one egg, and add to it two spoonfuls of sugar, three spoonfuls of the prepared apple-sauce, and sufficient milk for one pie. Season with ginger. Bake in a quick oven.

VIRGINIA BROWN BREAD.—Three cups of Indian meal, one and one-half cups of graham or rye, three cups of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of sour milk or buttermilk, one cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Steam three hours, bake one-half hour, or just bake it without steaming.

DELAWARE GINGERBREAD.—One cup each of butter and sugar; beat together; one cup of molasses, one and one-half cups of milk, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon; stir these well together; four cups of flour, add one at a time, stirring well between each one, and in the last one put two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

TOOTH-PICK RECEIVER.—Cut from perforated card-board, three pieces four inches square, work with some pretty stitch all around, paste

an embossed picture on center of each, fasten the three together, one above the other, so they will hang in diamonds. On each outside corner and bottom, crochet cord and balls. Fill the balls with tooth-picks and hang convenient to dining table.

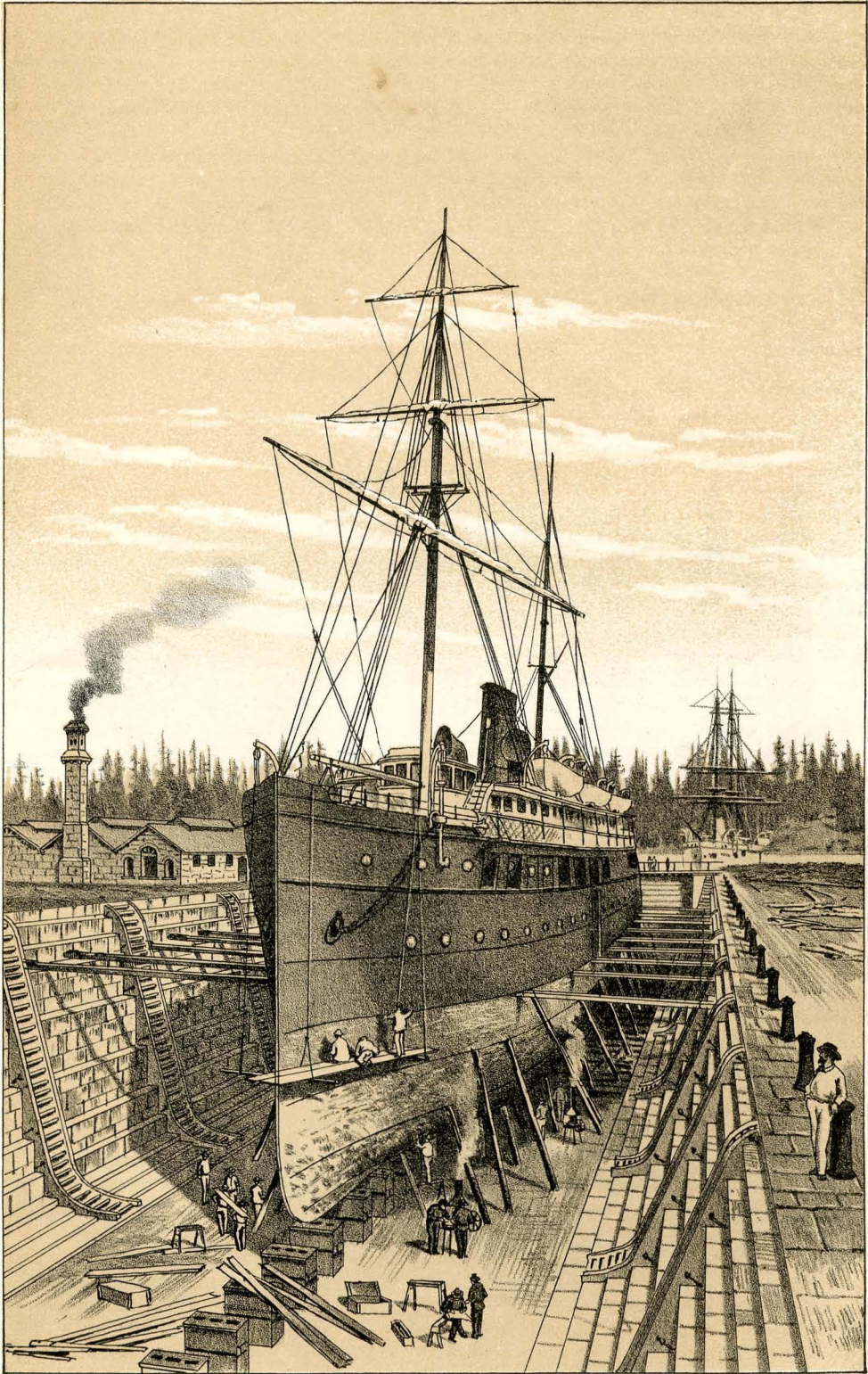
CLOTHES BRUSHES.—Take a piece of hair cloth, one and one-half yards long and six inches wide; ravel one and one-half inches each side of the piece, then roll it up tightly as possible. Over the unraveled center left, put a piece of crimson plush, which can be embroidered or not, as any one chooses. Take satin ribbon, an inch wide, to form a loop, which is done by attaching to each edge with a little bow.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One coffee-cupful each of beef suet, molasses, sugar, sweet milk and dried currants, washed and floured, four cups of flour, two and one-half cups of raisins, stoned and chopped fine; of soda, cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, each one teaspoonful. Chop the suet very fine, mix well and steam for three hours over a fast, steady fire.—*Mrs. George B. Wilson, Midland, Texas.*

SCRAPPLE.—The New Jersey way of making scrapple is as follows: Take a nice shoulder, and boil it until the meat is ready to drop from the bones; then strain the liquor through a colander; chop the meat and return it to the liquor, and season with pepper, salt and thyme, or other herb that is preferred. Stir in Indian meal until it turns from the sides of the kettle, then put into pans, and when cool, cut into slices and fry.

EASY BREAD-MAKING.—Take ten potatoes, boil and mash thoroughly, add three tablespoonfuls each of sugar and salt, scald three tablespoonfuls of flour and one pint of water, mix with the potato, add the quart of boiling water the potatoes were boiled in, also five quarts of tepid water and a cup of yeast; put in a warm place until it foams nicely, then put away to cool. When thoroughly cool, seal up and put in a cool place. To make the bread, sift the flour in your pan for the number of loaves required, and wet it with the yeast you have made, and nothing else, warming before using. When you have it wet, mould out into loaves and put in a warm place to rise. If your yeast is warm before using, your bread will be light inside of two hours. Bake an hour.—*Housekeeper.*

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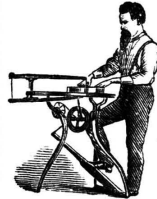
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