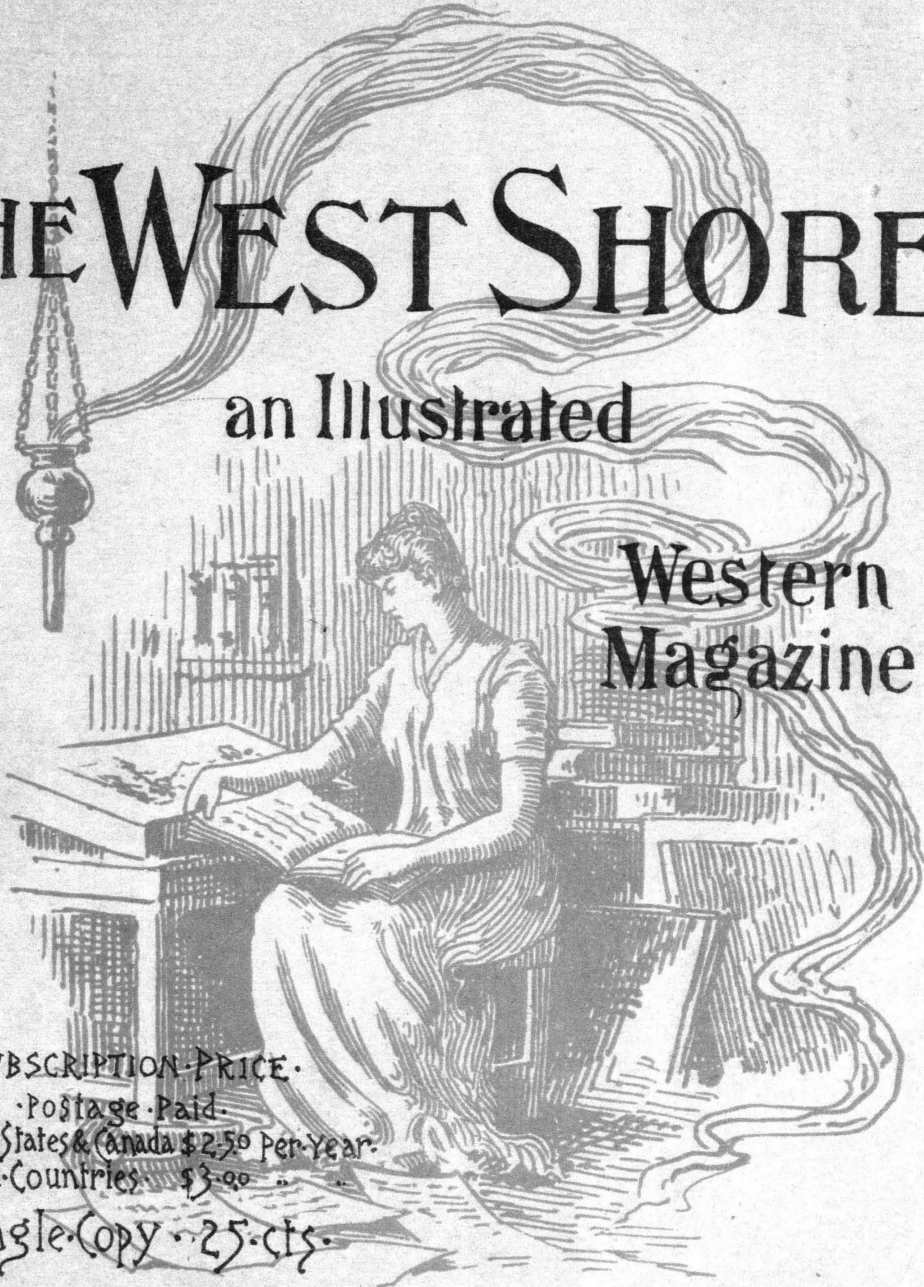


ESTABLISHED 1875. September 1887. THIRTEENTH YEAR.

THE WEST SHORE

an Illustrated

Western
Magazine



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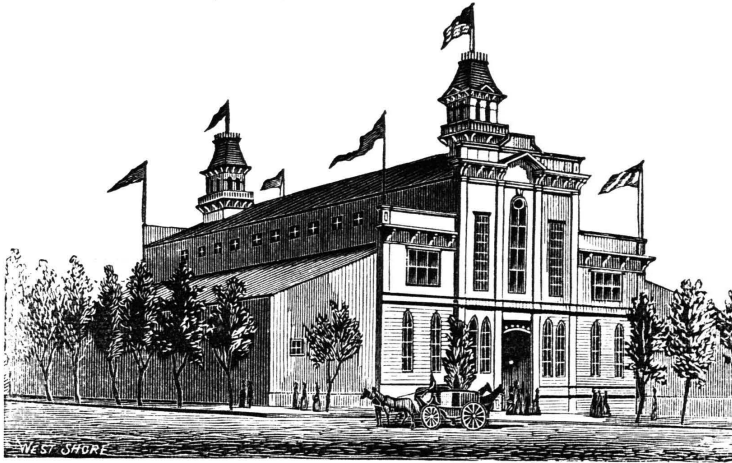
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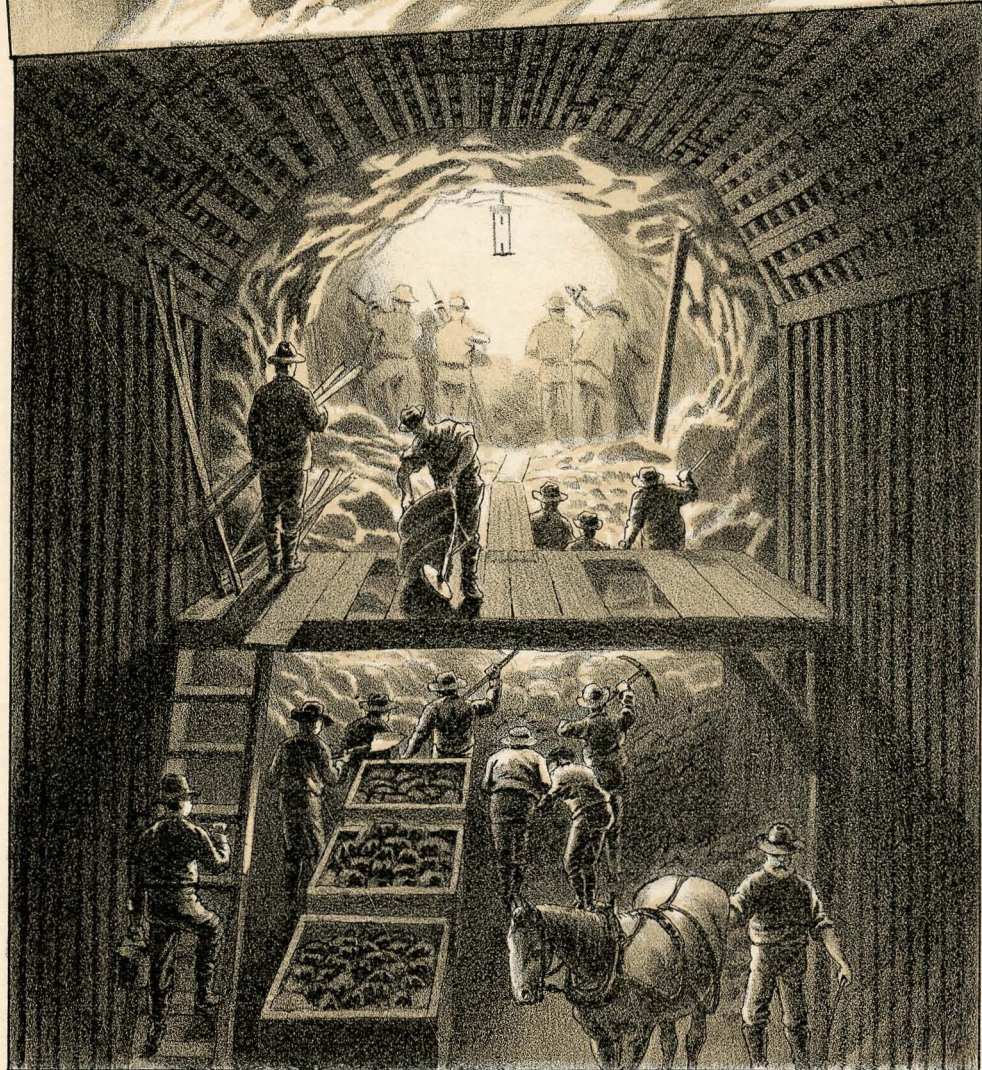
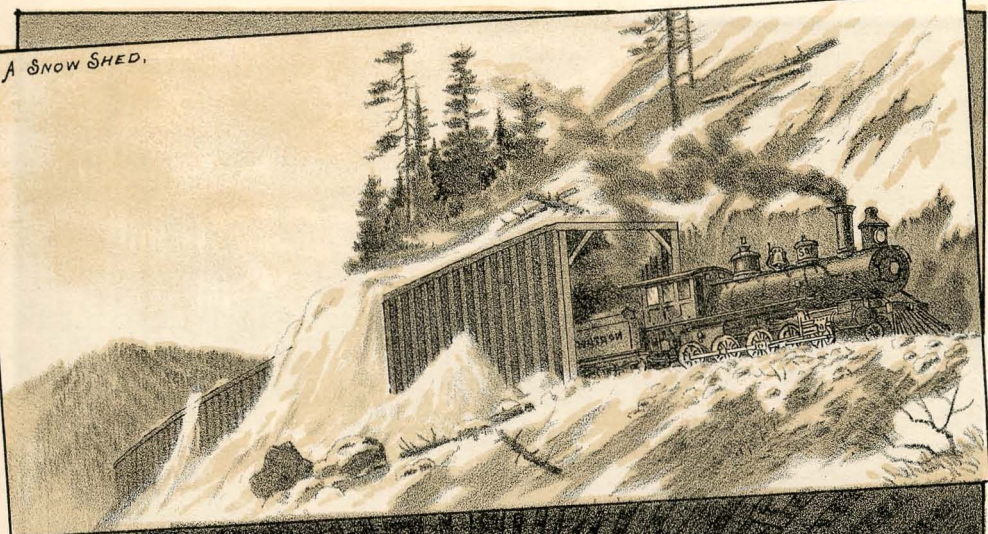
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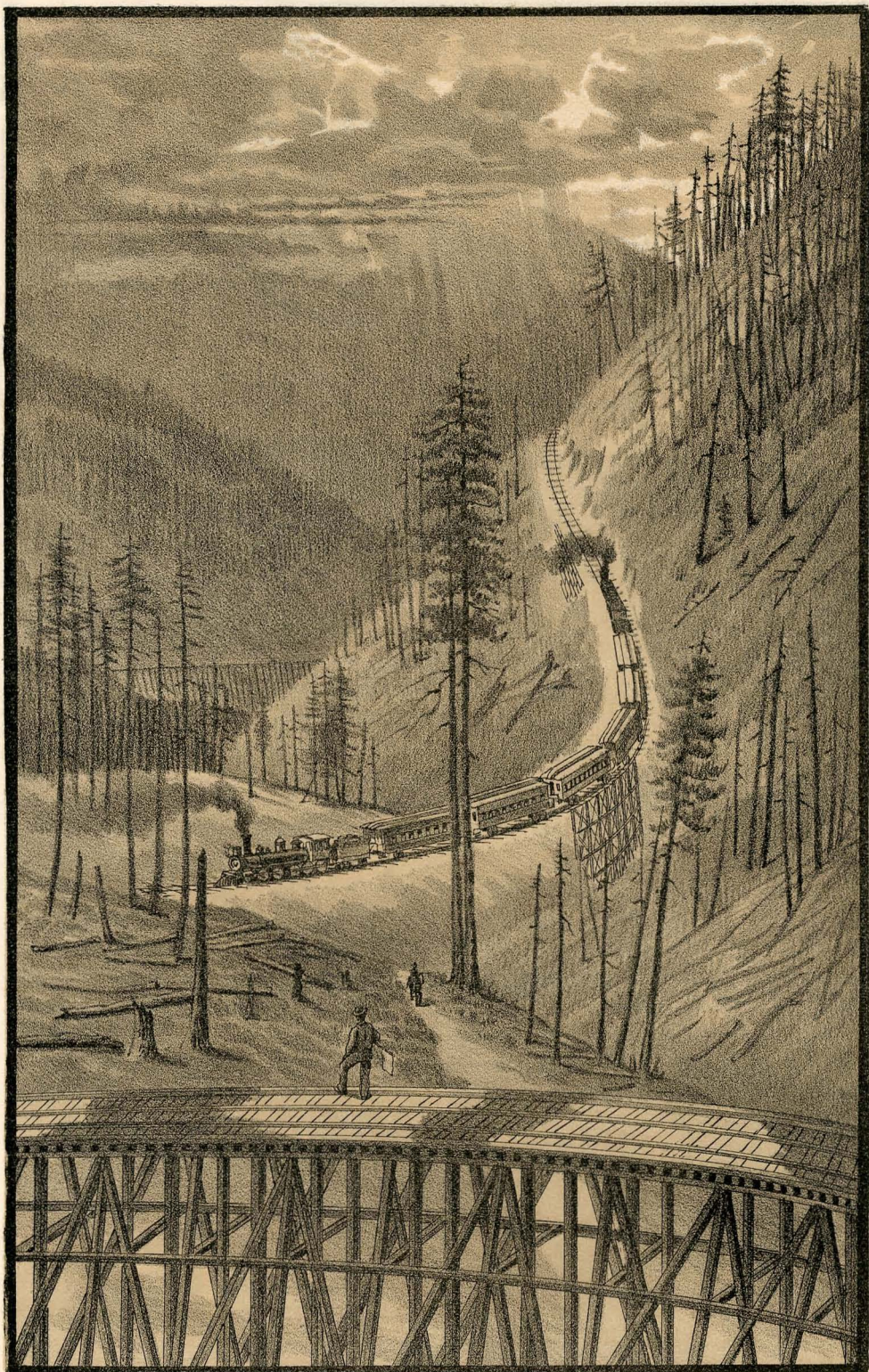
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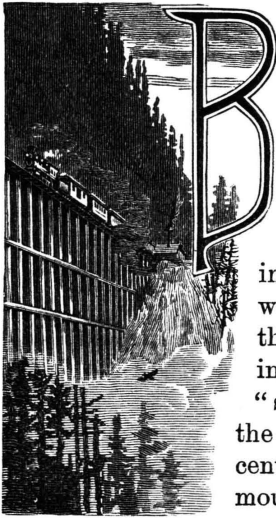
THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

NUMBER 9.

THE SWITCHBACK AND TUNNEL.



BABYLON, with all nations, has but recently had its site rescued from oblivion by an indefatigable antiquarian. The temple and statue of the Olympian Zeus rely upon history alone for evidence of their magnificence—even of their existence. The pharos of Alexandria exists today only in the form of thousands of its descendants, whose gleaming lights warn mariners to beware of the dangers of rock-bound coasts. Of all the “seven wonders” of the ancients, but one remains—the pyramids, which tower above the sands of Egypt—to bear witness to all generations, of the thousands of human lives sacrificed in their construction, at once the most ancient and enduring work of human hands upon the surface of the globe. The great wall of China, stretching its huge length of masonry a distance of twelve hundred and fifty miles through the heart of Asia, upon whose construction seven millions of men were engaged for a whole decade, one-half million of whom gave up their lives as a sacrifice to the great work, which is fairly entitled to be classed as an eighth “wonder,” also remains to tell us of the great engineering works of ancient times.

The huge colossus, which, with giant stride, guarded the harbor of Rhodes, has not cast a shadow upon the water for two thousand years, for half of which period not a fragment of it has been seen. The temple of Diana, at once the glory and pride of Ephesus, and the wonder of the civilized world, which occupied two centuries in its construction, and received contributions of material from more than one hundred kings, has been a thing of the past for sixteen centuries. The tomb of Mausolus, for a thousand years marvelous in the eyes of

But these works of older civilizations, from a scientific point of view, are insig-

nificant, compared with the achievements of modern times. They show what can be accomplished by the despotic ruler of millions of people, with the stolen wealth of nations at his command; a ruler who counts the lives of his subjects as nothing when weighed against his slightest whim. They do not, however, keep pace with the grand march of science in this nineteenth century.

Could these ancient builders re-visit the earth from that realm to which their spirits have fled, and behold the mighty achievements of our present age, they would be rendered speechless with an astonishment bordering upon awe. The mighty steamship, plowing the ocean at race-horse speed; the telegraph, flashing intelligence around the world with the rapidity of thought; the telephone, carrying articulate speech instantly to distances farther than many of them ever traveled; the electric light, dispelling the darkness like a mid-night sun; the printing press, disseminating knowledge among the masses; the railroad, uniting, with bands of steel, countries of which they never dreamed; great engines and substances of destruction, capable of razing to the ground in a brief period the mightiest structure their hands ever reared; these seven only, of the multitude of the products of science which have become so common to us that we cease even to think of them, would be classed by them as the "seven miracles of the world," beside which their "seven wonders" would sink into nothingness.

Of the achievements of modern science, the feats of railroad engineering rank among the first. The traveler of today is carried through tunnels that pierce the rocky hearts of mountains, is suspended at dizzy heights above deep gorges and turbulent rivers, on trestles and bridges, threads the mountain maz-

es on a sinuous trail, clings to the face of precipices upon a narrow shelf blasted from the solid rock, and crosses the summits of mountain ranges at altitudes bordering upon the region of perpetual snow. But let him journey from one end of the continent to the other, he can not find such another piece of eccentric railroading as that which he will experience in crossing the Cascade mountains by the famous switchback on the Northern Pacific.

When the Northern Pacific finally selected its route across the Cascade mountains by the Stampede pass, the engineers, in order to save a long and tortuous line across the mountains, expensive to construct and operate, located a tunnel, nine thousand eight hundred and fifty feet long, through the heart of the highest peak in the pass, at a level of eleven hundred feet below the lowest point on the summit. The estimated time necessary to complete the tunnel was two and one-half years, more than a year longer than was required for the construction of the road.

The company was very anxious to establish the route across the Cascades as speedily as possible, and so referred the question of a line over the summit to Adna Anderson, chief engineer. The problem was to overcome an elevation of eleven hundred feet in less than two miles, the length of the tunnel. The engineer reported he could carry the line over the mountain on the "switchback" principle, by building seven miles of track, about one-half on each side of the summit, with an average grade of nearly three hundred feet, and at a cost of \$300,000.00. The original cost of construction, provided the plan was adopted, did not by any means represent the expense incurred. The purchase of locomotives of enormous power, and the expense of operating such a line, where but a few cars could be handled at a

time, must be taken into consideration. The company decided to undertake it, and at once began the work. The line was completed early in the summer of the present year, amid the general rejoicing of the people of Washington, and has now been in successful operation for several months, the wonder and admiration of travelers.

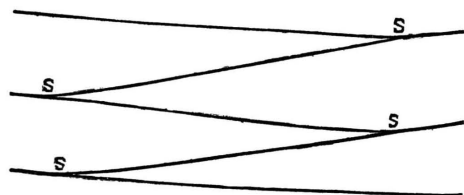
The writer left Portland on the regular east-bound train at 7:00 o'clock in the morning, and reached Tacoma at noon, where a train was speedily made up for the East, with Pullman sleeper and dining cars. Upon leaving Tacoma, the road crosses the flat at the head of the bay on trestle work, the grand form of the white-robed Rainier towering up to the sky to the southeast. This giant mountain, the highest of the Cascade range, has an altitude of fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-six feet, and is the central figure of the landscape from almost any point on Puget sound. We were soon passing rapidly up the beautiful and fertile Puyallup valley, the scores of hop yards, with their hundreds—even thousands—of Indian hop pickers, making a pleasant, interesting and altogether novel sight. Here and there along the river bank were huge Indian canoes, of peculiar pattern and finish, in which the owners had come from points along the coast, perhaps a thousand miles distant, to engage in picking the prolific hop crop of the Puyallup. As we neared the mountains and entered the foothills, we encountered evidences of the extensive coal mining being carried on at Carbonado, Wilkeson and South Prairie. At the last named place, the mountain grade begins, and from that point it was almost a steady pull upwards to the mouth of the tunnel, a rise in altitude of two thousand eight hundred and nine feet from the sound, then eighty miles behind us.

In approaching the tunnel from the west, the road follows up the canyon of the Green river for thirty miles. My first glimpse of this beautiful stream was obtained from the window of the dining car, while I was enjoying one of the really excellent meals served by the company. The clear mountain water, white when broken by obstructing rocks, and green as emerald in the deeper and more quiet portions, held a fascination for the eye that could not be resisted. The stream is a series of little cascades, connected by deep, dark green and silent pools, where lurk the delicious and gamy trout. It is one of the best trout streams in the mountains, and in the very midst of scores of ponds are the Green river hot springs, already noted as a summer resort and sanitarium. It is seldom that a health resort can offer the sportsman and angler such inducements are held out to them here. A hotel, bath houses and a number of cottages supply all needed accommodations and facilities for enjoying the medicinal properties of the springs and the sport of forest and stream.

Upon reaching the mouth of the tunnel, no time was lost in preparing to cross the summit—for we were behind time, and distant objects were gradually becoming indistinct in the light of a day rapidly drawing to its close. Our locomotives were detached and a huge decapod (so named because it has ten drive wheels—five on each side) was coupled to either end of the train. These monster locomotives weigh a quarter of a million pounds when the tank is full of water, and are the most powerful ever constructed.

Above us the mountain rose with almost perpendicular sides, and it seemed folly to expect to be carried over its summit while reclining on the upholstered seat of a Pullman car. The signal for starting was given, and the en-

gines, one pulling and the other pushing, with much puffing and labor, carried the train slowly up the first steep grade, which rose steadily before us for a distance of nearly half a mile. Here, having passed a switch connecting with a track leading in exactly the opposite direction, but ascending with the same steep grade, we stopped and started backwards, the former rear locomotive being now the forward one. This was done three times, the four tracks lying in tiers along the mountain side (see engravings on pages 652, 661 and 674). The following simple diagram shows the principle of the switchback so plainly that a child can understand it.



The positions of the switches are indicated by the letter S, the horizontal line at the bottom representing the main track at the level of the tunnel. It is easy to see how this method of construction will take a track up one side of a mountain, where it is impossible to have a continuous line by going around it. The engravings show the nature of the road, which consists largely of steep embankments, braced with logs and timbers, and long, high trestles.

After we had passing the third, and last, switch, we began running around among the small summit peaks in an exceedingly eccentric manner, always ascending. At one point we made a complete double horseshoe, the smoke of the engine at the mouth of the tunnel, now a thousand feet below us, being seen alternately from opposite windows. While we were thus going steadily upward, the darkness of night was as steadily closing down upon us, until, when we

stopped beneath the huge snow sheds at the very summit, the magnificent landscape which opens out to the eyes of the traveler who crosses the mountain by daylight, was obscured from our view.

The track on the eastean slope is very similar to that on the west, there being two switches instead of three. There is this difference, however—that the track in many places is covered with snow sheds (see engravings on page 651), which will be necessary to protect it from the numerous avalanches which rush down the mountain sides in winter. The company is building many miles of these sheds along its main line east of the tunnel, and work is being pushed on them with all the speed possible, in order to complete them before winter sets in. The headquarters of the contractors, Messrs. Glenn, Bonzey & Co., are at Easton, a few miles down the mountain from the eastern entrance to the tunnel.

As we approached the main line again the lights in the buildings at the entrance to the eastern end of the tunnel (see engraving on page 662) glinted through the dark treetops, and the dashing sound of the beautiful cascade at that point warned us that our journey was ended, and that the wonderful switchback had been safely crossed.

Work on the tunnel is progressing with great celerity. Several shifts of men are at work, day and night, by the light of electric lamps. By the platform system, as shown in the engraving (see page 651), progress is made on the heading and breast simultaneously. A visit to the interior, after a long journey in the dark, disclosed a busy scene at the end. A large gang of men were at work in the glare of an electric light, some of them boring into the face of the rock with air drills, others carrying the detached pieces of rock on wheel-barrows and dumping them into the little ore cars, in which they are drawn to the

mouth of the tunnel, others wielding picks in the breast, and still others timbering the completed portion. To me it was a novel, and almost weird, experience, to suddenly emerge from the dark passage upon such a scene of brilliance and activity in the very heart of the mountain, and I felt, probably, much as Rip Van Winkle did, when, in the rocky fastnesses of the Catskills, he encountered the spirits of old Hendrick Hudson and his crew, or those wanderers who, as German legends tell us, were captured by gnomes and goblins who inhabit the wilds of the famous Hartz mountains.

It is estimated that the tunnel will be completed in June, 1888, and when this is done, the picturesque, though ex-

tremely expensive, route across the summit will be abandoned. It is not probable that the switchback will be taken up, as it is likely to be needed at any time by an unexpected blockade of the tunnel. It cost the company much delay and money to rely the rails on the "overhead" line when the Mullen tunnel was blockaded last spring, and it not probable that this experience will be repeated in the Cascades. On the contrary, the switchback will probably continue for years to be the wonder and delight of tourists, who will no doubt prefer this novel method of crossing the mountains, with the grand scenery it opens to their view, to the more speedy one of gliding in pitchy darkness through the bowels of the earth.

H. L. WELLS.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF SPRAGUE.

WHEN the Northern Pacific was built across that portion of Eastern Washington lying north of Snake river, the managers decided to erect car and repair shops at the little town of Sprague, which had been permanently located and named in honor of Gen. J. W. Sprague, one of the names which stand prominent in the history of the construction of the road. The gentlemen who selected this location did so because it was about the center of the division, and therefore a very desirable point. They knew little of the resources of the surrounding country and that great agricultural region, the Big Bend country, which has since been so rapidly developed and rendered largely tributary to that city, was practically unexplored, and its agricultural value wholly

unknown. The developments of the past three or four years have shown Sprague to possess one of the best locations for an interior commercial city in Eastern Washington, both in its nearness to a large area of arable and grazing land, its position in the route of other railroads and its probable selection as the point from which to build branch lines into the farming and mining districts of the Northwest.

Sprague is the seat of justice of Lincoln county, which was cut off from Spokane in 1884. It is the chief business and railroad point in the county, and is the general shipping point, though located near the southeastern extremity. With a population of fifteen hundred, and a business reaching far out into the surrounding country, with business men

possessing energy tempered with prudence, it is enjoying a steady, progressive prosperity, without the evanescent "boom," which many towns cultivate at the expense of more solid and substantial advantages. It has reached its present advanced position through no forcing process, but by reason of natural causes, which are still at work and will produce greater results in the future. Without "leaping from crag to crag," as it often does in speculative towns, far above its actual value for business or residence purposes, property has been steadily on the ascendant, keeping pace with the growth of the city. Good residence property may still be purchased at from \$75.00 to \$100.00 per lot of fifty by one hundred feet, and business property is held at reasonable figures. These are considerations worthy of note by one looking for a good point to establish himself in business.

The impression Sprague makes upon the stranger who enters it by rail in either direction is a most favorable one. It has an air of business and importance which is generally remarked upon by travelers. Its large depot, numerous side tracks, car shops, warehouses, public buildings and business streets, are evidences of thrift which can not fail to attract attention. The engravings on pages 671, 672 and 673 give a general view of the city, one of its business streets and a number of its special features, which testify to its present condition, but can not speak of its future prospects, which will be set forth in the following pages. The wooden business houses erected early in the town's history are gradually being superseded by substantial brick structures, and a majority of new buildings erected in that portion of the city will undoubtedly be of the better material. An excellent quality of brick is manufactured near by, so that material of that kind is easily ob-

tainable. Besides the extensive car shops, there are already a number of brick buildings, such as the school house, the court house, three stores, a brewery and a bank, and several others are projected and will be erected soon. The age of brick and mortar has fairly set in, and a few years will see a great transformation in the city's appearance.

Last year Sprague shipped five hundred thousand pounds of wool and thirty thousand bushels of wheat, the latter coming from a region just beginning to raise wheat for export, but which is capable of producing millions of bushels annually. A large flouring mill has just been erected by Messrs. Hoffman & Stevens, which is supplied with full roller machinery to the capacity of seventy-five barrels of flour per day. The motive power will be steam. Ten times the quantity of wheat received last year will be brought to Sprague this season, the greater portion of which will be converted into flour at the new mill. Another manufacturing institution is the brewery, a large stone and brick building, erected at a cost of \$50,000.00. Its product is of a superior quality, and finds a market throughout Washington, Idaho and Montana.

Sprague is a splendid location for a foundry and machine shop. The large farming country tributary to it, with the new and extensive quartz mining region, to which it is nearer than any other point on the railroad, render it a desirable place for such an industry. There are a planing mill and lumber yard, a brick yard and a number of other industries, such as a harness shop, blacksmith shops, etc. Nearly every kind of business is well represented, a dozen stores carrying large and well selected stocks of goods, and doing a large trade with sections remote from the railroad, including the new mines on Salmon river. There are two weekly papers, the *Jour-*

nal and the *Sentinel*, three hotels, two livery stables, two drug stores, a book and stationery store, a furniture store, two hardware stores and a national bank. Three religious denominations—Congregational, Episcopal and Catholic—have neat church edifices, and the Methodists have a strong organization and hold services in a hall. The public school building was erected in 1885, at a cost of \$7,000.00, and is a substantial frame structure of two stories, excellently adapted to the use for which it was built. The school has an attendance of one hundred and fifty scholars, is well graded, and under the charge of three teachers. The sisters of St. Joseph have a large, two-story, frame building, in which a parochial school is maintained. A hospital is contemplated by them, to be erected as soon as arrangements can be completed. There are lodges of Masons, who own a hall, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Knights of Labor.

Sprague was incorporated by the legislature in December, 1883, and during the four years of its existence as a city, has spent much money on its streets and for other improvements. It has not, however, burdened itself with debt, and consequently it does not repel strangers who seek investment there, by a heavy rate of taxation. The city council has recently granted franchises to the Sprague Water Co. and the Sprague Electric Light Co. The former has a capital stock of \$25,000.00, and the latter \$50,000.00. These companies propose to put in complete systems of water works and electric lights, and are making arrangements to that end. Both companies were incorporated by George S. Brooke, D. K. McPherson, John J. Burns, J. H. Shields and W. B. Lottman, who are among the most enterprising and substantial business men of the city. The progressive spirit displayed by these gentlemen, and others, is doing

much for the advancement of the city. An evidence of this is the flouring mill. Mr. J. G. Stevens, the projector of the enterprise, was induced to locate here in preference to Spokane Falls, by a pledge of \$25,000.00, which was raised in a single afternoon. Similar efforts are being made to secure a woolen mill, and they will probably be successful, as about a million pounds of wool are sheared near Sprague annually. There are a number of improvements in contemplation, both public and private, among which is a system of sewerage for the city. A board of trade was organized by the business men last spring, and is looking closely after the city's welfare.

The largest industry of Sprague is that of the railroad. The company employs about three hundred men about the shops, yards and headquarters buildings. This is the division headquarters of the Idaho division, and here is located the company's land office for Eastern Washington. Fully half a million dollars have been expended in shops and improvements, the former being the largest on this end of the line. The monthly pay roll is \$30,000.00. These shops are permanent, and form a good foundation upon which to build a town, even without the other advantages of location found at this point.

Lincoln county, of which Sprague is the county seat, embraces much of the finest portion of the Big Bend country, now becoming famous as the largest area of good agricultural land in Washington. The county contains sixty-three townships. These embrace, on an average, twenty thousand acres of arable land, from one to two thousand of grazing land, and from one to two thousand of "scab," as those tracts are called where the soil is thin and the rocks crop out on the surface. The greater portion of the scab land is in the southern portion of the county, in the vicinity of

Crab creek, while the northern is almost unbroken agricultural land. The traveler is particularly cautioned against forming an opinion of this region from what he sees from the car window in passing through. The railroad has, for economy of construction, been built along a series of old channels, once water courses, but now dry, barren and desolate, lying many feet below the general level of the country. Let him alight from the cars at Sprague, and ascend to the top of the hills north of town, and he will enter a tract of fine, rolling, prairie land, stretching north to the Columbia and Spokane rivers, treeless, except in small patches along the water courses, but covered with the famous bunch grass, where not broken for cultivation. This region, once a great and unexcelled range for stock, has been rapidly settled and fenced during the past five years, being quickly transformed from a pastoral to an agricultural country. The stock interests are still large, and are chiefly centered along Crab creek, along which, for a hundred miles, there are many fine ranches and beautiful meadows. Much hay is put up for winter use on these ranches, but cattle and horses live almost constantly on the range, and require feeding but two or three weeks in January or February. Some seasons no feed is required whatever, stock grazing on the range the entire winter, and being in good condition in the spring. With the exception of about three miles of scrub land, the country to the east of Sprague is all arable, extending into the well settled and fertile Palouse region. To the southwest, also, stretches a large area of fine grazing land, which will eventually be converted into farms.

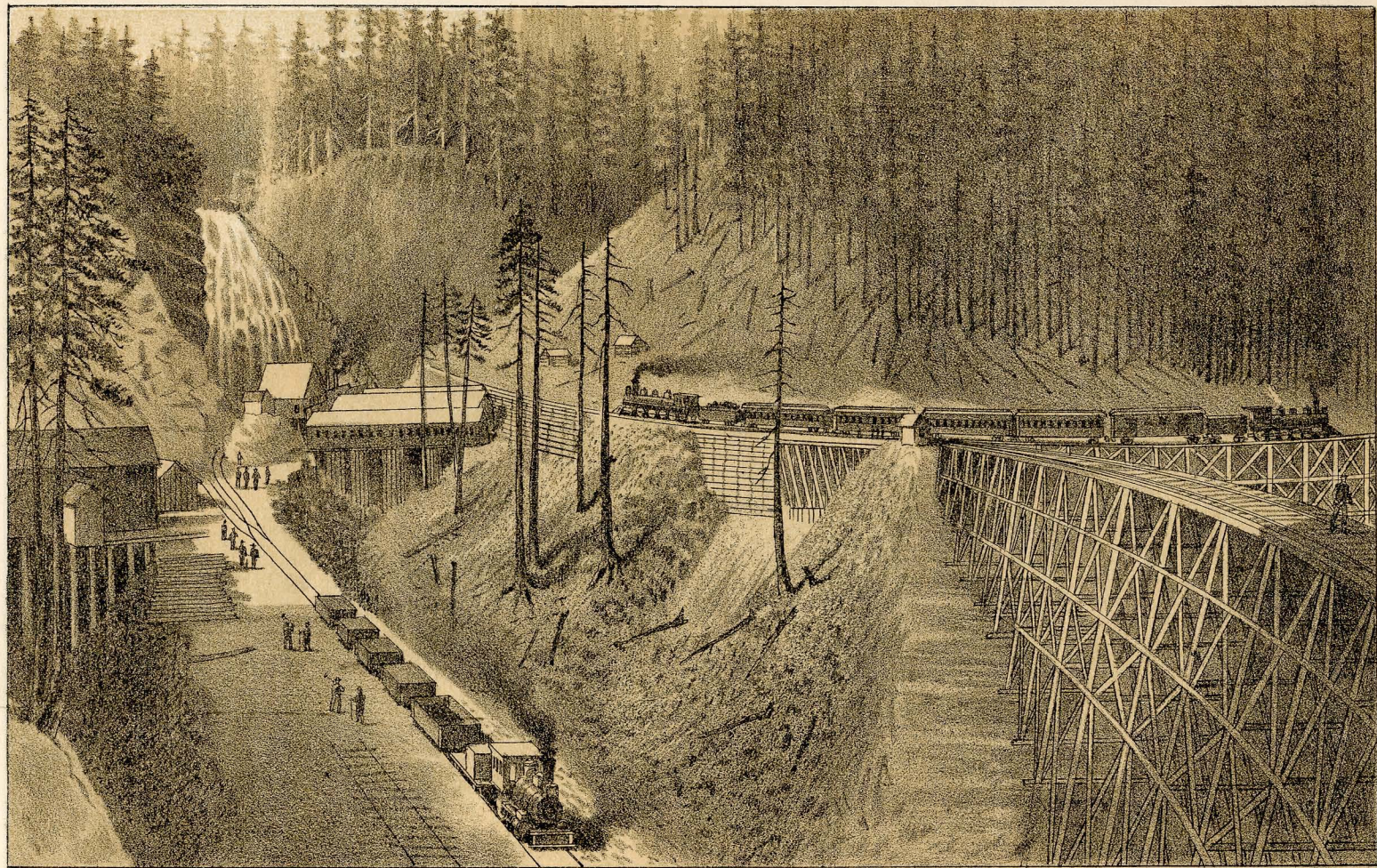
The shipments of stock from Sprague aggregate two thousand horses, ten thousand cattle and twenty-five thousand sheep annually; wool approximating one

million pounds; and wheat, the present season, in the form of grain and flour, probably a quarter of a million bushels. The rapid increase in acreage of grain renders the surplus for shipment comparatively small, as so much is needed for seed and to support the new settlers. The following extract from an article in the *Davenport Times* gives much practical information about this region:

Looking upon the map of the western part of the United States, the extensive territory of Washington is found, situated upon the extreme northwestern boundary. At a single glance the idea of the extreme cold of that far northwestern region would be impressed upon the mind. But such is not the case, as I will try to make clear to the reader who cares to know of this favored country—favored by being entirely exempt from the destruction of cyclones and tornadoes, that sweep from the earth the beautiful homes, and destroy so much valuable property and many lives in the East.

I wish to speak more particularly of the country known on the map as the "Great Bend" of the Columbia, and bordering on the Spokane river, which empties into the Columbia forty-five miles west of Spokane Falls, and twenty-one miles north of Davenport, and which specially presents to the immigrant advantages above many other sections.

Here we have a climate not equaled in the temperate zone, equally mild and suitable for the cultivation of all crops that can be raised in the temperate zone, in a latitude little below fifty degrees north. This climate has often been compared to England, and the same causes produce the warmth where we should experience an approach to arctic cold. The Japan ocean current courses through the Pacific ocean as the Gulf stream warms the northern countries of the Atlantic, sending warm currents of air to moderate the cold that would otherwise result. Degrees of cold are not so great here as in Illinois, Massachusetts or Kansas, with entire freedom from sudden changes experienced there, which is destructive to fruit buds and vegetation. There are not a dozen days that the thermometer falls below zero in winter, and it is nearer thirty above oftener than lower. In usual winter weather the mercury falls to eighteen or twenty degrees above at night. There is a noticeable lack of wind during the months of October, November and December, and the winter winds are almost invariably warm—in



ACROSS "THE SWITCHBACK" FROM TACOMA.

EASTERN APPROACH TO THE BIG TUNNEL.



ACROSS "THE SWITCHBACK" FROM TACOMA.

THE FIVE TRACKS.

Indian jargon, the "chinook," or "good wind," blowing from the southeast, by which like magic the snow disappears in a remarkably short time.

It is a well known fact that snow is a wonderful protector of fruit buds, and when grain is protected by snow, as it nearly always is here, the certainty of a large yield is almost assured. A remarkable tendency of the soil to retain moisture, and the coolness of the atmosphere, explains the phenomena of the large crop yields without heavy rainfall in summer. A fall of two or three feet of snow occurs in January or February, settling to the depth of one foot, when the first sleighing is fully enjoyed by the energetic mountaineers. Roads are nearly always of the best, winter or summer. These broad plateaus, rolling hills and ranges of mountains are nearly two thousand feet above sea level.

The summers are delightfully cool, with the exception of a few days, when the thermometer reaches ninety degrees in the shade, followed by cool nights, when two or three blankets are required, rendering sleep really "tired nature's restorer," and fires not uncomfortable. A careful observer will notice that almost invariably a mist or fog follows frost in early morning, so that slight harm results to fruit buds. The tendency of almost everything to overbear is sometimes corrected in this way, part being destroyed.

The soil freezes very little under the warm coat of snow, and plowing is often continued almost up to the first of January, commencing again the first week in March. Potatoes left in the ground often "volunteer," and yield fifteen pounds to the hill. Potatoes under good cultivation sometimes weigh four pounds; stock beets, twelve; rutabagas, thirty; carrots, ten; cabbages, thirty pounds (have heard a well authenticated account of one weighing ninety, but I will not vouch for the story). Pieplant, melons, beans, peas, celery, cauliflower, cucumbers, artichokes, asparagus, pumpkins, squash, jump beans and sweet herbs do remarkably well on upland. Corn is grown for home use—meal and roasting ears. Wheat, barley and oats are the principal cereals.

Wheat not unfrequently yields fifty bushels to the acre; barley, seventy-five; oats, eighty. Of course these crops must be given the very best cultivation, and the season favorable, to insure such large yields. Rye, as far as tried, yields well, but is hard to eradicate. Hay can be grown profitably. Flax is a natural production. Beet sugar making will be engaged in

when the proper machinery for manufacturing the product can be procured reasonably.

Methods of farming are identical with those in the East. Prices of products very little higher. Living is as cheap, or cheaper, than in the East, from the fact of the farmers' ability to produce such heavy crops of vegetables, fruits, etc. The lumber interests will for many years employ much machinery and many men, and pays well.

Cattle raising can be engaged in here more profitably than in Colorado, Montana or Nebraska, and the abundant and nutritious bunch grass gives a nurture from which cattle are taken in good condition to the slaughtering pen. Cattle and horses live on bunch grass in the winter, but it is a cruel practice and loss often occurs. Stock should be fed about six weeks. Wealthy farmers are importing fine stock of all kinds, and are not greatly behind Eastern enthusiasts in that respect. Beef cattle sell on foot for \$30.00 to \$40.00 per head; milch cows, \$30.00 to \$35.00; a good team, about \$200.00. Farmers with small means use cayuses, the native Indian pony, weighing from three hundred to eight hundred pounds each, and ranging in price from \$5.00 to \$30.00.

Of cultivated fruit, the apple, pear, quince, prune, cherry, plum and grape do best. Of berries, strawberries are raised by the bushel. I have seen one—a James Vick—measure six inches in circumference. Gooseberries, raspberries, currants and blackberries could not bear better. I think high-bush huckleberries and blueberries can be raised. Cranberries are a success all along the coast, when the soil can be flooded. The wild red, white yellow and black currant bear abundantly near streams. The sarvice, or Juneberry, is to be found everywhere and is much used. Choke cherries and thimbleberries (a species of raspberry), and low-bush blackberries bear abundantly. Wild gooseberries are abundant, but too small to warrant the time to pick and prepare for use, when in two seasons, very large cultivated ones can be raised in gardens. The only kind of nuts are hazelnuts, which are to be found in some localities.

There is much desirable land open to settlement under the land laws of the government, much that can be purchased at a nominal price from the railroad company, whose office is at Sprague, and much that can be bought from present holders at from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre.

There are a great many quarter sections open to settlement which, by the records of the U. S. land office, appear to be taken up. They have been filed upon by parties not able to make proof, and are subject to entry again by any one who has not exhausted his right's. A little patience in looking up such cases will reward a settler. There is a class of shiftless men here, as elsewhere, who are always ready to "sell out" and go elsewhere, and good bargains may often be had from them. There is, also, much land which has been taken up by men residing in towns, who never intended to live upon and cultivate it. Much of this, also, is for sale at reasonable figures. The immigrant who alights from the cars at Sprague, will find himself at the nearest railroad point to a large area of the finest arable prairie land in Washington, where the opportunities to acquire land by homestead, preëmption or timber-culture entry, or by purchase, are good, and where he will meet courteous treatment and kind attention from the citizens.

While I was in Sprague I was shown a collection of the products of Lincoln county, which had been gathered for exhibition at the fair in St. Paul. There was wheat which yielded forty-two bushels to the acre, and oats which had given sixty-nine; corn of several varieties, large ears and sound and perfect kernel, one stalk of dent corn being thirteen feet and two inches in height; turnip weighing sixteen and one-half pounds; squash weighing seventy-five pounds; cabbage-heads weighing from twenty to forty pounds; pumpkins of enormous sizes; melons—water, musk, cantaloupe, nutmeg and banana—of good size and delicious flavor; cucumbers, both of the ordinary and snake variety; tomatoes, onions, beets, peas and beans of the best quality; Japanese radishes, both black and white, and potatoes of large size

and sound center, as white and mealy as any that ever came from the ground, which had produced from one hundred to three hundred bushels to the acre. There were specimens of cultivated grasses, including great bunches of alfalfa grown on the top of the hills without irrigation, and timothy six and one-half feet high, with a head nine and one-half inches long, also wild rye grass eight feet high. In the line of fruit, though early in the season, there were splendid specimens of pears, apples, crab apples, prunes, plums and peaches. Taken altogether it was a magnificent exhibit, and when it is considered that it was gathered from a newly settled region, which was but a few years ago considered only fit for a stock range, it forms one of the best possible evidences of the rapid and wonderful development of Eastern Washington.

The Colville mines, which have come so prominently into notice during the last two years, lie due north of Sprague, with which they are connected by a good wagon road, by the way of Fort Spokane, near the mouth of Spokane river. Both of these points are nearer Sprague than Spokane Falls, yet the mail routes have been established from the latter place. All the supplies for Fort Spokane are freighted from Sprague, and if the Western mail were sent by the same route it would reach the fort a day earlier than by the present route. An effort is being made to have the postal authorities take proper action in this matter and establish a route from Sprague. The same is true of the now famous mines of Salmon river, in the Okanogan country, north of the Columbia. The distance to these mines from Sprague is about thirty miles less than from Spokane Falls, and a mail route should be established from that city. Much teaming to the new mines is being done from Sprague, which possesses the two ad-

vantages of the shortest route and the least streams to cross. It is this fact which renders Sprague such a good location for a foundry and machine shop. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the richness of the mines. It is conceded by all practical miners that on Salmon river have been discovered mineral lodes of extent and richness superior to any others in the entire Northwest, and such being the case, it is evident that the railroad town which becomes the base of supplies for the mines must derive a great benefit from that fact, grow rapidly and prosper amazingly.

The railroad outlook is a cheerful one. This is the most advantageous initial point for a branch line of the Northern Pacific into the Big Bend country. Last fall the citizens of Sprague organized the Sprague & Big Bend Railroad Co., and made a preliminary survey of a route to Condon's near the Columbia, with a branch to Davenport. They found a practical route, with easy grades, through a fine agricultural country which would supply a paying local traffic. By building this line the Northern Pacific would place itself sixty miles nearer the mines and tap one of the most extensive and productive agricultural regions in the Columbia basin. Whether the Northern Pacific builds such a route or not, there seems to be no doubt that the O. R. & N. Co., when it decides to extend a line to the new mines, will do so by the Sprague route. Endicott, twenty miles to the south of Sprague, is the nearest town on the line of the Palouse branch of that road, and the best situated as a starting point for the mines. The most natural and available route from that point is by the way of Sprague and the line surveyed by the citizens to the northwest. Pressure in Portland, and a due regard for its own welfare, will no doubt compel the O. R. & N. Co. to thus tap the mines of Salmon river, as they are now doing those of the Cœur d'Alene.

There is, also, a good prospect of another transcontinental route passing through, or near, Sprague within two years. The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern is building across the mountains from Seattle, and has expressed an intention of going through the Big Bend country, which they will undoubtedly do, as it is on a direct eastern route, and is the finest body of agricultural land within reach of that road, and is within easy reach of the new mines. The topography of the country is such that a line of this kind, especially if it is to form part of a through line crossing the Bitter Root mountains, would cross the Northern Pacific in the vicinity of Sprague, and it is a fair presumption that the company would prefer to pass through the city to crossing at some point where no business could be had. It is supposed by many that this road is to form a portion of the Manitoba system, which will be completed from St. Paul to Butte this fall. Major Rogers, engineer of the Manitoba, has spent the spring and summer in a reconnoissance of the region lying between the Rocky mountains and Puget sound, looking up the most practicable route for a railroad, crossing the Bitter Root mountains, the Palouse and Big Bend countries and the Cascades to Puget sound. This line, when definitely located, must pass through, or near, Sprague, for the reasons given above. It would seem, from the considerations mentioned, that Sprague has excellent prospects of soon becoming a railroad center of considerable importance.

There are several other towns in the county, such as Davenport, Harrington, Mondovi and Sherman. The former lies north of Sprague and has a population of about 300. It is the terminus of a branch line surveyed by the

Sprague & Big Bend Railroad Co., and was formerly the county seat, by selection of the legislature when Lincoln county was created. It has a number of good business houses, and a good newspaper, the *Times*, published weekly. It is one of the rising agricultural towns of Eastern Washington.

THE HUMBUG WAR.

THE number of creeks and mining camps baptized "Humbug" by some disappointed miner, who had expected too much and realized too little, was legion in the early days of gold mining. Some of these have been re-christened, while others still bear their honors proudly, and live to prove that a homesick and disappointed miner is not always the best individual to decide on the merits of a mining camp. The one where occurred the event which, like the little cloud, grew till it covered the whole heavens and threatened to strike the United States from the map of the world, is the Humbug so well known in Siskiyou county, a few miles northwest of Yreka. In no portion of California and Oregon did the people suffer so much at the hands of hostile savages as in the region of Klamath and Rogue rivers. The mountain tribes were more fierce and warlike than were their humble and lazy brethren of the valleys and sunny slopes of the Sierras and Cascades, and from the time the miner first set his foot in the mountains that roll away in all directions from the feet of their white-haired monarch, the noble Shasta, a constant warfare marked their intercourse with the native proprietors of the soil. Scarcely a year passed by without a war of extermination being carried on with some of the many tribes, and a continual state of skirmish existed in several localities. For an Indian to appear in any mining camp immediately after an outrage had been committed, was an insult to be punished with instant death. The miners were busy and could not spare the time to try an Indian. They occasionally tried a white man who had fallen under their displeasure, but time was too valuable to be wasted upon a dirty Indian, and a rope or a bullet soon settled matters. It was a favorite practice. "Good Indians" were in demand, and this was the usual method of making them. A number of natives always lived at peace with the whites, and these had frequently to suffer for the iniquities of their more turbulent relatives.

One day in the latter part of July, 1855, two Indians, under the influence of liquor, that vile product of civilization, that has done more to exterminate the savage races than the bullets of their enemies, were riding along the lower Humbug, and were met by a man named Peters, who endeavored to learn from them where they had procured the whisky. One of them resented such undue familiarity by shooting Peters with a pistol, and was himself wounded in the abdomen by the dying man, who drew his revolver and fired as he fell to the ground. The two then dashed off

toward the Klamath river at full speed, while the news that the Indians had killed a man spread like wildfire along the creek. Men swarmed out of their claims, seized their weapons, and prepared for revenge. Two companies were organized, and started that night for the rancheria, on the Klamath, to capture the murderer and bring him back for punishment. The next morning they came upon the Indians on the opposite bank of the stream, a narrow but deep, rocky and turgid torrent. All overtures to the savages to send over a canoe were refused, and, finally, a noted Indian fighter, who rejoiced in the name of Greasy John, sprang into the stream and swam over, covered by the rifles of his companions. He secured the canoes, brought them back, and the men crossed over, had a talk, and took Tyee John and two young bucks prisoners, leaving the wounded one, as he was expected to die in a few hours. While going up the divide between Little and Big Humbug, the captives took off most of their clothing, innocently remarking, "Too muchee hot," an opinion perfectly in accord with that held by a majority of the party. Suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, they made a leap for liberty, plunging down the mountain side with leaps and springs such as a man running down a steep declivity only can make. One of them was seized and secured before he had taken six steps, but Tyee John and the other escaped, followed first by a few scattering shots, and then a rattling volley of harmless bullets. The remaining prisoner was taken to Humbug City, and the unusual course of a regular trial was followed. Justice McGowd discharged him and sent him back the next morning under guard.

The return of Tyee John and his companion to the rancheria was the signal for a general massacre. That

night they passed down the Klamath, and thirteen men met their death in the darkness and silence of night. When the men in charge of the returning prisoner reached the Klamath the next morning, and learned of the cruel work of death its banks had just witnessed, they promptly shot the young buck, threw his body into the stream, and returned to Humbug with the horrible news. If the miners had been excited before, they were now doubly so. Men were sent out in all directions to warn the miners to be on their guard, as there was no telling where the blow would fall next. An Indian was captured on the creek and taken to Cody's trading post, where he was shot and tumbled into a "coyote hole." Two Shasta Indians were caught the same afternoon in Yreka, and put in jail on suspicion. The next morning Dave Colton, the sheriff, since famed in railroad circles of California, let them out into the hands of a mob, and they were quickly strung up to the limb of a convenient pine tree. This was done in a most heartless and barbarous manner. Men crawled out on the limb and raised and lowered the strangling men by the rope about their necks. The mob then made a raid on the negro quarters, claiming it was there that Indians procured whisky and ammunition. Here they were overawed by the determination of one man, and the better element of the town soon suppressed them. The same day the people of Deadwood bethought them of a friendly Indian who was working in a claim on McAdam's creek. He did not belong to the tribe that committed the massacre, and had not even heard of it; but that made no difference—he was an Indian, and that was crime enough. They took him into custody and sent him with an escort to Yreka, where they well knew he would take his place with the others on the

tree; but before going far the prisoner was shot from an ambuscade, when his escort tumbled him into a mining shaft, and returned to Deadwood to report progress.

When the news reached Scott river, the rougher element captured Rising Sun and another peaceable Indian, who were working in a claim, and took them to Scott bar. By this time night had set in, and the crowd gathered about in the darkness to see their champion, Ferd. Patterson, a noted desperado, who finally met his death in Walla Walla, shoot the two prisoners. One of them he killed, but Rising Sun sprang through the crowd, brandishing a huge knife some friend had given him, and rushed down to the river. He ran nimbly across the foot-log, and then dropped silently into the stream and lay under the log with only his nose and mouth out of the water, while his pursuers passed over his head and ranged up and down the river, firing at every stump and shadow their imagination could torture into the semblance of an Indian. When all was quiet, Rising Sun departed for happier scenes. The next day after this, a large party of half-drunken men went from Humbug City to the mouth of Humbug creek, where was a small rancheria of peaceable Indians, and killed two old bucks, two boys and a squaw, the others escaping across the Klamath. While these twelve innocent Indians were being killed, preparations were going on for a pursuit of the guilty ones. About the first of August four companies, one from Scott river, under Captain John Hale, and three from Humbug, under Captains Lynch, William Martin and Daniel Beam, left the Humbug for the north side of Klamath river. They numbered, in all, one hundred and seventy men. As the volunteers approached, the Indians retreated toward Oregon, and finally scattered, so that they could

not be followed. Two of these were found to have gone to the Fort Lane reservation, on Rogue river, and proved to be members of the Rogue river tribe, living on the reservation.

Here was a difficulty. The fugitives were under the sheltering wing of the United States. The first instinct of an American citizen, when dangers threaten or calamities fall, is to meet and pass resolutions. It is the great safety valve of the nation. Having met and given vent to his feelings, the American citizen feels that his duty has been nobly done, and retires to his home with quiet satisfaction. The volunteers called a meeting and drew up resolutions, preceded by a long "whereas," which stated their grievances, and wound up with the following significant passage: "That if at the expiration of three days, the Indians and property are not delivered to us, and the permission to seek for them is not granted, then we will, on our own responsibility, go and take them wherever they can be found, at all and every hazards."

A committee of one from each company was deputed to present these resolutions to the commandant of Fort Lane. This individual was "Old Baldy," well known to the nation as Gen. W. F. Smith. To him the committee presented themselves and made known their errand, placing in his hands the formidable document that was to make the army of the United States quake with fear, and turn pale the cheek of the brave captain who received it. He read it, but his cheeks blanched not; instead, they were suffused with crimson. The paper trembled in his hand, but it was passion, and not fear, that shook his frame. He burst out with an oath, and said he had a notion to arrest them all; that the Indians were under his protection, and would be delivered up to the proper authorities when demanded in a legal man-

ner; that the settlers of the valley were then gathering in their crops, and to excite the Indians on the reservation would bring ruin and desolation to the whole valley, a statement that bloody deeds and burning cabins but a few months later amply verified; that he understood his business, and did not propose to be dictated to by a set of irresponsible volunteers, who were determined to stir up trouble and inaugurate a devastating Indian war; that if any volunteers came near the fort with arms in their hands, he would blow them higher than Fortuna's servant blew the dragoon.

Back went the committee to their anxious comrades, and detailed the reception they had met with at the hands of Captain Smith. It was then unanimously agreed to attack the fort on the third day if their demands were not complied with by that time. Plans of attack were suggested and rejected; observations were made of the surroundings. Finally, a most strategic scheme was evolved, such as has no equal in the most brilliant ideas of Cæsar or Napoleon. If there was any one weapon the miner understood as well as, or better than, he did the revolver, it was whisky. Just what could be done with whisky they all knew. They had seen its effect upon others, and had tested it upon themselves. They resolved to entice the private soldiers away from the reservation, get them all drunk, and then march in and occupy the premises. The whole thing was so easy it made them laugh to think of it. In imagination they could see themselves marching boldly up, while the valiant captain shrieked and howled for his blue-coated minions to repel the attack, and silence alone gave answer. It was funny. They met around the camp-fire to talk it over and poke each other in the ribs. The United States seemed about to be plunged into a war, in which the first

victory would perch upon the banner of armed rebellion. The West Point hirelings were to be utterly routed and demolished before the forty-rod tarantula juice that flowed from the sutler's tent. Alas, for the schemes of the brave volunteers! Captain Smith planted the two cannons at the fort in a commanding position, put the whole camp in a state of defense and sat down with impatience to await the coming of the volunteers who proposed to whip the United States army. They came not. They saw the preparations made to receive them, and were satisfied that an advance on headquarters would be no picnic excursion. This of itself was enough to discourage them; but what finally broke the back of their plans was the utter failure of the liquor scheme. Not that the liquor was not strong enough, but the soldiers could not be inveigled from the reservation. The strategists learned that the fatal defect in their plan was their ignorance of the usages of the army. They then discovered that, in times of peace, leave of absence is granted to but few at a time, and in times of war to none. This was an occasion demanding the presence of every member of the garrison, and the whisky lay in the sutler's tent with no one to drink it.

The volunteers lay in their camp on Sterling creek on the night of the third day, preparing for the work of the morrow. Captain Martin sat beside his camp-fire absorbed in thought. The whole United States rose and passed in procession before his mind, and at last the little mining camp of Humbug and the few volunteers on Sterling creek, who proposed to inaugurate a war against this mighty power. He laughed. He sauntered over to the headquarters of Lynch's company, where the men were busily getting ready for what was before them.

"Well, boys, getting ready, are you?"

"Bet your life."

"Well, I am not."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been thinking this thing all over, and have come to the conclusion not to let my men go into it."

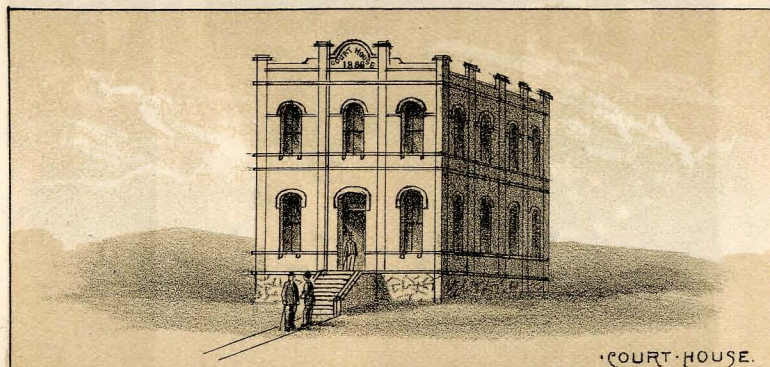
"Why not?"

"Well, we take a pretty big contract when we undertake to whip the United States government, and those of us who don't get killed will most probably spend the remainder of our days in Alcatraz. The view from there is lovely, I know, but I am inclined to the opinion that it would soon become monotonous—too much of the same thing, you understand."

It was wonderful how quickly the opinion gained favor among the others. The belligerent volunteers became as harmless as doves. They were at once reminded that their claims were lying idle, and that they had started without a supply of provisions or sufficient clothing, and that the nights on the mountains were cold. Back they hastened to the familiar haunts of Humbug, to delve again for the shining ore, and tell what they would have done to the army if the whisky had not gone back on them. California and Oregon are full of men sitting around and telling what they would have done, or how rich they might have been, if something had not happened, while their meat and grocery bills steadily increase.

In the following September was commenced that great Indian war that devastated Southern Oregon from the head of Rogue river valley to the ocean, and from Port Orford to Crescent City, in California. Scores of whites and Indians were killed, and the smoke of burning cabins filled the air. When this was over and peace was restored, the two Indians implicated in the Klamath massacre were surrendered by Captain Smith, to the sheriff of Siskiyou county, and lodged in jail in Yreka. The grand jury met, but failed to find evidence sufficient to bring an indictment against them. This made no difference, for their death was as certain as if the sheriff had the warrant for their execution. Friends of the murdered men were about town awaiting developments. Sheriff Colton released the prisoners, but he had taken pains to let these men know when it would be done. The irons were stricken from the Indians' limbs, the door was opened, and they were told to go, that they were free. They went, but some men walked up, locked arms with them, and led them just south of town, where they were shot and thrown into an old mining shaft, where their bones lie to the present day. One of the most absurd features of this whole affair is, that the volunteer companies which besieged Fort Lane have actually been paid for their services by the government.

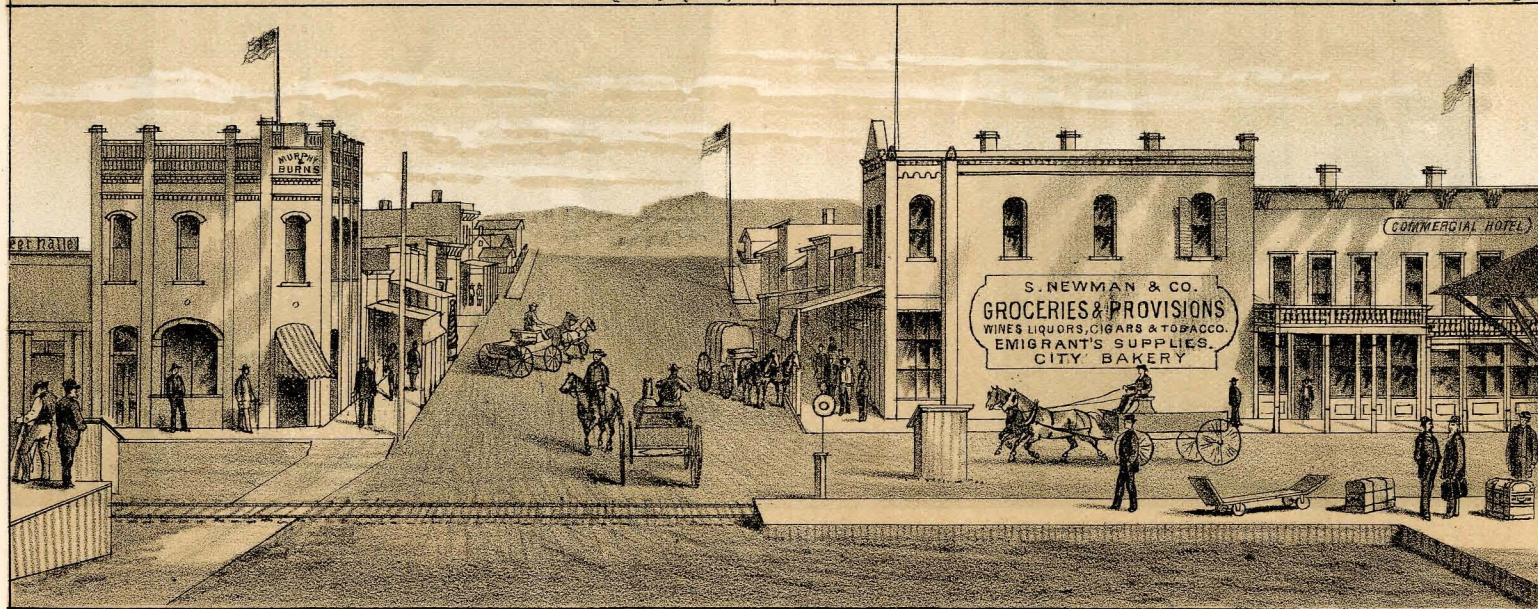
HENRY LAURENZ.



COURT HOUSE.



ROLLER MILLS.



SPRAGUE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.



ACROSS "THE SWITCHBACK" FROM TACOMA.

THE DOUBLE HORSESHOE.

IN THE TULE.

IN the Northeastern part of Oregon lies the lovely Grande Ronde valley. Like a vast amphitheater—designed by nature, for life's great drama—it is low and level, but entirely surrounded by the irregular Blue mountains; while over it bends, eternally, a smiling azure sky. Half-way across this valley is a soft, marshy tract of land known as "the tules." Here, tall and perfect, grow the painted and brodered cats-tails; and here, also, at certain seasons of the year, a false step on the deceptive surface of the earth would take one down to a terrible death. Straight through this swamp, a year or two ago, came the railroad. Old settlers shook their heads and said there would be a terrible accident there some day; but the work progressed steadily, and when the summer came, trains began to run, regularly, through the Grande Ronde valley.

On a ranch, adjoining the tules, lived farmer Deane. His wife was dead, and his little daughter, Nell, kept house for him. She was a thrifty little housewife, too, though only fourteen years old, and a sort of sister-mother to her little six-year old brother. All her life Nell had lived in the shadows of the Blue mountains. Of the busy world they shut out, she knew nothing. She had no books to read, and her father toiled early and late, and had forgotten the little he had ever known of any other or different life. In the summer she arose at four o'clock in the morning, and went merrily forth, in the early sunshine, to milk the cows. At six she returned to the house and prepared their simple breakfast. Then, when her father, with a hopeless face, and stooping shoulders, had gone, patiently, like some dumb, tired animal, to his day's drudgery, there were the dishes to be washed; the milk pans to scald, and scour till they would reflect back Nell's healthy, sparkling face; the milk to be put carefully and neatly away in the cool, dim spring-house; Bertie's hair to be combed, his face to be washed, his lessons to be taught; there was bread to be baked, and an early dinner to be cooked. For the long, drowsy afternoons there was always sewing; and for the sweet, fragrant evenings, when Nell longed to go out and run, like some wild, free thing, over the fields to the hills beyond, there were everlasting mending and knitting.

So she found no time to indulge even her love for nature. But, sometimes, she would pause in her work if a robin perched in the old cherry tree and poured out his soul in song; and a troubled, far-away look would steal over her rapt face, as though she had strayed back into some other world, where, once, she had heard this music. Or, if her clear eye watched a lark soar over the valley, and disappear over the mountain-line, something would rise up and fill her little breast to overflowing—a something she did not understand herself, but which was, really, a wild longing to be free; to pass over those eternal mountains, and see some other life beyond.

When the railroad came it comforted her. It seemed, to her, like a thing of life, winding on its shining way till it

was lost in the cañons. It bore past her life from the outside world. She took it, and all that concerned it, into her empty heart, and loved it; even as the engineer loves his engine, which never seems inanimate to him. Nell's home stood on the edge of the tules, and the railroad ran through the center of the latter a quarter of a mile from her door. But never, day or night, did a train pass but she heard it, and ran to her window to look at it, and dream of it, and of the precious human freight it bore.

One cool, crisp October night, Nell and Bertie were alone. Their father had gone to "town" to stay over night, and, as she locked all the doors at dark, and took the sleepy child up-stairs to bed, a sudden feeling of loneliness took possession of her. After Bertie had said, drowsily, the simple prayer she taught him, and fallen asleep in her arms, she laid him gently down, and, going to the open window, threw back the curtain, and looked anxiously out. It was a still, moonlight night, almost as light as noon; but, all over that level country not a living thing or a light, could be seen. Only, far away in the pastures, tinkled the cow-bells, as the cattle grazed on the grass greened by the previous week's rain. Suddenly, as she looked and listened, a dark cloud drifted over the moon, and, again, a shiver of loneliness shook her slight frame for a second. She called all her courage to her aid, and, hastily undressing, crept into bed beside her little brother, and soon fell into a heavy slumber. How long she slept she did not know. She was aroused by a frightened cry from Bertie.

"Nell! O, the tules are on fire!"

The child was standing up in bed, his eyes, wide open with horror, turned to the window.

"I dreamed it, Nell, and I jumped up and—"

Nell sprang out of bed, and half dressed as she ran to the window. As she fell on her knees by the casement, a sound smote the still, night air that turned her cold with horror. It was the shriek of the locomotive, up in the mountains—the one that carried through the midnight passenger train.

"And father gone!" she whispered, with shaking lips.

It was not for herself she feared, for the wind was blowing the fire from her home. But the railroad was burning in the midst of the tules.

Only a quarter of a mile further on the road curved around the mountain, and then went climbing, twisting, up the cañon. The engineer, being compelled to run slowly and cautiously over the mountain, began to run like lightning as soon as he reached the mouth of the cañon, to "make up time."

Already, in imagination, Nell could see the headlight flash around the curve, could hear the wild shriek of distress from the noble engine, and then—

She put her hands tightly over her eyes to shut out the awful sight she had conjured up.

"There's only me," she murmured, shuddering; then repeated, "only me!"

But, suddenly, she sprang erect, her eyes dilated and flashing, her face glowing.

"If only there's time!" she cried. "If only there's time!"

Then she stooped over Bertie. Her eye was calm now, her voice steady. "Bertie," she said, "dress, and sit here by the window till I come back. Do not *move* till I come back. Do just as sister tells you, and if the wind should change, and the fire turn this way, take the road to town, and run—*run*—never stop."

She shuddered at the thought. But she knew if she hesitated all was lost. So she stooped and kissed him.

"Remember, Bertie," she whispered, once more, "do not move till Nell comes."

And the child repeated after her, with wide-open, frightened eyes: "Not ti' Nell comes,"

Down the rickety stairs she sprang, and, running down to the barn-yard, found two light, narrow boards, which she dragged behind her. She ran to the edge of the marsh, threw one plank out on the treacherous surface, paused one instant to wave her hand to Bertie, and sprang lightly upon it. It quivered beneath her weight, but did not sink.

She ran to the end, dragging the other after, and flung it out beyond the one upon which she stood. Then she stepped upon it, stooped, with a clear head, and lifted the one she had first thrown down. So far she had often gone in play, but had never ventured more than two lengths from firm ground.

But a quarter of a mile! Could she do it? And if she failed, might not the fire circle around her and shut out both paths? She did not dare think about it. A glance at the rapidly-spreading fire revived her sinking courage. She made her way, slowly now, but steadily, and had almost reached the track, when a brighter glare and an intense heat caused her to glance behind her. The fire had made a sudden leap and was chasing her, being already uncomfortably near. She did not utter a sound, but her face turned white as death, and a silent prayer filled her heart. Mechanically she turned to take another step forward, and then, for the first time, she felt that she was sinking.

"God, help me!" she murmured solemnly, and the wish crossed her mind that she might sink, entirely, in that awful mire rather than be burned to death. She thought of her home, her father, and Bertie. How could they live without her? And, after all, her sacri-

fice would be in vain! Only God would know how hard she had tried—how hard!

But, suddenly, a wild cry of joy broke from her; her feet had touched something firm. Instantly, flashed through her mind the remembrance that she had heard her father say that in some parts of the tules there was firm ground about a foot beneath the surface. Trembling, she took two or three steps forward, knowing that no fate could be worse than the one in store for her if she hesitated. The ground still seemed firm beneath her feet, and she went plunging, like some wild thing, through the mire, sinking half-way to her knees at every step, or leap.

Breathless, she reached the track, gave one glance behind her, and one thought, in gratitude, to Heaven; drew her breath quickly and fully, and then sped on her way. Stumbling, staggering, panting, she rounded the curve and found herself in the full glare of the headlight of the approaching engine.

"Too late!" she cried, with a breaking heart; and then, as though she felt *somebody* must hear, she flung her arms above her head and shouted aloud: "Fire! fire!—in the tules!" and, seeing they did not seem to hear or notice her, her courage suddenly failed her and she sank, fainting, upon the track. The engineer saw her as she fell, and instantly reversed the engine; but it was too late. The engine passed slowly over the slight form, and the wheels flung it over to one side of the road. Another second, and the train came to a stop; and not a moment too soon; one more length and they would have started on a steep downgrade, and no earthly power could have stopped them in time.

Strong arms lifted little Nell, and womanly hands made a soft bed of rugs and shawls. Her body was frightfully crushed, but her face was uninjured, and, though dying, her eyes were clear

and fearless. Every heart was full; strong men wept like children, as they looked down upon her. Feebly, drawing long, gasping breaths between words, she spoke:

"It's—all—right. If—you—hadn't—run—over—me, you'd—never—known I—meant you—to stop. Tell—father—and—Bertie—"

Hours afterward, when the fire was under control, they carried the sad news to Nell's home. At an up-stairs window, looking out with wondering, tired eyes, sat a little child.

"Ti' Nell comes back!" he said, always, when they spoke to him.

But Nell never came back again.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

A STAMPEDE.

THE threatened abandonment of the old Chisholm cattle trail, leading from below Fort Worth, Texas, up through the Indian Territory, Kansas and Eastern Colorado, brings to mind a story, typical of the cowboy' life, as well as of the trail. It was on my first trip west of the Mississippi, and the train had stopped at Ogallala, a little cow town on the Union Pacific railroad, for dinner.

Ogallala was like all Western towns at that time, had only one street, and that parallel with the track. The buildings, most of them south of the track, and facing it, were built of rough lumber, one story high, with huge, gaudily-painted signs, such as "The Cowboy's Retreat," "Little Daisy Dance Hall," "Rest for the Weary Cow-puncher," and similar characteristic names, all destined to lure the reckless, devil-may-care cowboy, who, just in from the long, dusty drive, fell an easy victim. It was then the terminus of the trail; every herd of cattle or band of horses invariably wound up there, with all the animals that were left, the drovers having a practice of selling, from the time of crossing the

Kansas line, all the way up through Colorado, and into Nebraska. As the train drew up at the station, the unwonted, and altogether novel, sight of some fifty cowboys, all in their strange, not to say picturesque, garb, consisting of stiff-brimmed sombreros, leather chapporajos, and high-heeled boots, drove all thought of an anticipated poor dinner out of mind. Some were seated, leaning on their horses' necks, others lounging in front of the saloons, or on the platform, while still others were either going or coming at full speed along the dusty streets.

There was one young fellow with such a frank, pleasant face, that he at once drew attention to himself, as he stood by the door opening into the dining room, laughing with one of the waiting maids. He was of average height, slight, but well-limbed, and judging by the faint suspicion of a moustache, which adorned his otherwise smooth, even boyish, sun-burned face, he could not have been more than twenty. He was decidedly a dude cowboy, for the broad sombrero, surmounting his black, curly hair, was of spotless white, while the leather

hat band was heavily studded with silver buttons. Around his neck, he wore a bright red silk handkerchief, knotted in a careless way, forming a not unpleasant contrast to the dark blue, closely fitting shirt. His trousers were completely hidden by a magnificent pair of chaparrajos. They were made of Angora goat skins, with the long, silky wool, undyed, left on the front of both legs, the leather facing being stamped in flower designs. His feet were small, and encased in fine, tightly-fitting boots, with "three inch," or "ten cent," heels, so called because they were so high that when tapered off, they were, at the end, just the size of a dime. Silver inlaid spurs, with massive silver conchos ornamenting the spur straps, completed what was, in spite of the garrish colors, an altogether pleasing picture.

As the crowd from the train surged in to dinner, he was left alone, the girl going inside to attend to her duties. Turning away, he began to roll a cigarette. Wishing to draw him into conversation, I approached him and extended my well-filled case. He thanked me and accepted one, and immediately said—

"You are just out from the East, are you not?"

I replied in the affirmative, and after some little conversation, I drew the following story from him:

"You ask if the life I lead is not dangerous and exciting. Well, I don't know that it will sound exciting, but if you had been with me just after we got into the territory this trip, you would have thought so, I reckon. We went into camp one night after a long drive, with all hands tired out. I was the only white man in the outfit, besides the boss. We had a nigger cook, three greasers, and four nigger riders. I was drawing pretty good wages, and was the top hand. It was our custom to be with the herd all the time, night or day, either the

boss or myself. I would stand guard half the night, with two of the hands on three-hour reliefs, and the boss would stand the other half on alternate nights. It so happened, that the night in question, it was the boss' first relief, and I did not have to go on until midnight. As I said, we were all very tired, and as soon as I got something to eat, I turned in, and it did not seem as if my eyes were closed, until I opened them, as one of the greasers shook my blankets and told me the time.

In a few minutes, I had mounted my horse and was out with the herd. The boss told me where they lay, and at which points the restless ones were trying to get away. After rubbing my eyes and getting thoroughly awake, I rolled a cigarette and took a rapid ride around the herd, to see if the nigger and Mexican were on hand. I then noticed that some heavy clouds had begun to bank up in the south, and, every now and then, vivid streaks of lightning shot across the sky. I found the animals quiet enough, most of them lying down, and all well in hand. We were in a little draw, with a high bluff on one side, a creek on the other, and away up the stream stretched a broad, level country. The boss was always very particular in selecting his "bed grounds," so as to have a fair chance in case of a stampede.

"I was sitting, smoking and thinking, I don't know how long. There is nothing that makes a man think of his home and sweetheart, like standing his relief with a herd of cattle. Away off on the prairies, everything was quiet and still all around, except for the steady crunch, crunch of some cow chewing her cud, or the long-drawn breath of a contented brute, stretching himself, and the occasional bark of a cayote off on the hills. As I was saying, I was thinking and half dreaming for some time, it might have

been half an hour, when suddenly, without any warning, a clap of thunder burst over us, that made me jump in my saddle, as the horse reared and plunged; a second more, and a flash of lightning, making things as bright as daylight, revealed every cow on her feet, and all huddled together in a small bunch. The peal of thunder, which followed, was hardly over before the lightning began to hiss and crackle, as it played over the sea of upturned horns, in one seemingly continuous stream of angry blue fire. A frightened bellow of some poor beast was followed by a rumble and roar, that fairly outdid the thunder, and the ground trembled as if an earthquake was upon us.

"My horse, after his first plunge, had stood perfectly still, shaking like a leaf, but in that second he bounded forward as if shot out of a canon. It all happened in a moment; scarcely four seconds could have elapsed from the first thunder clap until I was rushing through the darkness at tremendous speed, and I knew it was a stampede, and that I was in the lead.

"Gentlemen, you have no idea what that means; you can't comprehend it until you have been there yourself. Often, around the camp fire, I had heard men talk of a stampede, and of being caught in the lead, and had wished I might have the experience, even while the men themselves told the tale with bated breath, and with the fervent prayer, that never might they again be placed in a similar position.

"I was scared—scared to such a degree that I was nerveless—and it is a mystery to me how I kept my seat those first few moments. Behind me I could hear—almost feel—that great, compact, moving mass of animals. No sound came from them, but the mighty thunder of the thousands of hoofs, which seemed to have sent a chill, as of ice, to my very

bones. As I remembered the long stretch of level country, which lay ahead of us, I began to hope, and in another moment I had regained all my faculties. Gathering the reins up close in my hands, I urged my horse forward. I remembered the creek on my right, and the bluffs on my left, and all the time I had an unformed thought, that a swerve in either direction, to say nothing of a prairie-dog hole, and I would pass in my checks; yet I seemed to have hope, and began to reckon how far the bluffs extended up the stream, and wondered if I could not begin to turn them.

"On and on we went. It seemed to me that we had gone ten miles already. My horse was breathing loudly, but not for a second did the brave little fellow think of giving up; not until he dropped would he have done so, as long as he heard that awful rumble behind him, scarcely twenty feet away. Still we kept on, and I began to feel that we were swinging off to the left, and at the same time, were ascending a slope. In a moment more and we were on level ground again. The herd had been bearing to the left, and were now up onto the mesa, at a point above the bluffs.

"The night had been so dark I could not see my horse's head. The lightning had ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and now the moon began to break through the clouds. The feeling that we were still bearing more and more to the left, gave me greater hope, and presently I heard a shout, and I knew the boys were all there, on the right wing, crowding the cattle to the left in a circle. 'If you can stand it a little longer, old boy,' I said to my horse, 'we are safe.' The pace began to slacken, and the circle to grow smaller, and I knew if my horse could keep his feet for ten minutes more, the cattle would begin milling, and the race would be over, and my horse and I safe.

"But even as I spoke to him, he began to totter, and with a shriek I will never forget, he pitched forward, rolling over and over. A cloud of dust, a rush of heated air, and I was sitting on the ground holding my head. The cattle had gone past me and I was safe, without a bone broken. The horse lay about twenty feet away, with his head doubled up under him, dead. The fall had broken his neck.

"My horse had been bearing to the right all the time the cattle had been

bearing to the left, and when he fell, we were on the edge of the herd, and the fall had thrown us both clear of the cattle, who were running in a close, compact bunch."

The engine whistled, and as the conductor cried "All aboard," I gave the young fellow a hearty grip of the hand and left him smiling, and as I entered the car, he turned to the girl again, and Ogallala was lost sight of in a cloud of dust.

BAILEY AVERY.

THE WILD MAN OF CAMAS.

IN Fairfield, Illinois, between the years 1850 and 1861, there lived a grandson of Philip Nolan, named Clarence Nolan. The history of the grandfather, as published by Edward Everett Hale, is well known. It will be remembered that in 1807 Philip Nolan was a lieutenant in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of the army was called under Jefferson's administration. Nolan, with others, made an attempt to capture that portion of the United States west of the Rocky mountains, for the purpose of setting up an independent and separate government. He was apprehended and taken before a court martial presided over by Colonel Morgan, and when questioned as to what, if anything, he had to say in his own behalf as a citizen of the United States and an officer in her army, laughingly replied, "D—n the United States. I wish I may never hear of the United States again!" In fifteen minutes after this the court decided to send him out upon the seas, never again to see his native land or hear her name mentioned. The sentence was carried out, Philip Nolan dying at sea on May 11, 1863. He was a man very fond of adventure, and was willing to enter into anything that would lead to it, let it be honorable or dishonorable. The punishment he received was severe, but not more than deserved was under the circumstances. These few words in regard to Philip Nolan are not because of his connection in any way with this story, but only to show that the characteristics and peculiarities of people for good or evil will reappear in after generations, and to urge our claim that men may commit crimes because they have inherited the germ, and it is a part of their being.

Clarence Nolan, and Alfred Danforth were schoolmates in Fairfield. They occupied the same desk from 1855 until 1861, during which time Nolan was looked on favorably by the teachers, and enjoyed a good name among those with whom he was most intimately acquainted.

Danforth also held a place in the hearts of his associates; and, both being unusually bright lads, advanced rapidly in their studies, and at the close of their school days graduated with high honors. Danforth was of a mild, yielding disposition, and placed implicit confidence in the human race. Although well read in the works of art and science, he had no taste for fiction or travels, and could not be induced to read Dickens, Dumas, or any other of the standard authors of that class of literature. In short, he was a youth who knew nothing of the world, with its schemes and deceptions, the many classes of men with whom he was destined to come in contact—that many a good and honest young man is every day being carried away into iniquity and crime by evil associations. He could not understand why his bosom friend Nolan became so infatuated with books of travel and adventure and blood-curdling romances. He often asked Nolan why the history of the Walker filibustering expedition into Central America interested him so deeply, and the reply was always the same, "Read it, and you will see." Nolan would read romances and books of adventure till late at night, then retire only to dream of them. The germ inherited from his grandfather was taking root.

Six or eight months before the close of the school days of these two young men, Nolan began cautiously to instill the poison into the mind of the unwary Danforth. "At first he abhorred, then endured, then embraced," and the two finally concluded to go to the "Wild West." Preparations were hastily made for the long, and, to them, romantic journey. When the time arrived for their departure Danforth was very much depressed in mind and loth to leave, but kept up his spirits as best he could. Ida May, his sweetheart, felt sad forebodings in her heart, but being a girl of

true womanly courage, and possessing a knowledge of the trials and responsibilities to be endured by all through life, only wished him success, gave him a kiss, and looked as calm and contented as possible under the circumstances.

The wagon train in which they left consisted of sixty or seventy wagons and the number of men was about one hundred and fifty, all armed with the best guns to be had, and, by corraling the wagons, they could keep at bay almost any number of Indians who might make an attack, until help could arrive from the front or rear. The trains of families, fortune seekers and adventurers were numerous, and all went thoroughly armed, knowing the dangers of the broad expanse of wild country through which they were obliged to pass. During the journey nothing occurred worth relating, except that the train was attacked by Crows on the Platte, and by the Snakes at the upper crossing of the Malad. Most of those in the train went as far as Auburn, Oregon, where Nolan and Danforth concluded to remain through the winter, and in a short time both were occupying good positions in a large mercantile house. By strict attention to business and gentlemanly conduct they became favorites in the community, and enjoyed the implicit confidence of their employers. In the fall of the following year, 1862, wild rumors were set afloat by two or three men of the discovery of wonderfully rich gold fields in Idaho, then Eastern Oregon, as the Territory of Idaho was not created until March 9, 1863. The mines proved to be what has since become known as Boise basin, evidently an old lake, about eighteen miles in diameter, the different streams of which find an outlet through Moore creek to Boise river. Our two young adventurers, against the earnest solicitations of their employers and friends, left with a crowd of excited

prospectors for the new "diggings," It is not out of place here to mention that Danforth and Ida May kept up a regular correspondence, through which he continually urged her father to come West, and, very naturally, to bring the family with him; but now, as no mail route had been established between the new Eldorado and the outside world, for a time, at least, no letters could be exchanged. He duly informed her of the fact in a long letter. In due time Nolan and Danforth reached the new mineral fields.

About two hundred and fifty men remained in Boise basin through the winter of 1862-3, but as the snow fell to the depth of five or six feet, nothing of any consequence was done in the mines, which were placer; but a town was laid out at the junction of Moore and Elk creeks, to which the gold seekers gave the name of Bannack. The buildings erected that fall were of log, as lumber could not be had, and the inhabitants, mostly old-time prospectors and mountaineers, spent the winter months playing cards and drinking, whiskey being their choice of liquor. Several unpleasant occurrences took place, and the graveyard half a mile west of town was started by the burial of a man who had been killed in a shooting affray. By the first of March, six men had been killed in drunken and gambling rows.

Some of the gold seekers were "broke," and those who were obliged to mine during the winter did so at great disadvantage, which was by the rocker process. But they found the ground in both creeks to be immensely rich in gold. Nolan and Danforth were obliged to work hard on their claim to keep up current expenses, flour being \$1.00 per pound, and all other necessities of life selling at proportionately high prices. This was not encouraging to two young men who went there with the intention

of sacking up gold nuggets for shipment, and, although their chances for making an honest fortune the following year were exceedingly good, the contrast between their visionary ideas and the hardships and realities of life were not too pleasant. At times, when feeling despondent, they spent their evenings in grog-shops, playing cards and drinking bad whisky. By spring they could each swallow a good quantity of the ardent before breakfast, and, in fact, had no appetite till they did.

During the month of April the snow nearly all disappeared, the wagon road over the Blue mountains was opened for travel, and people began pouring into the new camp from all portions of California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington Territory. They were followed by the rough element—sharpers, gamblers, cut-throats and horse thieves—in fact the very worst elements of the Pacific coast flocked to Bannack by hundreds. Saloons, gambling dens and dance houses were erected in rapid succession, and flourished. As proof that the saloon business was a paying one, John Kelly, a well known violinist, was engaged to play in the "Miner's" saloon for one year at \$100.00 per night, which would be a good week's salary for most any good musician. Nolan had read, in his light literature, of such places, and was glad to see one in reality, while Danforth became infatuated with romantic life, and often wondered to himself why it was that he could not resist the temptation to visit the dens and dance houses. Nolan was an apt pupil in learning the ways and schemes of the lower classes, and naturally enough, after all sense of honor had become hardened, conceived the idea of swindling Danforth out of his half interest in their claim. So, one day, he went to the cabin of one of his picked-up associates, and, after acquainting him with his wishes, asked

his opinion as to the best course to pursue to accomplish his ends.

This friend's name was John Thomas, but better known as "Johnny-behind-the-rocks," which cognomen was given him because he had, while living in Nevada, hid behind a pile of rocks, and unobserved by his victim, had committed murder in cold blood, for which he would have been hanged in most any other section of the country.

"I am in no good fix to talk business now," said Johnny. "I drank a little too much last night, and have a terrible headache this morning."

"I am sorry," replied Nolan, "for this thing must be done right away, before Danforth gets enough money out of the claim to fight a law suit with."

"Oh, if I could only get a couple of jolts I would be in shape to talk in a few minutes. That would drive the headache away."

In a few minutes the two were standing at the bar in the saloon kept by "Billy, the Kid," the lowest groggery in town. Nolan called for the drinks, when Johnny, with a knowing wink, asked Billy to set up the best liquor he had in the house. Both men drank whisky out of the same bottle, but the glass passed to Nolan had been "fixed," by being smoked inside with tobacco smoke, and afterward washed so clean that the most expert bar-keeper could not have detected anything wrong about it.

"Here's success to your shrewd speculation," said Johnny, as he drank. The drinks were called for three or four times in rapid succession, all at Nolan's expense. At last Johnny said he was in good condition to talk business, when the two scoundrels repaired into an empty corner of the room and sat down.

"Well, how would you go about it?" asked Nolan.

"See here, pard, I'm an older hand at

that business than you are; now you do just as I tell you and Danforth will be minus all of his interest in two days' time. I have a plan which we used to work those tender-feet with in Hangtown, California, and she'll work just as good right here. What you want to do is this: Let me go and jump the ground—re-locate it, you understand—and then you want to go to Danforth and pretend that you are awful mad, and want to kill somebody, and all that sort of thing. Then I'll tell you, where he can hear us, that if you care anything for Mr. Nolan, you had better not make any tracks on that claim. I'll wave my old Colt's six-shooter, and you must begin to get scared. You will then go to Danforth, and tell him that you don't propose to risk your life by staying here any longer, and coax him to leave with you, as you know I will kill him if he stays around this camp. After you get him away, you can slip back and work out the claim."

The "fixed" drinks had their effect on Nolan, and put him in just the proper mood to eagerly adopt Johnny's plan, which he was certain would succeed admirably. In a few moments more Nolan was snoring loudly, and Johnny went to the claim, posted his notice of re-location, and in an hour's time a copy was duly recorded in the proper officer's books.

A day or two after the re-location was made, Danforth went to the claim to commence the work of putting in a ground sluice, and was thunderstruck when Johnny called his attention to the notice of re-location, and ordered him never to put his foot on the ground again, under penalty of being shot down like a dog. Of course Danforth had only one thing to do, and that was to leave the claim. With discouragement pictured on his brow, Nolan was found and the situation of matters explained to

him. Nolan became apparently very much enraged, and declared he would kill Johnny on sight, but Danforth begged of him not to commit the rash act. After two or three days of meditation, Nolan began to think that the land really was subject to re-location, and at last persuaded Danforth into the opinion. At any rate, the two soon took their departure for Florence, two or three hundred miles to the north, where it was reported there were large tracts of rich placer ground.

At Florence there was no vacant land worth locating, and after remaining there three or four weeks, Nolan managed to give his partner the slip, arriving at Bannack the following week. On going up to the claim he had so shrewdly wrested from his partner, he found about twenty men at work, and Johnny and two or three other rough looking characters guarding it with Henry rifles.

"Don't you come onto this claim!" yelled Johnny.

"Why, but you know it's mine."

"Oh, no; I'll just fool you. I've located this claim according to law, and d—d if I don't hold on to it."

"Well, but you know you was to give it back to me."

"Say, look here, you d—d tenderfoot, if you come nosing around here any more, I'll make a regular lead mine out of you. Now you git, and don't you come back, either."

Nolan saw he had met a shrewder rascal than himself, and gave up the idea of trying to get possession of the ground. After this, Nolan drank to excess for two or three weeks, and could always be found in the worst dives of Bannack. His companions were cut-throats and desperadoes, and it so happened that every time he would absent himself from town for two or three days, news would be received of murders and robberies.

Early in the summer of 1864 a messenger arrived from Fort Boise, a fort on Boise river, thirty-five miles southwest of Bannock, late one afternoon, with the news that a terrible massacre had been committed in the valley, six or seven miles below the fort. A train of emigrants, consisting of about one hundred and fifty persons, was attacked by Indians at daylight the same morning and nearly all massacred. The messenger brought information from the commander of the troops that his force was too small to make a successful pursuit, and called for volunteers. A company of two hundred men was soon organized by the election of Jeff Standifer as captain, and a full set of subordinate officers. No man was accepted as a member of the company who did not have a horse and gun. At daylight on the following morning the company passed out of town and in the evening, about 4:00 o'clock, reached the scene of the massacre. Corpses were found lying in all conceivable shapes. One man was found who was yet alive and conscious. He informed Standifer that while the Indians were robbing the dead one of the number, who appeared to be commander, saved every greenback he could find. The description as to size and actions of the man caused Standifer to suspect very strongly that he was none other than Nolan disguised as an Indian. The dead were buried that evening. The Indians were followed up the next day and a large number killed in an engagement on the Owyhee, fifty miles to the south.

Standifer was not only a good Indian fighter and thorough mountaineer, but also a man possessed of more than ordinary intellect and information, and a good judge of human nature. He suspected Nolan of being the leader of the Indians. He also suspected him of being connected with the stage robbery

between Baker City and Olds' ferry, on Snake river; the murder, for money, of Moulton and another musician between Centerville and Placerville, and of various other crimes. Nolan had several times been arrested, but always succeeded in proving an alibi by his associates. The number of robberies that were committed between 1862 and 1870 would fill a large volume, and in this they are merely mentioned so that the reader will understand that robberies and assassinations were of frequent occurrence. We will also mention the fact that Nolan became noted throughout Southern Idaho as a desperado, feared even by the authorities of the law; was several times under arrest charged with robberies, but always released for lack of evidence against him.

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In the early history of every country, when it is wrested from a savage and untutored race, many strange traditions and stories gain circulation, which are of course myths originating from some natural phenomenon. In 1865 stories of the "Wild man of Camas" were rehearsed, but the general impression was that they were circulated to frighten timid prospectors. Whether they were circulated with that view or not, the effect was the same.

One evening in August, while a party of thirty or forty prospectors were camped at the upper crossing of the Malad, on the east side of Camas prairie, one of the men, an old French trapper named George Parody, declared that he had actually seen the "Wild Man of Camas" two or three miles below camp, and begged of his comrades to go and help him capture the "beast." Now, George had well earned the reputation of being the best story teller in the party; and it was generally recognized, too, that a man could not relate as many adventures as he had and at all times

confine himself strictly to the truth. His position was like that of the boy who hallowed "wolf!" and, plead as earnestly as he might, and pledge his "honest Injin," no one would accompany him, and as it was useless to undertake the capture alone, he was obliged to abandon the idea. He ever afterward maintained, however, that he saw the "Wild Man of Camas," and was within only a few feet of him when he jumped up out of a crevice in the lava rock and climbed up a steep cliff in front of him. When questioned as to the appearance of the man, Parody invariably gave the same description, which was near as the writer of this, who was with the party, can quote:

"The beast wasn't as big as I am, I don't think, but he might be. I got so excited it is hard to tell just exactly how he did look. But I tell you the truth, gentlemen, when I say that his hair hung down to the ground and his beard came down to his knees. His finger nails were that long (measuring the whole length of his hand, which was an unusually large one), and he had on a coat which looked just as if it were made out of a deer skin. He was the wildest looking creature you ever saw, and it was a caution the way he climbed that cliff of lava rock to get away from me. I do believe he was scared worse than I was. I wished I'd shot him; he would have been such a fine specimen to send to Barnum."

The party remained on the Malad about a week, during which time two human skeletons were found. They were supposed to be those of white men who had been killed by Indians and the flesh eaten from the bones by coyotes or wild animals, which were abundant in that section of the country. Some galena ore was found in the neighborhood, but as it was considered worthless no locations were made on the veins, and

the quartz, which was discovered in abundance, showed no free gold or silver, so the party proceeded up the river over the divide at the headwaters and onto the Salmon. The permanent camp for the next week was about ten miles below the head of that stream, at the mouth of a creek which empties into it from the west side. Parody, notwithstanding that it was very dangerous for any one to go any great distance from the camp alone, the country being full of Indians, was in the habit of shouldering his rifle and going to the highest peaks of the Sawtooth range in quest of mountain sheep, which were plentiful, but hard to get at. On nearly every one of these trips he either returned with a goat or sheep, in fact, the little company were almost dependent on him for fresh meat, and considered him almost indispensable, notwithstanding his proclivities for stretching the truth whenever he could secure a credulous audience.

After one of his day's tramps through the high granite peaks two or three miles to the west of the camp, he returned very much fatigued and apparently somewhat unsettled in mind; appeared to be troubled, and did not enliven his comrades with his visionary stories of travels or adventures. Once or twice he was on the point of saying something, when one of the men suggested that he must have seen the "Wild Man of Camas" again, and been scared out of his wits. It was three or four days before he ventured again to become confidential, and when he did, related the following to the writer and one or two others only, which was about as follows:

"Last Sunday I started to go to the top of that peak two or three miles beyond, and if you won't tell any of the other boys I will tell you what has been worrying me ever since. I followed up

what I thought was a sheep trail over the slide rock, and when right under that high cliff about five hundred feet above the creek it went right into a cave. I made a torch out of some slivers off of a pine log and went in. It was not very large, and only ten or twelve feet in diameter, and the entrance only about twenty feet long. It was just high enough for a man to stand up straight in—nothing remarkable or strange about that—but it was what was inside that put me to thinking. On the left of the chamber was a bed of wild hay and fir boughs, and scattered about were the bones of different animals—principally mountain sheep and deer—also fish bones. Two or three bows and thirty or forty arrows were scattered on the rock floor. But, hold on; I found something more I want you to be sure not to mention, and we'll get rich yet. In a little nook in the side of the cave there were specimens of ore which were nearly pure gold and silver. I dared not take them away, for I didn't want the fellow who put them there to suspect that any one had found them. Some time we will go back and follow the inhabitant of the cave and find out where his mine is."

We considered this another one of Parody's visionary yarns, and merely gave him a hint to cut the story short by asking him if he had ever heard of the "Wild Man of Camas."

After an unsuccessful tour of three months prospecting for the precious metals in the Sawtooth range, snow storms became of frequent occurrence, and the party very prudently returned to Idaho City, the name to which Bannock had been changed. Many stories of the "Wild Man of Camas" were afloat. None knew the origin of them, or who had seen him, and the general opinion was that some practical joker had put them in circulation to scare

timid prospectors, as before suggested. After the winter of 1865-6 it was but seldom that the mythical stories were referred to, although occasionally some prospector would claim to have seen a wild man, either in the Camas prairie country or the Sawtooth range.

Before tracing events any farther, or to again make an attempt to trace up Nolan and his crimes, or return to Florence for Danforth, it should be stated that John May, with his family, including his daughter Ida, Danforth's sweetheart, arrived at Idaho City in the summer of 1868, coming by rail from Illinois to Kelton, and from there to their destination, three hundred miles, over the Utah and Idaho stage line. Ida was now twenty-three years of age, being but sixteen when she parted with Danforth seven years before. From the time the latter had gone to Florence, Ida had not heard a word of him or received a line, and supposed that, through bad associations and a wandering life in the far West, he had been led away from the path of rectitude and forgotten how she loved him. She loved him still with all her heart, and entertained faint hopes of bringing him back to her, if she should be so far favored by Providence as to find him. She was sure that he could be brought out of his erring ways, at least, by her gentle influence, and even if his love for her had fled, there would be some consolation in saving him from a useless and reckless career. Her love for him, notwithstanding his neglectfulness of her, was so earnest, so sincere, and so pure and holy, that the mere mention of his name would send a shudder through her frame, and the tears would start from her eyes. Her great courage and strong will would become overpowered, and she would have to yield to that love she was fighting so hard to cast away. The mellow gleam

in her large gray eyes made her look beautiful, indeed, and she was loved by all. Music gave her a sort of melancholy consolation, and at times she would sit for hours on the river bank playing the guitar, and she never ceased one of these reveries without plaintively humming "Come Back to Me," and "Home, Sweet Home."

At last it could be plainly seen that her health was giving way under the heavy pressure on her mind, and not only the family, but their friends, began to entertain fears that she was not destined for long in this world of sorrow, with its many changes and disappointments. Society, music and books were not enough to overcome her depressed spirits. At times there would be a revival of cheerfulness, but the reaction would cast her still deeper into the gloom. It is not necessary, in this short story, to enter into minute details of her two years' residence in Idaho City. Suffice it to say that it was one of continued sorrow to herself, dread to the family, and apprehensions of friends. During these two years, no reference was ever made of fears as to her failing health, or the name of Danforth ever mentioned in her presence.

In 1870, another Indian war broke out. This was the first time that Cooper's noble red man of the forest had started out after a fresh supply of scalps for three or four years, and as the people had thought Indian troubles at an end, they became unusually excited as the news of another Bannack and Shoshone outbreak reached their ears. These tribes had been repeatedly whipped and silenced by United States troops, under General George Crook, and volunteers under Jeff Standifer. Still they were not conquered, and longed to repeat their old-time butcheries. This time the troubles commenced about one hun-

dred miles east of Fort Boise, and the call for volunteers was promptly responded to by all the towns of Southern Idaho. Boise basin, as usual, sent out a good force, and as Jeff Standifer had been killed a year or two before, in the Black hills, Dakota, in a fight with the Sioux tribe, it was necessary to select a new captain. After a good deal of speculation as to who would be the most suitable man for the position, William Martin, an old mountaineer and Indian fighter, was chosen. The selection was a good one, for he possessed the additional qualification of a cool head, and could plan with the same caution in the heat of battle as out of it.

Leaving late in the evening, and traveling all that night and the next day, the company had arrived at the point where the battle had taken place, on Corral creek, in the western extremity of Camas prairie. Not an Indian, or sign of any, had been observed on the trip, and nothing of importance having occurred, the men and horses being tired out, it was concluded to camp and rest over night. Next morning the march was resumed, but not before scouts had been sent ahead and given two hours the start, as the command was in a dangerous country, and a sudden and unexpected attack might prove very disastrous. Some of the men were jubilant over the favorable chance offered for gathering in a few scalps, some wished they were home, while others feared the Indians had left the country. The little company cautiously advanced into the timbered foothills skirting Camas prairie on the north. While thus marching, some of the men talking in undertones, some meditating, and others straining their eyes looking for Indians they had rather not see, "bang, bang," came several shots in rapid succession from the cliffs on the mountain side, and one of the men fell from his horse, either

killed or badly wounded, as he remained where he fell.

"Make for the timber! Dismount and tie your horses, and don't you shoot without good aim! Save your ammunition, boys!" shouted Captain Martin at the top of his voice.

A few of the men sat like statues on their horses, apparently unconscious of the danger to which they were exposing themselves, but who were, to tell the plain truth, paralyzed with fear.

"Come into the timber and tie your horses, you d—d dummies!" came the order from the captain, in a very commanding tone, which was mechanically obeyed.

The Indians were between the scouts and the main force, and could be seen steadily advancing by darting from rock to rock and tree to tree. The shooting was rapid, and the little bunches of smoke seemed to be issuing from every place that offered concealment from the savages. After fighting desperately for fifteen or twenty minutes, the men, after losing several of their number, realized that it was useless to attempt to cope with so overwhelming odds, there being at least two or three hundred well armed Indians, protected by rocks and timber, and began to fall back. This they did by dodging from tree to tree, toward a thick brushy country in the direction of the valley, leaving their horses in possession of the Indians. Some of the men left on the field were lucky in being instantly killed, as their condition was much better than that of those who were only wounded and fell into the hands of the savages.

The commander of the Indians, directly contrary to the custom of the western tribes, stood on a high prominence and viewed the battle with a field glass, while his subordinate chiefs were confronting the dangers of battle. When this was observed by the scouts, who

were in a position that did not afford them an opportunity to assist their companions, suspicion entered their minds that the head chief was not an Indian, but a white man in disguise. Two of them, by concealing themselves in the undergrowth, slyly approached, and, thanks to their unerring aim, at the crack of their rifles he fell, unobserved by the savages, who were following the volunteers through the brush into the prairie. The scouts went to the spot to get the scalp of the chief, but found that he was not dead, and soon discovered, too, that he was none other than Clarence Nolan, dressed and painted up as chief.

"Let me finish the d—d scoundrel," said Billy Elder, drawing his six-shooter from his belt.

"No, let's revive him first, and see if we can't make him give away the plans of the Indians," suggested "Old Dad" Freeman. "I want to find out something about who has been doing all of this deviltry through the country for the past seven or eight years. Let me scare it out of him." When Nolan became conscious, and realized into what hands he had fallen, he pleaded piteously for mercy, which was just what Old Dad so much desired.

"Say, you d—d rascal, if you don't tell us all of the plans of those devils, I'll heat this gun barrel red hot and ram it down your infernal throat. Out with it if you want to die sort of easy."

Nolan explained the plans of operation in detail, which enabled the men to subsequently lay plans for victory. After Nolan had given all the desired information asked, Old Dad again questioned him—

"Now tell us about some of those robberies and murders that have taken place through this country for the past seven or eight years."

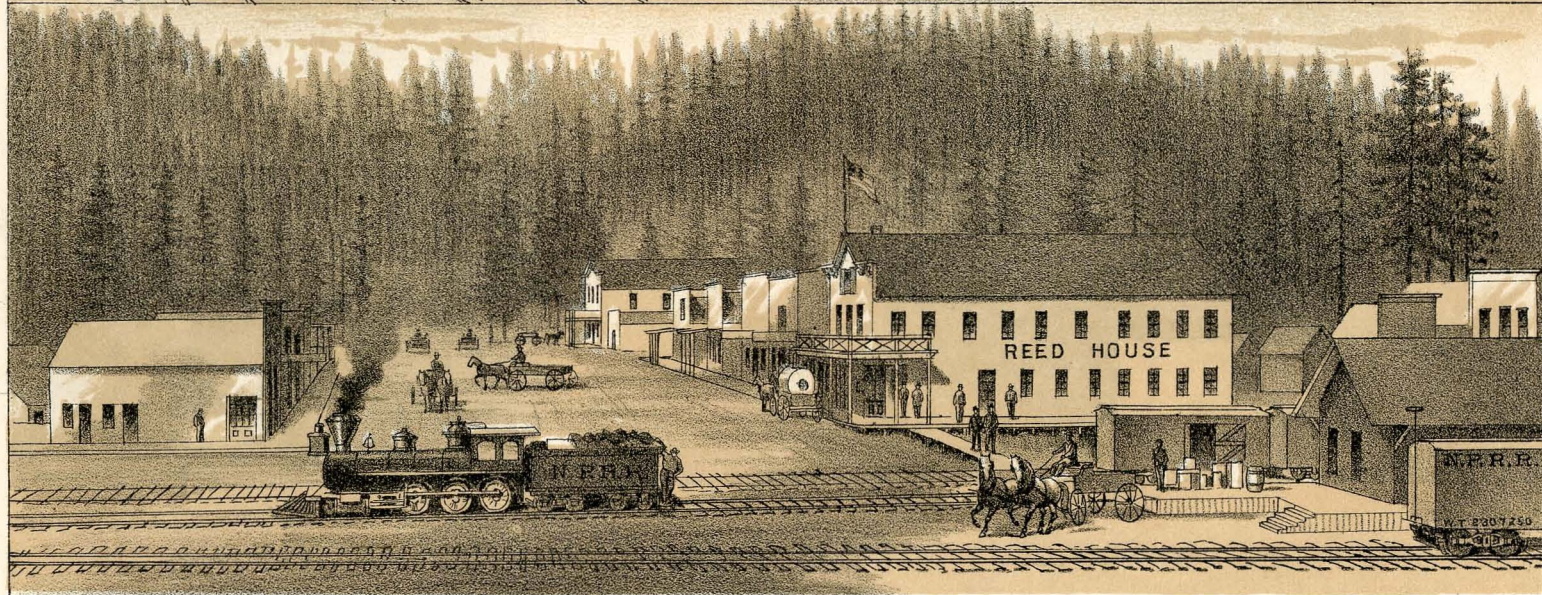
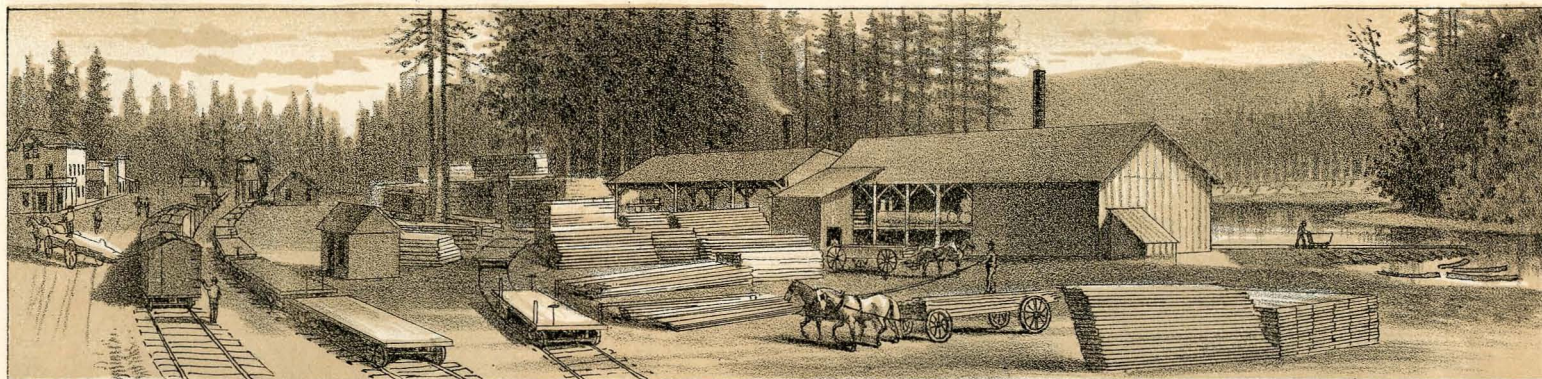
Nolan hesitated. This was very natural, as there probably never was a man so low in the scale of human degradation, who would not rather have the memory of his worst crimes die with him.

"Look here, you speak, and be pretty d—d quick about it, too, because you might die before everything is told."

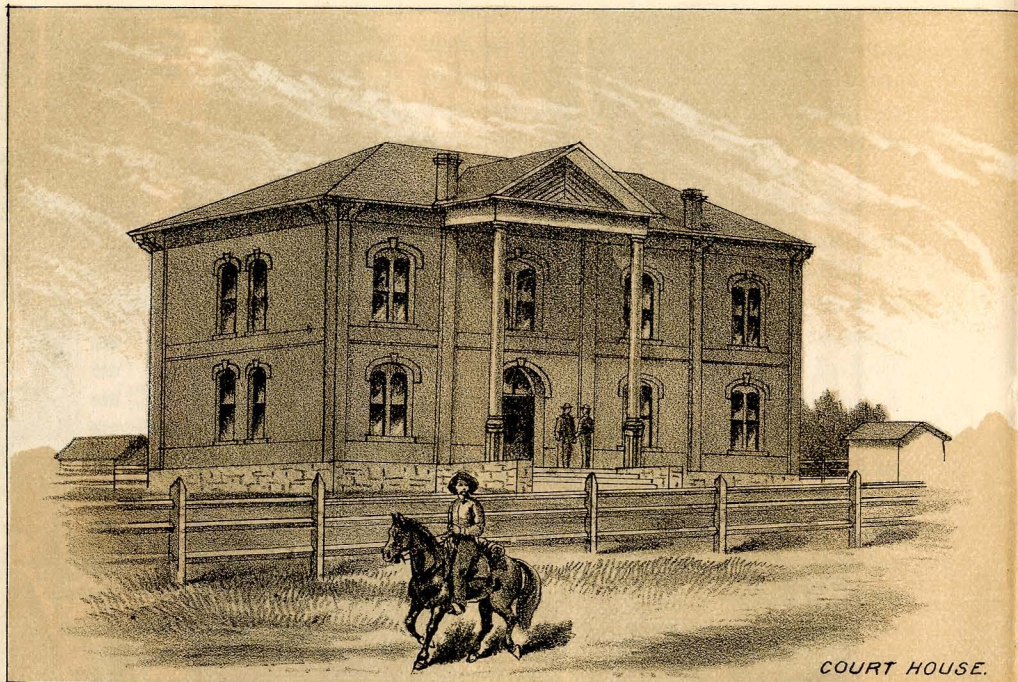
Nolan plead earnestly for the men to allow him to put his confession in writing, to which they consented. In half an hour Nolan, having finished, rolled the sheets up and tied them with a buckskin string, wrote the name of Ida May on the back and requested that it be not opened before delivery. This caused some of the men to suspect the young lady of being connected, in some way, with the crimes that had been committed. They had granted Nolan's request, however, and the pledges of those brave mountaineers were not to be broken. Nolan lived two or three hours longer and then expired with the most pitiful pleadings to God for mercy. Like his grandfather, he truly repented, but too late. Justice is severe, yet just.

A week after Nolan's death the final engagement with the Indians took place on the Owyhee, seventy-five miles south of Fort Boise. A large number of Indians were killed and many captured. Those who escaped ceased hostilities and fled into the mountains to the north.

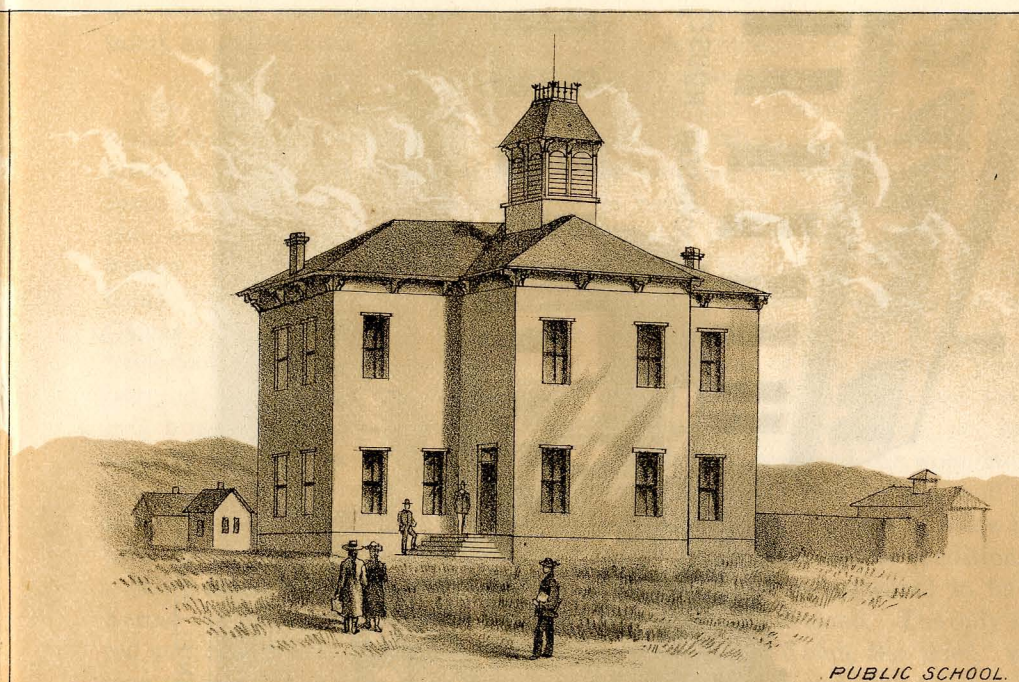
On reaching Idaho City the manuscript written by Nolan was delivered to Ida May and she was requested to read it immediately. When she opened it, after being told that the author had been killed, she turned pale, and as she looked at the signature, swooned away and fell into a brain fever, from which it was feared she would not recover. The cause of her extraordinary excitement can only be explained in one way, and that is that, as Nolan and Danforth were bosom friends when they left Illinois,



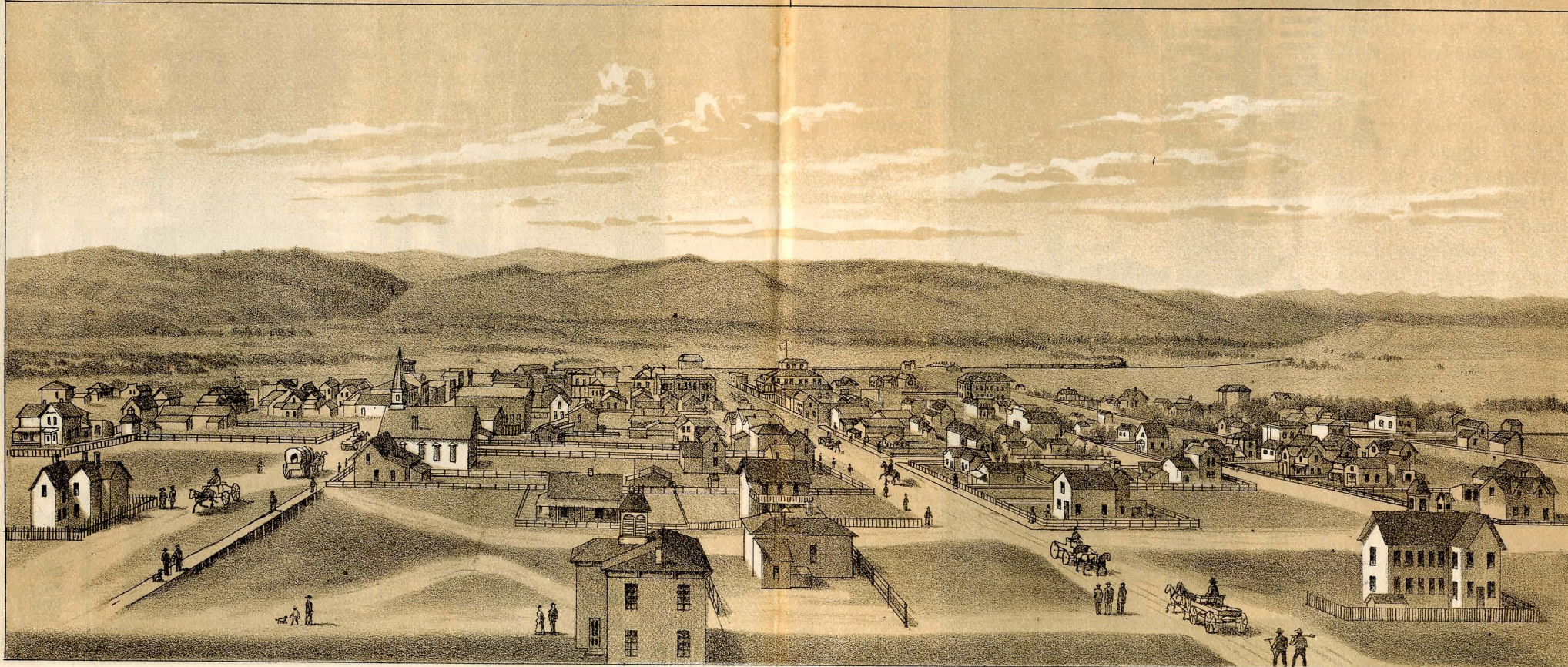
WASHINGTON-CLE-ELUM, THE IRON AND COAL MINING CENTER.



COURT HOUSE.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.



WASHINGTON—GENERAL VIEW OF ELLENSBURGH, KITTITAS COUNTY.



WASHINGTON—A STREET VIEW IN ELLENSBURGH.

her affianced was beyond doubt, in her mind, an outlaw also.

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The visionary George Parody protested that on the same day Nolan was killed he saw the "Wild Man of Camas" jump out from a rock on the mountain side, and rapidly disappear in the thick timber. He had by this time begun to think that perhaps the "Wild Man of Camas" had something to do with the "Sawtooth cave," and was continually begging some of his friends to go and help him solve the mystery and find the mine from which the rich gold and silver specimens had been taken. At last two men who were idle and willing to take the trip for a little recreation, if nothing more, agreed to accompany him. Across the mountains it was one hundred and fifty miles to the head of Salmon river, and six days were consumed in making the trip on horseback.

When the vicinity of the cave was reached Parody became almost frantic with excitement and anticipations of success. He could hardly wait till after dinner to go to the cave. After dinner the three men wended their way up the trail to the cave, and were soon engaged in examining its contents. After Parody had instilled confidence into his companions the three stationed themselves on the side of the mountain to await the arrival of the occupant, whoever he may be. With the disappearance of the sun behind one of those high crags so numerous in the Sawtooth, a figure appeared on the mountain side, which caused the men to gaze with curiosity. It was evidently that of a man with long hair and beard, and dressed in skins. Parody forgot all about the plan as arranged to trace up the location of the mine from which the specimens had been taken, and in a moment of intense excitement fired at the object, when, with a bound, he fell down the mountain side

upon some boulders several feet below. The men repaired to the spot as rapidly as possible, where they found what appeared to be a genuine wild man, stunned from the effects of a wound on the side of the head. A close examination failed to reveal any other marks, and as the injuries on the side of the head were evidently inflicted by the fall, undoubtedly Parody had missed his aim, which he expressed himself as glad of. The sudden sound of the gun had probably caused the man to jump and lose his footing. The prospectors, or, rather, adventurers, removed the wounded man to their camp, where he was well taken care of, and in the course of a few hours came out of his comatose condition. At first all his actions appeared to be governed by instinct alone. The only words uttered were "Nolan, the thief," which he repeated over and over again to himself. It seemed strange that he should speak at all, for he had more the appearance of a wild animal than a man. His hair was jet black, and very thick, long and bushy; a beard covered his face, and hung down the full length of his body; his finger and toe nails were from two to three inches long; and, viewed from a distance of a few feet, presented a really frightful appearance. As days passed he gradually improved mentally, and in eight or ten days' time was again in possession of all his former mental faculties, which was of course brought about by association with his captors. Had he lived for ages alone in the mountains there is no doubt but that he would have continued through them in just the same mental condition he was in when captured.

While the party, happy in having the "Wild Man of Camas" with them, was returning to Idaho City, they informed him of the tragic death of Nolan, and recited many of the crimes he was supposed to have been guilty of. He was

informed of the manner in which he was cheated out of one of the richest placer mines in Boise basin, and his (Danforth's) mysterious disappearance in 1862. The "Sawtooth cave" was talked of several times, and Danforth (by which name we will now call him), after a good deal of thought, remembered living in a cave, or hole in the rocks, and had a faint recollection of gathering up quartz filled with gold, but where he got it he never could form the slightest idea. Before entering Idaho City, the party remained one day on Moore creek, four miles above town, and one of the men went to a dry goods store and purchased necessary clothing for Danforth. With the aid of scissors and razor, and a subsequent bath, Danforth looked like himself again, but did not much relish the idea of having a blank of eight years in his life. On the way to Idaho City, he remarked that he could remember living on the flesh of wild animals, and said he imagined that one winter he killed two Indians on the edge of Camas prairie, and ate their flesh. No attempt was made to revive his memory on that point, however, as such revolting acts are better forgotten than remembered.

In three weeks, after swooning and going into brain fever, Ida May had entirely recovered, but was even more de-

spondent than ever before, if such a thing was possible. It is not necessary to dwell on her sickness; it is enough to know that she was, three weeks after the letter was handed to her, as well as at any time during the past two years. She had read the letter, which was a confession of the many crimes and the wrong done Danforth. To partly repay him, if he could be found, the letter stated where a large amount of money was concealed, and the task of hunting it up, and also Danforth, was left solely to Ida. When Parody, Danforth and their two companions arrived in town, one of the men informed a minister of the gospel of all that had happened, and requested him to accompany them to Jonn May's house, which he did. Several friends of the May family were called in (Danforth knew of no one to invite), a happy evening was spent, and a marriage ceremony performed.

In conclusion, nothing remains to be said, except that the location of the mine from which the rich gold and silver specimens were taken, remains a mystery to Danforth to this day. However, the money left by Nolan was found, and Mr. and Mrs. Danforth are pretty well off financially, and live in a handsome brick residence at Hailey, a new town on Wood river, about seventy-five miles southeast of the "Sawtooth cave."

E. W. JONES.

THE METROPOLIS OF KITTITAS.

EVERY town possesses some advantage, some reason for its existence, and its growth depends as much upon the manner in which those advantages are improved by its citizens, as upon the nature of the advantages themselves. Nevertheless, there are places which seem to be selected by nature for the site of prosperous business communities. Such places spring up and grow by the law of natural selection, until they reach a stage of development beyond which progress is regulated more by the sagacity, enterprise and hard work of the citizens, than by any of the unaided laws of trade. Such a city is Ellensburg, the county seat of Kittitas county, Washington. Situated near the geographical center of the territory, and in the heart of one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of the West, it grew apace until it became the largest business center of an agricultural, pastoral and mineral country many miles in extent, before it received railroad communication with the outside world. A year ago the railroad came from the East and found it prepared for the change in business methods which such new conditions rendered necessary; and three months ago, by the completion of the famous switchback, it was connected with Puget sound, and given an outlet to the seaboard and a market for its varied products. The railroad found it a prosperous town, the only one of consequence in that region, and the citizens have determined that it shall always occupy that position, no matter how many others spring up, of which they hope and expect there will be many.

With the natural advantages it possesses, and the grand start it has acquired, it needs only sagacious and enterprising business men to keep it forever in the lead as the metropolis of Kittitas. Happily for Ellensburg, its citizens are of this enterprising class, men who will not only maintain it in that desirable position, but will bring it into the front rank of the cities of the future state of Washington. There must, in the very nature of things, be at least one city of note in the region lying between the Columbia and the Cascades, and Ellensburg possesses advantages of location and resources which have only to be properly improved to render it secure in that position. A better understanding of the city and its prospects can be had by first describing the region in which it is located.

Kittitas county was, until 1883, a portion of Yakima, at which time it was segregated, and the county seat located at Ellensburg. The county lies between the Columbia on the east, and the Cascade mountains on the west, and between Yakima county on the south, and the western end of Stevens on the north. It contains an area of three thousand six hundred square miles, and a population, according to the returns of the assessor for the current year, of five thousand four hundred and forty-three. Its surface varies from rugged, timbered mountains on the north and west, interspersed with large and fertile valleys, to rolling hills and open plains on the southeast. The hills and plains are covered with the famous bunch grass, which extends even far up on the sides of the

mountains. This wealth of grass, and an abundance of water, render it a magnificent region for cattle and horses, and it was by stock men that the first settlements were made, many years ago. Until recently, stock raising was the chief, and almost the only, industry, but the appearance of the railroad has materially altered the conditions of husbandry, and grain, vegetables and fruit will in the future vie with horses and cattle to make the farmers wealthy.

The principal agricultural district is Kittitas valley, near the center of which Ellensburg is situated. The valley is thirty miles long and about ten in width. Through it flows the Yakima river, after leaving its birthplace in the mountains, and after receiving the waters of the Teanaway, Cle-Ellum, Swauk and other tributaries. The valley is a succession of small valleys and low hills, sufficiently level to answer all the purposes of agriculture. In the valley there is no timber whatever, save a fringe of willow, aspen and cottonwood along the margin of the streams. Sage brush and bunch grass cover the soil to the base of the large hills surrounding the valley, and the bunch grass covers the hills clear up to the timber line. The mountains to the west—the Cascades—are covered with timber, and a number of saw mills are busily engaged in converting a portion of it into lumber for the railroad and for general use. The view from the valley is beautiful. The eye passes in succession from the gray of the sage brush to the brown of the bunch grass hills, thence to the dark green of the timbered mountains, and finally rests upon the jagged summits of the Swauk mountains, covered with snow from November till June.

Kittitas valley is one of the best grain producing portions of Washington, famous as that territory is for its wheat lands. Wheat is large, hard and plump,

and yields often as much as forty bushels to the acre, in fields of fifty acres. Owing to isolation from outside markets, before the coming of the railroad, but comparatively little grain was cultivated. The entire crop was consumed at home, six grist mills in various portions of the valley converting it into flour. Now, however, the Northern Pacific offers it an outlet to Puget sound, where it will be available for foreign shipment. Fully one million bushels were raised this year, and the production of wheat will soon become one of the leading industries of the valley. Another good crop is hay, which has always found a good home market, and of which large quantities are cut every year. It is to be presumed that the opportunity offered by the railroad to ship baled hay to points where it is in demand at fair prices, will have a tendency to increase the production of that article.

Every vegetable which grows in the temperate zone reaches great size and perfection in this region. Berries and fruit also thrive amazingly, and as there is a market for these on the sound at good prices, their production will soon become one of the leading industries. At present the orchards are young and small, but the product of such as have reached good bearing condition is such as to encourage the planting of others. Flax, tobacco, broom corn, hops, sorghum and alfalfa make large crops of excellent quality, and their cultivation will no doubt receive much attention in the future. In some portions of the valley, irrigation is resorted to, and this method produces the best results. There are four ditches in the valley. The Teanaway Ditch Co. has one fifty miles in length, running from the headwaters of the Yakima, and covering seventy-five thousand acres of land. The company has a capital stock of \$250,000.00. The

Ellensburg Ditch Co. has a ditch ten miles long, running from the Yakima, and covering ten thousand acres. Walter A. Bull owns a ditch six miles in length, heading in the Yakima, and Shoudy & Tjossem have just completed one running from the same stream to their new roller mill in Ellensburg, a distance of two and one-half miles.

In the mountains to the north-west are a number of valleys, such as Swauk, Teanaway and Upper Yakima, which are being rapidly settled up. They possess the advantage of contiguity to the railroad, and also to the coal and iron mines now being developed. On the northeastern boundary of the county is Wenatchee valley, lying for forty miles along the stream of that name, a tributary of the Columbia. It varies in width from one-half mile to three miles. The valley is but five hundred feet above the level of the sea, being a thousand less than Kittitas, and is enclosed by high mountains, which protect it from cold mountain winds. It is open to the warm breezes which blow up the Columbia. These conditions render the cultivation of semi-tropical fruits and vegetables possible, and the Wenatchee is becoming famous in that region for its products. Delicious peaches and grapes are produced in abundance, as well as apples and kindred fruits, melons and sweet potatoes. The valley is distant from Ellensburg, by wagon road, forty-five miles, and by trail thirty-five miles. In all the valleys mentioned, including Kittitas, there are many good locations open to settlement.

The climate—more particularly that of Kittitas valley, for farther up in the mountains there is more snow and a different range of thermometer—is thus described by a resident.

To think of this section, or to judge by its location on the map, is to place it in the list of countries whose winters are long and rigorous.

Such, however, is not the case with Kittitas county. Although situated at the base of the Cascades, and between latitudes that would indicate extreme cold weather, its climate is noted for equability and mildness. The severe winters and sultry summers and all the capricious freaks of the elements, so prevalent in the East, are unknown in Kittitas valley. Our climate genial, mild and steady. December 25th of last year there was no snow on the ground, the first that remained with us falling on the week preceding New Year's day. During the summer and fall just passed (1886) Kittitas county has enjoyed a season of unalloyed perfection in weather. Thunder-storms, whirlwinds and tornadoes are things unknown to the settlers of this beautiful mountain valley.

It must be borne in mind that Kittitas county, lying along the eastern base of the Cascade mountains, has characteristics which differ widely from the Puget sound region. This is not only true of the climate, but also with respect to the soil and natural features. In this section the temperature is much lower in winter and higher in summer than it is on the sound. The rainfall is also not one-half as heavy. In all this region, which may be termed the gem valley of the Cascades, the summers are not often very hot. The thermometer, however, frequently reaches ninety-five degrees, and between seventy and ninety is the ordinary temperature. This heat, however, is not sultry, nor nearly so oppressive as a much lower grade would be in the Eastern states, both man and beast being able to labor on the hottest days without any great inconvenience. The nights are invariably cool and refreshing, and make light blankets a necessary part of the bed clothing. During this season there is very little rain from June to September, thus giving the farmer perfect weather for harvesting and threshing his grain. Occasionally, however, the thermometer sinks a few degrees lower, but thirty above zero is about the average temperature. Snow seldom falls before Christmas, and then, in some seasons, it lies a month or six weeks. Usually, however, it disappears within a few days. The speedy melting of the snow is due to a periodical warm wind which blows from the coast. This is called the "chinook." It penetrates the gaps and mountain passes as far east as Montana. Before it the snow melts so rapidly that often, in the course of a few hours, no vestige remains where it lay a foot in depth the day before. Spring begins in February, with warm, pleasant weather, and lasts until the middle of May. At this season of the

year, rain falls in sufficient quantity to give life to vegetation and insure good crops. The average temperature is about fifty-two degrees. Autumn weather in October and November is generally delightful. There is often frost by night, but the days are bright and warm, as a rule. This season is marked by showers and an occasional thunder storm. The mercury ranges between fifty-five and seventy degrees. The truth with regard to the climate and fertility of this region is so at variance with preconceived ideas, that it is hardly possible to state the facts without seeming to exaggerate.

The mineral wealth of Kittitas is great and varied. Gold, silver, copper, coal, iron, limestone and building stone are the most abundant and the most important. There are, also, nickel, antimony, marble and a number of mineral substances found in combination with the precious metals. Owing to the fact that no railroad has hitherto approached nearer than one hundred and fifty miles, the quartz ledges of this region have had but little work done upon them, but now that machinery and supplies may be taken in at reasonable expense, the mineral resources will be speedily developed. For a description of a portion of the mining region, especially that containing the coal and iron deposits, the reader is referred to an article in this issue, entitled "Cle-Elum and the Mines." Other districts are the Peshastin and Swauk. The former lies thirty miles northeast of Ellensburg, on Peshastin creek, a tributary of the Wenatchee. The discoveries consist of three nearly parallel lodes, carrying free gold, as well as gold and silver alloyed with iron and other base metals. There are ten locations, which have produced ore ranging from \$12.00 to \$100.00 per ton in free gold, in arrastras and common quartz mills. Several of these locations have been worked enough, by shafts and tunnels, to demonstrate their value and permanence; yet it may truthfully be said that the district has not yet been fairly prospected. Here is an

opportunity for mining investments, which should be looked into by our miners who have money to put into the business.

Five miles nearer Ellensburg, and just across a mountain divide from Peshastin, is the Swauk district, where placer mining has been carried on for a number of years. The Swauk is a tributary of the Yakima, which receives it before it leaves the mountains. The gold found in these placers is very coarse, nuggets of considerable size being frequently picked up. This indicates that they have not traveled far, especially as they show little evidence of being much worn by the action of water. Nuggets weighing fifty ounces have been found. Much searching for the ledge from which these rich nuggets and gold-studded pieces of float quartz came, has failed to reveal its location. The mining methods have been very crude, but efforts are now being made to introduce hydraulic mining in a practical way, and on a scale sufficiently large to accomplish good results. The gold product of the Swauk will undoubtedly increase largely in quantity in the next few years.

There is another mineral region, which, though not in the same county, is largely tributary to Ellensburg. This is the new quartz district on Salmon river, a tributary of the Okanagan. This district is just springing into prominence, having been under development but two years. Several of the leading locations have been purchased by capitalists of Portland and other places, and will be thoroughly developed and worked. It is generally admitted that the district is equal, if not superior, to the famous Cœur d'Alene, and will speedily become one of the largest ore producing regions on the Pacific coast. Supplies are being teamed into the Salmon river mines from Ellensburg, in common with Sprague and Spokane Falls, and their influence

is already felt on the business of the city.

This brief statement of the extent, character and resources of the country of which Ellensburg is the metropolis, can not fail to impress one with the extremely favorable outlook that city has for rapid and permanent growth. Under the influence of the railroad, whose effect it has been feeling for more than a year, it is pushing ahead most encouragingly. It already contains a population of twelve hundred, and has large business interests. These are classified as follows: Seven general merchandise stores, seven dry goods and clothing stores, three hardware stores, four grocery stores, three drug stores, five cigar, fruit and confectionery stores, three livery stables, two hotels, three restaurants, three barber shops, and a bank.

Until the railroad was completed, lime was so dear that little effort was made to erect brick structures, but now the difference in the cost of brick and wooden buildings is not so great, and nearly all new business structures are being built of better material. There are four good brick buildings, three of them two stories high, besides the court house. The latter is a substantial two-story edifice, with a jail in the basement, supplied with the celebrated Pauley chilled steel cells. It cost \$32,000.00. Two brick yards near town are capable of supplying all of the brick required for building purposes. When Kittitas county was created, it assumed half of the debt of the original county of Yakima. This it has paid, has made many improvements, built a court house, and has a debt of only \$28,000.00, while county warrants are worth ninety-eight cents.

There are six grist mills in the valley, all in the vicinity of Ellensburg, and and Messrs. Shoudy & Tjossem, well known in commercial circles of Washington, have just completed a large full

roller flouring mill in the city, near the depot. The mill has a capacity, at present, of one hundred barrels of flour per day, but this may be largely increased when desired. As there were a million bushels of wheat raised in the valley this year, there is no danger of not having enough for the mills to work upon. A large ditch, with a head of thirty-one feet, has been dug for the use of this mill. This supplies four hundred horse powers, only sixty of which are required for the mill. The remainder can be utilized for other industries, and still more may be had by increasing the size of the ditch. There is ample water power for numerous manufacturing industries, to which Ellensburg also offers many advantages of location.

The City of Ellensburg was incorporated March 1, 1885, and Mr. A. Mires is now serving his second term as mayor, assisted by Mathias Becker, G. H. Baker, E. J. King, David Murray, and I. T. Keene, councilmen. The government of the city is administered in an intelligent and economical manner, but not parsimoniously. The council has recently granted franchises to two companies to put in systems of water works, and to a company to establish complete gas, telephone and electric light systems. In this manner metropolitan features will be added, one by one, as the city grows in wealth and population. There is an excellent graded public school, under the charge of Prof. J. H. Morgan and two assistants. The school house is a substantial, two-story, frame building, erected in 1886. The attendance is one hundred and thirty. There is an academy conducted under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, having three teachers and seventy students. It occupies a frame structure of two stories, 50x80 feet in size, with a two-story dormitory attached, 40x60 feet. In the academy is a Presbyterian chapel. The

Methodists, Christians and Catholics have good church edifices, and the Baptists have an organization, but, as yet, no house of worship. Two excellent newspapers, the *New Era* and the *Localizer*, represent the city and county in the press, and are classed among the leading journals of the territory.

On the nineteenth of last July, the Kittitas County Agricultural Association was incorporated, with a capital stock of \$5,000.00, and has elected the following officers: J. L. Brown, president; A. B. Whitson and J. M. Shelton, vice-presidents; S. T. Sterling, secretary, and Herbert Baker, treasurer. The association has a tract of one hundred and sixty acres of level land, one mile from the city, which has been enclosed by a tight board fence, eight feet high. Water runs on three sides of the grounds. Stands and buildings for exhibitions, and horse and stock stables are being erected, and a good mile track is laid out. Much interest is being taken in the coming fair, and the displays will be of high order. The farmers and stockmen have imported many full-blood and high grade horses and cattle, and are alive to the importance of improving the blood of their large bands of horses, cattle and sheep. The stock growers have an association for the protection of that industry, and for mutual aid in conducting their business. Stock-growing was the first, and for years has been the leading, industry. Many thousands of cattle and horses, and of late years large bands of sheep, graze on the bunch grass ranges, and the annual shipments are very large. Grain raising and other forms of agriculture are now beginning to compete with stock-growing for the first place, with good chances of ultimate success, since a valley of two hundred and fifty thousand fertile acres, through which runs a rail-

road, must, of necessity, become a populous agricultural region.

The era of railroad construction is fairly upon us, and in the next few years we may reasonably expect to see lines running through all our agricultural and mining districts. In the matter of new transportation facilities, Ellensburg has most encouraging prospects. The Northern Pacific is surveying a branch line from that point to the Big Bend country, which will connect with a boat on the Columbia at Rock Island rapids, giving an outlet to the sound, through Ellensburg, for an extensive region along the river. This is a route by which it is proposed to reach the Salmon river mines. The line of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, now building east from Seattle, will pass through Kittitas county, and probably through this city, and will probably be constructed in 1888. The great Manitoba system, whose line is already under construction as far as Butte, Montana, and will be completed this year, and whose engineers have reached the Cascade mountains in their search for a route to Puget sound, will make its appearance within two years. Ellensburg lies in the general path of this great road, and hopes to be its chief point in Central Washington.

There is still another prospect of distinction for this thriving young city. There is a growing sentiment in favor of moving the territorial capital from Olympia to some point east of the mountains, where it will be more centrally located and, consequently, more accessible to a majority of the people. Ellensburg lies near the geographical center of the territory, and will push her claims for the capital when the question of location comes up at the next meeting of the legislature. The citizens are prepared to make liberal inducements, and have reasonable hope for success.

Certainly no other city can advance better reasons for desiring the honor of being the territorial—possibly the state—capital.

Ellensburg has much to offer those who are looking for a business location in the West. A live town, with business increasing in volume and widening in scope, the surrounding country develop-

ing rapidly and advancing in wealth and population, a most healthful and agreeable climate, and a vigorous, intelligent and liberal people, are among the inducements it offers; while outside of the city, some of the best agricultural and grazing land in the West, extensive iron and coal deposits and valuable quartz ledges await the hands of capital and labor with promise of rich rewards.

CLE-ELUM AND THE MINES.

ON the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains, but a few miles from the line of the Northern Pacific, as recently completed to Puget sound, is a mineral district unlike any other on the Pacific coast, embracing, not only the precious metals, but coal and iron in practically unlimited quantities. Last year the company built a branch line to the coal fields, distant about five miles, where mining operations were begun on an extensive scale. The Roslyn mines—such is the name of the thriving mining town which has sprung up there—have an output of from three hundred to five hundred tons per day, supplying all the coal used by the railroad from the Cascades to the Rockies, and much of that sold for private consumption in the same territory. All of this coal reaches the main line at Cle-Elum, the point of junction, which has, in this brief period, grown to a town of three hundred people, with prospects of much greater growth in the future. The Roslyn mines are of such an extent and character that the out-put can be greatly increased, while new discoveries are constantly being made. The fact is, that within a few miles of Cle-Elum

there are coal fields so extensive in area as to supply the Inland Empire with fuel for many scores of years, the greater portion of which must pay tribute to that place.

The coal fields, however, are not the only resource the town has to draw upon. Iron deposits of great magnitude and exceptionable richness have been discovered but a few miles distant, and so situated that they must be reached by a branch line from Cle-Elum. Iron has been known to exist there for a number of years, but only by the explorations of the present season have their extent and value been ascertained. A few months ago several wealthy iron manufacturers from England bonded the iron mines in the Snoqualmie pass, to reach which a railroad is now being built from Seattle, with the purpose of buying them and erecting extensive steel works in that city. Since then they have examined the deposits near Cle-Elum, and, owing to their lower altitude, and the proximity of both coal and limestone, have about determined to let the bond on the Snoqualmie mines lapse, and erect works at Cle-Elum, bringing their coal and iron from the mines in that vi-

cinity. This is practically determined upon, and it may be stated with reasonable certainty that extensive iron and steel works, chiefly for the manufacture of steel rails, will be erected there within a year. This will make a radical change in the aspect of the town, as seen in the engraving on page 691. Even if the iron works do not materialize, a town growing as rapidly as Cle-Elum, changes its constituent parts so materially within a year, that, in all probability, within a twelve-month, the engraving will have few features in common with the large and bustling town which will then occupy the same site.

Gold and silver ledges have been prospected for several years in the region lying north of the route of the railroad. These mines are reached by wagon road and trail from Cle-Elum, distant twenty miles, from which their supplies come. There are about a dozen locations being opened by shafts and tunnels, and some of them have progressed far enough to uncover large and permanent ledges of rich quartz. Ore is being taken out, preparatory to shipment to the reduction works in Portland, and Tacoma, also, when the latter shall have been erected. There are, also, about a score of copper locations, the ore assaying thirty per cent. and upwards, besides carrying considerable gold and silver. Only assessment work has been done on these claims. Antimony, plumbago and asbestos are found,

and considerable gold placer-mining is being carried on.

It is seldom that a town occupies the position of railroad and supply point for a region of such varied mineral resources. In fact, I call to mind no other instance where coal, iron, limestone, copper, gold, silver, wood and water are associated so closely together and in such abundance, all within easy reach of a great agricultural region on the one hand, and good seaport cities on the other. Cle-Elum is fortunately situated at the gateway to this mineral region, and will prosper accordingly.

Ten miles distant, on the road to the gold mines, is Lake Cle-Elum, a beautiful body of water, seven by ten miles in extent, surrounded by all the beautiful scenery of the mountains. The water is of crystal clearness, and the bottom has never been found by any sounding line yet used. Newport is the name of a summer resort on the banks of the lake, connected with Cle-Elum by a good wagon road, and this is becoming a favorite resort during the hot days of summer by the residents of the valley.

Che-Elum, then, as the railroad shipping and supply point for the gold and silver mines and the lake, the point of junction of the branch line to the coal and iron mines, and the probable site of great iron and steel works, occupies a prominent place among the young and growing towns of Washington.

Northwestern News and Information.

SMELTER AT TACOMA.—A company has been organized by S. D. Ryan, a St. Paul capitalist, to erect smelting works in Tacoma. The capital stock is \$2,000,000. A smelter of 400 tons daily capacity will be erected, which will give employment to 500 men. The plant is now being manufactured by Frazer & Chalmers, of Chicago. The buildings will be erected on 25 acres of ground on the water front, donated by Gen. J. W. Sprague and others.

THE PREMIER.—The new steel steamer, the *Premier*, is completed. She was built by the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co., to run between Vancouver and the ports of Puget sound. She is a steel vessel, 200 feet long and 43 feet beam, and cost \$160,000. She has a speed of sixteen knots an hour, has accommodations for 150 passengers, and is supplied with electric lights, automatic fresh water apparatus and all other conveniences, of a first class passenger steamer.

MONTANA LIVE STOCK JOURNAL.—One of the best and most enterprising papers in the West is the *Live Stock Journal* at Helena. It is devoted to the live stock interests of Montana, much of which centers in the capital city. The *Journal* has inaugurated a system of prizes, ranging in value from fifty cents to two hundred dollars, which will be distributed to all paid-up subscribers in January next, each subscriber getting something. The price of the *Journal* is \$3.00 a year, and it is well worth the money without any prize.

CREDIT IN CHARACTER.—*The American Banker & Financial News* says: "Bankers might well give more consideration to character as an element of credit than they do. Theoretically, character counts for much in all financial transactions, but there is scarcely a day which does not show by some failure or default that men whose business conduct entitled them to no credit, had credit illimitable, while others are hampered all the time by the want of money to which their character and the character of their business entitles them."

SEATTLE IMPROVEMENTS.—The progress made on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad is satisfactory, and the first forty miles are all ironed. The contract will soon be let for another section, which will take the track to the summit of the Cascades. The city council has granted a franchise for a cable street railway to the Seattle Cable Road & Water Co. Mr. D. W. Davidson has established a leather tannery in South Seattle. The citizens have incorporated a hotel association for the purpose of maintaining a large, first-class hotel. The association will purchase the Occidental, and make extensive additions and improvements, the whole investment approaching \$300,000.

OUR NEW PRESS.—The four-roller cylinder press, for book and cut work, recently added to the establishment of THE WEST SHORE, is the best ever brought to this city. It has not been idle a minute since it was set up a month ago, and has turned out a great quantity of the finest book work, both type and cuts, ever executed on the Pacific coast. It is the constant aim of THE WEST SHORE to excel in every feature, and to do this superior machinery is required. The press was manufactured by C. B. Cottrell & Sons, and was purchased through the firm of Palmer & Rey, the well known dealers in printers' supplies. We are now prepared to make a specialty of fine illustrated pamphlet and book work of all kinds, as well as the highest order of bank and commercial engraving and printing of all kinds.

THE SHASTA BOOK.—The Southern Pacific has just issued a beautifully printed book of scenery along the Shasta route, from the Sacramento valley to Portland. The paper and mechanical work are most excellent, but the sketches are simply execrable, a libel on some of the grandest scenery on the continent of America. It is very coarse pen work, in which all the grace of form and charm of light and shadow are wanting. Nothing but the superior execution of the work redeems it from becoming trash. The printer has done much to save the "artist" from total failure. It is to be regretted that the company should deem it necessary to send East for work

of this kind, since, by having it done at home, it would advertise the fact that the Pacific coast has establishments capable of turning out a high order of mechanical art, as well as possessing some of the most charming and imposing scenery in the world.

THE POORMAN MINE.—Six months ago the Poorman mine, in the Cœur d'Alene district, was bonded for \$136,000. A company has been organized by prominent business men of Butte and Helena, with a capital stock of \$5,000,000. The Poorman mine is situated on an extension of the celebrated Tiger, one of the most noted of the Cœur d'Alene properties. Three adit tunnels have been run on it one hundred and twenty-five feet apart, each one hundred feet. Each follows a well defined and contiguous vein of ore from three to four feet in width. The ore assays from fifty to sixty ounces in silver and from sixty to eighty per cent. lead. The face of each level is in ore of high grade. One thousand tons of rich ore are now on the dump ready for shipment, and it is a very conservative statement to say that twice the amount of the purchase money is now in sight. Within ninety days D. C. Corbin's narrow-gauge railroad will be at the mine, and ore shipments will begin at that time. A concentrator will be built at the mine in the spring.

PRIEST RIVER MINES.—For several weeks meagre reports of rich placer discoveries on the Priest river, in Northern Idaho, have been heard. Later advices state that prospectors are pouring into the new mines, and doctors, lawyers and business men are joining the procession. The *Kootenai Courier*, published at Rathdrum, prints wonderful stories of the mineral richness of the new region. Mr. Hughes has a placer claim on Hughes' branch on which he is actively at work, and is taking out large quantities of gold, averaging fifty cents to the pan, and when it is remembered that twenty cents to the pan is a big return, some idea may be had of this remarkable strike. M. D. Pendleton also has a bonanza claim, from which he is panning much of the precious metal. It is one of the few regions where "poor man's diggings" can be found, for the placers pay from the grass roots to the bedrock. Quartz veins have been traced a mile on the surface, the croppings being very prominent and averaging very high in silver; about fifty ounces in silver and thirty-five per cent. lead per ton. Lumber is being whip-sawed for the purpose of making sluice boxes, and several claims will soon begin

sluicing, when more reliable evidences of the richness of the mines can be gained. The reports are probably somewhat exaggerated. The mines can be reached by trail from either Sand Point or Rathdrum.

UPPER CHOTEAU COUNTRY.—There is no prettier country in Montana than that contiguous to the Rocky mountains, on the plains on the east, above Choteau. Ever since the cattle industry was first engaged in, this section has been the range, and there is no more favored spot for successfully engaging in the business. The country is diversified as you approach the mountains from the prairie, the foothills afford abundant shelter, and on the prairie further east the grass grows luxuriantly. Of late years the number of cattle has been materially increased, until now they range from the mountains to a point some miles below the coal banks on the Missouri river, a tract fully one hundred and twenty-five miles long. It is impossible to estimate the number of cattle there. The largest herds in Northern Montana are grazing in that section. A few years ago the owners of sheep commenced to drive in their flocks and locate their ranches on the water courses, until now I do not believe that, in a section of the same area in Montana, there are so many sheep, and the owners have been successful; and from what I can learn, they are on perfectly amiable terms with the owners of cattle, it having been demonstrated, in that section at any rate, that cattle and sheep can both live on the same range. The growth of these industries has had the effect of building towns. It may seem strange, but there is no more staple town in the territory than Choteau. It is the headquarters of the great stock interests of that section, and while new, boasts of good, substantial business houses, and a fine country surrounding it. Dupuyer is essentially a sheep town, and it is in this immediate vicinity that the largest sheep ranches are located, and this is their headquarters. Birch Creek, or Robarre, is a little settlement on the border of the Indian reservation. There are only two or three houses and a small general store.—*Live Stock Journal*.

A BIG MINING DEAL.—The largest mining deal made recently was the purchase of a group of twenty-one claims, in the Mineral Hill district, in Madison county, Montana, by Ex-Governor S. T. Hauser and A. M. Holter, of Helena, United States Senators Plumb, Allison, Farwell, Cameron and Vest, Seligman Bros., John G. Knox and Clark, Dodge & Co.,

of New York, C. B. Wright, of Philadelphia, and a number of others. The total amount of the purchase price was \$600,000, but it is not so much the cost of the claims as their extent and character which makes it a notable transaction. The property is one of the mammoth mining propositions of the world. The lead extends at least 12,000 feet up the mountain, and is in places 100 feet wide. A conservative expert's report said that 20,000,000 tons of ore could be exposed by one tunnel. The ore is mostly base gold-bearing, though the surface has long been worked for free milling purposes. Below water level it is largely on iron pyrites. The ore assays from \$25 upwards, so far as exposed. It is proposed to erect an immense concentrator on the ground and ship the concentrates to some convenient smelter. It is calculated that no ordinary plant could possibly exhaust the ore body during the life of any person now living. The proposition has been under consideration months past, and the property has been most carefully examined by the best experts in the country. Their reports are said to be sufficient to sell the property for a million dollars without another blow being struck upon it. The sale involves the immediate erection of a large plant, that being included in the estimates for subscription to the purchase price. It will also lead to the construction of a railroad from the mines to the Northern Pacific by the mining company or by the company already incorporated for the purpose. In ultimate prospects, this is, perhaps, the largest mining deal ever consummated in Montana.

THE COLVILLE CAVES.—The editor of the Stevens county *Miner* has very recently visited two large caves located in the Colville country. He gives the following account of subterranean experiences: These caves are situated in a large limestone bluff, about one mile northwest from the residence of Mr. Thomas Stranger and twelve miles south from Colville, and are easy of access by wagon to within 200 feet of their entrance. The first of these caves is entered by a narrow passage some seven feet wide and scarcely three feet in height. The first cavern is about forty feet long, and has a number of smaller caverns or corridors leading to the right, which come together in the distance of twenty feet and another room half the size of the first is formed. The farthest extremity of the second cavern is terminated by a very low and narrow passageway leading through solid rock a distance of thirty feet to the third cavern,

which is about sixty feet in length by twenty feet wide and is arched over at a height of forty feet from the floor, and is in some places studded with long icicle-like pendants, caused from the perpetual percolation of water through the limestone. The floor is covered with a mixture of decayed vegetation, to a large extent, and decomposed limestone, the former being placed there by mountain rats and other small inoffensive animals which inhabit the cave, and the latter by the constant crumbling of the surface of the walls. The east side of the first and second caverns indicate a heavy volcanic disturbance and the facing of the wall in many places shows mineral. There is no telling how far the cave continues, as it terminates the same as the second and has never been explored any further. At this point the explorer is over 200 feet from daylight and experiences a slight current of air from the mouth of the cave. We left this cave and went further up on the bluff and a distance of 100 feet to the east, to the entrance of the second cave, which is entered through a door very similar to the first. The first cavern is quite as large as the one on entering the first cave, with the exception of not being so wide; the floor has a gradual rise as we advance toward the interior, and at a distance of fifty feet from the door the light of the sun peeps through a chimney reaching to the top of the hill about fifty or sixty feet in height. At a distance of seventy feet the larger room terminates in a round passageway, leading to the left, to a narrow corridor. This corridor extends a distance of twenty-five feet, when the cavern opens beneath our feet and appears to be a fathomless pit. We did not penetrate any further as Mr. Hayes said he dropped a pick handle down this opening in the floor and he never heard it strike bottom. There is a gallery extending some length to the right again; there may be an extension still farther as this cavern narrows down to a small passage the same as those first explored. The formation in the chimney which goes down is igneous, apparently solid iron. There is a perceptible breeze following up from the depth of the chasm, and it is quite reasonable to believe that the two caves come together in the interior of the mountain.

FRUIT CULTURE IN IDAHO.—The valleys of Idaho can not be excelled by any region east of California for the production of fruit. The valleys around Boise City and Nampa are especially admirably adapted to fruit culture. Apples, peaches, pears, nectarines, apricots, plums,

prunes, grapes and all the small fruits are produced in the greatest abundance, and of a quality unsurpassed. The sage brush lands, naturally the very emblem of sterility and desolation, are in a few years turned into the finest farms, with less trouble than would attend a similar transformation on the wild prairies of Iowa or Nebraska. A prominent fruit grower estimates that twenty thousand large fruit trees have been set out annually for the past five years, in the valleys surrounding Boise. Several of the orchards in this locality produce from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand bushels of fruit each, annually, there having been but one or two failures in the crop for the past ten years. General L. F. Cartee, ex-surveyor general of Idaho, has forty varieties of grapes in his vineyard, none of which have ever failed to bear a full crop, save the Catawba. John Krall, in the suburbs of Boise, has one hundred and twenty-five acres in fruit (twenty thousand trees), embracing all the varieties known in this latitude. His production this season was five hundred thousand pounds. He finds no fruit insects yet, and pears are never troubled with blight or other diseases. His market is mainly in the mining camps, and his fruit commands from five to twelve cents per pound. Thomas Davis, also near Boise, has a seventy-five acre orchard (ten thousand trees). His orchard has failed to produce but once in the past ten years, and his last season's crop of forty thousand bushels of large fruits, and five hundred bushels of berries, must have returned him a snug little fortune alone. His orchard is seventeen years old, and not a tree in it looks like decaying. He irrigated for the first four or five years, but has not found it necessary since. This is in Boise valley, where the country is quite moist.

Mr. Davis has extensive fruit drying appa-

tus and a cider and vinegar factory, in which he works up vast quantities of fruit annually. Indeed, fruit drying and the manufacture of cider is a prominent and very profitable industry. One firm dries from thirty thousand to forty thousand pounds of fruit annually, and the interest bids fair to grow until at least the demand of Idaho and adjacent territory is supplied.

The fourth year's growth of apple trees in Boise valley has yielded two hundred pounds; of cherries, seventy-five pounds; peaches, one hundred and fifty pounds; of pears, one hundred and thirty pounds; of plums, one hundred and fifty pounds; while small fruits, such as strawberries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries and raspberries, are very prolific. The growth of wood made by fruit trees, and the quantity of fruit often found loading the branches, is almost incredible. John Lamb, in Boise City, has black locust trees on which I was shown limbs that had grown from twelve to fifteen feet in one season, and plum, peach and apple trees two years from the graft, full of fruit.

There is a grand future in store for the Idaho fruit grower. Montana on the north, Wyoming on the east and Nevada on the southwest, produce practically no fruit. With her railroads reaching the remotest corners of the territories, and with a vast consumption at home, Idaho is assured the best fruit markets in the land. Fruit can be produced in all her lower valleys, and short-sighted is the settler who does not take advantage of the above facts. There is no better district for the production of fruit than the broad flats around Nampa, all of which is now virgin ground, densely covered with sage, and only awaits cultivation and water. Fruit in this locality would not be affected by frosts, and be a sure crop every season.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Thoughts and Facts for Women.

It is a subject of careful thought for women today, that the elements most wanting in this great world of action, are such that, were womanly nature sufficiently developed, they would be supplied. However it may have been in the past, whatever great problem is set for humanity to solve, we certainly have arrived at that

stage of the solution when there should be many like Joan of Arc, who, hearing the promptings of duty, will fearlessly obey to any purpose so that the truth be there. There is a beautiful interpretation of Adam's dream, to the effect that, when he took his first sleep—that semblance of death—when all unconscious he dreamed

that which he most needed, and that God took his dream (not a rib from his side) and formed woman, his complement, so that together they should control the world. Being unlike, they need each other. The world should be one great home, where man and woman consult and plan together, where there is a union of energies, an equal growth. But strange as it may seem, many women seem to think that naught of general responsibility rests upon them. We know that this is an error of education, but "more evil is wrought for want of thought, than want of heart," and the fact remains none the less true.

Woman is strongest in her moral nature, her gentleness, her love; and is it not these qualities that are most needed today? It was Wendell Phillips who said that the diapason of human thought was never struck till Christian culture brought woman into the republic of letters, so the harmony of human endeavor will not be sung until woman assumes her full responsibilities, realizing that—

Woman's sphere is bounded only
By the talents God has given,
And her duty calls wherever
Earth may be made more like heaven.

An ideal social call is one that accomplishes some good, that leaves more sunshine than it found—it is one where the caller has a motive for good in making the call. But I fear that to many the ideal is quite invisible, judging from avowed purpose, general demeanor, and obvious results. Could we but have the ideal social calls how much might be done by society! How many gloomy hours dispelled, how many pure motives implanted, how much inspiration to intellectual attainments, art, and philanthropy gained! Many women make society matters simply a scapegoat with which to excuse themselves from doing work having an open purpose to do good. Ask them to help in home missionary work, they reply that they have no time, that their calling and receiving absorbs all the time they can possibly have outside their home. But should you have the audacity to inquire what they accomplish by their calling, the greater number would reply that they had not thought much about what they accomplished, that they went because others did and they must be civil enough to return the courtesy of others. But mark you in these same ladies, the time and effort put upon costumes, and in many, we would not judge harshly, but in many, very many, it does seem that they care more for the apparel of the body than they do

for the jewels of the mind and heart. Then what good could we reasonably expect to follow such a course? The rounded, well-cultured individual does everything with a purpose. To be driftwood in the great sea of life is unbecoming intelligence. Society, too, will sooner or later become harmonized to this great spirit of the age, when the ideal becomes the actual and when vanity and aimlessness give place to pure motives and direct purposes.

Perhaps there is nothing harder for a conscientious mother than to see work all about her which only mother can do and yet that she is unable to accomplish. Every household contains much that but one mind can direct, but one pair of eyes see well done. This, with the constant direction and government of the children, is an ever present pressure upon mother's endurance, and should it fail, even for one day, the result becomes plainly visible to her, if no one else, and she knows that it means additional work some other time. If her strength be taxed to its utmost constantly, then she has no recourse when she fails, but that part which she left undone must remain undone still. Not much wonder that she becomes nervous at such times, that her temples throb and she feels that if she could only be relieved for ever so short a time, she could take up the battle of life again. Talk not to me of "mind cure;" that it is all in the "thinking so;" that strength ever comes at the bid of the determination. There are laws as unwavering, as exacting, which control the physical forces as there are that govern the mental forces, and harmony with each must be kept. It would be the extreme of foolishness to place the hand upon a red-hot stove and declare that it should not be burned, or to stand with uncovered feet in the freezing snow and will that Jack Frost be powerless to injure you. Causes will produce their effects, all things being equal. Results can only be obviated by preventing causes. Would you assist woman's overburdened back to strength? You would better assist younger women to keep their strength and the health which gives it. But there is a way in which the mind may materially help the body. A German proverb says "It is easy to believe that which we either hope or fear." To wish for better, to be hopeful, to keep up the wishes, to keep back the fears, this brightens work and increases enthusiasm. If mother is not strong enough to work to-day she should not urge herself into it thinking she must, and she is not sick after all, but rather smile it away as a rest

day, one for thought and reading, and she will be surprised with the rapid return of strength and courage.

No house should be without something to amuse children, even if there be no children belonging to the household. It is not an uncommon occurrence for mothers to be as wearied after a visit that should have rested them as though they had stayed at home and spent the day with their hardest work, simply because baby was so much more trouble than when at home in the midst of its toys and amusements. Visitor baby should not be slighted any more than its mamma, and if there were only a receptacle of some kind—a basket or a bag—into which such things as children like to play with might be dropped, it would cause no trouble whatever and there would always be something to amuse baby when company comes. Mothers also might save themselves much trouble by taking something along that would be interesting for baby to play with.

It is said that the experience of New York's trial of putting women on the school board is that they see many things that men do not; that they inspire confidence in the teachers, and have more sympathy with the children. A notable point in the city is the care the women exercise over the sanitary condition of the schools. These are some of the things that every believer in woman would naturally expect her to do.

One of the few well-organized and well-established schools among the Indians was the Girls' Seminary near Talequa, which was burned on April 10th. It was capable of accommodating two hundred girls, and has done much good work. It is desired that the seminary be promptly rebuilt. One of the duties of our government to the Indians is to provide adequate means for their education. The duty is recognized, but very many of the schools fall far below what their true standard should be in thoroughness and discipline.

RIBBON SPOOL-BAGS.—Dainty spool-bags are made of satin ribbons joined together in strips. Seven strips of ribbon, each about one inch and a quarter wide, and twelve inches long, are sewed together, with feather-stitching over the seams, or not, according to taste. A satin lining and casing for a draw-string must be added. Gather the lower edge, draw closely together, and sew it inside to the center of a small bam-

boo basket in bowl-shape with a wide rim. Seven spools of silk are then to be fastened, by a silk cord on which they are strung, just inside the top of the basket, and the cord is also to be caught to the edges of the ribbons, so that each ribbon will come opposite the spool of the same color. Arrange the colors in a harmonizing succession. The basket and spools may be gilded, taking great care not to stain the silks. The ribbon bag can be used as a receptacle for the thimble, scissors, etc.

THERMOMETER HOLDER.—A novel thermometer holder may be made by taking three equal-sized, well filled pea-pods, open the front of the pod and glue peas in place. Cover all well with liquid gold. Take a piece of bright blue plush 8x12 inches, fasten neatly to pasteboard enough smaller to allow plush to fold over edges neatly. Line the back with some suitable material. Purchase small thermometer and fasten near the top of holder. Below it fasten neatly with gilt thread the three pea-pods, and you will have a thermometer pretty as well as novel.

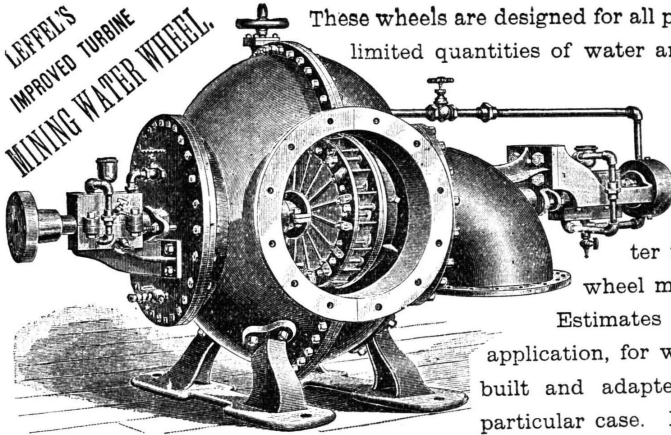
DAISY-DOTTED CRIB CURTAINS.—Dotted mull is a nice material for toilet sets, crib curtains or perambulator covers, and may be embroidered with daisies most effectively. Mull having the raised dots well separated should be selected; the larger the dots, the more showy the work will be. Cover each dot with a satin stitch of gold and yellow for the center, and add petals of white silk. The daisies may be made with brown centers and golden-yellow petals, if preferred. Mull embroidered in this style makes pretty toilet sets, comprising scarf, pin-cushion, and bottle covers, lined with silk, satin, or satine in pale yellow, pink, green, or blue, and ornamented with ribbons of the same color.

BOOK-COVERS.—Embroidered book-covers of plush or velvet are desirable for gift books or manuals of devotion. A small paper-knife and pencil may be attached by narrow ribbons which will serve for book-marks.

The **HOUSEKEEPER** for October will contain a full account of the wedding of the manageress of that paper, in the Minneapolis, Minn., Exposition, on the evening of September 28th, together with accurate descriptions and illustrations of the participants' wedding dresses and presents. A copy of this issue will be mailed free to any of our lady readers sending their address to **THE BUCKEYE PUB. CO.,**

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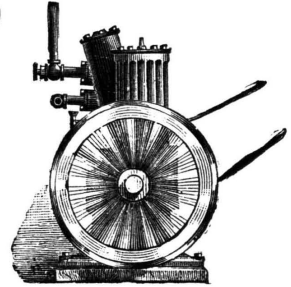
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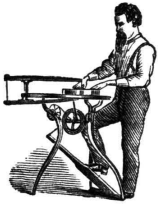
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California Express Trains Run Daily Between PORTLAND AND ASHLAND.

Leave Portland ... 4 00 p m | Arrive Ashland... 8 30 a m
Ashland... 5 40 p m | Portland... 10 40 a m

Local Passenger Train Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Portland ... 8 00 a m | Arrive Eugene... 2 40 p m
Eugene... 9 00 a m | Portland... 3 45 p m

**Pullman Buffet Sleepers Daily between Portland
and Ashland.**

The O. & C. R. R. Ferry makes connection with all regu-
lar trains on the East Side Div. from foot of F St.

WEST SIDE DIVISION—Between Portland and Corvallis. Mail Train.

Leave Portland... 7 30 a m | Arrive Corvallis... 12 25 p m
Corvallis... 1 30 p m | Portland... 6 15 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the
Oregon Pacific R. R.

Express Train.

Leave Portland ... 4 50 p m | Arr McMinnville.. 8 00 p m
McMinnville 5 45 a m | Portland... 9 00 a m

Local tickets for sale and baggage checked at com-
pany's up-town office, cor. Pine and Second Sts. Tick-
ets for principal points in California can be procured at
company's office.

Cor. F and Front Sts., Portland, Or.

Freight will not be received for shipment after 5 p m
on either the East or West Side Divisions.

R. KOEHLER, E. P. ROGERS,
Manager. G. F. & Pass. Agt.

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 ad-
dress, number of acres of land owned, value of the same,
indebtedness and gross value of property. Will be for-
warded 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, Tilla- mook, - - - - -	\$ 2.00
Baker and Clatsop, - - - - -	2.50
Benton, Polk, Union, Wasco, Clackamas, Jack- son, 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,
Salem, Oregon.

Post Office Box 308,

THE WEST SHORE.

SAMUEL LOWENSTEIN, President.

WM. KAPUS, Secretary.

OREGON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.

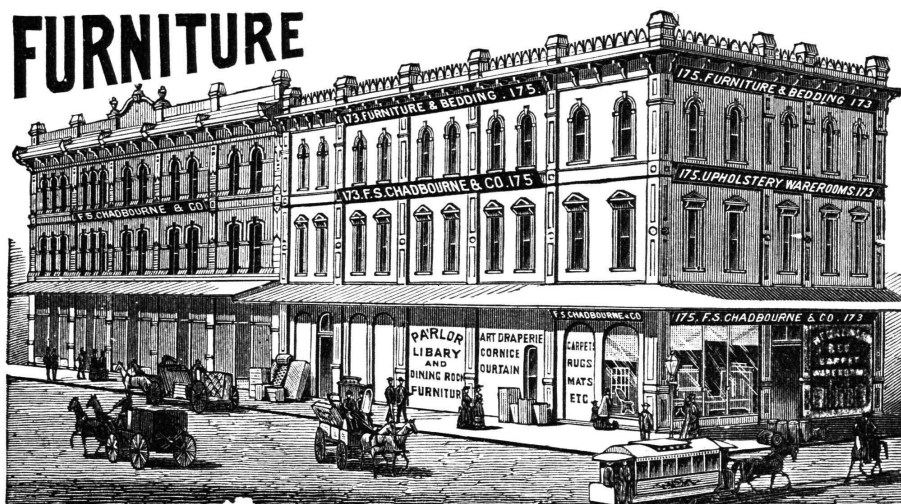
Manufacturers of Furniture and Dealers in Carpets, Bedding, Upholstery Goods, Etc. Office and Warerooms, 208-210 First St. Factory, 209-211 Front St. Shipping Department, 7 and 9 Salmon Street,

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

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FIRST AND YAMHILL STREETS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE OLDEST RETAIL DRUG BUSINESS IN THE CITY.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

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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.

LADIES!

"PILLA SOLVENE" only Hair Solvent dissolves SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury. Send 6c. (stamps) for sealed particulars. Wilcox Specific Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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 26, 27 and 28, Central Market, Portland, Or.

Evidences are Daily Multiplying

WHICH SERVE TO CONVINCE EVEN SKEPTICAL PERSONS THAT

THE CITY OF TACOMA,

BY ITS GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION,

Is Destined to be the Largest Seaport North of San Francisco.

Its resources are both substantial and inexhaustible. Its development is no more rapid than is consistent with health.

No city north of San Francisco can show such a record in Public Improvements in proportion to size as Tacoma. No city north of San Francisco can show such extensive private improvements in proportion to population as Tacoma.

The increase in value of all kinds of property in and around Tacoma during the coming five years will be greater than in either Seattle or Portland. Extensive improvements in the way of buildings and tracks are being made by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

Wheat warehouses, to hold at one time fifteen thousand tons of wheat, are being erected. Smelting works, to have a capacity of four hundred tons of ore per day, have been commenced.

Hundreds of feet of massive brick business structures are now being erected. Scores of elegant residences are being built throughout the city. Mile upon mile of broad avenues and magnificent streets are being graded and improved.

Tacoma is the City of the Northwest to Live in!

Tacoma is the city of the Northwest to speculate in if you wish to make money. Invest in Tacoma now if you would reap the greatest profit from your investment. Property has advanced in value generally twenty-five per cent. in the past few months.

For full information concerning Tacoma, and desirable investments to be found in and near the city, address

ALLEN C. MASON,

Real Estate and Loan Broker, Tacoma, W. T.

PHYSICIANS,

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

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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Oregon Pacific R. R.

225 miles shorter! 20 hours less time.

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

DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS,

[Except Sundays]

Leave Yaquina.... 6.30 a.m.	Leave Albany.... 1.00 p.m.
Arrive Corvallis... 10.38 "	Arrive Corvallis... 1.47 "
Arrive Albany.... 11.15 "	Arrive Yaquina... 5.50 "

Oregon & California trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

WM. M. HOAG,
Gen. Manager.

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

BANKERS

THROUGHOUT THE NORTHWEST

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The Only



Guaranteed Cure.

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

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

RECOMMENDED

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

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

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

Oregon Development Co.

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

SAILING DATES:

Steamer.	From S. F.	From Yaq.	Time.
Willamette Valley....	Sun. Oct. 2	Sat. Oct. 8	11 a. m.
Eastern Oregon.....	Thur. Oct. 6	Wed. Oct. 12	12 m.
Yaquina City.....	Tues. Oct. 11	Sun. Oct. 16	10 a. m.
Willamette Valley....	Sat. Oct. 15	Sat. Oct. 22	11 a. m.
Eastern Oregon.....	Wed. Oct. 19	Tues. Oct. 25	12 m.
Yaquina City.....	Mon. Oct. 24	Sun. Oct. 30	10 a. m.
Willamette Valley....	Sat. Oct. 29	Fri. Nov. 4	11 a. m.

The company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing dates.

S. B. TOBY, Gen. F. & P. Agt.,

304 Montgomery St., San Francisco. Cal.

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The Only first class hotel in Victoria, B. C.,

REDON & HARTNAGLE, Proprietors.



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WISDOM'S ROBERTINE For the Complexion

To Mr. W. M. Wisdom
The "Robertine" is excellent. It is
the finest preparation I have ever
used; and is a decided acquisition
to a lady's toilet.
Yours truly
Eleanore Winston

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