

ESTABLISHED 1875.

March 1887.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

# THE WEST SHORE

an Illustrated

Western  
Magazine



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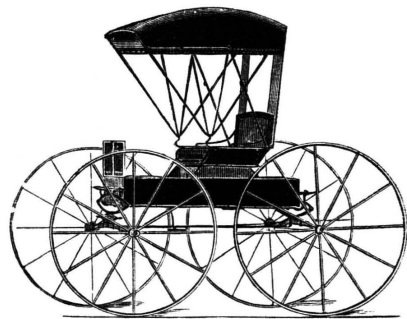
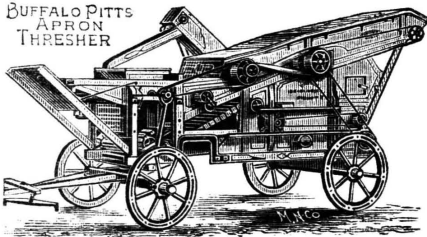
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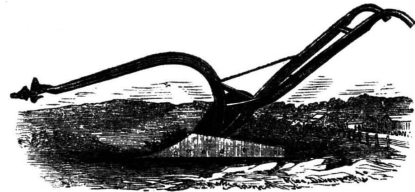
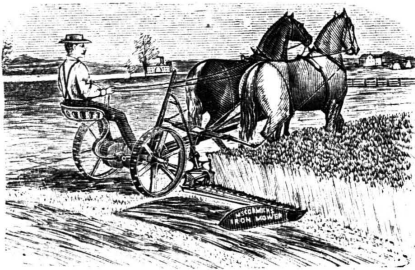
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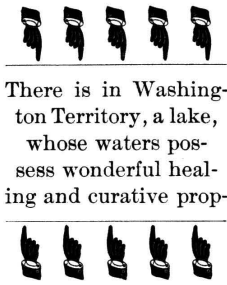
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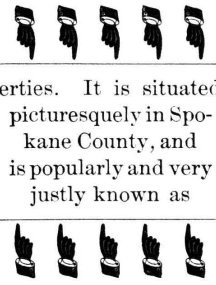
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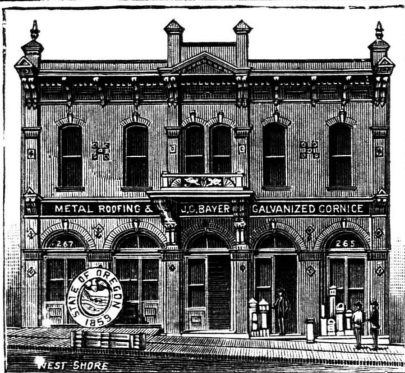
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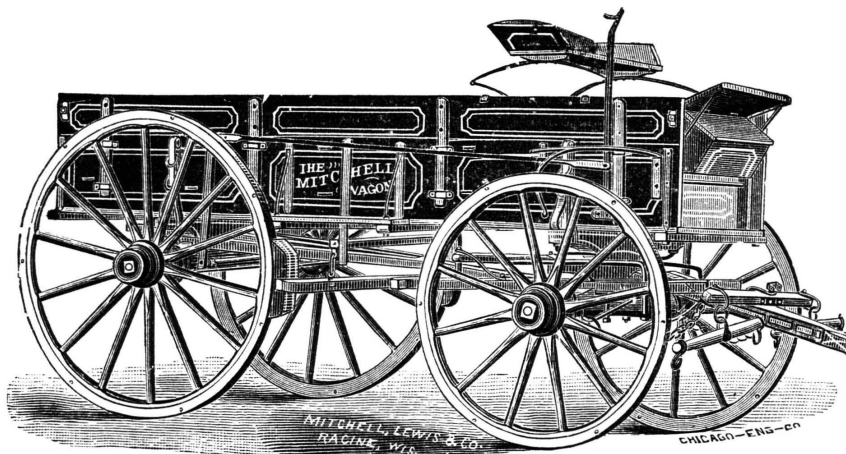
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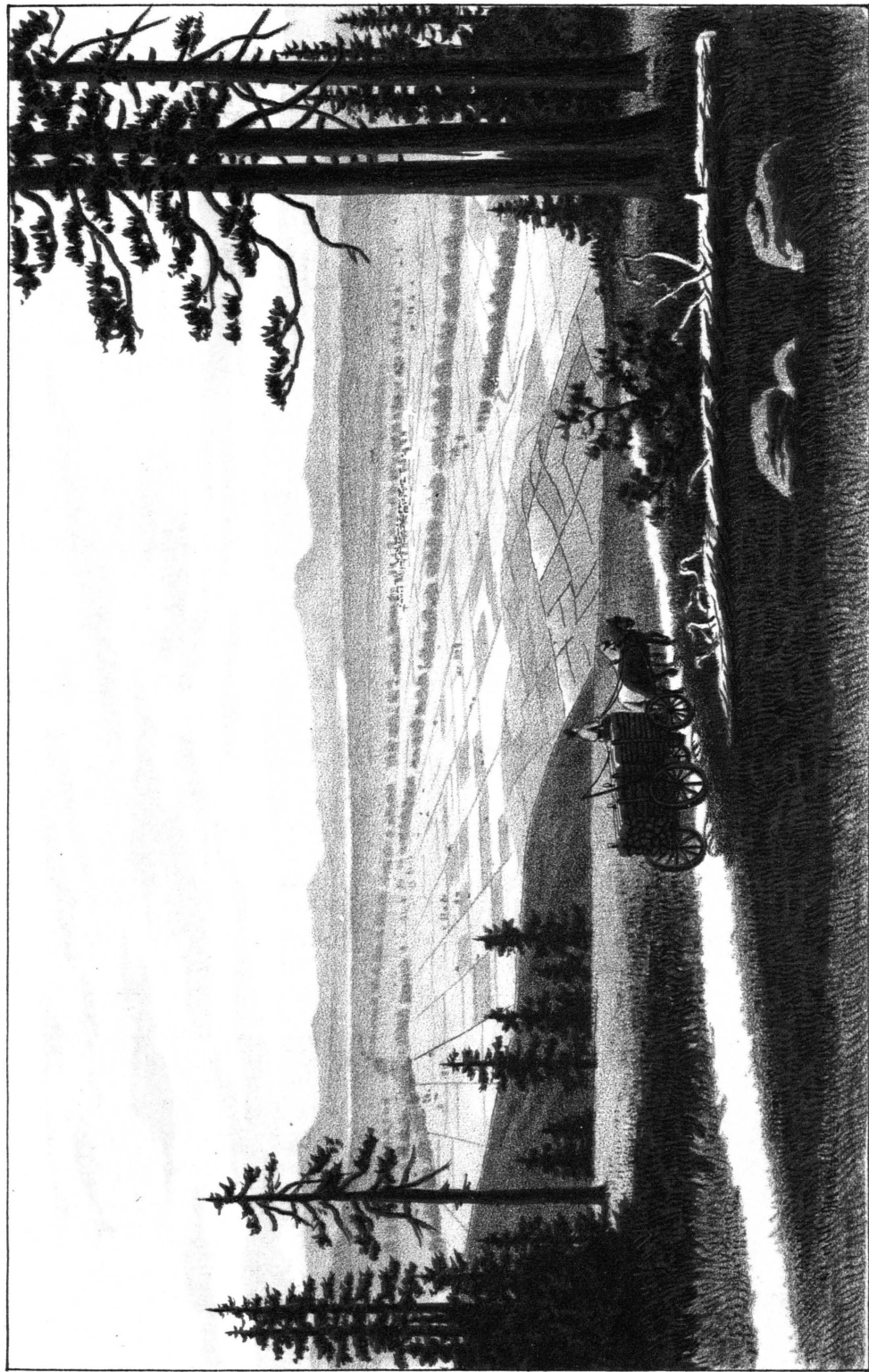
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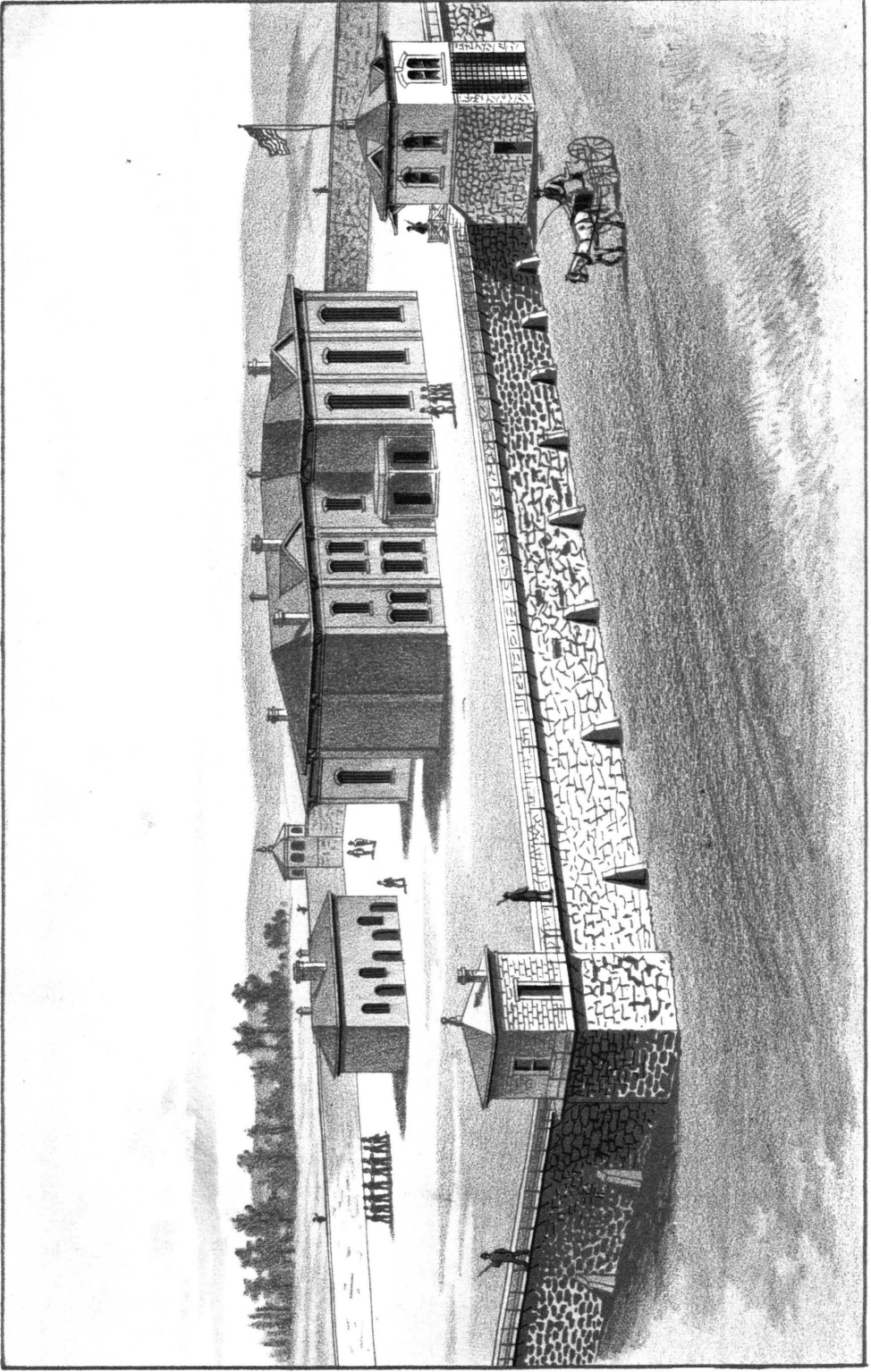
WASHINGTON-WALLA WALLA VALLEY, LOOKING WEST FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.



WASHINGTON-WALLA WALLA VALLEY, LOOKING WEST FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

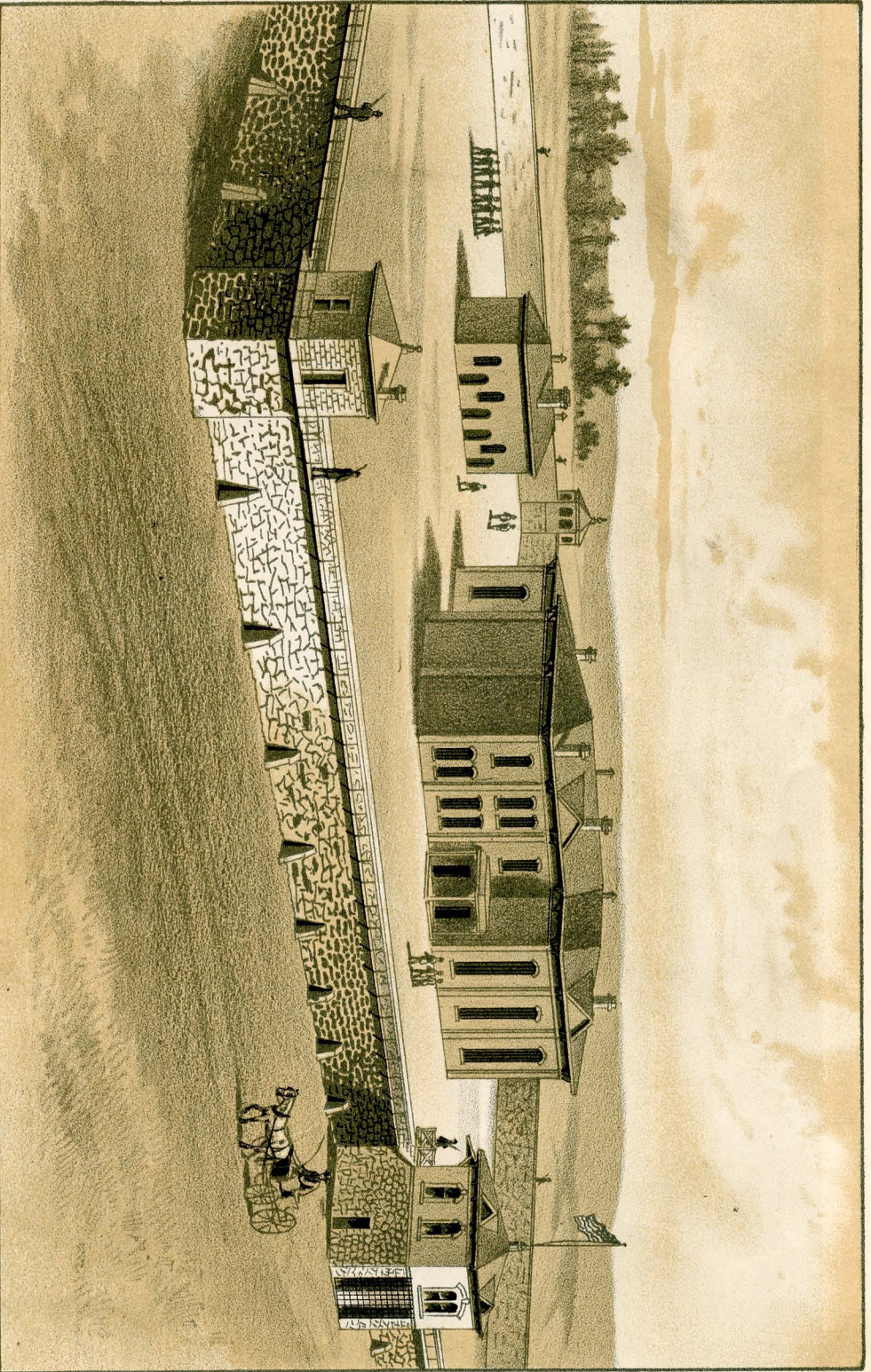






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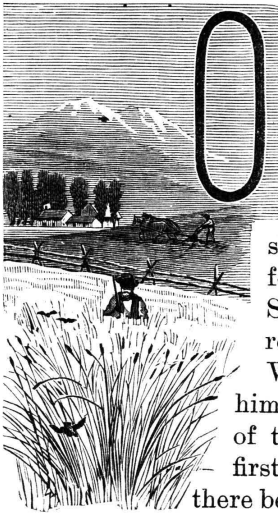
# THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

MARCH, 1887.

NUMBER 3.

## WALLA WALLA AND VICINITY.



ONLY by lapse of time can large cities be built, yet the rapid development of our western country greatly shortens this time for many of them. Such is the fact regarding Walla Walla. Let not him who now hears of that city for the first time—if such there be in all the broad

domain of the Union—imagine it to be one of those board cities of mushroom growth, peculiar to the West, or that it is situated on the “frontier” in any sense in which that word is popularly understood. It has a history covering more than a quarter of a century, and for the greater portion of that period, has been a business center of importance, the metropolis of a large and thriving agricultural region, whose product, wealth and population increase yearly, at a rate surprising to those unacquainted with the almost phenomenal growth of the great Inland Empire.

Pleasantly situated on a level tract of fertile land, in the midst of the Walla Walla valley, ornamented with shade trees, tasteful yards and handsome residences, surrounded on all sides by well improved farms, and lying almost in the shadow of the Blue mountains, it seems to lack little which the hand of nature could supply. Through the heart of the city flows Mill creek, a stream of clear mountain water, running over a bed of pebbles. The wide streets, lined with imposing business blocks, palatial residences, elegant cottages, flowery gardens and long rows of shade trees, wear a cheerful aspect, but are particularly inviting to the weary traveler arriving from the East over miles of dreary, dusty desert. The tall Lombardy poplars, which are a peculiar feature of the city, beckon the dust-covered wanderer onward to cooling shades, as the date palm of the oasis beckons the begrimed nomad of the Sahara. It is a city of homes, and this in our western regions, where the charms of home life, of hearth and garden, are too often neglected, means a great deal.

For the few years immediately prior to 1860, the townsite was occupied only by a few traders, attracted thither by

the military post which had been established near by, and the banks of Mill creek, now worth thousands of dollars for business purposes, were but a camping ground for teamsters. At that time the entire region lying between the Columbia and Snake rivers, and the base of the Blue mountains, was considered of little agricultural value. Arable land was supposed to be confined to the comparatively narrow strips of alluvial soil along the margins of the streams, known as bottom lands. There were a few persons who had embarked in agriculture, on a limited scale, and several others who had driven bands of cattle into this region, to graze upon the nutritious bunch grass which covered the hills, over which large bands of Indian ponies—the “Cayuses” of none too enviable reputation—had ranged for years.

In 1860, an event occurred which changed the entire aspect of affairs, and infused a life and vigor into this region which has converted a supposed desert into a land of bountiful harvests, and reared up cities and towns teeming with life and energy, and possessing the enjoyments, conveniences, wealth and business facilities incident to our modern civilization. That event was the discovery of gold at Oro Fino, Idaho, followed rapidly the next two years by similar discoveries in Idaho, Eastern Oregon and Montana. Early in the spring of 1861, the tide of gold hunters from Oregon and California began to pour up the Columbia, passing through Walla Walla, where they purchased provisions, tools, camp equipage and pack animals. There was a sudden demand for farm products, which the few farmers were totally unable to supply. The entire wheat crop of that year, amounting to sixteen thousand bushels, was sold at \$2.50 per bushel. When winter set in, many came out of the mountains and spent the season in Walla Walla. Many

stores had been opened, and in a very few months quite a city had sprung up on the banks of Mill creek.

The following year the rush to the mines was still greater, and the merchants reaped a rich harvest. The prospective market for farm products and cattle induced a great many to locate farms, and soon the most desirable bottom lands along the various streams were taken up. Many thousand head of cattle were driven into the country and ranged upon the bunch grass hills. During the year eighty buildings were erected, being an increase of one hundred per cent. A second flouring mill, a planing mill and a sash and door factory were among the additions to the place. The city was incorporated that year, and four hundred and forty-two votes were cast at the first charter election. Throbbing with life, business and energy as it was, Walla Walla was then by no means the beautiful city of to-day. Instead of the fine blocks of brick which now give such an appearance of solidity to Main street, business was transacted in small frame structures and log houses. In place of the fine yards and ample shade trees which now adorn the city, was to be seen a dry, cheerless plain, with but a slight fringe of trees growing along the streams. In the years that have since passed away, those crude structures have one by one, and sometimes a score or more at once, succumbed to the devouring flames, or been demolished or moved away, while in their places have sprung up substantial blocks of brick. The transformation has been gradual, but permanent, and a glance at the engraving of Main street, given on another page, will reveal the valuable and stable character of the structures in which the immense business of the place is transacted.

For several years the city grew at this rapid rate, and then came a halt. Other

routes for the transportation of passengers and merchandise to the mines of Montana and Idaho were opened, and Walla Walla lost its commanding position as the great distributing point. Meanwhile it had been discovered that the vast expanse of bunch grass hills, rolling between the Blue mountains on the one hand, and the Snake and Columbia rivers on the other, were fit for something else besides being merely a range for cattle, sheep and horses. Experiments proved that they would yield an equal, if not a greater, harvest of wheat than did the alluvial bottoms. As soon as this became an admitted fact—and it took several years to settle the matter beyond dispute—hundreds began taking up claims on the hills, and it was not long before Walla Walla was encircled by wheat fields miles in extent, and yearly widening their limits. Other towns sprang up as the area of cultivated land increased, all of them adding to the general business of the pioneer city, and helping to give it a metropolitan character.

The agricultural resources of the region tributary to the city had been so far developed by 1867, that more flour and wheat were produced than could find a market at home or in the mines. The exportation of the surplus to Portland was then begun, and that year four thousand seven hundred and thirty-five barrels of flour and fifteen thousand bushels of wheat were sent down the Columbia, at a freight tariff of \$6.00 per ton from Wallula, to which must be added the expense of hauling by team from Walla Walla to that point, a distance of thirty miles. Even under such adverse conditions, the settlement of the country advanced rapidly, the growth of the city steadily keeping pace with the general development. Year by year the volume of general business, and the quantity and value of exports increased.

After much agitation of the question of transportation, a narrow gauge railroad was finally completed from the city to Wallula, in 1875, chiefly through the persevering energy of Dr. D. S. Baker. Transportation rates continued to be almost prohibitive, yet the shipments of grain and flour increased at such a rate that in 1877 twenty-seven thousand tons were sent out by the little railroad, at an average rate of \$4.50 for the thirty miles between the two places, and as much more down the river to Portland. In 1882 the line of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. was completed from Portland to Walla Walla, absorbing the narrow gauge line, and branches built in various directions, offering, for the first time, transportation facilities nearly adequate to handle the rapidly increasing crops of that region. Under this influence, production has been wonderfully stimulated. The bunch grass hills of the Inland Empire, which, twenty years ago, knew not the plow nor sickle, now produce for shipment, a surplus of wheat aggregating five hundred thousand tons, or more than sixteen million bushels. A score of modern roller mills, located in various thriving towns, are manufacturing from three to four thousand barrels of flour per day, and besides supplying a vast region, are shipping thousands of barrels yearly to Portland, and thence to many ports of Europe, Asia and South America. To be sure, these mills are not all located in Walla Walla, nor is all the enormous grain crop shipped from that city; but, more than any other, it receives benefit from this stupendous traffic, and in a large degree, receives tribute from the surrounding farms and towns, covering a wide area. The transportation question has always been, and still remains, a vital one. The uniform rate on wheat and flour from that region to Portland, is \$6.00 per ton. Now that the Cascade

division of the Northern Pacific is almost completed, offering an outlet to Puget sound, the citizens are extremely anxious to embrace the opportunity thus presented for a competitive route to the seaboard. The construction of a line from the city to Ainsworth, at the mouth of Snake river, or to Wallula, would effect this result, and strenuous efforts are being made to accomplish it. Three trustees have been appointed, to whom have been given powers of attorney to make a contract, binding the signers to deliver a certain quantity of wheat and flour, for two years, to any company which will transport it to any seaport, at a rate not to exceed \$4.00 per ton. It is thought that this will be a sufficient guaranty to induce the construction of the desired line to Ainsworth. Besides this line, the city is now connected with Portland by the O. R. & N. Co., whose branches reach out from Walla Walla to Pendleton on one side, giving it a route east over the Union Pacific, and to Dayton, Pomeroy and Snake river on the other. By the O. R. & N. Co. making connection with the Northern Pacific at Wallula, another eastern route is given, over the line of the latter road. Direct railroad connection with the Palouse country and the wonderful Cœur d'Alene region is among the probabilities of the coming year. A line of narrow gauge road extends from the city to Dixie, in the very heart of one of the finest agricultural sections of Eastern Washington. These transportation facilities add to the metropolitan character of the city, and to an increasing extent enable it to do a considerable jobbing trade.

Walla Walla has the advantage now that its growth is not in advance of the country tributary to it. The circumference of its influence must widen. The population in this domain will certainly become much more dense, and with this increase the city will advance in popula-

tion, business and influence. Farming on a large scale is not profitable generally in this country. Large estates were the ambition of slave holders. They became popular in California, through the acquisition of Spanish grants at small figures, and to some extent the system has been initiated into the Northwest. The land of small farms, worked by owners, is the most productive. The force of circumstances will, ere long, bring us to the condition of every quarter section supporting a family. The farms around Walla Walla are, generally, too large, and are worked by hired help. Among the seventy-four signers of the powers of attorney alluded to, are twenty-four farmers promising from five to ten thousand bushels; twelve from ten to fifteen thousand; seven from fifteen to twenty thousand; seven from twenty to thirty thousand; five from thirty to forty thousand, and one fifty thousand bushels of grain. It is evident that the farming population now living on the cultivated land can be doubled, and even trebled, to advantage, and from that source alone the volume of business done must be increased proportionately.

Except in the matter of the reduction of wheat to flour, manufacturing has made but slight progress. Five mills utilize the power of Mill creek, having a total capacity of five hundred and fifty barrels per day. Some of them are fitted with complete machinery for the gradual reduction process, and the flour made by them is of the finest quality. Mill creek has a fall of about sixty feet to the mile, representing a force of from forty to fifty horse power at a low stage of water, and fully three times as much for eight months in each year. A planing mill, a factory where several kinds of agricultural implements are made, a soap factory, a foundry, a cooper shop, several wagon shops, furniture factories,

etc., complete the list of the industries. Woolen mills and oil mills are under consideration. When the time comes that manufacturing can be made remunerative in that region, the advantages possessed by Walla Walla will draw here the most important of such enterprises.

Near the city, on an elevated flat, is the United States military post, a view of which, looking across the city and valley to the Blue mountains, is given on another page. Since 1873 this post has been constantly occupied by six companies of cavalry. At present, a portion of the Second cavalry is stationed here, the other companies being garrisoned in smaller detachments at other posts in the Department of the Columbia. About \$200,000.00 are annually expended at this post, much of it aiding to swell the business of the city. The regimental band, a most excellent one, gives a concert every evening. The officers of the post are courteous to visitors, who are politely escorted about the grounds and shown all objects of interest. The territorial penitentiary, a view of which is given on page 198, has just been completed at a cost of about \$80,000.00. It stands on a tract of one hundred and fifty-five acres, adjoining the city, which was donated to the territory for that purpose. The work was begun in June, 1886, and completed in February, last. The immense wall, of stone and cement, encloses a parallelogram three hundred and thirty feet by three hundred and ninety-six feet. It is six feet wide at its foundation, three feet below the surface of the ground, and tapers to a width of sixteen inches at the top, fifteen feet above the earth. A plank walk, with an iron railing, encircles the wall on the outside, three feet from the top. This is for a guard walk. Two brick guard houses and two wooden sentry boxes, occupy the corners of the

wall. The structures are of brick, and consist of a cell building, a wing and an out building. The cell building is one hundred by eighty-four feet inside, with cement floor and corrugated iron ceiling. It contains eighty-four cells and a corridor. The wing contains kitchen, dining room, hospital, store room, etc.; the out building contains the laundry, bath room, etc. The selection of this place for the location of this necessary public institution, is an acknowledgment of its advantages as a point of easy access from all parts of the territory.

In educational matters the city has always occupied a preëminent position. The early settlers of this region followed the traditional policy of American pioneers of devoting a great deal of attention to the erection of school houses and churches. Common school education is provided for the young in all settled parts of the county. The city comprises one school district. It has one brick building, the largest brick school house in the territory, and two frame buildings, which contain twelve rooms. The eight hundred children are divided into eight grades, under the tutorship of an efficient corps of thirteen teachers, the whole ably superintended by Prof. Kerr. Many farmers reside in the city in order to avail themselves of the educational advantages afforded. Several private and sectarian schools are maintained. St. Paul's school, for girls, Miss L. Weaver, principal, with three assistants, is an institution under the control of the Episcopal church. The attendance is about seventy-five, and all the branches taught are the same as are usually taught in young ladies' seminaries. St. Patrick's academy, for boys, is under the control of the Catholic authorities, and has an attendance of about sixty. Professors Donovan and Rohlinger are the instructors. St. Vincent's academy, for girls, is connected with the



convent of St. Vincent, and is under the charge of the Sisters of the House of Providence, of Vancouver. The attendance is about one hundred. The Walla Walla business college was established in 1882, and employs five competent teachers. Whitman college crowns the educational system of this region. It was organized as an academy in 1859, and work commenced in 1866. It struggled along until 1883, when, by charter, it was changed to a college, and placed under the charge of Dr. A. J. Anderson, as president. The tireless energy and skillful work of the president, both as an instructor and manager, has improved the institution within a few years so that in the breadth and thoroughness of instruction, in its general equipments and financial status, it occupies a high position among the educational institutions of the country. The faculty consists of six instructors and five special teachers. The organization and system of instruction is after the best New England models. A preparatory, or academic, course of three years for the classical, and two years each for the scientific departments precedes the college course of three or four years in the literary, scientific and classical courses, respectively. Special branches are a normal course and a business course, of three years each, a conservatory of music, with a course of three years, modern languages, elocution, painting and drawing. The college is in possession of a library of two thousand two hundred volumes, and one thousand eight hundred pamphlets; it has good physical and chemical apparatus and a complete set of instruments for surveying. The buildings are convenient, the grounds ample and finely located, and the situation central in a large and flourishing community. The attendance in 1886-7 reaches the respectable number of two hundred, of which twenty are in the college proper. The

receipts from tuition, the aid from its patron, the American College and Educational Society, and the interest from a considerable endowment fund, place the college on a good financial foundation. The president, with the aid of the faculty and trustees, has succeeded in pervading the institution with a spirit of laudable ambition, noble endeavor, thoroughness and high christian morality, which, if continued, can not fail to place this college among the very first in the land.

There are in the city a number of commodious, and even ornamental, houses of worship. The largest and most costly structure is St. Patrick's Catholic church, a large brick edifice, forty-five by one hundred feet in size. It was completed in 1882, at an expense of \$20,000.00, and is one of the finest and largest churches in the entire Northwest. The Methodists have a fine edifice, which was dedicated in 1881, and cost \$9,000.00. St. Paul's Episcopal church was completed in 1873, at a cost of \$5,400.00. The Congregationalists, the first religious organization to enter this region as missionaries, as early as 1836, organized a church in 1864, and completed their present edifice in 1868, at a cost of \$5,000.00. The Baptists have a church building costing \$5,000.00. Other religious denominations are the Cumberland Presbyterians, whose structure cost \$6,000.00, in 1876; the Presbyterians, who have a strong organization and valuable church property; the Seventh Day Adventists; the M. E. church, south; the United Brethren, and the Christians. In the city are two lodges, one chapter, one lodge of perfection, one chapter of Rose Croix, and one commandery, of the various degrees of Masonry; two lodges and one encampment of the Odd Fellows; two lodges of Workmen; and one organization each of the orders of Knights of Pythias, Chosen Friends,

Verein Eintracht, Sons of Temperance, Scientific Society, Grand Army of the Republic, Library Association, and Militia.

The imposing brick and cement court house, of which an engraving is given, was completed in 1882, at a cost of \$60,000.00. The handsome opera house was built two years later, and is the finest in the territory. The city has a splendid fire department, and possesses two steam fire engines and a hook and ladder apparatus. There is an ample supply of good spring water, which is thoroughly distributed by water works. Gas works, an electric light system, a telephone circuit, three daily and weekly newspapers, good hotels, numerous large stores, carrying valuable stocks of goods, two breweries, many shops, etc., combine to make a wealthy, populous, busy and prosperous city, possessing the advantage of known stability, gained by a gradual and steady growth through a long series of years. Such advantages must commend it to all persons seeking to invest their means in one of our growing western cities, and draw the attention and careful consideration of all promoters of new enterprises in this region.

Until 1875, Walla Walla county embraced all that portion of the territory east of the Columbia and south of Snake river. It was then divided, the eastern portion being made the county of Columbia, which has since been apportioned to the three counties of Columbia, Garfield and Asotin.

The census of 1885 shows that there were cultivated in Walla Walla county, a total of one hundred and seventy thousand and fifty-two acres, or one-third of the total area. The average yield per acre, for a number of seasons, is twenty-five bushels of wheat, forty bushels of barley, forty-five bushels of oats and thirty bushels of corn. The maximum yield is more than double this amount.

The annual rainfall of this region, as a general rule, is proportionate to the altitude, as shown by the following table:

	Altitude.	Mean An'l R'nfl.
Walla Walla	340 ft.	9 inches.
Walla Walla	1,000 "	18 "
Dayton	1,670 "	27 "

Observations are rather meager, but so far as made, indicate the altitude of one thousand feet as about the limit, below which it is dangerous for the farmer to venture, if he is to depend on rain and snow for moisture. Above this limit is situated the famous wheat belt; below is the arid desert. So far as irrigation has been introduced on the dry, warm soil of the lower levels, it has proved to be highly successful. By the aid of a large amount of capital, furnished by associations or the territory, vast tracts on the Lower Umatilla, Walla Walla, Touchet, and Yakima can be turned into rich garden spots, and without doubt, at no distant day, this will be done. Private enterprise has already accomplished much in this direction in Yakima county. The climate of this region is both healthful and pleasant. It holds a mean between the moist, equable climate of the coast districts and the great extremes of heat and cold in the interior of the continent.

The following data and statistics for 1886, kindly furnished by H. D. Blanford, observer at the Walla Walla U. S. signal office, are of general interest:

Lowest temperature,	- - - -5, in Jan'y.
Highest temperature,	- - - 104.0, in July.
Lowest mean temperature,	- - - 25.8, in Jan'y.
Highest mean temperature,	- - - 76.7, in July.
Yearly mean temperature,	- - - 53.3.
Greatest monthly range of temp.,	64.8, in Jan'y.
Least monthly range of temp.,	39.0, in April.
Maximum temp. below freezing point,	16 days.
Minimum temp. below freezing point,	32 days.
Maximum temp. above 90 degrees,	39 days.
Rainfall,	- - - - 16.20 inches.
Direction of wind,	- - - 85 per cent. from S. W.
Clear days,	- - - - - 142
Fair days,	- - - - - 148

Cloudy days, - - - - -	75	excellent for table use and the vintage.
Foggy days, - - - - -	1	Foreign varieties, such as the Black
Rainy days, - - - - -	101	Hamburg, Muscatelle, Chasselas Musk,

The great desideratum in the whole basin, even in the well watered Palouse region, is a good pasture grass, without which profitable mixed farming is well nigh impossible. It is difficult to make good pastures in the wheat belt. The native grasses are highly nutritious, but better adapted to beef and horses than to dairying. They seem to be a natural feed for horses, and as soon as our horse breeders will provide abundant feed for winter, so that the growth of the young animals during the inclement season is not dwarfed and stunted by scant and insufficient food, they will produce a breed of horses not inferior even to the horse of the blue grass regions of Kentucky. As before stated, the vast bands of cattle which ranged the hills in the early days have disappeared as the settlement of the country and the division of the lands into farms has progressed. There are many thousand horses, cattle and sheep in the county, but not, as formerly, in large bands. Each farmer has his proportion. More and more attention is being paid to the improvement of stock, and many pure blood and grade animals have been purchased during the past few years.

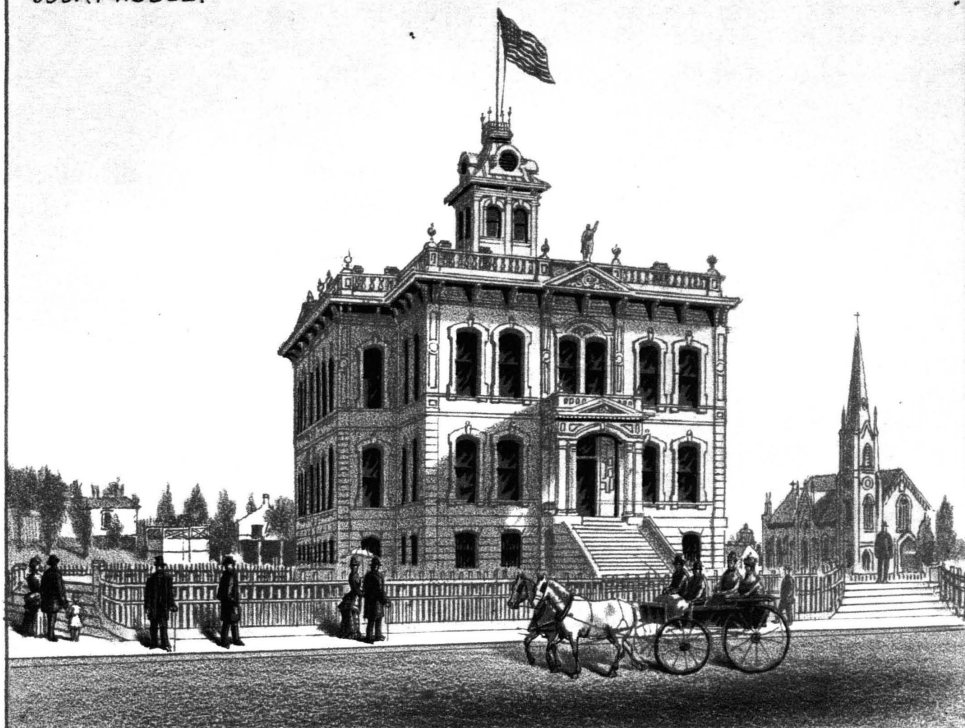
Fruit culture has received much attention. Apples, pears, plums, prunes, and cherries are grown to perfection, both as to size and flavor, in all the settled districts of the Walla Walla country. Small fruits thrive marvelously. Peaches succeed well every second or third year. Grape culture, although still in its infancy, promises well. The experience gained by twenty years cultivation of the vine, by H. P. Isaacs and other pioneers in the branch, will enable new beginners to avoid many dangers. The vines in the vicinity of Walla Walla are healthy and thrifty, the grapes

adapted to the climate, soil, etc. Grape culture is only in its commencement, but it is demonstrated that the hillsides in the vicinity of the Columbia, from the Cascades to the eastern and northern mountain ranges, to an altitude of about a thousand feet, are splendidly adapted to grape culture. Walla Walla is already doing a good business in shipping fruit. Many car loads are sent to Eastern Washington, Idaho, Montana, Dakota and Minnesota. Much more could and would be done if freight charges on railroads were such as to leave the producer and merchant a reasonable margin. The day of lower rates is at hand, and the fruit business will be stimulated to large proportions thereby.

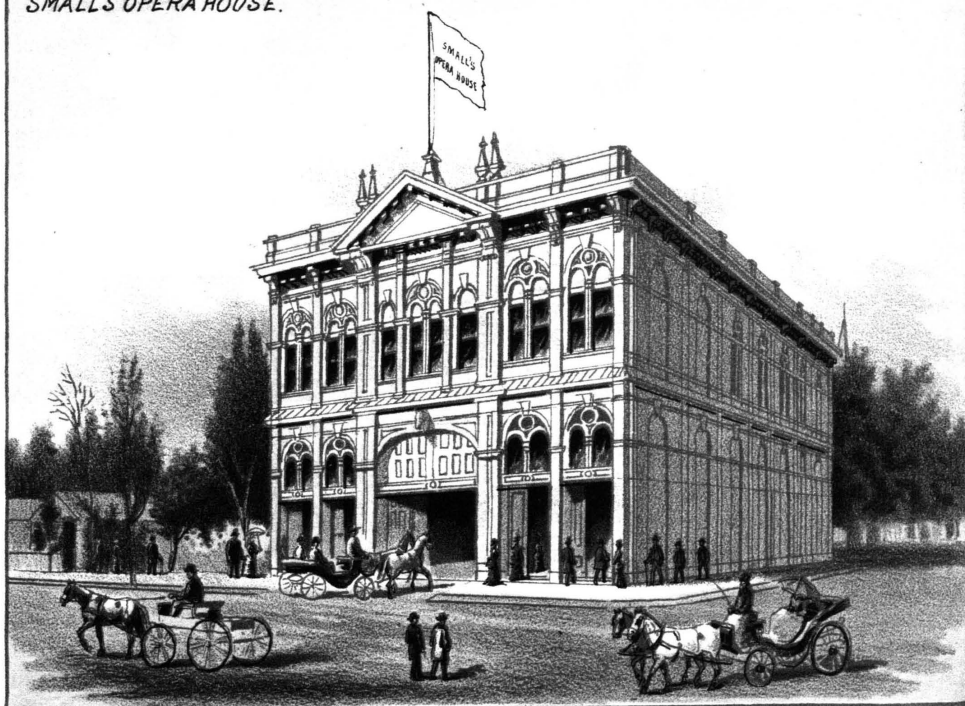
Besides the City of Walla Walla, the most important business points in the county are Waitsburg, Prescott, Dixie, and Wallula. Waitsburg is a prosperous town of about seven hundred people, situated on the Touchet river, and on the O. R. & N. Co's. line, twenty-nine miles northeast of Walla Walla. It will also be on the line of the proposed branch of the N. P. R. R., from Ainsworth. It has a roller flouring mill of a capacity of one hundred and fifty barrels per day, good common schools, a number of churches, an academy under the auspices of the United Presbyterian church, planing, oil and chop mills, and a weekly newspaper.

Prescott is a village of two hundred inhabitants, lying on the Touchet, and on the line of the railroad, about midway between Walla Walla and Waitsburg. It has a flouring mill of a capacity of two hundred barrels, a good school, churches and business houses. Dixie lies ten miles northeast of Walla Walla,

COURT HOUSE.



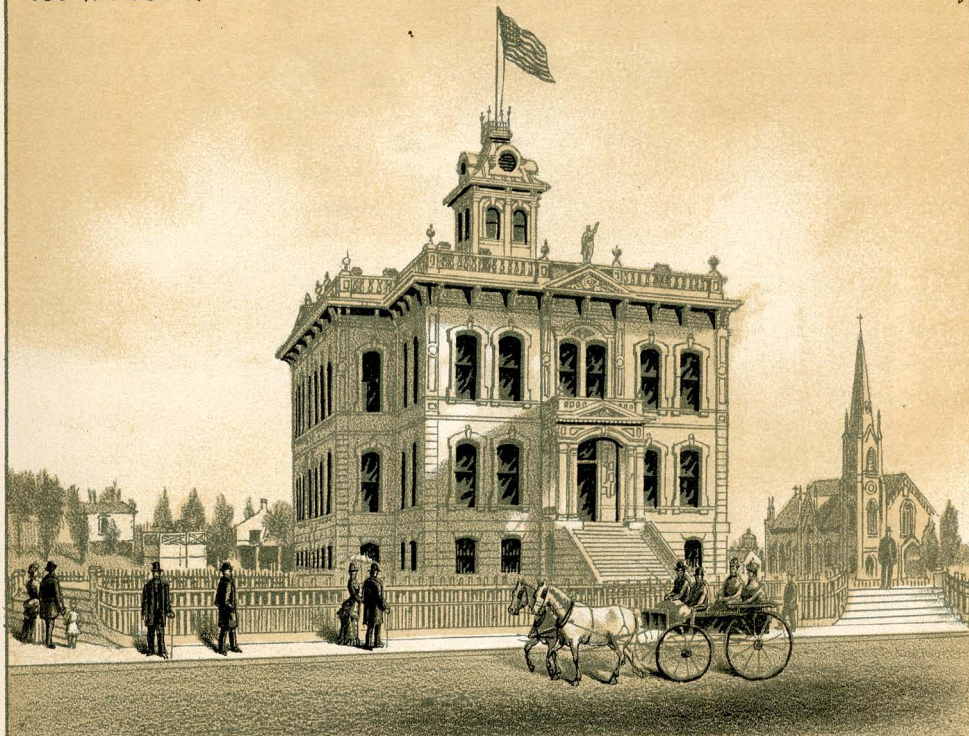
SMALL'S OPERA HOUSE.



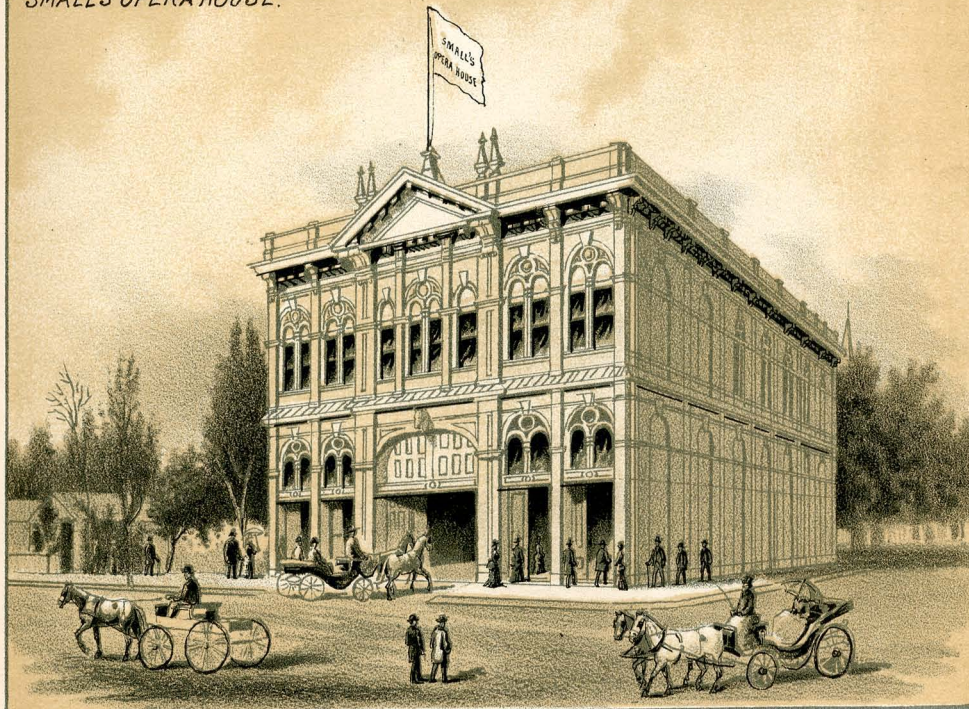
WALLA WALLA, W. T.



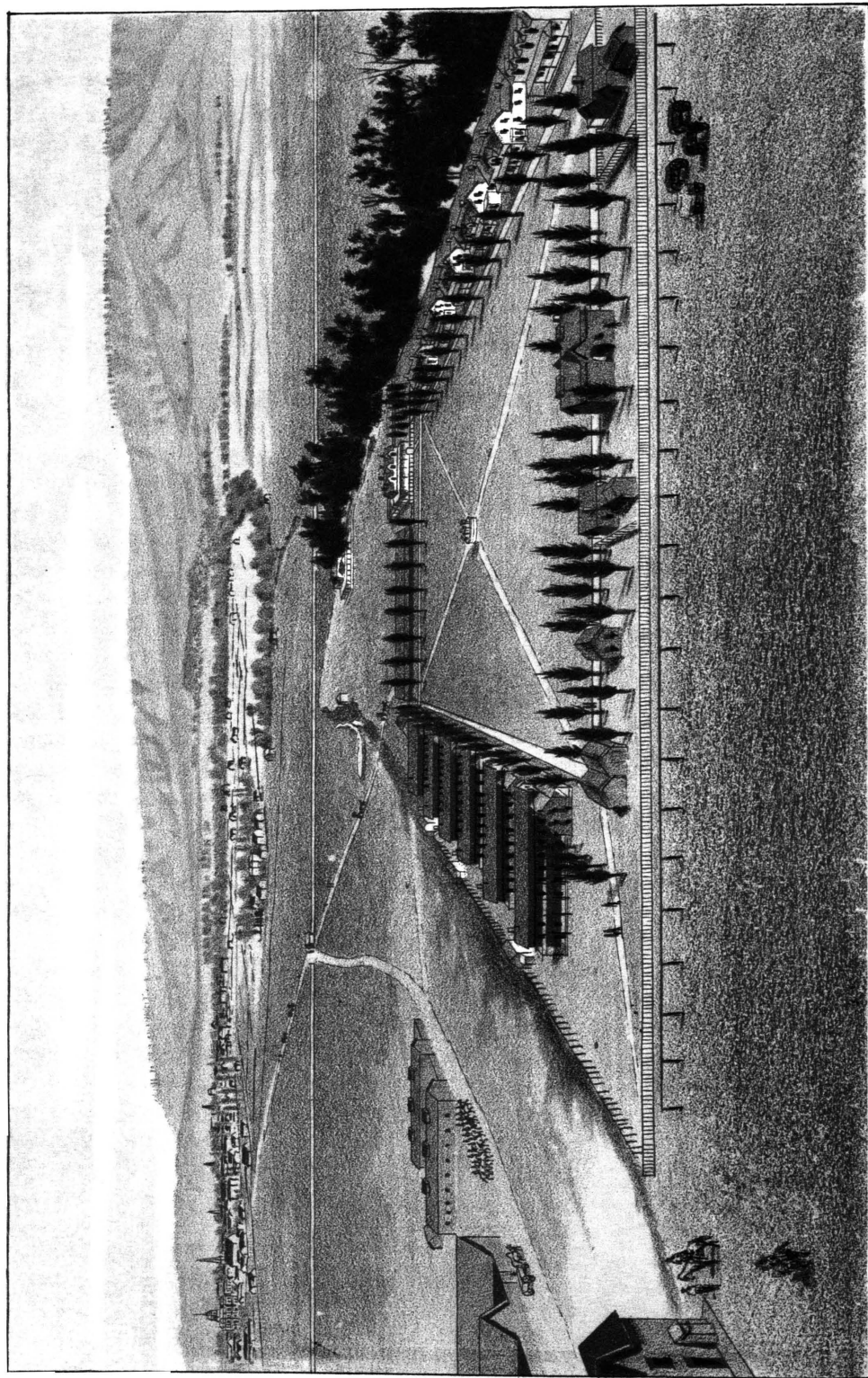
COURT HOUSE.



SMALL'S OPERA HOUSE.

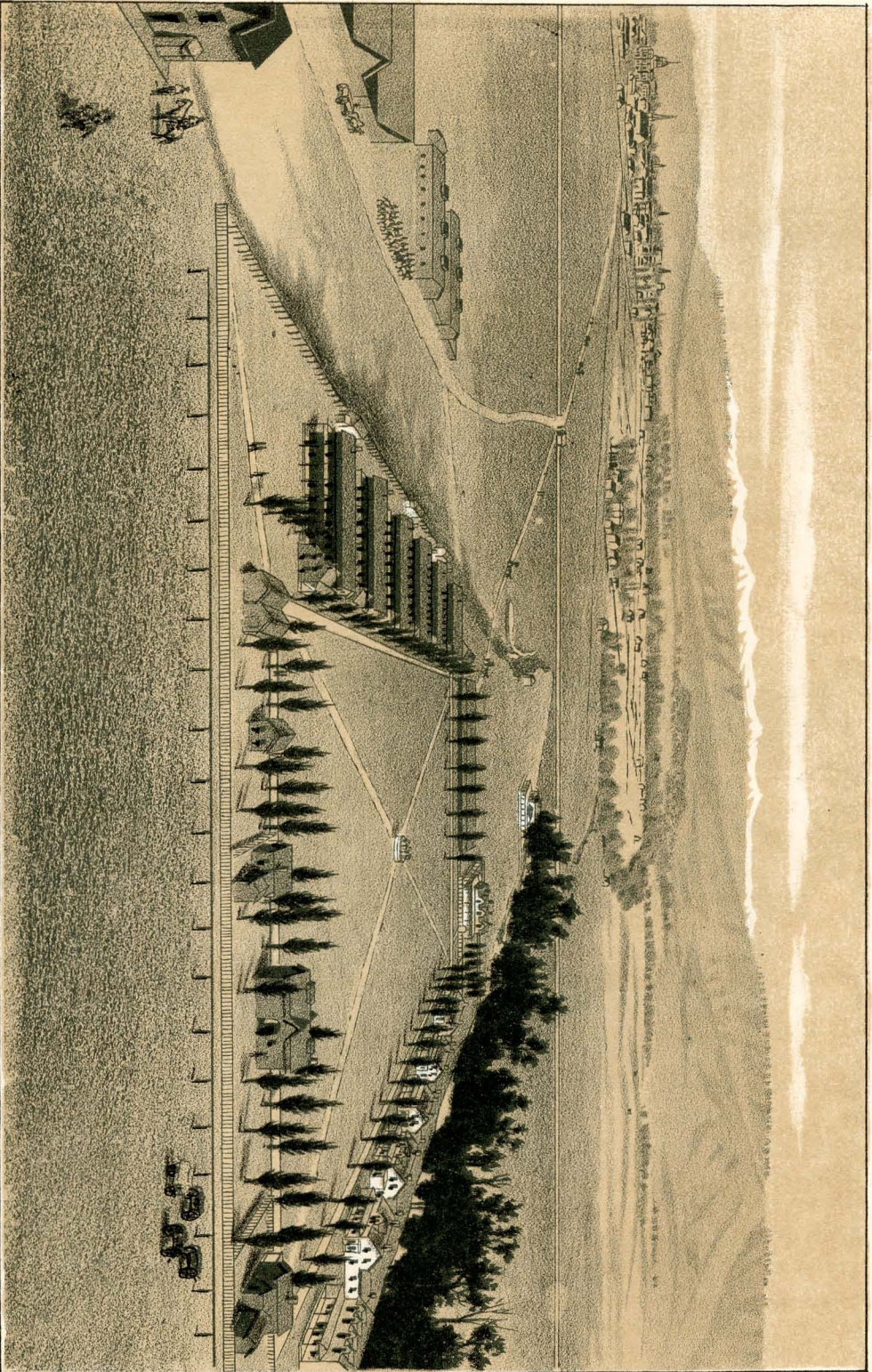






WASHINGTON - U.S. CAVALRY BARRACKS, WALLA WALLA.





WASHINGTON - U. S. CAVALRY BARRACKS, WALLA WALLA.



and is the terminus of the narrow gauge road previously spoken of. It has a good school, several churches, a number of stores, and possesses good water power. It is in the midst of one of the finest wheat belts in the Northwest, and is an important shipping point. Wallula lies on the east bank of the Columbia, and is the point of junction of the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railway & Navigation systems. It is a railroad town and lies in the arid region. When irrigation redeems the adjacent country from its present unproductive condition, the town will no doubt become an important business point.

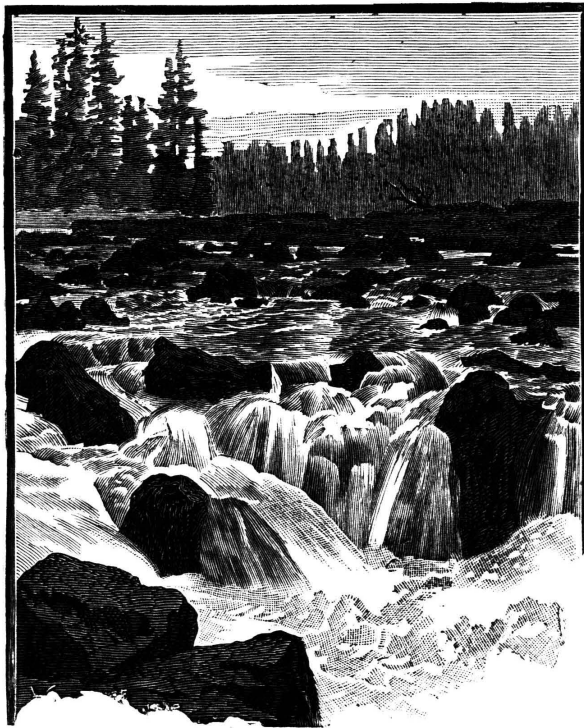
The methods of agriculture in this region are of the most improved kind. Plowing is done chiefly in the fall, and the great crop is winter wheat. A failure of fall-sown grain has not been known during the quarter of a century of cultivation, and the conditions are such that a failure is almost impossible. Spring opens early, and in March the grain is in an advanced condition. One thing is especially noticeable, and that is the use of the best kinds of machinery. Thousands of dollars are spent annually by the farmers in supplying themselves with the latest and most economical machines and implements. The great house of Knapp, Burrell & Co., whose headquarters are in Portland, maintains a large establishment at Walla Walla, from which everything needed on the farm in the shape of tools, machines, wagons, etc., is supplied to the whole vast agricultural region tributary to the city. The affairs of the firm in this region are managed by Mr. F. H. Barnard, whose acquaintance with the country and the requirements of agriculture there, render him peculiarly fitted to manage so large and important an enterprise. The fact that this great firm finds it advantageous to maintain a large establishment in Walla Walla, is another

evidence of the city's commanding position in this vast agricultural region.

There is one fact which should be impressed on the minds of those who have thoughts of visiting this region in search of a home. One who has read the foregoing pages will at once come to the correct conclusion that all the desirable farming land in the vicinity has been taken up and cultivated for many years. Farther away, and especially in the direction of the dry belt to the northwestward, there is yet much land open to occupation. There is, also, some railroad land yet unsettled upon. He who would find a home within a few miles of the city, or any of the surrounding towns, must purchase the claims of those who have preceded him. These can be had at all prices and in all conditions, from the virgin, unfenced soil to the cultivated land, with farm buildings and improvements. Many farmers have more land than they can profitably cultivate, and will sell; others will dispose of their property in order to retire from active labor, while many others, who have taken up land under the government land law, but for various reasons have never improved their holdings, are prepared to sell at a reasonable price. He who has money to invest will find it more profitable, and far more agreeable to himself and family, to purchase desirable land within reach of churches, schools, railroads, and the social enjoyments of these settled communities, than to go into a more primitive region and encounter the hardships and disadvantages of pioneer life, where he must wait for railroads to come to him, and must deny his children and family the educational and social advantages they would otherwise enjoy. If the intending settler has not the means to purchase land, but is possessed of intelligence and a spirit of industry and patience, he can go into the newer regions, and in a few years create

a home just as pleasant and just as valuable as he has the will and ability to make it; but if he has the money to purchase land nearer the centers of life and business, he can skip, at one bound, over the pioneer stage, and begin at once at the point which others have reached only by many years of deprivation and arduous toil. To all such, a visit to Walla Walla and the unrivaled wheat fields that roll away from it in golden billows, till lost to view beyond the far horizon, should be the first thought upon arrival in the great Inland Empire.

### FALLS OF THE SANTIAM.



IN a country like Oregon and Washington, where mountains, valleys and plains, dense forests and a copious rainfall combine to make numerous and varied watercourses, there must, of necessity, be many and great water powers. The power thus provided by nature in this region, and which is running to waste, would run the factories of the world, could it but be applied to the work. Every river, save the broad Columbia, of which nearly all are tributaries, either directly or indirectly, has its source in the mountains, from which it flows down through some fertile valley, or broad plain, before losing its identity

in some greater stream. Along each, there necessarily exists many available water powers, while some of them make single plunges of considerable height, or pour tumultuously down steep declines, the waters leaping and roaring around huge boulders, which obstruct the channel. One of these streams is the Santiam, flowing from the Cascades, and entering the Willamette a few miles below Albany. The falls on the south fork are especially attractive. They do not consist of a single plunge, a character of water-fall which must depend upon great height or large volume of water for its attraction, but are a series of falls, made by the river in passing down a steep decline, the channel so choked and obstructed by rocks, as to create a multitude of little cataracts of devious forms and sizes. In this, lies its greatest charm, for, wherever the eye rests, a new form of beauty greets it. The north and south forks of the Santiam are tapped by canals, which convey water, for manufac-

turing purposes, to many different points. The power of this stream makes half the flour manufactured in the Willamette valley, and is, as yet, but partially utilized.

The time is coming when the magnificent water powers of Oregon and Washington will be in greater demand. At Spokane Falls, where one of the finest water powers in the United States is located, much is already being done in the line of manufacture, and much more is projected. At Oregon City, the famous Willamette falls have been wasting their strength for years, only a small portion of the power being used. Steps are now being taken to locate factories there, and the time is not far distant when the hum of industry will vie with the roar of the cataract. What is true of these larger falls, is also true of the smaller ones, to be found on every stream which flows through our valleys. Each one will contribute its proportion to the general industry.

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### THE CITY OF DAYTON.

ONE who travels much through the West, and observes the various conditions which lead to the founding and growth of towns and cities, soon learns to discriminate between the town which is located arbitrarily, by some company of land speculators, and brought to the attention of the world by high-sounding advertisements of fictitious advantages, and the town which is, as it were, located by nature, which springs up almost spontaneously, because it occupies a natural center for the trade of an extended region, and possesses such advantages for manufacturing, and for

the shipment and distribution of produce, as are not to be found elsewhere in the vicinity. The "boom" town may, for the time being, attract the most attention, and its corner lots may change hands at higher prices, but in the course of a few years, it will be seen that the town located by natural selection has passed its rival in the race, has established a larger and more stable business, has created a more settled and permanent value for its real estate, and by reason of its obvious advantages, has centered upon it the trade of the surrounding country, in pursuance of the great

laws of commerce, which no "booming," however loud and persistent, can avail to alter. Such a city is Dayton, the seat of justice of Columbia county, W. T., and one of the most prosperous and stable communities in the entire Northwest.

It is situated at the confluence of the Touchet and Patit, two beautiful streams which supply a large and unfailing power for manufacturing, and in the very midst of that magnificent agricultural region lying between Snake river and the base of the Blue mountains. As before stated, it is not the creation of town site speculators, but has grown up steadily and substantially, by gradual, though rapid, progress during the past sixteen years. The town site was owned by Jesse N. Day, after whom the city is named, for a number of years previous to 1871. That year S. M. Wait and Wm. Matzger erected here a large flouring mill, and early the next spring built a planing mill. Several stores were opened the same year, and many houses were erected. Before another year had rolled around, a woolen mill, costing \$40,000.00, had been built and the machinery put in operation. These were all legitimate enterprises, and in conjunction with the fact that the town was so situated that natural routes of travel from a wide area of rapidly settling farming lands centered here, carried the town, in two years, to a condition of prosperity and a volume of business reached by other places only after years of struggle and growth. At that time it was in Walla Walla county; but so rapid was the development of the country around it, and so distant was it from the county seat, that the legislature created a new county in 1875, and made Dayton the seat of justice. The following year the town was incorporated, at which time it contained a population of about six hundred. Although the gradual replacement, by brick buildings, of the wooden

ones first erected, went on, there was no marked advance until the completion of the line of the O. R. & N. Co. to the town, in the summer of 1881. The fact that the terminus of this branch would necessarily, for topographical reasons, always remain at Dayton, thus settling, forever, its character as a shipping and distributing point, did much to inspire confidence in the future of the town. Many new business enterprises were opened, and a large increase in population followed. Many improvements were made. Brick buildings became numerous, taking the place of cheaper structures, destroyed by fire or torn down to make room for their more costly and stable successors. A great conflagration visited that city in 1882, and destroyed property to the value of \$90,000.00. Heavy as this loss was, and severe as the blow was to the business men who suffered, the result has been, in the end, highly beneficial to the city. Larger and better buildings have succeeded the ones destroyed, a healthier tone in business circles and a greater display of public spirit by the citizens, has been manifested. Business thrift, energy, enterprise, devotion to the interests of the city, and liberality in their dealings with the tributary region, are marked features of the people of Dayton. These are the distinguishing characteristics of all progressive and prosperous places, and when they are noted as existing in conjunction with all the natural advantages of location found here, the thoughtful observer needs nothing more to assure him of the continued prosperity and growth of the fortunate city possessing them.

The present population of Dayton is in excess of two thousand, and among them are to be found few drones. The industries consist of two large flouring mills, one of them a full roller mill, of one hundred and fifty barrels capacity,

a chop mill, two steam and one water power planing mills, a machine shop, a large brewery, and a number of small shops of various kinds. Two years ago the woolen mill was destroyed by fire, and has not, as yet, been rebuilt. In the numerous stores are to be found large stocks of goods, so complete and diversified, that a resident of a large city would have little advantage over a citizen of Dayton in the matter of opportunity to supply himself with any article of merchandise. One store carries a stock invoiced at \$75,000.00.

A system of water works carries excellent spring water to every portion of the city. A good volunteer fire department is organized, and a large Silsby steam fire engine, well housed and cared for, is at hand to protect the city from fire. The main business street is lined on either side by substantial brick blocks, occupied by stores, offices, banks, of which there are two, hotel and an opera house.

One marked feature of Dayton is its splendid educational facilities. Besides three comfortable primary school buildings in the outskirts of the city, there has been erected, in a central location, a large, two story structure, containing eight rooms, at a cost of \$20,000.00. It has spacious halls, wide porches and ample play-grounds. The school is graded into high, grammar, two intermediate and five primary departments, with ten instructors. In addition to the usual course of study, are a commercial course and a preparatory course for college. The enrollment for the current session is about five hundred pupils. A literary society of seventy-five members is maintained by the more advanced scholars. A kindergarten is maintained. Two weekly newspapers are published in the city. They are both large, neatly printed, and ably conducted. The *Chronicle* has been published continuously since

the infant days of the city, and stands in the foremost rank of the territorial press. The *Inlander*, though not so old in years, is an excellent paper, and merits its wide popularity. There are numerous church organizations, the majority of which have comfortable houses of worship. Among the denominations represented are the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist Episcopal, Cumberland Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Christian, Methodist Episcopal South, United Brethren, and Seventh Day Adventist. The ladies of the city maintain a library and free reading room, whose beneficial influence is quite marked. Of secret societies, there are a Blue Lodge, Lodge of Perfection and a Royal Arch Chapter, of Masonry, a lodge of Odd Fellows, a lodge of Workmen, a lodge of Knights of Pythias, a post of the G. A. R., and a Woman's Relief Corps.

The most imposing edifice in Dayton is the court house, now nearly completed. It is a solid brick structure, cemented on the exterior, and surmounted by a large observatory. The building is in the form of a Greek cross, the distance from end to end, in each direction, being seventy-one feet. The architecture is pleasing, though not elaborate, and the whole structure has a solid and attractive appearance. The basement is devoted to the jail, and besides kitchen, dining room, jailer's room, two dungeons and a corridor, has a set of chilled steel cells of the latest pattern. The next floor is fitted up for offices, which are large and well lighted, and provided with ample fire-proof vaults. The third is divided into several rooms for the use of the judge, attorneys and jurors, and a large court room. The heating, ventilating and acoustic arrangements are admirable. The material, both wood and brick, is of home production, and the work was done by home mechanics,

under the superintendence of W. H. Burrows. Bonds of Columbia county, to the amount of \$38,000.00, were sold at a premium of fourteen cents. They bear interest at the rate of eight per cent. The court house proper cost about \$35,000.00, but the steel cells and other fittings bring the total cost up to the entire receipts for the bonds. This is the only bonded debt of the county, whose financial condition is most excellent.

From the dome of the court house, eighty-five feet above the ground, a beautiful prospect is obtained. Lying between the Touchet and Patit, and extending some distance up both sides of those streams, is the town, its business blocks, public buildings, and many pleasant homes, surrounded by shade trees, contrasting most strongly and pleasantly, with the surrounding expanse of treeless, but not barren, hills. As far as the eye can reach, the rolling hills, which lie at an average altitude of five hundred feet above the streams, are covered with alternate fields of growing grain and freshly plowed land. To look at that broad expanse of wheat fields, one could easily imagine that Columbia county could feed the world; nor would this impression be lessened by the sight of long lines of wagons converging upon Dayton by every route of travel, which can be witnessed any day after harvest time. Often as many as a hundred teams may be seen standing in line at the depot, waiting their turn to unload at the warehouses. Across the hills, far to the southeastward, may be seen the beautiful Blue mountains, their summits, at this season, white with their burden of snow, whose gradual melting feeds the many streams which find their sources there.

Within the limits of Columbia county are fifty-three miles of railroad, all belonging to the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. Dayton is the termi-

nus of the main line, and regular daily trains are operated between that city and Portland, two hundred and eighty-three miles, Pullman cars furnishing all the comforts of traveling. From Bolles Junction, a branch runs to Riparia, on Snake river, where it connects with the boats on that stream, which bring to it the thousands of bushels of grain raised along the high bluffs on either side. Another branch leaves this one at Starbuck, and runs up the Pataha, to Pomeroy, the county seat of Garfield county. The company's buildings at Dayton are the largest on the line of the road, and consist of an excellent passenger and freight depot and seven large warehouses for the storage of grain. These are often filled to their entire capacity, while grain is piled up in huge stacks on the outside, awaiting shipment. During the seven months from August, 1886, to March, 1887, there were shipped one hundred and ten thousand tons, or more than three and one-half million bushels, of wheat, sixteen thousand bushels of barley, fourteen thousand bushels of oats, fifty carloads of hogs, six of horses and ten of cattle. From other points in the county, there was enough grain shipped to nearly double the above totals.

Columbia county is about twenty-five by fifty miles in extent, and has an area of five hundred and fifty-seven thousand acres, about one-fifth of which is broken and mountainous. The mountain regions and the lower foot-hills are covered with a wealth of fir, tamarack and pine timber, which lies to the east and southeast of Dayton. Nine steam saw mills and two water power mills have been built in that region, distant from eight to ten miles from the city, having a total capacity of one hundred and forty thousand feet in ten hours. The Oregon Improvement Company owns a flume twenty-one miles in length, running up



the main Touchet, with branches up the north and south forks, to Spangler's and Robertson's mills. This flume has a capacity of floating fifty thousand feet of lumber, or sixty cords of wood, in ten hours. Posts, rails and large timbers are sent down the flume, which delivers them to a platform at the depot, convenient for shipping. Cottonwood, alder and birch grow along the streams. This wood is used largely for the manufacture of furniture, in a factory located on the Touchet, some three miles above the city.

The water courses, such as the various branches and tributaries of the Touchet and the Tukannon, which flows into the Snake river, run in deeply-cut channels through the hills. Along their banks lie stretches of level, alluvial lands, which were once supposed to possess the only arable soil in the county. These were the first wheat lands, but of recent years, the long stretches of rolling hills have been converted into farms, which yield more bushels to the acre than the alluvial bottoms. The fertility of the soil is wonderful, and its vigor seems almost exhaustless. Fields which have been cultivated continuously for fifteen years without any fertilizing whatever, give no evidence of deterioration. It may safely be said that the fields of wheat average from twenty-five to forty bushels per acre, barley from forty to fifty, oats from fifty to seventy-five, potatoes two hundred and fifty bushels, and timothy hay three and one-half tons. According to the census of 1885, there were eighty-two thousand acres of land in cultivation.

Fruit culture is becoming more and more extended every year. On the bars along Snake river, sheltered from the elements by the high bluffs, peaches as fine as can be found in the world are raised in abundance. Almonds, apricots, nectarines, and strawberries yield

prolifically and are of excellent size and flavor. The hardier fruits, such as apples, plums, cherries, etc., thrive on the hills. Grapes flourish both on the hills and bottoms. Every farmer may have his own orchard if he chooses. Other products, such as sugar beets, broom corn, millet, sorghum, tobacco, hops, peanuts, etc., are adapted to the soil and some of them are being cultivated.

According to the assessor's report in 1886, there were one hundred and seventy-three acres of deeded land, of which one-third was improved. There is much improved land not yet deeded by the government. The value of taxable property was given as follows: real estate, \$992,050; improvements, \$421,690; personal property, \$989,480; total, \$2,403,220, which is less than one-half the actual cash value. The population in 1885 was five thousand nine hundred and six, of which number fifty were Chinese. There were but twenty who could not read, and twenty-five unable to write. This speaks well for the intelligence of the people, as does, also, the fact that there are forty-seven school districts, with forty-four public school buildings, in the county.

The opportunities for manufacturing all such products as can be profitably made in a region so situated, are excellent. The Touchet and Tukannon carry about one hundred thousand inches of water, and have a fall of about seventy-five feet per mile, from the mountains to Dayton and Snake river, affording an average of four powers per mile. This power is utilized only by a flouring mill on the Tukannon, and four flouring mills and two planing mills on the Touchet. The woolen factory might be rebuilt, a soap factory, beet sugar factory, and other industries might be profitably founded. Dayton, especially, owing to its location, its shipping facilities, and its abundant water power, is a choice lo-



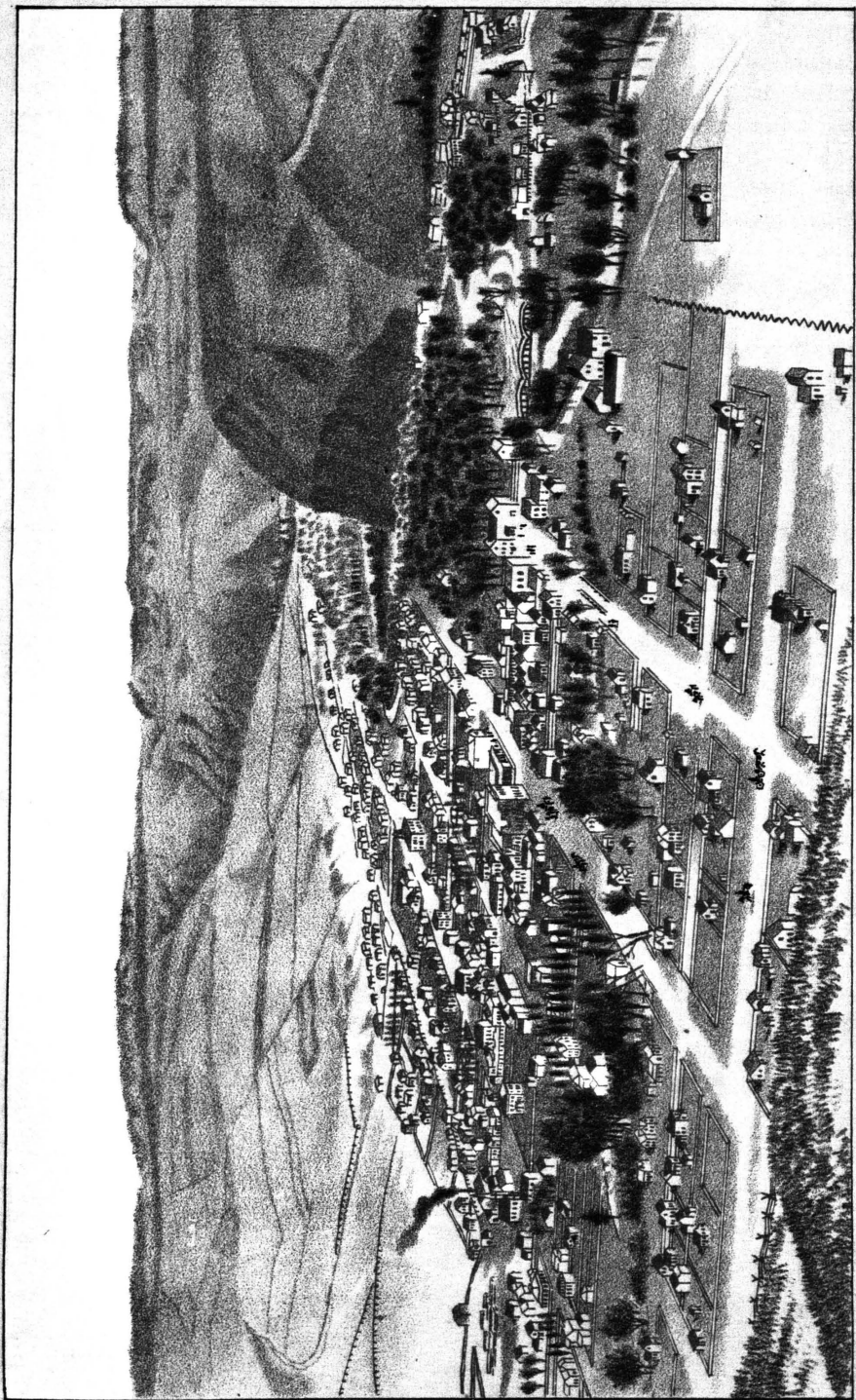
cation for manufacturing enterprises, and should be visited by every person contemplating the establishment of such enterprises in this region.

The altitude of Dayton is sixteen hundred and sixty feet above the sea. The greatest yearly rainfall known was thirty-three and one-half inches, and the least, nineteen, the average for a series of years being twenty-six and one-half inches. This is an altitude and average rainfall which experience in this region shows to be the best for grain culture, and the prolific yield of wheat is ample evidence of it. The highest temperature recorded was 109 degrees, in August, 1885, and the lowest was -26 degrees, in 1884. The mean annual temperature is 49 degrees. The summers are dry, and the heat, even at the highest temperature, is not as oppressive as in the moist atmosphere of the Mississippi valley. Harvesting and haying may be carried on leisurely, since the crops are in no danger of being damaged by rain. There is no swamp land, and the water is good, hence malarial fevers do not abound. Consumption is almost unknown. No particular form of disease may be said to prevail, but pneumonia and rheumatism are apt to visit those who expose themselves carelessly in the winter season. Mosquitoes, fleas and other insect pests do not exist in sufficient numbers to become an annoyance.

Next to Dayton, the largest community in Columbia county is Huntsville, seven miles below the city. It is situated on the Touchet, and on the line of the O. R. & N. Co. It has a flouring mill, store and shops. Washington seminary, an institution maintained by the

United Brethren, is situated there. An endowment of \$10,000.00 helps to support it. The building cost \$15,000.00, and can accommodate two hundred students. There is also a good public school building. Marengo, on the Touchet, has a flouring mill, store, blacksmith shop, feed stable and school house. Riparia is the railroad terminus on Snake river, and Starbuck is the point of junction of the Pomeroy branch. Neither possesses more importance than that of a railroad station and shipping point. Covello is an interior village, ten miles from Dayton, and has a store blacksmith shop, public hall and school house.

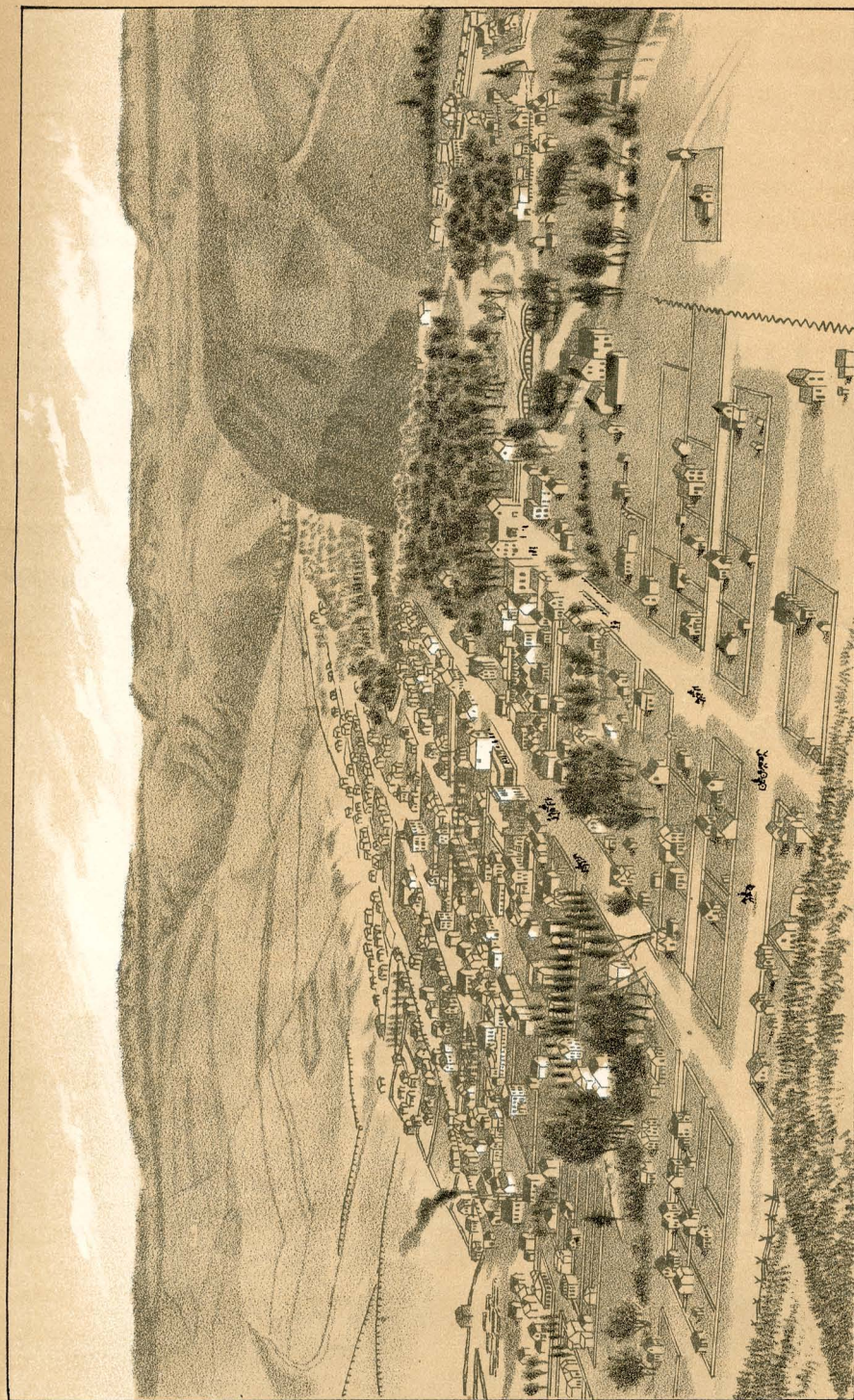
It has been several years since good government land could be found vacant within a few miles of Dayton, and the same may be said of any town of size in that region. Good railroad land may be purchased at from \$2.50 to \$7.00 per acre, in yearly installments for ten years. Deeded land may be had at from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per acre, and good improved land at \$30.00. There are to be found many who have taken up land claims, who will sell at a reasonable price, being persons who, for many causes, fail to succeed, or who never intended to actually live upon and cultivate their claims. A man with a little money to invest can secure a good home in the vicinity of Dayton, and avoid from five to ten years of pioneer life, labor and hardship, which he would be compelled to endure if he sought unclaimed land in a new and undeveloped section. All desiring to know more of the possibilities of this region, are advised to send to the Board of Immigration, at Dayton for a descriptive pamphlet recently issued.



WEST SHORE LITHO & ENG CO. PORTLAND, OR.

WASHINGTON-GENERAL VIEW OF DAYTON.

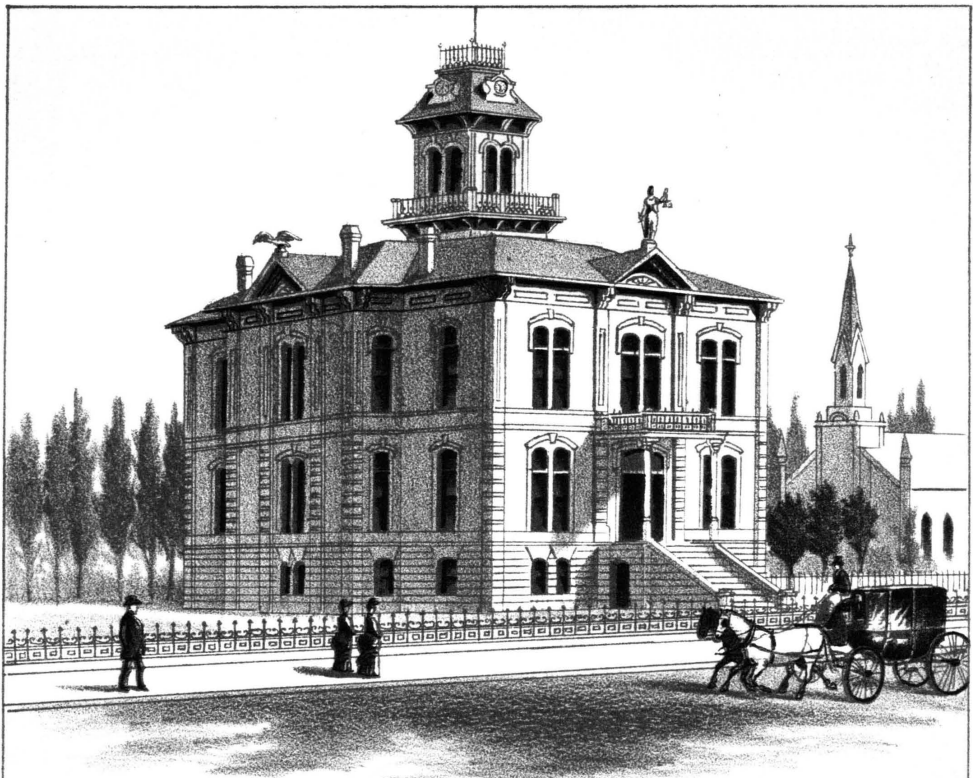




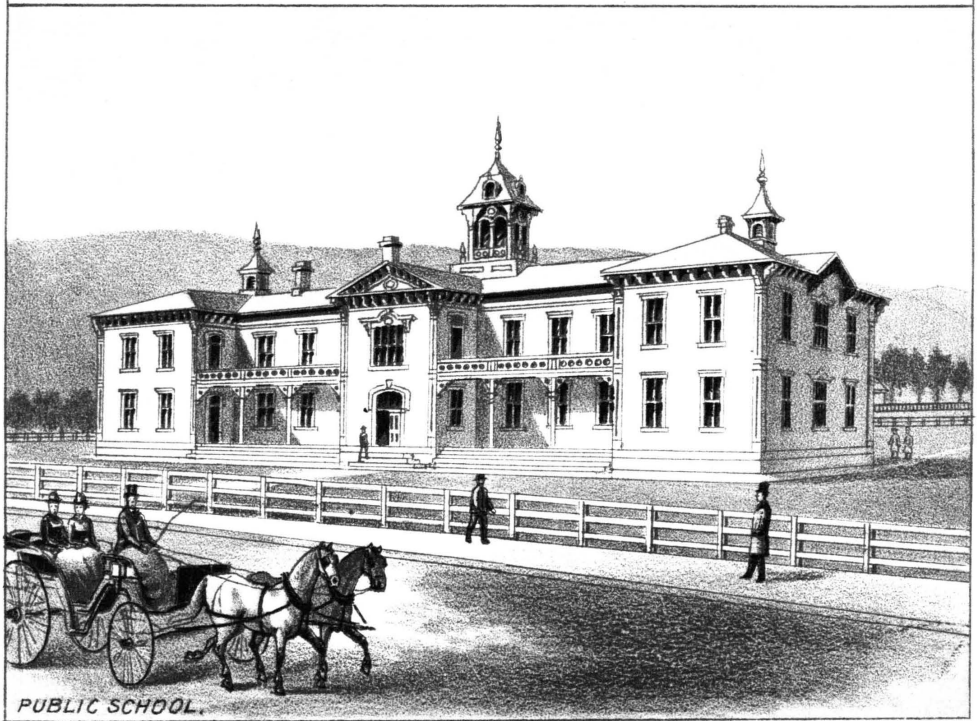
WEST SHORE LITHO & ENG CO. PORTLAND, OR.

WASHINGTON-GENERAL VIEW OF DAYTON.





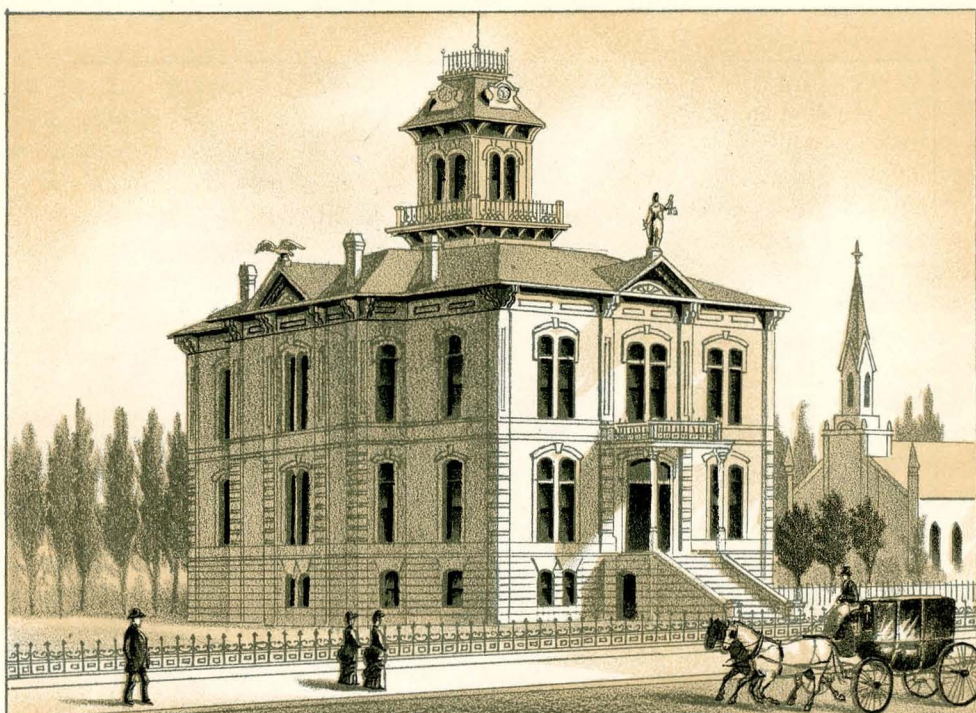
COURT HOUSE.



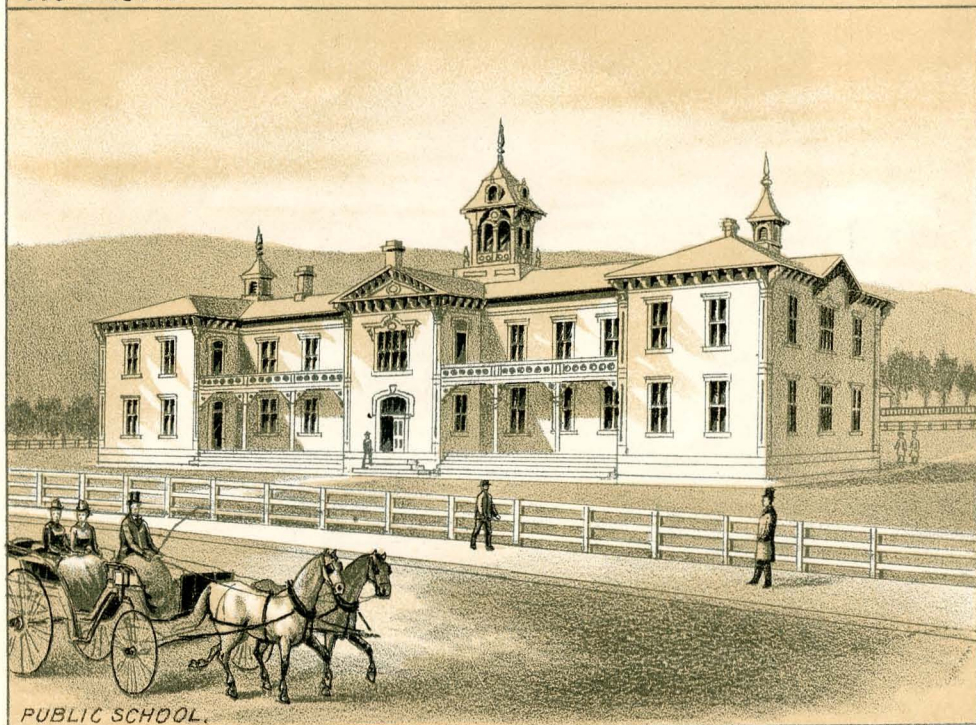
PUBLIC SCHOOL.

DAYTON, W. T.

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COURT HOUSE.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.

DAYTON, W. T.

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## BLUE DIRT AN' BED-ROCK A' PITCHIN'.

### PART SECOND.

THAT is all there is, then, of "Blue Dirt an' Bed-Rock a' Pitchin'?" I queried, when my friend stopped at the last period.

Not by any means. Without listening to that which is to follow, you would not ascertain where the strange part of the story is, for the foregoing may have been very tame; nor would you enjoy the real interest of the former part as you will when the sequel shall have been added.

I am all attention.

He continued :

Before the arrival of the day upon which our claim was to be sold, our debts were all liquidated, and we had an overplus of eighty thousand dollars.

About one month after we struck our rich diggings, Bob received a letter from Elizabeth. The genuine love letter that it was, closed with an addendum purporting to be the words of Amy, in which she sent her love to Bob, and expressed many wishes to see him back again, etc., etc. No word for me; no mention of my name. Why?

I would not accept Bob's explanation of the omission. Amy's letter to me—for of course she wrote when Elizabeth did—had miscarried; been lost on the way; would surely come to hand soon; he would speak to Elizabeth about it when he wrote to her again; there was nothing wrong with the girl; only an accident.

Elizabeth's letter acknowledged the receipt of Bob's letter from Bidwell's bar. I wrote to Amy at the same time;

certainly she should have acknowledged the receipt of it, if nothing more.

Bob sent off a letter to Elizabeth, and we kept on washing out, daily, large quantities of bright nuggets. Only one more month remained of our promised year of absence. Three piles of gold, each containing sixty thousand dollars, had been accumulated, one each for Bob and myself, and one to be divided as Mr. Germain had directed before his death. Bob was prepared to return and claim his promised bride.

"I'll not go back," I said to Bob, in answer to his pleading that I should not be stubborn nor jealous. "I'll not go back until I get a letter from Amy."

"Nonsense, Arthur, there's nothing wrong but yourself, and some kink in the mail. You know that letters for Scott river are taken out of the San Francisco post office by Wells, Fargo & Co's express, to be brought here, and yours has, in some way, been lost."

"This is my unalterable determination," I said again, "I will not return until I receive a letter from Amy."

"Then I must go without you. What shall I say to her?"

"When you have divided the sixty thousand dollars as directed, hand to Amy a draft which I shall entrust to your care, for the additional sum of fifty thousand dollars, and tell her to do with it as she thinks best; that it is a present from me. That is all."

Procuring the promised draft at the express office at Scott's bar, I handed it to Bob, together with five thousand dol-



lars for his interest in our mining claim bade him good-bye, and returned alone to the cheerless cabin on Michigan bar, offended, lonely, jealous. That strong, admonishing companion, conscience, beat loudly at reason's door, but with little avail, for reason itself was biased. Between the loud shouts of the demon, jealousy, "She is false!" and the constantly whispering little voice, "Too hasty; she loves you, still; of whom are you jealous?" life became a constant burden. I sold out, determined to return to Farmington and end all doubts.

Entering the express office at Scott's bar, a letter was placed in my hands, from a young lady of Italian descent, named Edith Orsini, an old acquaintance at Farmington, who had shown an attachment for me, but which I did not return. She informed me that Amy was notoriously more attentive to a young man of our acquaintance than was proper for the promised bride of another; that, in fact, rumor had it that they were soon to be married. She informed me, at the same time, of her devotion to my interests, strongly intimating that her hand was to be had by me for the taking.

I tore the hateful missive into fragments. I wrote her a scornful letter in reply, the subsequent effects of which very materially aided in severing the Gordian knot of my accumulated difficulties, and hastening the realization of my early hopes. But Amy's neglect to write to me was now accounted for, and the demon of jealousy had made a ten-strike.

Twenty days later I took passage at San Francisco on a ship bound for Melbourne. I would go to the newly-discovered gold mines at Bathurst, New South Wales. I would never set foot upon American soil again.

After an extended voyage of storm and calm the ship entered the harbor of

Melbourne, and I landed, weary and sick, upon the hospitable shore. After a stay of a few months in the city I entered into partnership with a vigorous young Scotchman, named McIvor, and shipped an extensive stock of goods to the Bathurst mines, and engaged in trade. After several years we descended to Ballarat, in Victoria, and entered the banking business, in which we were very successful. I renounced my allegiance to the United States, and took an oath of fealty to Her Majesty, the Queen.

Native and Irish Americans became numerous in the mines, and at one time were turbulent, and hoisted the stars and stripes, declaring their independence of all authority, save their own. I gave, as in duty bound, my undivided support to the lawful authorities, and secured recognition by the Crown and the appointment of colonel of a colonial regiment. I bought a large tract of land on the Murrumbidgee river, and established an extensive farm on its south bank.

After the lapse of many years the mining industry decreased, our profits, likewise, went down, McIvor withdrew from the firm, suddenly disappeared, and for many years I had no news of him.

A few months after his disappearance, I was sitting alone one night at a late hour, in my office, which opened on the street, busily engaged in the intricacies of my diversified business, when a low, timid tinkle of my office bell attracted my attention. A louder ring soon followed, and then a respectful, yet resolute, knock upon the door. The unusual interruption, and the lateness of the hour, caused me to seriously canvass the propriety of answering the summons. I had prospered in all my business ventures, and counted my wealth at a hundred thousand pounds sterling.

I never had turned away empty-handed a single individual who had asked me for aid, for I believe the gift of success entails upon the possessor an imperative duty to aid the poor, upon all occasions, and to industriously look abroad, as well as at home, at all times, for opportunities to bestow that aid; and thinking that, perhaps, the summons at my door was a call for help by some suffering mortal, I scoffed at the thought of personal danger to myself, and arose and opened the door.

The light from my lamp fell upon a female figure standing on the sidewalk, a few feet distant. She wore a heavy shawl, her head being covered by a part of it, so that only her eyes were discernable from my point of observation.

"Who are you and what is your errand?" I asked her.

"Your name is Arthur Penguin?" she replied.

"Yes. What is your wish?"

"I can better inform you if you will allow me to enter your office."

"If it is charity you want, here it is;" and I presented a five-pound note for her acceptance.

"But will you allow me to enter?" she urged, without putting forth her hand to receive the proffered gift.

"No; if it is not alms you seek I have no other business with you at this late hour."

As I was speaking, a vague thought passed through my mind that I had heard her voice before, but where, I could not recall; yet my impression was that it was at sometime long past.

"Please allow me to enter," she said again, "I have a matter of great importance that I wish to impress upon your mind."

"Will you be benefitted by making that impression?"

"Yes sir."

"Very well, come in." I stepped to

one side and she entered. I closed the door and offered her a seat. She did not accept it, but stood facing me while she withdrew the shawl from her head, revealing a somewhat vindictive, though not unhandsome, countenance.

She did not rise her eyes to mine, thus affording me a better opportunity of inspecting her, without an appearance of rudeness on my part. Her hair was dark, and lightly threaded with gray. The contour of her head and upper portion of her countenance impressed me vaguely of some long past meeting with her, but I refrained from intruding any questions.

After lowering the shawl to her shoulders, she began to fumble in a pocket in her dress. It required but a moment to secure what she searched for, and then she suddenly presented a folded paper to me with her left hand, while her right remained under her shawl. I took the paper and unfolded it, but before I could give it but a glance, she quickly raised a pistol from under her shawl and fired it full in my face. The explosion staggered me against my writing desk, and before I fully recovered my footing she fired again with certain effect, and I fell to the floor.

With the last shot she darted out at the door, and I heard, a moment after, the sharp rattle of carriage wheels rapidly going down the street. The noise of the wheels soon died away, and I lay for a few minutes in a paralyzed state. By a strong exertion of will force, I gradually shook off the paralysis and at last regained my feet, though very weak from loss of blood. I staggered to the door, took my police whistle from my pocket and blew it as vigorously as my waning strength would permit, and was rewarded, just as my senses faded into oblivion, by the arrival of a policeman.

I was conveyed to my bachelor apartments, well cared for, and the next day

was sufficiently recovered to explain to the chief of police all I knew of the occurrence. I did not ascertain the nature of the paper presented to me by the woman, for it was, in some unaccountable manner, spirited away. I was unable to account for her desire to take my life. There was no person living, as I thought, who could possibly desire my death. But living up to my creed, that all things are for the best, and that what ought to be known will be developed in time, I rested content, willing to let the future work out the solution.

Search for the woman proved futile. I soon recovered and the matter was dropped.

Shortly after this occurrence, I abandoned banking, as I was already possessed of ample wealth, and opened a limited brokerage business, merely to occupy my mind, so the erosion of my grief would not wear out my life too soon. I spent my time as the seasons dictated, at my office or at my farm. As these places were widely separated, my manhood was often severely taxed while making the trips between them. Many a time have I been chased by the natives like a fleeing hare by baying hounds; often, too, have I struggled in turbulent floods when caught in some sudden rise.

About a year after the strange woman had attempted my assassination, rumors of a band of daring highwaymen on the upper waters of the Darling, spread over the colony of New South Wales. Stories of their bravery, the vindictive cruelty of their leader—alloyed, sometimes, with acts of magnanimity—and his great dexterity in eluding arrest, assumed such marvelous proportions, that people living in the outlying districts became very ill at ease. After two years of this constant affliction the public called loudly for aid.

Although residing in the colony of Victoria, I still nominally held the com-

mission of colonel in New South Wales. I volunteered my services to assist in relieving the public of the scourge. This offer was accepted, and I rode at the head of a hundred mounted men in pursuit of the bandits. After several effectual pursuits, this dreadful wave of robbery and murder slowly receded to the northwest, and the public was once more at rest. I gained a vast amount of experience in bush-ranging during the campaign, of great subsequent benefit, as we shall see further on.

Year after year rolled on. My hair gradually silvered, and still I continued in my appointed mode of life. Yet with all the vicissitudes of my career I found no relief from my heart troubles. At times a bright ray of hope that I should yet enjoy peace in a quiet home, with Amy, would cross my mind, sometimes becoming so brilliantly flattering that twice I was on the verge of returning to the United States to make an attempt to discover her. That she still loved me I was certain; why I was certain, I could not explain, even to myself. Still, when the ever-present demon of jealousy discovered a star of hope glittering before my mental vision, it shouted, with leering nod, "She's false!" and the little star would pale and fade away into the darkness of misery.

Three years ago, called by letter to visit my plantation on the Murrumbidgee river, on urgent business, I started alone to make the trip. My route lay through very rough localities, and the distance was great. After many delays and unusual mishaps, I found, late one evening, when I had thought myself near the confines of my farm, that I was lost. Darkness quickly settled down, and one of those peculiar rain and wind storms which periodically visit that section was imminent. My horse, too, was bewildered, and seemed by his winning docility, to rest all his hopes upon me.

I rode under the protecting canopy of a tall mass of clustering bushes to rest for a time, perhaps to remain all night. I dismounted, but did not remove the saddle from my horse, and stood looking out into the darkness. A dim twinkle, as of a candle, in the distance, caught my eye. A moment later it enlarged and shown steadily through the thick, black air. Leading my horse, I set out to discover whence it came.

An hour later, I approached a log house, from a small aperture in the end of which proceeded the light. All was still as the grave within.

Tying my horse to some bushes I approached the door. I was impressed by the deathly silence, and stood a moment hoping to hear some sound within.

Suddenly the heavens were illuminated by a clear, mellow light, but only for a second's duration, then all was again as dark as before. But I saw during the continuance of the light what I took to be the handle of an old-fashioned door knocker, and in searching for it in the darkness, that I might knock for admittance, I displaced the object, which was only a small piece of narrow board, and a dull ray of light shot out through an aperture in the door. The continued silence within prompted my curiosity to make a surreptitious inspection of the interior before knocking for admittance. Assuming a stooping posture I peered through the opening.

The room was small; the walls and ceiling were colored blue. At the farther end of the room was a small stand, before which sat a female. Her back was toward me and she seemed to be deeply engrossed in a book that lay open before her. On the corner of the stand at her left stood a small, heavily-framed mirror; on the corner to her right lay a cornucopia. On a perch which stood on the floor to her left, sat a small, white bird; on a rug upon the floor to her

right, serenely reposed a snow-white cat. Over this peculiar and silent scene, a lamp, which stood in the center of the stand, shed a more than usually brilliant light.

When I had completed this inspection, the little bird twittered sweetly, the cat rose from the rug and calmly walked toward the door; the female, without rising or looking around, said, in a sweet, musical voice, which sent a wave of rest over my troubled soul, "Come in."

Greatly surprised, but with a feeling of confident relief, I accepted the invitation, as the door, by some invisible agency, swung noiselessly open to admit me.

As I entered, the female calmly arose from her seat and turned toward me. She seemed to be about fifty years of age, though not showing it by lines of natural decay; her dress was of the then prevailing style for her age, and well became her splendid form. Her hair was golden, long and luxuriant, and hung loosely far below her waist.

I could not repress my feelings as I looked upon this form and face, and uttered the name—

"Amy!"

The woman smiled and said: "You still love her, then?"

"With my whole soul!" and forgetting my usual reserve, continued: "And did she but know—"

"She knows all," interrupted the woman benignantly.

"Who? Of whom do you speak?" I asked hurriedly, fearing that she might be speaking at random.

Calmly, and with a smile that I could have sworn I had seen on Amy's face a hundred times, she answered:

"Amy Germain."

"Does she still live? Do you know her?" I asked, in pardonable abruptness.

"She still lives. I know her, but less than I do you, for to you I have spoken."

"Who are you? Can you lead me to her?"

"You should not seek to discover my identity; let it suffice if I shall be of benefit to you. I can not lead you to Amy, but I can show her to you, and give you a clue by which you may yet, if you are sagacious, meet with her."

"How can you do so? You are not a witch, and, pardon me the liberty of saying, that you are handsome, with golden hair, and all your surroundings are light. Your whole aspect is like that of Amy. Your smile does not differ from hers."

"Our time is but short for this conference; listen to me," she said. "I am not a witch. You see I am a blonde; you say I am handsome; my two only companions here—my bird and cat—are white. The age of the Meg Merilles, owls, black cats, cauldrons, hot poker and broomsticks has past away. Reason and light now crown the world. There is a power given to many to light the groping steps of those who need such guidance; I am one of those who possess that power. When I shall have shown you that for which your present human reason can not account, do not call it supernatural, for it is not; yet it is none the less reliable."

Just then my horse whinnied for me, as I thought, and I turned to go to him, when the woman said:

"Your horse is now eating. Attend to what we now have in hand."

Suddenly all was darkness within the house. I heard dull reports of cannon and accompanying cheers, as of a grand salute. Then I heard the rumbling of distant railway trains, gradually drawing nearer. Presently the lively music of many accompanying bands softened the roar of the cannon and the harsh

clangor of the wheels. Then a small bright spot appeared on the wall, like the headlight of a locomotive. Slowly it enlarged until it covered the whole side of the room. I was bewildered and gazed confusedly upon it. The little white bird twittered again and the woman said:

"Now examine closely."

My vision became remarkably acute, and I saw the streets of a great city gaily decorated with arches, bunting, flowers and mottoes of various kinds. Flags floated from every house, and cheer upon cheer rent the air.

Upon a balcony, overlooking the great concourse of people that crowded the street, sat a number of persons. They were partially obscured by the folds of a large flag, and as I looked it was shifted by the breeze, and I saw the form of Amy. A little white bird perched upon her hand, while at her feet, careless of the shouts and bursts of music, and the roar of cannon, lay a snow-white cat. Presently she raised her eyes and gazed steadily into mine, while a smile of recognition played upon her beautiful features; then her eyes filled with tears, and the flag fluttered between us. Then a large arch which spanned the street swayed in the breeze, revealing a cabalistic group of large letters, "N. P. R. R."—and the picture was gone.

With the dissolution of the picture came a heavy seething sound, as of the rushing of waters. My horse whinnied loudly and often to attract my attention, but I was rooted to the spot. The surrounding darkness was intense, while the silence in the house was like that of the tomb. I spoke to the woman, but received no response. Again I spoke, then called loudly, but silence was my only reward. My horse became frantic, broke loose from the bushes, and rushed to the door of the house. I stepped outside, and the faithful animal came to my

side, asking me, as plainly by his movements as could be done by words, to mount upon his back. The intelligent animal was none too soon in his urgent, and almost human, appeal; for, as soon as I was fairly seated in the saddle, a high, bounding wave of turbid water came down upon us, lifting us high into the air, and on out into the surrounding, watery gloom.

I knew that a sudden rise of the Murrumbidgee was the cause of the catastrophe; and I was also painfully aware that my horse and I were struggling in a boiling flood, twenty feet above ground. The wreck of the cabin in which I had been entertained, was splashing and tumbling about me. It was but a short time till my good horse exhibited tokens of weakness, and I abandoned the saddle to relieve him. The intelligent animal acknowledged my consideration by a gentle whinny. Then I heard, again, the low, musical twitter of the little white bird, and I cast my eyes around, hoping to discover my female entertainer, but all was a dark waste of boiling water. My horse was carried into a foaming channel to the left, while I was tossed to the right, by a bounding wave. I was alone in the awful flood. My senses were becoming obscured. I saw flashing lights; I heard the shouts of men; then I sank under the hissing waves, as lights illuminated the water above me.

All exertion on my part ceased, and my thoughts dashed along the road of my past life, in apparent reality, from my infancy up, to the day when death would add me to his mighty host. I awoke to the light of day, again, in the dingy hut of a native chief. Calmly cropping the grass outside, I saw, with delight, my faithful horse. My farm had been irreparably swept by the inundation. Some of my employes had escaped in a boat, and saw me sinking under the waves in time to save me.

Two weeks later, and fully recovered, I was sitting, at an early hour of the night, alone in my office, in deep meditation. I had turned all of my wealth into Bank of England notes, determined to return to the United States and follow up all the clue I had, the cabalistic letters, N. P. R. R., in search of Amy. A ring of my office bell called me to the door, where I was confronted by my old partner, McIvor. He was accompanied by a friend, whom he presented as Capt. O'Hett. After a running conversation of half an hour, McIvor said:

"Mr. Penguin, you have prospered in all your business ventures, while I have not. To-day, you are a wealthy man, while I, though not a beggar, am poor."

"But you have been invariably unfortunate at some important crisis in your business, perhaps, while I have not," I replied.

"Only unfortunate in not possessing such faculties as would enable me to accumulate wealth, instead of uselessly squandering the little that falls to my share."

"Can not you, then, discard all your spendthrift habits, and study, and acquire such as will enable you to accumulate?"

"Perhaps so; but as I am what is called 'a kind-hearted man,' the metamorphosis would be extremely difficult."

"I do not comprehend you."

"Well, the code of ethics of the legal money getter is as faulty as that which governs the highway robber."

"Go on."

"The oppressive robbery of the former is clothed with legal habiliments of purest white, which cover the life-blood stains of his victims, that would mar the honor of his name, were his acts of robbery not sanctioned by law."

Here McIvor rose to his feet, his eyes fixed upon mine. I was becoming vexed at his unwarranted allusions, and showed



it, perhaps, by a nervous slap upon my knee. O'Hett, too, was standing, apparently attentive to our conversation.

"I am not convinced," I said, "of the propriety of continuing the matter further."

"You are correct," he replied, "but, as I was saying, the highway robber has not the legal sanction for his act, when he draws his revolver—so—and says: 'Mr. Penguin, this is no joke, nor idle illustration; a word of alarm from you, and I will send a bullet through your brain'—O'Hett, lock the office door."

McIvor, to illustrate only, as I thought, his offensive remarks, had drawn a large English bull-dog revolver from his pocket, cocked it, and held the muzzle, ready to fire, within three feet of my head. O'Hett locked the door, as he was bidden.

"Put down that pistol, Mr. McIvor," I said, "it is offensive; and leave my office at once, or I shall be induced to forcibly eject you, and your servile dog, here, or O'Hett, as you call him, into the street."

McIvor smiled complacently, and still continued to cover me with his pistol. O'Hett was slightly heated by my allusion to him, and came toward me, and, as he stopped, a pace distant, said:

"Thin it's mesilf that yez calls a dog, eh? Faith, an' if it wasn't for thim pisky cops in the shtreet, I'd lambaste the ground wid yez."

"Scoundrel!" and I struck him a blow in the face which knocked him down; but before I could recover my equilibrium, McIvor dealt me a terrific blow with his pistol, upon my head, which felled me to the floor. I was fearfully stunned, and helpless, but not entirely unconscious. McIvor and O'Hett then secured my money, which was all carefully packed in my oaken drawer. When their arrangements to depart had been completed, I heard McIvor say:

"Call Hank, and we'll tumble my old partner into the carriage and go; the cops will soon be down upon us."

I was hurriedly tumbled into a carriage and rapidly driven away. The little consciousness remaining to me enabled me to comprehend, though indistinctly, all that transpired around me. I heard the blowing of police whistles, and the reports of several revolvers. I had a vague impression that the police were in pursuit. I recollect, too, of being forced to swallow some sort of a poison, after which I lost all consciousness. For six days, as I subsequently learned, I lay unconscious.

When I recovered my senses, I was lying on a comfortable lounge, before the door of a hut in the bush. A canopy of newly-cut branches was erected overhead to protect me from the sun. A number of smaller huts were placed indiscriminately, and surrounding this one in which, it seemed, I was domiciled. I arose from the lounge soon after the return of consciousness, and attempted to walk, but extreme weakness forced me to lie down again. A moment after, an elderly female, wearing a thin, dark veil over her face, came from the hut toward me. She carried a cup of milk in her hand, which she offered me, but I refused it.

"Drink of this cup," she said, as I motioned it away, "it will relieve you of your sickness."

"Why do you say that I am sick?"

"Because you are; now drink this and you will be better."

"Why do you desire that I should feel better?"

"Because I shall torture you, and I would rather that you have strength and sense sufficient to fully comprehend it."

"What does this treatment mean?"

"That you are to be punished for your base crimes."

"I have committed no crimes—I am

innocent of even the thought of committing one."

"Is it not a crime to break the hearts of innocent, confiding girls?"

"It is the basest of crimes; but I never was guilty of —"

"You committed that crime once, and are soon to be tried upon that charge."

"There is a mistake in this. Who is my accuser?"

"There is no mistake; and I am your accuser."

"You?"

"Yes. It is now time for you to know who I am," and she drew the veil from her face.

"You are the woman who attempted my assassination," I said.

"I am; and as I failed in that attempt, I have succeeded in getting you into my power, from which only death can rescue you."

"And you accuse me, then, of trifling with the affections of innocent girls?"

When I asked this question, I confess that remorse and shame began to flood me with confusion; for my base jealousy of Amy, with all its hideous details, came to my mind.

"Yes," she answered, "and I am determined that you shall be punished for it. Your life shall be the forfeit."

"Who are you? I ask you to specify my crimes."

Without answering, she took a soiled letter from her pocket and handed it to me. With many conflicting thoughts, I opened it, only to discover that it was a letter written by me thirty-two years previously, when at Scott's bar, to Edith Orsini, at Farmington, declining, with scorn, the offer of her hand, and accusing her of treachery to Amy.

"How came this letter into your possession?" I asked.

"You sent it to me."

"Are you Edith Orsini?"

"Yes."

"And *you* attempt my life?"

"Why not? You broke my heart by your scorn of my affections, and I have lived only to be revenged upon you. I *hate* you now, and soon I shall see you die, as you deserve."

"How came you here, in this place?"

"I came with my husband."

"What is his name?"

"McIvor."

"Ah! That, then, accounts for his robbing me and bringing me here; you instigated his actions."

"You are correct, Mr. Arthur Penguin."

"But tell me how, and where, you have lived during all these thirty-two years, since I saw you last, in Farmington."

"I will more than satisfy you in the details of my life and acts during that time. You are, as I said before, in my power, and are to die as soon as my husband and his men return. I shall make good use of the intervening time, in applying the torture to you."

"Then I am in a robber's den, and McIvor is their chief?"

"You are very penetrating, Mr. Penguin."

"Miss Edith did not lose her talent for sarcasm, as I recollect her in former years, when she became Mrs. McIvor."

"Why should one abandon a talent that serves, when required, as a weapon of defense?"

"Proceed with your details."

"I will do so. I have only delayed the time, so that what I shall tell you will be more effective."

"Go on, then."

"I watched the postoffice at Farmington, and obtained your very affectionate letter—written at Bidwell's bar—to Amy; she never read its gushing contents. I took her letter to you, together with a letter from Elizabeth to Bob Paxton, to post for them. You never received that letter. I tried to poison her mind against

you, but did not succeed; she is made of better mettle than you are—I succeeded finely in arousing your insane jealousy. Amy was constant. You willingly gathered all the little circumstantial evidences that you could discover, to prove her inconstant. You are the bad one; she is good. It is too late now to make amends. You are in my power, and I advise you to seek forgiveness; not on earth, for that is too late; you must appeal to Heaven.”

“Good God! I did not think that you—that any female—could be so cruel. Go on; what else?”

“I went to Scott’s bar to meet you, and would have shot you on the spot, had we met. I followed you to Melbourne, and there lost your track. I filled positions of governess until I married McIvor. From him I learned of you; then I paid you a visit. You know the rest, except that I induced McIvor to bring you here and place you at my disposal.”

When she had finished speaking, I said nothing.

“Are you too full to speak?” she inquired.

“Wicked woman! I will not gratify you by exhibiting anger, grief or remorse.”

“Good man! I know that you suffer.”

“I will not submit to this, even from a female; I shall return home, and do you not molest me, at your peril!”

I arose, but could not stand. She laughed at my abortive attempt to carry out my project, and called aloud:

“Here, McGinty!”

Presently a grumbling noise proceeded from one of the little huts, which sounded something like this:

“I’m a’ coomin’, mum,” and a burly bandit crawled out from the hut and advanced toward us.

“McGinty, this man wishes to return to his home; you see that he does not do

so—but what is that?” and she eagerly listened.

“I’m a thinkin’ it’s a shindy wid the sogers, mum,” said McGinty.

“Then you must go and assist them,” she replied.

“No needs uv it, mum; they all knows how to fight the sogers widout me a tellin uv ’em how to do it.”

The sharp rattle of the fight came rapidly nearer, and McIvor’s wife forgot, in her excitement, to consummate her revenge by putting an end to my life.

“Come, McGinty,” said the woman, “we must go and secure the treasure.”

I was left alone, but only for a moment; then a stream of red-coats, with triumphant shouts, came pouring into the enclosure, through the bush. Seeing me, the soldiers asked concerning any robbers that I might have seen, and I directed them to the hut. In a moment, I heard a few shots inside of the hut, and all was over. The police and soldiers had kept up the search for the robbers, until, at last, their stronghold was discovered. McIvor lost his life at the opening of the fray. His wife was, unfortunately, mortally wounded by a stray bullet. When I learned of her condition, I went to her. When she saw me, the expression of her countenance changed, as much as age would permit, to its old-time softness, and she weakly said:

“Arthur, Amy was constant. My love for you has caused her much misery. I am very sorry. Will that remove the weight from my soul?”

I was not prepared to judge for her, but, as it is the duty of all mankind to afford relief to those who suffer, if it is within their power to do so, I offered her that perfect comfort which is the foundation of my free religious belief.

We buried all that remained of the accomplished Edith Orsini—once a favorite in Farmington circles—in the lonely

bush of Australia; a sad ending of her unfortunate life. I was conveyed back to my old, bachelor quarters, a distance of over one hundred miles. I continued to grow worse from the effects of the blow upon my head, although the poison of the narcotics administered to me by McIvor, was, in itself, sufficient to have killed a less stalwart man than myself. To my other troubles was added the ever present remorse, because of my conduct toward Amy. At last my mind gave way, and, for two years, all was a blank. With the removal of a small piece of bone, which had been driven into my brain by the force of the blow of McIvor's pistol, I rapidly recovered the use of my mind. My health improved, and I at once set about the task, though not an easy one, of procuring sufficient means to prosecute my long contemplated search for Amy. Aided by my friends, I was happily enabled, in a few months, to accumulate the snug sum of £500. Four months ago, I landed in San Francisco; and from thence I directed my course to Portland. I had interpreted the picture shown to me on the wall of the cabin at Murrumbidgee, and found the meaning to be this:

The Villard reception, at Portland, after the completion of the N. P. R. R.—Northern Pacific railroad. Amy was in Portland then, and sat upon a balcony and viewed the procession.

Landing at Portland late in the evening, I could only begin my search by investigating the city directory. I could find no name that I knew, having overlooked, in the nervous search, her name and that of Bob Paxton, and must defer my search until the next day. I walked the streets at random all of the next day, in search of a balcony that would correspond with that upon which I had seen Amy sitting, but without success. The next day, I was slowly walking up East Park street, and saw a little boy of

four years, plucking some flowers on a lawn near the sidewalk. He was but ten feet distant and I spoke to him. His remarkable brightness attracted my attention, and I asked him his name.

"Bobby," he answered.

"What is your other name? Bobby what?"

"Bobby what?" said he, with that peculiar *naïve*, that was characteristic of Bob Paxton. I then carelessly said:

"Isn't your name Bobby Paxton?"

"Yes, sir," he quickly answered, "and that's my gam-pa's name, too."

"Bobby! Bobby!" called a lady, who was slowly coming down the lawn toward us. "Come, Bobby, you must come into the house now."

Amy! I did not speak the name aloud just then. I walked to the gate, and said:

"Madam, may I enter the lawn and pluck a flower?"

"Yes, sir, walk in," she replied, while she gazed fixedly at my countenance.

I entered, and, advancing near to her, said:

"Amy, do you not recognize me?"

For a few seconds, a still more searching gaze was her only response; then she put forth her hands, and, while the great, glistening tears welled up into her lustrous eyes, replied:

"Arthur!"

My story is almost done, but I must clear up a little of the uncertainty regarding Amy's past and present condition, else my story would not have a fitting finale.

Bob safely landed at Farmington with his wealth. He honestly divided our silent partner's money between his daughters and their aunt. To Amy, he delivered the \$50,000.00, which I sent to her, and my last words. The nuptials of Bob and Elizabeth were soon after celebrated. Amy made her home with them. In 1855, Bob removed to Portland, Ore-

gon, Amy still a member of his family. Her money was invested, principally, in real estate in the city, and the "Villard boom" more than quadrupled her fortune. This fortune, together with her hand, she has placed at my disposal.

To "Blue Dirt an' Bed-Rock a' Pitch-in'" I owe my fortune and present great felicity. Now you are initiated, and comprehend the meaning of the name, and can readily guess why I caused the picture to be painted.

O. W. OLNEY.

### WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

CALIFORNIA, buried beneath a mass of snow, is an aspect in which that land of flowers and fruit is seldom contemplated; and yet, for months at a time, portions of the Golden state wear a heavy mantle of white. Not only in the East, but in the state itself, the "glorious climate" of California is associated, in the mind, with sunny skies and winter-blooming roses. Yet, how mistaken the idea! From the winter floods of the Sacramento, to the rainless sands of Death valley, and from the orange groves of Los Angeles to the snow-laden pines of the Sierra summits, California has every variety of climate this mundane sphere is heir to. Let him who thinks it one huge segment of the tropics, station himself at Prosser creek, a few miles below Truckee, some winter day, as a blizzard comes howling down the canyon, and as the mercury runs down to forty below zero, and then takes refuge in the bulb, he will imagine that some of the weather destined for the cold and icy moon, has missed connection and fallen upon this unlucky globe.

Southern California is full of people who are living on climate, exclusively. A man from Los Angeles was recently

heard to complain that a poor man could not live in that land of grapes and oranges, because "a lot of wealthy, one-lunged snoozers" had come out from the East and "bought up the climate in solid chunks." He should go up into the Sierras, anywhere from Lake Mono to Lassen peak, and he will be forever free from "one-lunged snoozers," either wealthy or otherwise. There he will find strong, healthy people, each with a pair of serviceable lungs, strengthened and invigorated by the clear, bracing atmosphere of those high altitudes. In the many beautiful valleys, nestling in the mountains, some of them high up amid the summit peaks, he will find warm-hearted, hospitable people, happy, industrious, and proud of their picturesque surroundings. They would not exchange their grassy meadows, fertile acres and healthful climate, for the best orange grove or vineyard of Los Angeles, with the biggest chunk of "glorious climate" the wealthiest "snoozer" possesses.

It is cold in those valleys in winter, but not so cold, by many degrees, as upon the mountain peaks that hem them in; nor does the snow fall to so great a



depth, nor lie so long upon the ground, as on the surrounding hills and summit ridges. These ridges separate the valleys and divide the numerous water courses which pour down in tortuous sinuosities, from the highest peaks, and hasten, in noisy rivalry, to the great valley below. Here the snow falls until it attains, before spring, a depth of twenty, or even thirty, feet, and lies until long into the summer, in sheltered places and on the higher altitudes, furnishing an inexhaustible fountain for the rivers which course through the Sacramento valley, not infrequently pouring out their liquid store with too lavish generosity, converting the center of the valley into a vast inland sea. Such a depth of snow—on a level, not in drifts—seems almost incredible, yet one has only to visit these mountain regions in the winter season, to see it in all its white immensity, stretching out for hundreds of miles, within a few hours' travel of blooming flowers and ripening oranges. Late in November, a few years ago, I took a stage ride into one of these mountain-locked valleys. As we followed the winding grade which led over the summit, I observed that weather-worn shakes were nailed to the trees, far above our heads. Every few rods they appeared, and, disliking to express my ignorance to the driver, that facetious terror to inquisitive travelers, I studied on the problem for some time in silence. I first wondered why they had been fastened so high above the ground—fully thirty feet—and from that passed to speculating on how the men who placed them there reached so high, since many of the trees were too large to be climbed. A ladder was my next decision, which led me back to the increased wonder at their being placed so high, since it must have involved much extra labor, and only served to render them less valuable for sign boards—for such I had decided them to

be—since an unobservant person would be liable to overlook them altogether. I was compelled to fall back upon the driver, who proved to be very gracious, and informed me that they served to mark the route, not in summer, since the road itself was amply sufficient, but in the winter time, when the road was buried and the whole face of nature was changed by the obliterating snow.

"They look high, don't they?" said he, "but come along two months from now and you can sit down on them."

And so I found it when I returned; for, in a few days, storms rendered the summit impassable, and when, at the end of two months, the stage took me out of the mountains, we glided across the frozen surface, high up among the ice-crusts and snow-laden branches of the pines, and I saw those same shakes, just far enough above the snow to form a good seat. It was evident that no ladder was needed by the men who nailed them there.

Moisture falls in those high altitudes, in winter, chiefly in the form of snow. In the earlier and later parts of the rainy season, the mountain-locked valleys are refreshed by copious showers, while, at the same time, the mountain tops are whitened with snow; but, during a period of about one hundred days, both valley and mountain wear a universal garment of white. The heaviest fall of snow occurs on the ridges, or "divides," which separate the leading water courses, and across which communication is maintained, for long periods, only by messengers on snow shoes, who carry the mails, and such express packages as can be transported in such a manner. On the regular stage routes, no storm, however severe, is permitted to interfere with the regular operation of the line, provided that human flesh and horse flesh can successfully combat it. The method by which this is done has

been arrived at by a process of evolution. The manner of carrying the express, in the first days of mining in the mountains, was by mounted messengers. At first they traveled somewhat leisurely, making but periodical trips; but, soon, under the spur of competition between the great express companies, these express riders became a daily sight, as they dashed along the trails in reckless haste. Races between the rival companies were not an infrequent occurrence, especially after the arrival, by steamer, of important news from the East, such as returns of presidential elections, the text of an inaugural address or president's message, death of Daniel Webster, capture of Walker in Nicaragua, etc. These races were often run with relays of horses and messengers, and the excitement along the route, often extending for upwards of a hundred miles, was intense.

The first severe winter encountered by these messengers was that of 1852-3. They were compelled to leave their animals at the foot of the divides, and fight their way alone across the summits, plunging and floundering through the deep snow as best they could. For a number of days, travel was entirely suspended. Snow shoes had not then been introduced, but, before another winter came, the familiar Indian, or Canadian, snow shoe was a part of each messenger's outfit. This style of shoe is an egg-shaped hoop, filled with a network of threads of leather, or sinew. When a shoe of this kind is strapped upon each foot, the wearer has his weight distributed over a very large surface, and thus sinks but a little distance into the snow. With a pair of these on his feet, and a bundle of letters on his back, the messenger made good time over the snow, when it was too deep for animals. This method was too slow, and accomplished too little, to satisfy the enterprising and

energetic character of one of the expressmen on the line from Marysville to Quincy, at that time one of the most important routes in California. Like all American boys of good education and thoughtful habits, he had read the interesting narratives of explorers in the arctic seas, and treasured them in his mind. It now occurred to him that the Esquimau sledge and team of dogs could be patterned after in the express business. During the year 1858, he procured three large, intelligent dogs, of the New Foundland and St. Bernard breeds, and broke them to work in harness, manufactured especially for their use. When winter came, with its mass of snow, he harnessed them to the sled, which he had constructed, and made a trial trip. It was a splendid success. On the sled was a small chest, in which he carried the United States mail, other letters and express packages. This, together with himself and an occasional passenger, sometimes made a load of six hundred pounds, with which the dogs would race across the frozen crust of the snow, at the top of their speed, apparently enjoying the sport as much as the human freight they drew. They were driven tandem, sometimes four being used in a team. When ascending steep grades, or when traveling through freshly fallen snow, the messenger and his passenger, if he had one, walked by the side of the dogs, on snow shoes. The route was twenty-two miles long, crossing the divide between Bidwell's bar and Quincy. In 1858, stages were introduced on that route, but as soon as Old Boreas laid his embargo of snow upon travel in the mountains, the dog express became the only connecting link between thousands of people living in those snowy fastnesses, and the great, throbbing world without. The sturdy messenger, who, with his canine team, breasted the storms of many winters,

was Mr. F. B. Whiting, still a resident of Quincy, and one of the best known and most highly respected of the Argonauts of '49 who still live amid the pines of the Sierras. When the horse snow shoe was introduced, in 1865, Mr. Whiting and his team of dogs disappeared from the scene of action.

This feature of winter travel in the Sierras—the use of snow shoes by horses—is a peculiar one. I have often received an incredulous smile, when, upon occasion, I have alluded to the fact that horses wear snow shoes; and I feel compelled to treat such doubters as graciously as possible, remembering the fact that I, too, indulged in a complaisant you-can't-fool-me grin, when the story was first told me. It is, however, an undeniable fact, which anyone can verify, as I did, by ocular evidence, if he will only make the trip from Oroville to Quincy, or from Marysville to Downieville, during either of the months of January, February or March. We had passed up from the mud of the valley and lower foot-hills, and entered the first belt of snow, near the foot of the divide. I was the only passenger, and, though there were but a few sacks of mail and scarcely any express, the four horses found the task of dragging the stage through the snow an arduous one, long before we reached the station where wheels were to be exchanged for runners. At this station, the contents of the stage were transferred to a low sled with long runners, and to this the horses were attached. About two hours were consumed in affixing snow shoes to the hoofs of the horses, sixteen of them being required for the four animals. The shoes are thin plates of steel, about nine inches square, and are fitted to the horses' hoofs by setting the calks of the shoes through holes in the plates, and fastening them firmly with screws and straps. The shoes have to be made to order for

each horse, as their feet vary in size, and the fitting requires much care and patience. When a horse wears these steel plates for the first time, he cuts himself about the legs, sometimes severely, but he soon learns to spread his feet so as not to interfere. The first shoes used were wooden plates, these were followed by iron ones; and now they are made of steel, faced on the bottom with rubber, so as to prevent the snow from adhering to them. There is as much difference between horses as between men, in regard to their ability to adopt new ideas. Some become good snow horses at once, while others seem incapable of learning how to handle the shoes or how to battle with the snow. Only such as prove themselves thoroughly good snow horses are used, for it has often happened that the lives of both the horses and their driver have been saved by the intelligence and experience of these trained animals. When they become accustomed to the snow, they exercise as much intelligence and judgment, in battling with the mountain's fleecy drapery, as would be expected of a man. More than one inexperienced horse is never put in the team at one time. The driver gives them their heads and permits them to have pretty nearly their own way. When the leaders encounter a drift of loose snow, they rear up on their hind feet, turn their shoulders to the front, and plunge into it, continuing this until they have forced a passage through. After the snow has lain upon the ground a few days, it becomes sufficiently packed to bear the weight of the animals, distributed, as it is, over a large surface by the shoe. Often, after a slight thaw, followed by a cold snap, a thick crust forms on the top of the snow, strong enough to hold up both horses and stage, and in such cases the stage makes the complete trip on wheels. The many incidents related by

the driver, as our noble horses plowed for us a way through the rapidly falling and drifting snow, as well as others that came to my knowledge during my sojourn in the mountains, showing what sufferings and hardships fall to the lot of those who brave the rigors of winter in those high altitudes, impressed me deeply with the dangers attending travel in the Sierras during the season when the storm king makes his throne in the mountains.

The tragedies of the snow, how many and how terrible! What old Californian does not recall, with a shudder, the horrible sufferings of the Donner party, and the terrible straits to which they were reduced, on the banks of that little lake, which forms, in the summer time, one of the loveliest gems of the Sierras? And who has not heard of the brave struggle of Fremont's exploring party, when they forced their way, in midwinter, across the mountains south of Lake Tahoe, and reached Sutter's fort in a most deplorable condition? Could those green pines, their branches now drooping low beneath their fleecy burden, whisper of the scenes they have witnessed, we could better understand their groans and wailings, as the wind sweeps through the forest. How few of those who, from the Sacramento valley, stop to admire the long sweep of rolling white, rising up to the eastward, give a thought to the blinding storms which tinted those mountain ridges, or the hapless traveler, overcome by the fury of the tempest, who has found, in that whiteness, both a grave and a winding-sheet.

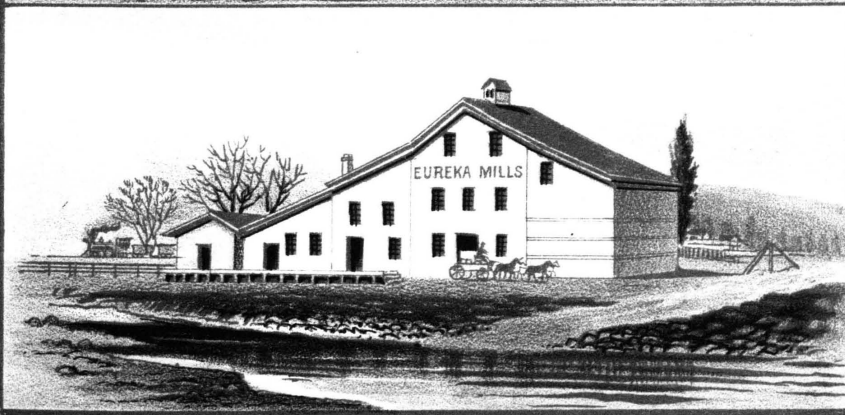
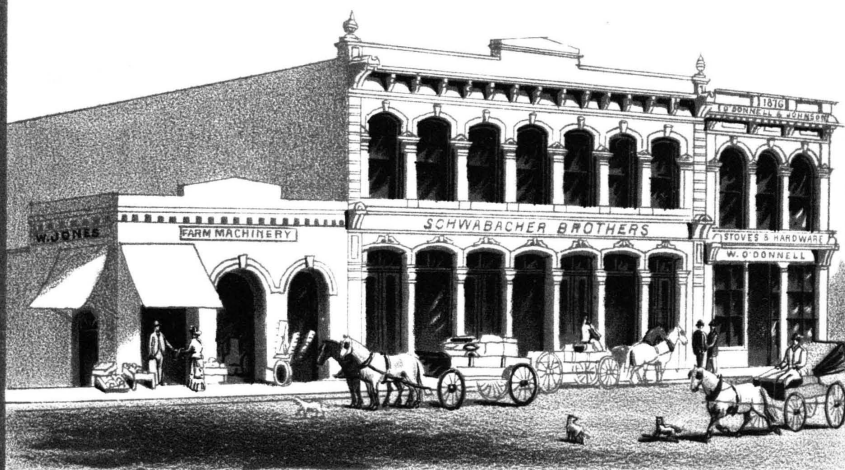
The hardy miners, who pushed their way beyond those snowy summits in the infant days of California, knew practically nothing of the peculiarities of the Sierra winters, and it was in those days that the white horseman was most frequently seen. They simply knew that it was dangerous to attempt to spend

the winter there, unless with sufficient provisions to last till spring. The sad tragedy of Donner lake taught them that; and yet, with the recklessness and improvidence characteristic of the gold hunter, they crowded into the mountains in large numbers, depending upon buying supplies from the trader, who, of course, could make no estimate of the amount required. In 1852, the region about the head waters of the various forks of the Feather river, now known as Plumas county, was full of miners. All through the summer they worked in flumes and wing dams, only to find, in a majority of cases, that their labor had been very unprofitable. Consequently, the traders failed to lay in as large stocks of goods as they would otherwise have done. In addition to this, winter set in early, blocking up the mountain trails in November. New supplies were confidently expected until late in December when the continued storms made it evident that trails would be closed to pack trains for weeks to come. A great rush was then made, by the miners in those isolated camps, to reach some source of supplies. Many camps were completely deserted, while in others there remained but two or three—seldom half a dozen—who purchased the scant supplies of those who departed, and thus had sufficient to last until spring. Many of them took their departure before the dangers of travel became too great, but others, who left later, encountered hardships which the pen utterly fails to depict. On every route of travel, they struggled out, and not a few of them fell by the way and found rest beneath the drifting snow. A few such incidents will show the nature of them all.

The severest storm of the season began immediately after Christmas, and raged for days; and, in those dreadful tempests, death came to many. A number of immigrants had come in from the

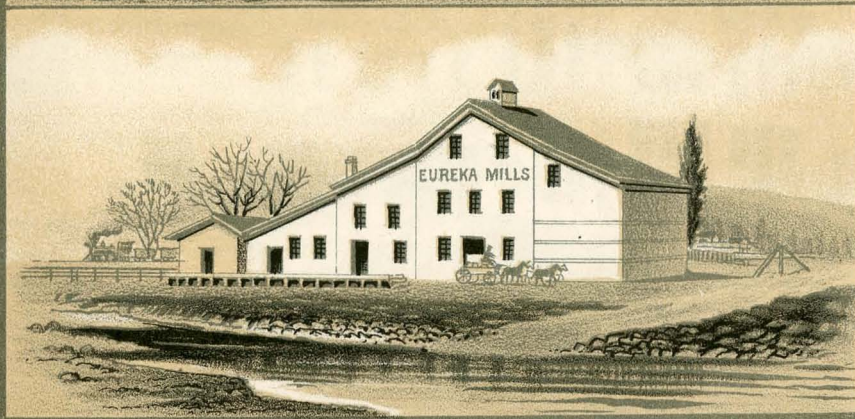


St. Mary's Hospital.



WALLA WALLA, W. T.

St. Mary's Hospital.



WALLA WALLA, W. T.





WALLA WALLA, W. T.





East, and stopped to spend the winter, or locate permanently, in the mountain valleys. Those who had families struggled bravely with the mud and snow, to bring them the food they required. Pack trains were taken, by almost superhuman exertion, as far into the mountains as possible, and then the loads were carried, in small lots, on the backs of men. One instance is recorded, where a man led a pack train within half a mile of his destination, and then paid fifty cents a pound to have goods carried the remainder of the distance by men. At another place, a train of mules refused to cross the top of a mountain where the wind had piled up the snow in a huge bluff. They were blindfolded, led to the top, and pushed over, rolling, with their packs, clear to the bottom of the snowy declivity. Such were some of the extreme measures resorted to, that food might be taken to those who otherwise would have perished.

Early in the morning of the twenty-eighth of December, when the great storm was raging, the miners on Rich bar, the most prosperous camp on the east branch of the north fork of Feather river, decided that a bold push must be made to cross the barrier of snow that lay between them and Bidwell's bar, or they would perish of starvation. The nearest place of entertainment was Spanish ranch, in Meadow valley, twelve miles distant and on the opposite side of a high mountain ridge. The snow lay four feet deep along the bar, but on the mountain it was thirty, the top three or four feet being newly fallen, and too light and loose to sustain any weight whatever. Seven men remained, purchasing all the provisions that were left in camp, and the others, taking with them some cooked food, started on their perilous journey. It was a motley company that commenced the ascent of Rich bar hill that blustering winter morning.

There were more than seventy of them in all—Americans, Frenchmen, Mexicans, Kanakas and Chinamen—none of them adequately protected against such a pitiless storm, and a few whose clothing was light and scant indeed. At that time, snow shoes were unknown in the Sierras, and the traveler had to flounder through the snow as best he could. The men went in single file, each one taking his turn in struggling through the snow and marking out a path, until exhausted, and then stepping aside to fall in line at the rear. By wallowing along in this manner, they advanced, foot by foot, up the mountain. Several of them became so exhausted by their efforts, that they lay down in the snow beside the trail, and, being unable to rise again and fall in when the line had passed, perished and were quickly drifted under by the wind. There was an old, vacant cabin at the top of the hill, six miles from the bar, and, after dark, the more fortunate ones reached it, and burrowed down to the door by digging out the snow with their hands.

The shakes which composed the floor—and it was a cabin of considerable pretensions which, in those days, possessed any other floor than the bosom of mother earth—were quickly torn up, and made to give forth their latent heat to instill some warmth into the benumbed bodies of the travelers. They were quickly consumed, and then, after a hearty meal of the food they had brought, the men rolled themselves in their wet blankets, and resigned their exhausted bodies to the care of "nature's sweet restorer." A more ill-assorted crew never lodged together in such contracted quarters. White men, Kanakas and Chinamen were so closely packed together that it would have been utterly impossible to have distinguished them. It was the essence of democracy, produced by that necessity which is above caste and social dis-

tinctions, the law of self-preservation. Early the next morning they disposed of the remainder of their food, and then resumed their struggle with the snow. A terrible storm was raging, and, though they were now going down the mountain, it took them all day to wallow through the six miles of snow, which lay between them and Spanish ranch. There they found a crowd of miners, who had come in from other points, and, because of their numbers, they were compelled to leave the next day, since the landlord feared they would eat everything he had, and leave him in the same helpless condition as themselves.

They then moved on to Meadow valley house, two miles distant, and the next day struggled eight miles farther, to Buck's ranch. That night it rained a little, and then froze hard, and the next morning, after paying \$4.00 apiece for supper, breakfast and the privilege of spreading their blankets on the floor of the house or barn, they resumed their journey, walking on the frozen crust. They quickly covered the sixteen miles to Peavine, the first station beyond the summit, and another day saw them out of the mountains, out of the snow, and standing in the rain on the bank of the Feather river, opposite Bidwell's bar, with the stream rolling impetuously between them and food. All travel by ferry, across the turbid stream, had ceased, but a man was engaged in the perilous business of crossing passengers in a small boat, taking one at a time. It was an extremely hazardous undertaking, but the river must be passed, and, one by one, they entrusted themselves to the boatman's care, until all had crossed in safety.

Another incident of that enforced exodus, was that of four men—Madden, Schooley, Dunlap and Bain—who left Soda bar to break their way out of the mountains. Two days of struggling

through snow and water, at one time wading in water up to the waist, brought them to Buck's ranch. On the third of January, heedless of the warning of an approaching storm, they started for Peavine, sixteen miles distant, following the tracks left in the snow by a party which had preceded them, and trusting to Bain's recollection of the route, he having once traveled it in summer time. Hardly had they proceeded a few miles, when the storm set in. The wind drove the rapidly-falling snow into their faces until they were nearly blinded; but lowering their heads, they struggled on against the tempest. They were but scantily clothed for such a journey. Not one had a full suit of clothes, and Bain wore but boots, pants, hat and a woolen shirt, from which the buttons were gone, leaving his breast exposed to the storm, which chilled him to the core. They soon found the tracks, which served as a guide, rapidly becoming obliterated by the snow, and they were compelled to walk four abreast to lessen the danger of losing the trail. Several times they caught themselves going astray, and retraced their steps until the trail was found again. Even in doing this they found great difficulty, for, though they sank nearly to the hips at every step, the wind soon filled their tracks with snow. At last they came to an old pine stump, the hollow part of which was filled with pitch, enough, could it be ignited, to burn all night and keep them warm. The few matches they possessed were wet and refused to burn, and abandoning all hope of fire, they laboriously made their way back to the site of an old shanty they had passed some time before, hoping to find enough of it standing to afford them shelter until morning. Here they were again grievously disappointed. A few peeled poles, which once formed a frame upon which to stretch canvas, were all that

remained to testify to the former existence of a house of entertainment; and all their digging about in the snow, with bare and benumbed hands, could resurrect nothing more. What a terrible situation was theirs!—cold, wet, hungry, exhausted, poorly clad, the darkness of night enshrouding them, miles distant from food warmth or shelter, and exposed to the drivings of a pitiless storm. A faint-hearted man would have laid himself down in the snow and died; not so these brave miners. A few yards distant was a brook, running in a narrow channel between walls of snow twenty feet deep, banked up by the wind. Into this they descended, finding shelter from the wind, and waded up and down in the water, which was only a foot deep, and warmer than the snow. Constant motion was necessary to keep the blood in circulation. Back and forth they waded, until poor Bain gave up in despair. His companions did all they possibly could to save his life. They caved the snow down on one side, making a bench, upon which they sat in turn, holding him in their laps, until he died. The others continued their exertions until daylight again appeared. They were now in a worse condition than ever. They were weakened by hunger, fatigue and exposure; the only one who had ever been over the route was dead, and all traces of travel had long since been obliterated by the snow. In this dilemma they decided to make their way back to Buck's ranch, if possible. They struggled on for a time, the increased depth of snow rendering progress still more difficult than the day before. At last, having again lost their way, they turned their faces southward, determined to get out of the mountains if possible. At length their eyes were gladdened by the sight of a blaze on a tree, then another, and the knowledge that they had again found the trail gave them new strength and

hope. The storm ceased and the sun came out to cheer them; but so slow was their progress that darkness again settled down before they reached shelter. Among the heavy timber they tramped a path of solid snow, up and down which they paced until morning, occasionally leaning against a tree, to take a brief nap and dream of warm firesides and tables loaded with juicy meats, and then awaking to tramp the path in cold and hunger. In the morning the last efforts of exhausted nature took them to Peavine, where they were hospitably received and their frozen members nursed back to vitality. Such are a few of the many scenes of suffering and heroism witnessed by those myriads of snow-topped pines.

As I have already stated, the snow shoe is the mountaineer's friend. It is the only means by which pedestrians can go from place to place, unless they wait for the stage to break a road through the snow, which, as stage lines are few, and the snow everywhere, would amount practically to a suspension of all travel on foot for weeks at a time. The Canadian shoes, previously described, were long since superseded by the Norwegian shoe, or skate, which is excellently adapted to rapid locomotion over the frozen crust, more so than on the loose snow when newly fallen. It consists of a bar, shaped like the runner of a sled, six to ten feet long, four inches wide, two inches thick in the middle, and grooved underneath. The foot is strapped upon the middle of the shoe, and with a long pole in his hand, with which to steer and steady himself, the skater shoots down the steep hillsides like a rocket. Climbing the hills is not so easy a matter, yet it is rapidly done by an experienced skater. Snow-shoeing is an art, and to become an expert in the use of these implements requires considerable practice. Like skating, it requires natural strength

and dexterity to become an adept. All through the mountains are to be found men, and women, too, whose skill in using these Norwegian skates is little less than marvelous. They equal, no doubt, in this respect, the hardy mountaineers of the Scandnavias, who originated the art. For many months in the year, all the travel among the icy bergs of that far Northland is done by means of these swiftly-gliding skates, and many a legend concerning them hangs about the precipitous mountain passes. I remember having read one of these tales of that northern region, in my boyhood days, which made a deep impression upon my mind, so tragic was it in its ending, and such an opportunity did it offer for the artist to paint a most dramatic scene, set in a framework of lofty peaks robed in the garments of winter; yet, until I saw these long wooden skates in the Sierras, I never fully understood the tale, nor realized the courage, dexterity and patriotic devotion of the young Norseman. In the ancient days of feudalism, when each lord of a few stout men-at-arms considered all men his lawful prey, and all the world his hunting ground, a band of predatory Swedes started upon a raid across the mountains, wearing these long wooden skates. On their way they captured a young Norseman, and compelled him to serve as a guide through the mountain defiles to some village of his countrymen. He conducted them safely until he came to a place where the trail turned sharply around the face of a cliff, but a few feet from the verge of a yawning chasm. Shouting to his captors to follow him, he shot like an arrow down the steep descent which led to this dangerous pass, until he reached the very edge of the precipice, when, with almost superhuman skill, he turned sharply around the cliff. Those behind, unaware of the chasm until right upon its verge, and

unable either to stop or turn, plunged over, one after another, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks and ice below, their cries of despair mingling with the triumphant shouts of the courageous Norseman.

The flitting bob sled and the rushing toboggan give sport of the most exhilarating kind, but they pale into insignificance beside the excitements of a snow-shoeing race. Imagine a long and steep mountain side, at the summit of which a dozen men stand, poised, ready for the word of command, their steering poles in the snow, their bodies leaning well forward, the skates carefully alligned in parallels. A shout, a rush, and they are off. In an incredibly short time they are at the base of the mountain, half a mile or more away, and are rapidly ascending it again, the first to reach the starting point being the winner. Much reliance is placed, by the racers, upon the virtues of "dope," with which each one provides himself. This is a greasy composition for the anointment of the runners, to reduce the friction of the snow, and is of varied color and consistency, according to the ideas of the individual using it; and, it may almost be said that races are sometimes as much between rival "dopes" as between individual skaters. Personally, I can relate no experiences with these gliding shoes, for, having witnessed the grief which invariably overtook all who essayed their use for the first time, I resolutely declined the numerous urgent invitations I received to try them. These invitations were numerous because I was a stranger, and urgent because I was a greenhorn, and would furnish excellent sport by my antics. Although I did not try it, I can imagine nothing so exciting in the line of coasting on the snow, as one of these races down the side of a steep mountain, unless, perhaps, the ride I once took down the vast field of snow



which stretches away from the summit of Mt. Shasta. Having ascended the mountain, after a tedious climb of ten hours, and having viewed the vast cyclorama of mountain, valley, lake, river and ocean enclosing it, I followed the example of my guide, and seated myself upon a board, placed at the top of that steep, and almost endless, snowy incline which stretched away to the timber line, three miles or more below us. All I had to do, he said, was to "sit still and hang on like grim death," and the board would do the rest. He seated himself, placed his alpine-stock under his arm, the end digging deeply in the snow behind him. Almost in an instant, he disappeared in a cloud of flying spray, and I stood on the brow of Shasta alone. I had no choice in the matter. I must follow in the same manner. I followed; and if ever I did anything in my life, in which I took a less active part than I did in this wild ride, I am unaware of the circumstance. I could neither direct my course, stop the procession, see where I was going, nor form any conclusion as to the probable time of my arrival or method by which I was to stop when I got there. It was just as the guide had told me—the board did it all, and my entire faculties were employed in holding on. If ever death was grimmer than my grip upon that board, I pity the man who saw him. Almost before I was well started, I reached a broad flat, where my vehicle stopped, and where the guide stood waiting for me, a broad grin upon his face. I gazed back at the now distant peak, and as my eyes rested on the two long streaks which our boards had made in the snow, it seemed to me incredible that we had come from that lofty height almost between two breaths.

HENRY LAURENZ.

### THE AUTOGRAPH STONE.

THE stage, bringing the mail and passengers from the outside world to the little mountain village of Delta, Vermont, had just come in, with a flourish of whip and trumpet, and, leaving the leathern bag, and one passenger, had gone swiftly on its way again.

The hotel keeper was also the postmaster, and his pretty daughter was often left in charge of the postoffice; and it happened to-day, that she dragged the mail bag from the porch, and, turning the key in the door of the little office, proceeded to distribute the contents of the sack, while a number of men, women and children clustered around the delivery window. The mail was the one excitement of Delta, and often men would lounge in to see others get their letters and papers, who never received either in their lives.

To-day, in addition to the usual village loungers, the stranger, who had just arrived, made one of the group. He seated himself on the window ledge, and gazed curiously, even cynically, at the people he found himself with. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty, one

would judge, and his rich dress and easy manners proclaimed him to be a wealthy man of the world. His wandering gaze finally settled upon the pretty face and figure of a lady-like girl of about nineteen or twenty.

She stood a little apart from the rest, and eagerly watched the quick motions of the girl distributing the mail. When the delivery window opened, the stranger saw her, as she waited for the crowd to disperse, tap her neatly-booted little foot, in a sort of impatience.

Finally there was a lull, and, as she advanced to the window, the girl within called out, saucily:

"I've got the letter you want, Miss Linton."

A blush overspread the lady's face as she tried to smile, and said, gaily, "How do you know, Nina?"

"Maybe I haven't got used to his handwriting these past three months," was the laughing retort.

"When is Hugh Gordon coming home, anyhow, Miss Linton? I guess you're the only one that knows."

"And I don't know, either," said Miss Linton, smiling.

"Maybe this letter will tell," persisted pert Nina.

"Perhaps," replied the young lady, going out of the door.

The office was now nearly empty. One or two men, looking over their papers, smiled at Nina's girlish fun, and then returned to their reading.

The stranger sauntered slowly up to the window: "Any letters for Clarence Carroll? I ordered my mail forwarded here."

Nina promptly laid a packet of business letters before him. He carelessly glanced them over and slipped them into his pocket.

"I can have a room here for a few days, I suppose," he said.

"Oh yes, certainly," responded Nina,

gazing curiously at their new and unusual style of guest.

"Who was that young lady who just went out?" he asked, in a half indifferent tone.

"That was Miss Laura Linton. Isn't she pretty? She's the daughter of Widow Linton, who lives on a little place they call 'Oak Lawn.' Folks say they were dreadful rich once, when they lived in New York, before Mr. Linton died. An aunt of hers left 'em this place, so they came here to live. There's two girls, Laura and Louise, twins, both of 'em pretty, but not a bit alike in looks or ways. Miss Laura is our teacher, and Miss Louise stays at home. She isn't liked so well as Miss Laura."

Nina prattled away, without noticing whether her listener was interested or not; but, glancing up, she met a half tolerant, half amused, smile, as he suggested:

"And this Hugh Gordon, whose letters are watched for so eagerly?"

"Oh, yes, he is engaged to Miss Laura. He is nice and good, but, somehow, nobody thinks he is good enough for her. He lost his health, rather, studying law, and his father died, and then he found he had no money, and so—well, he went to New York on business. They do say Mrs. Linton and Miss Louise don't like her to be engaged to Hugh. But, dear me, here I am chattering, and I expect you want a room right off. I'll be around directly."

She locked the office window and door and came out, and soon she was leading the way to their "best room," still chattering. One of the men in the office looked up from his paper, and said:

"That gal has got a tongue. She won't stop short o' the history of the town."

The other nodded, and, folding his paper, said:

"Wonder who that feller is, anyhow."

Meanwhile, Laura Linton, blissfully

unconscious of Nina's confidences, hastened toward home. The frosty October air painted roses on her cheeks, as she stepped briskly along, until she had turned into the lane leading to her home. There she walked slowly, while the falling oak leaves rustled around her feet. She took out her letter, and, impatiently opening it, read:

NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 18—

*My own dear Laura:*

At last! Look for me on Wednesday's stage. I have news, which, like all things in this life, is both sweet and bitter. Taken all in all—including anticipations and expectations—it may be called good news. I am very busy, concluding some business, so, until Wednesday, *au revoir*.

With love,

YOUR OWN HUGH.

Laura folded the letter thoughtfully, and walked on a little faster. The golden rays of the setting sun, flickered through the nearly bare branches and touched her glossy braids, and glanced up and down her tasteful, brown cloth suit as she walked. As she thought, she sighed, wearily:

"O, I wish mother and Louise would be kinder to poor Hugh. I shall be true to him anyway, in spite of their possible better matches."

But she had reached home—a large, low cottage, embowered in vines and shaded by oaks, whose leaves, of varied tints, were falling and forming a brilliant carpet, to succeed the velvety green of summer. As she came up the steps of the broad portico, her mother opened the door, and said, in a tender, half reproachful tone:

"Late, my daughter."

"Yes, mamma," responded Laura, in her usual happy tone, "the mail came in just as I was passing, and I waited until it was distributed."

"Well—" observed Mrs. Linton, as Laura, having entered the cozy sitting room, laid aside her hat and jacket.

"I had a letter from Hugh; no other mail," replied Laura, sinking into her especial chair, between the window and the cheery fire.

"And what did Hugh say?" demanded Louise, languidly, from the sofa.

"He is coming home Wednesday; has good news, he says," answered her sister.

"I hope so," retured Louise, in a tone that carried insult to the loving girl, who loved Hugh. Laura quieted herself and said:

"A stranger came on the coach to-day."

"A gentleman?" asked Louise.

"Yes, he seemed so. He waited for the mail to be distributed."

"Tea!" announced the maid of all work, and the ladies adjourned to the little dining room.

Meanwhile, Mr. Clarence Carroll, in his room, where a fire had been started, read his bundle of letters. The last one he opened was from Harold Gray, a college friend:

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 18—

*Dear Old Fellow:*

Just got back from my business trip, and find you are off on one of your sketching tours, "after autumn among the hills," as Harry put it. Well, I've discovered your address, and remember that Albert Linton's widow and daughters live in the little village you make your headquarters. The girls are twins, and both very pretty, and may prove companionable to you. Thank me when we meet. I would wish you success in your art, only you have more money than you can use, and it really don't make any difference with your bread and butter, whether you are a credit to your profession, or a daub. Hoping to see you before holidays, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

HAROLD GRAY.

Clarence Carroll folded the letter, thoughtfully, thinking of the pretty girl who had taken his fancy, but who was bound to another.

"I'll go and see them, anyway," he exclaimed, half aloud, and he proceeded to make a careful toilet.

So it came to pass, that, as Mrs. Linton and her daughters sat in the pretty little parlor, Louise embroidering, and Laura reading aloud, while Mrs. Linton lounged easily in her rocker, a step was heard on the porch, the door-bell rang, and, when the "girl" went to the door, they heard a man's voice inquire:

"Are the ladies in?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Tell them a stranger wishes to see them. Stay; here is my card."

Mollie brought the card to the ladies, leaving the visitor standing in the door.

"I don't know him, I'm sure," murmured Mrs. Linton.

"Mamma, he must be the stranger I saw to-day," said Laura.

"Very likely. Show him in, Mollie," continued Mrs. Linton.

In another moment, Clarence Carroll was bowing to the ladies, as he said:

"I call at the suggestion of my friend, Harold Gray."

"Oh, Harold!" they all cried at once, and, while Laura took the visitor's coat and hat, and gave him an easy chair, Mrs. Linton added, with a sigh:

"We knew him long ago—in more prosperous days."

"But this is a most delightful village, and this is, I think, one of its prettiest places," said Clarence, pleasantly. "You must expect me to appreciate the picturesque, first and foremost," he added, with a smile, "for I am an artist, and my business here is to catch some of your charming autumn landscapes."

"Really!" cried Laura, "That is so nice! I love the beauties of nature, but have no gift in transferring them to canvas. Louise sketches very nicely."

Louise flushed slightly, as Clarence turned to her, and said:

"And Laura is the musician."

"Ah, then I promise myself great pleasure," glancing toward the open piano, "for I am very fond of music."

The evening passed very pleasantly, in conversation and music, and, ere the visitor departed, he had charmed his new acquaintances, who had suffered from lack of congenial society. This was Friday, and, before Hugh Gordon arrived, on Wednesday, Clarence Carroll was considered in the light of an intimate friend. When the stage came in that evening, Laura Linton stood at the end of the lane, in the glory of the rich October sunset, with brown and crimson leaves drifting all about her feet. Hugh glanced about, as he alighted, and soon saw the slender, grey-robed figure, and the dainty handkerchief waved in welcome. It did not take him long to snatch his valise and get to the waiting girl. A decorous, cordial hand clasp, was all the gaping villagers saw, before the couple moved slowly down the lane; but when the friendly shelter of shrubbery was reached, Hugh dropped his valise, and caught the smiling girl in a close embrace, and exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Oh, Laura! It is so nice to be with you again; but it is for so short a time."

"Short?" echoed Laura, "how?"

"That is my news, darling," smiled Hugh.

"I thought it was good news," pouted Laura.

"Didn't I tell you it was both bitter and sweet?" demanded Hugh, at which Laura nodded her head.

"Well, let us sit down on this stone, and I'll tell you all about it," said Hugh.

Settling themselves comfortably upon the rock, Hugh began:

"You have no idea, my dear, how often I have been discouraged in my attempts to get employment; so you can scarcely realize my unalloyed delight, when I, at last, got hold of something. The only drawback is, that I must leave you for a time. I have been engaged by an insurance company, as an agent,



to go west, among the mining and reduction camps. The salary is good, and it will be increased if I remain in their employ. They may want to establish a branch office at Helena or Butte City, and let me have it. Then, there are always golden opportunities for investing a little out there. And just as soon as I know what to depend upon, we'll be married. Would you come out to me, Laura, if it seemed best?"

Laura had listened without comment, but now she raised a startled face to his:

"Oh, Hugh! you know I would do anything you wish; but isn't it very wild and rough? And what a long journey!"

"Yes, a long journey, but all by rail, in luxurious cars. As to the rough—well, I am assured, by those who know, that all the comforts and luxuries are obtainable there—at a somewhat higher price than here."

He arose, and added, "We will talk more of this. The best thing about it is, the change of climate and travel will be apt to benefit my health—probably make a new man of me, physically—and morally, too, perhaps."

As they walked slowly toward the house, Laura told Hugh of the domesticated stranger.

"Guess he admires Louise," she added, innocently unconscious of the real attraction.

When they reached the house, Hugh was cordially received by Mrs. Linton and Louise, and he was introduced to Mr. Carroll. They spent a very pleasant evening. Hugh gave an outline of his plans, and, for some reason, all, except Laura, were pleased and congratulated him upon his chances. The truth was, Mrs. Linton thought absence would cool the affection between Hugh and Laura, and Clarence thought it would be strange if he could not win Laura from the absent lover, whom he called, mentally, "soft." Hugh was poetic and

not practical, and even the artist discovered it in a single evening.

Time flew the few days before Hugh must start west, and Laura busied herself devising little comforts for him. The lovers had many long and confidential talks, and learned to understand each other better than ever before. At last, the day came for the parting, and Laura found it even harder than she had anticipated. She had no sympathy from either mother or sister, who had tried, so far, in vain, to induce her to give Hugh up, feeling that she was worthy a man who promised more. In addition to the pain of separation, and lack of sympathy, Laura was conscious of an indefinable presentiment of evil, and, in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, she could not shake off the gloom. So it was a very sad face, with tearful eyes, that Hugh took between his hands at parting, down at the end of the lane. He kissed, again and again, the trembling lips from which the rich color had fled, and put on his bravest, sunniest smile; but Laura could not be brave, and he was obliged to leave her, pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf, with eyes blinded with tears. Long after the coach had rumbled away, Laura sat on a moss-covered stone, mechanically stirring the rustling oak and maple leaves, as her thoughts traveled swiftly forward into the cheerless months ahead. Finally, alarmed at her lengthy absence, Mr. Carroll and Louise came to seek her. Without a word, she arose, and, joining them, walked to the cottage. That night, in the solitude of her room, she took herself to task, for her childish weakness, and asking help of the all-knowing Father, she felt better strengthened to bear her loneliness, and determined to be her own, sunny self. She succeeded so well the next day, that Mrs. Linton and Louise were agreeably surprised. Two weeks passed, and then Laura re-

ceived her first letter, written from Denver, where Hugh had stopped for a day or two. He described his journey and the people he met, dilated on the wonderful influences of the western atmosphere and bustle, told her of the "Queen City," and last, but not least, he wrote glowingly of his prospects and already improving health. After this letter, Laura quite recovered her spirits, and was kept busy in school and at home, with an undertone of gladness that was noticeable in her face and in her voice. Hugh's next letter was from Helena, Montana. From there he would go to Butte City, and then to smaller towns and camps in the territory. Every letter was hopeful and cheerful, and Laura replied in the same spirit.

During the winter, Mr. Carroll made several visits from the city, not attempting to disguise his interest in Laura. At first she did not perceive it, but when it became evident, even to her, she only passed it by with a haughty indifference. Still persevering in his pursuit, Mr. Carroll had the satisfaction of seeing her pass that mood for one of indignation, and, at last, she was really worried, for both Mrs. Linton and Louise aided him all in their power.

"Why don't you take him yourself?" Laura said to her sister, one day. "You know I'll be true to Hugh, and you had better use your diplomacy in your own cause." Louise, flushing a little, laughed good-naturedly.

"He does not want me, and all efforts to gain his attention would prove futile. I further my interests by helping him supersede Hugh; for, of course, your gratitude would lead you to matronize me to some effect."

Laura gave her sister the benefit of an honest, indignant look, and never again mentioned the subject. She skillfully evaded Mr. Carroll, and, when he returned to the city, in March, he prom-

ised to return in two weeks, vowing, to himself, that he would plan some method to win the obstinate girl he loved. He had been gone several days when Laura's school closed for a month's vacation. She had a very interesting little exhibition, and the extra exertion, together with a slight cold, made her quite ill for a day or two. Mr. Carroll would be back on Saturday, and when, on Friday morning, Laura got up feeling decidedly wretched, she thought her only consolation was, she might escape her importunate suitor by keeping her room. She descended to the dining room, that morning, however, and lay upon the sofa. Mollie brought in an appetizing little breakfast, and, after she had done her best, with poor success, to dispose of it, she mechanically watched Mollie flit about her work, until she fell into a doze. Mrs. Linton and Louise were sewing in the next room, conversing in subdued tones, when they were startled by a scream of terror, and, rushing into the dining room, they found Laura swaying on her feet, by the sofa, her long hair hanging in disordered masses about her pale face, her eyes distended with horror, and her hands clasped close to her side, as if trying to quiet her wildly-beating heart.

"What is it?" they cried, running to her, while her mother tried to force her gently back into an easy chair. But she struggled to her feet, and exclaimed, excitedly:

"Hugh! Hugh! He's—he's dead, or dying, or in some great trouble! I—I saw him, struggling and gasping, and—he called me. Oh, mother! I must go to him!"

Mrs. Linton and Louise at length succeeded in forcing her to lie down, and then, sitting by her side, her mother gently rubbed her heated brow, and said:

"You had a bad dream, dear. Hugh was all right when you heard last."

"Oh, yes; but this was something sudden. It wasn't a dream. He called me. He needs me."

"Nonsense, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Linton, a little impatiently. "You can't go on a wild goose chase, clear across the continent. You will soon get another letter from Hugh. Now go to sleep, like a good girl."

Laura wearily closed her eyes, and at length, her mother, believing her to be asleep, stole softly out of the room. All day, Laura lay, pale and quiet, on the sofa, and at night Louise saw her comfortably in bed, before going to her own room. The next morning they were very quiet about the house, in order to allow Laura to sleep, hoping she would appear better when Mr. Carroll arrived. The morning hours passed by, and no sound came from Laura's room. At last, about eleven o'clock, Mrs. Linton said:

"Louise, I guess you better go up and see Laura. I wanted to have her rest, but it is so late I am getting anxious."

Louise ran lightly up stairs to her sister's room, and Mrs. Linton, listening at the foot, heard her open the door softly, then pause, with a half smothered exclamation of surprise, then move hurriedly around the room, opening and shutting drawers, until she could bear it no longer.

"Louise!" she called. The girl appeared at the head of the stairs with a white, frightened face.

"Mamma, she's gone!" she gasped.

"Gone?" echoed Mrs. Linton; then recovering herself, she added, "Oh, she got up quietly and has gone for a walk."

"No, mamma, the big valise is gone, and her watch and jewelry, and some of her best clothes and her traveling dress are gone. Do you suppose—? No, she surely wouldn't—"

"She has gone West," declared Mrs. Linton, with conviction.

"What shall we do?" groaned Lou-

ise. "She must have taken the stage this morning."

They went up to the deserted chamber and sat down in bewilderment and grief. They forgot Mr. Carroll, until Louise exclaimed:

"Mr. Carroll will go to New York at once and find her, or try to. Of course she would go to M— at once, and draw aunty's legacy—she would need money."

So they waited, and when, in the afternoon, Mr. Carroll appeared, two anxious faces met him at the door.

"How are you, ladies?" said he, genially. "Where is Miss Laura?"

"She is gone," they cried, together.

"Gone! Where? How?"

It was was a wild March day, when two travelers might have been seen making their way up a rough mountain road. One, a slender young man of fine appearance, bundled up like an Esquimau, rode a tough, spirited little Cayuse pony; the other, a burly, good-natured looking Irishman, drove a cart, drawn by a pair of strong mules. The road was the one over which all the ore was taken, from the mines above, to the reduction works, ten miles below, but it was rough and toilsome to the last degree. It was a steady up-hill—a rise of five thousand feet in ten miles—and at this season of the year the road was icy and dangerously slippery. In the camp below the sun had seemed struggling to shine, and the air was comparatively mild, but a few miles' climb had brought the men into a region of storm. The clouds obscured the sun, the wind blew a gale, driving into their faces the loose snow which had fallen the night before. The cart, when it came up, halted, and the driver brushed the snow from his beard, as he called out—

"Pretty tough, Misther Hal, ain't it, now?"

"Pretty tough!" repeated Hal, em-

phatically, and then added: "What an advantage the check system has over this of paying out cash every month. Wonder if Bill got up all right!"

"He's got above here all right, sure," replied the Irishman, humorously; "but how is it, Misther Hal? I hear we are to have the check system, soon."

"Not under this administration, I think," replied Hal. "You know, Mike—I'll tell you, but don't breathe it to anybody else until I give you leave—you know the manager has gone East with certain proposals, and unless they are accepted he will resign."

"Is that so?" said Mike.

"Yes," returned Hal, as he examined his saddle girth. "Yes, and so you see, you and I may never see the check system here."

"Thru enough it is, I may not; but sure, they'll not let you go. It's not ivery day they can foind a first-class book-keeper loike yoursilf."

Hal smiled. "Others may not rate my abilities so high, and even if they wished to keep me, I hardly think I shall stay after Mr. Knight leaves. You know I have a ranch down the valley, and I think of taking my mother and sister and settling down to country life."

"Och, now, an' that'll be noice, too. An' whin yez wants a hand, maybe ye'll think o' me," replied Mike.

"Would you like to go on a ranch, really?" asked Hal.

"Indade, thin, an' I would that," was the emphatic answer.

"Consider it settled, then," said Hal. "But we must be moving, or we will not get up to camp before dark."

So, leaving the friendly shelter of the rock, they again started on their upward way.

Up, up, through wind and snow, with mountains ahead of them, mountains back of them, and mountains each side of them, all covered with dazzling snow,

against which the dark fir forests showed sombre and grand. Every now and then, when the pony stopped for breath, Hal took a comprehensive glance backward, and always exclaimed softly to himself, "glorious!" It was, indeed, a magnificent view, especially enjoyable on the return trip, when the grand panorama of river, valley and foothills unrolled itself before the admiring gaze. But above was an almost endless path, with cloud-piercing snow caps, and groves of burnt trees adding to the gloomy aspect. On the two men struggled, and at nearly dusk passed through the many-crooked street of the little mining camp, which followed up the gulch to the company boarding house, at the foot of Lion mountain, where the mines were situated.

After satisfying himself of the safe arrival of Bill, whose ore wagon had carried a valuable cargo of cash ahead of him, Hal Thornton gave his pony into Mike's care, and went into the boarding house. The landlady met him on the wide veranda, with out-stretched hand and voluble welcome.

"How d' ye do, Mr. Thornton? I reckoned ye'd be yere this evenin', an' so I told the gentleman," and she led the way to the comfortable sitting room, where a stranger of fine appearance arose from an arm chair, as Mrs. Randall said—

"Yere he is, jist as I said. This is Mr. Thornton, the company's cashier, and this is—well, I declare for 't, I've fergot yer name?"

"My name is Hugh Gordon," said the stranger, with a genial smile, "I am pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. Thornton," he added, as they joined hands.

"Well, I'll leave you two to git acquainted, an' I'll go see to supper," said Mrs. Randall, bustling out.

Left to themselves, the two young



men fell into an easy conversation, in which Hal learned that his companion was an insurance agent. He had passed through the reduction works camp two days before, and stopped at the office, but had not seen Mr. Thornton, as he was over at a coal camp, on business. The conversation drifted away from personal matters to a spirited debate on the attractions and openings of the West and South.

When the supper bell rang they went to table together, each pleased with the other.

The meal consisted of fried bacon, a huge platter of boiled beef, potatoes, beans, bread and butter, coffee, dried apple sauce, and a plate of plain cake.

After supper, the new friends went out and paced up and down the broad porch, still discussing the future of the West, and enjoying to the full the scenery about them. The rosy glow of sunset had not died away when the full moon appeared above the mountains, and bathed the whole landscape in her silvery light. The wind had died down, the air was perfectly still, and old Granite loomed up in imposing grandeur, snow and fir-clad, gleaming in Luna's glorious beams.

Mrs. Randall, having finished her supper dishes, appeared at the door with arms akimbo, and a smile on her face. She was pleased that her favorite, Mr. Thornton, had a congenial companion for the evening.

Suddenly, on the still night air, there came a faint sound of a bell ringing, followed by a scream of some huge bird of the mountains. Both young men involuntarily stopped in their promenade.

Mr. Thornton did not know of a bell in camp, and besides, the sound seemed to come from Granite. He did not have time, however, to decide what it could be, for Mrs. Randall burst into a storm of hysterical sobs, exclaiming—

"There 'tis again! Oh, what shall I do!"

"What is it, Mrs. Randall?" cried Hal, dropping his companion's arm, and hastily going to her side.

"That ringing! Didn't you hear it? It came that way just before Tom Donovan was killed in the tramway. Oh, I know something awful is goin' to happen, an' if it does, I'll make Jim take me away from this dreadful place!"

Hal led the trembling woman to an arm chair in her cozy sitting room, lighted a lamp and talked soothingly to her all the time, assuring her that the ringing could not have caused Tom's death, and that it was a mere coincidence. But she was not to be comforted, and when the young men retired, the last words they heard were—

"Oh, I know something awful will happen, an' I shan't sleep a wink."

Notwithstanding the excitement of the evening, the young men slept well, and came to breakfast with good appetites, induced by the mountain air. Toward morning the wind had risen, and when Hugh Gordon put on his overcoat to go up to the mines, it was blowing a perfect gale. Hal accompanied him to the door and said—

"I would go with you, but one of the mine bosses agreed to meet me here at 8:00 o'clock, to look over some accounts before I go to pay the men."

"I'll see you at dinner?" said Hugh, inquiringly.

"Yes," said Hal. "Good-bye until then."

Hugh walked briskly away, and Hal stood, for some unaccountable reason, looking after him, although he had to hold his hat on by main force when the fierce gusts swept around him. He saw Hugh climb slowly the little footpath worn through the snow by the miners, and reach the mountain's side, along which he would ascend to the mines.

Suddenly a gust of wind took his cap off. He left the path to run after it. Hal never could recall just what came next, but there was a sudden crash of snow and ice, as it swiftly descended the lower part of the mountain, then a huge mass lay in the path, and Hugh Gordon was nowhere to be seen. For a moment Hal stood, paralyzed, then with a groan of horror, he rushed over to the bunk house, near by, where the men on the night shift were preparing to "turn in" for their sleeping hours. He gave a vigorous thump on the door and rattled the latch fiercely. "Halloo!" he shouted. "Quick! Get shovels! A man just caught in a snow slide!"

Every man jumped to his feet, and in an incredibly short time they were at work on the snow bank. Hal himself used a shovel with a ferocity that soon exhausted his strength. They worked faithfully and steadily, but hours passed, and noon arrived before the unfortunate stranger was rescued from his snowy grave. Too late! In vain they tried to restore life. He had smothered to death. One side of his face was cruelly cut by sharp pieces of ice; otherwise his body was uninjured.

By Hal's directions the corpse was removed to a room in the bunk house, adjoining the sleeping room. He searched all the pockets of the dead man's clothes, hoping to find the address of friends to whom he could send word of his catastrophe. He found only some insurance papers, his pocket book, which contained about \$50.00, a couple of handkerchiefs, and a blank note book, in the pocket of which was a photograph of a sweet-faced girl.

On inquiring for his belongings at the boarding house, Mrs. Randall said he told her he had left his valise at some lodging house in Butte City, as he was to return there immediately. Failing to find more than his name, Hal reluctant-

ly gave up the quest, and after eating a hasty lunch, started up to pay off the men. He stopped to telephone to the office below—

"Shall not be down before to-morrow night. A man was caught in a snow slide and I was busy with that."

To his surprise, the familiar voice of Mr. Knight came to his ears—

"How are you, Hal? I just got back last night. Lots of news. Come down as soon as possible. Who was in the snow slide?"

Hal returned Mr. Knight's greeting and explained the accident, then hurried away to his delayed duties.

It was not until after noon of the next day that Hal was free to return home. The body of the stranger was carefully laid in Mike's cart, and was driven as slowly as possible down the steep, rocky road. Hal rode by its side, and, all the long way, his thoughts were busy with the problem of how to find out the address of Mr. Gordon's family. Every now and then he shuddered, as he recalled the sight he had witnessed, and reflected that he might have shared the fate of this man, had not an engagement prevented his accompanying him. About dusk, the short procession, just ahead of a string of ore teams, filed down the narrow gulch road into camp, and halted in front of the low, stone office building. A man came hurrying out. He was rather a small man, with dark complexion, eyes and hair, dressed in a neat, gray business suit, and altogether of a good appearance. His manner was brisk and energetic. His rather stern face relaxed in a smile, as he met Hal, with outstretched hand and cordial greeting. He was full of sympathetic interest, as Hal, with feeling, told of his short, pleasant acquaintance with the stranger, and arranged, with wonderful quickness, the plans for burial and discovering possible relatives. Mr. Knight—for it was the manager—led the way into a small,

unused room, and there the body was tenderly laid. Mike was dispatched to order the coffin, and Mr. Knight drew Hal into his private office.

"I'll write a telegram to the insurance company, while you get ready for a long talk," said Mr. Knight.

He turned to his desk and wrote:

JUNIPER GULCH, March 25, 18—

*Sirs:*—What is home address of your agent, Hugh Gordon? He was killed in snow slide on mountain yesterday.

RUFUS KNIGHT,  
Manager Mining Co.

Calling the clerk, he dispatched the message to the telegraph office, and then threw himself into a revolving office chair, near the one Hal occupied, by the grate.

"Tired?" briefly inquired Mr. Knight.

"A little more than usual," replied Hal, "but this is restful, and I am glad to have you back," he added, with a smile.

"Just back to settle up," remarked Mr. Knight, in his usual abrupt style.

"Yes," he added, in response to Hal's glance of inquiry, "they wouldn't accept my terms, and I wouldn't remain in charge unless they did, so I resigned, and Torrance, the banker, you know, was appointed. They treated me pretty well, considering—tried to have me stay, and complimented me 'way up'—but I am sure I know the proper policy to be pursued here, and unless I am free to do the best I know how, I will not stay."

"Well," exclaimed Hal, with a sigh, which was half relief, "good-bye, then, mining affairs, and hurrah for ranch life!"

"Well, Hal, I shall not advise you to leave because I do," said Mr. Knight, reflectively. "I have cut myself entirely loose—"

"Your stock?" queried Hal.

"Sold it to Torrance," answered Mr. Knight. "As to you," he continued, "I am sure you can stay if you wish.

Torrance asked me if the book-keeper was competent; and I assured him that I should not ask for one more so, and never should seek another as long as I could secure your services."

"Thanks," murmured Hal.

"And as Torrance said," continued Mr. Knight, "'The young man can remain if he wishes. It will be a favor to me, too, as it would be difficult for a new book-keeper and a new manager to begin together.'"

"Nevertheless," said Hal, decidedly, "I shall leave. I have staid this last year only at your request. I am anxious to get on my place. But, if you will send Torrance word to send out a man, I will stay long enough to get him initiated."

"Very well," responded Mr. Knight.

"When will the new manager come?" asked Hal, after a pause.

"About the first of June, I think."

"And where do you go?"

"Back to my old business in the East," replied Mr. Knight.

He arose and walked the floor. Suddenly he paused on the rug in front of the grate, and spoke, with unusual impulsiveness:

"I only regret the severing of my connection with you, and the loss of the grand mountains and the life-giving air. It is getting late, Hal," he added, "and—bless my soul, Hal! Have you had any supper?"

"Not a bite," laughed Hal, "but, I assure you, excitement has quite deprived me of my appetite."

"Well, we must go home, and to-morrow, begin to get ready to deliver over the business in good shape," said Mr. Knight.

The two men donned their overcoats, extinguished the lights and locked the office. The clerk was writing in the outer office, but prepared to retire to his room adjoining, as Mr. Knight and Hal

passed through, with a pleasant good-night. They walked together a short distance up the dusty street, then Mr. Knight turned aside to a large white house, mounting a long flight of steps, from the street to the retired veranda above. Hal toiled on up the hill, and stopped at a cozy little drab house, where a cheery light gleamed from the window, and where he was welcomed by his mother and pretty sister, Alice. With a dainty lunch before him, Hal ate and talked, telling of all the exciting events and all the news since he saw them last. An hour later, he was in bed and asleep. Next morning, before going to his duties, he called at the telegraph office, and received a dispatch from the insurance company represented by Hugh Gordon. It read:

NEW YORK, March 25, 18—

Do not know Gordon's address, nor anything of his family. Send particulars.

So Hal at once wrote a letter, detailing the accident, and sent it, with the money and papers found on the body, to

the firm. The poor young man was buried that day, with all due respect, and Hal had a simple slab mark the grave, giving his name and the cause of his death.

Then followed busy days, as the manager and book-keeper gathered up loose ends, made a sort of inventory, and squared accounts, ready to leave affairs in good shape. As far as possible, Hal directed necessary spring work on his ranch, and had his house prepared for his reception. At last, the new book-keeper arrived, and Hal started him on his work. The new manager came in May, and soon after, Mr. Knight returned East. Hal sat alone in the inner office one evening, just before his removal to his ranch. The clerk opened the door:

"A lady to see you, sir," he said.

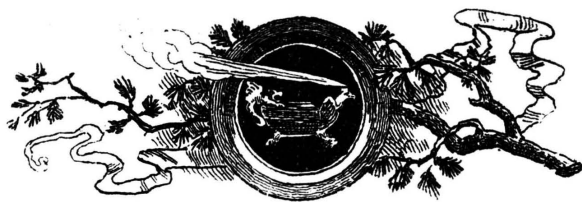
"A lady," repeated Hal, "my mother or sister?"

"No, sir; she is veiled, and I don't know her."

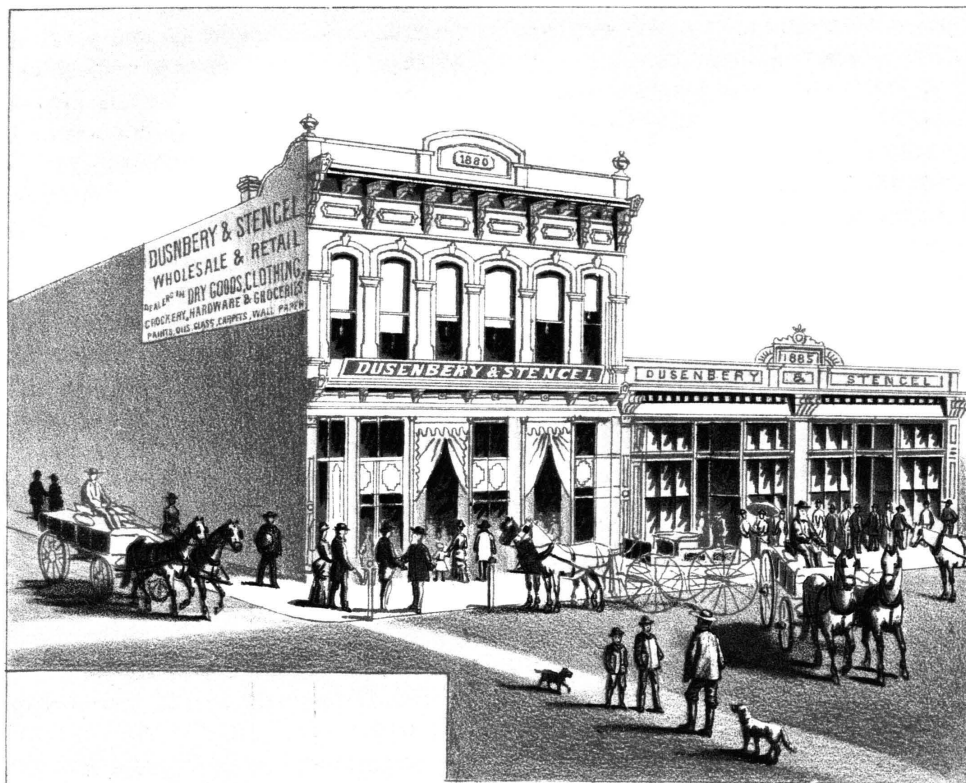
"Show her in," said Hal.

F. A. REYNOLDS.

*To be Continued.*





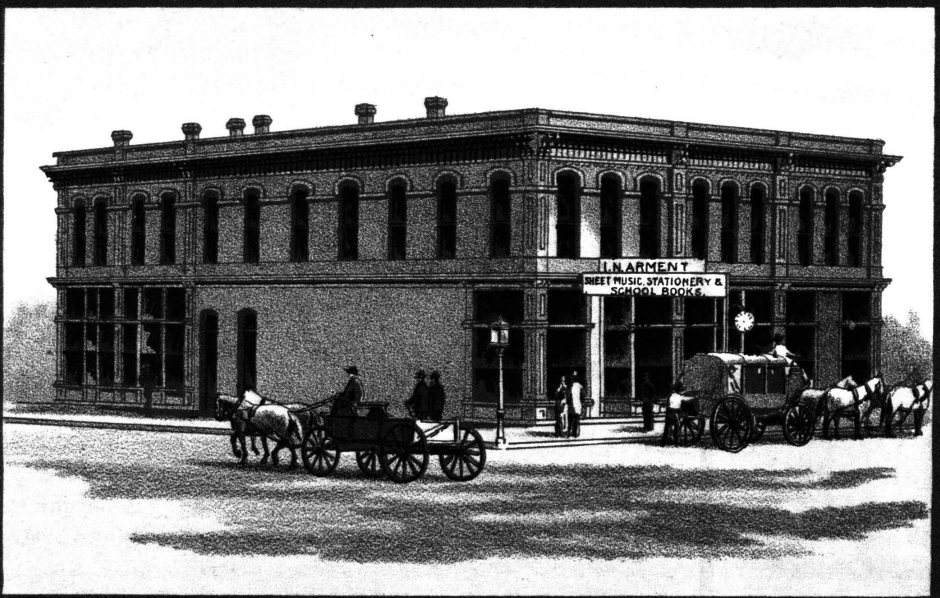
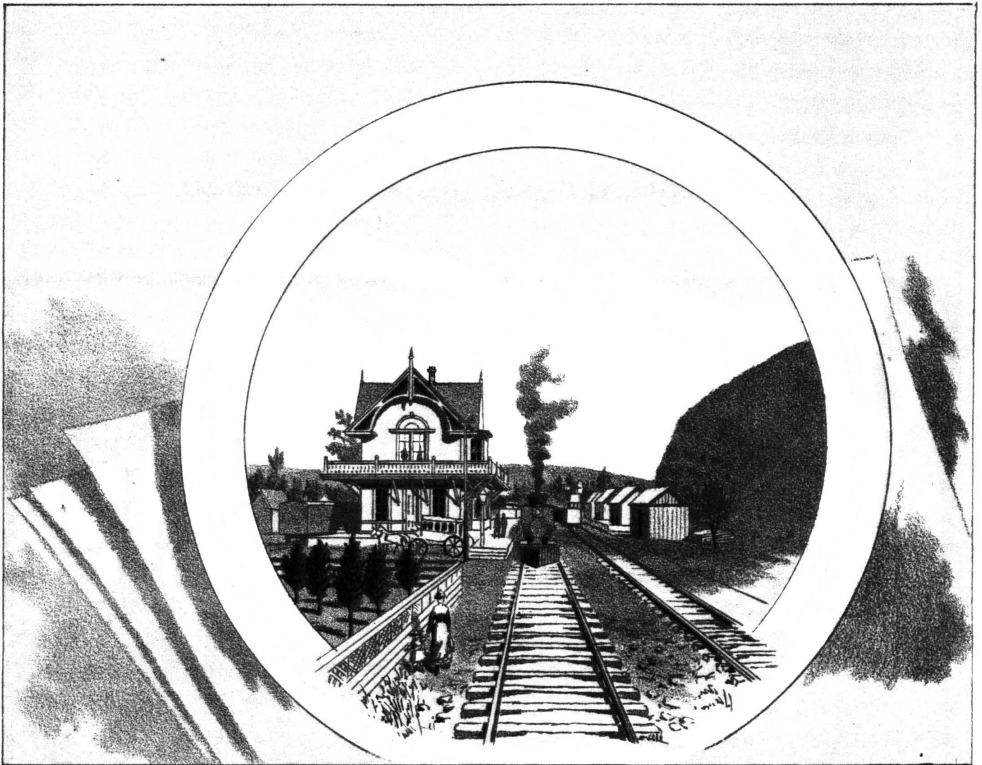


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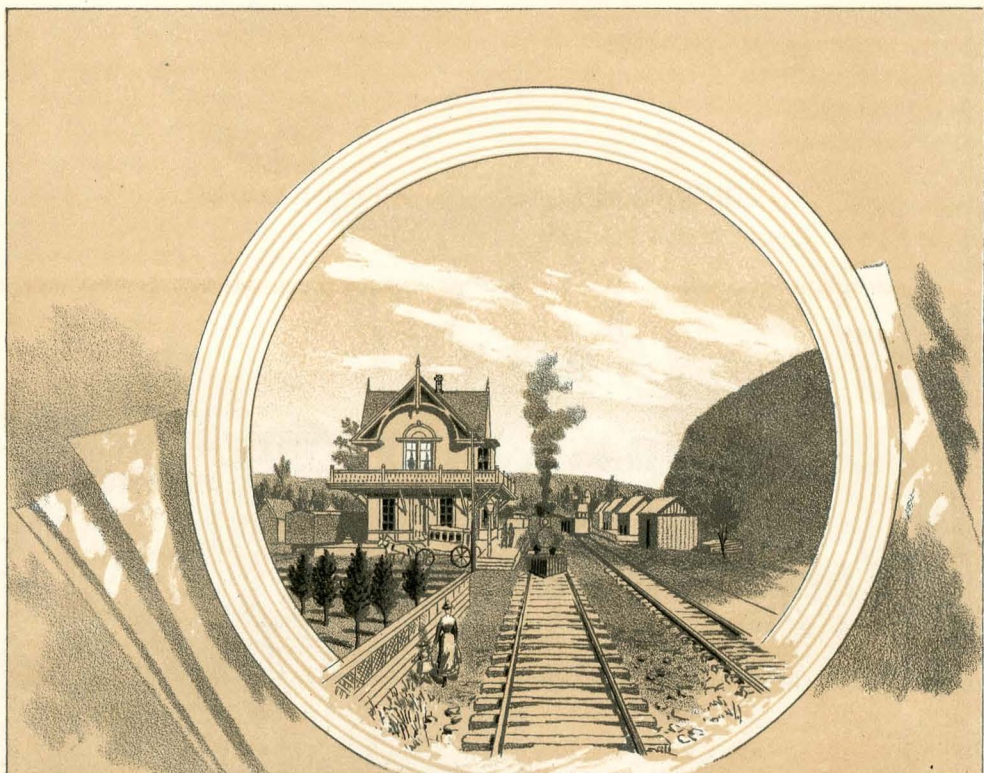


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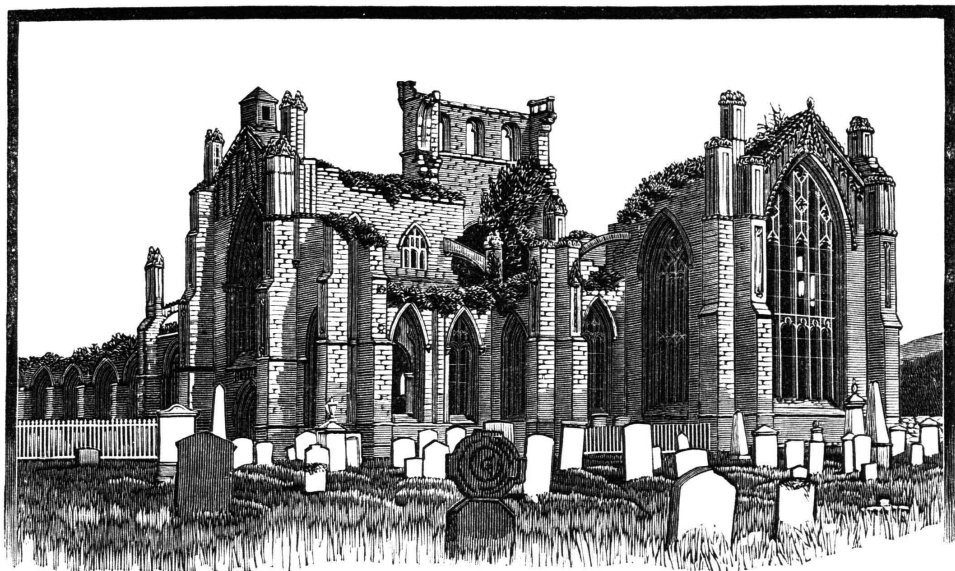
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DAYTON, W. T.



## MELROSE, ABBOTSFORD AND DRYBURG.



RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

Farewell ye lakes and hills and streams ;  
 Farewell ye ruins hoary ;  
 Farewell each well-remembered scene,  
 Of Scottish song and story ;

Farewell, the Tay, the Dee, the Don,  
 By hills and valley singing ;  
 To all the pleasant meadow land  
 Glad health and plenty bringing.

Here Burns poured forth his soul in song,  
 As sweet as Highland Mary ;  
 And blessed as he, in such a spot,  
 How gladly would I tarry.

OUR first visit to the exquisite ruin of Melrose abbey was by the fading day of a ten o'clock twilight, the effect almost as fine as by moonlight, and the more awe-inspiring, as we were alone there, so near the "witching time of night," "when church-yards yawn and graves give up their dead," with the spells of the remote past upon us, and the grave of the famous wizard, Michael Scott, close by.

The abbey was founded at the beginning of the twelfth century, and rebuilt in the reign of Robert, the Bruce; and, in one of the side chapels, are carved stone figures of its founder, David I., and of his queen, Matilda. The architecture is a mixture of the flamboyant and florid gothic, similar to some of the continental cathedrals, and although the ornamental work is delicately beautiful, much of it, owing to the hardness of the

stone, retains its original sharpness. In this same chapel is an ancient kneeling-stone, on one side of which are sculptured four horse-shoes, and on the top an inscription in Latin: *Orate Pro Anima Fiat Petre Aezazii*—"Pray for the soul of Brother Peter, treasurer." Let us hope that the soul of Brother Peter was not supposed to be uneasy for any speculations in office. Under the floor of the chancel, lie the ashes of many illustrious dead; but the chief deposit, and of which the ruin is a fitting monument, is the heart of Robert, the Bruce. In this king's last letter to his son, written about a month before his death, he commanded that his heart should be buried in Melrose abbey; but before, had expressed a wish that it might be sent to Jerusalem, to be buried in the Holy Sepulchre. In a previous article I have already explained how this purpose was defeated, and the body buried in Dunfermline abbey. By his heart, lies his faithful friend, Sir James Douglas, the hero of Otterburne, slain by Hotspur, in 1388, and on the other side, is the tomb of Alexander II.

Amid the gothic architecture of roses and lilies and thistles and ferns and oak leaves and ash leaves, and a thousand beautiful shapes beside, there is a center pillar, which has, at the top, the likeness of a hand grasping a bunch of flowers, of which Lockhart, Walter Scott's son-in-law, writes:

Were it cut off, and placed among the Elgin marbles, it would be kissed by the cognoscenti, as the finest of them all.

In a corner, between St. Bridget's chapel and the chancel, is the grave of Michael Scott, to which, by a door from the cloisters, on the northeast, the old monk brought Sir William, of Deloraine, when he came to take the book from the hands of the wizard, as told in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The outer side of this doorway is ornamented with

an architrave of flowers and leaves, so delicately chiseled that a straw can penetrate the interstices, as our guide called upon us to observe. Not far from the grave of the wizard, is a stone, which was a favorite seat with Sir Walter, when he came to take in the inspiration of the place, with which to delight so many thousands of readers afterwards. The aspect of the ruin is perfect, chaste and sublime. One sees more of ruin and desolation in the cloisters, where the stones of the floor in front of the sedilia cover the dead—

The pillared arches over their head;

Beneath their feet, the bones of the dead.

The finest arches are situated at the northeast end of the church, the piers being composed of clustered shafts, with sculptured capitals, alluded to in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

The corbels are carved grotesque and grim,  
And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim,  
With base and with capital flourish'd around,  
Seem: bundles of lances, which garlands have bound.

Of the three windows by which the choir is lighted, the finest is the eastern, divided by four tall mullions, interlaced by tracery of such delicacy that it has been compared to an imitation of wicker work—

Thou would'st have thought some fairy's  
hand,

'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand

In many a freaky knot had twined;

Then framed a spell, when the work was  
done,

And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

The stair tower is octagonal in form, and ornamented with curious figures. No one is allowed to ascend the staircase, which is considered unsafe, except the man who has the care of the clock, far away at the top. At the time we were there, the immense stone serving, with another small one, as the weights, was resting on the floor, having just run down, and the custodian ascended to that

lofty height, as is his office, once in eight or ten days, I think, to wind it up. As we saw the ponderous mass slowly rising overhead, we stepped from under, for that suspended rock, had the controlling power given away, would have buried us as deeply in the ground as was Michael Scott himself.

The best view of the abbey is from the church-yard, and the best time, perhaps, as we took it, between ten and eleven o'clock, in the long twilight of a June night. In the church-yard is a large, red tomb-stone, erected by Sir Walter Scott, to the memory of his faithful and attached servant, Tom Purdie. It bears an inscription on either side; that on the west as follows:

In grateful remembrance of the faithful and attached services of twenty-two years; and in sorrow for the loss of an humble, but sincere, friend, this stone was erected by Sir Walter Scott, Baronet of Abbotsford.

The inscription on the east side:

Here lies the body of Thomas Purdie, woodforester at Abbotsford, who died 29th Oct. 1829, aged 62 years.

Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.

Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, is situated three miles to the west of Melrose, on the south side of the Tweed. Our mode of entering it was out of the usual course, certainly, and one long to be remembered. After visiting Melrose again the next morning, we had taken carriage from our hotel, with directions to the driver to take us to Dryburg abbey, to visit the tomb of Scott, and to Abbotsford, knowing that the two places were about equidistant from Melrose, east and west. Not noticing in which direction we were driving, we took it for granted our directions were to be obeyed in the order we had given them. The weather was threatening, the sun obscured, and by the time we had reached the lane leading to the

abbey, as we supposed, the rain was pouring in torrents.

"How far is it?" we asked, as the driver halted, hesitating to get out, and were answered:

"Oh, only five minutes' walk."

We rushed forward, protected only by our parasols, to where the walk turned, and led between two high stone walls. Looking back to the turn for our guide, we saw, to our dismay, that he had not followed. We concluded that he had gone for the keys, and would soon overtake us; but, uncertain whether we were in the right direction, decided to wait for him, finding what shelter we could, meanwhile, under the roadway bushes, the rain pouring down as if all the windows of Heaven had let loose their flood gates. Losing patience, as our discomfort and chilliness increased, we shouted with all the power of our lungs, none too strong at best, till, rendered desperate by his non-appearance, I pushed on to where a small, covered passageway afforded momentary shelter, though the water under foot was running nearly over our shoes, and called back for my companion. She came, dripping, hoping that the only excuse that could be made for our conductor, was his having been drowned by the way; and, on tip-toe, through streams and puddles, we succeeded in reaching a small door, that looked as if it might be the entrance to a chapter house, or chapel. Giving a vigorous, and somewhat vicious, ring, we were admitted, by a workman outside, to a small, nondescript sort of room, that had nothing explanatory in it, save a book for visitors' names, which still did not undeceive us. Chilled, and vexed at further delay, we rang a large hand-bell, used in former times, we supposed, to assemble the monks to prayer, and, receiving no answer to our appeal, we addressed a laborer in the yard, as to whether we were to be kept waiting, in

such weather, for the arrival of a party sufficiently large to be admitted. He made some, to us, irrelevant reply, and disappeared. Thereat, my companion gave the bell a second, most determined, ring, and declared, if she could find a match, she would light the fire ready in the fire-place, at which unusual provident provision for the comfort of somebody, I confess, I wondered; but the arrival of more visitors happily stayed her in time. Soon after, an attendant appeared, and as he was about to conduct us, through a small entry, to a staircase, I asked:

"Shall we not need to take our umbrellas with us, as I presume it is roofless?"

"Of course," said my friend, "as it is a ruin."

The man looked somewhat bewildered, but, with the usual taciturnity of English servants, simply said "no," pronouncing it "naow." We ascended to a small room, in the center of which was a table, with an arm chair before it, and although the room contained other unmistakable evidences of more modern occupation than the abbey we supposed ourselves to be in, we were too wedded to our first idea, to receive any other for the moment.

"And this was his chair," said a fat and very unsentimental lady, seating herself in it, with most reverential aspect, as the others stood grouped around.

"What old father of the church, monk or abbot, dead and gone and buried years ago," said I to myself, "is so remembered and so venerated? Not more emotion could be testified, were we in the cell of the venerable Bede, himself, of Jarrow."

Dazed, I glanced around, and then, for the first time, dawned upon me that we were—where? At Abbotsford—in the very study of the great novelist, who was called, at the time he first occupied

it, "The Great Unknown;" and where he prepared for, and achieved, the greatest pecuniary success in the literary world, making, by a single work, his £5,000, his £10,000 and his £12,000. Fancy! as the English say. In the residence of a gentleman, to which we were admitted through courtesy (and our own shillings). The awakening was astounding, and the humiliation at the blunders we had committed, overwhelming. We had obtained no glimpse of the place in approaching it, neither had we in leaving, so that our only idea of the exterior of Abbotsford is from the photographs we bought. Tourists, that is, unheralded ones, are not now permitted to approach by the front, and only reach the place, as did we, from the back entrance. Of course we did not see, as we had hoped to do, the hall paneled with richly-carved oak from the palace of Dunfermline.

The study communicates with the library, and, in addition to the small writing table and plain arm-chair, used by the great author, has, upon three sides, a light gallery, which opens to a private staircase, by which he could descend from his bed-room unobserved. From this, we entered a small closet, containing, under a glass case, the last suit he ever wore—a green coat, plaid waistcoat, gray plaid trowsers and a white hat. Near these are his walking shoes and boots.

The library, the largest apartment, has an elegant roof of carved oak, with two busts in it—one of Scott, by Chantrey; the other of Wordsworth—also a full-length portrait of Sir Walter's son, in the hussar uniform, with his horse. The chairs and cabinet are of ebony, presented by George IV. The collection of books, many of them rare and valuable, amounted, it is said, to twenty thousand volumes; but the most of them have been either sold or removed. The dining room is a very handsome apart-



ment, containing a fine collection of pictures—full-length portraits of Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., Claverhouse, Sir Walter Raleigh, Charles XII., of Sweden, and the beautiful Henrietta Maria, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. Here, also, is “Old Beardie,” Scott’s great-grandfather, who would not allow his beard to be shaved after the execution of that monarch; and another very curious picture, “The marriage of Scott, of Harden, to Muckle-mouthed Meg,” who, with an arch expression, but with a fearful mouth, seems exerting her last effort to terrify him from the wager by which he won her, exaggerating and even caricaturing, if that were possible, the most extraordinary of visages that ever man looked upon. Another strange, and to me, certainly, a most repelling, one for such a place, is the head of Queen Mary, in a charger, taken immediately after she was beheaded; but the hair is still black, not gray, as stated by historians. A most unacceptable dish, indeed, for a dining room!

The drawing room is a lofty saloon of cedar wood, with antique ebony furniture, carved cabinets, etc., all of beautiful workmanship. In it hangs the large painting, by Raeburn, the full-length portrait of Scott, as he sits under a wall, with his two dogs, Maida and ——. It is said to be very like him, and Chantrey’s bust resembles it. Here also, is a portrait of Lady Scott, a small, dark-skinned French woman, whom Scott describes as very lovely, but which beauty was not visible in the painting. Miss Ann Scott’s face is fine, bearing a strong likeness to her father, and his mother is a good, amiable, motherly-looking woman in a cap.

The armory extends across the house, and communicates with the drawing room on one side, and the dining room on the other. It is just the room one would expect to see, from the author of “Wa-

verly,”—Queen Mary’s offering-box; the great keys of the Tolbooth of Edinboro; Rob Roy’s purse and gun, with the initials R. M. C. (Robert Macgregor Campbell); the thumbikins, with which the covenanters were tortured; the sword of Charles I.; Bonaparte’s pistols, found in his carriage, at Waterloo, with an elegant traveling case, bearing, in gold, his initials, the crown, and imperial eagle; armor, swords, guns, claymores, coats of mail, and numberless other curiosities, or “curios,” which, I believe, is now the accepted term.

Howitt says, in writing of this author, whose poems, essays, histories, novels, etc., are said to have produced him, at the very least, two and a half millions of dollars:

As this glorious estate of Abbotsford had risen as by the spell of a necromance, so it fell. His publishers and printers, drained by the vast outlay for castle building, as well as for the maintenance of all comers, went to the ground in the great panic of 1826, leaving Scott debtor to the amount of £120,000, besides a mortgage of £10,000 on his estate. The thunderbolt of fate had fallen on the great magician, but, although sorely smitten, he was not subdued. He could have paid his dividends, and his prolific pen would have raised him a second fortune. But then, his honor! No, he would pay to the uttermost farthing, and he set to work again, and in six years had paid off, with his single pen, £16,000 a year. He went on, resolved to pay it all or perish. His wife, shattered by the shock, died. A son and daughter failed in health; his old man, Tom Purdie, died suddenly; his great publisher, and one of his printers, also. Yet, in the darkness, how the invincible soul of the busy old man went on, rousing himself to fight against the most violent shocks of fortune, and of his own constitution.

Poor man! That worst which he had feared, came. His publisher, though reluctantly, told him that his power had departed, and that he “had better lay down his pen.” To such a man as Scott, this was the bitterest feeling that could remain with life. “At no period, though he was remarkable in all, did he display

so lofty a nobility, as in that of his adversity." The tragic reverse that bowed him down did not stop with his death. His daughter and one of his sons soon followed him. His eldest son, the second Sir Walter, had no family and did not live long. There remained no heir of his name, though there were two of his blood, the son and daughter of Wm. Lockhart, his son-in-law. That son succeeded to the title and died. The daughter married Mr. Hope, and succeeded to the estate. "The hope of founding a family," says Lockhart, "died with him."

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

It may seem most ungracious, following close upon this great and well-deserved praise, and but a verifying of the censure that

Men's evil manners are writ in brass,  
Their virtues, in water,

that I should record a transaction, that redounds little to the honor of Scott, in the earlier part of his career, but which may, it is said, be relied upon, as the letters referring to it are given in Lockhart's "Life of Scott." For a just estimate of character, we should show the failings of illustrious men, as well as their noble qualities. It is well known that the post of laureatship was offered to Scott, who declined it, but recommended Southey, who was chosen. Scott, who was then only plain Walter Scott, felt quite terrified at the offer, and wrote to the Duke of Buccleugh to ask his advice, how he was to get decently out of the scrape without offending the Prince Regent. "I am," writes Scott, "very much embarrassed by it. I am, on the one hand, very much afraid of giving offense, and perhaps losing the opportunity of smoothing the way to my youngsters through life. On the other hand, the office is a ridiculous one; somehow or other, they and I should be well quizzed, etc., and I feel much disposed to shake myself free of it. I should

make but a bad courtier, and an ode maker is described, by Pope, as a man out of his way, or out of his senses."

Almost by return of post, came the duke's answer: "As to the offer of his Royal Highness, to appoint you laureate, I shall frankly say that I should be mortified to see you hold a situation, which, by the general concurrence of the world, is stamped ridiculous. There is no good reason why it should be so, but it is. Walter Scott, poet laureate, ceases to be Walter Scott, of *The Lay, Marmion*, etc. Any further poem of yours would not come forth with the same probability of successful reception. The poet laureate would stick to you in your productions, like a piece of court plaster. \* \* \* Only think of being chaunted and recitativated by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers, on a birth-day, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honor, and gentlemen pensioners! Oh, horrible! Thrice horrible!"

Scott replied: "I should certainly never have survived the recitative described by your grace; it is a part of the etiquette I was quite unprepared for, and should have sunk under it." On this, Scott at once declined the honor, and, although he said he should make a bad courtier, assuredly no courtier could have done it in better style, professing that the office was too distinguished for his merits; that he was by no means adequate to it. All facts testify to his idea of the ignominy of the office. Nevertheless, he writes at once to Southey, tells him he has had this offer, but that he has declined it because he had already two pieces of preferment, and "moreover, my dear Southey, I had you in my eye." He adds (and let any one who thinks himself flattered on any particular occasion remember this), "I did not refuse it from any foolish prejudice against the situation; otherwise, how durst I of-

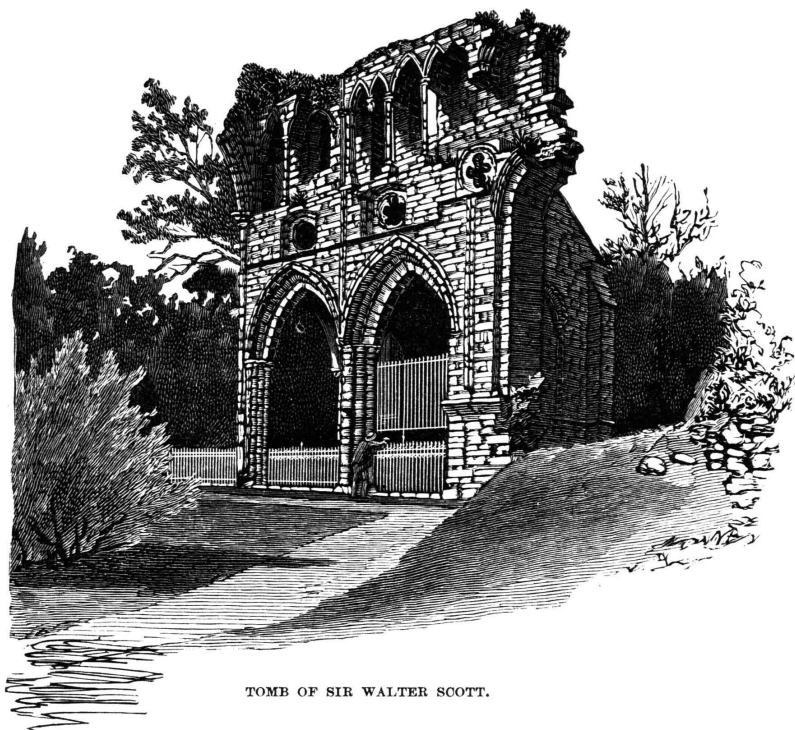
fer it to you, my elder brother in the muse? But from a sort of internal hope that they would give it to you, on whom it would be so much more worthily conferred; for I am not such an ass as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had, probably but for a time, the tide of popularity in my favor. I have not time to add the thousand other reasons, but I only wished to tell you how the matter was, and to beg you to think before you reject the offer, which I flatter myself will be made you. If I had not been like Dogberry, a fellow with two gowns already, I should have jumped at it like a cock at a gooseberry."

How base; how sycophantic, is this! And how it detracts from the unqualified admiration and respect we wish to bear Walter Scott. The only sincere portion of the letter is his comparison between Southey's poetry and his own. He was not "such an ass" as mentally even, to fail to concede to Southey the priority. Southey accepted the post, and Scott wrote him a letter of warmest congratulation on getting this piece of "court-plaster" clapped on his back, and putting himself in a position to be "quizzed." Mr. Howitt justly says: "Wordsworth, when he became the holder of this place, accepted it with a dignity worthy of his character and fame, declining it until it was stripped of all its disgusting duties. Thus qualified, Alfred Tennyson has been able to accept the same title with less repugnance; but the next step, it is to be hoped, will be to abolish an office equally derogatory under any circumstances, to monarch and subject. No poet of reputation should feel himself in a position which implies the most distant obligation to pay mercenary praise to a worthy occupier of the throne. It will be freely accorded from the universal heart of the nation."

Dryburg abbey is situated in a richly wooded dale (Scotch "haugh") around which the Tweed makes a circuitous sweep. We crossed the river to reach it, the ferryman remarking of my companion, as she stepped into the boat, "A fine, strapping lassie, isn't she?" We ascended a lane, overhung with a fine growth of trees, leading to the old monastic seclusion of Dryburg, surrounded by yew trees, as venerable, and apparently as old, as the abbey itself. Someone beautifully writes of these trees:

They are actual monks themselves; they are solemn piles of the condensed silence of ages; and the very whispering of their leaves seems to be muttered *aves* and *ora pro nobis*.

The stroll through them becomes the harmonious prelude to the impressive solemnity and antiquity within. Like Melrose, the abbey consists of a church and an adjoining monastery, built of the same stone, possessing the remarkable property of hardening with age. The architecture is of various periods, and shows both the Norman and early English arch. The site is supposed, originally, to have been a place of Druidical worship. A double circle on the floor of the chapter house, marks the burial-place of the founder, during the reign of David I., in 1150. Opposite the door by which tourists are admitted, is a yew tree, quite as old as the abbey. St. Catherine's circular window, twelve feet in diameter, formed of five stars cut in stone, so that the center forms a rose, and partly overgrown with ivy, is the most beautiful feature of this portion of the ruins. The nave of the church is one hundred and ninety feet long, by seventy-five broad, and under the high altar, James Stewart, of the Darnley family, the last abbot, is buried. St. Mary's aisle, the most beautiful and interesting part of the ruin, contains the burial place of Sir Walter Scott, in the tomb of his maternal ancestors, the Hal-



TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

iburtons, at one time proprietors of the abbey. The inscription reads:

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,  
Died Sept. 26, 1832.

On either side are the tombs of his wife and eldest son. His son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, was also buried in the same place, in 1854. It would be difficult to find a spot better suited to the taste of

the novelist. In the immediate vicinity of the abbey is the mansion house of Dryburg, surrounded by stately trees, and in the house within the grounds, once resided Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, two eminent Scottish divines, with whom originated the first secession from the established church of Scotland.

C. L. HENDERSON.



## Northwestern News and Information.

**ARTESIAN WELL AT LEWISTON.**—The citizens of Lewiston, Idaho, have subscribed \$5,000.00 for the boring of an artesian well in that city. A good, flowing well will be of great value to the city.

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**ELECTRIC LIGHT IN HAILEY.**—The Idaho Electric Supply Company has been incorporated, at Hailey, with a capital stock of \$20,000.00, for the purpose of establishing an electric light system in that city.

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**GRAY'S HARBOR LUMBER.**—The capacity of the saw mill at Cosmopolis will soon be enlarged to one hundred thousand feet per day. This will make it the largest mill in that region, and one of the largest in Washington Territory.

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**BUTTE MINES SOLD.**—The Vulcan mine, at Butte, has been sold to C. C. Frost & Co. for \$40,000.00. They have also bonded the Shonbar, adjoining, for six months for \$20,000.00. The mines are of known value, and have yielded over \$200,000.00.

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**BOISE CITY WATER.**—It is proposed to sink an artesian well in Cottonwood gulch, a short distance above Boise City, which would give a head of one hundred feet in the city. It is thought that a good flowing well can be secured at a depth of five hundred feet.

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**SNOHOMISH WATER Co.**—Preparations are being made for bringing water from Blackman's lake to Snohomish City, W. T., in pipes. The plant will cost about \$15,000.00, and will furnish an ample supply of water, with a head sufficient to carry it above the highest elevation in town.

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**STILLWATER AND COOKE CITY.**—Another company has been incorporated for the purpose of building a road from the Northern Pacific to the mines about Cooke City. It is the Stillwater & Cooke City Railroad Co., and has a capital stock of \$1,000,000.00. The route is from the station of Stillwater up the stream by that name to mines owned by incorporators of the company. It passes through the Crow res-

ervation, and the company will have to secure the right of way from congress.

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**REDUCTION WORKS.**—The projected reduction works schemes at both Tacoma and Seattle have been abandoned, for various reasons. The works in Portland are completed and ready for business, and the company announces that as soon as the season is sufficiently advanced for the shipment of ore, the furnaces will be started.

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**GRAVE CREEK MINES.**—The St. Peters Mining and Milling Company has been incorporated in Portland, with a capital stock of \$100,000.00. The company has purchased the St. Peters group of mines, on Grave creek, Josephine county, Oregon. The quartz is free milling gold, and the property is one of the best yet known in Southern Oregon.

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**THE JACKSONVILLE RAILROAD.**—The citizens of Jacksonville, Or., have taken hold of the railroad question in a practical way. A company has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$30,000.00, two-thirds of which have been subscribed by the citizens of Jacksonville. Estimates of the engineer place the cost of a line to Medford at \$29,103.04, and to Central Point, \$27,973.55. It has not yet been decided which route is the most advisable.

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**BAKER COUNTY PLACERS.**—Negotiations are on foot for the sale of large placer claims on Connor and Chicken creeks, in Baker county, Oregon. The purchase price is \$110,000.00, and the conclusion of the transaction is only delayed until the season is sufficiently open for the purchasers to make a thorough examination of the property. The mines have already yielded many thousands of dollars, though acres of ground are yet untouched. The purchasers are Chicago parties.

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**SMELTER FOR KITTITAS.**—The Kittitas Mining, Milling and Smelting Company has purchased a smelter of fifty tons capacity, in Covington, Ky., which will be set up at the gold and silver mines of the company, in the Goodwin and Thorp district, Kittitas county, W. T. The

mines are at an altitude of seven thousand feet. The capital stock of the company is held in small lots, by a great many individuals, in Seattle and Kittitas county. This is not the Ellensburg smelter project frequently spoken of, and which seems to have come to nothing.

**PERLEY'S REMINISCENCES.**—The volume of reminiscences of people and events in Washington, the ripe product of a life of sixty years in the national capital, by Ben Perley Poore, is unusually valuable and entertaining. Mr. Poore is one of the oldest and most widely known journalists in the United States, and his intimate acquaintance with the public men of the nation enables him to produce a volume which contains something of interest to every section of the country. The work is handled on the Pacific coast by A. L. Bancroft & Co., who are sending agents throughout this entire region. It is issued in two volumes, at \$3.75 or \$5.00 per volume, according to the style of binding.

**RICH MINES.**—Official advices from Granite Mountain mine show that, during 1886, there were shipped one million four hundred and eighty-three thousand five hundred and ninety-nine and sixty-six hundredths ounces of pure silver, six hundred and seventy thousand four hundred and forty-four ounces of gold. The gross proceeds of bullion produced were \$1,476,781.00, and the proceeds of smelting ore sold during the year were \$160,184.77, making a total of \$1,637,930.69. The production in January of this year was about \$166,700.00. Recent sales of the stock of this company have been made at \$67.50 per share, which rate represents a total valuation of \$27,000,000.00. The Boston and Montana yielded \$514,537.58 in 1886. The Helena Mining and Reduction Company produced \$575,901.88; and the Hope, \$145,515.82.

**PUGET SOUND AND GRAY'S HARBOR.**—The Port Blakely Mill Co. has completed nine miles of standard gauge railroad, from Little Skookum bay into the timber in the direction of Gray's harbor, substantially built and laid with steel rails. In a very short time there will be five well-equipped logging camps along the line. These camps will get out about two hundred thousand feet of logs per day, which will be transported over the road. The farther into the woods the road extends, the better the timber becomes. In order to prevent long hauls with cattle, the company will build spurs, or switches, out into the timber all along the line. It is stated that the company intends to build

ten miles more this season, which will take the road to Elma, and to continue the line down the Chehalis, to Gray's harbor, at an early date.

**DRESSED BEEF.**—The establishment of the Marquis de Mores, at Medora, Dakota, promises to develop a mammoth business. The Western Dressed Beef Company has a slaughter house at Kansas City and sends large quantities of dressed beef, in refrigerator cars, to New York, where the National Consumers' Company handles it, selling to retail dealers. The Marquis has secured a controlling interest in both companies, each of which has a capital stock of \$200,000.00, and will endeavor to supply the entire New York market. He can place dressed beef on the block in that city cheaper than the local butchers can, and he proposes to give all retail dealers an interest if they will handle his meats. If not, he proposes to establish several hundred markets of his own, which will be able to undersell those handling local beef.

**COLONIZATION SCHEME.**—The Alberta and Assinaboia Land, Stock and Coal Company has secured large concessions from the Canadian Pacific and the dominion government, in aid of a gigantic scheme for colonization in those two provinces. Fifty thousand acres of coal lands and free freights for twelve years for a distance of three hundred and thirty miles, and the privilege of purchasing agricultural lands at \$1.37 per acre instead of the regular price of \$6.00, are among the special privileges to be enjoyed. The manager of the enterprise expects to induce three thousand English farmers to go to that region and work for the company one year, their passage being paid by the government. They will thus have employment and ample opportunity to select desirable lands upon which to settle. In this way, many of the hardships incident to pioneer life will be avoided.

**THE ALICE MINE.**—This famous mine of Butte City milled forty-four thousand two hundred and thirty-four tons of ore during 1886, resulting in gold bullion to the value of \$48,366.70, and silver, \$1,177,900.67. The net earnings were \$138,541.16, of which \$75,000.00 were paid in three dividends. Twelve thousand two hundred and sixteen feet, nearly two and one-third miles, of shafts and drifts were run. In the mines and mill, and about the works, three hundred and seventy-five men were employed. The Alice shaft is down one thousand feet, and the Magna Charta, seven hundred. Other properties being worked by the company are Valde-

mere, Curry and Boston. The company maintains an efficient fire organization among the employes. A free hospital and library is maintained by a subscription of \$1.00 a month by each workman.

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MANITOBA EXTENSION.—That the declaration of the managers of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad, that the line will be extended to Great Falls, Montana, is made in good faith, can not be doubted. At the end of the track, in the Mouse river country, Dakota, enormous quantities of material have been accumulated. The distance to be covered is seven hundred miles, but there is comparatively little heavy work to be done, and the steepest grade is only forty feet to the mile. At Great Falls it will meet the Montana Central, from Helena, whose road bed is already graded, and thus by the close of the year, will have a through route from St. Paul to Helena. This will be one of the greatest feats of railroad building ever accomplished; but that it will be done, the well known energy of Mr. Hill and the enormous quantity of material collected give ample assurance.

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KETCHUM SMELTER.—The Philadelphia & Idaho Company is an organization which succeeds both the Philadelphia Mining & Smelting Company and the Little Wood River Mining & Smelting Company. It owns the Ketchum smelter and many mines in that vicinity and in the Smoky district. Its capital stock is \$1,000,000.00, with \$200,000.00 cash on hand. It is a strong concern, and starts out unincumbered with any debts or liabilities, and with what may now be conceded well developed, large producing mines of its own, with titles fully secured by patents, and extensive smelting, concentrating, sampling and general ore treatment and reduction works, the very best and most complete of their kind. The works, running at only half their capacity, can handle fifteen thousand tons a year. The new company starts out relieved of the obstacles and embarrassments under which the old one labored.

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OREGON PACIFIC.—Active construction on the Oregon Pacific, eastward from Albany, will no doubt be continued throughout the year. Ten thousand ties have recently been contracted for and ten thousand tons of steel rails are *en route* to Yaquina by sea. The company declares an intention of constructing one hundred and forty miles of road the present year. Several parties are at work in Eastern Oregon, grading a num-

ber of important passes, in order to secure them against any rival company. A complete survey to Boise City has been made, and much of the route has been cross sectioned for grading. The road is backed by a number of the officials of the Chicago & Northwestern, who express confidence that it will be completed to Boise City by the end of 1888, and that the Chicago & Northwestern will be there to meet it. Two more steamers have been purchased in New York, and will be used on the route between San Francisco and Yaquina bay, in connection with the steamer *Yaquina*.

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COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE.—One of the recent enterprises of magnitude in Portland, is the Portland Cracker Company, whose factory is located at the corner of Second and C streets. The company has departed from the old Oregonian idea that "anything will do"—an idea whose practical workings has sent to market in this city, butter in coal oil cans, dried fruit in shoe boxes, bacon in nothing but dirt, and berries in old barrels—and have procured thirty thousand elegant labels for the outside of their cracker boxes. These labels are printed in six colors, and are the work of the West Shore Lithographing and Engraving Company, of Portland. Until our people learn to place their goods on the market in a form fully as attractive as that of imported goods, they need not expect to make much headway in disposing of them. The Portland Cracker Company are to be congratulated on their enterprise and sound business sense in this matter, and their course is recommended to all manufacturers of goods for the general market, who would merit the success that company is meeting with.

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JUNEAU, ALASKA.—According to the *Alaskan*, some of the richest quartz yet found in that territory has been discovered in the Berner bay region. It says: "These discoveries are sufficiently numerous to give assurances of a very extensive gold field. A large number of claims have been taken up, and there is a reasonable certainty of one or more mills being erected the coming summer. The development of this new district, together with the opening of new mines and erection of new mills on Douglas island, is destined to make Juneau one of the richest and most prosperous mining towns in the United States. Indeed, the place can not be regarded as a mere mining camp. It is taking on the airs and improvements of a full fledged city; new buildings, and of a much better class, are going up in every direction; water works which

afford an abundance of pure water for domestic use, and also for protection against fire, have been put in, and altogether, Alaska's commercial and mining metropolis wears an air of solid wealth and growing prosperity, which argues well for a glorious future. The town bids fair to more than double its population within the coming year, and should the mining interests of which it is the center, develop even a fractional ratio of what may fairly be expected of them, it will not be long till she numbers her people by as many thousands as she now has hundreds."

BOISE TO WINNEMUCCA.—The latest railroad scheme is the Nevada, Idaho & Montana railroad, from Winnemucca, Nevada, into Idaho and Montana. The Winnemucca *Silver State* says: Winnemucca for years was the entrepot for the country north to Silver City, and a daily stage line, carrying passengers, mails and express, extended to Boise City. The beef and wool of southwestern Idaho and southeastern Oregon were shipped by rail from this place to market, and several large freight teams were constantly engaged in hauling merchandise from here north. Since the completion of the Oregon Short Line, all the traffic has been changed to other routes; San Francisco has lost the custom of a large extent of territory, which is steadily increasing in population, and Winnemucca is no longer the point of shipment for its exportations and importations. The only known way to divert this traffic into the old channels again, is to build a railroad north. This will secure to the road the business of a large grazing, agricultural and mining region, besides establishing the bonds of union between Nevada and that portion of Idaho which it is proposed to annex to Nevada. The completion of this road, as may be seen by referring to a map of the country through which it is proposed to run, will establish almost an air-line route from Southern Idaho to San Francisco, and materially increase the population and taxable property between this place and Boise City.

ROCKY FORK & COOKE CITY R. R.—Congress failed to pass the bill granting the right of way across the Crow reservation, to the Billings, Clarke's Fork & Cooke City R. R. Co., but a similar bill in favor of the Rocky Fork & Cooke City R. R. Co. was passed. This company was organized to construct a line to the coal fields on Rocky Fork, but the encouragement offered by the miners of Cooke City, in the form of freight, will probably lead to the construction of the line to Cooke City. The route surveyed

leads from Laurel, a station on the Northern Pacific, a few miles west of Billings, up Clarke's and Rocky Forks, to the coal fields. The extension to Cooke will cross over to Stillwater, and follow up that stream to Lake Abundance, which is in the midst of the mining district and not far from the city. The road will be only ninety miles in length. The road to the coal fields will be completed this year. The Rocky Fork coal fields lie on the public domain near the Crow reservation, along the stream of that name, forty-five miles from Billings. An association of twenty persons, acting in harmony with, and comprising the members of, the railroad company, hold three thousand two hundred acres of these lands, stretching one and three-quarters miles along the creek. This distance shows fifteen to eighteen veins of coal, ranging from six to sixteen feet wide. This is a very hard and inflammable lignite, which has to be blasted out of position, and breaks like anthracite. The formation is described to be much like that of the coal at Rock Springs, Wyoming, but it is a better character of fuel and shows much less ash. A considerable amount of development has been done on the syndicate ground, and the coal has repeatedly been given working tests of the most satisfactory character. The building of the proposed road will develop a large town at Rocky Fork, as well as furnish Helena, Butte and other points in Montana with cheap coal.

SIXES RIVER, OREGON.—The Ellensburg *Gazette* says of that little-known portion of Southern Oregon:

A. Crawford, of San Francisco, is expected up soon to view his extensive property around Port Orford. It is to be hoped that his visit will result in building the mill commenced on Sixes river, and establishing some way of transporting the lumber from it to the vessel. It is a matter seriously affecting all of Northern Curry county, that the great and varied resources of Sixes river have this long remained undeveloped. It has been estimated that Sixes river valley contains four hundred million feet of cedar timber, and that it is accessible from the river. In addition, there is probably twice that amount of good fir timber, or, as they term it in San Francisco, "Oregon pine." From Sixes river to Port Orford is but seven miles, over an easy country, and it could be no great undertaking to build a narrow gauge railroad that far, with the necessary wharves at Port Orford. The road would pass near the Joe Nay mill, on Elk river, and its northern terminus would be



less than two miles from the Blacklock sandstone quarries. But a small proportion of the bottom land on Sixes river has yet been cleared, but such as is clear has been found to produce sixty bushels of oats per acre, and three tons of timothy hay have been averaged from a field. Immediately along the river, and contiguous to it, is found nearly two thousand acres of rich bottom land, of which probably three-fourths is covered with spruce, myrtle and other timber. On the upper river hydraulic mining is carried on to some extent, in the gravel banks near the river, and on the adjoining hills stock and sheep raising is attended to. Few orchards, and small ones, are found on the river. They are usually productive, and the fruit finds ready purchasers. Corn, tomatoes, melons, etc., do well a little way up the valley, but down near the sea it is too cool for such things. A good place there is considered valuable, and one hundred and sixty acres command from \$1,000.00 upward, according to amount of improvements. Quite a number of new settlers have moved into that section of country during the last year or two, and as there is a general tendency to engage in dairying, it will not be long before it will furnish fifty tons of butter for shipment. At present, about nine tons per annum are put up, and a good part of that is sold at home, to the miners and others.

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OKANAGAN MINERAL REGION.—The Salmon Creek mines are situated on a small stream known on the various maps of Washington Territory as Conconully river, about twelve miles above its confluence with the Okanagan river, and distant probably thirty miles from the Columbia river. Little was known of these mines until the Columbia reservation was thrown open, May 5, 1886, when several locations were immediately made by parties to whom the existence of valuable quartz ledges was known for some time prior, but owing to the fact that they were covered by an Indian reservation, and not open to location, the fact was kept a close secret from the outside world. Immediately upon the opening of the reservation, however, there was a rush made to the vicinity, and some ten or

twelve district ledges were discovered and about one hundred and sixty locations made; but winter setting in early, the heavy snows in the mountains put an end to prospecting, and there remains a large tract of country, undoubtedly rich in mineral, yet unprospected. Up to the present time but little has been done towards developing the discoveries already made, yet showing enough has been made to attract the attention of capital, and two mines are now bonded—the “Lady of the Lake” for \$10,000.00, and the “First Thought” for \$40,000.00—while the owners of the “Home Stake” refused a bond of \$50,000.00. Shafts have been sunk on several of the ledges to various depths, from fifteen to sixty feet, and in every instance the lodes have increased in size and richness. A cross cut in the shaft of the “First Thought,” on the fifty foot level, shows a ledge sixteen feet wide, with good walls on either side, while the other discoveries are equally as large, and in some instances even larger. Thus far the ore is all of a high grade, assays ranging from five hundred to thirty-three hundred ounces of silver per ton. This richness of ore, taken into consideration with the immense quantities of the deposits, almost insures the district to prove one of the richest ever discovered. The formation of the country generally is very assuring. Nothing is seen of the broken and jagged mountains, so characteristic of the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains, but on the other hand, the hills are low and rolling. Skirting the Okanagan river, the formation is granite, but toward the mining district it changes to a formation of porphyry and syenite, with occasional strata of pine stone. This mineral belt of porphyry and syenite seems to traverse the country in nearly a north and south course, probably bearing slightly east of north and west of south, and every indication tends to show an old and primitive formation. What the coming summer may develop in this new-found region, we at present can not tell; but with the present developments, and the vast country yet to be prospected, we predict a mining camp that will equal a Leadville or a Virginia City.—*Ellensburg New Era*.

## Thoughts and Facts for Women.

Nothing is more potent than a sense of responsibility, to develop character and quicken the mental faculties. Even a college education can not surpass it. As the weight is attached to the clock, so God attaches responsibility to the individual, that he may keep ticking on—that every wheel, every spring of his mental, moral and physical being may be kept in motion, while the work of his hands, with the expression of his face, shall indicate the hour of his life; for we live, not in “years, but in deeds.” It has been this sense of responsibility, more than any other means, that has developed the retiring womanhood of the past. Through it, the thoughtless maiden becomes the careful, anxious mother; the sorrowing wife becomes the earnest philanthropist, and women of all classes and grades become successful scholars, professionals and financiers. This has been true in the past, to a greater degree, perhaps, than it will be in the future; for now that nearly every pursuit into which women desire entrance is open to them, they will, through cool deliberation, go out to possess their inheritance, where, in the past, the strictures of society and education have been a restraint. Responsibility should be desired, not cast aside. There should be an earnest study of each devolving duty, to know its full significance; carelessness characterizes youth, the dwarfed and the maimed, while carefulness only becomes the matured and progressive. Through the assumption of responsibilities as varied as are her powers, woman is redeeming herself from such epithets as the “anxious and aimless,” the “superfluous,” “butterflies,” etc. DeTocqueville, the French philosopher, considered that the chief cause of the great prosperity of the American nation was in the superiority of its women. This superiority comes through their enlarged activities. Words written in lemon become visible when warmed; so, much that is written in woman’s nature can never be read until warmed by the enthusiasm which comes through a sense of responsibility.

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“There is nothing in the world I dread,” said a philosopher, “like a thoroughly exhaust-

ed woman. No amount of personal comfort ever compensates for such a state of affairs.” Yet in how many homes do we find that just this state of affairs does exist. Mother is too tired to enjoy baby’s games and talk, and wishes he would not bother her. She is too nearly worn out when father comes home to feel any interest in his business successes or his discouragements. Truly, the light of such a home is gone out, for nothing can take the place in a child’s life, of that inspiration which comes from a cheerful mother, and nothing in a man’s life replaces the pride and sympathy of the wife. There must be some potent cause, which certainly should have the careful consideration of every humanity-loving woman. A part of this cause lies in complex home living. Things, more than people, absorb woman’s energies. Leaving the matter of true or false education out of the question, and considering only what woman really does, guided by her education, we find her many times bound by fetters of her own making. Who, so much as she, decides the number of rich pastries and preserves, which do very little to preserve the body, but which certainly sustain continued toil. Who, so much as she, decides the number of tucks and ruffles in articles of apparel which are seldom seen, the sewing of which is a small consideration, compared with the exhausting toil of ironing? Oh, sister! Is it woman’s province to take care of the material only, so that when her strength is worn out in so doing, some one else may easily come in and do the same things, and she be forgotten with the first verdure of the mound that conceals her form? It is true, with the present condition of things, some pastries and preserves, some tucks and ruffles, are needed, but make such subserve a higher purpose than themselves, and even then, be temperate, and less exhaustion will be felt, especially if the following little piece of advice is made practical:

Do not hurry,  
Do not worry,  
As this world you travel through;  
No regretting,  
Fuming, fretting,  
Ever can advantage you.

"Women," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life; at once a boon and a blessing."

"In one way they are salad, indeed," replied Brown. "They take so much time in their dressing."

Plan it as we may, the matter of dress, if we do not wish to be the subject of remark, absorbs a great deal of time in the course of a year. With most women this is time pleasantly spent, for being well dressed insures being well self-respected, with the addition, usually, of the respect of others. We naturally like that which pleases us, and most persons are pleased with a nicely-dressed woman. But what is it to be nicely dressed, and does the average woman spend more time with dress than she ought? Can we decide what it is to be nicely dressed with a few strokes of the pen? We are told it is to be dressed in such a way as not to cause remark, either by seeming neglect or too much display. Yet to do this, the height, thickness, complexion, and something of the character and surroundings of the person must be taken into consideration. A low, plump form would be ill suited to a style than which there could be no better choice to beautify a tall, slender figure. And, perhaps, there is no person who has made a study of dress who has not, at some time, through, it may be, no fault of her own, found her dress ill suited to her surroundings. So with the character of the person. When we speak of being well dressed, then, all of these modifications must be taken into account, to a degree that has made dressmaking an art; and, as in any other art, anything else than being just finished betrays poor taste and want of skill. This being the case, can we say that the average woman spends more time with dress than she ought? Is it not every woman's duty to please, as far as is right, those whose love her affections live upon? When woman's work is more thoroughly systematized, that specialists in each department shall do the work of that department, women will be better satisfied with the results, and there will be less complaint about the waste of time on dress.

From one of our Eastern papers we take these encouraging words in favor of helping the "women folks":

"Young man, or old one, either, rest assured that it is a good deal more 'manly' for you to perform such household duties as you have the opportunity for, than to burrow luxuriously in bed while your wife, or mother, or sister, gets up in the cold and makes the fires; and spend the balance of the day in loafing about town,

while she cooks, and sweeps, and washes, and scrubs, and looks after the children, and beats mats, and lugs water, and, perhaps, brings in wood, and forty other things, some of which you could relieve her of without personal inconvenience, and for none of which you have spunk enough to furnish her with a dollar-a-week assistant. The manliness which will permit a woman to work her life out because the males of her family must limit themselves to strictly masculine pursuits, ought not to enter into any system of philosophy governing the conduct of men."

We would add that that woman is doing a positive injury to her husband and family, not to say anything about herself. Woman doesn't win the respect of her husband by making a drudge of herself, and she is positively unable to have that influence upon him which every wife and husband should have upon each other. As for the children, poor indeed is their inheritance, with the example of a sluggard father and an overworked mother constantly before them. Right, which is often seen through necessity, not society's whim, should dictate the division of labor between man and woman, and such a division is by no means always in harmony with the popular division as given by society.

There are many houses, large and costly, which are marvels of inconvenience, especially the rooms which are most commonly used. "No woman would have planned it so," is the oft-reiterated expression of the tired housewife. If woman can order better convenience than is generally enjoyed at present, why should she not? Architecture would certainly be a very pleasant occupation for her, and her practical experience would be a special fitting for the work. How much wearing, nerve-exhausting toil comes through unnecessary labor, caused by inconvenient rooms. Think of the pantry at the farther end of the dining room from the kitchen, or the common sleeping apartments scattered through the entire house, or of the kitchen in the basement and the dressing room on the third floor! I have in mind just such houses, and know of others quite as awkward. Is it any wonder the mistress of such a dwelling has no time for sociability and mental improvement? By all means, then, let women be architects, making a specialty of the buildings which are used largely by their own sex. There are, or might be, a thousand little intricacies about our homes, which a masculine mind could never conceive, but which would add immeasurably to the comfort and convenience of

the tidy, ambitious housewife. Since the trace of woman's hand is so easily discernible in whatever she has thoroughly undertaken, why should she not cultivate and develop this, as any other talent, thus giving to her varied genius a wider field of activity and usefulness?

There is being inaugurated among women a movement to simplify ladies' apparel for church purposes. This movement will meet with much favor among the best women, for they have long felt its need; but there being no special effort to overcome the custom of highly dressing for church, they have drifted along with the tide. It is well known that many who are unable to furnish their wardrobes expensively, remain away from church, because of the neglect, if not contempt, which is met. A distinguished divine from England, who lately visited America, remarked to a friend, as he was passing out of a fashionable church in New York: "Do your American ladies indeed go from church to some place of amusement?" No, we are not so bad as that, but in many places do not our American ladies, when going to church, present more the appearance of being on dress parade than sensible beings about to enter the presence

of Him who looks, not to the clothing of the body in wealth, but the clothing of the soul in righteousness?

The sacrifice of Princess Like Like to the whim of a superstitious, heathen people, should stir the blood in every woman's veins. What can be done to spread true civilization among all people? The Hawaiian islanders are by no means an utterly benighted nation. They have the advantages of a large commerce and the rudiments of education; but it is hard to eradicate life-long superstitions, and to overcome the teachings of Kahunas and sooth-sayers. Woman is more credulous than man, and when not enlightened she is more deeply superstitious; she is, also, more truly unselfish. These qualities combined make her the first victim of error and evil in any form, when in the guise of religion. As we stamp on our memories the fate of the Hawaiian princess, let this fact also be impressed, that the superstitions which wrought her sacrifice, and many others much worse, are still believed by multitudes of people, and need but the eruption of a volcano or some other alike insignificant cause, to work their direful effects.

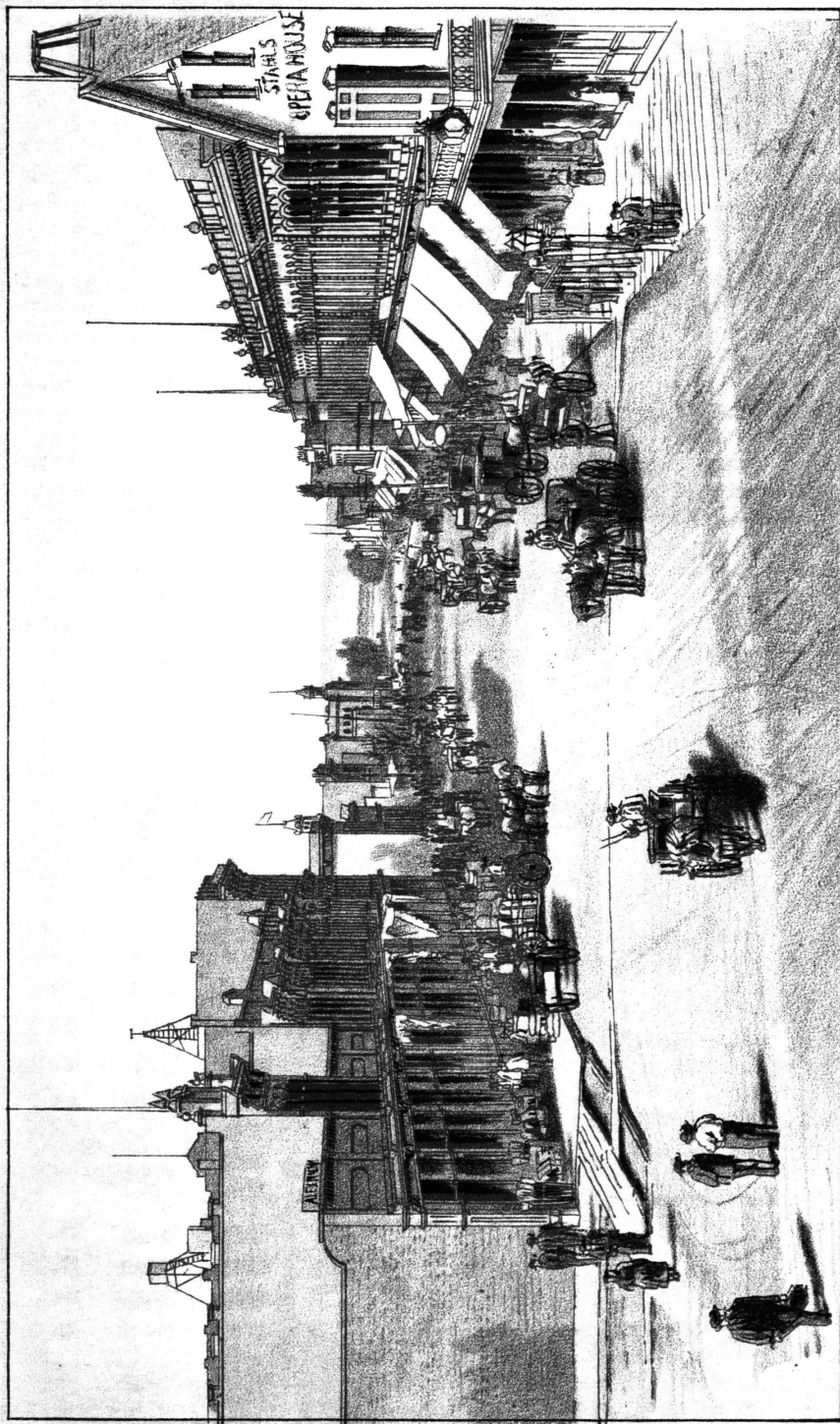
### THE BATTLE OF BELGRADE.\*

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;  
Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;  
Every endeavor engineers essay,  
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray!  
Generals 'gainst generals grapple; gracious God!  
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood—  
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,  
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill!  
Labor low levels loftiest longest lines;  
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines,  
Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought

Of outward obstacle opposing ought;  
Poor patriots! Partly purchased, partly pressed,  
Quiet quaking, quickly "quarter, quarter," quest  
Reason returns, religious rites redound—  
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sound.  
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,  
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!  
Vanish vain victory! Vanish victory vain!  
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome  
were  
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?  
Yield, ye youth—ye yeoman yield your yell—  
Zeno, Zarpater, Zoroaster's zeal,  
And all attracting arms against appeal.

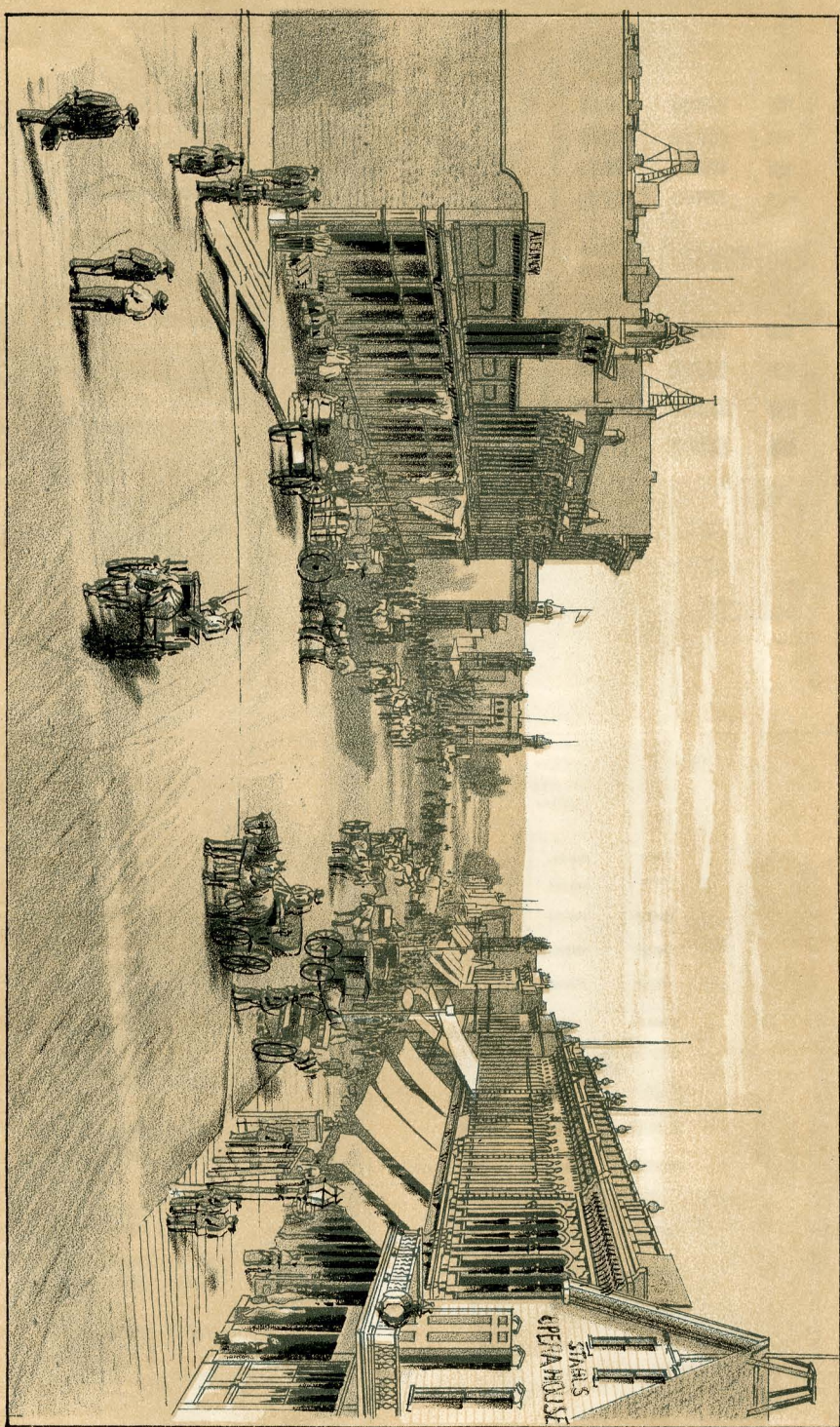
\* This is an anonymous alliteration which first appeared many years ago, and is too good to be forgotten.





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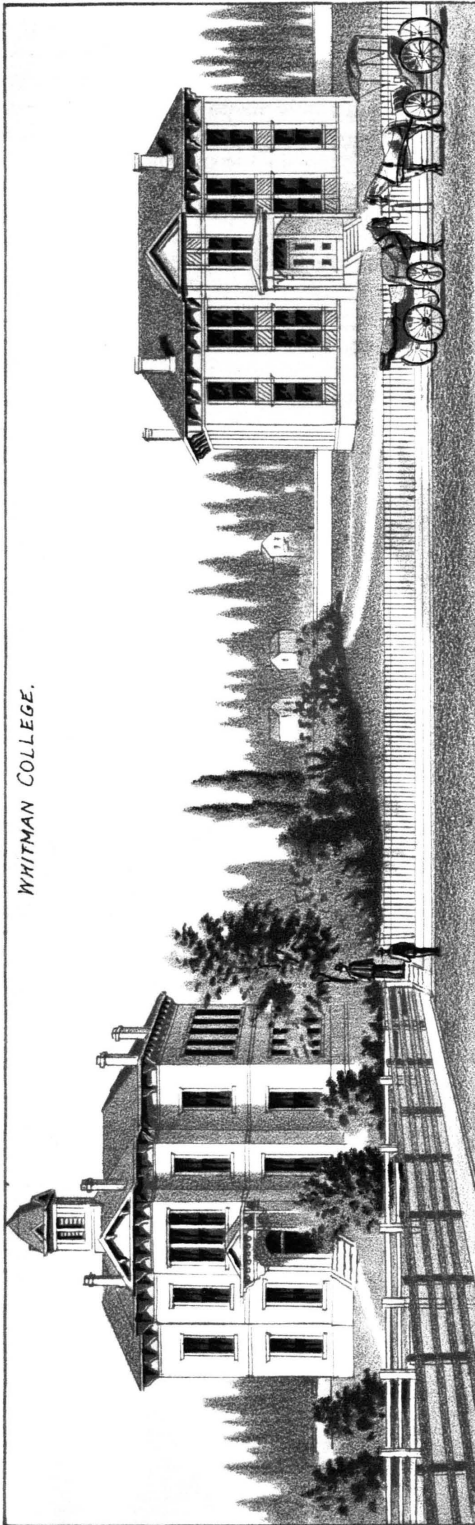




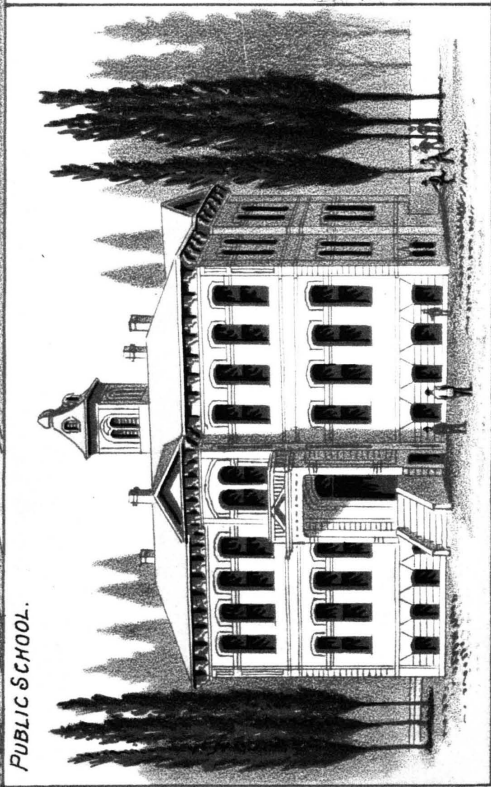
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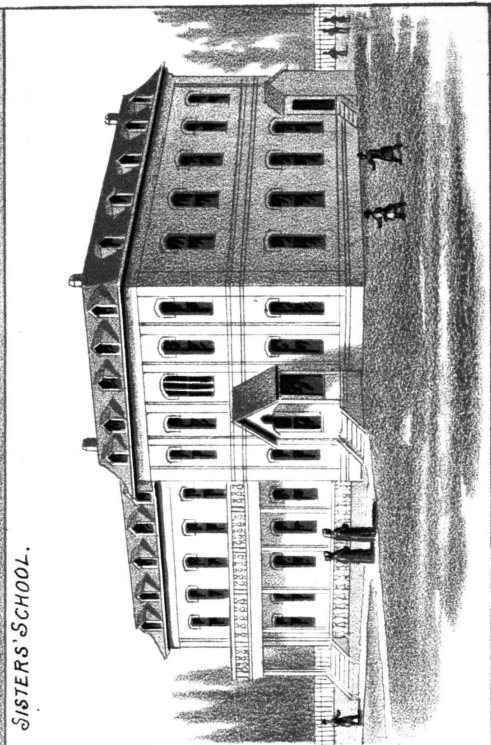
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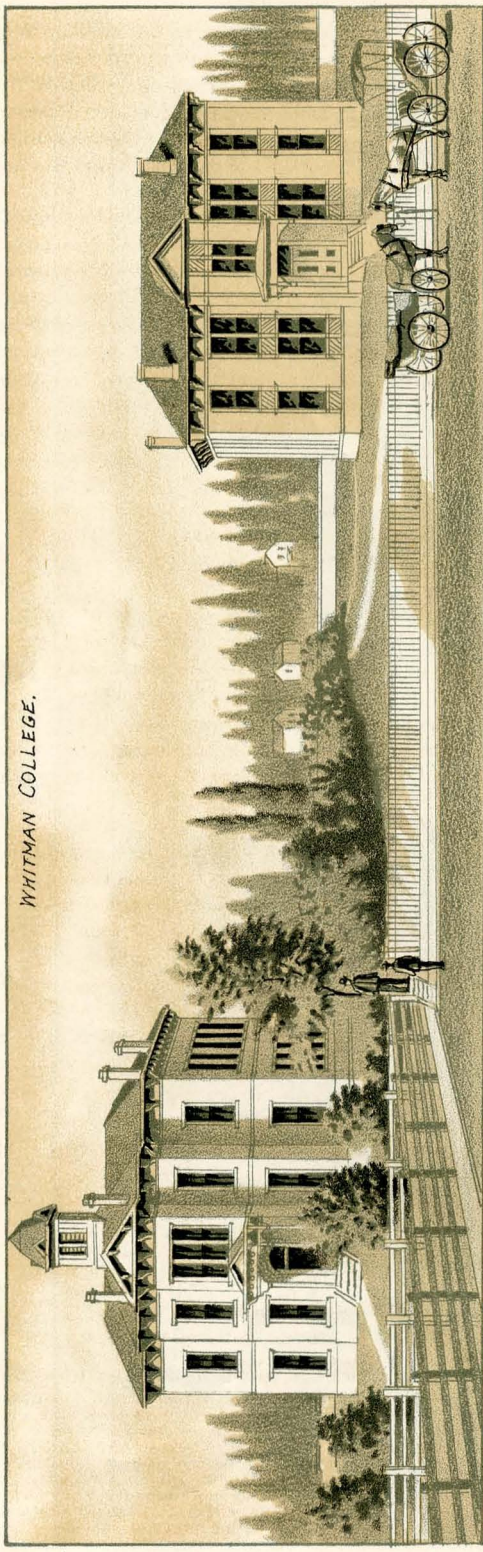


PUBLIC SCHOOL.



SISTERS' SCHOOL.

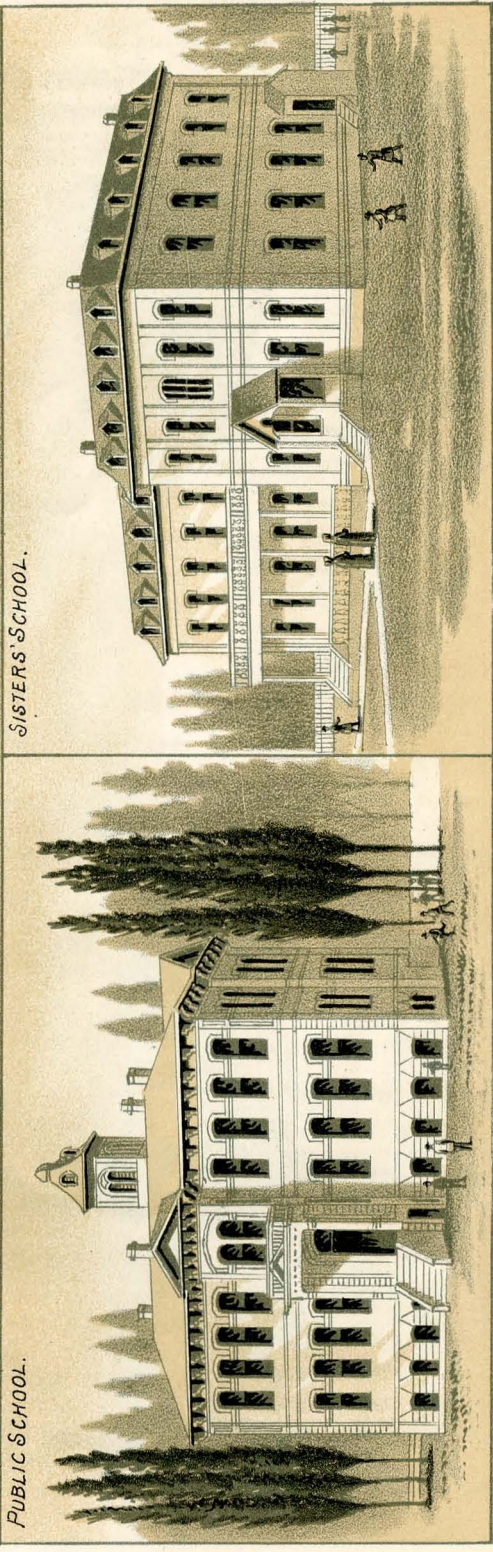




WHITMAN COLLEGE.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

SISTERS' SCHOOL.





## PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1875.

### THE WEST SHORE.

*An Illustrated Western Magazine of General Information, devoted to the development of the great West.*

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THE first of a series of papers on the "Myths, Customs and Superstitions of the Columbia River Valley Tribes," will appear in the April WEST SHORE. They have been prepared by G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., who has spent much time in securing this valuable information for the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute. The result of his studies will be given to the public first in the columns of THE WEST SHORE. While they will be of special value and interest to students of Ethnology, they can not but be entertaining to every reader of the magazine. Another one of C. L. Henderson's charming articles on historic places and people of Scotland will appear, describing the scenes about which cluster memories of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Robert Burns, the poet of the people. Several engravings will embellish the text. There will also be numerous engravings of picturesque scenes in Oregon, Washington, Montana and British Columbia. An entertaining illustrated article on "Hydraulic Mining," will be a specially interesting feature; also, a paper by O. W. Olney, on "The Shell Mounds and Prehistoric Inhabitants of the Northwest Coast." The second part of "The Autograph Stone," with other contributions of interest, and the regular departments of information, etc., will aid in rendering the April WEST SHORE one of the most entertaining and valuable ever issued.

BOUND volumes of THE WEST SHORE for 1886 will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$3.00 for cloth and leather binding, and \$2.50 for paper and cloth binding. A few volumes of 1885 can be had for \$2.50 in paper and cloth binding, and \$2.00 for 1883 in paper covers.

THERE is being prepared an elaborate article, "British Columbia by Rail and Water," con-

taining the observations of an intelligent and thoughtful traveler through that rich and beautiful province. The article is profusely illustrated, and is of special value and interest to everyone seeking information about that region. It will be published in the May WEST SHORE.

THE large holiday issue is exhausted, but there are on hand a quantity of the elegant colored engraving of Mt. Hood, which will be sent in a pasteboard tube to any address, upon the receipt of fifty cents each. All new subscribers will receive this engraving as a premium until all are gone; consequently, an early remittance is advisable. The subscription price is \$2.50, but all who subscribe before the first of July will receive the magazine one year for \$2.00.

WE have in course of preparation a large bird's-eye view of the state of Oregon, twenty-four by thirty-two inches in size, which will be printed in four colors. In this manner the mountains, valleys, streams, cities, towns, railroads, etc., etc., will be brought out distinctly, and one can, at a glance, obtain a correct idea of the topography of the state. This work is of a class never before attempted on the Pacific coast, and the engraving will be an elegant and valuable one. This will be sent free to all yearly subscribers, when completed.

THE largest and most complete mercantile establishment in Dayton, W. T., is that of Dusenbery & Stencel. The firm carries a stock of general merchandise valued at from \$75,000 to \$100,000, and has business relations with every family in the county, as well as many outside its limits. Their business is conducted in the most systematic manner, and the stock is kept constantly full in all lines. Polite and attentive salesmen aid in making this the most agreeable and satisfactory place in the city to trade. The firm is public-spirited and enterprising. They have large interests in wheat lands, give employment to a large number of men, and handle the greater portion of the grain product, having warehouses in all the best farming districts. The firm was established in 1877, and has made its name a household word throughout the entire region from Dayton to Lewiston.

#### You Can Learn How to Get Rich

by sending your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Me. They will send you full information about work you can do and live at home wherever you are located. Work adapted to all ages and both sexes. \$5 to \$25 a day easily earned. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All succeed grandly. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Delay not. All of the above will be proved to you, and you will find yourself on the road to a handsome fortune, with a large and absolutely sure income from the very start.

THE WEST SHORE.

## SHOPPING BY MAIL.

There are no difficulties in the way of purchasing goods by mail, either imaginary or real, which can not be overcome if proper care is exercised by both buyer and merchant. Many who have become familiar with the simple details, find it oftentimes less troublesome than shopping in person. The advantages gained by buying in Portland are so great that one can ill afford to lose them, if any way is afforded by which they can be obtained.

To be agreeably served, buyers must perform their part thoroughly and well, state their wants clearly and fully, omit nothing, such as the size of hose, gloves, etc., the color desired, or their NAME or address, and must allow sufficient time for the transit of letters and goods. They must remember, also, that the merchant is limited in what can be procured, that all things are not possible with him, and that the supply of any kind of goods may be quickly exhausted. It is, therefore, not always possible to send just what was ordered, no more than it is to find it by a tour through the stores of so large a city as this, and possibly, here lies a principal cause of dissatisfaction. For illustration: certain kinds of goods may become extremely popular after samples have been sent almost broadcast, and may be sold before the orders from such samples can be received; as it required months to produce the stock already sold, it is out of the question to manufacture more; what shall be done?—if the purchasers live within a day's mail route of the city they can be notified that such is the case, and other samples submitted; but if they be far away much time would be lost in doing this; were they at the counter similar goods would be shown them from which to make another choice; as they are absent, the difficulty is overcome by making the choice for them and sending it subject to their approval, they having the same opportunity to reject as though present, for their money will be refunded if they return the goods, which they are at perfect liberty to do.

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

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

Our catalogues of information will be sent without charge to any and all who may desire.

## FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE,

200, 202, 204 First St., and 6 Taylor St.,

PORTLAND. - - - OREGON.

Farmers' & Mechanics' Store.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

ONE PRICE TO ALL

Farmers' & Mechanics' Store.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

ONE PRICE TO ALL

THE WEST SHORE.

# PARKE & LACY,



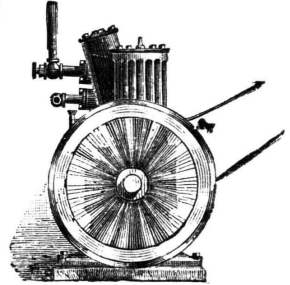
## Machine Depot,

8 North Front St.,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

AGENTS FOR

## INGERSOLL'S



## Rock Drills and Compressors,

ALSO WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC ENGINES.

Hoisting Engines, Boilers, Pumps, Wire Rope, Rock Breakers, Cornish Rolls, Car Trucks, T

Rails, Batteries, Jessops Steel, Iron Pipe and Fittings, LUBRICATING OILS, etc.

Smelters, Mills and Concentration Plants, Wood Working Machinery and Machinists' Tools.

## THE PORTLAND REDUCTION WORKS.

INCORPORATED AUGUST 17, 1886.

President, - - W. S. LADD, Treasurer, - - JAMES STEEL,  
Vice President, - - W. A. JONES, Secretary, - - J. M. ARTHUR.

## Ores of all kinds received, sam- pled and treated.

Rates for Treatment are moderate, and returns are based upon

## NEW YORK VALUES OF LEAD AND SILVER.

Ores in lots of not less than one hundred pounds, and upon which  
freight to the works is prepaid, will be

## SAMPLED AND ASSAYED FREE OF CHARGE.

THE WEST SHORE.

---

R. W. GORRILL, Pres.

C. F. SWIGERT, Treas.

H. C. CAMPBELL, Sec.

---

PACIFIC BRIDGE COMPANY

---

4 California St., San Francisco. } OFFICES { Portland Savings Bank Block,  
PORTLAND, OR.

---

Engineers and Builders of Highway and Railroad Bridges  
of every description.


---

Also Engineers and Contractors for Arches, Piers, Dams, Tunnels,  
Culverts, Railroad Construction and General  
Contract Work.

---

PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

---

 Parties interested in the construction of Bridges, etc., will find it to their interest to confer with us. If you know of any work in our line in contemplation, we will esteem it a great favor if you will send us notice of the same.



## THE WEST SHORE.

SAMUEL LOWENSTEIN, President.

WM. KAPUS, Secretary.

# OREGON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.

Manufacturers of Furniture and Dealers in Carpets, Bedding, Upholstery Goods, Etc. Office and Warerooms, 208-210 First St. Factory, 209-211 Front St. Shipping Department, 7 and 9 Salmon Street,

PORTLAND,

OREGON.

Occupy an immense four-story brick building, a full block in length, enjoy facilities unequalled on the Pacific coast. The public is respectfully invited to inspect the premises and the stock of Furniture, Carpets and Upholstery Goods.

## F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

# FURNITURE



FIRST AND YAMHILL STREETS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE OLDEST RETAIL DRUG BUSINESS IN THE CITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

## S. G. SKIDMORE & CO.,

(CHARLES E. SITTON)

# DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,

No. 151 First Street, between Morrison and Alder, Portland, Or.

Manufacturers and Proprietors of Pectoral Balsam (Trade Mark registered), for Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung Diseases. Physicians' Prescriptions and Private Recipes a Specialty.

**PILES.** Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

## CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N. Y.

## BUTTERFIELD BROS.,

Watchmakers, Jewellers and Engravers to the trade. Orders from the country promptly attended to. 162½ First street, Portland, Or.

## A. H. JOHNSON,

Stock Broker, Wholesale Butcher and Packer, and Dealer in all kinds of

Fresh and Cured Meats, Bacon, Hams and Lard.

Special attention given to supplying ships. Stalls 27 and 28, Central Market, Portland, Or.

## THE WEST SHORE.

**OREGON RAILWAY  
AND  
NAVIGATION CO.**  
"COLUMBIA RIVER ROUTE."

### PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

Daily!

To Council Bluffs  
" Kansas City,  
" St. Paul,  
" Minneapolis,  
" Chicago,  
" Walla Walla,  
" Spokane Falls

### OCEAN STEAMERS.

Between San Francisco, } Every  
Astoria and } 5th  
Portland, } Day.

### RIVER STEAMERS.

On the Columbia, Snake and  
Willamette.

### PUGET SOUND STEAMERS.

Between Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma,  
Olympia, Port Townsend,  
Whatcom, and all Inter-  
mediate Points.

C. H. PRESCOTT, JNO. J. BYRNE,  
Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

**BEAUTIFUL  
WOMEN**  
In the United States, Canada  
and England wear  
"GOOD SENSE"  
CORSET WAISTS.  
THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.  
BEST FOR HEALTH,  
Economy and Beauty.  
Buttons at front instead  
of Clasps.  
Be sure your Corset is  
stamped "Good Sense."  
SOLD BY  
LEADING RETAILERS  
everywhere. Send for Circular.  
FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers  
341 Broadway, NEW YORK.  
M. FREUD & SONS, SAN FRANCISCO,  
WHOLESALE AGENTS.



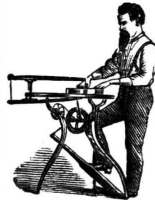
WORK FOR ALL. \$30.00 A WEEK and expenses  
paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free.  
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

**UNIVERSAL  
BATH.**



Full,  
Steam,  
Vapor and Water—  
fresh, salt, Mineral  
Artificial Sea bath.  
Agents wanted  
everywhere.  
Old Baths Renewed.  
E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Weight 15 lbs. Adjustable  
Many Thousands long  
in use.  
Centennial Award,  
Medal and Diploma,  
against the world.  
Wholesale & Retail.  
Send for Circulars.



### Barnes Foot Power Machinery

Complete Outfits for Actual  
Workshop Business.

Scroll and Rip Saws, Lathes, Mor-  
tising and Tenoning Machines.

Descriptive Catalogue Free.

Addr. DAYTON & HALL, Agts.,  
Portland, Or.



The Corbett Fire-proof Livery, Hack and Feed Stables,

Corner Third and Madison Sts., Portland, Or.

MAGOON BROS., Props. Telephone No. 331.

**MILLER AND WEST**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
BROOKLYN MILLS  
FLOUR AGENCY  
111 FRONT ST.  
BET WASHINGTON & STARK.  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Consignments Solicited and Returns  
Promptly Made.

Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Cheese,  
Dry and Fresh Fruits handled.

CRESCENT CREAMERY BUTTER.

J. C. MILLER.

WILL H. WEST.

*Business College*

Second and Yamhill Sts.,

A. P. ARMSTRONG, - - Principal.

Young and middle-aged men and women educated for  
business pursuits in the shortest time consistent with  
thorough work, and at the least expense. Private and  
class instruction day and evening in Arithmetic, Writ-  
ing, Correspondence, Book Keeping, Banking,  
Business Forms, Etc. Students admitted at any time  
Catalogue free.

Pen Work of all kinds executed to order.

## THE WEST SHORE.

**A BIG OFFER.** To introduce them we will **GIVE AWAY 1,000** Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. **The National Co., 23 Dey St., N. Y.**

**THOS. VARWIG, SANITARY PLUMBER, GAS AND** Steam Fitter, No. 73 Washington street, between Third and Fourth, Portland, Or.  
Dealer in Lead and Iron Pipe, Copper Bath Tubs, latest improved Water Closets, Marble Basins, Rubber Hose, &c.

**Portland Steam Candy Manufactory,**  
**ALISKY, BAUM & CO., Proprs.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**French and American Candies and Confectionery.**

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

**BANKERS**  
**THROUGHOUT THE NORTHWEST**  
Will please bear in mind that **The West Shore Lithographing and Engraving Company** has a complete outfit of the very latest improved steam machinery for manufacturing Checks and Drafts, Pass Books, and everything required in the Stationery line. We employ a large force of skillful artists, and can do anything in this line that can be done anywhere. Our work is equal to the very best Eastern, and so are our prices.  
West Shore Lithographing and Engraving Co., L. Samuel, 171-173-175 Second St., cor. Yamhill, Portland, Oregon. Send for Estimates.

**50,000 NAMES.**

**Steel's Oregon Tax Roll,**

**ASSESSMENT OF 1886.**

Being a certified copy of the Tax Roll of every county in Oregon, showing name, occupation, post office address, number of acres of land owned, value of the same, indebtedness and gross value of property. Will be forwarded by registered mail to any address in the U. S. for \$60.00, or will be sent by express, C. O. D., on receipt of \$10.00. Single counties may be had at the following rates:

Columbia, Coos, Crook, Curry, Gilliam, Grant,	Each.
Josephine, Klamath, Lake, Morrow, Tillamook,	\$ 2.00
Baker and Clatsop,	2.50
Benton, Polk, Union, Wasco, Clackamas, Jackson, Umatilla, and Washington,	4.00
Douglas, Lane, and Yamhill,	5.00
Linn,	6.00
Marion,	7.00
Multnomah,	15.00

Orders left with any county clerk in the state, with the assistant secretary of state, or with the undersigned, will receive prompt attention.

**W. G. STEEL,**

Post Office Box 308,

Salem, Oregon.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of **FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.  
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

**AGENTS WANTED** to sell "**REMINISCENCES**" of 60 YEARS in the **NATIONAL METROPOLIS,**

**By BEN PERLEY POORE,**

Illustrating the Wit, Humor and eccentricities of noted celebrities. A richly illustrated treat of inner Society History, from "ye olden time" to the wedding of Cleveland. **Wonderfully Popular.** Agents report rapid sales. Address for circulars and terms, **A. L. BANCROFT & CO., Publishers, San Francisco, Cal.**

**MARK LEVY**  
WHOLESALE  
**FRUIT & PRODUCE**  
AND GENERAL  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT**  
122 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OR.

**C. H. MEUSSDORFFER**

REMOVED TO 146 FIRST STREET.



WEST SHORE PORTLAND, OR.

# TACOMA!

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

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

## No City Indebtedness, Therefore Taxes are Light.

School Attendance, 1875.....	60
School Attendance, 1880.....	125
School Attendance, 1886.....	1821
Newspapers, 1875.....	1
Newspapers, 1880.....	1
Newspapers, 1886.....	5
Private School Buildings, 1875.....	0
Private School Buildings, 1880.....	0
Private School Buildings, 1886.....	3
Church Buildings, 1875.....	0
Church Buildings, 1880.....	3
Church Buildings, 1886.....	18
Brick Buildings, 1875.....	1
Brick Buildings, 1880.....	2
Brick Buildings, 1886.....	31

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

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

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

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

Regular Steamers, 1875.....	3
Regular Steamers, 1880.....	6
Regular Steamers, 1886.....	27
Besides ocean sailing vessels.....	
Manufactories, 1875.....	1
Manufactories, 1880.....	3
<b>Manufactories, 1886.....</b>	<b>28</b>
Banks, 1875.....	0
Banks, 1880.....	0
Banks (all national), 1886.....	3

Money Spent in Building Improvements, 1886,	\$763,500.00
Expended in Street Improvements, 1886.....	57,541.00
Mean Annual Temperature .....	50 deg.
Average Annual Rainfall, inches.....	40

## The Only Steam Flouring Mill on Puget Sound.

Capacity, one hundred barrels per day; to be increased to two hundred barrels per day.  
Street car franchise just passed by city council, to company that will have four miles of road in operation in city limits within fourteen months.  
Two free reading rooms. The only city north of San Francisco whose chamber of commerce owns its own building. Cost \$25,000.00.  
Three daily newspapers. Board of trade just organized. Best possible location for perfect sewerage.

The lowest death rate of any portion of the United States.  
The terminus now of over two thousand miles of railroad. Inside of five years will probably be the terminus of seven thousand five hundred miles of railroad.

## Eight Hundred Miles Nearer Japan than San Francisco.

Oriental trade already established. Consignments of tea from Yokohama have reached New York via Tacoma and the Northern Pacific railroad six days quicker than by San Francisco and the Central Pacific.  
The natural supply depot for Eastern Washington, Oregon and Idaho.  
The port from which will be shipped the bulk of the wheat crop of the Columbia river basin, the surplus for which, in 1886, was ten million bushels, and for 1887 is reliably estimated to be twelve million bushels.

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

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

## The Best Point on the Coast for Manufacturing Purposes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**ALLEN C. MASON,**

Real Estate and Loan Broker, TACOMA, W. T.  
Office over Gross Bros' Store.